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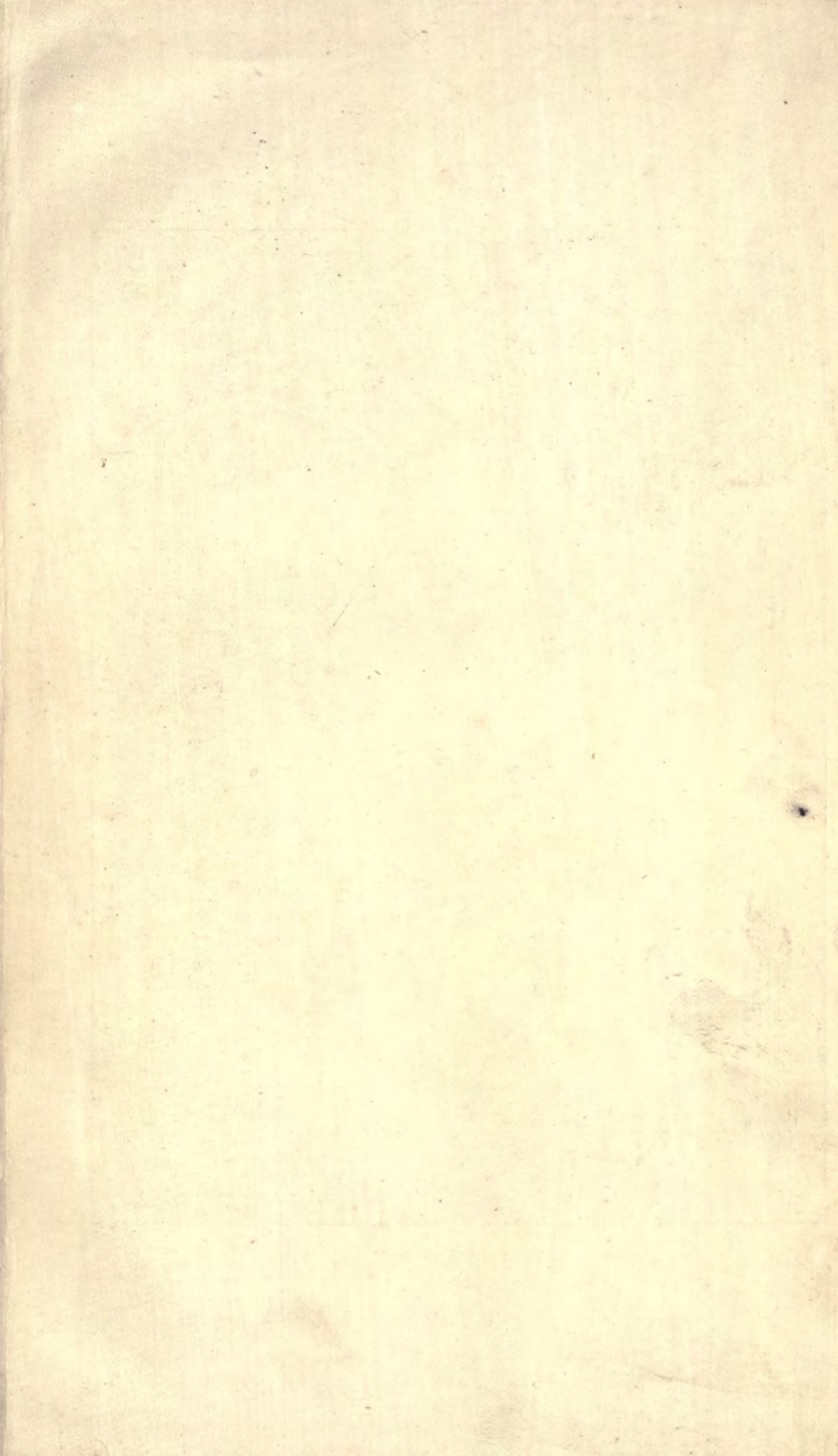

THE CHAMPION.

BYGONE LINCOLNSHIRE

EDITED BY

WILLIAM ANDREWS, F.R.H.S.,

AUTHOR OF

"OLD-TIME PUNISHMENTS," "CURIOSITIES OF THE CHURCH,"
"FAMOUS FROSTS AND FROST FAIRS,"
"HISTORIC YORKSHIRE," ETC.

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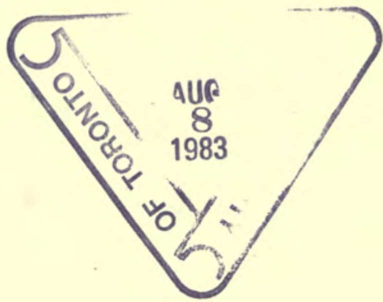

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Preface.

AMONGST English counties, Lincolnshire is second to none for the importance of its history, biography, and folk-lore. In the following pages an attempt has been made to present in a readable, and at the same time an instructive manner, a series of papers relating to the county in the olden time.

The Editor and Publishers have found it impossible to deal in one volume with all the subjects entitled to consideration. The kind encouragement accorded in the past by those interested in local history induces them to add yet another volume, which will be ready before the close of the year.

The best thanks of the Editor are tendered to his contributors, and to Mr. H. W. Ball, the historian of Barton-on-Humber, for three

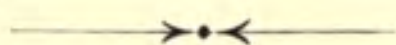
illustrations, which appear on pages 113, 115, and 117 of this work.

"Bygone Lincolnshire" is sent forth with a hope that it may prove a not unwelcome contribution to local literature.

WILLIAM ANDREWS.

HULL LITERARY CLUB,
March 2nd, 1891.

BYGONE LINCOLNSHIRE.



Historic Lincolnshire.

BY JOHN NICHOLSON.

UNWRITTEN history is the lot of the original inhabitants of the northern parts of this island. The Romans tell us something of the southern people, but we have our history to dig up, like the ancient British boat at Brigg, and draw conclusions, and people the land in imagination, from such scanty materials; as the skilled anatomist builds up a perfect animal from a solitary fossil vertebra.

The Romans came, they saw, they conquered; they improved the old roads, and made them of military value; they fortified towns, and made camps in commanding situations; they introduced a different style of domestic architecture, which died at their departure; they transplanted the luxury of Southern Europe into a most uncongenial

soil, where it lingered only as an exotic; they came with a giant's strength, and used it to the detriment of the country they had conquered and drained of its manhood, leaving it weaker than they found it; they were conquerors and aliens, and used the results of their conquest to pamper the capricious taste of the Mistress of the World on the banks of the Tiber. The one thing their four hundred years of dominion did leave, was Christianity, a force which lives by its own inherent life.

Through the middle of Lincolnshire meanders the river Witham, whose ancient name was Lindis. Where it breaks through the Wolds, the Britons built a town, Lind-coit by name, and surrounded it with a fence of stakes or stones, as was their custom. The inequalities in the ground to the north of Lincoln are believed to be the pits which formed the rude dwellings of this town, and here, it is said, the British king, Vortimer, died.

Near Lindcoit, and commanding it, the Romans founded one of their nine colonies, fortified it by massive walls and gates, of which the Newport Gate (the oldest arch in England) still exists; and, being by the Lindis river, it was named

Lindum Colonia, which in process of time, like an army on the march, has become contracted into Lincoln, from which the whole shire takes its name.

The other eight colonies were, London, Colchester, Bath, Gloucester, Cærleon, Chester, Richborough, and Cambridge. These consisted of military veterans, who held their lands on condition of rendering military service when required, thus anticipating, by nearly one thousand years, the feudal system of the Normans.

The Romans strove to drain the swampy district by constructing the Carr Dyke, and the Foss Dyke, which connects the Witham and the Trent; and by making seabanks, which are still visible at Fleet and Skegness, they prevented the sea from encroaching on the land. The Ermine Street ran through the county from Stamford to the Humber, and it can be traced for all that distance save a few miles. The Foss Way, which ran from Exeter, Bath, and Leicester, joined the Ermine Street at Lincoln.

Though the Romans introduced Christianity, its power in the country was greatly weakened by their withdrawal, and the heathen re-action was terrible while it lasted. Penda of Mercia was its

rallying and culminating point; his long reign being one continuous battle with the Cross; but victory at last declared itself for the faith of Christ, and missionaries again spread themselves over the land. What Paulinus did for Yorkshire, Chad did for Lincolnshire. King Wulfhere gave him land for fifty families, to build a monastery at the place called Ad Barve, in the province of Lindsey. This Ad Barve is believed to be Barton-on-Humber, which possesses a very ancient Saxon church, dedicated to Saint Peter. The comparatively low building attached to the tower of this church is thought by some antiquaries to be the veritable monastic cell occupied by the lowly-minded saint, who, like his Divine Master, "went about doing good" among the common people, who "heard him gladly." St. Chad's Well, near Barton, also perpetuates his name. We are told his last hours were cheered by inexpressibly sweet songs, sung by angelic choirs, who descended from heaven to the little cell where the bishop lay dying. Then "the same song ascended to the roof again, and returned heavenward by the way that it came." —*Bede.*

Soon the Abbey of Crowland reared its superb

head over the surrounding marshes. Earth was brought in boats to form a site; the buildings rested on oaken piles driven into the marsh; a great stone church replaced the cell of Guthlac, the hermit, and the toil of the new brotherhood changed the pools around them into fertile meadow-land. The Abbey of Ely, as stately as that of Crowland, was founded in the same wild fen-country by the Lady Æthelthryth, the wife of King Ecgfrith of Northumbria.

Now the scene changes. From Norwegian fiords and Frisian sandbanks, pirate fleets pour forth, as in the days of Hengest and Cerdic. "The first sight of the Danes is as if the hand on the dial of history had gone back three hundred years."—*(Green).* As the black boats of the invaders strike inland up the Humber, Trent, Lindis, and Wash, wild panic seized on the inhabitants, for these Northmen spread over the land like a flood, dealing death and destruction, sparing neither old nor young, male nor female, sacred nor secular. Christian priests were slain at the altar by the worshippers of Woden; Crowland and Ely went up in the flames, and the ruins formed the tomb of the faithful monks. When the wild burst of the storm was over, and the

devastating flood subsided, land, people, and government emerged unchanged; Woden submitted to the White Christ; England was England still, and the Danes sank quietly into the mass of those around them. They settled here, became foremost citizens, embraced Christianity, largely rebuilt the churches their fathers destroyed, and entered the ranks of its priesthood. They settled here, married the widow of the lord they had dispossessed, and became a power in the land of their adoption. They settled here, bringing with them from over the sea a system of local self-government, which brought justice to every man's door. They divided Lincolnshire into ridings (Lindsey, Kesteven, and Holland), and formed a league of five boroughs (Lincoln, Stamford, Leicester, Nottingham, and Derby), for military and commercial protection, and in these boroughs their own laws were paramount.

Through the course of hundreds of years, their influence is yet most marked. Their place names stud our maps, their own names crowd our registers of births, deaths, and marriages, their speech is on our tongue, and their habits and customs form part of our daily life.

With the fall of the Danish dynasty, Lincoln-

shire became merged into the Commonwealth, and her history is little more than a general part in the history of the country. The Conqueror built a castle at Lincoln, which commanded the city, and formed the key to the eastern counties; and the protection of this castle doubtless led to Remigius, the first Norman bishop, removing his "bishop's stool" to this place, about 1070. The castle, also, was something to be fought for, and was captured for the Empress Matilda in 1140, Stephen, in besieging it, being taken prisoner. Six years later, he recovered it, and spent Christmas there, not being superstitious; while Henry II., hearing it was unlucky for a king to enter the walls, refused to enter.

In the first writs of general summons to Parliament, issued by Henry II. in 1295, York and Lincoln are the only two places specially named as required to return two burgesses; while, six years later (1301), the great Parliament of Edward I. met in Lincoln. John of Gaunt had a palace in the lower town, and it was owing to his influence that the city supported the Lancastrians, which was, in consequence, often much injured by the Yorkist soldiery during the Wars of the Roses. During the later civil war,

Lincoln and Lindsey mainly took the Royalist side, while Kesteven and Holland favoured the Parliament. It was at the Battle of Horncastle (Oct., 1643) that Cromwell first came into prominence, and secured Lindsey for the Parliament. While the Royalists were advancing from Lincoln and Horncastle to relieve Bolingbroke Castle, Cromwell suddenly fell upon them, and was completely victorious, though he himself was unhorsed, and nearly made prisoner by Sir Ingram Hopton, whose monument is in Horncastle Church.

Since the great Civil War, the history of the county is chiefly concerned with works of peaceful material progress, not the least worthy and famous of which is the drainage of the Fen District, whereby hundreds of acres of swamp and pool have been reclaimed, and transformed into fertile fields and fruitful gardens.

The Ancient Boat at Brigg.

By T. Tindall Wildridge.

THE days of comparative savagery through which civilized lands have passed, are so cut from us by the misty yawning gulf of unrecorded years, that it is difficult by any systematic means of enquiry to gain even the most imperfect idea of the mode of life and degree of barbarianism of the ancient inhabitants of any European country. The most primitive people would naturally leave little or no trace of their lives, which would be more or less the same as those of the beasts of the fields and forests; but the actual date when this primæval animal existence of man came to be exchanged for a life bearing the distinctive evidences of his development of mind, is, in one country and another, the tantalising but hopeless object of pleasing speculation. Though systematic search in this direction would result but in a variety of erroneous statements drawn

from the earlier historians, and very incomplete detail from any, there have been, from time to time, literally unearthed a by no means small number of relics of the barbaric past, which are immeasurably useful as data for the extension of both our information and our reasonable conjectures. Naturally, it almost invariably is the case that these precious fragments of the past are themselves of debatable date, but only in a degree comparatively so small as not to interfere with the general conclusions which, when accurately based, are the best part of history, and, in any case, should be the main object of historical research.

The word "unearthed" is used advisedly, for apart from the valuable light given by ancient nomenclature of places, the most important, if not the sole, indisputably reliable items of facts concerning any remotely ancient people, are such as have been yielded by the earth, whose slow accretion of surface has preserved what otherwise would have become but dust upon her face. The lake and other dwellings, coinage, and the innumerable informing facts connected with burial, are in point; but there is one other description of relic which, to water-surrounded and water-traversed

Europe, is of even greater historical value, namely, the remains of ancient boats and ships.

It is a regrettable fact of this subject, that only in recent times has commensurate importance been attached to any relics of antiquity whatever, and, doubtless, the centuries of history have seen the destruction of many prehistoric objects which now to us, who have a partially enlightened curiosity denied to our forefathers, would be priceless. There is, however, this consolation, that the late date of advanced engineering has probably somewhat confined discoveries of the nature here treated to our own more immediate times. It is to the most recent discovery of an ancient ship that this article is devoted, and the conclusion we must be drawn towards by a consideration of the details is, that almost whatever reasonable date is fixed for this notable example, that this boat is an evidence of greater mechanical ingenuity, greater facilities of commerce and communication, and, in general, greater national (or, say, popular) advancement than would be gathered from any extant account of that particular period.

The ancient vessel we speak of was discovered

at Brigg in 1886, while the labourers were excavating the site for a new gasometer at the Brigg Gas Company's Works, on the east side of the River Ancholme. It is constructed from a single tree, and is said by persons of experience in hewn timber to be the largest stick of oak, free from outgrowth of branches, that has ever come under their notice. There are, at the lesser (upper) end, two holes, showing the place where the first branches have struck out. When the tree was standing these would be no less than fifty feet from the ground. These places are now holes because the inner heartwood of the branch juncture has decayed out.

Mr. J. Thropp, C.E., the County Surveyor of Lindsey, read a paper upon the boat at the Midsummer Meeting (1886) of the Lincolnshire and Nottingham Diocesan Archæological Society, and, by his kind permission, I have been able to draw from this paper most of the measurements and absolute facts which follow, and many of Mr. Thropp's measurements and observations I can corroborate from examination at the time the giant trunk was laid open.

The boat was found forty yards from the present river, lying due east and west, on what

must have been a sloping beach, with its bow upwards, being five feet below the surface, while the stern was nine feet below. It was completely encompassed in a bed of alluvial clay, the surface-soil being but seventeen inches in depth. The boat, however, was found filled with a black mud, different from either the earth or clay. The stern end was found open, which perhaps lends colour (together with the fact of the branch holes at the bow being decayed through) to the suggestion that the tree was hollow, or partly hollow, when hewn. The expedient used for supplying an end at the stern is one of the most interesting features of the relic. This is a sternboard, which has fitted closely into a groove cut in the inner face of the vessel. Fortunately, some conjecture is avoided by the finding of the sternboard near the board. It is oak planking in two separately-made pieces, and the sides and bottom of the complete board are shaped to suit the grooving, in which it will slide, fitting fairly well. In the groove was moss, which had probably been used for caulking, other instances of the use of which are known.

At least the portion of the boat next the stern has evidently been decked, there being at each

side a ledge left, worked out of the solid. It is very noteworthy that there have also been left in the floor of the boat three transverse stays, or floor timbers, likewise cut out of the solid. These offer one or two queries, as to whether they were left for the purpose of strengthening or stiffening the boat; for affording a resisting rest for the rowers' feet; for supporting a floor or dry deck; or for some other purpose not apparent. A separately constructed transverse stay was also found in the upper part of the boat, whose obvious use was to stiffen the craft. Near the boat was found a bent piece of wood about six feet in length, its end broken, which is conjectured to have been the bowsprit. The thickness of the floor is greater at the ends than in the middle portion. The centre of the stern has a deep split, the result of accident or decay, which split was nearly as observable when the boat was first unearthed as in the sketch.

There are several holes in the sides, not all of the same size, and not in situations either regular or opposite to one another. They may have been used for stays, or for thongs or ropes for the oars or possible rigging; but the probability is that they are pin-holes for fixing auxiliary bulwarks in

bad weather, or even as a usual part of the permanent fitting. This was an ancient European practice with one-tree boats, and is likewise a method used by modern savages.

The stern has a projecting ledge, possibly to receive another end-board.

Another remarkable feature of the ship is the unusual, if not unique, presence of a repair. This is a cleat, or wedged-up patch, fixed to a large wound or leak on the starboard side. The cleat has been cut out of a solid piece of oak, the edges being bevelled, and three studs left, so that they might pass through the shell of the boat. By means of circular holes in the studs, through which wedges or pins pass, the cleat is enabled to form a perfectly water-tight joint, as the expedient allows the cleat to be brought securely "home."

DIMENSIONS TAKEN BY MR. THROPP.

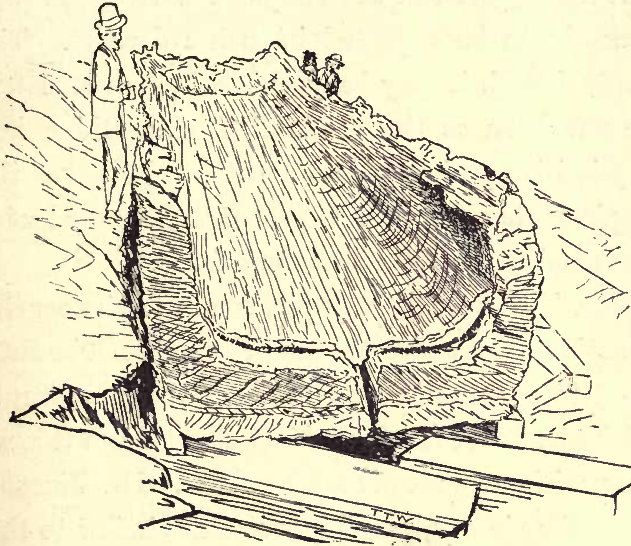
	FT.	IN.
Length	48	8
Width {Tapering from	5	0
Width {To	4	0
Height at Stern	3	9
Projection of Stern-lines	2	0½
Breadth of the Projecting Ledge at the base of Stern	0	3½
Outside Width (10ft. from the Bows) (here was the stay, 2ft. 3½in. from the floor)... ...	4	9

	FT.	IN.
Height at the same place (but something evidently lost by breakage)	2	8
Length of Cleated Patch	6	0
Width do.	1	0
Do. of base of penetrating part of Cleat ...	0	4
Boards of End-board, when together, breadth...	4	0
Do. do. height ...	2	5

In 1886, before the boat was removed, or the excavations completed, I made two rough sketches, which are here given in *fac-simile.* Perhaps some little damage would be occasioned by the removal of the clay, but the irregularities, for by far the most part, is such as observable when the boat was first uncovered. At the time when these sketches were taken, much of the mud remained coating parts of the inner surface, and the part where the cleat-studs penetrated, was covered by a tarpaulin. These sketches, perhaps, present a rougher aspect than a close examination of the boat will bear out; the eye can somewhat distinguish in the real object between the roughness left by the original shipwright and that which is the result of, say, between ten and twenty centuries of delayed decay.

There is no appearance of a step for a mast; there is, however, the evidence of the bowsprit, so far as it may be considered one, for the fact of

sails being used, and the stays at the bottom have been used for the purpose. No doubt much woodwork that would have been instructive has disappeared. It is almost certain that the vessel



THE BRIGG BOAT. STERN END.

THE SAME. STARBOARD VIEW.

was a wreck when she first began to sink and settle in the soft ooze of the river bank. The upper edges, being last exposed, suffered the most. Every inch of the oak was full of cracks

when found, yet there is plainly visible the marks of good workmanship in carpentry. There was found near the boat a crooked branch, said (I think, mistakenly) to have been a primitive adze, but nothing else in the shape of a tool. It was scarcely to be expected in such a derelict. The boat, though it may be prehistoric, cannot safely be put down as the production of anything like a primitive period, and we must conclude that the implements used were of metal, and handled with the efficiency of well-accustomed use.

Mr. Thropp, in his paper, comes to the conclusion that the transverse strength would not be sufficient to enable the vessel to bear the great strain of the waves of the German Ocean. From this we may, without want of reasons, differ. Dr. Vincent, upon the view of, possibly, remains similar to this boat, denies that any ships whatever anciently took ocean voyages, or, indeed, went out of sight of land, except, perhaps, the ships of the Veneti, in Brittany, noted by Cæsar. Lindsay, however, makes out a fair case for early ocean voyages. Ancient galleys were anything from five to ten times as long as broad, so that this boat is not of unusual proportions. The craft strikes one as being likely to have been of great buoyancy; the

lashing of the deck-boards would add considerably to the stiffness of the vessel, while the additional bulwarks, probably sloping outwards, would tend to the safety of the ship. It is to this suggestion of bulwarks additional to the trunk that I would draw special attention.

The Humber would be far broader in the floating days of this craft than at present, and if merely employed as the Humber ferry-boat, or the guard-ship of the same great estuary, the craft would not always have smooth water.

Bones of animals were found near the boat, but their presence was taken to be purely accidental.

The boat was, from the first hour of its discovery, zealously preserved by the Gas Company, who looked forward to presenting it to the British Museum. The Lord of the Manor, Mr. Carey-Elwes, however, put in a claim to the relic, and the case was argued before Mr. Justice Chitty, in the High Court of Chancery. Mr. Carey-Elwes was found the rightful owner, and he subsequently had a shed erected for the boat, near the railway station. Its great size forbids its easy removal.

Comparisons of the Humbrian Boat with others.

This boat furnishes us with a distinct advance upon the discoveries of one-tree boats already recorded. I may say that to render this comparison of value I communicated with the editors of all the English, and some foreign, antiquarian journals, in the matter of accounts of "finds" in their respective localities.

The points presenting themselves are :

1. It is in far better preservation now than any other boat of similar great size is at present, or was at the time when drawings of such were taken.

2. The more perfect condition gives the holes in the upper edge, suggesting, or at least furthering, the idea of the additional bulwarks.

3. It is the only boat of which record is to hand where the stern is an inserted piece, except one of the Clyde finds; and the only instance in which the end-board is present.

4. It gives us an insight into the mechanical aptitude of at least some of its employers, in the cleated patch.

With respect to these two last features, it may be noted that there is a possibility that they, even if the boat itself is Celtic, or pre-Celtic, are due to the less ancient hand of a Norse or Saxon shipwright, who, seeing sufficient merit in the old hulk to make it worth while making it watertight, put on the patch and filled in the stern, which,

from causes incident to the nature of all trees, had decayed out. While admitting this as a possibility, I consider the whole handiwork of one period.

To enable the reader to clearly compare this boat with others of the same class, a drawing or two are added :

ONE-TREE BOAT FOUND NEAR THE RIVER ARUN, SUSSEX, 1833. LARBOARD VIEW.

THE SAME. A FORE-SHORTENED VIEW, SHEWING THE END.

This boat was found near North Stoke, and was presented to the British Museum by the Earl of Arundel. It is 35 feet 4 inches in length, 4 feet 6 inches in breadth, and 2 feet deep, the sides and bottom being from four to five inches in thickness. In the case of the Brigg boat, when the stern-board was in its place, the sides of the vessel would project beyond the board in a very unboat-like manner. If we compare with it the shape of the stern of

the Sussex boat, we see that if the end had there decayed out the sides would have been left projecting in a similar manner, and from this example may infer that the Brigg boat had at one time its natural solid stern-end intact. The transverse solid stays in the fore-end of the boat coincide, and there is an appearance of a similar stay near the stern, where the stern-deck would finish.

The Giggleswick Tarn One-Tree Boat.

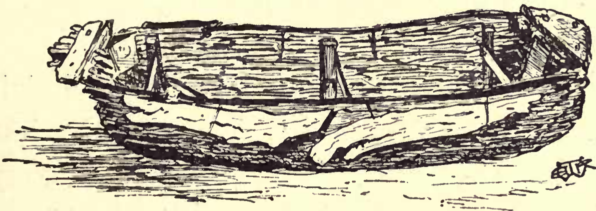
In 1863, the draining of the ancient site of Giggleswick Tarn, Craven, Yorkshire, led to the discovery of a prehistoric boat. This boat was presented by Mr. William Hartley to the Museum of the Leeds Philosophical Society. A rude anchor arrangement of *iron* was found with it.

DIMENSIONS.

	FT.	IN.
Length	8	2
Breadth inside	1	9
Do. including two wash-boards	3	0
Depth inside	1	2
Depth outside	1	5

In the process of drying it has much shrunk and cracked, and the care taken of it by the Society is not what might be desired, it being on account of want of space rendered somewhat inaccessible,

and one of the two wash-boards (the most important features of the boat) is displaced. A *fac-simile* is here presented of a sketch by Mr. E. R. Waite, Secretary of the Leeds Philosophical Society, shewing the same boat as it appeared in 1888. The square woodwork in the interior of this boat is merely modern staying, etc., to hold it together. In 1880, the wash-board was in one piece, and this sketch enables us to judge some-



what of the rapid action of dry air upon these vessels, which, when exhumed, are naturally saturated with moisture. It is possible that oil might in such cases be employed to take the place of the water as it evaporated; in the absence of some such measure, the duration of these relics must be limited.

Other Examples.

In 1720, several one-tree boats were found near the Medway, one of which was actually used as a boat for some time after its discovery.

In 1726, a large one-tree boat was found in the Carse of Falkirk.

In 1736, a one-tree boat, seven feet long, was found near Dumfries, and had with it a paddle.

In 1782, a boat was seen by Pennant at Kilblain, eight feet long and only eleven inches in depth; probably an upper portion had gone.

In 1822, a one-tree boat was found near the Rother (Kent), sixty-three feet long by five feet broad, said to have been half-decked and with one mast; this boat was caulked with moss.

Early in the present century, in draining Marston Lake, Lancashire, eight of these boats were found.

A one-tree boat has been found in the Moss of Barnkirk.

Upon the Clyde, various such boats have been found; upon the North Bank:

In 1780, one was unearthed at a depth of twenty-five feet; within it was a beautifully-finished *stone* celt.

In 1781, one was found near the site of the ancient City Cross of Glasgow.

About 1824, two others were found.

In 1825, a fifth was found, eighteen feet in length, carefully built of several pieces of oak,

without ribs. It was discovered in a vertical position, prow uppermost.

Upon the Southern Bank :

In 1847, a one tree boat, at a depth of seventeen feet. This boat has an upright groove at the stern-end, though no stern-board was found ; it is now in the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries, Edinburgh.

In 1848, two others were found, one of which is in the Hunterian Museum.

Scandinavian Examples.

The few boats that have been found in Scandinavia are mostly planked, but there has recently been made the discovery of a one-tree boat in the Tunhövd Fjord, in Valders, fourteen feet nine inches long, by two feet seven-and-a-half inches broad, which is stated to have been hollowed out by means of red-hot stones. Professor Rygh, in a letter to the writer, says : " Such boats have no doubt been used till a comparatively recent time for short crossings on lakes and rivers in the Scandinavian peninsula."

The finding of small one-tree boats in Scandinavia is not particularly rare, but there are no records of the finding of large examples, and Pro-

fessor Rygh's hints as to the inland use of the small instances known is instructive as coinciding with so many of the English finds. There are in Norway and Sweden certain rock-sculptures, the representations of ships, which are said to be evidently built vessels. If the various dates attributed to these sculptures be anything like accurate, we have a very early date for Northern planked ships—say, the beginning of our era to five centuries previously. Planked vessels found in Denmark have been put down to the early iron age, say about the fifth century.

A planked boat, seventy-five feet long, found at Schleswig in 1863—now in the Kiel Museum—is reckoned to be of the fourth century, and the earliest planked boat extant.

. . . .

The one-tree boat must furnish the first chapter in the history of shipbuilding. Called by the Greeks generally *monoxyla*—hence affectedly "monoxyle" by modern writers—more contemptuously *caudex* by the Romans, and descriptively the "dug-out" by our American brothers, has been commonly found among the inhabitants of various sea-lands to this day. Thus Columbus spoke of canoes ninety feet long, of one which had

been rowed by twenty-five Indians over forty leagues of sea, and of one which would hold one hundred and fifty persons. The Columbia River Indians yet fish in fir or cedar one-tree boats, often fifty feet in length; while Stanley's books have made the gigantic mvule-tree canoes familiar. Up to recent times, and probably to this day, the market boats coming from the interior to St. Petersburg are cut out of one tree, and average twenty-five feet in length; while it is said that smaller one-tree boats are in common use on some of the lakes of Bavaria.

It is fairly plain that all or most nations, at a certain degree of civilisation, commonly used the one-tree boats.

When the Goths, in A.D. 257, swept down the Black Sea, they performed the sea passage in canoes of a single tree. This is a statement by Gibbon, founded upon a passage in Strabo. Lindsay, however, denies that the passage will bear the interpretation. "No one," he says, "will believe that, with all their rash bravery, they actually trusted themselves to boats so small as this view suggests. . . . Many vessels, vastly superior in build to the simple monoxyle, must have existed." This is merely begging the

question; that view only suggests small boats to those who did not bear in mind the forests of the North, and the huge boats known to have been made from their trees; while the trusting of the Gothic warriors in capacious hulls of, say, forty to ninety feet in length, is one of the least items of their rashness and bravery. As to the existence of superior boats, that is not to be denied, only it does not appear the Goths had them. Moreover, the speed with which the one-tree boat could be constructed, and the indifference with which it could be abandoned, used for fuel, or its timber utilized for other purposes, may be taken into account. Not seldom the Goths "burned their boats." Lindsay's refusal to admit the one-tree boats of the Goths in the third century is of less value than it would have been had he not used without objection Gibbon's description of the vessels of the Russians, occurring in his account of the southern tendency of their movements noticed in the ninth century. This may be usefully quoted, as the description may be well applied to the trade of the more westerly nations. "From the neighbourhood of that city (Norgorod), the Russians descended the streams that fell into the Borysthenes; their canoes of a single

tree were laden with slaves of every age, furs of every species, the spoils of their bee-hives, and the hides of their cattle." Such may have formed a frequent cargo of the Brigg boat. These ninth century Russian boats were raised at the sides by the addition of planks.

That Northern Europe long retained the one-tree boat we know from the "olcas," or "holker," of the Danes, whence we derive our word "hulk." Lindsay says that this was a one-tree vessel, used for exploring and other purposes where swiftness was required. Its derivation is assigned by Skeat to the Greek verb *elkein,* to draw—from the base *elk,* allied to the Russian *eleche,* etc., and the Lithuanian *welkin,* I pull; there is, however, an obsolete English word, "holket," meaning hollow, sunk, which seems to point in another direction. Most vessel-names, are descriptive; thus, canoe—German, *kaln,* a boat; old French, *cane,* a boat; root Latin, *canna,* a hollow stem, allied to the Greek *chaino,* to gape or yawn.

In seeking to find confirmation of our general conclusions as to these boats in the written history of our own land, we meet with little satisfaction. The one-tree boat is not mentioned. Yet we may ask of what nature was the shipping

of these parts, when, in A.D. 41, the Emperor Claudius made several enactments to encourage the building of larger British vessels than then existed? And of what nature afterwards? And, also, of what nature was the British fleet with which the Batavian Caransius (A.D. 287) maintained his usurped possession of the British throne? Surely something different at one of these periods from the coracles which Cæsar describes. Can we not consider the various ancient boats discovered to have been akin to the boats described by Cæsar as used by the Veniti of the opposite continent? These were of solid oak, though their height, which was Cæsar's fighting difficulty, shews them to have been to some extent planked. They are spoken of as being flat beneath, which will describe either the one-tree boat or a later built vessel with a raft-like keel. The Saxons themselves, upon their early visits to Britain, came in "boats of leather" and strong boats called "keels," in the determination of whose exact early style and build conjecture has the fullest play. It is not to be denied with certainty that they, or some of them, were one-tree boats. It is suggestive that the Britons, so far as we know, did not make

the least sea resistance to the Saxon or Norse pirates. Macpherson, whether Ossian or not, is true to the theory that the Celts of about A.D. 200 were not at heart maritime, for though the Celts crossed the North Sea to beard the sailor foes at home, yet the term "Sons of the Sea" is about synonymous with "Norsemen."

To conclude, it is evidently impossible to fix any one period for the one-tree boat. Doubtless it was the boat of Northern Europe long after planked ships were used by Southern nations. The various Northern people apparently advanced side by side from the one-tree canoes to frame-boats covered first with skins, then with planks, though it is evident that in some degree all these forms were in use at the same time. This leaves to us a large choice of period conclusions, to which our judgment must be separately applied in the separate case of each discovered boat:

1. That they are the boats of the real "Ancient Britons," the first inhabitants of these lands.

2. Of the second comers hinted at variously as the Kynetes (or Kynesii) Ivernians, or Iberians, whose language was yet alive in the sixth century.

3. Of the first Celts (the Goidels), who drove their predecessors north, west, and south.

4. Of the second Celts (the Bythons), who drove the first Celts back upon the previous fugitives [and who, it may be, had disused—perhaps in part only—this form of boat before Cæsar's time.]

5. Of the Celts, after the Roman impact.

6. Of the early Saxons and Northmen, before, say, the sixth or eighth century.

Whether the one-tree boat be considered the boat of Northern Europe until so late a date as the sixth century or not, we can see that in the various ages which are represented by these crumbling relics, these islands were the home of a water-daring people, and while not denying the sea-love and sea-supremacy of our warrior ancestors—the Norse—and their genius in sea matters, we can ask if their first exploits were not performed in dug-out trunks of trees.

Havelok, the Dane.

By Mabel Peacock.

Herknet to me, gode men,
Wiues maydnes, and alle men,
Of a tale that ich you wile telle,
Wo so it wile here, and ther-to duelle,
The tale is of Hauelok i-maked.

BEFORE giving an abridged version of the English lay of Havelok, it may, perhaps, be better to say something of the probable sources of the romance which recounts the strange fortunes of the fisherman-prince and his companions.

Professor Skeat, who has collected all known references to the legend in the preface to the edition of the lay published by the Early English Text Society, regards the poem as the general result of various narratives connected with the history of Northumbria and Lindesey, at the close, or possibly at the beginning, of the sixth century, gathered round some favourite local (*i.e.*, Lincoln

shire) tradition as a nucleus. The earliest mention of the story yet discovered is furnished by the French version of the lay, which was "certainly composed within the first half of the twelfth century"; but there can be little doubt that the legend was already an old one when the Anglo-Norman poet used it as the ground-work for his rhyme.

Geffrai Gaimar, who wrote between A.D. 1141 and A.D. 1151, made an abridgement of the French poem, and Havelok is spoken of again in the French Chronicle of Peter de Langtoft, who died early in the reign of Edward II.

A chronicle called *Le Bruit Dengleterre*, or *Le Petit Bruit*, compiled A.D. 1310, refers to the English form of the legend, which the author speaks of as *l' estorie de Grimesby*. He must, however, have drawn some of his information from an undiscovered source, for his reference to Havelok's sons is absent from the English and the early French text.

Several other allusions to the story are to be found in the literature of the middle ages. One text of Robert of Brunne's translation of Peter de Langtoft's Chronicle, which was completed A.D. 1338, contains a curious interpolation, stating

that the stone hurled by Havelok in the games at Lincoln was still said to exist in the castle there, and that the chapel where he married Goldborough was yet to be seen.

The local tradition of the seventeenth century, recorded by Gervase Holles, the Grimsby antiquary, relates that Grim was a poor fisherman, who discovered Havelock, "a childe wrapped in swathing-clothes," floating in an otherwise empty boat upon the Humber. Moved with compassion, he took the foundling home, and attempted to bring him up to his own occupation. The natural bent of the lad's mind, however, was to arms, and he obtained such renown by his valour that he married the King of England's daughter, and subsequently discovered he was the heir of the Danish throne.

Another story makes Grim a merchant, and his foster-son a scullion in the king's kitchen, but all the legends agree in declaring that Grim founded the town of Grimsby, and that Havelok granted it many immunities when he became a sovereign.

Holles further states that the boundary-stone, at the east end of Briggowgate, bears the name of "Havelok's Stone," and calls attention to the

common seal of the town, which represents Grim, Havelok, and Goldborough.

It is also said that Grim threw down three of the turrets of the church at Grimsby in his endeavours to stop a hostile fleet. The first fell among the advancing foemen, the second in Wellowgate, where it became "Havelok's Stone," while the third crashed down into the churchyard, and the fourth remained on the tower. This tradition seems to be a variant of an episode in the French lay, where Havelok defends a tower against the attacks of a body of citizens who come to take him prisoner.

The manuscript of the English poem, known as the "Lay of Havelok, the Dane," now preserved in the Laudian collection in the Bodleian Library, is in the handwriting of the end of the thirteenth century; therefore, we may regard the romance as a tolerably trustworthy sketch, reproducing the virtues and faults of English society, under Henry III. and Edward I., and attempt to form some estimate of the manners of the period from its pages. The fact which strikes the reader most forcibly in following the career of the royal fisher lad, is the ruthless indifference to the physical sufferings of their opponents dis-

played by the heroes of the romance. Though Havelok is spoken of as a pattern of valour and gentleness combined, he permits the traitorous earls to meet the horrible doom adjudged to them without expressing the slightest compunction, while Goldborough thanks God that her enemy, Godrich, is burnt, and the author himself exclaims, after describing the torture and execution of Godard, "Ill betide him who recks! He was false"; as if the treason of the unfortunate criminal palliated any imaginable degree of ferocity in his judges.

Another noteworthy characteristic of the tale is the insecurity of life, person, and property which it reveals. When Havelok and his wife are invited to dine in Ubbe's Castle, it is necessary to take two of Grim's sons to guard Goldborough, for fear she should be insulted; and again, after the fray with the robbers at Bernard's house, Ubbe takes the precaution of placing the wounded Havelok and his companions in a sleeping-chamber, divided from his own by a thin partition of wood, so that he may be perfectly sure that they are in safe keeping.

The number of improbabilities with which the narrative bristles, implies that it was composed

for a set of very uncritical readers. Havelok, for instance, leaves Grim at Grimsby in the direst poverty, in consequence of a severe famine, yet, when he returns from Lincoln after his marriage, he finds his foster-brothers in possession of horses, cattle, and ships, with "gold, and silver, and other fee," which they deliver to him as a bequest from their dead father, though no explanation is given of the manner in which the wealth was acquired, nor of the reason why its guardians had delayed to inform him of his accession to riches.

The French lay differs in many points from the English, and frequently supplies a more credible version of the hero's adventures. It knows nothing of Havelok's unlikely escape from the clutches of the Danish earl, but says that the boy and his mother were living under Grim's care in one of the royal castles, when the king lost his life through the perfidy of a certain Hodulf, who joined in King Arthur's attack on Denmark, and subsequently held the country under the invader. The faithful Grim provisioned a ship and put to sea, to save the heir to the crown and the queen from their enemies; but the vessel fell into the hands of pirates, and every one on board was killed except Grim (who was an old acquaintance

of the marauders), his family, and the child Havelok.

In the French story, it is Havelok's wife who sees the strange vision foreshadowing her husband's future, and the dream is interpreted by a hermit. This recluse tells her that Havelok will become a king, and she herself a queen. He also advises them to go to Grimsby, where they discover that Grim is dead. But his daughter, Kelloc, comes to their aid by revealing the true parentage of her foster-brother, and promising him that her husband will take him to Denmark, to find a lord named Sigar.

While he is lodging in Sigar's town, Havelok is attacked by six men, who wish to seize his beautiful wife. He succeeds in killing five of his opponents, and then takes refuge in a monastery with his companions, and defends himself against the citizens who hasten to apprehend him, by throwing an enormous stone down on them from a tower. Sigar comes to enquire the cause of the uproar, and recognising the stranger's resemblance to the late king, asks his history. He afterwards takes him home, and watches for the miraculous flame from the young man's mouth, the appearance of which convinces him that he has found

the true heir of the kingdom. Then, in consequence of this discovery, he gathers his friends together, and sends for the horn which none but the king's son can blow, promising a ring to anyone who is able to wind it. Havelok, of course, sounds the successful blast, and is acknowledged as the Lord of Denmark.

The description of the battle fought in Lincolnshire, differs greatly from the English account. The struggle lasts till nightfall, but the victory is still uncertain when darkness ends the combat. The queen, therefore, suggests that the dead Danes shall be supported on stakes to increase the apparent number of Havelok's army, and the English leader, deceived by the stratagem, sues for peace on the following morning, and subsequently dies of his wounds, a far more honourable ending than that allotted to him in the story as it stands in the vulgar tongue, from which the following abridgement has been taken :

The Story of Havelok.

Hearken to me, and I will tell you the tale of Havelok, the bravest man who ever rode on steed.

There was a king who made good laws, and

was beloved of young and old, earl and baron, knight and bondsman, widow and maiden, priest and clerk. He loved God and holy church, and truth and right. In his time, men could carry gold about in safety, and buy and sell. His name was Athelwold, and he had but one child, a daughter, very fair, but too young to walk or speak. Now, the king fell into a strong sickness, and wist that his death was come unto him, so he sent writs to his earls and barons, bidding them come to Winchester, where he lay. Then he demanded of them who could best guard his daughter, and they answered him, by Christ and St. John, Earl Godrich of Cornwall was a true man without fail. Wherefore the king sent for the mass-book, and all the mass-gear, and made the earl swear on them that he would guard his daughter till she was old enough to wed, and then bestow her in marriage on the best, fairest, and strongest man alive, and yield England into her hand. When the earl had sworn thus, the king gave the maiden into his keeping, and then he was shriven and took the sacrament. After his death, bells were rung, and masses were sung that God's self should lead his soul to heaven, and the earl took all England into his hand. He

put the knights in whom he had most trust into the castles, and made all the English swear to bear him good faith till the maiden was twenty year old, and all England was in awe of him.

The king's daughter, Goldborough, waxed the fairest of women. She knew all things that were good and of price; but when Earl Godrich heard how wise, chaste, and fair she was, and thought how she was the rightful heir of the whole kingdom, he said, "Shall she be queen and lady over me? Shall I yield England to a girl? I have a son, a full fair lad, he shall have all England." Then he set his oath at naught, and sent the maiden to Dover, and there he fed her and clothed her poorly, and kept her so that none of her friends could come to her, to speak with her and avenge her wrongs.

Now we shall leave Goldborough lying in prison. Jesu Christ, that brought Lazarus to life from the bonds of death, set her free.

. . . . .

In that time, it befel that a rich and strong king named Birkabeyn dwelt in Denmark. He was the best knight that ever might lead a host, ride a steed, or handle a spear; and he had a son and two daughters, whom he loved as his life.

Now, when death, that will spare none, came on him, and he understood that he must die, he chose Godard, his own friend, to keep the children, and laid his hands on Godard, and said, "Here I deliver thee, my three children, and all Denmark, till my son be of age, and I will have thee swear on altar and mass-gear, on the bells that men ring, and on the mass-book, that thou wilt care for my children till my son is a knight, and then give him his kingdom, and all that belongs to it."

Godard swore all that the king bade him, and all his knights wept when he died. Jesu Christ, who made the moon to shine on the mirk night, keep his soul from the pain of hell, and grant that it may dwell in the heavenly kingdom with God's Son.

When Birkabeyn was laid in the grave, the earl took the lad Havelok, who was the heir, with Swanborough and Helfled, his sisters, and shut them up in a castle, where none of their kin could come. Oft they wept sore for hunger and cold; scantily he gave them clothing, and cared nothing for his oath. Godard was surely the greatest traitor ever shaped in earth, save one, the vile Judas. He thought of a full strong

treachery, and came to the tower where the children were barred in, weeping for hunger and cold. The lad knelt and greeted him full fairly. "We hunger sorely," he said, but Godard cared not a straw. He took the two maidens and cut their throats. Then the lad knelt before that Judas, and said, "Lord, mercy now. I will give you all Denmark, and flee to come never again. I will swear Birkabeyn never begot me." Now, when the devil heard that, he began to rue somewhat; he drew back his knife, warm with the blood of the guiltless children. That was a miracle fair and good, he did not slay the lad, but drew back for ruth. Yet he wished that Havelok was dead, if but he knew naught of his end, nor slew him himself; the foul fiend! For he thought, "If I let him live he may work me woe; but if he were dead, my children would be masters of Denmark after me. He shall be dead: I will have him cast into the sea." And, anon, he sent for a fisher, and said to him, "Grim, thou art my thrall, but do my will, and to-morrow I will free thee, and make thee rich. Take this child to the sea to-night, and throw him in. The sin be on me." Grim took the child, and bound him fast. Then was Havelok in strong grief. Jesu Christ

who made the halt to go, and the dumb to speak, wreak thee on Godard, Havelok. When Grim had bound him, and wound him in a gag, so that he could not speak nor breathe, he put him in a sack and bore him home. And there he said to his wife, "Leue, see to this lad; I must drown him, and then we shall be made free, and have gold. So hath my lord promised."

When she heard that, she started up, and cast the lad down, so that his head was broken against a great stone. Thus the child lay till middle-night, when Grim bade Leue bring a light. "I shall bear him to the sea, and drown him. Rise up and blow the fire, and light a candle." But as she went to blow the fire she saw a shining light, as bright as day, round the lad, and a ray like a sunbeam, which came from his mouth.

"Jesu Christ," quoth dame Leue, "what is that light in our dwelling? Arise, Grim, and see what it means."

Then they ungagged and unbound him, and found on his right shoulder a king-mark, bright and fair. "God wot," quoth Grim, "this is our heir, who shall be lord of Denmark." And he fell at his feet, and said, "Lord, have mercy on me and Leue. Lord, we will feed thee well till

thou canst bear helm, shield, and spear; and Godard, the traitor, shall surely never know. I will never be a free man through any man save thee."

Then Havelok sat up and craved bread, and when he had eaten, Grim made him a bed, unclothed him, and laid him in it, and said, "Sleep, son, sleep fast; dread nothing." And as soon as it was daylight, Grim took his way to Godard, and said, "Lord, I have done that thou badest me with the lad. He lies drowned in the sea. Now make me free with thy charter." But Godard looked on him with grim eyes, and said, "Wilt thou now be an earl? Go home quickly, thou churl, and be still thrall and bondsman as thou wast before. For little I would have thee led to the gallows, for thou hast done a vile deed."

Grim thought, "If he knew Havelok was alive he would hang us both. Better it is for us to flee out of the land, and save our lives." So he sold all he had, and fitted out his ship till it feared neither sand nor creek; and when he had made ready, he brought into it Havelok the young, himself, his wife, his three sons, and his two daughters, and drew to the high sea.

They were but a mile from land when a wind

began to rise out of the north, and drove them unto England.

Grim landed in the Humber, at the north end of Lindsey, and made a little cot there. He began to make a house of earth, and because Grim owned that place it was named Grimsby. And so shall men ever call it till Doomsday.

Grim was a right good fisher, and took many a fish with hook and net. He made panniers for himself and his sons to bear the fish in, to sell in the land. There was no town or grange he did not go to with his wares, and he never came back with empty hands.

Thus Grim and his gang lived twelve winters or more.

Havelok was aware that Grim toiled hard while he lay at home, and he thought, "I am no child, I am well waxen ; I will work for my meat. It is no shame to work. God reward him who hath fed me to this day, where I cannot."

On the morrow he arose, and cast a pannier on his back, heaped up with fish. Well he carried it, and sold it well, and brought home all the silver. Thus he went forth every day; till a great dearth of corn befel, so that Grim knew not how to feed his household ; neither could he take

fish enough on the sea. All his thought was of Havelok. "Dear son, I ween that we must die of hunger, the dearth is so strong. It is better that thou shouldst go hence. Thou knowest the right way to Lincoln, the good borough. Not a sloe is to be had here; go thither, for yonder is many a good man, and there mayst thou win thy meat. But, woe is me, thou art so naked! I would thou hadst a coat of my sail," and he made him a coat of it. Havelok put it on. He had neither hose nor shoon, nor other clothing, and went to Lincoln barefoot.

Two days in Lincoln he went fasting, for none would feed him for his work. But on the third day he heard the earl's cook call, "Porters, porters, come hither!" Then he shoved down nine or ten men, leapt to the cook, and took the meat he had bought at the bridge. He left the porters lying, and bore the meat to the castle, where he got a farthing cake.

The next day he kept eager watch for the earl's cook, till he saw him on the bridge, with many fishes lying near him. He had bought the earl's meat, and called, "Porters, porters, come hither." Havelok heard it, and was full blithe. He shoved down sixteen lads on a heap, who

stood in his way, caught up the fish, and bore it to the castle.

The cook laughed, and said, "Wilt thou be with me? I will feed thee gladly."

"God wot," quoth Havelok, "Give me enough to eat, and I will bring you firing and water; I can break sticks, kindle a fire, or cut 'shides' to skin eels with. I can wash dishes, too, and do all you will."

He drew water, and carried in turves and wood, and never rested any more than if he were a beast. He was the gentlest of men, always glad and blithe. There was never a little lad with whom he would not play. The children who went by did all their will with him. He was liked by all, peaceful and bold, high and low. The word went wide how gentle he was, and how strong. How fair a man God had made him, and how he had nothing to clothe him but a cumbersome coat.

The cook began to pity him, and bought him span new clothes. When he was clothed, never was so fair a man on earth; he seemed to be a king or a kaiser, for when the earl's men were all together at Lincoln at the games, Havelok was taller by the shoulders than the tallest. There was

no man he could not overthrow, and in all England he had not his peer for strength. Yet he was as peaceful as he was strong; for though a man misdid towards him, he never did amiss to him again, or laid an evil hand on him.

At that time, Earl Godrich had all England in his hand, and held a parliament at Lincoln. Many an earl and baron he made come to the town, and with them came many a champion and many a lad. And it fell so that some of the young men began their games, and thither came both strong and weak, champions, stark fellows, and husbandmen with their goads as they came from plough. There was not a horse-boy who did not come to see the sport.

Before their feet lay a bar, and the lads "putten" with a large stone. He must be a stalwart man who could lift the stone to his knee. Whoever threw an inch or more before another was held a hero.

Havelok stood and looked on, for he knew nothing of putting; but his master bade him go to it as best he could, and he snatched up the heavy stone and flung it more than twelve feet before all. The champions who saw that throw,

shouldered each other and laughed, and said, "We dwell here too long."

The wonder could not be hidden. It was soon made loudly known that Havelok hurled beyond all the lads. All the knights up in the castle-hall spoke of it, so that Godrich heard it, and thought, "Through this fellow I shall have all England; I, and my son after me. King Athelwold swore me on the mass-gear to give his daughter to the best and strongest man alive, and where may I find one like Havelok? Though I should go from hence to India, I could not find one so fair and strong. Havelok is the fellow who shall have Goldborough.

And this he thought treacherously, for he weened Havelok was some bondsman's son, and that through him he might have everything in England which was Goldborough's right.

He sent for Goldborough, and had her brought to Lincoln, and said he should give her to the fairest man alive, but she answered, "By Christ and Saint John, no man but a king, or a king's son, should wed her, were he never so fair."

Then Godrich was wroth, and said, "Thou shalt have a 'gadeling,' and no other king. Thou

shalt espouse my cook's lad. To-morrow shalt thou be wedded."

Goldborough wept, and wished she were dead; but on the morrow, when the day bell was rung at church, that Judas sent for Havelok, and said, "Master, wilt thou wive?"

"Nay," quoth Havelok, "What should I do with a wife? I have nothing."

"Godrich started up and struck him, saying, "If thou dost not take her that I shall give thee for mate, I will hang thee high, or put out thine eyes." And Havelok was one man alone, so he was in fear, and granted what he bade.

Then Godrich sent for the fairest woman under the moon, and said to her, smoothly, the wicked traitor, "If thou dost not take this man, I shall banish thee, or thou shalt go to the gallows and burn in a fire." So she dare not hinder the espousing. Ill did she like it, but she thought it was God's will. They were espoused fair and well by the Archbishop of York, who had come to the parliament.

And when they were together in God's law, Havelok wist not what to do. He well saw that Godrich hated them, and he thought that shame might be done to his wife. He would liever be

dead than that, so they took council to flee to Grim and his three sons. As they knew no other help they took the land underfoot, and held the right way till they came to Grimsby.

When they came thither, Grim was dead, but his children made mickle joy. "Well it is that we see thee alive. We have, lord, great possessions, that our father gave to us in charge for thee. Tarry here, lord, all is thine."

And at night, when Goldborough lay sorry and sorrowful, because she weened she was betrayed in that she was given unfittingly in marriage, she saw a fair and shining light come from Havelok's mouth, and on his shoulder she saw a noble cross of red gold. Then she heard the voice of an angel say, "Goldborough, let thy sorrow be, for the fair cross betokens that Havelok is the heir of a king. It betokens more; that he shall have all Denmark and England, and that thou shalt be queen."

When she heard that voice, she was so blithe she could not hide her joy. She kissed Havelok as he lay asleep and knew naught. But when the angel had spoken, he started from his slumber, and said, "I have dreamed a wonderful dream. Methought I sat on a high hill, in Den-

mark, so high you might see the whole world from it. And as I sat on that hill, I began to own Denmark, its boroughs and strong castles. My arms were so long that I embraced Denmark, and when I drew my arms home, all who lived in Denmark cleaved fast to them. I dreamed, also, another dream. I flew over the sea, and with me all who live in Denmark, save the husbandmen and their wives. I came to England, and closed it all in my hand, and, Goldborough, I gave it to thee."

Then said Goldborough, "Jesu Christ that made the moon, turn thy dreams to joy. Delay not. I shall never be blithe till I see Denmark. Pray Grim's sons to go with thee. Make them get ready their ship, and loiter not; loitering hath oft worked harm."

Havelok heard her counsel. As soon as it was day he clad himself, and went to the church, and there he fell down before the rood, and began to call on the Cross and Christ, and said, "Lord, who wields all things, wind and water, woods and fields, have mercy on me, and wreak me on my foe, who slew my sisters before my eyes, and would have reft me of my life. Let me pass over the sea, without storm, and bring me to the land

that Godrich holds, which is my kingdom, every part of it; Jesu Christ, thou knowest that full well."

When he had said his prayer, and laid his offering on the altar, he took his leave of Jesus Christ, His sweet Mother, and the Cross, and went weeping away. Then he called Grim's three sons, Robert the Red, William Wenduth, and Hugh Raven, and said, "Listen to me. Now that I am of age to wield weapons, and give great strokes, I shall never be glad till I see Denmark. Wend thither with me, and I will make you rich men."

[Here the manuscript is imperfect. The story must have continued to the effect that Havelok, his wife, and his foster-brothers, set sail for Denmark, and finally reach a town under the jurisdiction of Earl Ubbe.]

"I ask your leave to sell my wares, as I go from town to town," and he drew out a ring, and gave it to Earl Ubbe, to gain his good-will.

When Ubbe saw that ring he would not have given it for anything. He saw how well Havelok was made, and, "Deus!" quoth Ubbe, "Why was he not a knight? It would better beseem him to bear helm, shield, and spear, than to buy and sell goods. If he will trust

me he will leave merchandise." Nevertheless he said, "Have thy boon, and come and eat with me, thou and thy fair wife. Have no dread for her; no man shall offer her shame. I will be surety for that."

Havelok feared for her still; but Ubbe smote his steed with his spurs, and rode away saying, "See that you both come."

Havelok dare not withstand what the earl had said, so he went to the high court with his wife. Robert the Red led her, who would have suffered death before any man should harm her, and William Wenduth, good at every need, was with her also.

When they were come to the hall, Ubbe started up with many a knight and swain, but Havelok stood as a hill above them all, taller by the head than any of them.

Ubbe was blithe of mood when he saw him so fair and so courteous. He could not turn his heart from him and his wife. See now how God can help in many a wise.

When it was time to eat, they sat down; the benison was said, and the best meat came before them. But after they had wassailed full oft, and sat long with the good drinks, and it was

time for each man to go whence he came, Ubbe thought: "If I let them go, only four of them, men will slay her lord for the sake of this woman." So he took ten knights and sixty other men, and sent them to the greave, Bernard Brown, and bade him care well for Havelok.

Bernard was true and brave. He received Havelok gladly, and had a supper made ready.

But when they were about to sup, there came a lad, and sixty others with swords, knives, and lances, and said, "Bernard the Greave, undo quickly and let us in, or by St. Austin thou art dead." Bernard started up, cast a cuirass on his back, gripped an axe, and leapt to the door as though he were mad.

"What are you without there, who thus begin to make an uproar? Hence, foul thieves, for by the Lord through whom we live, if I throw open the door I shall slay some of you, and cast others into fetters."

"Weenest thou that we are a-dread of what thou sayest?" quoth the lad. "We shall go through this door in spite of thee, fellow."

Then they gripped a boulder-stone, and let it fly against the door so that it burst open.

Havelok saw that, and hastened thither. He drew out the great unwieldly bar of the door, cast the door wide open, and said, "Here shall I abide; come on, and ill-betide those who flee."

"Now," quoth one, "That shall thou buy dearly," and he leapt to him with his drawn sword. He weened to have slain Havelok there, and with him came two others to reave him of his life. But Havelok lifted the door-tree, and slew them all at one dint. Six men did he slay, and a seventh struck at him with his sword, but Havelok let the bar fly, and smote him so that he never had shrift of priest.

Then the others took counsel to halve into two bands, and beat him till no leech could heal him. The lads were strong and staunch, and gave him long and wide wounds in twenty places or more. The blood ran from his sides like water from a spring. But then he began to "mowe" with the bar, and let them see how sorely he could smite. In little time he felled twenty to the ground.

Then a great din began to arise, for the lads assailed him in every manner with great dints. They stood afar and cast at him with flints

and lances, for they yearned to slay him, but they dared no more draw near him than if he were a boar or a lion.

Hugh Raven heard the uproar, and thought that men mis-handled his lord for his wife's sake. He gripped an oar and a long knife, and sped thither like a hart. He saw how the lads stood round Havelok, and beat on him as a smith beats on an anvil.

"Alas!" quoth Hugh, "That I was ever born, or ever ate bread! Robert! William! Seize a good staff, and let not these dogs flee till we have avenged our lord." "Yea, yea," quoth Robert, "We have full good light of the moon," and he gripped a staff strong enough to bear a neat.

William Wenduth seized a bar thicker than his thigh, and Bernard, with his axe, was not the last of them. They leaped forth as if they were mad, and gave the thieves wounds till they cried like cradle-bairns. Ill-betide him who recks, they deserved it! What did they gain? They strove and struck so long, that of sixty men not one went away alive.

On the morrow, when it was day, each one lay slain on the other, and tidings came to Ubbe

that Havelok had killed sixty of the best of his folk with a club.

"Deus," quoth Ubbe, "What may this be? Better it is I go see to it, for men may do him shame if I send, and that I would not have for aught."

And he leapt on his steed, fared forth, and called Bernard Brown out of his house. Bernard came all torn and disarrayed, near as naked as he was born. Quoth Ubbe, "What ails thee? Who has riven and torn thee thus?"

"Lord," quoth he, "To-night, when the moon rose, more than sixty thieves came hither, to rob and kill me and mine. They broke down my door, and would have bound me hand and foot, had it not been for Havelok and for those who lay by the wall, who started up and drove them out. Havelok gripped the door-tree, and slew three of them at one dint. So help me God, to my thought he is worth a thousand men; but for him I should be dead. Pity it is they have made such wounds in him; the least would bring a steed to the ground. But after he had taken the wounds, never was a boar that fought as he fought. He followed them as hound does hare."

Quoth Ubbe, "Bernard, say'st thou sooth?"

"Yea, sire, if I lie, hang me."

The burgesses who stood by swore it was sooth that Bernard said. "Lord, they had borne away all that he had if God had not shielded him. Who might have stood against so many had not this man of a far land slain them with a bar?"

"Fetch him hither," quoth Ubbe, "That I may see whether his wounds may be healed, for if he may recover and go again on his feet, I myself will dub him knight because he was so brave. And if they were alive, those foul thieves, they should hang by the neck."

Havelok was brought before Ubbe, who had great sorrow in his heart, but when his wounds were shown, and a leech had said that he could heal them, Ubbe let all his care go by, and said, "Come with me, Goldborough, thy wife, with thee, and thy three men also, for now I will be thy warrant. I am unwilling that the friends of those whom thou hast slain, should lie in wait for thee to kill thee. I shall lend thee a chamber in a high tower till thou art healed, with naught between it and my chamber but a wall of fir.

One roof shall cover us, that no man of mine, clerk or knight, shall offer shame to thy wife."

Now the first night Havelok spent in that chamber, his wife and his three men with him, Ubbe awoke about the middle of the night, and saw a great light in the place where Havelok was lying. "Deus!" quoth Ubbe, "What may this be? None are astir now but wicked men, robbers, and thieves."

He stood and looked in at a board, and saw them all sleeping fast, and saw that the light came from Havelok's mouth. Then he called his men, and bade them all come and see what this wonder was. When they had come to where Havelok lay, a gleam stood out of his mouth like a sunbeam. But all the five of them slept as fast as if they were dead. Havelok lay on his left side, and as the men stood there they saw a cross "ful gent" on his right shoulder, and they wist that it was a king-mark which they saw. Then they looked on him so steadfastly that at last they knew he was Birkabeyn's son. "For there was never yet in all Denmark one brother so like another as this man is like Birkabeyn. He is his heir!"

They fell at his feet, and kissed them a hundred times, so that he began to waken, and to grow wrathful, for he weened they would slay him, or do him woe.

Quoth Ubbe, "Lord, dread nought. I offer thee fealty, for thou art come of Birkabeyn. To-morrow thou shalt take homage of all who are in the town, and be made a knight."

Then Havelok thanked God. And on the morrow, Ubbe sent to bid all men come before him as they loved their lives, and none dare withstand his behest. All came to know what he would with them, and anon he arose and said: "Listen to me, freemen and bondsmen; I will tell you a thing ye know full well," and he spoke to them of Birkabeyn, and of the death of Havelok's sisters. He told them how Havelok was borne over sea by Grim; and how he fed and fostered him in England. "Look where Birkabeyn's son stands here. He has not his peer in the world. There is no knight half so brave in this middle-earth. Be glad of him, and do homage." Then he knelt full fairly, and became his man; and ere the day was done Havelok had taken homage of all.

And Ubbe sent writs far and near to all who

held boroughs, castles, and towns; and when Havelok had taken homage and oath of willing and unwilling, Ubbe dubbed him knight, and made him king. Then might be seen the greatest joy that could be—tilting, wrestling, harping, reading of romances, singing, bull and boar-baiting; never was such joy. The King made Robert, William, and Hugh knights and barons, and gave them land and other fee. And when the feast was done, he swore he would never rest till he was avenged on Godard. A hundred knights and five thousand men he swore on the book and the altar that they would never stay till they had brought Godard before him.

When they had taken this oath, he went out against Godard. Robert, who was the leader of the host, spake to Godard. "Heed, coward! Come to the King. Come, and he shall yield thee thy meed, by Christ that bled on the Rood."

But when Godard heard that threat, he gave Robert a blow on the teeth with his fist, and Robert smote him through the arm with a knife. When his folk saw how Robert fared with their lord, they had well-nigh slain him, but his brethren and five other men slew ten of God-

ard's best lads. When the others saw that they fled, but Godard cried, "My knights, what do ye? Help me in this need. Let not Havelok have his will of me. If ye do, you bring shame on yourselves." And when they heard that they turned again.

But the King's men shot on them, high and low, and slew all save Godard. Him they bound fast, and brought to Havelok. Old sin makes new shame.

The King called Ubbe, and his earls, barons, "drengs," thanes, burgesses, and knights, and bade them judge him justly. Down they sat by the wall, and gave their doom. "We 'deme' that he shall be flayed alive, drawn to the gallows, and hanged; and that these words be written there:—'This is the traitor who weened to have reft away the land from the King, and who reft his sisters of their life.' This writing shall hang by him. The doom is demed; we say no more."

When the doom was demed, he was shriven, flayed, drawn to the gallows, and hanged by the neck. Ill-betide him who recks. He was false.

All that he had the King gave to Ubbe, with a fair staff, and said, "Here I seise thee in all

the land, and all the fee." And the King swore to make a priory of Black Monks in memory of Grim, in the town where Grim was buried, which yet has his name.

[The author omits to mention that Havelok invades England to secure his wife's kingdom.]

But when Godrich heard that Havelok was King of Denmark, and that he had come to take England, he called all who could ride and bear armour to Lincoln, and swore if there were any who came not, he would make them and their children bondsmen. "I have gathered you for no game. Look how his out-land lads lie at Grimsby, and have taken the Priory. He burns churches, binds priests, and strangles monks and nuns. If he lords it long thus, he may hang us, flay us, or make us bondsmen. Strike the dogs quickly, for I will never be shriven by priest till he is driven from the land." "Yea," quoth Earl Gunter, and "Yea," quoth Reyner, Earl of Chester. Then might men see cuirass bright cast on back, and helm set high on head. They leapt on their steeds, and fared towards Grimsby.

But Havelok knew of their coming, and he met them. He spared none. The first knight

he met he struck off his head with his sword. Robert the Red would not turn till he had slain another; William Wenduth smote off the arm of a third; and Hugh Raven struck an earl full sore, and clove his head in two.

Quoth Ubbe, "Now I tarry too long." He smote Godrich and Godrich smote him, so hotly and with such grim hearts that they both fell to the earth. They drew their swords and struck great strokes on each other; a flint would have been shivered by the first blow. They fought from morning till near night. They did not stay till the sun began to set. Then Godrich gave Ubbe a deep wound in the side; through that wound he would have been brought to the ground, and would have had his head stricken off, had it not been for Hugh Raven, who saved him that day. But ere he was drawn from Godrich, a thousand knights and more were slain on each side. Godrich went against the Danes like lightning; they fell as grass before the sickle.

Havelok began to greet him, and said, "Godrich, why dost thou fare thus? Yield the land to Goldborough, and I will forgive thee, because thou art so good a knight." "That will I never

do," quoth Godrich, "I will slay thee, and hang her." He hewed at Havelok, and cleft his shield in two. When Havelok saw that shame done to him, he smote Godrich down with a blow on the head, but Godrich started up, and struck him so on the shoulder that he broke the rings of his cuirass, and wounded him till the blood ran down. Then Havelok went at him heartily, he lifted his sword and smote off his hand. He took him, and had him bound and fettered as a traitor, with fetters of steel, and sent him to the Queen, but bade that none should harm him till knights had judged him fairly.

Now when the Englishmen saw that Goldborough was the rightful heir, they came to the King, and offered fealty. Havelok sent for the Queen, and when she was come the Englishmen fell on their knees, and said, "Lady, Christ's mercy and yours! We have much misdone. England ought to be yours. The traitor held it with great wrong."

Quoth Havelok, "If ye know that, now sit down and judge Godrich according to what he has wrought. Look you judge rightfully, for doom spares neither clerk nor knight; and after-

wards I will take fealty of you after the law of the land."

Anon they sat down, and doomed him to be brought to a Green at Lincoln, on a worthless ass, and bound to a stake and burnt to dust. And, yet more, as a warning to other traitors, they doomed that his children should lose his heritage.

Then forthwith he was laid on the ass, led to that Green, and burnt to ashes. And Goldborough thanked God that the traitor was burnt who had weened to disgrace her.

When Havelok had taken surety of all the English, he called unto him the Earl of Chester, and said, "Sir earl, by my life, if thou wilt trust my counsel, I will do full well by thee, for I shall give thee to wife the fairest thing alive, Gunild, the daughter of Grim. For her sake thou shalt be dear to me." So they were espoused that very day, and none ever lived together as they did. They had five sons, the best men who ever mounted steed.

When Gunild was brought to Chester, Havelok did not forget Bertram, the earl's cook, but called him and said, "Friend, thou shalt have rich meed for what thou didst for me when I

was in need. Thou didst feed me and clothe me well. Now have all the earldom of Cornwall, and Grim's daughter, Levive, who is as fair as flower on tree, as the new-blown rose on the rose-bush." Then he girt him with the sword of the earldom before his army, made him knight with his hand, and gave him arms. And when both the maidens were espoused, Havelok gave his Danish men lands and cattle.

Thereafter he went to London to bear the crown, so that all, English and Danes, high and low, saw him bear it with mickle pride before his baronage.

The feast at his crowning lasted forty days and more; but then the Danes began to ask leave to go back to Denmark, so he commended them to St. John, and made Ubbe his justice to govern all Denmark. When the Danes were gone, Havelok was sixty winters king, and Goldborough queen. And so much love was between them that all the world spoke of those two, for neither the one nor the other could have any joy unless they were both together. They had fifteen sons and daughters, whereof all the sons were kings, and all the daughters queens.

Now have ye heard the story of Havelok and Goldborough, and so, I pray you, each of you to say a *pater-noster* for him that made the rhyme, that Jesu Christ may bring his soul before His Father at his ending.

The Crowle Stone.

Rev. Geo. S. Tyack, B.A.

SPEAKING of the Church of S. Oswald, at Crowle, Stonehouse says:—* "There is a very ancient doorway, formed by a large stone resting on two other large stones, having on one side some grotesque figures carved in a very rude manner, and on the other side, next the present belfry, a wreathed pattern is carved." More than fifty years have gone by since these words were written, and in that time much light has been thrown upon many of the antiquarian treasures of our land, and amongst them upon the Crowle Stone; for now we know that this "large stone," so briefly dismissed by the historian of the district, is one of the most interesting antiquities of the county, if not of the country, being almost unique in England.

The Stone in question now measures 6 feet 11 inches in length, by 16 inches high, and $8\frac{1}{2}$

* "History and Topography of the Isle of Axholme (1839)," p. 405.

inches thick. It forms the lintel of the west door of the church, originally an external door, but now forming the entrance from the tower to the nave; having been thus built into the west wall (a wall of immense thickness), its inside, or eastern, face is partly hidden, 4 feet 7 inches only being exposed; a corresponding length of the lower surface and the whole of the upper one are also concealed in the same way, but the western face (now inside the belfry) is exposed in its entirety. The details of the carving of the whole are, however, known, owing to its having been removed from its position in the year 1869, under the superintendence of competent antiquaries, when rubbings and photographs of the several sides were taken.

The eastern face of the Stone (as it is now placed) must evidently be considered the obverse, as containing the chief features of the carving, and the inscription. At the top are two winged figures, with a curious circular ornament beneath them; these are all entirely concealed by the wall into which the Stone is built. Below, and on the visible portion of the face, are two men, perhaps dancing, and below them again a man riding, apparently upon an ass, but possibly (for

the cutting is very rude) a horse. Then follows all that is left of the inscription in Runic characters. Unfortunately, this is so worn and so fragmentary that there is the widest divergence amongst authorities as to both the reading and the interpretation. Dr. Moore renders it, "Still mind the book, never . . . ;" Dr. Dodds, "Bestow a prayer upon Nun Lin;" while Mr. Haigh reads it, " . . . pa lick beacon a'ter . . . "

The reverse, or western face, of the Stone is entirely covered with carving in a kind of chain pattern, apparently intended for a snake with its tail in its mouth; and a chain pattern decorates both the upper and under surfaces, that on the under one being very light and graceful.

The two questions which naturally arise concerning this most curious relic of antiquity are, the meaning of these carved figures, and the date of the work; and, unfortunately, no very certain answer can be given to either.

Some have described the figures on the obverse (it is difficult to say on what grounds) as representing Ss. Paul and Anthony, the Hermits, meeting in the desert; and the Flight into Egypt. Dr. Dodds thinks that the two first

named are Noah entering, and Noah leaving the Ark. The chain pattern ornament was of

common use, with several more or less analogous symbolic meanings, such as man's dependence

upon God, and the intricate nature of Divine Providence; the interwoven snake is but a slightly varied rendering of the familiar symbol of eternity.

The following are the chief facts to guide us on the question of the date.

The nave of the church at Crowle is of the Norman period. The south door—a fine decorated specimen—is dated by Stonehouse not later than the time of Henry I., but much of the work is seemingly earlier. The same authority maintains that the west wall is Saxon. Now, it appears evident that the original builders, seeking for a large stone to form the lintel of the west door, found somewhere in the district a carved shaft (or, as some say, a cross) which was even then of sufficient antiquity for them to be able to remove it with impunity from its own site to the new church, and, as the Isle of Axholme has no building-stone in it, and in those days the carriage of any heavy stones across its marshy and narrow bridle-paths must have been difficult,*

* A local tradition says that the stone for building the two churches of S. Oswald at Crowle and at Althorpe ($3\frac{1}{2}$ miles distant, on the bank of the Trent), was floated down the Trent, and landed at the latter place, but that, owing to the difficulty of transport, the *small* stones only were forwarded to Crowle, while with the *large* ones the Church at Althorpe was reared. It is a fact that the stones of the two churches fit in fairly well with this account.

such a find would doubtless be hailed as a god-send. The lower extreme limit of age to be assigned is pushed back further by the existence of the Runic inscription. King Cnut (1017-1036) forbade the use of Runes in England owing to their close, and, as it seemed, inseparable alliance with Northern heathenism; and even before his day the efforts of Christian teachers had been so far exercised in the same direction for the same reason, that some authorities put the year A.D. 950 as about the time of the disuse of Runes in this country. We may safely say that the date of the Stone cannot be later than A.D. 1000. Some very similar work exists at Copenhagen, to which Professor Stephens assigns a date between A.D. 600-700. On the other hand, there are not wanting antiquaries, who, striking out boldly into the ocean of time past, claim a pre-Christian date for the Crowle Stone, even describing it as a Cushite idolatrous stone, similar to those referred to in the commandment to the Israelites:—"Ye shall make you no idols nor graven images, neither rear you up a standing image (margin, pillar), neither shall ye set up any image of stone (margin, figured stone) in your land, to bow

down unto it; for I am the Lord your God." —Levit. xxvi. 1.

Whatever view, therefore, we support as to the origin and meaning of this most curious piece of work, there can be no question of its extreme antiquity; and even while we regret the uncertainty that surrounds it—its Runic inscription, its carvings, its original form and object —we feel our interest quickened by that very uncertainty, because we cannot fail to recognise that it is the very age of the work, and that alone, which has caused the perplexity that meets us in explaining any or all its details.

A Roman Arch.

ONE of the most interesting Roman relics in England is the famous Newport Arch at Lincoln. It is the northern gate of the

NEWPORT ARCH, LINCOLN, IN 1792.

Roman city of Lindum. We give a view of it as it appeared in the year 1792. The arch is composed of twenty-six large blocks of oolite.

It will be observed that on the east is a postern, or "needle's eye." This portion was buried for a long period under a great accumulation of rubbish. The postern, which formerly stood on the other side of the arch, has been removed. This arch dates back to the earliest Roman period. A correspondent contributed to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in the year 1771, a drawing of the arch, and a few notes respecting it :—"It is a vast semicircle of stone," he said, "artfully laid together, without mortar, or any other cement whatever, and is sustained solely by the wedge-like form of the stones. The stones are four feet thick at the bottom, and the diameter of the arch is 16 feet. From this gate eastward some part of the old Roman wall is still to be seen, built of stone and very strong mortar." There is only one other Roman gate remaining in this country, and that is the Balkern, Colchester.

A Curious Legend.

By Rev. W. Henry Jones.

"RELICS of the past in the history of to-day;" stories, legends, proverbs, and quaint sayings, having their roots in the far-off past, live in our midst, either, like our nation's oak, affording shade in leisure hours to old and young, or, like baleful upas, casting the poison of some odious superstition on all around. How little do our nurses think, while they chant some childish lullaby to the tired youngster, or rattle off some jog-trot rhyme as the youthful branches dance around our table, or tell some thrilling tale of ogre and giant, mighty castle and witch-haunted cave, to the open-eyed and open-mouthed huddling throng by the winter fire, that they are repeating full oft the thoughts of men who lived in the dim years of the primæval world—tales that, now shorn of all their glory, have descended from the throne to mix with the people? Yet these, full of some strange and latent power,

have held, and do hold their own against all-comers, entrancing children now as of old they did childish men; men who, as our little folks do know, looked upon all things as animate, and the fleecy clouds as covering in some glorious fairy-land, glimpses of whose splendour now and again pour through the gold-edged clouds; these many of us have sat and gazed at, expecting new revelations as the summer sun died below the western rim. "You mustn't kill a robin," says the villager, "because you know he covered the children in the wood." The old idea that the red-breasted bird was Thor's bird—the bird of the lightning god, and therefore sacred, is lost, until, like another Nineveh, the history of primæval man rises from the dust full of strange and marvellous things.

Who that talks of a "man being beside himself" or "out of his mind" ever thinks that he is using the phrases of those who really thought the soul under certain conditions did leave the body?* who among our good folk who now place crape on the beehive and a portion of the funeral cake and beer before its door when the master or mistress dies, ever thinks of what

* *E. g.*, St. Mark's eve, when the watcher sees the phantom villagers enter the parish church at midnight.

it really means, or of the days not so long bygone, when not only every beehive but every beast in the yard, every cornsack in the granary, must be touched, nay, all household goods also shaken, that all may know the sad news—relics of days when all things were thought to be endowed with life and consciousness? From the lips of peasants, nurses, house-servants, and grannies, in tropical Indian forests, in icebound Siberia, amid Norwegian fiords, by the blue Rhine, amid Maories and Bsjemen, Finns and Chinese, on prairie and in English village, the workers have been busily engaged in gathering and rescuing the fast-fading relics of the past, to find that "Cinderella," and "Puss in Boots," and all their mighty retinue that have delighted our forefathers and ourselves for more than a hundred generations, are the same tales to which the Aryan cotter with his eager children listened ages ago in Hindostan, and that "these very stories, these märchen, which nurses still tell with almost the same words in the Thuringian forest and in the Norwegian villages, and to which children listen under the pippal trees of India, belonged to the common heirloom of the Indo-European race, and their origin carries

us back to the same distant past, when no Greek had set foot in Europe, no Hindoo had bathed in the sacred waters of the Ganges."

Like as the swift, clear Rhone rushes on side by side with the dull, slow Arve, and both are unmixed, so now, in spite of the rush of the flood-tide of the 19th century hurry-scurry, bustle, and excitement, the tide of the old days leisurely flows on side by side with its go-a-head companion, unmixed, and ever and anon we meet it as I did one day when with a Lincolnshire groom. Chatting on all manner of topics, from the proverbial weather to the lore of the people, we came to talk of Melton Ross, and soon to my intense delight I heard the whisper as it were of a legend, all ears and eyes as the miner who has struck a new seam. I listened, and this is what I heard :—" In a field there stands a curious gallows which must be kept in repair by the owner of the estate (Earl of Yarborough), and if they fall into decay must be replaced ; how they came there is a queer story. Some hundred years ago or so, three or four boys were playing at hanging, and seeing who could hang the longest on a tree. One of them got up and hanged himself, when, lo ! at that very moment

a *three-legged hare* (the devil) came limping past; off ran the rest of the lads after him, in order to catch him, and in their ardour forgot their companion, who was found dead upon their return. The gallows was erected in remembrance of this.

"Beware of the hare that crosses thy path—it means bad luck," is the cry of the superstitious in every county in England, and many are the strange tales told of the mischief that has resulted from such meetings. Arabs dread it, and Laplanders are filled with fear. "Woe be to that wedding that meets it," says the Russian peasant, reiterated by the Magyar and the Wamaguas of South Africa.—Max Muller's "Chips from a German Workshop," vol. ii., 228.

And on a summer day one meets the same dread among the peasantry living under the shadow of school boards, and all the rest of the 19th century publishing machinery. But what is the true tale of the gallows? In days gone by there was a bitter feud between the Ross and Tyrwhitt families; one day by some unlucky chance they met when out hunting, in a short time they got to blows, and several of them were killed. On the spot where this took

place King James ordered a gallows to be erected, and declared that for the future any one slain in such encounters was to be considered murdered, and the perpetrators were to be hanged as an example to others." Such is supposed to be the real state of affairs, and now comes a strange problem. Where did the "three-legged hare" tale come from? There are two tales in a German collection of Swiss sayings very like the Melton Ross one. The first, called "the Game of Hanging," tells us how "one day the lads of Würtenlos, a village in the canton of Aargau, were idling about the meadows and trying to think of some game with which to conclude their day's amusements. As nothing else occurred to them, they decided that one of their number, who had been continually on the losing side, should suffer a mock hanging as a punishment for his want of skill. He consented, upon condition that they would cut him down the moment his feet hung freely. He then climbed up the nearest willow tree, and allowed himself to be tied with cord to one of the branches. At that moment a beautiful bird with glistening plumage flew out of the tree, several of the boys saw it, and ran off in pursuit

of it. The rest of them heard strains of music so ravishing that they hurried away in the direction of the enchanting sounds, leaving their companion suspended in the air. When both companies came back from their chase to the willow tree they found their comrade hanging stark and stiff on the whipcord by which they had hung him." Here we have the attention drawn off, and the unfortunate comrade left to die, as in the Lincolnshire tale—a beautiful bird taking the place of the hare. Again, in another tale, we are told that "once upon a time a number of farm servants in the little village of Risden were threshing in a barn. During their work they began to discuss a suicide which had taken place in the town of Baden, which lay a quarter of an hour from their village. 'The devil has done it,' said one of the threshers, 'for where he joins in the game a man can hang himself on a straw.' This speech caused some discussion. After a time one of the men offered to put the matter to the test, if only the others would promise to loose him quickly should they see that his life was in danger. Then he climbed up a ladder, fastened to its topmost rung a straw just taken from the floor, and then put his head

into the noose. At that moment a hare shot past the lookers-on, through one door and out at the other. All the men rushed after him, and he first allowed the hunters to come near him, so as to increase their eagerness; this caused them to follow him for some time; however, they were at last obliged to give up the chase. When then they returned to the barn they found their comrade still hanging on the straw, and he appeared to be quite dead. One of them climbed the ladder in order to break the straw; but all in vain! then they took the dead man down with the childish-looking circlet round his neck. They easily untwisted the straw, and found to their astonishment a strong and perfect length of iron wire running through it."

Here we find a legend which has fastened itself to a fact—a legend that has near relations in other lands, such as the two we have chosen from Switzerland, but which could easily be traced in like manner in other lands. How came the Lincolnshire groom to know and tell the same tale as the Swiss paysan? We cannot suppose that the legend grew up in James's reign to account for the gallows then erected, or at least it would seem more reasonable to assume that

the hare tale was already floating in the folk tales of the people, and that in course of time it became associated by the people near Melton Ross with the gallows in their parish. Moreover, the appearance of similar tales in various lands, such as the stories above-mentioned, among people that have never met each other, point us back to the time before our common ancestors, those "tall, bare-limbed men, with stone axes on their shoulders and horn bows at their back," stepped "westward through the boundless steppes, whither or why they knew not, but that the All-Father had sent them forth." Like some great tidal wave they rushed on and covered Europe, and then in obedience to some mysterious law retired like the ocean waves, leaving here and there a pool to tell of what has been. Be this as it may, one fact remains—the existence of legends and tales among us which, though once looked upon as meaningless and foolish, are now beginning to be viewed in a new light. As men pick up the stray pebbles on the summer beach, and from them learn stories of the bygone, so on the sands of time these old stories lie—lie waiting for the passer-by to pick up. Such a one we have briefly touched on; like the miner

content to unearth, and leave it in other hands to polish and set. May its little history stir up new workers, new collectors, that, ere the fast and shifting sands of modern life cover all, these relics of primæval man may be rescued, and so find their true and by no means unimportant place in the History of Mankind.

Quaint Land Tenures and Customs of the Manor.

By T. Broadbent Trowsdale, F.R.H.S.

SOME of the most curious of the customs of our foregoers had association with the holding of property or office. Old Lincolnshire deeds and charters abound with details illustrative of quaint conditions of tenure and of offices and lands received and held by virtue of the performance of some singular manorial service, or the payment of some remarkable relief rent. Most of these antique incongruities belong entirely to the dead past, but one occasionally comes across a hint or trace of out-of-the-way tenure in titles good enongh to constitute right of possession up to date.

Most noteworthy of all the remarkable manorial customs of bygone Lincolnshire was the Caistor gad-whip service. From immemorial time down to the year 1846, when the estates concerned were sold, the manor of Broughton,

near Brigg, and some 2,200 acres of land thereto attached, were held by the virtue of the performance of a very singular ceremonial on each succeeding Palm Sunday within the parish church of Caistor. A formidable cart or gad-whip, of the sort in vogue some centuries ago, was cracked in the porch in a peculiar way during the reading of the first lesson at morning service. During the second lesson the whip, the stock of which was bound round with four strips of wych-elm, and fastened to it was also a purse of leather containing thirty silver pieces, was carried up to the reading desk, waved thrice, and held over the head of the officiating clergyman. Then the whip was taken to Hundon manor house, and deposited with the lord of the soil.

This whip was said to be symbolical in its construction, and the manner in which it was employed on these occasions is considered to have had reference to some local event, of which all authentic record is lost. A good deal of curious information hereanent—indeed all there is obtainable—may be found in the pages of Mr. William Andrews' "Curiosities of the Church" (Methuen & Co., London: 1890), the author of

which volume possesses the whip last used in the performance of the manor service.

The Lord of the manor wishing to suppress this service, presented, in 1836, a petition, of which the following is a copy:

"To the Lords Spiritual and Temporal in Parliament assembled.

"The petition of the undersigned, Sir Culling Eardley Smith, of Bedwell Park, in the county of Hertford.

"Sheweth, that your petitioner is lord of the manor of Hundon, near Caistor, in the county of Lincoln.

"That the lord of the manor of Broughton, near Brigg, in the same county, yearly, on Palm Sunday, employs a person to perform the following ceremony in the parish church of Caistor:—

"A cart-whip of the fashion of several centuries since, called the gad-whip, with four pieces of wych-elm bound round the stock, and a leather purse attached to the extremity of the stock, containing thirty pence, is, during divine service, cracked in the church porch, and while the second lesson is reading, is brought into the church, and held over the reading-desk by the person who carries it. It is afterwards desposited with the tenant of Hundon.

"That the performance of this superstitious ceremony is utterly inconsistent with a place of Christian worship.

"That it is generally supposed that it is a penance for murder, and that, in the event of the performance being neglected, the lord of the manor of Broughton would be liable to a penalty to the lord of the manor of Hundon.

"That your petitioner being extremely anxious for the discontinuance of this indecent and absurd practice, applied to the lord of the manor of Broughton for that purpose, who declined entering into any negotiations until the deed should be produced under which the ceremony was instituted,

which deed (if it ever existed) your petitioner is unable to produce.

"That your petitioner subsequently applied to the Bishop of Lincoln to use his influence to prevent the repetition of the ceremony, and offered to guarantee the churchwardens against any loss in consequence of refusal to permit it.

"That your petitioner believes there are no trustees of a dissenting chapel who would permit the minister or officers of their chapel to sanction such a desecration.

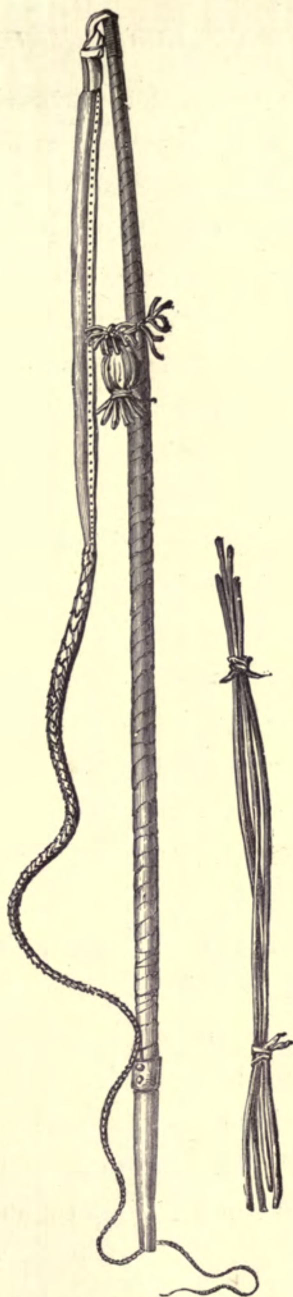
"That the ceremony took place, as usual, on Palm Sunday this year.

"Your petitioner therefore prays that your lordships will be pleased to ascertain from the Bishop of the diocese why the ceremony took place; that, if the existing law enables any ecclesiastical persons to prevent it, the law may hereafter be enforced; and that, if the present law is insufficent, a law may be passed enabling the Bishop to interfere for the purpose of saving the National Church from scandal.

"And your petitioner will ever pray, &c."

The foregoing had not the desired effect, as the ceremony was repeated in 1837, and continued until the land was sold in 1846.

The Harleian MSS. library at the British Museum contains numerous allusions to Lincolnshire tenures of a curious character. Thus I gather from the MS. numbered 3875 (p. 165) that one Robert Wakelyn formerly held in "Foteburn," Thomas de Nevill in "Suyterby," and Henry de Horkestow in Follingham "six pounds and six shillings a year of land from the Crown by the serjeánty of finding one balistar, with six quarrels and a sumpter-horse,



THE CAISTOR GAD-WHIP.

in the King's army, for forty days, at their proper costs; and afterwards at the cost of the King." This was a common kind of knightly service in the old ante-standing army days. An explanatory word or two. The "balistar," or "baleste," was a sort of ponderous cross-bow, or instrument for the discharge of darts or stones in war; a "sumpter horse" was used for transporting provisions and military munitions; the "quarrel" a square-headed arrow, such as that which brought death at the siege of Chaluz to Cœur de Leon.

Ralph Fletcher, says the same MS. (p. 196), held lands in Lincolnshire, at "Gradele," in the gift of our lord the king, of the value of eight pounds, by annual payment of a score of "fletched" arrows. These were very swift in their flight, exquisitely shaped, and fitted with narrow trimmed feathers.

In the 33rd year of Edward III., I find that (Harl. MSS., No. 34, p. 212) "John de Clyxby, parson of the church of Symondesburne, Lincoln," acknowledged himself to hold "one messuage and three oxgangs and a half of land, in Clyxby, of the Crown in capite, by the service of one hood and one falcon, to be paid to the

King annually at Michaelmas, for all services; which said hood was appraised at a halfpenny." This is one of the frequent instances we have of tenure in virtue of the contributing to the sport of our older monarchs and their retinue. Here is another Lincolnshire case in point. Richard de Falconer held of the King (Edward I.), in capite, four pounds and twopence rent in Kileby by the petit serjeanty of bearing one lanar falcon at the King's cost (Harl. MSS., No. 821, p. 34). Mr. Ball, in his excellent little "History of Barton-on-Humber" (1856; p. 23), wrote as follows: "In the year 1314, under the reign of Edward II., one Luke Barvill, of Barton, held a certain tenement in the town of the King, in capite, paying annually for the same into the royal exchequer a sparrow-hawk valued at two shillings." An old record, dated the 16th year of Edward the First's reign, quoted in Hazlitt's edition of Blount's "Tenures," (p. 198), set forth that "the King commands the Barons [of the Exchequer] to allow to Robert de Chadworth, Sheriff of Lincoln, lvi s. vii d., which by the King's command be delivered to John de Bellovent, for the maintenance of seven greyhounds and three falcons and a lanar hawk, and for the

wages of a master of the hounds, from the day of St. John the Baptist to the Vigil of St. Michael next following, both days inclusive, To wit, for the maintenance of each dog and hawk a penny-halfpenny a day, and for the wages of the aforesaid master, twopence a day." I need hardly say here that six centuries ago the value of pennies and halfpence was very different from now. Now about these lanar hawks and lanar falcons. Webster gives *lanner*, *lanneret*, as meaning a "European species of hawk," *lanner*, male; *lanneret*, female. The French *lanneret* signified a "shrike," "a sort of hawk;" *lanier*, "a female lannar, or sparrow-hawk"; *laniére*, "a strong narrow strip of leather, lash, hawk's lure." The Latin *lanarius* means "of or belonging to wool." One other specimen of sporting service. The manor of Hackenby (as I find from the "Excerpta Historica") was anciently held in capite of the crown by the serjeanty of the receiving the gerfalcons sent to the King. In the heyday of hawking the Lincolnshire heronries were held in high repute, and the gerfalcon was especially favoured as a pursuer of the heron.

Richard de Grey and Matilda de Seretaand,

with Geoffrey Constantyn, held the whole town of Saxby Bondby of William Solers, for their service to cross over seas with him, at his costs, into Normandy, for forty days (Harl. MSS., No. 3875, p. 83). During the reign of Henry VI., Hamo, son of Robert Sutton, of Lincoln, enjoyed the holding of three messuages in the suburbs of Lincoln city, in the parish of St. Andrew, of the King, in capite, in free burgage, paying to the Crown yearly threepence, called lancolpenys, for all services (Harl. MSS., No. 34, p. 455). In Edward the First's time, Blount tells us (*Fragmenta Antiquitatis*, p. 64), the abbot of Nutley held in Scargerthorpe, Beckingham, and Sutton a certain manor, with the appurtenances, which he had of the gift of Walter de Burgo, who held it of the King by the service of giving him one head piece or helmet, lined with syndon [fine linen], and one pair of gilt spurs.

From an "Inventory of the Estate of Sir Robert Sutton" (1732; p. 12), it appears that a chief rent or "chevage" of one shilling per annum was claimed by Christ's Hospital in London in respect of a farm at Skellingthorpe, which in 1730 formed part of the Lincolnshire property

of the family of the founder of the Charterhouse. This customary payment, however, we are told, ceased to be made from the date of Sir Robert's acquisition of the estate. "Chevage," as generally understood, was a kind of poll-money paid by "villeins" in tribute to a superior lord.

Lands were formerly held in the Fulbeck neighbourhood by the Ingleby family, who paid the lord of the manor thirty shillings annually for "castle-guard." Feudal barons imposed this payment upon their vassals for the maintenance of forces for the protection of the estate.

Polwhele, the Cornish historian, states that Lincoln Cathedral had to pay from its estates to the King every year "a rich cloak-lined and furred with sables," but this obligation was discharged for ever, *temp.* Richard I., by the bishop of the diocese by a payment to the Crown of a thousand silver marks.

By right of his Earldom of Lincoln, John Beaufort, half-brother to Henry IV., claimed, and had granted to him, the office of carver at the royal table on the occasion of the coronation of the monarch.

The manor of Eresby was, according to Dugdale's *Baronage*, anciently held of the Bishop

of Durham, in return for the performance of singular services. The quit-rent of the manor, during the days of the third Edward, was the service of one knight's fee, and that of being bailiff to the Bishop, for the time being, of all his lands in the shire of Lincoln. John de Wileghby was the tenant of the manor at the time alluded to, and the duties of his bailiwik are thus enumerated. He had to hold his lord's courts, to make all summonses, attachments, and distresses, and to levy all the issues, and to collect all profits arising thereby. The Eresby tenant had also to act as the bishop's steward, and to carry the "messes of meat" to table on the day of the prelate's consecration, as also at every Christmas and Whitsuntide.

I glean from Dugdale's *Monasticum Anglicanum* (tom. II., p. 245) that the prior of Kyme, in the county of Lincoln, held two carucates of land in Thorpe by the service of ten pounds of money yearly for aid to the Sheriff. A carucate was an ancient measure of land of varying extent, signifying as much as could be ploughed in a year, in the ordinary course of husbandry, by a single team. It might also contain a messuage, wood, meadow, and

pasture. I may here remark that it was not an uncommon occurrence to levy dues to the sheriffs on manors, for the "better support of the officials." This customary impost was known as *auxilium vice-comites,* or the "sheriff's-aid."

The heirs of P. de Ulcets formerly held Manefene and Nakerton, in Lincolnshire, by the service of being coroners (Harl. MSS., No. 3875, p. 88). Ralph Holmesworth was the holder of lands in Glentworth by the service of being Usher before the Justices in eyre of our lord the King at the Common Pleas (Harl. MSS., No. 2087, p. 12). Sir Edward Botiler, Knt., and Anne his wife, sister and heir of Hugh Despencer, held the manor of Bondby, *temp.* Henry IV., by the service of bearing a white rod before the King on the feast of Christmas, if his majesty chanced to be in the county of Lincoln on that occasion (Blount, *Frag. Antiq.*, p. 135).

In Blount's "Law Dictionary," published in 1671, and re-issued, with many additions and emendations, twenty years later, I find under the head of "mainporte," a statement to the effect that "the value of the vicarage of Wragby consists wholly in altarage and cerage,

commonly called warshot; in bread, commonly called mainport; and in increment of Peter-pence, commonly called fire-hearth." Altarage was a term signifying the offertory at the altar, and the fees accruing to the priest for altar services. That altarage emoluments of a vicar were sometimes very far from insignificant may be adduced from a record of a certain Sessions at Northampton, held in the 21st year of the reign of "Good Queen Bess." The term was then legally declared to include and comprise "tithes of wool, lamb, colt, calf, pigs, goslings, chickens, butter, cheese, hemp, flax, honey, fruits, herbs, and other small tithes." "Cerage," Matthew Paris says in his "Glossary," was a payment for the provision of candles for lighting the church; and "Peter-pence" was a tribute of a penny from every household. This tithe was first given to the cathedral-church of St. Peter, at Rome, by King Ina, on his pilgrimage thither, A.D. 720, hence the term.

Torksey parish must, in olden days, have been a favoured place. Camden, the chronicler, in his *Britannia* (vol II., p. 227) said:—"It is now a little mean place, but heretofore very noted, for there was in it before the Norman times (as

it is in *Domesday*) two hundred burghers who enjoyed many privileges, on condition that they should carry the King's ambassadors, as often as they came that way down the river Trent, in their own barges, and conduct them as far as York. Their ancient charter is still preserved, and they have thereby the privelege of a toll for strangers who bring cattle or goods that way; as also the privilege of a fair on Monday in Whitsun week.

The custom of Borough-English—as old Camden says—prevailed at Stamford. In any manor where this custom obtained, the younger sons inherited what land or tenements their fathers died possessed of. Moule, the historian of the "English Counties" (vol II., p. 200) says:—"Stamford possesses certain extensive privileges, is exempt both from the jurisdiction of the lord-lieutenant and the sheriff, and the inhabitants are not obliged to serve on juries out of the town, the Mayor being the King's lieutenant of the town and its liberties."

Swineshead: The Story of King John's Death.

BY EDWARD LAMPLOUGH.

QUIETER days have fallen upon the little town of Swineshead, situated some six miles westward of Boston, since the old historic times when it was a seaport, and passed, not unscathed, through the picturesque and romantic baronial and ecclesiastical epoch.

It retains its fair church of St. Mary, with its lofty chancel, and memorial monument of Sir John Lockton; but the abbey of Cistercian monks which Robert de Greslei founded, and dedicated to our Lady Mary, in 1134, has long since vanished from the scene that it once adorned, being pulled down by Sir John Lockton, who departed this life A.D. 1610. Its fall commenced at the time of the dissolution, when it was valued at £175 19s. 10d.; the site being granted to Edward, Lord Clinton, in the year 1551.

The memory of the old pile is retained by the Abbey farm, and the mansion built from its material, and appropriately named Swineshead Abbey, in the garden of which the good fathers are represented by the whole length figure of a monk engraved upon a stone slab.

The matins and vespers of the Cistercians succeeded the wild battle cries of the Saxons and Danes, for a circular Danish encampment in the neighbourhood of Swineshead, with its remarkably perfect outer and inner fosse, has survived the mutations of the centuries, and bears witness to the convulsions of what are practically pre-historic times.

Royal associations connect Swineshead with the history of the Kings. When, A.D. 1216, John was in the field against his revolted barons, he marched from Lynne with his ferocious mercinaries to ford the Wash, from Cross Keys to the Foss-dyke, at low-water. He had carried over the main body of his army, but the rear-guard, convoying the carts and led-horses, laden with military baggage and treasure, were toiling through the Wash, when the waves began to roll in. Horror, flight, wild confusion ensued; but the pitiless waters closed over all, and the

treasure and its escort was overwhelmed in the flood. Cursing and complaining, John marched on, and found refuge in Swineshead Abbey, to rest from the fatigues of the day before proceeding to Sleaford Castle. With a mind inflamed by rage and mortification, he imprudently ate a hearty supper of peaches or pears, and new cider, and a violent attack of fever followed. He was resolute to depart, however, but could not mount his horse, and was conveyed in a litter to Sleaford. Anxious and restless in this crisis of his affairs, he vainly struggled against misfortune and disease, and left for Newark Castle on the 16th of October, where he succumbed to his sickness on the 18th. King John was torn by remorse and by anxiety for his children. The Abbot of Croxton afforded him the consolations of religion, and a letter was addressed to pope Honorius III., soliciting his protection for the royal orphans. John died in the forty-ninth year of his age, after a violent reign of seventeen years, and was interred in the cathedral church of Worcester, in accordance with his last wishes.

The story circulated some fifty years after the King's death, charging the monks, or a monk

of Swineshead with having poisoned him, is considered unworthy of credence, and opposed to contemporary history. Yet John entered Swineshead fresh from the burning of the farm-houses attached to Croyland Abbey, and such an act of vengeance might have been suggested to some passionate monk; and in such case the secret might be kept for fifty years, and then leak out when the guilty party, or parties, had passed beyond the reach of human law.

Barton-on-Humber in the Olden Time.

By C. H. Crowder.

THE word Barton is of Saxon origin, and signifies the demesne lands of a manor; a manor house; the fields, outhouses, etc., etc.; a term in great use, more especially in the West and South of England.

A manuscript, kindly lent by a Barton gentleman, after giving an account of the destruction of the monastery of St. Chad, at Barrow, by the Danes, goes on to say, "It is probable that Barton was at that time (A.D. 993) a town, and so called from the word Bàrive, or wood town, the word town in Saxon signifying a place inhabited, and surrounded with a ditch or ware, and the ditches or fences on the east, west, and south limits or outlines of the ancient inclosures of the town of Barton, are to this day called the Castle Dykes, probably from Castrum, a camp, or Castellum, which ancient writers signify a town, or place, inhabited and surrounded by a

wall or ditch; and although there is not at *present* such *wood*, yet it is perhaps not unreasonable to suppose that there may have been, before the marshes were overflowed, and covered with soil from the river, as at present many roots of large trees, from which the trunks have apparently been cut, are visible at low tides, near the low-water mark of the Humber (1821)."

In Domesday Book the ferry is mentioned, and alluded to as one of much earlier times, disputes having taken place, respecting toll, with the managers of the ferry, even in the days of Edward the Confessor. Doubtless the old Waterside landing-place has witnessed many a scene of social and historic interest. As the narrowest passage across the Humber, the early inhabitants, the true Britons, would select this spot as the safest from which to launch their frail and rudely constructed coracles or canoes. The semi-civilized Saxons, under Hengist and Horsa, would probably frequent it as a convenient place at which to embark or disembark; the fierce Danish warriors of Canute and Guthrum would be familiar with its Haven as a secure shelter for their war-ships, and it is certain to have been well known to the ubiquitous Romans. Many a Chaucer-like pro-

cession of pilgrims must have passed here, and the monks of the great abbeys of Thornton and Thornholme, as well as devotees from the South generally, would repair to this ancient water-passage on their way to the widely-famed shrines of York and Beverley.

The Norman Kings were ever heavy in their exactions. The duty termed Quinzième produced from Barton to the revenue of King John the very considerable sum of £33 11s. 9d. This tax seems to have been a fifteenth of the value of all goods passing through the Royal Customs. The proportion levied appears enormous, but need excite little surprise when arbitrary fines were imposed for almost every action of social, mercantile, and judicial life; for instance, Richard de Neville gave twenty palfreys to obtain the King's request to Isolda Bisset, that she should take him for a husband; the men of Worcester paid 100 shillings that they might have the liberty of selling and buying dyed cloth; and Solomon the Jew engaged to pay one mark out of every seven that he should recover against Hugh de la Hose.

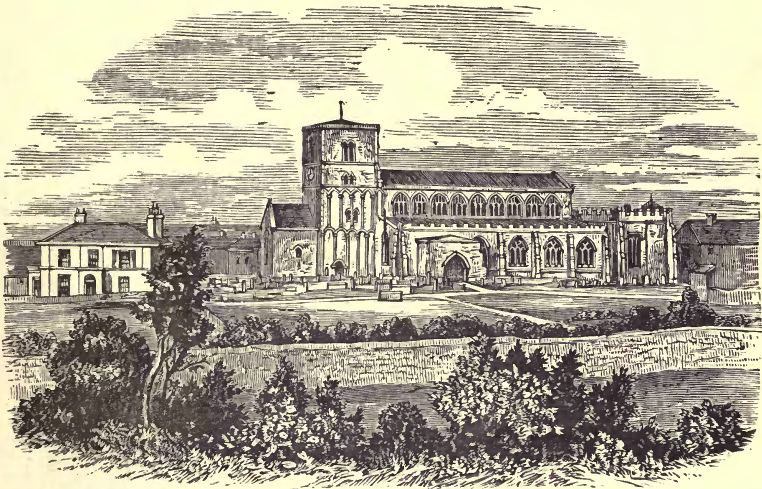
In the month of April, A.D. 1300, King Edward the First, with his new Queen (Margaret of France) and his eldest son (Prince Edward), passed

over the Humber from Barton to Hessle, on a warlike expedition to Scotland, and a gallant show must the nobles, knights, and men-at-arms, the chivalry and valour of England, have made. The 4th Edward also took shipping here for Hull in 1464. The last visit of Royalty was when H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh paid a short visit of inspection to the Coast-guard Station, on October 12, 1880.

The Old Haven has been frequented by mariners for a thousand years, and the tapping of the shipwright has never ceased, except on Sundays, and holy-days, and holidays, for nearly the same period. In the Middle Ages the handicraft of the shipbuilders of this town must have been of good repute, as, according to an item recently discovered amongst the muniments of Great Grimsby, Richard II., in the second year of his reign, A.D. 1379, "did, by his Charter of the 20th of January, confirm all the preceding grants to Grimsby, because the Mayor and Burgesses of Grimsby, *with the men of Barton-on-Humber*, had built a ship of war according to the ordinances of his Council."

There are two ancient churches at Barton. St. Peter's is an old, *old* edifice, especially the tower,

which is visited by antiquarians from great distances, being considered one of the oldest extant. The lower part of this sturdy old belfry, which has weathered the storms of more than eight hundred years, and, great convulsions of nature excepted, appears capable of standing a further



ST. PETER'S CHURCH, BARTON-ON-HUMBER.

equal length of time, is undoubtedly the handiwork of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers. The long and short pieces of stone used alternately at the angles of walls and of openings, being characteristic of their style, of which competent judges consider this a pure and fine example. The capitals of the piers in this interesting church are

good specimens of dog-tooth moulding. It is probable the body of the church was built, or re-built, by Lord Beaumont, in the reign of Edward II. or III.; the figure of a warrior armed cap-à-pié, still existing in the east window, is said to represent the said Lord Beaumont; another figure of a pilgrim, picturing a member of the same family, also adorns the window. In the centre mullion of the window of the east aisle is a curious representation of the Crucifixion. The roof of this old edifice covers many time-worn memorials of the dead, the greater number of which are illegible through abrasion by the feet of generation after generation. In the south aisle is a floor-stone, upon which was once engraved, on a brass plate, the figure of a man in armour, of which only the feet remain. The Latin inscription says, "Here lies Robert Barnetby, of Barton, Esq., who died 21st day of the month of September, 1440. May God be merciful to his soul." Another brass commemorates "Edward Trippe, yeoman, who died Feb. 10, 1619." A brass near the chancel railings bears the inscription, "Here lies William Garton, of Barton, who died July 3rd, 1505. On whose soul God have mercy." A fragment of the ancient

church-yard cross still survives near the south porch. The oldest bell is dated 1666; the sixth bell has this inscription:—

> "Our sounding is each man to call,
> To serve the Lord, both great and small."

Within a hundred and fifty yards of St. Peter's stands the sister church of St. Mary. This con-

ST. MARY'S CHURCH, BARTON-ON-HUMBER.

tiguity is rare in places so circumscribed as Barton, and leads to the inference that the town was once of much more importance—at least ecclesiastically—than at present. St. Mary's is of early English architecture, and has been erected about seven hundred years. The old altar-stone of pre-

Reformation days, with its five crosses, is let into the floor within the rails. In the great east window is a rude representation of the Crucifixion in stained glass. The floor of the chancel still retains a fine brass, representing the effigy of a man in flowing robes; his hands are held as in prayer, whilst his naked feet rest on two casks or tuns, alluding to his calling of "Vintner." On the edge of the stone is an inscription in Latin—"Here lies Simon Seman, formerly citizen, and vintner, and Alderman of London, who died on the 10th day of the month of August, 1433; on whose soul, and all the faithful departed, may God have mercy." On a scroll issuing from the mouth—"I believe that my Redeemer liveth, and in the last day shall rise again, and in my flesh I shall see God." He would without doubt be the Simon Seman who was Sheriff of London in 1425 (3 Henry VI.). Another stone bears an inscription to a William Cannon, with the early date of 1401. The second bell is inscribed:—

> "My roaring loud doth warning give,
> That men cannot always live."

The third bell as follows:—

> "All men that hear my mournful sound,
> Repent before you lye in ground."

MONUMENTAL BRASS, ST. MARY'S CHURCH, BARTON-ON-HUMBER.

The "Barley" bell, so called from being rung every night, Sundays excepted, from the time of getting the first load of barley until Shrove Tuesday, has been discontinued since about 1860, the funds provided for the old custom being devoted to more useful purposes. In a Terrier of 1730 it is stated, "The Clerk holds 13 acres and 3 stongs (roods) of arable land for ringing the Barley Bell." Within a stone's throw of the chancel of St. Peter's Church are hidden, under a modern roof, the antique remains of an old mansion called Tyrwhitt Hall. What relics of the original edifice are left are built of wide shallow bricks, one of the stacks of wreathed or twisted chimneys being in excellent order. It stands in what were formerly extensive grounds, separated from the churchyard by a wall. Two of the ceilings of tenements, into which it is now divided, have antique moulded plaster work; one of the rooms still retains the oak panelling. An old stained glass medallion, the subject of which is supposed to be St. John writing the Apocalypse, having as a background the Temple of Jerusalem, has only been removed (for safety) in recent years, and is carefully preserved. In an adjacent building, also covered with modern tiles, are the original oaken

rafters and timber work, which some suppose to have roofed a chapel, but standing so near the sacred fanes of SS. Peter and Mary, this is improbable; it is more likely to have been a banqueting-hall, as it much resembles the fine baronial hall still existing "in Gaunt's embattled pile" at Gainsborough, and in which Lady de Burgh, a relative of the Tyrwhitts, was a resident when Henry VIII. progressed through Lincolnshire in 1541. This Agnes Tyrwhitt's (Lady de Burgh) eldest son was the first husband of Catherine Parr, at his death she espoused Nevil, Lord Latimer, and, again widowed, became the last and most discreet of Henry's many Queens. The old mansion at Barton above mentioned was probably the residence of Philip Tyrwhitt, of the knightly family of Tyrwhitt of Kettleby. The father of Philip was Robert, a vice-admiral of England (temp. Henry VII.), and Sheriff of Lincolnshire (temp. Henry VIII.). Sir Philip, the third son of the Admiral, is described as of Barton-on-Humber. In 1549 he was Bailiff of the manor of Barton, for King Edward VI. In 1554 he represented the county in Parliament, and became obnoxious to the Court of Queen Mary and her gloomy Spanish consort through

opposing measures, as Coke has it, "calculated to bring the nation under the papal yoke." He and others like-minded were indicted, but Mary's death stopped all proceedings. He obtained the manor by marriage with Margaret, daughter and co-heir of Edward Burnaby, of Barton. A son of Philip Tyrwhitt, by this union, was created a baronet by James I.

The old Town's book contains many quaint and interesting particulars of the mode of Local Government of other days. It is dated 1670, and speaks of the rules and regulations contained therein as being compiled from another book of yet earlier date (1600). The governing power was a jury of copyholders of the manor, and they appointed a bailiff, constable, cargrave, neatherd, swineherd, molecatcher, caller, pinder, and bellman, as their subordinates. The jury took upon themselves the regulating the price of coals and other merchandise brought into the Haven, and imposed fines for "forestalling," one of the regulations being, that no person should purchase, for re-sale at a profit, goods brought into the Haven, until three days after the bellman's announcement of the arrival of the cargo, during these three days the inhabitants had an opportunity of pur-

chasing at wholesale prices. Householders were not allowed to dry flax or hemp in, or to lay straw near, their chimneys or ovens, or bake or brew during the night, or to neglect the repairing of their chimneys, or to fetch fire even from a neighbour's except in a safely closed vessel; the reason of the foregoing rules is obvious, most of the houses being constructed of wood, and having thatched roofs, being therefore easily ignited. In the dog-days every householder had to provide a tub of water outside his door for the benefit of dogs, and as preventive of madness in that companionable animal. The "caller" was appointed to arouse the townspeople between 3 and 5 o'clock in the morning! And even in the winter months he rang a bell at 5 a.m.! but it must be remembered there was little or no artificial light in those primitive times, and our ancestors would go early to bed with more certainty of being able early to rise than their, in this respect, degenerate successors. Houses were not to be let to strangers for more than a month, nor to "loving couples about to be married," without the consent of the jury. There are multitudinous rules and regulations given respecting every branch of husbandry, even down to the lowly industry of gleaning, none

except the aged poor and children being allowed that privilege, and this only upon "naked" lands. Ale-tasters were appointed also by the omniscient jury. Judging by the proclivities of some of our moderns, this would be an office eagerly sought after; every brewer and baker in the town had to pay these officers fourpence annually. The sparrow-killer had 3d. per dozen on producing the innocent heads of his small victims. The "caller," probably in consideration that he would have frequently to go to some parts of his round twice over, had, besides his ordinary fee of 4d. a year on every plough-land, a pair of boots found annually. The mole-catcher, the neatherd, the swineherd, were all similarly paid. The owner of any dog who suffered it to bite the swine was amerced in the sum of one shilling, etc., etc. The entries in the churchwardens' books are very curious, and significant of the political wind which was blowing at the several dates. St. Mary's extends from 1640, and St. Peter's 1650. At the period of the Civil War, when the Parliament was getting the upper hand, occurs an entry, "Bestowed in ale on the soldiers that came to deface the King's arms, 1s." Another, "To Martin Levitt, for washing out the King's armes, 1s." But when the wind

changed to another quarter an entry is found (1660), "Spent of the painter, when he painted the King's armes, 1s. 6d.," which, judging by the price, could only have been a temporary affair, as shortly afterwards £1 15s. 3d. was expended for same purpose. Many items are for money paid to the ringers, who were often in requisition. When the unhappy Duke of Monmouth was defeated they were paid 7s. 6d., when King James was proclaimed they received 5s.; "when Dublin was taken," "on the King's return from Ireland," "when Limerick was taken," were all occasions when the ringers were paid for celebrating the events. Other entries are very quaint and curious, "Paid for killing *starnells* for a year, 3s. 4d.;" "for killing moles in the churchyard, 6d.;" "to John Kenington, for whiping the dogs for half a year, 1s.;" "for whipping dogs out of church, 2s.;" "to Brocklebank, for waking sleepers, 2s.;" this latter entry reflects somewhat on the oratory of the minister, but another is very mysterious, and suggests that the recipient's name was symbolical of her temper, it reads thus, "to *pasifi* Sharp's wife, 1s.!"

Pirates in the Humber.

By Edward Peacock, F.S.A.

IT is long since our shores have been infested by pirates, though not quite so great a distance of time as some people have come to imagine. In the reign of Charles the First, pirate vessels from Algiers, Salee, and other Moslem ports of the Mediterranean, swept the British Channel, and carried off men and women into captivity. In 1637 a pamphlet was published, which has now become exceedingly rare, entitled, "A True Journal of the Sally Fleet, with the proceedings of the voyage, whereunto is annexed a list of the Sally Captives' names, and the places where they dwell." This little tract ought to be re-printed, and the captives, if possible, identified. Its special interest is for our friends who dwell on the Southern coasts, but it has a slight connection with Yorkshire, from the fact that the expedition was commanded by William Rainborowe, the father of Lieutenant-

Colonel Thomas Rainborowe, whose murder by desperados from Pontefract Castle, in the streets of Doncaster, was a memorable event in the autumn of 1648. So praiseworthy was William Rainborowe's conduct considered in this expedition that the King proposed to knight him—an honour which he declined. He was therefore presented with a gold chain and medal valued at three hundred pounds.* Long after the Salee pirates had ceased to be a serious danger, the coasts of England were troubled by vessels from Dunkirk, which not only preyed on our commerce, but occasionally committed atrocities on land. Wandering beggars were frequent in those days, who appealed to the sympathy of their fellow-countrymen on the ground that they had been pillaged by "Dunkirkes," the name by which these pirate vessels were known. Entries of small sums given to these sufferers are common in old churchwardens' accounts.† The most recent piratical attack from

* "Stafford's Letters," vol. II., p. 129.

† As this subject has not received the attention which is due to it, the following references may be found useful: "Proceedings of Society of Antiquaries" (2nd series, vol. II., p. 388); "Diary of John Rous" (pp. 9, 55); "Buckle's Misc. Works" (vol. III., pp. 553-572); Husband's "Acts and Ord." (vol. II., p. 261); "Tho. Gardner's Hist. of Dunwich" (p. 14); "Scotch Acts of Parl." (vol. VIII., par. 1, p. 342); Bisset's "Struggle for Parl. Gov." (vol. I., p.

which the inhabitants of these islands have suffered, was during our unhappy strife with America, when Paul Jones landed in Scotland and threatened the Yorkshire coast. It may, however, be maintained that Jones was not a pirate, but a regular belligerent according to the laws of war as then interpreted.

During the latter middle ages, and far down into the Tudor time, the Humber was a place subject to piratical inroads. Much curious information concerning the doings of these sea-thieves is in existence, but as yet almost the whole of it is locked in manuscript. We propose to draw attention to a piratical adventure in the reign of Henry VIII., which may not be without interest to both Yorkshire and Lincolnshire readers. The records of the old court of Star Chamber, as far as they are known to exist, are preserved in the National Record Office. It is from them that we have gleaned the following particulars. The evil deeds of the Humber pirates have long been known, their memory as yet exists as a vague tradition, but it is with a feeling of surprise that we find a

123); Rushworth's "Hist. Coll." (vol. v., pp. 312, 556); Webster's "Northward Ho!" (act 1., sc. III.); Tomlinson's "Hist. Doncaster" (p. 101); Welford's "Newcastle" (vol. III., p. 263).

great northern ecclesiastic—the abbot of Whitby—engaged in questionable transactions with disreputable persons of this class. The other accomplices in these evil transactions—Ganth, Lappage, Parys, and Litilprowe—we can obtain no information of. The abbot of Whitby who, according to allegation made in the Star Chamber bill, was a part purchaser of the ship, merchandise, and stores, was John Hexham, or, as he was otherwise named, Topcliffe. The latter name he acquired from the place of his birth, Topcliffe, near Thirsk. He had been many years a canon of Hexham. He was elected to the abbacy of Whitby in 1527, on the death of Thomas of York. He held this distinguished post for ten years, when he resigned his office, and once more became a simple monk.* John and Gregory Conyers were, there can be no doubt, gentlemen of illustrious lineage, cadets of that noble tree whose branches once spread so widely over the north country. Their precise place in the pedigree has not, as yet, been made out. Bosshell, Ledham, and Pekok were probably Whitby townsmen who had no scruples of concience as to doing business with pirates when

* Charlton, "Hist. of Whitby" (pp. 277, 282). "Monasticon Anglicanum" (Ed. 1846, vol. I., p. 408).

the trade could be carried on safely under the shelter of the name of their abbot and of members of the great house of Conyers. We must remember, however, that the statements of the complainants is alone before us; what the reply may have been we do not know. It is lost, or at least is at present not forthcoming. Could we hear both sides, the affair might bear a widely different complexion. The inventory attached is by far the most interesting part of these old documents, as it gives us a list of the cargo and stores of the vessel. Many persons think our forefathers of three centuries ago were barbarous in almost everything that related to the sea. They may perhaps be surprised to find that the *Jhesus* of Dantzic had on board both a pump and a compass.

We do not think it necessary to print the bill in its original language and spelling, as we edited it in that form some years ago for the *Yorkshire Archæological and Topographical Journal.** The bill sets forth, with the usual cumberous law forms, that Henry Ganth, of "the cite of Dansik in Almayn," had contracted with certain persons to carry in his ship, the *Jhesus*, twenty

* Vol. II., pp. 248-251.

lasts* of rye, thirty lasts and nine barrels of meal, and three half packs† of flax, six hundred "vores,"‡ and six lasts of pitch, as well as certain other matters, among which we find a last of Osmonds. This word is rare, and has now become obsolete. Its precise meaning was long unknown. Those dictionaries in which it occurs commonly give a vague or incorrect interpretation. In Blount's "Law Dictionary" we are told it is "a kind of ore or iron-stone, assuming the nature of iron," and Cowell and Jacobs say much the same. Whishaw's "New Law Dictionary," published in 1829, carries on the erroneous tradition. Halliwell calls it a kind of iron, and Admiral Smyth defines it as pig-iron. It is useless to repeat the guesses, all more or less erroneous, that have been made by other dictionary-makers and annotators. It has now been demonstrated that Osmonds were not iron-ore or pig-iron, but "the very best iron used, and probably used only for the finest purposes, such as arrow-heads, fish-hooks, the repairs of bell-gear, and

* A last of corn or rape-seed is ten quarters; of pitch, tar, or ashes, fourteen barrels.

† A pack of wool is a horseload, *i.e.*, seventeen stone and two pounds. See Cowell, "Law Dict.," or any other *sub voce*.

‡ Oars.

the works of clocks."* It seems to have been imported into this country in small bars packed in barrels. The origin of the name has not been discovered. The late Mr. T. Hudson Turner suggested that it took its designation from the place of its manufacture,† but this is almost certainly a mistake. It furnishes one more example of the folly of mere speculation in matters of philology. The term seems to have come into use in this country in the fourteenth century, and to have been well understood until the seventeenth. In the Louth churchwardens' account for 1510-1511, we read of "osmondes to bell yokes," and in 1530 a small sum was paid "to the clock-mender for osmondes." In the inventory of John Nevill, of Faldingworth, a roll in our own possession, dated the seventh year of Edward VI., we find that he possessed "a barrell of osmonds," which was valued at fourteen shillings. For the carriage of these goods Ganth was to have received fifty-eight pounds of English money. Besides the ordinary cargo, Ganth had some property of his own on board. The *Jhesus* arrived safely in the Humber, where she cast anchor. There she was boarded

* "Proceedings of Society of Antiquaries" (2nd series, vol. VIII., p. 253).

† "Domestic Architecture in England" (p. xxxviii.)

by a French vessel, "a shippe of Bolayn" as she is here called, and was forthwith carried to the port of Whitby, and her cargo sold by the sea-thieves to the abbot, the two Conyers, Pekok, and others, who, it is alleged, were well aware that the property was stolen. A curious inventory of the goods on board the ship—too long to re-print here—follows the petition, and then darkness settles down on this singular transaction.

We have been unable to discover the reply which must have been made by the abbot and others. It is much to be desired that further light should be thrown on the subject.

The Pilgrimage of Grace.

By Frederick Ross, F.R.H.S.

LINCOLNSHIRE has the credit of having inaugurated one of the most formidable rebellions in the annals of English history, known by the name of the Pilgrimage of Grace, arising out of the struggle between the old Catholic faith and the newly-born Anglican Protestantism, a rebellion which only lasted a fortnight in Lincolnshire, but which broke out afresh, with redoubled vigour, across the Humber, shaking the throne of Henry VIII., and, but for the overflow of the river Don, might have imperilled the crown, and caused a restoration of the Pope's supremacy and of the suppressed monasteries.

King Henry, having quarrelled with the Pope about the divorce of Queen Katharine, resolved to throw off his allegiance to the supreme Pontiff, which he was the better enabled to do inasmuch as the minds of his subjects had been prepared by Wyclif and his followers for abjuring the Papal

yoke. Notwithstanding his having adopted the paternity of Fisher's book against the heresy of Luther, for which the Pope accorded him the title of "Defender of the Faith," he declared that the Bishop of Rome had no longer any jurisdiction in England, and assumed for himself the title of "Supreme Head of the Church," chopping off the head of his quondam friend, Fisher, for refusing to recognise him in that capacity. He then proceeded to the suppression of the lesser monasteries, and the confiscation of their revenues, causing a bill to be brought into Parliament, granting to the crown the revenues of all the religious houses under £200 per annum of income, which met with considerable opposition until he sent word that if it were not passed he would have the heads of all who voted against it; and they did pass it, which suppressed 380 houses, and brought to the State Treasury £32,000 per annum, and £100,000 from the sale of the chattels, whilst the monks and nuns, excepting a few who were pensioned, were turned adrift, to beg, thieve, or starve, and who, having nothing to lose and everything to gain, were ripe to join in any insurrection against the King.

The outbreak seemed to burst forth suddenly,

and, as it appeared, spontaneously, in the town of Louth, at the end of September, 1536, although the people had been roused to exasperation by the disendowed priests and monks, who had been going about amongst their previous flocks proclaiming the sacrilegious acts of the King, who was seeking to destroy their religion, rob their church of its revenues and means of almsgiving to the poor, and, at the instigation of the devil, had deposed the successor and representative of St. Peter from his office of supreme governor over the Church in England, and had profanely assumed that office himself.

On Sunday evening, Oct. 1st, there was a great gathering of excited people on Louth Green, with the silver cross of the Parish Church elevated in their midst, the leaders shouting, "Masters, let us follow the Cross," and in the evening, after vespers, a procession, headed by one Nicholas Melton, a shoemaker, who was hence called Captain Cobler, proceeded to the church and opened the plate chest, which, it was supposed, would be plundered on the morrow by Heneage, an examiner, who was coming down to inspect the clergy. They did not, however, remove the plate, but placed an armed guard over it.

Heneage entered Louth at nine o'clock in the morning, upon which the alarm bells were rung, and the people assembled in the market place, armed with bills, scythes, and staves. Heneage, in alarm, fled to the church for sanctuary, but was dragged forth and compelled, under threat of death, to be "faithful to King, the commonwealth, and the Holy Church." Meanwhile the Registrar had appeared on the scene with his book, containing Cromwell's commission for the suppression of Langbourne Nunnery, Barling's Premonstatensian Abbey, etc., who was dragged to the Market Cross, where a priest read the commission in derision, threw the book amongst the crowd, who instantly tore it to tatters, and the Registrar barely escaped with his life.

A party then went to Langbourne Nunnery, which was in the hands of Cromwell's servants, whom they brought to Louth and placed them in the stocks, afterwards casting them into the town gaol.

On Tuesday, a detachment went to Caistor, before whom the commissioners took to flight, and the people came in by whole parishes, with ejected monks and priests to the number of 700 or 800.

On the same day, the commons of Horncastle

rose in great numbers, including the squires and gentry of the district, who came with their retainers, many of whom were compelled to take the oath under threats of death; also Dr. Mackarel, the deposed Abbot of Barlings, who came at the head of his canons, in armour, and a banner embroidered with a plough, a chalice, the Host, a horn, and the five wounds of Christ. He became the chief leader, and is frequently referred to as Captain Cobler, the sobriquet of Melton, the shoemaker. It was here that the demands of the insurgents were drawn up, which consisted of:

The Restoration of the Religious Houses.
The Remission of the Subsidy.
The Clergy to pay no more first-fruits or tenths.
The Repeal of the Statute of Uses.
The removal of villein blood from the Council.
The Deprivation and Punishment of the heretic Bishops, Cranmer, Latimer, Hiley, Longlands, and Brown.

The Chancellor of Lincoln, the tool or agent of Cromwell, and an object of special hatred, came to Horncastle, but was received with yells and shouts of execration, was dragged from his horse, beaten to death with staves, the body stripped,

and his garment torn to shreds for distribution to the multitude.

Lincoln also rose at the same time and became the focus of the rebellion, to which place the gatherings of Louth, Horncastle, etc., flocked as headquarters, and Bishop Longlands' Palace was plundered and partially destroyed. The whole county was now in a state of agitation and excitement, with beacons blazing and alarm bells ringing out, all work suspended, and assemblages of armed men to be seen in every town and village.

Lord Hussey, who had charge of the peace in the district, played fast and loose, sympathising with the insurgents, but afraid of the possible consequences of rebellion, and eventually fled.

Meanwhile, Sir Marmaduke Constable and Sir Edward Madyson had been sent to the King, at Windsor, with the demands of the insurgents, to which the King sent a reply in terms of which the following passage is a specimen, "Concerning choosing of Councillors, I have never heard, read, nor known that Princes, Councillors, and Prelates should be appointed by rude and ignorant common people, nor that they were persons meet or of ability to discern or choose meet and sufficient Councillors for a Prince. How presumptuous

then are ye, the rude commons of one shire, and that one of the most brute and beastly of the whole realm, and of least experience, to find fault with your Prince for the electing of his Councillors and Prelates, and to take upon you, contrary to God's law and man's law, to rule your Prince, whom you are bound, by all laws, to obey and serve, with both your lives, lands, and goods, and for no worldly law to withstand; the contrary whereof you, like Traitors and Rebels, have attempted; and not like true subjects, as ye name yourselves." He then replies to the articles in detail, absolutely refuses compliance with any of them, and demands the surrender of their leaders, to be punished according to their demerits. In a second proclamation, he ordered them to deliver up their arms, in Lincoln Market-place, else would he proceed to such terrible extremities against them, their wives and children, that they should serve as an example as long as the world lasted.

At the same time the King sent couriers to Lord Hussey and the Earl of Shrewsbury to raise forces for the suppression of the revolt, and letters to the principal gentlemen who had joined the insurgents, recalling them to their allegiance. Lord Shrewsbury had already, without authority,

raised his standard in Yorkshire, where the rebellion had not yet broken out, expecting to raise 30,000 or 40,000 men, but not more than one-tenth of that number gathered round his banners; and he wrote to Lord Hussey, urging him to raise what men he could in Lincolnshire, who still held back and fled from the county.

There were now some 60,000 insurgents in and about Lincoln, when the King sent a letter to the Council, wherein he said, "Wherefore, Sirs, remember your follies and traitorous demeanour, and shame not your native country of England. We charge you, eftsoons, that ye withdraw yourselves to your houses, every man; cause the provokers of you to this mischief to be delivered to our Lieutenant's hands or ours, and you yourselves submit yourselves to such condign punishment as we and our nobles shall think you worthy to suffer, for doubt you not else that we will not suffer this injury at your hands unrevenged," etc. This letter was read in the Council, and the nobles and squires began to see that the probability of success was very uncertain, and, as many of them had become adherents on compulsion, they wished to withdraw, so as to save possibly their lands and heads; but the clergy and monks, with the

commons, raised a loud clamour, shouting that the gentlemen were no true friends of the cause, and ought to be killed at once; but vacillating opinions ensued and the assembly dispersed, the gentlemen taking refuge in the cloisters, and barring the doors, whilst the mob went to their quarters, postponing active measures until the morrow.

Intelligence now reached the camp of the measures taken by the King for the suppression of the revolt, and the approach of the Earl of Suffolk with an army, upon which the nobles and squires determined on submission, and were joined by the farmers and villagers, who followed the example of their natural leaders, and thus there arose a division in the camp, the gentlemen advocating peace and non-resistance, and the clergy and monks war and a march upon London. The march to the capital was ill-arranged, if arranged at all. The mob of undisciplined peasants and mechanics had no efficient leaders, were indifferently armed with unwarlike weapons, and their commissariat consisted of three or four days' victuals in each man's pocket. The squires' village retainers returned to their homes, and the others, as their provisions became consumed, gradually melted away, so that by Wednesday,

the 11th, the 60,000 men about Lincoln were reduced to 20,000, and when Suffolk entered the city he encountered scowling faces, but met with no opposition. He was joined by the nobles and squires, and their tenants and labourers, who assisted him in the restoration of order. The towns one by one sent in their submission. Louth surrendered fifteen of the original promoters, and several prisoners were taken elsewhere, including Abbot Mackarel and his canons, who were sent up to London, to the number of one hundred, who were committed to the Tower, about half of whom were liberated after a short imprisonment. In 1537, a Commission sat at Lincoln to try the Abbot of Kirkstead and thirty others, the Abbot being hanged at Lincoln the following day. Abbot Mackarel and twelve others were tried for the murder of the Chancellor of Lincoln, and hanged without mercy, their bodies being suspended on gibbets in various towns, as warnings; others were convicted and executed at Louth and Horncastle. Baron Hussey, of Sleford, was attainted of high treason, and found guilty, by his peers, of direliction of duty and tampering with the rebels, for which he suffered confiscation of his manor of Sleford, worth £5,000 a year, the for-

feiture of his barony, and was himself beheaded at Lincoln. The rest were granted a free pardon, and out of some 60,000 persons in armed rebellion only twenty were punished with death; and thus ended, in a fortnight, the Lincolnshire Pilgrimage of Grace.

It spread, however, into Yorkshire, and under the able leadership of Aske of Aughton, Lord D'Arcy, two of the Percies, and others of the Catholic nobility, a well-drilled army of 40,000 men set off towards London, but on coming to the river Don, which it was necessary to cross, they found it overflowed, and were delayed some days on the northern bank, whilst the Duke of Norfolk and the Earl of Shrewsbury arrived and encamped on the opposite bank, with a well-equipped army of 30,000 men. Negotiations took place, and under a promise of pardon and a redress of grievances, the insurgents dispersed. As the King did not keep his promises of redress, the Pilgrims again raised the banner of the five wounds, on the Yorkshire Wolds, under the leadership of Sir Francis Bigot, a wild and hopeless attempt which was soon suppressed, and Aske, with several noblemen, knights, abbots, and priors, executed.

Horncastle or Winsby Fight.

By Edward Lamplough.

ONE early July day, in the year 1643, a number of toil-worn Parliamentarians entered the little town of Barton-upon-Humber, *en route* for the town of Kingston-upon-Hull—no longer, in truth, the *King's town*, but strongly fortified, and held for Parliament by the stout-hearted Sir John Meldrum.

Chief of the little band of warriors was that brave and promising cavalry officer, Sir Thomas Fairfax, already holding the important position of commander of the Northern horse. A mere handful of way-worn men followed him, many of them wounded, and all too evidently exhausted by the vicissitudes of a forced retreat from Bradford, after a vain but most heroic attempt to hold that open town against the numerous army of the victorious Marquis of Newcastle.

At Selby, Sir Thomas had been attacked by the garrison of Cawood, but had driven them

before him in headlong flight as far as Brayton Common, where a furious *melée* ensued, in the midst of which the young commander was wounded by a pistol-bullet, which passed through his wrist, and caused such excessive pain and loss of blood that Sir Thomas had to be lifted from his saddle in a fainting condition, and laid upon the ground until the surgeon came up and dressed the wound.

Twenty-four hours had elapsed since the skirmish, and Sir Thomas had been in saddle the whole time. Added to his physical suffering was a heavy burthen of anxiety and grief. His efforts to sustain the Parliamentarian cause in the manufacturing towns of the West had failed before the overwhelming power of Newcastle, and he was deeply grieved for the suffering burghers of Bradford and Leeds, as well as apprehensive for the safety of Hull, the only spot of Yorkshire soil that held out against the King's men, and towards which Newcastle's army was, in all probability, then marching. In retreating from Bradford, Lady Fairfax had fallen into the hands of the enemy, as Sir Thomas thus narrates:—"I sent two or three horsemen before to discover what they could of the

enemy; they presently returned and told us there was a guard of horse close by us. Before I had gone forty paces, the day beginning to break, I saw them upon the hill above us, being about three hundred horse. I, with some twelve more, charged them; Sir Henry Foulis, Major-General Gifford, myself, and three more, broke through; Captain Mudd was slain, and the rest of our horse being close by, the enemy fell upon them and soon routed them, taking most of them prisoners, among whom was my wife, the officer William Hill, behind whom she rid, being taken. I saw this disaster, but could give no relief; for after I was got through, I was in the enemy's rear alone. Those who had charged through with me went on to Leeds, thinking I had done so too, but I was unwilling to leave my company, and stay'd till I saw there was no more in my power to do, but to be taken prisoner with them. I then retired to Leeds." Worse than this, his little five-year-old daughter had accompanied the retreat, being carried before her maid on horseback, but, worn out by suffering and fatigue, she had repeatedly swooned, and her death being momentarily expected, she was left at a house by the way, after the passage of

the Trent had been achieved, the poor father apprehending that he had seen her in life for the last time.

Though so hardly bestead, Sir Thomas was not utterly cast down, if we may accept his own statement:—"I went on to Barton, having sent before to have a ship ready against my coming thither. Here I lay down to take a little rest, if it were possible to find any in a body so full of pain, and a mind yet fuller of anxiety and trouble. Though I must acknowledge it as the infinite goodness of God that my spirit was nothing at all discouraged from doing still that which I thought to be my duty.

"I had not rested a quarter of an hour, before the enemy came close to the town. I had now not above a hundred horse with me; we went to the ship, where, under the security of her ordnance, we got all our men and horse on board, and, crossing Humber, we arrived at Hull, our men faint and tired. I myself had lost all, even to my shirt, for my cloaths were made unfit to wear with rents and blood."

Fortune made him timely recompense. On the following day his little daughter reached Hull, largely recovered from her sickness of

fatigue and travel. After a few days the Marquis of Newcastle's coach, guarded by an escort of Cavaliers, appeared before the walls of Hull, and Lady Fairfax was safely restored to the arms of her husband by the generosity of the courtly Marquis.

Sir Thomas was followed to Hull by many of his troopers, and he was speedily in a position to occupy Beverley, with 700 horse and 600 foot.

Newcastle did not assail Hull, but entered Lincolnshire, occupied Gainsborough and Lincoln, and had designed to attack Boston when he was recalled to Yorkshire by the activity of the Fairfaxes, who, making a demonstration against Stamford Bridge, near York, alarmed the whole county.

Thus recalled, the Marquis carried his arms against Hull, and, after some fighting, drove Sir Thomas Fairfax out of Beverley, and pursued him to the gates of the town, which he proceeded to closely invest.

Sir Thomas Fairfax took little or no part in the defence of Hull, for finding that his troopers were losing their horses in large numbers, in consequence of the brackish water which they were compelled to drink, he decided to accompany

Lord Willoughby of Parham, and Colonel Cromwell into Lincolnshire, and he accordingly carried twenty troops of horse over the Humber. The enemy mustered in force in Lincolnshire, and Sir Thomas was in too good company not to find opportunities of distinguishing himself.

The Cavaliers, to the number of 5,000 men, were in close proximity to Cromwell's forces, but such was the caution exercised by both parties that for some days no engagement of any consequence took place, although on one occasion the commander of the Royalists permitted the enemy to escape a severe blow.

At Horncastle, the Cavaliers attacked Cromwell's out-posts early one morning, and the Parliamentarians, being somewhat raw soldiers, and probably ignorant of what was expected of them, instead of risking their lives to ensure the safety of the main body, simply consulted their own safety, and, without raising an alarm, made off for Lincoln as fast as they could. Instead of falling on and putting their enemies to the sword before they had time to recover from their confusion, the Royalists continued their advance with the utmost deliberation, and, coming into collision with some scattered bodies

of Roundheads, at length effectually aroused their whole force, and, amid some confusion, the troops began to assemble, and stood to arms.

Some skirmishing ensued, and, on the following day, Horncastle or Winsby fight took place. But the Cavaliers were too late to prevent the junction of the Earl of Manchester with Cromwell's cavalry.

On the morning of Wednesday, October the 11th, the two forces prepared for the conflict, and occupied two eminences, with a small stretch of level ground between them. The Parliamentarians were nominally under the command of the Earl of Manchester, who led the infantry, but the hero of the day was undoubtedly Cromwell, who commanded the van, consisting of his Huntingdonshire troopers, and was supported by Sir Thomas Fairfax.

Before them were massed the files of Newcastle's cavalry, in all the pomp of military display, "74 colours of horse, and 21 colours of dragoons," as Rushworth puts it, fluttering in the October breeze above the burnished morions and plumed hats of the gay and gallant Cavaliers.

So little attention had the Parliamentarians

given to the ground, that when Cromwell moved forward his horse to commence the engagement by charging up the hill, with its crest of men and horses, he found his advance arrested by a long fence that ran along the foot, and through which one small opening alone gave him access to the enemy. It was characteristic of the man that he should lead his troops through this narrow and dangerous way, although carbines and muskets flashed from the summit of the hill, and the Cavaliers were preparing to sweep down upon them, with their heavy masses of horse, when the long, keen rapiers and holster-pistols would perform their deadly work.

Re-forming his troops, Cromwell continued his advance, Quartermaster-General Vermuden leading with five troops of horse, or the "forlorn hope," as the van was then styled. As they swept up the slope, they found breath enough for a psalm; and, while carbines cracked, steel rang, and trumpets pealed, the solemn tones of praise and supplication rose above the sound of arms, to die away as the charging warriors met and mingled in a bloody *melée.*

Cromwell and his troopers received a volley from the carbines of the royal dragoons, but,

although some saddles were emptied, they pressed steadily forward, to receive a second discharge, within half pistol-shot. Cromwell went down with his horse shot beneath him, and, as he struggled to his feet, he was again struck down by a Royalist officer, supposed to have been Sir Ingram Hopton. Recovering himself, however, and receiving an indifferent mount from one of his troopers, he took his place among his Ironsides, and after a sharp dispute drove the Royalists before him in a broken and struggling mass. Recoiling upon their main body, the broken horse threw the whole army into confusion, and before any attempt could be made to re-form the ranks, the heavy swords of the Parliamentarians were impending over their heads, as their furious charges spread the disastrous confusion.

The battle was lost, and the Cavaliers were fain to relinquish the field and attempt to secure their retreat; but the retreat was changed into a precipitate flight as the terrible Ironsides rode after them, and tore them with repeated charges, so that, when the disastrous day came to its conclusion, Newcastle's fine cavalry had sustained a loss of 500 men, while the Parliamentarians had to congratulate themselves on having gained

so considerable an advantage at a comparatively small cost of human life.

Sir Thomas Fairfax has little to say about this engagement:—"After we had faced one another a good while, the Forlorn Hopes began the fight; presently the bodies met on the plain, where the fight was hot for half-an-hour, but then they were forced to a rout, 400 kill'd and many taken prisoners. This was the issue of Horncastle fight, or, as some call it, Winsby fight."

The following more particular account of the battle is found in Rushworth's Historical Collections:—

"On Wednesday morning, October the 11th, 1643, the Earl of Manchester gave order for his whole force of horse and foot to be drawn up to Bullenbrook-hill, as the only convenient ground to fight on. The King's forces also that morning drew their whole body of horse and dragoons into the field, being 74 colours of horse, and 21 colours of dragoons. Manchester had not half so many colours of horse and dragoons, but as many men, for his troops were fuller. It was late before the foot could be drawn up. Manchester's horse and dragoons went on in

several bodies, singing of psalms; Quartermaster-General Vermuden, with five troops, had the Forlorn Hopes, and Colonel Cromwell the van, seconded by Sir Thomas Fairfax. The Royalists' word was 'Newcastle;' that of the Parliament's party, 'Truth and Peace.' The dragoons gave the first charge, and then the horse fell in. Colonel Cromwell charged with great resolution immediately after the dragoons of the other side had given him their first volley, yet within half pistol-shot they saluted him with a second charge. His horse was killed, and fell down upon him; and, as he rose, he was knock't down again by the gentleman that charged him, which was supposed to be Sir Ingram Hopton, but he got up, and recovered a poor horse in a soldier's hand, and so mounted again. The van of the Royalists' horse, being driven back upon their own body that was to second them, put them into disorder, and Manchester's troops, taking that advantage, charged all in with them, and put them to the run, leaving their dragoons (which were now on foot) behind them. And so, being totally routed, they had the pursuit, and did execution upon them for five miles together. The Earl of Manchester's foot hastened their

march to come up to the engagement; but the horse had done the work before they came; the number killed being computed to be about 500 of the Royal party; and on the other side there were very few slain, and none of note."

Referring to Cromwell's operations in Lincolnshire, Defoe, in his "Memoirs of a Cavalier," makes the following remark:—"Thus this firebrand of war began to blaze, and he soon grew a terror to the north; for victory attended him like a page of honour, and he was scarce ever known to be beaten during the whole war."

Towards the close of his most graphic fiction, Defoe thus speaks of Sir Thomas Fairfax, through the mouth of his Cavalier:—"Nor can I omit to make very honourable mention of this noble general, though I did not like his cause; for I never saw a man of a more pleasant, calm, courteous, downright honest behaviour in my life; and for his courage and personal bravery in the field, that we had felt enough of. No man in the world had more fire and fury in him while in action, or more temper and softness out of it. In short, and I cannot do him greater honour, he came exceedingly near the character of my foreign hero, Gustavus Adolphus, and,

in my opinion, is, of all the soldiers in Europe, the fittest to be reckoned in the second place of honour to him. I observed, if at any time my civilities extended to commendations of his own actions, and especially to comparing him to Gustavus Adolphus, he would blush like a woman, and would be uneasy, declining the discourse; and in this he was still more like him. Let no man scruple my honourable mention of this noble enemy, since no man can suspect me of favouring the cause he embarked in, which I served as heartily against as any man in the army; but I cannot conceal extraordinary merit for its being placed in an enemy."

On the day of Winsby fight, Lord Fairfax and Sir John Meldrum, sallied out of Hull, and beat Newcastle's Cavaliers out of their trenches, captured their cannon, and compelled the besiegers to beat a hasty retreat, thus bringing to a happy conclusion the last siege of Hull.

Somersby Manor and Cross.

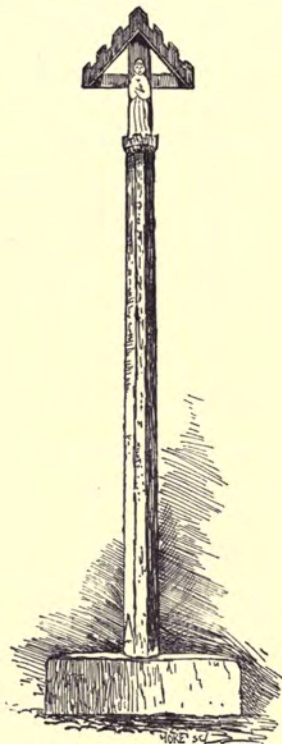
By J. G. Hall.

THE village of Somersby is pleasantly situated about six miles from Horncastle. The Saxon owner of the manor, we gather from the "Domesday Survey," was Agemund, whose land was given by the Conqueror to Goceline Fitzlambert; and we learn from the list of Lincolnshire landholders that was made in the reign of Henry the First, at the commencement of the 12th century, that this fee of Goceline was held by his son, Gilbert Fitz-Goceline. In 1185, the Templars were in possession of the church, it being a gift to them from Henry II. In 1240, Walter de Welleton held the third part of a knight's fee in Somersby. In 1308, William de Cantilupe died, and, among other manors, Somersby is mentioned as part of his possessions. At a later period we find a Geoffrey de Somersby making a grant of lands here for the support of the Hospital of the Holy Innocents, outside

of the city of Lincoln ; with respect to the above gift an enquiry was instituted in 1336 as to its administration, when it was ascertained that the then parson of Somersby was holding one selion of this land without giving any rent to the hospital, and another occupier held tenements and land for which he only paid a yearly rent of 3d. In 1461, the manor belonged to Andrew Gedney. In 1545, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, died, seized of a manor here, and in 1550, Matthew Thimbleby died, seized of a manor and the advowson of the church, which he had held of the manor of Bardney. In 1579, Andrew Gedney sold certain tenements in Somersby to John Copledyke, who afterwards obtained the Queen's pardon for obtaining the property without her license. About this time the Topcliffe family lived at Somersby, one of whom married a daughter of Thomas, Lord Burgh. There is a monument in the chancel of the church to Ralph Battel, a former rector of this parish, who is said to have been the author of a now scarce book, "Errors in Divinity Removed," published in 1683.

The manor has now for a long series of years been the property of the Burton family, one of

which, in the last century, was a prominent member of the Tetford Club, and the friend of Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Johnson, and other literary characters of that period.



SOMERSBY CROSS.

But there are two things of which this secluded Lincolnshire village may be justly proud. One is, that it is the birth-place of Lord Tennyson, the present Poet-Laureate; the other is, that

it possesses in its churchyard a beautiful and perfect mediæval stone cross, which has escaped both the ravages of time and the destruction which has overtaken most of the crosses of that period. Indeed, it remains in so perfect a state that it is justly esteemed of unrivalled excellence and beauty. The height, including the base, is 15 feet. The shaft is octagonal, and decorated with a capital, surrounded by a coronal of small embattlements. The cross, with its pediment which rises from this, is ornamented on the south face with the representation of our Saviour's crucifixion; and on the north side with the Virgin and Child.

There is no evidence as to whether this is a memorial or weeping cross, but it is said to be unique in this country. The date of its erection is probably about the middle of the 14th century.

Some Old Lincolnshire Gilds.

By the Rev. J. Malet Lambert, M.A., LL.D.

WHAT we now call a Society or Association was, in the period from the twelfth to the middle of the sixteenth century, called a Gild. There were gilds for charity, gilds for worship, gilds for police purposes, gilds for handicraft and commerce, and gilds which combined most or some of these characters together and included many others, just as there are societies to-day which embrace these and many other of the almost infinite varieties of the objects of associations of men.

Thus a history of the gilds of any country could include in its subject-matter no small part of the social, religious, and industrial life of the people. It would bring before us that part of their history which is so often lacking, that, namely, which constitutes on the one hand no small part of their real every-day life, but which, on the other hand, is

not sufficiently prominent to appear upon the canvas of national history. Yet to write the chronicle of wars and deeds of government is but to retrace the outline of the skeleton; to cover it once more with the living flesh, to breathe into it the breath of life, we must live again the life of the men and women as they moved in the narrow circles of the family and the gild, as they feasted and worshipped, worked and bartered, or paid the last honours to the departed soul.

But the interest attaching to the ancient gild is greater than that which arises from its wide range over popular life. As an institution it presents features which make it of strange interest to the student of history and sociology in their larger spheres. Unlike the societies of to-day, the constitutions of which are almost as varied as their objects, the ancient gilds, through vast periods of time, and over countries separated from each other by thousands of miles, present features so similar as to justify the saying that they are cast in but one mould. The gild, or *collegium*, of the ancient Romans had rules which would have served, with certain necessary adaptations, for a Lincolnshire gild

of the fifteenth century. The Greek society was formed on the same lines. The masons, or weavers, of Imperial Antioch or Ephesus belonged to gilds with customs and rules almost identical with their successors at Lincoln a thousand years later. The merchant gild of the Phœnican city had little essential difference to shew when compared with one of the gilds of the Hanseatic League. The worshippers of Antinous under Hadrian, at Lanuvium, were united into a gild with rules and customs almost identical with the devotees of St. John or St. Anthony in Norwich. At the present day the same old gild system is found in the cities of India, and among the Serbs and other peoples which are emerging from the long night of Turkish rule. So strong are the lower social institutions of mankind, enduring through long centuries while governments and rulers rise and sink again into decay!

The meaning of this singular uniformity has not yet been thoroughly explained, nor is it our business in this short chapter to explain it. On the one hand, the tendency of some authors to dismiss the enquiry altogether, with the remark that the phenomenon is simply the

natural form of an association which everywhere succeeds the bond of the family and the kin, leaves out of account the practical identity of the ordinances, and the curious historical questions which militate against it. On the other, the theory of simple historical survival in mediæval times from Roman originals is put forward in too bald a form to be accepted without proof. It will be enough for the reader to remember that in studying these old Lincolnshire gilds, he is in the presence of a form of brotherhood which reaches back to a hoary antiquity, and has played no small part in the destinies of mankind.*

As might be expected, it is in Lincoln itself that we meet with the earliest examples of gilds in the county. It is in towns and cities that the social tendencies of men are most stimulated into action. "As iron sharpeneth iron," was the old saying, "so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." So it was within the walls of the old city, with its memories of Roman civilisation and of Viking conquest, that we find men bound together in a brotherhood

* See "2000 years of Gild Life," by Rev. J. M. Lambert, LL.D.; A. Brown & Sons, Hull.

other than the family, and more intimate than that of the city bond. Of Anglo-Saxon gilds at Lincoln we have no remains now extant.

Whatever else civilised man may require in a climate such as ours, food and clothing are from the beginning indispensable. The Mahommedans place their tailors under the protection of Adam, notwithstanding the primitive character of his recorded work. So weavers, dyers, and fullers are among the first of the organised craftsmen who appears in the records of our towns. So too, in ancient times, we read of the gild of the wool-weavers of Ephesus. It was thus at Lincoln, where the weavers, at the end of the twelfth century, regularly pay a fine to the King for their gild. To form a society or gild required the permission of the crown, and unlicensed or "adulterine" gilds were mulcted in heavy penalties.

But the peculiar civic constitution of the city, resulting no doubt from the manner in which it had been exposed to successive waves of conquest or colonisation, seems to have placed these early craftsmen in a position of social inferiority, not by any means universal in English towns even at that early time. In the

reign of King John, we gain an insight into the position of the gilds, which is in many respects instructive. The fullers and dyers appear with a complaint against the aldermen and reeves of the city. They had seized a quantity of cloth, and the gildsmen claim the right of fulling and dyeing as they please, as became free citizens of Lincoln. Then the ancient city fathers make reply that the craftsmen "have no law or fellowship with free citizens." *(Non habent legem nec communiam cum liberis civibus.).* On the one side was the free instinct of the people ; on the other, the haughty spirit of the city aristocracy. It is probable that the gildsmen had right on their side. Elsewhere, as Dr. Gross has shewn, they were duly enrolled in the registers of the merchant gild as free citizens, and paid their fine to the King. There were labourers, it is true, who were unfree, but labour was not in itself servile. The several handicrafts were generally organised at a date soon after this as regular sub-estates of the municipal constitution, and full membership of the gild implied full participation in civic rights.

At this early time also, as the charter of Henry II. shews, there was at Lincoln a merchant gild "of men of the city and other

merchants, as the citizens had had from the times of King Edward and King William," embracing nearly all the traders who were burgesses, and some others, monopolising the right of trade, both by retail and by gross, and regulating by authority the trade customs of the city. Thus, 800 years ago, in the old city, in more than one hall, met the gild brethren, to consult together and to feast. At the dais at the head of the hall, sat the Alderman or Graceman, "ye yldeste man of tham heape," as he was termed at Canterbury; around him sat the elder brethren, the Wardens, the Decenner, and the Bedel, and on the benches below, the younger brethren. There they took their oaths to keep well and truly the secrets of the gild, to obey the Alderman, and to keep the ordinances written in the "White Book." Masters and journeymen sat together, for the opposition in those days was not between capital and labour, both were united against the "foreigner," as the man from Norfolk or Yorkshire, as well as the man from Scotland or France, was called.

It is only, however, at a period 200 years after the time of which we have just spoken that we have any clear insight into the detailed rules

and customs of any of the Lincoln gilds. The great times of the Edwards had passed. The terrible Black Death had come and gone. The rising spirit of the people in the country and the growing towns no longer brooked the old customs of villeinage. Wyclif's poor priests were abroad. It is just at this time that we have, from a return ordered by Richard II. in 1388, accounts of the rules and customs of the gilds from all parts of the realm, including many from Lincolnshire.

What strikes the modern reader of the returns is the very large number of these societies. Not only had every handicraft its fraternity or gild, but the number of gilds not directly connected with any craft, but existing solely for religious, social, and charitable purposes was enormous. Few people of the time could have been unconnected with some one or other of them, and the picture we have of one at least from the same scene where the dyers in King John's day had to make a stand for their rights, compares pleasantly with the earlier time. It was the Gild of St. Michael-on-the-Hill, founded on Easter Eve, 1350, and thus they deliver their souls :—

"Whereas this gild was founded by folks of common and middling rank, it is ordained that no

one of the rank of mayor or bailiff shall become a brother of the gild, unless he is found to be of humble, good, and honest conversation, and is admitted by the choice and common assent of the bretheren and sisteren of the gild. And none such shall meddle in any matter unless specially summoned, nor shall such a one take on himself any office in the gild. . . . And no one shall have any claim to office in this gild on account of the honour and dignity of his personal rank."

But the society which they thus jealously guarded from bumbledom was a pleasant one. On the eve of Corpus Christi, and the day following, all brethren and sisteren came together, as was the custom, to the gild feast. There they drank and were merry, but soberly, and used no word of contumely or contempt towards the Graceman or each other. And, having feasted, four wax lights were kindled, and four of the tankards, which were called flagons, having been filled with ale, a clerk read and explained the ordinances to the company, and then the tankards full were given to the poor. If a brother or sister fell poor, each brother and sister paid a penny a day in turn. When it pleased Almighty God to call to His Mercy a brother's or sister's

soul, then the Dean brought the four great "Soul-candles," and fulfilled the other ceremonies for the dead. But the great banner was carried to the house of the dead, and shewn there, that all men might know that the deceased was a brother or sister of the gild. In a kindred gild, the names of all the dead brethren and sisteren were read over after dinner, and a *De Profundis* was said for their souls.

There was generally a connection between a religious or social gild and some chapel or altar in a neighbouring church, and in many cases the chapel was specially used, and in some cases built, by the gild in question. "The image of Oure Ladye of Pitie," or the great altar of St. Peter, or other saint, are central features in the ordinances. Hence the fines were almost universally at this period fines in wax, for the maintenance of the great lights before the altar, as well as the "soul-candels" already referred to in the Gild of St. Michael-on-the-Hill. Sometimes, and more commonly as the middle ages advanced, the gilds were parochial, but this was by no means universal. They were in their origin, and very largely in reality up to their dissolution, independent institutions, in which the clergy exercised a varying

amount of influence, in accordance with local circumstances. A gild founded on a parochial basis was that of the parish of St. Benedict, in Lincoln, founded "in honour of God Almighty" (whose name was generally omitted in such dedications), "and of the blessed Virgin Mary, and of our Lord Jhesu Christ," and presenting many features of interest. Every year, at the Feast of the Purification, the great wax light was lighted. Nor was the light kept under a bushel. At the same time, as many poor as there were brethren and sisters of the gild were fed with bread and ale and one dish of flesh or fish, at the cost of the gild, that the true light of charity might shine abroad.

These, too, were the days of pilgrimages, to Canterbury and elsewhere, and very many of the gild ordinances shew how common was the custom, and in what estimation it was held. "If any brother or sister wishes to go on pilgrimage to the Holy Land, every brother and sister shall give him one penny; if to St. James' or to Rome, each shall give a halfpenny, unless he likes to give more." Nor was this all, the pilgrim was solemnly accompanied outside the gates of the city by the brethren, and thus sped

with prayers on his holy errand. And when he had accomplished his long journey, and had escaped the perils of the land and sea, and the sword of the infidel, and drew near to the old minster city, having seen many cities and men, and become a more saintly and perhaps a wiser man, his fellows went out again and met him in the way, and escorted him to the mother church.

The ceremonies at a burial were similar to those already noticed, save that the offerings are more carefully specified, and the banner is not mentioned. There is a provision also not uncommon in the ordinances of other gilds, which, from its peculiarity and the history attaching to it, is of singular interest. It was ordered that "When any brother or sister dies outside the city, on pilgrimage or otherwise, and the death is made surely known to the brethren, they shall do, for his soul's sake, the same as they would have done had he died in the city, and this in his own parish." This, be it remembered, was in force in the year 1388. Take now the following ordinances from the ancient Roman gild or *collegium*, dedicated to Diana and Antinous, at Lanuvium, under Hadrian :—

"If any member shall die beyond the 20th

milestone from the town, and his death be duly reported, three members chosen from our body shall proceed to the place to take charge of the funeral, and shall render a full and true account to the members of the gild."

Then follow instructions for due security of the *bona fides* of the funeral, then, "If any slave shall have deceased, being a member of this gild, and his body be wrongfully kept from burial by his master or mistress, and no will be forthcoming, then his effigy shall be buried with funeral honors."

Compare this, again, with the following, in the quaint English of the fourteenth century, the foregoing quotations being translations from the Latin. The gild is that of St. Catherine of Norwich, founded A.D. 1307. "And also it is ordeynede, yat if eny brother or sister deye oute of ye Citee of Northwiche w^t^inne viij mile, yat sex of ye bretheren yat hav ye catel of ye gilde in kepyng, shul wenden to yat brother or sister yat is dede; and if it be lefulle, he shul done carien ye *(sic.)* Norwiche, ande elles be beryede yer; ande if ye bodye be beriede oute of Norwiche, alle ye bretheren and sisteren shul bene warnede to comen to ye forsayde Chirche of Seynt Symond and Jude, and yer shul be done for ye

soul of ye dede alle service, light and offeryng as ye body were yer present." Here we have the the survival of an undoubtedly ancient custom from heathen times.

The old "morn spech," morning speech or meetings, were held too in the gild of St. Benedict, in the church of the same name, both at Michaelmas and on the Sunday after the Feast of the Epiphany, to arrange about the feast. There the Graceman and the Wardens were appointed, and absentees were mulcted in various amounts of wax.

We all know how tenacious are the old burial customs of a people. Comparative ethnology shews, also, how close are the analogies between such customs among very widely separated races of men. And one of the strongest points of interest in the study of gilds is to be found in the light they throw on this class of customs. The funeral ceremonies, the offerings, and the memorial feasts, were the cardinal features of the old heathen gilds. They had their chapels, their memorial altars, and solemn banquets, with a vacant seat for the shade of the departed one. Sometimes his statue was placed in the place of honour, and festal garments were laid for his use. A study of

the mediæval gilds shows that this was also one of the central points of their successors in Christian times. One of the fullest descriptions of the funeral ceremonies which is extant is from the Gild of the Resurrection of our Lord, at Lincoln. It was ordained, "When a brother or sister dies, a hearse shall be put about the body, with thirteen square wax lights burning in four stands at placebo and dirige and mass; and there shall be four angels, and four banners of the Passion, with a white border, and scutcheons of the same powdered with (gold), and offerings shall be made; and as many masses shall be said for the soul of the dead as there are brethren and sisteren in the gild."

Nor was the gild an institution limited to religious purposes or city life. At Kyllyngholm was a gild, founded in 1310, which well illustrates the beneficial character which the institution might take upon itself in other circumstances. The gildsmen were evidently yeomen, or men having land in villeinage, whose common sense led them thus to anticipate some of the useful customs of modern insurance:—"If a brother or sister is unlucky enough to lose a beast worth half a mark, every brother and every sister shall

give a halfpenny towards getting another beast."

"If the house of any brother or sister is burnt by mishap, every brother and every sister shall give a halfpenny towards a new house," from whence we may infer either that the brethren and sisters were many, or that houses were cheap.

"Moreover, if the house of any brother or sister is broken into by robbers, and goods carried off worth half a mark, every brother and every sister shall give a halfpenny to help him."

And the following deserves to be recorded for the credit of Lincolnshire hospitality:—

"If any brother or any sister has a friend at his house, for love of whom he does not wish to go to the gild, and if there is no retail tavern in the soke where he dwells, he may send for a gallon of the best ale to the Bailiff of the gild, and the Bailiff shall give it him. But if it is found by his brethren that he had no guest, but stayed at home through idleness, he shall be in the "Gildwyt" of half a bushel of barley."

Similarly, the fine for refusing to serve as "Provost" was half a bushel of barley, and not, as was more common, in wax.

At this time also we have a clearer view of

the ancient gild of the fullers of Lincoln, doubtless retaining features which had been prominent two centuries earlier.

The officers are the Graceman, the two wardens, and the dean. Their wax light was kept burning before the Holy Cross on the days when they went in procession in its honour, and the wax was the product of fines. There is a curious ordinance that "None of the craft shall work in the trough (*i.e.*, full cloth by treading it with the feet); and none shall work at the wooden bar with a woman, unless with the wife of a master, or her handmaid,"—probably simply a trade ordinance guarding against female labour, and not enacted with a moral object. None was to work after dinner on Saturdays, nor on any days which they ought to keep as festivals according to the law of the Church. If any one wished to learn the craft, he must pay twopence to the wax before a brother could teach him. A thief to the amount of a penny was put out of the gild. Loans were made to a man in need, but he must repay, and if he did not, and died, the amount was subtracted from the sum collected for his soul's sake. The same curious provision is

found a thousand years before at Lanuvium.

The tailors' gild had more detailed ordinances, and was doubtless a more powerful craft. The members had the luxury of a chaplain, and the fines were both in barley or malt, and wax. On the feast days the brethren and sisteren had "three flagons and six tankards of ale, with prayers." In this gild, founded in 1328, apprenticeship also appears as a settled custom. The quarrelsome instincts of the craft were held in check by the threat of the penalty of a stone of wax, for their feasts, they allege, are all held for no other reason but for cherishing love and charity among themselves.

From Stamford, also, come some very curious old customs connected with the gilds in days when Stamford was imbued with a more intense vitality than now. In the gild of St. Catherine, after the yearly special service in "Seynt Katerynis chapel," "over the parish church durre of St. Poules', in Stamford," the alderman and his brethren did "assemble in their halle and dryncke, and there have a curteys communycacion for the weale of the said gilde. And then shall be called forth all thoo that shal be admytted Bredren or Sustern off the

Gilde. And the alderman shall examine theym in this wise: 'Sir, or Syre, be ye willyng to be bredern among us in this gilde? and will desire and axe it in the worshippe off almighty god, our blissed lady Seynt Marye, and of the holye Virgyn and Martyr, Seynt Kateryn, in whoos name this gilde is ffounded, and in the wey of Charyte?' And by their owne wille they shall answer, 'Ye' or 'naye.' Then the alderman shall commaunde the clerke to gyff this othe to them in fforme and manner followyng: 'This here ye, alderman, I shall trewe man be to god almighty, to oure lady Seynt Marye, and to that holy virgyn and martir, Seynt Kateryn, in whos honoure and worshippe this gilde is ffounded, and shal be obedyent to the alderman of this gilde, and to his successoures; and come to hym and to his bredern when I have warnyng, and not absente my-selffe withoute cause reasonable. I shal be redy at scotte and lotte, and all my duties truly pay and doo; the ordynaunces, constitucionns, and rules w[t] the councill off the same gilde, kepe, obeye, and performe, and to my power mayntayn, to my lyuys ende; so helpe me god and holydome, and by this boke.'

And then kys the Boke, and be louyngyle receyued w[t] all the bredern; and then drynke aboute; and affter that, departe for that nyghte." This was in 1494.

This is an excellent example of the oath which was so marked a feature of the mediæval gild, and offers so many analogies to the practice of the sworn communes of Europe, and even to that of our own English boroughs. Stamford had at least five gilds, of which two, besides, were remarkable. St. Martin's was famous for its bull, which was hunted by dogs on the feast day of the saint and then sold as early as 1389, and of which an account is given on another page. And there was the great gild of the Holy Trinity, the chief of the Stamford gilds, and the one which had the control of the pageantry of the trades on the Corpus Christi Festival. Our forefathers were men of a liberal imagination and breadth of view, and the whole history of the universe, from the fall of Lucifer to the final Judgment, was put upon the boards in the Market Square.

But for them, too, among mortal institutions, the day of fate was set. Over those who had sung the diriges and burned the great

candles over so many generations, no requiem was to be chanted or obit said, either in church or over the great tankards of ale. The hand of the spoiler was stern, and the many righteous who loved to practice brotherhood in the peaceful gild halls of city and town, availed not to stay the ruin. So the ale at length ran in other channels, men sanctified their tombs as if they were the memorials of pirates with cunningly devised emblems of skulls and cross bones, and as at Norwich, in place of the procession of the images of St. George and St. Margaret and the Dragon, all such pageantry was forsworn, but it was ordered that "the Dragon should come forth and shew himselfe as of old!" Still we, in later days, may pay due honour to the good that was in them. They taught men the practice of brotherhood, and did works of charity. They gave healthy pageantry, and varied the monotony of a life that had its hard trials and bitter days. If superstition grew strong in them, and monopoly found a stay and strength in their counsels, their judgment was hard, and the sterling qualities which they cherished might well have merited a kindlier fate.

Somerton Castle and its Royal Captive.

By Theo. Arthur.

ERE we light-heartedly subject the wind-haunted and bird-sheltering walls of so far-famed a ruin as Somerton Castle, Lincolnshire, to a process of retrospective analysis, it would be well to assure ourselves that a truly catholic sense of the "by-gone" animates our method, for alas! "many are called" methods, "but few are chosen."

The antiquary, for instance, places at our disposal his creature, the guide-book; but its method of marrying disputed-fact with unsuggestive-detail, can only succeed in filling us with chronologic-nausea; in at one ear and out at the other come and go the rambling and misty assertions respecting Bishop Anthony Bec of Durham's thirteenth-century connection with the founding of Somerton.

Unmistakably, no real sense of "the by-gone" lurks in the guide-book's method.

Somehow or other, memories of Piers Plough man arise. Happy thought! Had he not a method?—a good one moreover—

"a May Morwening="

method? But

"May Morwenings"

are not always in season, so with a lighted-pipe for a substitute, and the guide-book for a pillow, we fall a-musing.

Under the spell of the fancy-breeding narcotic's lilac haze we can soon re-echo honest Piers'

"Me befel a Ferley,"

for a glamour shrouds Somerton Castle's familiar outlines—familiar twenty-five years, a quarter-century since. How short the span seems—a mere yesterday—only twenty-one times that trifling span, and lo! the French and English pennons wave from Somerton's keep:—

"A marvellous Sweven."

Our tweed-suit becomes party-coloured; the right sleeve, blue; the left, white; one leg, red; the other, yellow. Our laced up bluchers' square toes lengthen into points—some half-yard long—and we need to fasten them to our knees. A hood protects our ears from the wind.

As we lie there, we begin to recall the subjects of our morning's studies, the Behemoths, Dragons, Unicorns, and other baleful prodigies that John Mandeville encountered in his recently-related world-wanderings. The blessed words of our Lord in our homely mother-tongue now seem to move the heart far more than they ever did in the learned vehicle of antiquity. John Wycliffe deserves well of his country for devoting his great parts and talents to the production of these fragmentary versions of Holy Writ, for the soul-welfare of his less-endowed brethren. But a conceit of Geoffrey Chaucer's chases away our pious thoughts; we rejoice at his good favour at Court. Haply, he will yet produce an English book that shall go down the ages in company with the songs of fallen Greece and Rome.

Despite the allurements of letters, and the seeming peacefulness of Somerton, these are stirring times; although happily, less disquieting than the epoch of a few years back. That Heavenly scourge, the Black-Death, has all but exhausted itself. Out of evil cometh good—there are fewer wretches now left to die of famine. Those fanatics, the Flagellants, have

been sent packing—saving the few converts whose carcases dangle scarecrow-wise from English oaks—the devout remnant are flogging themselves back to Hungary, whence they came.

Scotland, for once in a way is quiet—since Nevils' Cross. We have her young king, David, safe under lock and key. The glory, however, of our late Scottish victory pales before the greater lustre of Poictiers. Poictiers! a name at which one holds the breath, for assuredly the fortunes of England seemed staked in the Poictiers cast of Fate's dice-box; the inevitable disaster which distinguishes every English campaign, and the inevitable bit of luck that always comes to bring us forth ultimately victorious—both were there at Poictiers; the unexpected French army, seven-fold stronger than our own, provided the disaster; the battlefield, of fertile vineyard to hamper the foeman's cavalry, and provide ambush for our archers, provided the bit of luck. Our brave Prince Edward has brought us back a pearl of great price in the person of John, King of France. Sir Saer de Rochford has the royal prisoner here to hold in durance at Somerton, receiving two shillings daily as

reward for his vigilance and pains. Withal a prisoner lacking liberty, royal John has much to make him merry, to wit, his chaplains, secretaries, *maitre d' hôtel*, clerk of the chapel, physician, cooks, fruiterer, spice-man, barber, washer, minstrel, and tom-fool. From time to time we can get a glimpse of the captive monarch, either coursing with his hounds, fighting his game-cocks, or flying his falcons; yet 'tis said he spends much time in romance-reading, music-making, chess, and back-gammon. Though a prisoner, he still takes pride in his apparel, and frequently sends to Lincoln for Monsieur Tapin, his tailor, who, by royal command, is established in the cathedral-city. Neither is the king like to die of thirst or famine ; one hundred-and-forty tons of good Bordeaux wine have just arrived in Boston. All will not, however, go down the gullets of Somerton's occupants, for the King has a sweet-tooth, and heavy bills have to be met to defray the cost of the sugar and spice, the eggs for clarifying, the roses for flavouring, and the cochineal for colouring the bonbons with which the King's large silver-gilt box is constantly filled at the cost of three shillings a pound. The King, too, incurs much expense by

reason of his clerkly habits, needing many parchments at three shillings the dozen, paper at ninepence the quire, envelopes (with silk binders) at one shilling each, and ink at fourpence the bottle, to communicate with his own country respecting the three million golden crowns of ransom required to fill the English Treasury ere the French can have their ruler and province again.

But now the Somerton days are ended. An order arrives from King Edward this 21st day of March, in the year of grace 1360, that our royal visitor shall hie him to the Tower of London—a good seven days' journey.

We shall see the pleasure-loving John no more—brave and honourable man that he is—a worthy opponent for our sable Prince Edward on the battlefield. The Duc d' Anjou and others of the noblest blood of France are (much against their grain) coming as hostages in stead of the King. England may rest assured that royal John will put the sanctity of his honour and word before the enjoyment of his liberty and pleasure should his hostages play the coward; and preferably renouncing a dishonoured rule in France for an honoured captivity in

England, will return to the Palace of Savoy, to die on the Thames' Strand.

. . . . .

Knock the ashes out of the fancy-breeding pipe; they represent no more than the French king now—the memory of a tobacco-spell and of a king's honour alone remain.

The Champion.

By William Andrews, F.R.H.S.

TAYLOR, the author of "The Glory of Regality," regards the Champion of the English monarchs as "the most perfect, perhaps the most striking relic of feudalism that has come down to us from the ages of chivalry." It is an office that may be traced back to a remote period of history. We learn from the pages of Homer's "Iliad," a work which carries us back twenty-five centuries, that heralds were "engaged to challenge single knights, and to marshal the lists for single combat."

In the history of England we fail to find any trace of the Champion during the reigns of the Saxon kings. He comes on the scene under our first Norman king, William I. In Normandy, prior to the conquest of this country, the family of Marmyon, it is supposed, held the barony of Fontney by the service of being hereditary champions to the dukes of the province. Grants

of extensive character were made by our first Norman king to his followers, and, amongst the number, the Castle of Tamworth in the county of Warwick, and the Manor of Scrivelsby in the county of Lincoln, to Robert de Marmyon, lord of Fontney, on condition of filling the office of the King's Champion, a service similar to one performed by members of the family in their native land. The name of Marmyon as Champions was not destined to last long in England. The male line closed in the year 1292, when Sir Walter's great grandson, Philip de Marmyon, a gallant soldier, passed away. The members of the family won gratitude for magnificent benefactions to the church, and other noble deeds, and gained regard of the kings for their bravery on the field of battle.

In the days of the third Henry, Philip de Marmyon rendered great service during the baronial wars, and after the victory of Evesham was rewarded with the governorship of Kenilworth Castle. An old Anglo-Norman ballad describes with picturesqueness and truthfulness the transmission of the lands by the Conqueror to the Marmyons, and from the Marmyons to the Dymokes. The lines are as follow :—

"The Norman Barons Marmyon
At Norman Court held high degree;
Brave knights and champions every one,
To him who won broad Scrivelsby.

Those Lincoln lands the Conquerer gave,
That England's glove they should convey
To knight renowned among the brave,
The baron bold of Fonteney.

The royal grans, through sire to son,
Devolved direct *in capite*,
Until deceased Phil Marmyon—
When rose fair Joan of Scrivelsby.

Thro' midnight's gloom one sparkling star
Will seem to shine more brilliantly
Than all around, above, afar—
So shone the maid of Scrivelsby.

From London city on the Thames
To Berwick town upon the Tweed,
Came gallants all of courtly names,
At feet of Joan their suit to plead.

Yet *malgré* all this goodly band,
The maiden's smiles young Ludlow won
Her heart and hand, her grant and land,
The sword and shield of Marmyon.

Out upon Time, the scurvy knave,
Spoiler of youth, heard-hearted churl;
Fast hurrying to one common grave,
Good wife and ladie, hind and earl.

Out upon Time—since world began,
No Sabbath hath his greyhound limb,
In coursing man, devoted man,
To age and death—out, out on him.

"In Lincoln's chancel, side by side,
Their effigies from marble hewn,
The "anni" written when they died,
Repose De Ludlow and Dame Joan.

One daughter fair survived alone,
One son deceased in infancy;
De Ludlow and De Marmyon
United thus in Margery.

And she was woo'd, as maids have been,
And won as maids are sure to be
When gallant youths in Lincoln green,
Do suit, like Dymoke fervently.

Sir John de Dymoke claimed a right,
The Championship through Margery,
And 'gainst Sir Baldwin Freville, Knight,
Prevailed as Lord of Scrivelsby.

And ever since, when England's kings
Are diadem'd—no matter where—
The Champion Dymoke boldly flings
His glove, should treason venture there.

On gallant steed, in armour bright,
His visor close, and couched his lance,
Proclaimeth he the monarch's right
To England, Ireland, Wales, and France.

Then bravely cry, with Dymoke bold,
Long may the king triumphant reign.
And when fair hands the sceptre hold,
More bravely still—long live the Queen."

When Philip de Marmyon died he left two daughters, and between them his extensive estates

situated in Lincolnshire, Warwickshire, Leicestershire, and other parts of the country, were divided. "By this partition," says Sir Bernard Burke in his "Visitation of Seats," "Scrivelsby fell to the share of Joan, the youngest co-heir, and was by her conveyed in marriage to Sir Thomas de Ludlow. The offspring of the alliance consisted of one son, John de Ludlow, who died issueless, and one daughter, Margaret, the Lady of Scrivelsby, who inherited from her brother the feudal manor, and, wedding Sir John Dymoke, a knight of Gloucestershire ancestry, invested him with the Championship, which high office he executed at the Coronation of Richard II., despite of the counter-claim of Sir Baldwin Freville, Lord of Tamworth, who descended from Margery, the second daughter of Philip de Marmyon." For nearly five centuries, commencing with the Coronation of Richard II. and ending with that of George IV., have the representatives of this ancient family rode into the hall where the coronation feast was being held, during dinner, between the first and second course, "mounted on one of the king's coursers, and clad in one of the king's best suits of armour."

The last time a Dymoke performed the cere-

mony he was supported on either side by the Duke of Wellington and the Marquis of Anglesey. A herald read the challenge, which is almost worded in the same manner as the one proclaimed at the coronation of Richard II. It is as follows: —"If any person, of what degree soever, high or low, shall deny or gainsay our Sovereign Lord, George the Fourth, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, Son and next Heir to our Sovereign Lord, King George the Third, deceased, to be right Heir to the Imperial Crown of the United Kingdom, or that he ought not to enjoy the same, here is his Champion, who saith that he lieth, and is a false traitor; being ready in person to combat with him, and in this quarrel will adventure his life against him on what day soever he shall be appointed."

After the preceding had been read, the Champion defiantly threw down his gauntlet. It was allowed to remain on the floor a short time, and was then picked up by a herald and handed to the Champion. This ceremony was enacted three times, once on entering the hall, next in the centre of it, and lastly at the foot of the throne. The king then drank to the health

of the Champion out of a gold cup, or, to speak correctly, a gilt cup and cover. He retained, as his fee, the cup, the horse and saddle on which he rode, and the suit of armour that he wore.

As might be expected, Shakespeare and other writers have allusions of an interesting nature anent this subject. In Shakespeare's "Henry VI.," when Sir John Montgomery is at the head of his army in front of the walls of York, in the cause of Edward IV., the following dialogue occurs:—

Montgomery—

> "Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself;
> And now will I be Edward's champion."

Hastings—

> "Sound trumpet; Edward shall be here proclaimed.
> Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation."

After the soldier had read aloud the name, style, and title of the king, Montgomery says, as he throws down the gauntlet:—

> "And whosoe'er gainsays King Edward's right,
> By this I challenge him to single fight."

When George IV. was crowned, the Champion was a clergyman, the Rev. John Dymoke. His duties at the coronation were performed by deputy, the son taking the place of the father.

Sir Walter Scott was present at the coronation, and to one of his correspondents sent an interesting letter describing the proceedings. "The Champion's duty," wrote Sir Walter, "was performed, as of right, by young Dymoke, a fine-looking youth, but bearing perhaps a little too much the appearance of a maiden knight to be the challenger of the world in the King's behalf. He threw down his gauntlet, however, with becoming manhood, and shewed as much horsemanship as the crowd of knights and squires around him would permit to be exhibited. His armour was in good taste; but his shield was out of all propriety, being a round *rondache*, or Highland target, a defensive weapon which it would be impossible to use on horseback, instead of being a three-cornered or leather shield, which, in the time of the tilt, was suspended round the neck. Pardon this antiquarian scruple, which, you may believe, occurred to few but myself. On the whole, this striking part of the exhibition somewhat disappointed me, for I would have had the Champion less embarrassed by his assistants, and at liberty to put his horse on the *grand pas*. And yet the young lord of Scrivelsby looked and behaved extremely well." Haydon, the painter,

regarded the spectacle as the finest sight of the day.

At the coronation of William IV. and that of Queen Victoria the ceremony of throwing down the gauntlet was omitted.

Haxey Hood.

THE sixth of January, being the Epiphany, or Old Christmas day, is famous in the Isle of Axholme for the throwing of the hood, better known as "Haxey Hood," the obscure village of Haxey being the scene of this ancient custom, the origin of which is lost in antiquity, although Peck, the historian of the Isle, conjectures that the Mowbrays, the ancient lords of the Manor, may have instituted the sport.

The "Hood," twelve "Boggons," and a "Fool," are requisite for the game. The "Boggons" are twelve men attired in red jackets, and the "Fool" is a species of rudely-costumed Harlequin. A piece of sacking, about two feet in length, is folded until it is about three inches in diameter, and, being securely tied, forms the famous "Hood."

Tradition supplies a very probable origin of the sport. An old lady was traversing the open fields one long-past and windy Twelfth Day,

when her hood was caught by the wind and sent spinning over the field. A number of worthy villagers gave chase, and recovered the stray hood after some fun and excitement, which the old lady appears to have appreciated, for she bestowed half-an-acre of land in the open Haxey fields upon twelve men, the original "Boggons," for the purpose of an annual celebration of the fun. The "Boggons" of to-day have to content themselves with the fun; their half-acres of land are purely traditional.

The "Boggons" go round among the villagers about a week before the throwing of the Hood, and, with merriment and song, invite the rustics to attend the sport, and also to assist them with gifts of beer and money.

The sport takes place in the open fields, and the "Boggons" endeavour to prevent the Hood being carried off the field, while the players as strenuously strive to carry it to one of the public-houses in the locality.

At one o'clock the players muster by the churchyard, when the "Fool," perching upon a large stone, holds forth about "Hoos agean Hoos, an' Toon agean Toon," and proclaims the quantity of drink offered by the various publicans

to the person who carries the Hood to their houses.

The speech over, a rush is made for the fields, where the eldest "Boggon," styled the "lord," takes the Hood, and, when the "Boggons" have taken their places, throws it up. A scene of wild excitement ensues, and if a "Boggon" succeeds in catching the Hood, he carries it to the "lord," who, from the middle of the fields, again throws it among the players. The rustics throw the Hood to each other, and endeavour to carry it from the field; the "Boggons" as fiercely strive to keep it within bounds, and if they succeed in carrying their point until evening closes in, they retire, and the contest assumes another form, the players contending against each other as to the public-house to which it is to be carried. That point decided, the Hood is roasted before the fire, and well basted with ale, amid the noisy merriment of the revellers.

The village does not calm down for a day or two, the players parading about to collect gifts of money, beer, and corn, after which they begin "smoking the Fool" at Burnham. A fire of damp straw, etc., is made beneath the branches

of a large tree, and the "Fool," sitting in a loop formed in a stout rope, is suspended from one of the limbs of the tree, and is let down into the dense choking smoke again and again, to the infinite gratification of the rustics. The "smoking of the Fool" is repeated at Haxey and Westwoodside, and the frolic is wound up by a few nights of wild carousing, after which the Hood is laid aside until "Twelfth Mass" comes round again, and "Boggons," "Fool," and rustics take the field.

Bull-Running.

By John H. Leggott, F.R.H.S.

THE origin of bull-running dates back to the days of King John, when Englishmen were noted for their coarseness and brutality, rather than for refinement and culture. But we have made great strides since then, and our national character, though partaking happily of the same robustness and thoroughness as of old, has lost much of its cruelty and roughness. In every period of our history there has been a national game or sport which has had much to do with moulding the character of the people. The sport of bull-running, which, through many generations, was practised with much spirit by our forefathers on St. Brice's Day, found its origin in a very simple incident. Two bulls were found by some butchers fighting in a field. They did their best to separate them, but in doing so drove the infuriated animals on to the public highway. The beasts at once set off at a furious rate into

the town, to the great alarm of the people. The Earl of Warren, being on horseback and noticing the danger, rode in pursuit of the animals, which, after a most exciting chase, he succeeded in bringing to bay, and they were secured. The effort to catch the bulls proved good sport to the noble huntsman, and so pleased was he that he determined to perpetuate so prolific a source of amusement. He, for this purpose, offered to the town the gift of the meadow in which the fight took place, on condition that a bull should be provided every year for the purpose of being run to bay on St. Brice's Day. The town of Stamford still holds, we believe, certain common rights in what is known as the "Bull meadow," though these and the supposed origin of this old custom rest upon no documentary evidence, so far as we have been able to ascertain. Whilst the sport was in its heyday of popularity, wealthy inhabitants left sums of money from time to time to make the necessary provision for carrying out the custom. A mayor of the town, in 1756, left a sum of money to encourage the practice, and, as appears by the vestry accounts, the churchwardens annually gave money to aid the bull-running.

The following account of the spectacle, drawn

from Butcher's "Survey of Stamford," will give a tolerably correct idea of how the sport was conducted:—"During the seventeenth century, the bull was placed overnight in a stable belonging to the alderman, in readiness for the sport. On the morning of St. Brice's Day proclamation was made by the town bellman to the following effect: —Each person was to shut up his shop door or gate, and none, under pain of imprisonment, were to do any violence to strangers, for the prevention of which—the town being a great thoroughfare—a guard was appointed for the passing of travellers through the streets without hurt. None were to have any iron upon their bull clubs or other staves with which they pursued the bull. After this proclamation had been made, the bull-running commenced. All the gates were shut; the bull was turned out of the alderman's premises, and away he ran, helter skelter, with the men, women, and children, and dogs of the town after him in hot chase, goading him on. Hotter and faster the running became, until at last the poor beast, entirely exhausted, was brought to bay, and despatched with the bull clubs."

It was a barbarous diversion, and it is astonishing that it should have lasted so long. Doubtless

its vitality was due largely to the patronage it received from the well-to-do classes. At one period the barbarities connected with this exhibition were most disgusting. All manner of cruelties were perpetrated on the poor creatures to call forth their rage. What is most surprising is that the people of Stamford considered this annual carnival as one of the chief glories of the town, and any attempt at interference was sharply resented.

An eye-witness describes the scene on the occasion of the running as quite appalling to the sensitive mind. Persons of the baser sort flocked in from all the neighbouring villages. Horse-jobbers, hostlers, cads, butchers, pig-jobbers, and men of this class came together in large numbers, and the town was delivered into their hands for the day. Then riot, yelling, shouting, and uproar of the worst kind held absolute sway. At the tolling of the bell, the animal was let loose from the dark shed in which he had been detained for the night. If his ferocity was not equal to the expectations of the mob, he was goaded to greater madness by all the arts which brutal natures could suggest or devise. Not infrequently the poor beast's flesh was lacerated and spirits poured

in. The first object of the bullards, after causing it to tear at a furious rate through the town, was to drive it to the bridge, where it was immediately surrounded and lifted bodily over the parapet and plunged into the river. If they succeeded in accomplishing this before twelve o'clock, they were entitled to another bull. Even young children were taught to admire this riotous proceeding, and permitted to listen to the awful swearing and unclean language so loudly used during the day.

We have already intimated that it was the habit to obtain the fiercest bull they could find, and that every effort was made to madden it to still greater fury. The torture the poor animal suffered as, with glaring eyes, snorting nostrils, and throbbing heart, it tore along the streets and highways followed by a maddening crowd, could excite no pity in the breast of any of the bullards, as the devotees of this cruel custom were called. As time advanced civilisation increased, and the more respectable part of the community began to see no good, but serious harm, in the assembling together of a dense mob, actuated by an inhuman desire to run a dumb beast to death. Out of this altered state of feeling there arose a desire to put

a stop to the practice of bull-running. This was not an easy task. A deep-rooted sympathy with the sport existed amongst the vulgar throng, and they seemed determined to hold fast to it with the tenacity of despair. The greater the efforts to stop the amusement, the more daring were the people in the exercise of what they deemed their just rights. They dealt somewhat severely with an agent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, who ventured to interfere with their old-standing and much-endeared prerogative. This was in 1833. Three years later the same society made another stand against the custom; but, being unable to prevent the occurrence, entered an action against the principal promoters at the next Lincolnshire assizes. The result was anything but satisfactory, and in the following year the bull-running was carried out with even greater enthusiasm than ever, notwithstanding that the local authorities had taken all possible precautions to prevent it. This failure roused the ire of the Government, who, in 1838, stepped in to strengthen the hands of the Mayor, by sending a troop of the 14th Dragoons, hoping by this means to demonstrate to the bullards that the time for the final abolition of the now

obnoxious custom had arrived. The town was searched, and all bulls found were seized and placed under the care of a guard of soldiers, and it was concluded that as there was no bull there could be no running; but, to the surprise of everybody not in the secret, at the usual hour the well-known cry burst forth with more than usual vehemence, a huge bull suddenly appeared on the scene, and the chase began. These different efforts to put down the practice were soon keenly felt by the people, inasmuch as the local authority was called upon to pay the expenses. Affecting the pocket in this way, the number of discontents increased, and in 1840 a petition was signed by the inhabitants and presented to the mayor, to be laid before the Home Secretary, in which they pledged themselves to voluntarily discontinue bull-running if the Government would refrain from sending soldiers and police to the town to become a burden on the ratepayers. The Government had the wisdom to listen to the prayer of the memorial; abstained from using external force; and bull-running, which had been so persistently practised during the past six years, despite all opposition, quietly and almost unconsciously became a thing of the past.

HENRY WELBY, THE GRUB STREET HERMIT.

Henry Welby, the Grub Street Hermit.

By Theo. Arthur.

EVEN at the present day it is a far cry from the green fields of Goxhill, Lincolnshire, to the site (veracity, we regret, compels us to record *only the site)* of Grub Street, London. How very much farther a cry it must have appeared three hundred years ago! Surely no one can fail to admire the adventurous spirit and the temerity of a certain man, a notability, who undertook, so it is chronicled, that formidable journey for the carrying out of a set purpose in those times of virgin rule.

Henry Welby, the notable person in question, was born of gentle parents about the middle of the sixteenth century. He had no reason for dissatisfaction with his ancestors, for whenever they put in an appearance upon the bead-roll of history, it was always to perform some praiseworthy act, or to discharge some public duty. Now, it was to take an oath to keep the peace

of King Henry the Sixth; at another time, it was to sit in King Henry the Fifth's Parliament, as a representative for the county of Lincoln; and on yet another and earlier occasion, a warlike forefather assisted the Baron of Belvoir to defend his castle in the stormy days of the Norman Conqueror.

Henry, determining to keep up the family reputation, purchased a fair estate at Goxhill, and contracted an alliance with Alice, a niece of Queen Bess' Treasurer, Lord Burleigh; but it was not until Henry had become a widower that he developed those astounding idiosyncrasies which have contributed so much towards handing his name down to posterity as an ensample for eccentrics, and as a lasting association for Goxhill.

To understand this "fine old-English gentleman" aright, one should be aware that somewhere about the year of our Lord 1592, Mr. Welby took it into his head to turn hermit, and he farther showed his originality of mind by selecting Grub Street, London, E.C., as the postal district in which to establish his hermitage. It is believed that some quarrel or other with a younger brother (a pestilent rascal, who took the

liberty of shooting at his senior with a pistol which missed fire), induced him to adopt this self-imposed retiral from public notice; just the same as anybody, at the present day, might "put off the world," as a place far too full of revolver-carrying fools to suit a philosopher who values his life.

For forty-four years this delightfully original gentleman played the amateur-monk, and confined himself to his "three private Chambers," "the first for his Diet, the second for his Lodging, and the third for his Study—one within the other." "While his Diet was set on the table by one of his Servants—an old Maid—he retired into his Lodging Chamber, and while his Bed was making, into his Study, and so on till all was clear." (O! Ideal existence! Happy Henry Welby!) "And there he set up his Rest, never upon any Occasion how great soever" (not even for a Shakesperean *première?*) "did he issue out of those Chambers till he was borne thence upon Men's shoulders. Neither, in all that time, did anybody soever look upon his face, saving the ancient Maid whose name was Elizabeth" (we know that Elizabeth—when she dies at a ripe old age, we insert the announcement in the

Times: "for fifty years the faithful friend and servant of so-and-so.")

There, in that Grub Street Paradise, Henry Welby "devoted himself unto continual prayer, saving those seasons which he dedicated to his Study." He was both a Scholar and a Linguist, and, oh! what a prize he must have been for the booksellers! for we learn that there was not "any author worth the Reading, either brought over from beyond the seas, or published here in the Kingdom, which he refused to buy at what dear rate soever" (first editions of Rabelais—"de luxe"—how the mouth waters!)

Instead of this sort of life making Welby ascetic, selfish, and sluggish-livered (as it would nineteen men out of a score), and turning him into an Elizabethan-Carlyle, to snarl at the mummers, and swear at the waits when Christmas came round, "he had great Cheer provided, with all dishes seasonable with the Times served into his own Chamber, with Store of Wine, which his Maid brought in; when he himself would pin a clean Napkin before him, and putting on a pair of white Holland Sleeves, which reached to his Elbows, called for his Knife, and cutting Dish after Dish up in Order, send one to one

poor Neighbour, the next to another, etc., whether it were Brawn, Beef, Capon, Goose, etc., till he had left the Table quite empty. Then would he give thanks, lay by his Linnen, put up his Knife again, and cause the Cloth to be taken away; this would he do Dinner and Supper" (and here mark the stupendous wisdom of this incomparable philosopher!) "*without tasting one Morsel himself*, and this custom he kept to his dying-Day. His chief food was Oatmeal boiled with Water, which some People call Gruel, and in Summer, now and then, a Sallad of some cool, choice Herbs. For Dainties, or when he would feast himself upon a High-Day, he would eat the Yoke of a Hen's Egg, but no part of the White, and what Bread he did eat, he cut out of the middle part of the Loaf, but of the Crust he never tasted, and his continual Drink was Four-shilling Beer, and no other; and now and then when his Stomack served him, he did eat some kind of Suckets, and now and then drank Red-Cow's Milk, which Elizabeth fetched for him out of the Fields, hot from the Cow."

No doubt many persons might think that he confined his benefactions to providing the inmates of his house with substantial living such as is

above recorded, with perhaps the occasional sending of a contribution to the Lord Mayor for the Mansion House poor-box; but his chronicle proves that such was not the case, for he amused himself by peeping "out of his private Chamber which had a prospect into the Street. If he spied any Sick, Weak, or Lame, he would presently send after them to Comfort, Cherish, and Strengthen them; and not a Trifle to serve them for the present, but such as would relieve them many Days after. He would moreover enquire what Neighbours were industrious in their callings; and who had great charge of Children, and of their Labour or Industry could not sufficiently supply their Families; to such he would liberally send and relieve them according to their Necessities."

It must have been nothing less than a national calamity in 1636 when dear old Henry Welby, at the patriarchal age of eighty-four, quitted this world, in which he never wearied in well-doing, and was borne to his last resting-place in St. Giles', Cripplegate.

We can find in his chronicle no evil to live after him, but we know far too much good concerning him to allow it to be interred with

his bones. Let Taylor, the Water-Poet, write his epitaph :—

> "Old Henry Welby—well be thou for ever.
> Thy Purgatory's past, thy Heaven ends never.
> Of eighty-four years' life, full forty-four
> Man saw thee not, nor e'er shall see thee more.
> 'Twas Piety or Penitence caus'd thee
> So long a Pris'ner (to thyself) to be !
> Thy bounteous House within express'd thy Mind,
> Thy Charity without, the Poor did find.
> From Wine thou wast a duteous Rechabite ;
> And Flesh so long Time shunn'd thy Appetite :
> Small-Beer, a Caudle, Milk, or Water-gruel,
> Strengthen'd by Grace, maintain'd thy daily Duell
> 'Gainst the bewitching World, the Flesh, the Fiend,
> Which made thee live and die well ; there's an End."

The Plague in Alford, 1630.

By the Rev. Geo. S. Tyack, B.A.

THE grounds of Tothby House, near Alford, contain an interesting relic of Bygone Lincolnshire. . Beneath a spreading tree that fronts the house, upon the lawn, stands a large stone which has a tale to tell of the deadliest year in the annals of the parish. All through a fatal summer, more than two centuries and a half ago, groups of country folk might have been seen, day by day, wending their way from Spilsby and the surrounding villages to the top of Miles Cross Hill, that overlooks the wide marsh country, and has Alford lying just at its foot. There on the hill-top stood this stone, and on it these good folk heaped bread and other common necessaries of life, which they had brought with them, and retired. Another company has meanwhile toiled up the hill from Alford, and these, approaching as those recede, remove the food and leave money in pay-

ment in its place. With such caution, and with such care to avoid all personal contact between buyers and sellers, is all business between the two neighbour-towns transacted—for Alford is plague-stricken!

The parish register for 1630 gives us some details of the scourge under which the town suffered, but in order to appreciate the extent of its work it will be well to consider first the size of Alford at that time. We find that in the ten years ending 1629, the average number of burials was nineteen, but this included interments from several other parishes, notably Well; we are therefore safe in considering that the population of Alford cannot then have exceeded 1000, and was probably considerably below that figure. In this year of 1630, however, the number of burials entered in the register is no less than 131, while the first two months of the following year contain nineteen more.

The first death from the plague was that of Mary * Brown, opposite the date of whose burial (July 22) the Vicar, George Scortreth, has written "Incipit pestis." But, as perhaps we should expect, the first half of the year had been most unhealthy,

* Or Maria. The Register is, of course, in Latin.

the burials from January to July 21 numbering eighteen, or almost twice the average for a little over six months. But later, this number is far exceeded; the remaining part of July (22nd to 31st) saw 22 burials; August had 47; September, 26; October, 9; November, 6; and December, 3. Then, if we may be guided by the figures, the New Year brought a fresh outbreak; for in January there are twelve burials, and in February seven. Then evidently the disease died out, for there are but eight more interments during the other ten months of 1631. It was probably at its height in the middle of August, when we find on one day—the 20th—five burials.

Three families are mentioned with melancholy frequency in the registers of the year 1630. That of Liell lost three of its members in fifteen days (July 27 to August 10 inclusive); four burials took place from the house of George Smith in the same length of time (July 28 to Aug. 11); but the family of Thomas Brader bears the heaviest cross of suffering of them all. Two of the daughters were buried on July 24; the father followed the next day, and three sons were buried on July 29th, and Aug. 3rd and 4th, respectively —six deaths within twelve days. The Vicar lost

a daughter, Rebecca Scortreth, who was buried on September 5th.

Many names still common in Alford and its neighbourhood occur in the list we have been examining, such as Barnes, Blakie, Blithe, Brumfielde, Copeland, Dalton, Reed, Rooke, and others.

It will be noticed that the date of this outbreak (1630) is more than a quarter of a century earlier than that historical pestilence in the metropolis, which we know as the Great Plague of London (1665).

It will not be without interest to observe ("to compare small things with great") that the proportion which the deaths bore to the population in the great city and in the country town was very similar. In Alford, the deaths from July 22, 1630, when the plague began, to the end of February, 1631, after which the rate is normal, numbered 132 out of a population certainly not over 1000. In London, with an estimated population at that time of 460,000, the deaths were 68,596.

Kirke White in Lincolnshire.

By Alfred Lishman.

THE village of Winteringham has many attractions for the lover of nature and for the antiquary. Pleasantly situated on the slope of the Lincolnshire Hills, commanding a fine view of the Humber and of the Yorkshire Wolds beyond, surrounded by a pleasant undulating country, dotted here and there with comfortable farmsteads indicative of the fertile nature of the soil, and rejoicing in pure water and bracing air, it seems a delightful retreat for the wearied brain-worker anxious for a rest

"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife."

Winteringham, too, has some claim to be considered classic ground, for it was here that the young Nottingham poet, Henry Kirke White, retired, after a youth of chequered fortune, during which, under the most adverse circumstances, he had, by indomitable perseverance, laid the founda-

tion of an almost incredibly thorough and varied education, which, after a year's study under the good parson of Winteringham, enabled him to carry off the highest honours open to him at the university. During his early years at Nottingham Henry had spent his days in uncongenial occupations, and had devoted his nights to intense study. His recreations had consisted principally in solitary walks by the river Trent, or in the woods about Nottingham, and in the productions of his poetic fancy, nor can the claims of genius be denied to his youthful muse. His poetical and epistolary remains show everywhere marks of literary finish, and they also display the graces of a mind tender towards friends, intensely sincere in its search into divine revelation, and unwearyingly solicitous for the bodily, mental, and spiritual welfare of those with whom he came in contact. Nature had intended him for a divine, but circumstances had made of him, first, a butcher's boy, second, a hosier's apprentice, and lastly, an articled clerk in a solicitor's office. It was to his own self-denial and steadfast application, combined with his remarkable talents, and supplemented by the advice and assistance of a few friends who had been attracted by his poetical writings, that

he owed his emancipation from these surroundings. When seventeen years old he published a volume called "Clifton Grove, and other Poems," and it was probably to this book that he owed his introduction to Mr. Simeon, of King's College, Cambridge, who became his steadfast friend, procured him a sizarship at the university, furnished him, as long as necessary, with an annuity of £30 to assist in paying his college expenses, and advised him to pass a year of preliminary study under the Rev. Lorenzo Grainger, at Winteringham. This year was probably the happiest period of Henry's life. Surrounded by a refined home-circle, and living on terms of mutual respect with his tutor, looking forward to the sacred calling on which he had set his heart, able to give a liberal portion of his time to his beloved books, and also able to devote a portion of it to needed recreation, buoyed up by a well-founded belief in his own talents, he must have found Winteringham a peaceful and happy home. In one of his first letters from there he says, "We are safely and comfortably settled in the parsonage at Winteringham. The house is most delightfully situated, close by the church, at a distance from the village, with delightful gardens

behind and the Humber before. The family is very agreeable, and the style in which we live very superior. Mr. Grainger is not only a learned man, but the best pastor and the most pleasing domestic man I ever met with." And in another letter he describes Winteringham as being "Indeed a delightful place, the trees are in full verdure, the crops are browning the fields, and my former walks are become dry under foot. The opening vista from our churchyard, over the Humber to the hills and receding vales of Yorkshire, assumes a thousand new aspects. I sometimes watch it at evening when the sun is just gilding the summits of the hills, and the lowlands are beginning to take a browner hue. The showers partially falling in the distance, while all is serene above me; the swelling sail rapidly falling down the river; and the villages, woods, and villas on the opposite bank sometimes render the scene quite enchanting to me." A glimpse of his character is given after the poet's death by Mr. Grainger, who says:—"During his residence in my family, his conduct was highly becoming, and suitable to a Christian profession. He was mild and inoffensive, modest, unassuming, and affectionate. He attended, with great cheerfulness, a

Sunday School which I was endeavouring to establish in the village, and was at considerable pains in the instruction of the children; and I have repeatedly observed that he was most pleased and most edified with such of my sermons and addresses to my people as were most close, plain, and familiar. When we parted we parted with mutual regret; and by us his name will long be remembered with affection and delight."

While at Winteringham, he wrote methodically to his mother, for whom he had a touching affection, and to whom he probably owed the bent of his mind. In his letters to his mother, the poet always shows great solicitude in hiding his illness for fear of causing her uneasiness. He had caught cold, had been almost compelled to drink wine and take riding exercise, but he says, "Don't make yourself in the least uneasy about this, I pray, as I am quite recovered and not at all apprehensive of any consequences. I have no cough, nor any symptom which might indicate an affection of the lungs. I read very little at present." He wrote from the Winteringham parsonage delightful letters to his brothers Neville and James—letters full of deep feeling and affectionate regard; he also maintained a corres-

pondence with literary and other friends whom he had known at Nottingham.

White was a true poet, and it would have materially added to his happiness at Winteringham if he had allowed himself some indulgence in the delights of the poetic muse. But he fancied himself bound in honour to devote all his time and energy to the preparation for the career he had chosen. His stay at Winteringham is unhappily, therefore, nearly barren of poetry. That he felt the want of this resource is shown in his letter to his friend Mr. Serjeant Rough, of the Midland Circuit. This letter was written after the poet had passed through the winter season, and there is nothing surprising in his reference to the swamps and ague fens, so different in style from his spring and summer impressions of the place. He says :—"My poor neglected muse has lain absolutely unnoticed by me for the last four months, during which period I have been digging in the mines of Scapula for Greek roots; and, instead of drinking, with eager delight, the beauties of Virgil, have been cutting and drying his phrases for future use. The place where I live is on the banks of the Humber; here no *Sicilian* river, but rough, with cold winds, and

bordered with killing swamps. What with neglect, and what with the climate, so congenial to rural meditation, I fear my good genius, who was wont to visit me with nightly visions, 'in woods and brakes and by the river's marge,' is now dying of a fen-ague; and I shall thus probably emerge from my retreat, not a hair-brained son of imagination, but a sedate, black-lettered book-worm, with a head like an *etymologicon magnum.*"

The leisure time, which was rather imposed upon him by the solicitude of his friends than enjoyed for his own satisfaction, was spent by the poet, while at Winteringham, in rides, in long walks, and in excursions on the Humber. Two of these last rose almost to the dignity of adventure, and must have imposed too great a strain upon the debilitated frame of the poet, wasted by midnight vigils, and overwrought by his too anxious mind. On one occasion, with a friend, he embarked in a small boat for Hull—a distance of thirteen miles. This, to a man in good and robust health, well acquainted with the tide-seasons, and familiar with the peculiar shore-currents, would have been no very serious undertaking. But the two young gentlemen

miscalculated the tide, and, after great exertions, found themselves stranded off Hull, their strength exhausted, and destitute of provisions. The poet, however, waded on shore, procured food on credit at an inn where he was known, and then waded back to the boat. Continuing the account in White's own words :—"On our return," he says, "a most placid and calm day was converted into a cloudy one, and we had a brisk gale in our teeth. Knowing we were quite safe, we struck across from Hull to Barton, and when we were off Hazel Whelps, a place which is always rough, we had some tremendous swells, which we weathered admirably; and (barring our getting on the wrong side of the bank, owing to the deceitful appearance of the coast), we had a prosperous voyage home, having rowed twenty-six miles in less than five hours."

The other occasion on which he tested the humour of old Humber was when, with two friends, he set off in a small boat *up* the estuary towards the fine expanse of water formed by the junction of the Ouse and the Trent. At low water vast islands of loose and shifting sands are exposed, which stretch for miles in every direction. Here Kirke and his two friends found

themselves with their boat aground, and were obliged to remain six hours "exposed to a heavy rain, high wind, and piercing cold until the tide rose." They were eventually relieved by another boat; and White assured his anxious relations that no evil consequences ensued, owing to their using every exertion possible to keep warmth in their bodies.

Another incident, though trifling in itself, is worth recording, as it gives us an insight into the serious character of the poet, and, as it affords a good specimen of his epistolary style, I will give it in his own words:—"I sailed from Hull to Barton the day before yesterday, on a rough and windy day, in a vessel filled with a marching regiment of soldiers; the band played finely, and I was enjoying the many pleasing emotions which the water, sky, winds, and musical instruments excited, when my thoughts were suddenly called away to more melancholy subjects. A girl, genteelly dressed, and with a countenance which, for its loveliness, a painter might have copied from Hebe, with a loud laugh seized me by the greatcoat, and asked me to lend it to her. She was one of those unhappy creatures who depend on the brutal and licentious for a bitter livelihood,

and was now following in the train of one of the officers. I was greatly affected by her appearance and situation, and more so by that of another female who was with her, and who, with less beauty, had a wild sorrowfulness in her face, which showed she knew her situation. This incident, apparently trifling, induced a train of reflections which occupied me fully during a walk of six or seven miles to our parsonage. At first I wished that I had fortune to erect an asylum for all the miserable and destitute ; . . . and there was a soldier's wife with a wan and haggard face and a little infant in her arms, whom I would have wished to place in it. I then grew out of humour with the world, because it was so unfeeling and so miserable, and because there was no cure for its miseries ; and I wished for a lodging in the wilderness where I might hear no more of wrongs, affliction, or vice ; but, after all my speculations, I found there was a reason for these things in the gospel of Jesus Christ, and that to those who sought it there was also a cure. So I banished my vain meditations, and, knowing that God's providence is better able to direct the affairs of men than our wisdom, I leave them in his hands." There are not many

youths of twenty who, from such an incident, would carry a mental argument, through such steps to such a conclusion.

Our poet seems to have adhered strictly to his resolve to forego the muses during his stay at Winteringham until the last month, when the divine *afflatus* was aroused by his looking through his manuscripts to find a piece suitable for insertion in a collection of poetical pieces, which a friend of his was bringing out. How much pleasure he had formerly derived from his sweet communion with the nine, and how great a trial it had been to forego it, may be seen from this poem addressed to "Poësy."

"Yes, my stray steps have wander'd, wander'd far
From thee, and long, heart-soothing Poësy!
And many a flower, which in the passing time
My heart hath register'd, nipp'd by the chill
Of undeserv'd neglect, hath shrunk and died.
Heart-soothing Poësy!—Though thou hast ceas'd
To hover o'er the many-voiced strings
Of my long-silent lyre, yet thou canst still
Call the warm tear from its thrice-hallow'd cell,
And with recalled images of bliss
Warm my reluctant heart. Yes, I would throw,
Once more would throw, a quick and hurried hand
O'er the responding chords.—It hath not ceas'd—
It cannot, will not cease; the heavenly warmth
Plays round my heart, and mantles o'er my cheek;
Still, though unbidden, plays.—Fair Poësy!
The summer and the spring, the wind and rain,

"Sunshine and storm, with various interchange,
Have mark'd full many a day, and week, and month,
Since, by dark wood, or hamlet far retir'd,
Spell-struck, with thee I loiter'd.—Sorceress!
I cannot burst thy bonds!—It is but lift
Thy blue eyes to that deep-bespangled vault,
Wreathe thy enchanted tresses round thine arm,
And mutter some obscure and charmed rhyme,
And I could follow thee, on thy night's work,
Up to the regions of thrice-chasten'd fire,
Or, in the caverns of the ocean flood,
Thrid the light mazes of thy volant foot.
Yet other duties call me, and mine ear
Must turn away from the high minstrelsy
Of thy soul-trancing harp, unwillingly
Must turn away; there are severer strains
(And surely they are sweet as ever smote
The ear of spirit, from this mortal coil
Releas'd and disembodied), there are strains
Forbid to all, save those whom solemn thought,
Through the probation of revolving years,
And mighty converse with the spirit of truth,
Have purg'd and purified.—To these my soul
Aspireth; and to this sublimer end
I gird myself, and climb the toilsome steep
With patient expectation.—Yea, sometimes
Foretaste of bliss rewards me; and sometimes
Spirits unseen upon my footsteps wait,
And minister strange music, which doth seem
Now near, now distant, now on high, now low,
Then swelling from all sides, with bliss complete
And full fruition filling all the soul.
Surely such ministry, though rare, may soothe
The steep ascent, and cheat the lassitude
Of toil; and but that my fond heart
Reverts to day-dreams of the summer gone,
When, by clear fountain or embower'd brake,
I lay, a listless muser, prizing, far

"Above all other lore, the poet's theme;
But for such recollections I could brace
My stubborn spirit for the arduous path
Of science, unregretting; eye afar
Philosophy upon her steepest height,
And, with bold step and resolute attempt,
Pursue her to the innermost recess,
Where thron'd in light she sits, the Queen of Truth."

In the autumn of 1805, Henry severed his connection with Winteringham, and was entered as a sizar at St. John's College, Cambridge. The position of a sizar had vastly improved since the time, sixty years before, when Goldsmith entered upon his career of misery and servitude as a sizar at Trinity College, Dublin. Goldsmith had to perform menial offices, such as a footman would have disdained; he was looked down upon by his richer fellow-students, and was bullied by a ferocious tutor. Henry had no such trials to endure. From the first his superior talents were recognised, and he was treated with marked respect. Everything was done that could be done by zealous friends, in and out of the university, to make smooth the path of his academical progress. He found himself *facile princeps* in some of the most important branches of study, but this consideration did not prevent him from devoting himself with fatal ardour to the work

which he had undertaken. He carried off the highest honours which were open to him, and easily distanced many competitors who had enjoyed the advantages of a public school training. Southey, his sympathetic biographer, says of his university standing :—"Never, perhaps, had any young man, in so short a time, excited such expectations ; every university honour was thought to be within his reach ; he was set down as a medallist, and expected to take a senior wrangler's degree."

It does not, however, lie within the scope of this paper to follow him in detail through his brief career at St. John's. Suffice it to say that his unreasonable exertions there were far too great a strain upon his originally weak, and now debilitated, constitution. He seems to have burst a blood vessel, and he never recovered from the shock; with fatal rapidity his weakness increased, and he expired on Sunday, October 19th, 1806, aged twenty-one years. By his death the church lost the promise of a pious and lettered divine, and English literature lost a poet who might have made upon the sacred poetry of the nineteenth century an impression similar to that which George Herbert made two hundred years earlier.

Southey, with pious care, collected the literary remains of the poet, and edited them with peculiar pains. No writer was ever more sincerely mourned, and very numerous were the tributary verses to his memory. No sketch of the poet's life would be complete which did not include Byron's noble lines, and with them I shall conclude this attempt to recall to Lincolnshire people the brief connection of Henry Kirke White with the village of Winteringham :—

> "Unhappy White! while life was in its spring,
> And thy young Muse just waved her joyous wing
> The spoiler came; and all thy promise fair
> Has sought the grave, to sleep for ever there.
> Oh! what a noble heart was here undone,
> When Science self-destroyed her favourite son!
> Yes! she too much indulg'd thy fond pursuit!
> She sowed the seeds, but Death has reaped the fruit.
> 'Twas thine own Genius gave the final blow,
> And helped to plant the wound that laid thee low:
> So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,
> No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
> Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
> And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart:
> Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel;
> He nurs'd the pinion which impell'd the steel,
> While the same plumage that had warm'd his nest,
> Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast."

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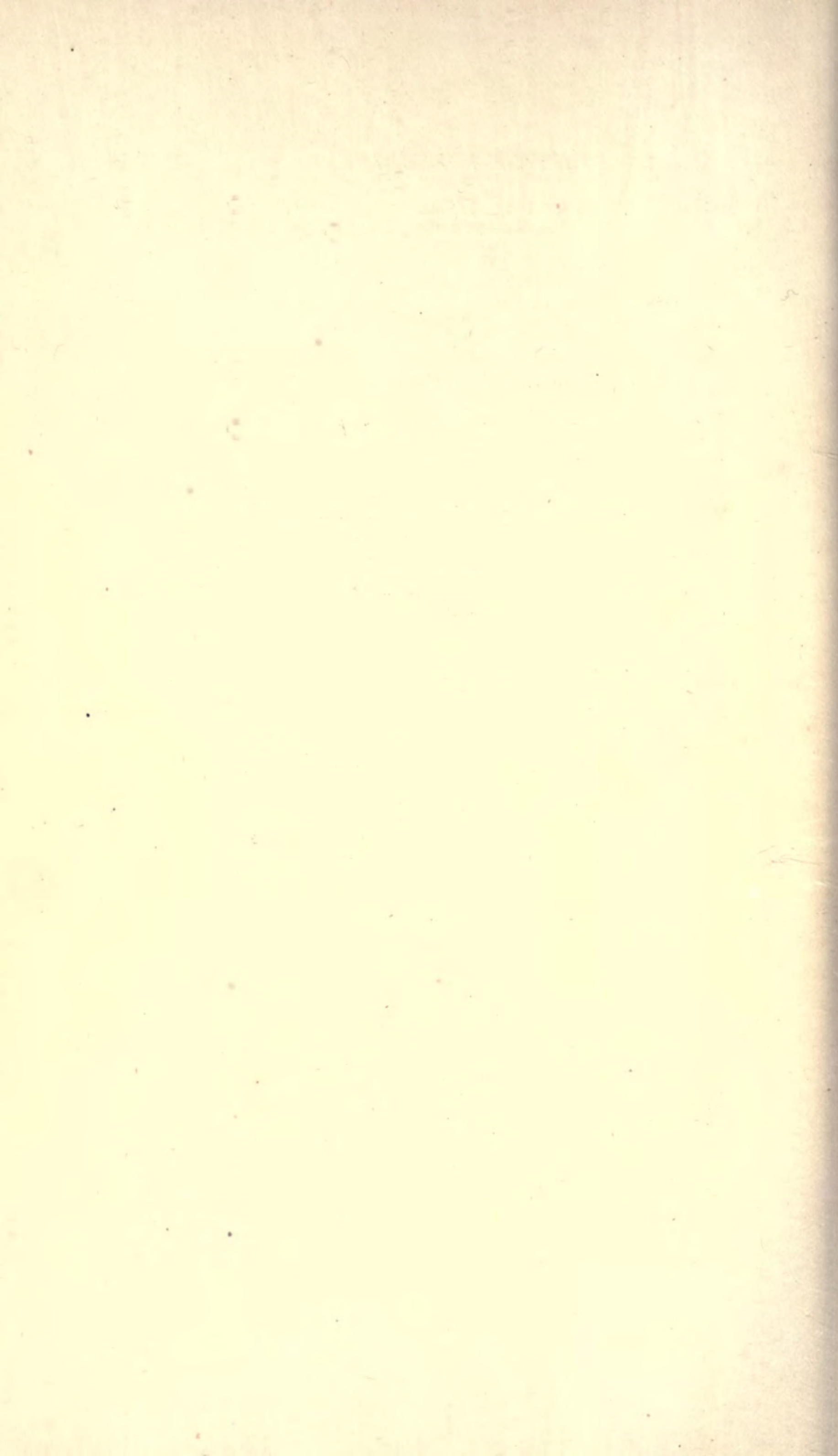

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