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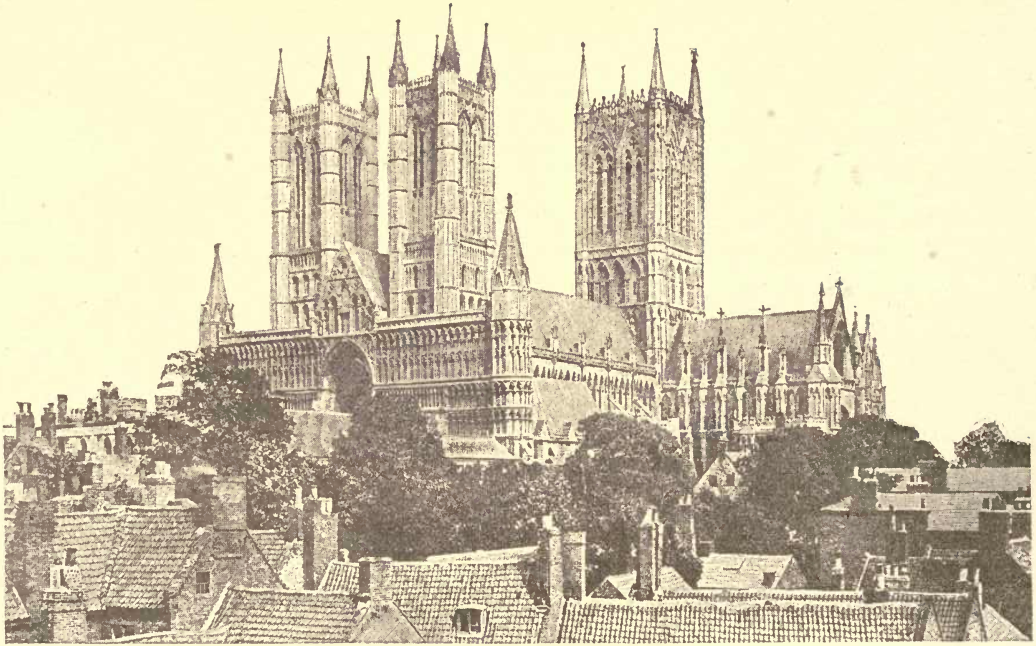

LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.

BYGONE LINCOLNSHIRE

EDITED BY

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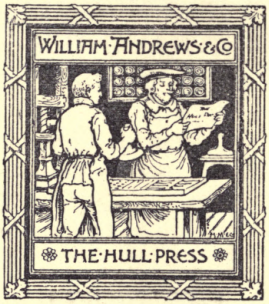


Preface.

THIS volume brings to a close an account of Lincolnshire in the olden time.

I am grateful to my contributors, and think that their articles cannot fail to interest and instruct the readers of this work.

My thanks are also due to the Rev. W. J. Gordon, M.A., and Mr. H. W. Ball, the historian of Barton-on-Humber, for the loan of illustrations.

I should be lacking in courtesy if I did not express my thanks to the critics for the kind notices of my previous volume. If the present one meets with a similar welcome from the press and the public, I shall have every reason to believe my labours have not been in vain.

WILLIAM ANDREWS.

HULL LITERARY CLUB,
November 27th, 1891.

Contents.

BYGONE LINCOLNSHIRE.

Lincoln Cathedral.

By T. Tindall Wildridge.

LINCOLN was an important town of the ancient British Coritani, and as such it was mentioned by Ptolemy, under the name of Lindos. It sent a bishop to the Council of Arles. Upon the advent of the Romans, it was chosen as the site of a station or barracks, and of a colony, to which they gave the name of "Lindum Colonia," which, by abbreviation, has become "Lincoln." The derivation of the name *Lindum* (which is the Latin designation also of two other places, Lindisfarne, and Lindo in Rhodes) is said to be from a root *lin*, a fen, pool, lake, and, at any rate, has doubtless an origin common to the large number, all over the world, of place-names having the same constituent. The station was on the hill later occupied by the

cathedral and castle. It was parallelogramic, the sides facing the cardinal points. The district is rich in Roman relics, the objects unearthed including a fine fragment of a tesselated pavement, yet in its original position in the north-east part of the cathedral cloisters, where also lie (too much exposed) several Roman altars and other remains.

Lincoln retained its consequence under the Saxons. It was re-Christianized by Paulinus in 628. Until 656, the see of Lindsey, or Sidnacester, was in Northumbria. Thence to 678 it was part of the see of Mercia, but in that year Egfrid, King of Northumbria, seized Lindsey, and formed it into a separate see under York, having its seat at Sidnacester, afterwards called Stow. It continued but for a year as part of Northumbria. At a date before 949, Sidnacester, as Leicester had already been, was united to Dorchester, under Canterbury, as part of the great Mercian see of Lichfield. It remained to the Normans to transfer the whole to Lincoln.

The proximity of the Humber laid the district open to the attacks of the Danes, who finally established their hold upon it in 877,

and Lincoln became the seat of a Danish burgh, and part of the Danelagh.

As the amalgamation of the Saxons and Danes proceeded, Lincoln became one of the principal trading boroughs of the country, and an evidence of its prosperity lies in the very large number of churches found here at the Conquest.

Under the Norman rule, Lincoln was almost immediately given special prominence, and affords us one instance of many where the Norman policy and strategetic arrangements coincided closely with those of the Romans. In various ways the position of Lincoln as a centre of control was strengthened; a castle was built, involving the destruction of 240 of Lincoln's 1070 houses, upon part of the site of the forgotten station; while the town was made the seat of a bishopric.

The founder of Lincoln Cathedral was Remi (also met as "Romo" and "Rumi," but doubtless "of Rheims," and styled in Latin documents as "Remigius,") almoner of the Norman Convent of Feschamp. His origin is doubtful. Bishop Godwin says he was the son of a priest; others say he was a son of Gerard Salven, and brother of Ranulf de Flambard, Bishop of Durham. On

a sepulchral plate of lead, preserved in Lincoln Cathedral library, William D'Aincourt, of the royal stock, records that he is a kinsman of Remi. Whatever was the extent of Remi's blood-relationship to the Conqueror, it was sufficient to place and keep him in high favour at the court of William I., and at that of Rufus after. Remi was a man of small stature and bilious complexion, but of ultra-Norman astuteness and energy. He came over with William in 1066, furnishing a ship and twenty armed men, by way of bargain (say William of Malmesbury and other writers), in exchange for the promise of an English bishopric. However that may be, his head received the first English mitre bestowed after Senlac. He was made Bishop of Dorchester in the place of Wulfi, who died soon after the Conquest. In 1070, Remi accompanied the two English Archbishops to Rome, and was, practically, confirmed in his see. He prepared to build a cathedral at Dorchester, but the concentrating Norman policy (in which he was merely an instrument, being evidently greater in detail than in general organization) intervened. His triple see was translated to Lincoln. The exact time is yet unknown, but as near as can

be conjectured it was shortly before 1075. The inactive claim to have jurisdiction over the see of the Archbishops of York, grounded upon the facts above given, was disregarded, or it may perhaps have been a factor in the selection of the site of the new cathedral; however, that choice shews a strong faith in Canterbury's case, and was justified by the ultimate result, to which it perhaps lent an influence.

There seems to have been no more than the usual facility for acquiring the ground. Gilbert de Gant, a nephew of King William, is credited with furnishing much of the land, William D'Aincourt not improbably contributed something, while the Conqueror himself gave a part of the site. With regard to the endowment, the Conqueror was munificent; he gave the manors of Welton and Sleaford; the rectories of the manors of Chircheton (Kirton-Lindsey), Castre (Caistor), and Wallingour, with rectorial glebes and tithes, as well as the rent-tithes of the manors; and the churches of St. Martin and St. Lawrence, in Lincoln. He likewise confirmed to Lincoln what he had given to Dorchester, viz., the churches of Bedford, Leighton Buzzard, Buckingham, and Aylesbury, and the Manor of

Woburn, and confirmed, also, Waltheof's grant of Leighton Bromeswold. Among other less traceable temporalities of the see were some lands taken by the king from one Halden, a Saxon.

The see established, the site obtained, the materials for the proposed cathedral were at hand. Far below the surface, the oolite beds of the great limestone range which underlies Lincoln Heath offered for deep excavating an excellent stone, which, though it decays near contact with the soil, hardens after tooling, and resists atmospheric action admirably. From strata of the same range, the Romans had procured the stones of which were constructed their buildings in this locality, and portions of which remain, as is well known, to this day. Remi had shafts sunk, lateral galleries carried out, and immense quantities of stone were accumulated. The Saxon Church of St. Mary Magdalen was cleared away from the south-east portion of the city, arrangements being made by which the parishioners were allowed for worship the use of part of the nave of the new cathedral, together with a priest, though a separate church was afterwards provided for them.

Take away the angel choir of the east end, and

the present ground plan of Lincoln is, in the main, that of Remi's Norman cathedral, after the design of Rouen. All that is now left of his date is the central portion (without the arcade) of the west front, hooded over by the later work; a recess and arch on the north and south sides of the west transept; and the font of black basalt, probably a foreign bargain. This has bold dragons and lions of semi-Assyrian character carved on the sides; and on the upper edge, a five-leaf ornament at the four corners, and a medallion in the centre of each side.

Without doubt, the remains of foundation at the west end shew that Remi's design was for two towers. From the general probability, supported by the existence of grooves, it is evident that the three sections of the front were surmounted by gables, a chief point in which Norman and Early English design had coincidence, outside any blending of style consequent on transition. The gables were part of the work removed to make way for the Early English work, when, also, the circular head of the central recess was changed to a pointed arch. There is sufficient trace of the spring of the circular arch left to be seen below the trellis work. The height of the Norman

arch was seventy-five feet, the effect of the alteration being the addition of rather more than one-fifteenth. The Norman masonry is a good instance of "wide-jointing." Above the two inner side recesses, there is a series of interesting sculptures, inserted irregularly along the front. It has been said that these are earlier work, removed from another building, but they do not appear to be necessarily so. It is not unusual in Norman work to find such sculptures inserted in a haphazard and, so to speak, abrupt manner; even in the more cultured Decorated, where life-designs are so thoroughly and beautifully incorporated, this odd "using up" of sculptures is not infrequently to be noticed. The subjects of this deeply-sculptured frieze include the Torments of the Damned, the Descent into Hell, Adam and Eve Driven from the Garden, the Building of the Ark, etc.

Remi, it is said, died a day or two before that upon which he had arranged that the consecration of the Cathedral should be held, having, it is said, invoked, by means of a sum of money, the royal authority to compel the Archbishop of York to desist from troubling the see with his claim. Remi had appointed twenty-one secular canons,

dean, precentor, treasurer, seven archdeacons, and ten ordinary canons, each with his incomed canonry. The foundation was one of the thirteen which were served by secular canons. "Every stall has produced a prelate or cardinal." He founded an hospital for lepers. His was the principal hand in the making of the Domesday survey.

To Remi succeeded Robert Bloet, the Chancellor of Rufus. He postponed the consecration till 1094, and vigorously pushed on the building work. He also erected a monastery at Stowe, and in the pride of his architectural exploits made a comparison between that and a monastery built by the king at Reading, which sealed against him the door of the royal favour for all his life. He was persecuted by lawsuits; but one of these, in which the king was the chief mover, resulted, though unfortunately for Bloet, happily for Lincoln, for Bloet was compelled to buy off York (with either one or five thousand pounds), which finally secured the see from York's claims. Bloet doubled the number of canons. He was bishop thirty years, dying in 1123.

The third bishop was Alexander, who not only proceeded with the building of the Cathedral but

evidently re-built portions in the more refined style belonging to his day. The parts remaining of his date are the three doorways within the central recesses of Remi's front, with the intersecting arcade above the two outer entrances, and the three lower stages of the west towers. The distinction between Remi's work and that of Alexander is clear. He vaulted the roof with stone, a thing, for large spans, then quite new.

The astonishing change in the fashion of building which swept over the land in the latter part of the 12th century took early effect at Lincoln. The Norman style—calculated, when united with commensurate workmanship, to endure a thousand epochs—was in every shire cleared away to make room for a new and more beautiful kind of structure. The new style was scarcely founded upon anything else; it was a sublime invention of the Middle Ages, and one which, in the hands of its enthusiastic originators, seems to have been capable of development and extension to infinity. Hugh of Grenoble—afterwards canonised as St. Hugh of Lincoln—is to be termed the second founder of Lincoln Cathedral. He is more fortunate than Remi in that the work planned by him, and in great part erected in his lifetime, has

endured to the present day. The choir, the chapter-house, the east transept, the east wall, and perhaps the lower part of the west wall of the west transept, and some of the added work of the west front are his. The east end, as built by him, was apsidal, and terminated near the high altar. His architect was the Englishman, Geoffrey de Noiers, and his work at Lincoln is the earliest specimen of pure Early English work in the country.

The choir, like the nave, presents a disagreeable effect in the ungraceful lowness of the sweep of its vaulting, while the ribs do not terminate in the central bosses, giving, where perspective does not hide part of these defects, a clumsy ill-formed appearance. Notwithstanding this the choir is a work of real beauty, and is, moreover, of unique interest, being, as before said, the earliest example of Pointed Gothic extant in England. Here the classic origin of many mediæval forms of architectural detail is seen in unusual purity, while there are several indications that the influence of the Norman style of ornament had not then (circa 1200) died away.

The comparatively complete state of Lincoln is particularly noticeable in the great transept, the

east side of which retains its chapels, separated from the rest of the transept by elaborate stone screens. They have wall arcading of varying designs. They have all had double arcades, but in some cases the outer series of arches has been torn away. The splendid Early English glass of the rose window, thirty feet in diameter, in the north end of the transept, as well as the rich Decorated rose window of the south, are strikingly beautiful.

In the lesser transept are two curious pillars; the stone piers, having projecting leaflets, are each surrounded by eight detached shafts of Purbeck marble. This transept is disfigured by two disguised oak beams, necessary to support the piers opening on the transept north and south. In fact, although Lincoln is so perfect, it is full of lines fallen from both the horizontal and perpendicular.

St. Hugh died in 1200. After three years' vacancy the see was filled in 1203, until 1206, by William of Blois, and after him, from 1209, by Hugh of Wells, under both of whom the building in the new style went forward. Under Hugh de Wells (brother of Jocelyn, Bishop of Wells), who lived till 1235, was built the nave and the wings and upper cornice of the west front and the

Galilee porch. He also finished the chapter-house. This is the earliest polygonal chapter-house in England. It has considerable associative interest. It was the probable meeting-place of several Parliaments; here the Knights Templars were tried in 1310, and here, in 1536, the leaders of the Pilgrimage of Grace met in council.

The Early English west front is a wide expanse of arcade panelling. It has in the centre an elaborate gable, forming the gable of the nave, which intersects the west towers. The third tier from the ground is occupied chiefly by two rose windows, which, of no improvement to the general effect exteriorly, usefully light two chapels behind. The corners of the facade are flanked by turrets almost detached; these have figures upon their spires—on the south St. Hugh, on the north the Swineherd of Stow, a humble individual who is said, by popular legend, to have bequeathed a peck of silver pennies to the work of the building. The surrounding of the lean Norman arches by this patterned mass of Early English work gives an effect distinctly incongruous to the purist, but it has withal a touch of barbaric dignity, as the idea suggested

by the recesses, and accentuated by their ornate setting, is that of magnificent entrance. The rich arcading of the gable, though beautiful and of the purest Early English character, wants the perfect grace which sometimes distinguishes even plainer instances, as, for example, some portions of Beverley Minster.

The cinquefoil window in the central recess has mouldings of open work. The inner portions of the west end and of the central tower are distinguished by a curious stone trellis work, apparently an imitation of plain strips of metal or wood crossing at an angle of forty-five degrees, and is said to be peculiar to this cathedral. It stands in the place of diaper work, but it cannot be said that the effect is pleasing.

On entering the nave by the west door the effect is one of grandeur, the arrangement of the tower-supports, though they are in themselves ugly, furnishing a stately vestibule, which prevents the long perspective from immediately engulfing the spectator. The unskilful lowness of the vaulting strikes the eye, and the wide span of the arches exaggerates the actual slightness of their supporting piers. The great length which is given to the building by the addition of the

presbytery to the original choir is considered by some to be a defect, but it is questionable whether this is so, as it has not the effect of narrowing the aspect; and it may be doubted whether many observers have received, as their first impression that which one eminent writer describes, namely, that the view looking through the inside of the cathedral is, eastward and westward, little better than that afforded by "looking through a tube." There is, moreover, an artistic gain in the dwarfing of the large windows by the mere fact of the great distance, and it is surprising to find that effect pointed out as a blemish.

Lincoln, however, contains one defect, in which it is similar to a by no means inconsiderable number of other European churches, small and large. This is the irregularity of the axis of the church, and in all cases is doubtless due to the want of due care in fixing the orientation of new portions at the time of commencing alterations, the apparent meridian varying according to the time of year. The presence of this peculiarity in various churches has led to the propounding of a far-fetched theory that, just as the form of the whole building is symbolic of Christ's cross, so the deviation of part of it from one true line is

symbolic of the inclination of his head in the hour of death. But if its improbability alone does not prevent this explanation from being ignored, it may be well objected that the deviation does not invariably occur at the chancel. Lincoln is an instance of this. Equally unacceptable is the suggestion that the old architects purposely made their churches crooked in order to give a variety in the perspective.

The five eastern bays of Lincoln nave are twenty-six and a half feet wide, and in the same axis as the choir. The western bays, however, are only twenty-one and a quarter feet wide, and have a more northerly inclination than the others.

It may be reasonably presumed—though it is not a matter of necessity—that at one period it was intended to re-build all the west end; that such intention was abandoned; and that even the discovery that the orientation of the old work was different from that of the new approaching it, was not sufficient to cause the demolition of the Norman remains. It may have been that the question of cost caused its retention, or, more probably, that the architectural conscience was averse from destroying the ancient front; though

it must have suffered a pang in abandoning the uniformity of the interior. In the triforium the contraction of the western bays is carried out by the omission there of one arch from each group of three arches, which groups run two to each bay throughout. In the clerestory the space is saved merely by narrowing the arches, which there, as elsewhere, are in groups of three. The nave is forty-two feet wide. There is great variety in its detail. The arcade on the north side is supported by shafts detached from the wall; on the south side the vaulting shafts are not detached; while here there is more sculpture than on the other side, including a dog-tooth moulding, which, however, is not part of the arches, but carved in the wall. Some of the bosses and crockets here are models of graceful beauty. A chapel at the north-west corner has some fine Purbeck marble shafting, the filleted pillar which supports the vaulting—standing in the centre, as is seen in chapter-houses—being very elegant.

The next bishop after Hugh de Wells was Robert Grosteste, the champion of the Anglican Church against the aggressions of Rome. There is no account of building by

him in the Cathedral records, but from the style of parts of the building it is probable that he completed the works of his predecessor, and evident that he built the great central tower for one storey above the roof. It is said that the older tower of Remi had given way, but this and similar statements of earthquakes and fires, which are curiously coincident for the 12th century, must be looked at with caution, as the universal change of style was in itself a stronger circumstance than any incident of required reparation. There is, on the other hand, no want of proof that the very heaviness of Norman work was in part the result of ignorance of proper principles of construction, and the new style may have had increased knowledge of those principles as its prime liberator. The tower standing in 1240 is that year said to have almost miraculously fallen at an opportune moment when a Romish advocate was remarking from the pulpit that if men held their peace the very stones would cry out against Grosteste.

The appearance of the interior of the central tower is very beautiful, despite the slight incongruity of the coarse trellis work and the irregularity of the window-piercing above it.

Grosteste was bishop from 1235 to 1253, and was followed by Henry Lexington. Under him the great work of preparing a place for St. Hugh's shrine was commenced. It was decided to be placed at the extreme east end of the cathedral; and to make room for the additional building, now known as the presbytery or angel choir, it was found necessary to remove part of the city wall, which was done by licence of King Henry IV.

One of the most pleasing features of ecclesiastical history is the readiness and faithful adherence to plan with which successive dignitaries took up great architectural works bequeathed to them. This angel choir was carried on by Richard de Gravesend, who was bishop from 1259 to 1279, and at his death passed forward to Bishop Oliver Sutton, who had the gratification of completing it, and of having it opened by King Edward I. and his Queen on the 6th October, 1280.

On the tympanum on the exterior of the south door of the presbytery are some figures which, though grievously mutilated, bear the impress of a masterly hand. It cannot be said, however, that they approach in artistic conception and

arrangement the magnificent sculptures of the interior. The subject is the Last Judgment, with God enthroned, and kneeling angels of excellent workmanship, while below is one of the popular representations of Hell's Mouth, with Satan stood receiving the lost souls which two fiends are throwing into the pit.

The angel choir, of some three-quarters of a century later than St. Hugh's choir, was wisely made similar in its general characteristics, though in the proportions of its elevation and the execution of its details it is beyond comparison the superior. The sculptures, which have suggested the name by which the presbytery is known, are more than an instance of this superiority, being without rivals as examples of true art in the architectural ornament of any known building. They occupy the spandrils of the triforium, and are emphatically sculptures rather than stone-carvings, being the work of artists rather than masons. They shew traces of being the work of more than one hand, some being much better than others; and were executed before being placed. Though splendidly congruous, and shewing what Gothic might have been if art had not been so far behind architecture, these noble and graceful figures are

exotics; perhaps they were executed by some Italian artist, whose name—if we could but know it—would be familiar to us, and, whether that be so or no, are the production of genius of the first order.

The cloisters, which are small and slight, though charmingly graceful, Bishop Sutton built in 1295. He also erected a wall round the precincts (the monks being much subject to disturbance from the ungodly before they had this protection), and began the court of the vicars choral. Bishop Sutton practically finished the cathedral. John D'Alderby, who followed him, built up the central tower in 1307, completed the cloisters, with their vestibule from the north transept, the choir screens, and the Easter Sepulchre, all of the Geometric Decorated.

The face of the south transept was rebuilt, its fine circular curvilinear windows inserted, and the parapets of the west front and south aisle added, as well as the organ screen, in 1320-60, a period which may have been in the time of Henry Burghersh (1320-40) or Thomas Bek (1342-47). Bishop Bek was the brother of Anthony Bek, Bishop of Durham, and he it was who, while Bishop of St. David's, defrayed the whole cost

of the pageantry of consecration of the angel choir.

To the date which is understood by Early Perpendicular belong the higher stages of the west towers, the rows of kings on the west front, and the vaulting of the towers, the credit of which work, in the absence of any particular information, must be shared by John Gynwell, Bishop 1347-62, and John de Buckingham (1363-98).

The fine series of stalls were given by John de Welbourn, the cathedral treasurer, in the time of John de Buckingham, but the miserere carvings appear to be of later date. They are of the usual miscellaneous character, including many semi-satirical subjects, but, though executed with skill and finish, lack something of the bold originality of style which marks similar sets in some other places.

Fully developed Perpendicular supplies nothing to the present design of Lincoln Cathedral, and the only details of that style which can be pointed out with certainty are the inserted west window and the accumulation of beautiful chantry chapels, though several authorities concur in considering that the spires of the towers were of this date.

Some of the chantry tombs are remarkably fine, those of the Burghersh family being of great interest.

The dispensary of the cathedral adjoins the north lesser transept. It was an upper chamber, but the floor is now gone, and the curious recesses for drugs are looked up to from the space below. The windows of this lower room have the original shutters, bound with iron.

Up to the Reformation, Lincoln was the finest and richest cathedral in the kingdom. King Henry VIII., in 1540, had removed from it to his coffers 2621 ounces of pure gold and 4285 ounces of silver, St. Hugh's shrine of pure gold, and Bishop (St. John) D'Alderby's of silver, besides an immense quantity of precious stones. There was even then left behind sufficient to furnish a second plunder, eight years later, when Bishop Holbech, in his zeal for the Reformation, gave up all that was left.

In length, east to west, the cathedral is 530 feet, in breadth, from north to south of the great transept, 227 feet.

The two western towers, St. Mary's and St. Hugh's, are 200 feet high; with their wood spires, which were removed in 1808, they reached 301

feet. The central tower, called "the Broad Tower,"—the vaulting of which is 127 from the floor,—rises to the height of 271 feet, and is the highest central tower in England. The wood spire of this was blown down in 1547, the total height previously being 525 feet, and would, if it now existed, be fourteen feet higher than the soaring spires of Cologne.

Lincoln Cathedral occupies the proud pre-eminence of being the earliest pure Gothic building in Europe, and its interest, great on that account, is enhanced by its embracing, in an almost harmonious whole, instances of every phase through which Gothic architecture passed; beyond which, it may be said that its examples are not only most early, but excellent.

Lincoln Castle.

By E. Mansel Sympson, M.A., M.D. Cantab.

ON approaching Lincoln by the Old North Road, the Ermine Street, and while still a mile or so away from the city, two prominent objects catch the eye. One, the Cathedral, "towering in its pride of place," the other, a long low mass of grey, yet still high above the surrounding houses,—the Castle. Approaching Lincoln from the South, the same effect is noticed, only less prominently, as all the houses on the slope are manifest as well. How much more then in the fifteenth century, when the castle towers, now shorn of well-nigh half their height, must have formed a grim contrast to the delicate stonework and the heavenward pointing spires of our noble Cathedral.

For many a year after the Norman Conquest, most places of any importance were under these two dominions, that of the Church and that of the Soldier. Sometimes the two agreed not well

together, as at Old Sarum, and to those ancient quarrels the beautiful Cathedral and the town of Salisbury are witnesses to this day.* The two characters were not uncommonly found in the same person, as in our Bishop Alexander (to whom we probably owe the three west doors of the Cathedral), who, following in his uncle, Roger of Salisbury's footsteps, built for himself castles at Newark, Sleaford, and Banbury.

A brief sketch of the manner of castle building (not in Spain, or the Editor would soon put a practical veto on this paper), in Britain among the various nations who have dwelt here, may make it tolerably clear how this castle of Lincoln has assumed its present form.

First, then, let us take the British. They selected the summits of hills or other naturally strong positions for their forts. These were defended by a ditch and rampart, sometimes double, and varying in shape and material with the situation. Thus in Wiltshire, the walls are of earth, in Wales (as at Pen-maen-mawr), and Cornwall (as at Castle en Dinas and Chûn), they consist of stones piled together, with a little earth

* The Bishop and Clergy having removed from Old Sarum to the site of the present city, and there built the Cathedral.

occasionally, to form a very effectual defence. Have we any remains of British fortifications in Lincoln? Probably not, though certain earthworks on the Riseholme, the great North Road, have been assigned to this people by some authorities.

But, judging from the rectangular character of these works, the way in which the Roman road bisects them, their distance from the city (600 or 700 yards) and the extreme probability that the British would have placed *their* castle where all the succeeding nations have, *i.e.*, on the brow of the hill, these earthworks are either Roman or erected by Romanized British, to defend their store of cattle from attack.

The Roman method of fortification was as follows: every night, when an army was on a march, a square camp was constructed by forming a deep and wide ditch, and a rampart on the inner side of the ditch from the earth thrown up from it. Then stakes were firmly driven into the rampart, four gates were made, one in each side of the square, and the defences were complete. Their method of fortifying permanently, as at Lincoln, was just the same, save that the ditch and earthern rampart were of greater size, and

that, springing from the natural level of the ground, as a kind of facing to the earthwork, and elevated over it, a stone wall took the place of the palisades of the temporary camp. In the castle, undoubtedly, the existence of the Roman walls (or their ruins, for they almost certainly were ruined in Saxon times) has caused the present plan as far as the west and south walls are concerned. In the west wall, or rather in the earthern rampart on which it stands, just north of the sallyport (which we shall treat of presently) was the old Roman west gate, which was discovered in 1836, but which unfortunately fell down forthwith. In the observatory mound, at the south-east angle of the Castle, are some portions of the Roman south wall of the city.*

The *Saxon* method of defending a position was by making huge earthworks round the area, surrounded by a ditch, and surmounted by palisades or fencing of wood. Inside the area, or forming part of this earthern wall, but always with its own ditch, was a large mound, which would represent the keep of later days. Occasionally there were two mounds, as in this very castle,

* The *first* south wall, for even in Roman times, the original city was too small for its inhabitants, and had to extend its limits towards the river and Brayford.

the keep and the observatory mounds. All the earthworks, then, belonging to the present castle, are almost certainly of Saxon date. They consist of these two circular mounds already mentioned, both in the line of the outer walls, and of a nearly continuous earthern rampart, beginning at the south-west angle, running due north to the north-west angle, then along the north side to the north-east angle, and lessening to the Eastgate, where it stops. It is about fifty to eighty yards broad, and from twenty to thirty feet in height, internally, as Mr. Clark * notes, of easy slope ; externally steep.

On these mounds and earthworks, William the Conqueror, in 1068, ordered fortifications to be erected, and in the execution of this order, one hundred and seventy-six houses were destroyed, probably because they were situated on the glacis, or actually inside the castle area. Most likely these fortifications were of wood (as we know some of William's at York were) and later on they were replaced in stone. At this date, then, we have left the inner part of the eastern gate, the western gate or sallyport, and

* See an admirable paper by G. T. Clark, Esq., on Lincoln Castle, in the Associated Societies' Reports and Papers for 1876, to which I am glad to record my acknowledgments.

the north and west walls. Mr. Clark assigns the keep, the wall running eastwards and westwards from it, and the observatory tower, to a rather later date, but certainly before the close of the eleventh century. The front of the eastern gate, the upper portion of the observatory tower, and the tower called Cobb's Hall are all of Edwardian date, probably about 1300, when Thomas of Lancaster, Earl of Lincoln, was constable of the castle.

The gaol buildings were erected about 1786, the assize courts in 1826.

Here it may be convenient to give a short account of the existing buildings.

The entrance to the castle is now limited to the eastern gate, facing Castle Hill. This was once defended by a barbican consisting of two walls, which started from the present gate, crossed the ditch, and ended each in a small tower. This was still standing in 1790, when it was removed to make a better approach to the castle. Between its walls the drawbridge would be let down. The entrance gate is pointed,* and has two angle turrets over it, by which access was gained to the

* There was a stone lion on each side of the gate, a portion of one remains just outside Cobb's Hall.

walls. A little within it, is the original round-arched Norman gate. Where the present doors stand was the groove for the portcullis, the ancient doors having been fixed about six feet further west. On the right hand side, on entering, is seen, fixed in the wall of a modern porter's lodge, a very beautiful oriel window brought by the late Earl Brownlow, for preservation, from John of Gaunt's palace * in the lower town. It dates probably from the time of his daughter (by Catherine Swynford), Joan, Countess of Westmoreland, who with her mother was buried in the cathedral.

Passing through the gate, and turning to our left, we find a large mound, about forty feet high, capped with buildings, the observatory tower, which has been already mentioned. The wall here (as in many other places) shows evidence of "herring bone" work, that is, flat stones like tiles placed in rows one above another, but sloping in opposite directions, like the backbone of a fish. In Roman building, this work is

* Opposite the palace is a fine Norman building, really the home of St. Mary's Guild, but mis-called John of Gaunt's stables. Behind this is a field, greatly used for football, and occasionally for school treats. A mother of a treated scholar was recently asked where the festivity was being held; with a nice sense of not wishing to be too familiar, she said, "Please, ma'am, in *Mr.* Gaunt's Field!" But *Free* Education will end all tales of this kind.

frequent, but it differs from the Norman use of it, by being continued right through the whole thickness of the wall, here it only forms a facing. Just where the wall begins to ascend the observatory mound, may be noticed a Norman arch blocked up. The observatory tower is square itself, is composed of one half, the western, of Norman date, of two floors, with a good stone staircase in the wall, and an eastern half, of fourteenth century date, also of two floors, flanked by two square turrets. A modern turret caps the whole, and gives its name to the tower. It was erected by Mr. Merryweather, a former governor of the castle, who was of astronomical tastes.

Proceeding along the outer wall, westwards from this, we come to a large circular conical mound, which supports the keep. This is a many-sided building, of the kind called *shell-keeps*, because it simply consists of an outer wall, around the inside of which would be wooden structures, leaving a free space in the midst. The wall is about twenty feet high, and eight feet thick, but the parapet is entirely gone. Where the keep and outer walls join are two small rooms. That on the eastern side has been

groined and vaulted, and may have been an oratory. There are two gates, the one facing south-west to the outer slope of the mound, the other (by which admission is gained) north-east on to the inner slope. The steps up to this are modern, but probably replace older ones in the same place. At the south-west angle of the castle wall is a new piece of stone-work, evidently where a large breach has existed. Here the city west wall joined it, and ran down by Motherby Hill to Brayford. The sally-port on the west side much resembles the eastern gate, but it possesses considerable remains of its barbican, and it is entirely of Norman date. The only other building of antiquarian interest left to be mentioned is the tower at the north-east angle, called Cobb's Hall. It is of horseshoe form, with the curved portion projecting outside the angle of the walls. It has two storeys, both acutely vaulted, and with loop-holes commanding the flanking walls and the country (as it *was !*) opposite. The lower one is reached by a trap-door and ladder, and on some of the stones may be still seen rude carvings, which, doubtless, have wiled away some of the many hours of captivity; for this was, we know, a prison. The roof is reached

by a stone staircase, and the battlements are modern. Here, in the days of *public* executions (happily no more), the last act of many a sordid tragedy was played out.

Before the gallows were erected here, they used to be put at the junction of three roads, at the north-west angle of the castle, close by Hangman's Dyke.

The Assize Courts and gaol need no description here. Apart from them, the view of the grounds inside the castle, which are very well kept up, is very pretty, and the banks well furnished with trees, and the noble expanse of lawn, make a very charming vista on passing through the entrance-gate. In spring, there is a particularly picturesque glimpse of the keep from just below it, in Drury Lane, and even the modern cap to the observatory tower is harmoniously designed. The outer surface of the west mound is covered with trees, while the long stretch of the north wall, unbroken by any tower from angle to angle, is very impressive. It is rather a curious feature of this castle, indeed, that there are so few towers to protect the walls; however, it seems, as we shall see presently, to have been a very hard nut to crack by those who attacked it.

A short sketch of the chief historical events connected with Lincoln Castle will form a fitting finish to this paper.

But little is known of the very early history of the castle, till, in 1140, the Empress Maud made herself *master* (if the apparent misnomer be pardoned!) of the city and the castle. Stephen promptly laid siege to both. The castle was soon taken by assault, though the Empress had the good fortune to effect her escape. Then, by stratagem, William de Romare (who had been made Earl of Lincoln by King Stephen) and Ranulph, Earl of Chester, his half-brother, seized the castle, and held it for the Empress. Stephen again promptly laid siege to it, and the Earl of Chester managed to escape, being lowered over the walls, in this, resembling St. Paul. He joined the army already in the field under the Empress's half-brother, Robert, Earl of Gloucester, who at once marched to the relief of the beleaguered garrison. According to old chroniclers, the Earls swam the Trent at the head of their forces, and attacked Stephen where the slope of the hill was least, that is, on the south-west side, where the new-formed Yarborough Road runs upwards. Stephen, after performing

prodigies of valour, was captured, and, from the ease and completeness of the victory, the battle was known as the "Joust of Lincoln." It was fought on Candlemas Day, 1141.

Again Stephen regained his liberty, and again besieged the Earl of Chester in the castle. This was in 1144. The siege was again unsuccessful. On this occasion, or on the earlier one, he executed those entrenchments, which can still be seen, just to the west of the castle, in what is now "The Lawn" and a field to the north of it. Probably these were made when he first attacked Maud, because, the city being hostile to him, he could not attack the castle from any other side but the west. Two years after this, the Earl of Chester was taken prisoner, and had to resign the castle as part of the price of freedom. "During the reign of Henry II.," writes Mr. Clark, "the Crown recovered much of its power, and Lincoln Castle seems to have been dissociated from the earldom, though the Earl of Chester preserved a hold upon it. Richard de Hay held the constableship in fee, and it descended to his daughter and heiress, Nicholaa, who married Gerard de Camvile, who received from Richard I. the custody of the castle and the farm of the

revenues of the county. Gerard, however, was a partizan of Prince John, and stood a siege in the castle from Longchamp, Chancellor to the absent Richard. The castle was relieved by John, but Gerard lost his office and farm in 1194, until John became king. His widow, Nicholaa, held the castle for the king against the insurgent lords. After the war, King John visited Lincoln, and Nicholaa, then of great age, received him at the east" (west, according to Mr. W. Brooke) "gate of the castle, and offered him the keys, desiring to be relieved on account of her age. John gracefully requested her to retain the keys, and she continued in command throughout his reign, and into that of Henry, his son." In 1216, Gilbert de Gant* (who was nephew of a Gilbert de Gant, Earl of Lincoln, who died in 1156) seized the city for the Dauphin and the barons, and laid siege to the castle. William, Earl Marsechal, in whose hands, after the death of John, the royal authority was vested, assembled an army and marched to Newark. There, the legate of the Pope excommunicated the army of the Dauphin and the barons, and the whole city of Lincoln.

* He was made Earl of Lincoln by the Dauphin, Prince Louis of France.

"Upon the approach (of the Earl Marshall and his army)," says Speed, "if the Counsell of some English Lords had beene followed, the Lewysian Army had issued forth of the City, and giuen them Battle in the open field; but the Earle of Perch (the French Generall), thinking the King's party to be greater than it was, for that the Noblemen and Bannerets thereof had each of them two Ensignes, the one borne with themselues, the other advanced among the carriages, which doubled the shew of their numbers; they did, thereupon, change that course, closed the gates of the City, and plyed their endeavours against the Castle more fiercely than before. The Earle of Pembroke (the Earl Marshall) therfore lets Falcasius (a well-known soldier of fortune) slippe in at the Castle-posterne with his Arbalasters, whiles others breake vp the South-gate of the Citie, at which the King's Army most couragiously entring, and they of the Castle sallying out in Flancke of the Enemy, scattered and utterly defeated the Lewysians. . . . The whole riches of the Lewysian campe, and of the Citie of Lincolne, became the booty and spoyle of the King's Army, wherupon, this discomfiture was called Lewis Fair." The

more general term, I imagine, was Lincoln Fair.

From that date to that of the struggle between King Charles and the Parliament, the castle's record has all the silence of probable peace. In 1642-3, orders were sent from the Parliament to have all the prisoners removed to a place of safety, and that the castle should be put in the hands of the Earl of Lincoln, and be fortified. However, shortly afterwards, we find the Royalist party in possession, with Sir Francis Fane as Governor.

In 1644, the Earl of Manchester attacked the lower city, and became master of it. Two days afterwards, he carried the close and the castle by assault, fifty of the besieged were killed, and more than 700 captured. With this event, the martial history of the castle closes, never, let us hope, to be re-opened. Prisoners, indeed, there are and have been within its walls, but prisoners (except perhaps in 1745) of the civil power alone.

The castle originally, of course, was Crown property, and the custodian or constable was appointed by the Crown. Thus we have seen Nicholaa, a lady, held it in the reign of John.

Henry III. conferred it on William de Longespée, Earl of Salisbury, in 1224, who married the daughter and heiress of Gerard de Camvile, who has been mentioned above.

William's great granddaughter Alice married Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, grandson of Henry III., and thus it was conveyed into the Duchy (afterwards made) of Lancaster, as it passed into the hands of Henry, Earl of Lancaster and Lincoln (the nephew and heir of Thomas), who was created Duke of Lancaster in 1351, and whose daughter Blanche married John of Gaunt, "Time-honoured Lancaster." Their son was Henry IV., so the Constableship and the Earldom became again vested in the Crown. The latter was revived several times, and now is a title of the Ducal family of Newcastle.

In 1832, it was sold by the Duchy of Lancaster to the County of Lincoln.

Finally, the castle, if anywhere, is the proper place for one of Lincoln's greatest needs (from an intellectual point of view, *the* greatest)—a museum.

It is a distinct and damaging blot upon Lincoln as a city that it has nothing of the

kind.* Rich in archæological remains, rich in history, rich in modern mechanism, rich in its cathedral, it is yet absolutely poor in the very thing to bring all these branches of education together into a focus. And there would be no difficulty about filling a museum which had been started. Archæological collections, more or less public, are fairly numerous. First-rate geological, botanical, and entomological collections could be obtained without much difficulty to illustrate the natural history of the district. The same with birds and beasts. Then the various trades of the city should have full recognition of their wants, particularly that of iron and steel work. And probably there is no place where a museum could be more easily or more profitably situated than in those very castle grounds which have been described just now. It has visitors now, it would have crowds with a museum within its walls, especially if local art were to be exhibited, and we have abundance of local art; while loans from South Kensington (such as are lent to the Science and Art School, Monk's Road) and from the

* The Science and Art Schools, indeed, have a room open free as a small museum, to which Bishop Trollope has recently given a most valuable collection of local Saxon "finds," and which has contributions from South Kensington.

county families would serve to change the exhibits from time to time. Let us hope that Lincoln will lose no time in supplying this great defect in her public institutions, and will provide a fitting shrine for the many objects of art, of science, and of archæology which she possesses.

Tattershall, its Lords, its Castle, and its Church.

By E. Mansel Sympson, M.A., M.D. Cantab.

ANCIENT castles, in this island at least, are always interesting, whether from their remote antiquity, like those in Wiltshire, Wales, and Cornwall, from the story of their gallant defence like Newark, from their comparative perfection like Cærnarvon, or from their association with history like The Tower of London, or with the magic of romance like Conisboro' or Carlisle. Again, they are often among the most picturesque objects of our country, as Beaumaris, Dunolly, and Tantallon may testify, while to antiquarians they present a world of interest as their plan, their builders, and their history are discussed, occasionally with a vigour which recalls the fights their walls have witnessed.

Tattershall, it is true, can lay claim to but few of these charms; a huge square pile of almost (Hurstmoncaux excepted) the noblest brickwork

in the kingdom, it can scarcely be called picturesque, it has no sieges whereof to tell us, and its plan and arrangements are fairly well known. Nevertheless its size, the beauty of its workmanship, and the noble families who have been connected with it, may well justify a short account appearing in "Bygone Lincolnshire."

The manor of Tateshale (as it was then written) and Tateshale Thorp, were given by William the Conqueror to one of his attendant knights, called Eudo. His son, Hugh FitzEudo, also distinguished by the surname of Le Breton, in 1139, erected the neighbouring Cistercian Abbey of Kirkstead. A small fragment—part of the south transept apparently—alone is left, reminding one of the stately remains at Kirkstall and Roche, by its unadorned simplicity of style, which distinguished the early buildings of the Cistercian, itself a reformed branch of the Benedictine order. In the chapel—one of the daintiest specimens of Early English (and containing some of the earliest wooden screenwork) in the kingdom,—a few yards south of the Abbey ruin, is a Purbeck marble figure of an armed knight, which, from the fashion of the helmet and other evidence, is believed to be that of Robert de Tateshale

and Kirkstead (a great-grandson of Hugh le Breton), who died in 1212. His son, also a Robert, in 1231, obtained a license from Henry III. to erect a castle of stone here. No remains of that castle are known to exist now; it seems doubtful whether some portions may not have endured into the early years of the present century, but this will be alluded to later on. If these were not so, then probably the first castle —as far as the masonry at least—was entirely swept away when the second castle was rising on its site in all its whilom magnificence. The grandson of the castle-builder was summoned to Parliament, in 1297, as the first Baron de Tateshale, and died in 1298. His daughter, Joan, married Robert Driby, and their daughter married Sir William Bernack. Their son, Sir John Bernack, married Joan, daughter and co-heir of Robert, second Baron Marmion of Widdrington. This is another link (besides Scrivelsby,* which, with Tamworth, had been granted to Robert de Marmion, Lord of Fontenay, by William I., and held by the service of being the royal champion, as the ancestors

* The parish of St. Michael's, Coningsby, only a mile away from Tattershall, also belonged to the ancient baronial family of Marmion.

of Marmion had been to the Dukes of Normandy) between Lincolnshire and this noble family. One of Sir John Bernack's children, Maude, married Sir Ralph Cromwell, afterwards Baron Cromwell, who died in 1398. The family of Cromwell seems to have been settled in the villages of Cromwell and Lambley (a few miles north-east of Nottingham), in Nottinghamshire, since about 1166, and, as far as I can learn, had nothing to do with the ancestors of the "Hammer of the Monks," as Thomas Cromwell was called, or of Oliver, the Protector.

The Cromwells had already, in the thirteenth century, been allied with the family of Marmion, as the third Ralph Cromwell married Mazera, second daughter and co-heir of Philip de Marmion, Lord "of Tamworth tower and town." The second Ralph, Lord Cromwell, died in 1416, and his son, the third Ralph, Baron Cromwell, Lord Treasurer of the Exchequer, married Margaret, daughter of John, Lord Deincourt, built the present castle and church of Tattershall, and died childless in 1455. It would be but a tedious task for my readers if I were to recount the various generations of possessors of Tattershall since that date; suffice it to say then, as

with many other estates, it was granted by Henry VIII. to his absorbing brother-in-law, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, in 1522, again by Edward VI. to Edward, Lord Clinton and Say (afterwards Earl of Lincoln), whose great-grandson, Theophilus, petitioned Parliament for a grant, as the tower had been injured during the civil war; that it continued in the male line of that family till 1693, when a cousin, Bridget, married Hugh Fortesque, an ancestor of the present noble owner, the Earl Fortescue.

So much for the Lords and Ladies of Tattershall, all of my pleasant duty that now remains is to give the readers some ideas of the past and present state of this once magnificent fortalice. It was built, as has been stated above, by Ralph, the third Baron Cromwell, at a cost, historians tell us, of 4,000 marks (a mark—13s. 4d.) We can date its erection, as the late Mr. Nicholson* pointed out, within a very few years by the heraldry which forms its most prevalent ornament. There are the arms of Tattershall, which might be used by any Lord of Tattershall since William I.; of Driby, which would date from the reign

* In an admirable paper on Tattershall, in the Lincolnshire Topographical Society's volume, 1843, which has furnished much of value for this article.

of Henry III.; those of Bernack and Cromwell from Richard II., but Cromwell and Tattershall impaling Deincourt (what an Eastern atrocity this sounds to non-heraldic ears!) shows that not until after the Treasurer's marriage with Margaret Deincourt could the castle have been thus decorated, and as there were no children of that marriage, there could have been no such union of arms after their death. Then again, the frequent repetition of the Purse, the Badge of Office, marks the period of building as that of Ralph being Lord Treasurer, *i.e.*, from 1433-1443. It is an interesting thought for Lincolnshire folk that very probably a celebrated Lincolnshire man, William Patten, of Waynflete, Bishop of Winchester, was the architect of "these bricky towers," as Spenser terms the Temple in the Strand. He was a great architect, a personal friend of Lord Cromwell's, and was one of his executors; the church of Tattershall being unfinished at Cromwell's death, William of Waynflete helped to complete it, having very possibly designed it also.

The plan of a mediæval castle was, generally speaking, as follows. There was an outer wall, with a ditch surrounding it, over which a draw-

bridge would give access to the main entrance. Then separated from the first wall by a second ditch, would be a second—the inner wall. Both walls would be strengthened by towers at appropriate points. Within this inner ward (as the space inside the inner wall was termed) the chief living-rooms, the barracks, so to speak, would stand. Finally there would be the donjon, or keep, the strongest of the castle-buildings, built very frequently on a mound,—these mounds being due in many cases to Saxon engineering skill,—and capable of itself withstanding for some time any hostile attack, even though the rest of the castle was in the enemy's hands. Those who have seen Conisboro' Castle, in Yorkshire, will have a good idea of a Norman keep.

Tattershall Castle was defended by an incomplete outer moat, which starting at the north-east angle, went along the north and west sides and joined the river Bain: there is still some water in portions of this ditch. The inner moat *was* complete, and the wall surrounding it is still in fair condition; it was supplied with water by a culvert from the outer moat about the middle of the north side, which is plainly visible, and which was specially defended by

a strong tower. Between the two moats at various parts of the outer wall were some guard-houses (portions of which still exist), the tower just mentioned, and on the east side, where there is no outer moat, there was an outstanding Barbican (part of which still remains as a private house), probably to defend the main entrance, which was nearly in the same line as the present pathway. The inner ward now is almost flat, it unfortunately was levelled early in the present century. However, from a plate, published by Buck, in 1727, which is in the writer's possession, we can gather that at that date the entrance gate, protected by a portcullis and with turrets at the angles, the eastern portion of the chapel, showing an apse with three perpendicular windows, and great part of the dining-hall, with a bay window (just as the College Halls of Cambridge have now), were standing. There are also some buildings visible in the print, which Mr. Nicholson thought to be of Henry III's. date, and so to be remains of the first castle on this site. Now we come to the chief feature of the place, the so-called Castle, which in reality was only the representative of the keep of earlier days. It is eighty-seven feet long by sixty-nine

feet wide, and the parapet of its angle turrets is no less than one hundred and twelve feet above the level of the ground at its base. Brick is the main element in its composition; there have been varied patterns in brick-work on its walls, and some of the groining of brick in the upper rooms is most delicately moulded, and may well serve for a lesson to us, even in this nineteenth century, in artistic workmanship. Stone is used for the windows, the machicolations, and the chimney-pieces, which are very fine, and are ornamented with coats of arms, and the Treasurer's Badge. The coping of the battlements, as Bishop Trollope has pointed out,* is not of stone, as it appears to be, but of excellent cement. The large windows, which are quite as evident on the west or exposed side as on that facing the inner ward, show that the great change in warfare was in process, that "villainous saltpetre" was changing the type of fortification from a massive tall keep like Rochester or Conisboro' to low walled earth-works such as those which still surround Berwick, and which were erected in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Also, these windows show that the

* In a paper on "The Use and Abuse of Red Bricks," Associated Architectural Societies' Reports and Papers, 1858, to which I am glad to confess considerable indebtedness.

nobleman's Castle was changing into the nobleman's Palace, of which again the Elizabethan buildings such as Longleat, Hatfield, or Haddon Hall are the finest examples. Access is gained to all the rooms above the ground-floor by a spiral or newel staircase in the south-east turret, the hand-rail, continuous and ingeniously moulded in stone, being noticeable. There seem to have been no less than forty-eight separate apartments, four of these being very large, and occupying the centre of the building, one over another. That on the ground-floor may possibly have been the common hall; it is entered by a door on the east side, has large and beautiful windows, and a very elegant fireplace. The corresponding room on the first floor may have been the hall of state. Over that again were two more large rooms, on the second and third stories, the latter being far the loftiest of the series. Their floors would be of timber, overspread with plaster, and at the top of the third storey there was a lead roof. In the eastern wall on the second floor is a beautiful vaulted gallery, on the third floor this is made into two apartments, which are vaulted in brick in a still richer style than the former. At the top, a covered-in gallery, well

supplied with loop-holes, runs round partly over the machicolations (as the holes under the projecting parapet are called, through which the defenders could securely pour "boiling oil or something humorous"—as the Savoyard poet sings,—on their assailants when they had reached the foot of the wall and were out of reach of ordinary missiles), and the walls, from turret to turret. In each of these turrets there are fireplaces, partly no doubt for the warders' comfort, but chiefly for the prompt supply of material for the warm welcome which has just been mentioned. On the south of the inner court is a large piece of ground, elevated and surrounded by a stone wall except on its eastern side, this may have been used for tilting and other exercises. Eastwards it joins a still larger portion of ground on the south of the church, probably the garden of the castle, this is walled in (with brick) and in the spandrils of a doorway in the south wall are the arms of Tattershall and Cromwell, and Deincourt.

About four miles from Tattershall are the remains of another tower—Tower le Moor—of the same date and construction (only much smaller, it was not more than sixty feet high, and

only one angle exists; more is to be seen in Buck's sketch, about 1727, also in the writer's possession) as Tattershall Castle, and probably built by Lord Cromwell as a hunting box.

A brief reference to the once Collegiate Church of Holy Trinity, Tattershall, may well close this paper. It was chiefly built and endowed by the same Robert, third Lord Cromwell, for seven priests, six secular clerks, and six choristers, but, being unfinished at his death, was completed by Bishop William of Waynflete. The church is large, well proportioned, and with a fine tower. It consists of nave, chancel, and transepts. The size of the windows (as is usual in the perpendicular style) and their unfortunate freedom from colour (the original stained glass was presented to St. Martin's, Stamford, in the middle of the last century) give a particularly light effect to the nave, which is rather enhanced by the absence of any seats, the choir alone being used for service. In the north transept are some very interesting brasses, most of which have been removed from the choir to their present place. They commemorate Lord Cromwell (the founder) and Margaret his wife, his nieces Maude and Joan Stanhope, the first and second Provosts of

the College, Warde and Moor, and William Symson, a chaplain to one Edward Hevyn. They are among the finest specimens of their kind.

The choir is separated from the rest of the church by a stone rood-screen and loft, which is of the date 1528. There are traces of an altar on the west side on the north and south of the central doorway, an arrangement similar to the rood screens at Exeter and Norwich, and generally in England, and one which was very prevalent in France. A full description of this screen illustrated by a plan and west view, has been given elsewhere* by the present writer.

In conclusion, it may be said that a very pleasant day may be spent in seeing Tattershall Castle and Church, then walking along the side of the Bain to Coningsby, which has a fine church, and some interesting old brickwork in several of its houses, thence about four miles to Kirkstead, where the remains of the abbey and the chapel may be seen, and the traveller may catch a train there or walk on to Woodhall Spa.

* On Lincolnshire Rood-screens and Rood-lofts. Associated Architectural Societies' Volume for 1890.

Bolingbroke Castle.

By Tom Robinson, M.D.

THE Castle of Bolingbroke affords some points of interest to the archæologist. Its appearance at present is not suggestive of much information. The traveller who passes along the valley of Bolingbroke sees a practically smooth expanse, and the only traces of the existence of what was at one time one of the most important fortified spots in the east of England, are the undulations of the ground and the depressions of the moats. Yet our fathers probably saw more practical evidence of the existence of a castellated structure that survived till 1815, the old gate-house, which contained within itself the dungeons that have immured the victims of many generations. The best description of Bolingbroke Castle is the one which Holles has left in the Harleian MSS., British Museum. He has there told us something of what must have been the appearance of the

castle. He takes as an axiom the fact that the castle was built by William de Romana, at a date which we may assume to be about A.D. 1100. The theory which postulates that previous structures existed before his time is perfectly open. We know the Romans may have had a station at the spot. The evidence which identifies the Roman Banavallum with Horncastle is extremely weak. We are entitled to assume the existence of Banavallum, but it may have been at any spot along the Bane river. It is therefore possible its situation may have been at Bolingbroke or anywhere else.

The fact that the only opening into the depression in which stand the ruins of the castle and village is towards the south and west is a significant one. The original builder of the castle selecting a valley on the brook for its site is a significant one also, but the hills, which are to the north and east of Bolingbroke, although near enough to permit modern guns to bombard and destroy the town, would be far beyond the reach of mere bows and slings. The access by water would be easy, and it must not be forgotten that the water courses get narrower and shallower as time advances, whereas, in the time of the

building of Bolingbroke Castle, they would be deep enough to permit the free passage of the monoxylon, or dug-out canoe of the early Britons. Nor were the boats of the Middle Ages in any way larger or more easy of navigation.

However inexplicable the fact is that a fortress should have been built in a valley, the fact is so, and mere ontology and speculation will not help us. The theory may be propounded that it was constructed in the face of an enemy, and that it marks the site of an old "zereba." This site, whether employed by Coritavian, by Roman or Saxon, was used by the Norman castle builder, and we had, as a result, an edifice which was for years a castle of authority against the surrounding population. Bolingbroke Castle was for centuries one of the most important strongholds in the east of England. Imagination alone can lead us to conjecture what the old castle of William de Romana was like. It was probably quadrangular in form, with four turrets and battlements around protecting the inmates. The entrance was over a drawbridge.

The barbican or gate-house, which acted as a *tête du pont* to the bridge, was the last relic of the castle to survive, was a high structure, and a

portcullis served as the entrance to the enciente. Another portcullis, analogy leads us to infer, probably defended the castle gate inside the moat. The sandstone of which the castle was built probably fell into ruin in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who erected some spacious chambers within it. These rooms were used by the Chancellors of the Duchy of Lancaster, and the records of the whole country were kept in them. The auditors of the accounts seem usually, like the commissioners of Woodstock in Scott's novel, to have been disturbed by a ghost in the likeness of a hare.

In the time of Charles the First, the constable of the castle appears to have been Lord Castlemaine, who received £500 a year out of a pension of £1000 a year granted by the king to his infamous wife. At this time, the church windows were full of stained glass commemorative of the counties of Lancaster and Chester, and the families of Lacy, Meschines, Willughby, Longespec, Clifford, Spenser, Cantilupe, Beke, Deyncourt, Rochford, and Slight.

"The Knights are dust
Their swords are rust
Their souls are with the Saints we trust."

Cromwell's soldiers destroyed these windows, and the fire from the castle during the siege damaged the church. Of the outward events which led to their destruction, it is now my duty to speak. Of the battle of Winceby (October 1643), I need say little, although its results led to the termination of the career of Bolingbroke as a stronghold. Suffice it to say that the Royalist army, under the command of Sir John Henderson, were totally defeated, and the castle of Bolingbroke surrendered to the enemy. Like Tattershall, the old fortress was dismantled and became a ruin, which the Restoration did not revive. To the east of the lines of former walls which mark the site of the once proud Bolingbroke Castle, may be seen traces of the entrenchments of the Parliamentary army.

During the time of the Georges, the castle grew worse and worse, till at last the old barbican was the only relic left. This disappeared in 1815, and so departed the glories of Bolingbroke Castle.

> "New people fill the land now they are gone,
> New gods the temple, and new kings the throne."

The records of the Duchy of Lancaster are now in a Whitehall office, and one of the most

interesting ruins of antiquity is for ever lost to us. Yet it is a pity that no picture of Bolingbroke Castle, as it was in the days of its glory, has been preserved to us. In fact it is disappointing to the antiquary to be able to glean so little in his attempts to preserve a true record of this birth-place of a king. And it is also surprising to find so little evidence of the presence of a castle on the site where it once stood. And we can have little doubt that the population must have carried the castle away for some purpose such as to build other structures or possibly to repair the road.

Ancient Stained Glass, and the Great Earl Beaumont.

By T. Tindall Wildridge.

AN informing and voluminous, but utterly mistaken and unnecessary work might be produced by taking any ancient stained glass window, naming the costumed figures therein after more or less prominent individuals of the date indicated, and giving picturesque descriptions of their stirring times—and are not all times stirring—with snatches of biography, and a convincing array of dates.

It is but to write, it would seem, a sample chapter of such a work, to speak long upon the two figures in the stained glass of St. Peter's, Barton.

These figures bear about them nothing that can identify them as being the portraits of any particular individuals; and to record the conviction that the one in the palmer's dress was merely intended to represent St. James the Great, and

that in panoply, St. George, is but to echo the suggestion of Poulson. That industrious writer had an aptitude for falling into error, in which respect, it may be noted, he was not singular; yet, in a simple question of judgment, he is nearly as good to follow as any other antiquary that ever veiled *charta pura* with mole-like researches, especially when one agrees with him.

Yet, on the other hand, that intangible shade, Tradition,—that haunts the congenial precints of our ancient churches, filling in with a shadowy yet confident finger the blanks in all our draft-like records,—gives names to these two figures. They are Beaumonts, she says; yet having but a kaleidoscopic eye for coloured glass, she shifts her story uncertainly, variously styling them in one breath, both Henry Lord Beaumont; and, in another, calls the palmer Henry, and the warrior, William.

Not often is garrulous old Tradition without a basis of fact for her misty stories; it is ill work to flatly contradict her, and, therefore, remembering how often a modicum of truth has eventually appeared in her almost absurdities, we, in spite of our better judgment, incline half an ear to her explanation of these figures. Perhaps, though

really representations of the saints named, they were given the faces of the lord or successive lords of the manor. Or, which is the more probable, the first Beaumont of Barton perhaps

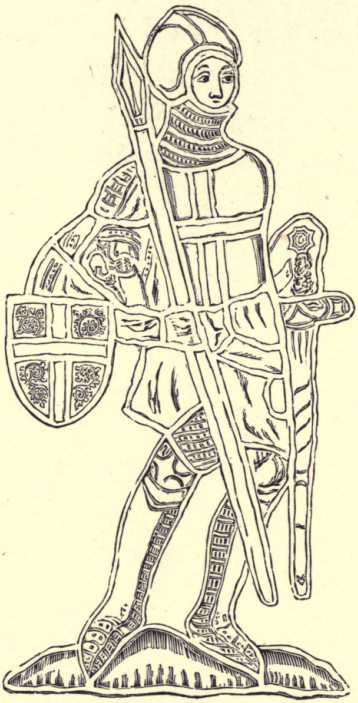


FIGURE IN ANCIENT STAINED GLASS, BARTON-ON-HUMBER.

gave the window in which they first were, with other portions of the church ; which might reasonably be the case, for he came into possession of the manor in 1307, when, from the style of the

architecture, it is probable the building was being rebuilt, and in a forward state. The armour of St. George bears out this conjecture exactly enough, being early plate-mail, with parts of the

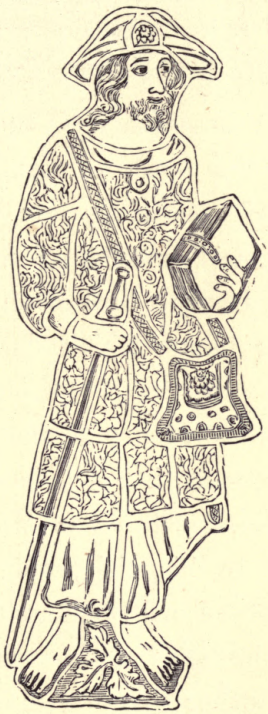


FIGURE IN ANCIENT STAINED GLASS, BARTON-ON-HUMBER.

yet not entirely superseded chain-mail. It is not impossible that this Beaumont entirely restored the Church.

A long-ago vanished inscription, said to have

been in this church, ingeniously set forth the most illustrious marriage points in the pedigree of the Beaumonts thus :

> "Rex Hiersolimus cum Bello-monte locatur,
> Bellus Mons etiam Boghan consociatur
> Bellus Mons iterum Langicostro religatur
> Bellus Mons etiam Oxoniae titulatur."

This brilliant terseness unfortunately occasions the need of a few notes to make it intelligible.

The King of Jerusalem was Charles, whose second son, Lewis, marrying Agnes of Bello-monte, France, became lord of that city, and his issue took the name, which later melted into Beaumont.

Boghan refers to Henry Beaumont, the fourth in descent, who, marrying an heiress of Alexander, Earl of Boghan, constable of Scotland, eventually succeeded to his title, office, and estates. He was "the great Lord Beaumont," being he who had the grant in fee of the manor of Barton-on-Humber, with other manors, in 1307, upon the death of Lora, the widow of Gilbert de Gant, who, like Henry Beaumont himself, was a relative of the king, Edward II. De Gant seems to have been a grasping and tyrannical land lord, one instance being his oppressive and exorbitant

tolls upon local trade. It is, perhaps, indicative of a new state of things that almost immediately after his grant of the Manor of Barton, the king granted to Henry de Bellomonte a new charter for a weekly market, and a yearly fair of seven days' duration. Twelve years later, Henry granted the manor to his sister Isabella, widow of John de Vesci, for her life. Henry carried an unjust steward of his, one Adam de Kydale, into the Court of King's Bench, at York, for deficiencies in his account of the rents of Barton. The amount of damages was large, and suggestive of an easy-going character on the part of the lord of the manor. Upon the whole, there is a dim suggestion of benignness and careless good-nature in what we can learn of Henry, Lord Beaumont, that does something towards accounting for Dame Tradition's attempt to immemorate him as the original of the stained glass figures.

"Langicostro" indicates Eleanor, daughter of Henry, Earl of Lancaster, whom John, Lord Beaumont, K.G., Constable of England, married.

Similarly "Oxoniæ" points to Margaret, daughter of John de Vere, Earl of Oxford, who was married to Henry, Lord Beaumont, who died in 1413

But our interest flags with the death of the first Henry, the great lord, in 1340. Little can be said about a William, Lord Beaumont, of 1296, in connection with this glass, tradition and Mr. William Fowler being probably entirely wrong in attributing this painted figure of a red-cross knight to him.

Mr. Fowler engraved both the figures in 1806, a third their actual size, which is, in height, about two feet. These engravings Fowler, as was usual with his publications, laboriously coloured by hand.

The glass is now in the Late Perpendicular east window, being removed from a situation of earlier date, as, say, the portion of the church in the Early Decorated style, added by the great Lord Henry.

On the Population of Lincolnshire.

By Tom Robinson, m.d.

THE origin of a people may be tested by two methods, the one anatomical, the other philological. Our Lincolnshire population gives us the means of finding the full value of this argument.

There are two ways wherein we may look at the inhabitants of any nation. We may take the characters of the race as we see them or as we hear them. The first test is the safest, the second the easiest. It will be my duty to take the second one first.

The Germans especially, amongst whom Benfey and Schleicher are the leaders, adopting a method which has been since applied with more or less success by Max Müller, group man not only for reasons of what he is like, but for what he says, and what others hear that he says. They take a word like *father*. Assuming that f and p are interchangeable, on a law which Grimm

had defined, they trace it out through the French *père*, the German *fader*, the Spanish and Italian *padre*, till we get to the Latin *pater* and the Greek πατηρ. From this we make a step at once to the Sanskrit. In the word *pitar* we have this origin. Now, when this theory is applied on a large sense, and to large races of men, it is not always successful. It is only when it is applied in detail that we are enabled to appreciate its powerful importance as a "gablick" [crowbar] (I use a word of my own district of Lincolnshire), which may help us to turn over some of the hard lumps of earth which bury the rich and succulent roots of the anthropology of east Lincolnshire.

We see in the existing population of Lincolnshire much that seems to give us an index of the proportion of existing surnames to the various members of the dark or light-haired population of the district. If we take a village like East Kirkby, select the individuals of well-marked cranial, capillary, and ocular character, and arrange them according to the surnames which they bear, we see that a rough index to the population may be given.

In this investigation I have been much assisted by the prior investigations of Dr. R. S. Charnock,

late President of the Anthropological Society of London, whose "Ludus Patronymicus" has been for years the text book on the subject.

My friend Dr. Carter Blake, late secretary to the Anthropological Society of London, has also kindly aided me. We may take the members of the families, Ealand, Chatterton, Brooks, Hand, Fowler, Spring, Skelton, Sheriff, and Ironmonger as dark-haired individuals, where names are certainly derived from Anglo-Saxon origin. With these we may associate the fair-haired population, comprising the Clarksons, Thorndykes, and Rowsons. Other elements exist, Watson (D) and Adlard (D) are German, Maughan (F) is Welsh. Thompson (F) Syriac, Allbones (D) Latin, and Dennis (D) Greek = Διονυσος are probably mere *Kultur-namen*, after saints or martyrs, and the same applies to Adams (F) where the Hebrew root is perpetuated, doubtless as a Biblical name. Orry (F) is from a Keltic root, derived directly from ν—δ, Blakie (D) is Scotch, Baggallay (F) is Scotch or Gaelic, and Panton (F) is French. Only Storr (D) is Scandinavian. We see thus, taking twenty-nine families at random, that sixteen of them are certainly of a dark complexion,

whilst only twelve are fair. What now becomes of the once prevalent theory that the population of Lincolnshire were particularly fair-haired? Against this, I make the assertion confidently that the majority of the population within this district is especially dark-haired, and that only one family, the Storrs, can be said to show a name which has been derived from a Scandinavian origin. The blue-eyed, fair-haired brachycephalic * people that we find in Holderness and other localities in Yorkshire are entirely absent, and we do not find their representatives at East Kirkby or its vicinity.

Carefully going over those names, the first fact with which we are struck is the entire absence, with one exception, of many names which are usually called Scandinavian. We had a prejudice to look for Danes, and we do not find them. Even the neighbouring population on the other side of the Doggerbank, who have left traces of Flemish or Dutch words in the vocabulary of Lincolnshire are entirely absent.

* All skulls of which the proportions of the transverse to the longitudinal diameter is greater than eighty per cent., are termed short-headed, or brachycephalic; all in which it is less than eighty per cent. long-headed, or dolichocephalic. There are many intermediate steps between these two extremes, to which various names have been given.

EYE-COLOURS IN LINCOLNSHIRE TOWNS.

(From Beddoe).

Number.		Sex.	Eyes Light.					Eyes Light.	Eyes Intermediate or Neutral.					Eyes Neut'r	Eyes Dark.					Eyes Dark.	Index per cent.
			Red.	Fair.	Brown.	Black.	Nigres-ence.		Red.	Fair.	Brown	Dark.	Nigr.		Red.	Fair.	Brown	Dark.	Nigr.		
Grantham per cent.	300	both	2·7	12·1	34·6	10·3	·7	60·4	3	1	6	5·3	...	12·6	4	1·3	8·15	2·4	...	27	19
Barrowby, Harlaxtons, Marthorpe, and Grantham	300	both	2·7	13·7	35·3	11·5	·5	63·7	1	·7	7·7	·6	·3	15·6	...	1·3	5·2	12·1	2·	20·6	15·8
Stamford town per cent.	200	fem.	4	11·5	30	9·	...	54·5	...	·7	7·2	·6	...	14·	2·	1·	5·	20·5	3·	31·5	22·3
Do. peasants	175	...	5	34	61·5	16·5	...	117	...	...	10·5	10·	·3	21·	...	5	7·5	24·5	...	37·	12·5
Per cent.		...	2·9	19·4	35·1	9·4	...	668	...	...	6·	5·7	·3	12	...	3	4·3	13·7	2·8	21·1	...
Lincolnshire		...	3	15·2	32·6	8·6	·2	59·4	3	1·1	6·3	5·4	·1	13·4	...	1	7·3	15·7	2	26·	12·6

If we turn to the river names of Lincolnshire, we have evidence which is in perfect accordance with this fact. I am forced to go into this argument in some detail.

The population of Lincolnshire is therefore received by Dr. Beddoe as a particularly fair-haired population. But a writer in *Lincolnshire Notes and Queries* brings arguments to prove that a dark-haired Celtic population exists in Lincolnshire. He does not base this argument upon the physical characters, but on the river names.

We have consulted the best etymologists of river names. He has gone through the works of Fergusson and Taylor with little profit. Keltic river names are not confined to the Isle of Axholme. Probably eighty per cent. of the river names of Europe are of Keltic origin. Ax is not found in any Keltic dictionary for "water," it comes from a Greek word for water through the Keltic word for the same. It is the same word as Ex, Ox, Ix, Usk, Wisk, Wash, Ouse, and by many more names, as Dr. Charnock had long ago shown.

In the article in *Lincolnshire Notes and Queries*, there is a mixture of Welsh and Gaelic. *Rhos* in Welsh is a moor, waste, or coarse high-

land. The Gaelic *ros* is rendered by Armstrong a promontory or isthmus.

The first syllable in Gamsen might come from *cam*, crooked, but without accounting for the last syllable it is no derivation.

Ross is found in other parts of England, especially in Cornwall, and in Scotland and Ireland.

The last syllable in Crowle is probably leg, as in Acle and some other names.

Mawe is hardly from *moel*. Conf- St. Mawer, *i.e.*, St. Mary's in Cornwall, parish of St. Just.

When I see that perhaps eight per cent. of European river names are of Keltic origin, I must add that many of the Keltic words are of Greek or Latin origin. Thus, according to Dr. Charnock, we have in this way probably 600 or 700 names from ὑδορ, ποταμος, ρεω, *amnis, fluvius, rivus, aqua.*

We have a notion of what the early British, and consequently the inhabitants of Lincolnshire, must have been like in Strabo (A.D. 1); he says, "The men are taller than the Celts of Gaul, their hair is not so yellow, and their limbs are more loosely knit. To show how tall they are, I may say that I saw myself some young men at Rome,

and they were taller by six inches than anyone in the city, but they were bandy-legged, and had a clumsy look." Here we have the bandy-legged character, common to all agricultural labourers; and which would be specially noticeable in Rome. The "six inches," however, is an obvious exaggeration. But we have a statement that the Britons were darker than the Gauls, and darker than the Celts of Gaul. Broca has asserted that there never have been Celts in Great Britain, and that no British people ever call themselves Celts; they were never so called by ancient writers, and they do not possess the physical character of the Celts of history. The real Celts, he considers, are the people of Central France, who are the decendants of the Celts of Cæsar. The term Celt is therefore an anthropological term, incorrectly used, and at variance with the signification given alike by classical writers and modern anthropologists.

Careful investigation, village by village, is necessary for Lincolnshire. Two hundred observations alone are before me. The names of the localities are not given, but we are told that in Lincolnshire, the average height, with or without shoes, is inches 68·16, metres 1·732, are

light eyed, and only 36·0 dark eyed. The following facts, taken from Dr. Beddoe's "Races of Britain," will help us a little.

A theory may be suggested that the dark population of Lincolnshire, if it exists, may be the remains of the old Cimbric element in Kent, among the descendants of the so-called Jutes. We find, occasionally, a dark-haired population. But it must not be forgotten that the invaders of England, "Saxon, or Dane, or Norman, etc.," did not bring their women with them, and, therefore, that the dark element proceeds from one only of the assumed race progenitors. It is this dark-haired population of Lincolnshire that I am going to describe in detail.

Modern Anthropology has grown out of the idea which made of the whole of our British country a Saxon people. The speculations of Gustaf Kombst are now scarcely tolerated by modern science; yet even Beddoe has pointed out the difficulty of showing how the waves of popular opinion have varied, in a passage on page 269 of the "Races of Britain," yet the existence of the dark-haired population of Lincolnshire is entirely ignored by the anthropologist of the present day. It is my purpose to make these

dry bones live, to show in the existing population of Lincolnshire an element of dark-haired population that may or not be the relics of previously existing Celts, or the descendants of the piebald Viking invaders. To demonstrate these facts is a hazardous task, when the Anthropometrical Committee of the British Association say that out of the population of Lincolnshire, 61·0, the average height, including clothes, being in lbs. 162·9; kilogrammes, 74·0; the ratio, lbs. weight per inch of stature, weight, height, 2·390; of light blue, blue, dark blue, and grey eyes, with very fair, light brown, or brown hair, we have 34·6 per cent.; with black or dark brown hair, 23·7 per cent.; with golden or red hair, 2·8 per cent.; the total fair eyes being 61·0 per cent.; of brown, hazel, or black eyes, with brown, dark brown, and black hair, 32·8 per cent.; fair hair, 1·1 per cent.; red and dark hair, 2·3 per cent.; the total of dark eyes being 36·2 per cent. Other combinations such as green, light brown eyes with light or dark hair, amounted to 2·8 per cent.

The locations that have been selected for the purpose of observation are chiefly market towns, and the aboriginal, or it may be, autochthonal, population is almost entirely ignored. Such

statistics, if taken village by village, will be of inestimable value. It is this population which forms the part of England that was most exposed to continual attacks. This has made a hardy, rugged, and pure-living race, an industrious race that may compete with any on the score of worth and virtue. The precepts of the old Stoics are exemplified in Lincolnshire by persons who have never heard of their teaching, but fulfilled the precepts which they unconsciously follow. A hardy peasant will expose himself to the most inclement weather with the slightest covering. His own inherent warmth protects him against rheumatism, fever, or the other sequelæ of damp. It is this warmth which renders me proud to acknowledge my birth in one of England's most beautiful gardens, where the hardy peasant

> "O fortunatos nimium, si sua bona norint,
> Agricolas!"

derives the means of his support from one of the most generous soils of western Europe. The Lincolnshire peasant who perpetuates the blood of the old Coritavi, inherits the proudest traditions of England.

Superstitious Beliefs and Customs of Lincolnshire.

By the Rev. Wm. Proctor Swaby, d.d.

IF asked to give an account of Lincolnshire, perhaps nine people out of ten would describe it as a county of fens and fogs, of swampy marshland and ague, a county of slowly moving, and slower thinking, people, and, on the whole, as a part of England almost entirely devoid of interest. Well, it is true, there are fens, and there are fogs occasionally, there are acres of marshland, and miles of dreary-looking "fitties." There are muddy lanes, and muddier stretches of samphire-covered shore. There are long lines of sandhills covered with prairie-looking bents, and leagues of country with no eminence higher than a molehill. To the ordinary tourist there is not much, perhaps, that is specially attractive. And yet, in charming bits of scenery and glimpses of picturesque beauty, there are some parts of the county which will compare

favourably with any county in England. In the north-east, among the Wolds especially, there are snug little hamlets, nestling under the shadows of the chalk hills, sheltered by magnificent trees, fringed by meadow and cornland, and possessing a beauty peculiarly their own. There are isolated villages, approached by winding lanes, with their flower-covered banks, and hedges of hawthorn. Antiquated-looking buildings peep out of their woody surroundings, grand old-fashioned farm houses, with their yards crowded at times with noble-sized stacks of corn, teams of well-fed and well-groomed horses slowly moving here and there, on farms which can boast a thousand acres of tilled land, streams or "dikes" teeming with pike and eels, pastures dotted over with sheep and cattle, or well-tilled fields rich with waving corn. In places such as these, rural life goes on and old-world customs are followed, as they were a century ago, unshaken by the express speed of our times, and affording an agreeable change from the keen competition and the hurry and bustle of towns.

Nor are the lowland parts of the county without their special beauty and their rich variety of animal and plant life. The county holds a fore-

most place for the magnificence and variety of its ecclesiastical architecture. Boston, Grantham, Louth, and a score of others, are among the finest churches in the country, while for purity of style, for grace and dignity of outline, and abundant wealth of decoration, Lincoln Minster holds a premier place. The county, too, is *not* the swampy bog which outsiders suppose it to be, nor are the natives amphibious. Thanks to the excellent system of drainage, it is one of the driest and healthiest of English counties. The death-rate, as a whole, will compare favourably with any other part of England, while the rainfall is less by many inches than the average for the whole country, and more than fifty per cent. less than Cumberland, Westmoreland, and West Lancashire. The common conception of Lincolnshire is not accurate. To him who has the skill to read, the land and the people are full of interest. But that is so everywhere and always. It is only those who have eyes who can see.

As time goes on, it will become better known, its beauty will be more appreciated, its geology, its history, its people, and its fund of quaint customs and beliefs will become more familiar, and deemed of higher interest, and the present

belief that the sun can only be seen at midday, that saltmarsh and bog make up its acreage, that ague and malarial fever are as common as measles, that its people are amphibious, and that there is nothing attractive within its limits, will give place to a truer conception, and a just estimate of what is its real beauty and worth.

As in all agricultural districts, where the means of locomotion are comparatively small, and the opportunities of mind rubbing against mind few and far between, the people think slowly. It does not require a surgical operation to get an idea into a fenman's head, as it is said to do in the case of a Scotchman with regard to a joke; but a new idea enters into his mind with difficulty, though, having once seized upon it, you cannot, without extreme difficulty, dispossess him of it. The "oldest inhabitant" has his "gospel" of beliefs and village traditions, to which he clings tenaciously, and which the enlightenment of the nineteenth century has not yet been powerful enough to remove. The power of the "evil eye," witches who turn themselves into hares, fairies who frequent the fields and dance their midnight rounds, ghosts who walk the earth till cockcrow, are as real to him, and perhaps more so, than the

fact of the Reformation or the Battle of Waterloo.

It is a most interesting, but difficult, and often a disappointing search after the origin of many of these quaint beliefs, which still exist in the fens and wolds of the county.

"Thou weänt he' noa luck to daäy, I knaw," says the goodwife to her husband as he sets out from home, "cos I heard that owd craw croäkin' ower my left showder this mornin', and I knaw it dussent croäk like that for nowt."

Where could the goodwife learn that there is bad luck in the croak of a crow? For one thing, she confounds the crow with the raven; but of the raven, of her own personal knowledge, she has nothing evil to tell. The fact is, that the raven got a bad name in the far past, and it clings to him. His ancestors have held it ever since the flood, and, like the dog with a bad name, no subsequent good living can free him from the reproach. Among men, the antiquity of a name is held sufficient to atone for the bad deeds of its founder. He may have been guilty of the worst of crimes, but if the name has passed through the filter of a long pedigree all stain is removed, and the delinquencies of all former holders of the

name are rather looked upon as ornaments than otherwise. It is not so with the raven. He can trace his pedigree back to antediluvian times, but he carries with him his bad name still. In the Mosaic Law, he is called unclean (Lev., ix., 15, Deut. xiv., 14). The writer of the Proverbs speaks of his bad habits (Prov., xxx., 7). The prophet, when wishing to depict in strong colours the desolation which was coming upon the land of Idumea, alludes to the solitary habits of this weird bird (Isa., xxxiv., 11). The Romans called him *infausta cornix*, and because he looked preternaturally wise, they dedicated him to Apollo, as a bird of divination, and looked upon him then, as the Lincolnshire wife looks upon him now, as a messenger of bad luck, and sometimes a prognosticator of death. Climatic changes don't kill him. He braves alike the bitter cold of the Arctic regions, or the fierce heat of the torrid zone. He is as much at home in all climates as the Wandering Jew, and, like him, some people believe he never will die.

But where did that ploughman's wife learn all this? He belongs, we are told by naturalists, to the great and widespread and ancient family of the *corvidæ*, which are nearly all omniverous and

voracious scavengers. Nothing comes amiss to them in the way of food. They are all bold, cunning, inquisitive, and terrible thieves. There is something weird and wise in the expression of a raven's face, and a union of mischievous cunning and malignity in the twinkle of his bright black eye. His black-blue plumage, the colour of midnight and death, his hoarse croak, his solitary habits, and his carrion-loving tastes and bad deeds generally (as the shepherd will tell you, not altogether undeserved), all contribute to the belief that he is an uncanny bird, and possesses preternatural knowledge. But where did the hind's wife learn this? To the fenman, in olden days, the raven was a bird of ill omen; for the Scandinavian rover, who harried the coasts, with whom cunning and cruelty were virtues, he held, in common with all northern peoples, the raven as a sacred bird. Hugin and Munin, in northern mythology, were the two sacred ravens who sat on the shoulders of the god Odin, and whispered into his ears all that their keen eyes saw. By the war-loving Norseman or Dane, whose floating ship was his home, whose deck was his bed, whose highest boast was that he had never spared in fight man, woman, nor child, nor ever drained a

horn by the light of a cottage fire, the raven, cruel, voracious, and blood-loving, was deemed a kingly bird. Nor could the sight of the battle flag, borne by the plundering Dane pirate—on which the raven was displayed as late as the year 1200—mean anything to the fenman in those far-off times but ill luck, plunder, death. To him the raven would mean ill luck. But the goodwife who warns her husband to-day knows nothing of Hugin or Munin, or Scandinavian or Dane; no, but from mouth to mouth, through century after century, the raven's association with questionable deeds has been handed down, and as her ancestors said ages ago, as her mother taught her, so says she: "There's nowt soä unlucky as to heär a raven croäk, specially if its ower the left showder."

One other old custom, which may have travelled down from the far past, used to prevail in the extreme east of the county, and which may do so still. An old shepherd we knew used always, after parturition, to throw the "cleansing" upon a hawthorn bush. "It brought luck," he used to say. The writer does not lay claim to knowledge sufficient to explain the reason, but may not the fact that

fruit-bearing trees were sacred to Freya—the goddess of love and pleasure, and whose blessing was deemed essential to the well-being of the offspring of animals—have something to do with this curious custom? Customs like these are like fossils in the stone, or like the moat round the old castle; they enable us to get a glimpse of what were the beliefs and life of our fathers in the far past.

Perhaps no county has a greater store of superstitious beliefs than Lincolnshire. They begin with a child's birth and before, and follow it through every stage of life, until the grave closes over it, and after.

A child born with a *caul* was supposed to be very lucky, and cannot die by drowning, not only in Lincolnshire, though prevailing there, for in a leading London paper of a few years ago appeared the following advertisement: "A child's caul for sale, £3; useful to sailors." The *hands* of a child must not be washed until it has been christened—the dirt which accumulates is supposed to be a sign of future wealth; nor must its nails be cut with scissors, or knife, as that would bring ill luck. If its ears are large, it will be certain to have success in life, unless the luck

is marred by its clothes being put on over its head instead of being drawn upwards over its feet; and if the mother wishes to ward off evil from the sleeping babe, she must never allow her hands to be idle while she rocks the cradle.

At the christening it is necessary that a *boy* should first be placed in the arms of the priest (and in Durham and Northumberland there is at times an unseemly wrangle to secure this), otherwise the girl will be blessed with a beard and hairy face, which should have been the boy's chief adornment.

For the child to sneeze during the ceremony is unlucky, but to cry is good, inasmuch as it is a sure sign that the old Adam is being driven out.

At confirmation the candidate must not receive the left hand of the bishop, for the same reason that the maid must not take the last piece of cake—the certainty of remaining a maid unto the end of her life. It is doubtless to humour this prejudice, as well as to conform to the rubric, that the bishop places both hands upon the head of those he confirms.

As the days pass, the young man and woman become inquisitive as to whom their future husband or wife shall be.

There are many ways of learning this with certainty. On New Year's Eve, by the light of the Yule log, the family Bible, with the front door key and a young maid's garter, are requisitioned. The key is placed within the leaves of the Bible, with the wards resting upon the words of the seventh verse of the eighth chapter of the Song of Solomon, "Many waters cannot quench love," etc. It is bound loosely round with the garter, and gently turned with the wedding-ring finger, and while the bystanders name slowly the letters of the alphabet in order, the holder reciting meanwhile the verse on which the key rests. The Bible is nearly sure to fall before the alphabet has been gone through, and the letter named *last* is the initial letter of the future husband's or wife's name. If it should not fall, there is no hope but that of life-long celibacy for the holder.

Perhaps a surer, though a bolder way, is for the adventurous youth or maid to walk round the church, at dead of night, on St. Mark's Eve, looking into each window as they pass, and in the last there will appear the face of the one they are to wed.

Looking at the first new moon of the year

reflected by a looking-glass will give the number of years before the wedding takes place.

It is unlucky to be married on a Friday, or to be married in green, and it forbodes death to some one of the wedding party if the ring be dropped during the ceremony. The piece of bride cake passed through the bride's wedding-ring and placed under a maid's pillow, will bring to her, in her dreams, the sight of her future lord; and an old shoe flung after the bride will bring her offspring and good luck through her married life.

A *stye* on the eye can be cured by rubbing seven times with a gold wedding-ring; *wens* are removed by the touch of a drowned man's hand seven times repeated; three hairs from the cross on a donkey's back will cure the whooping cough; *warts* are cured by cutting a notch in a stick and burying it; and the ill luck brought by spilling the salt can always be averted by throwing a pinch over the left shoulder.

To kill a robin wantonly, forebodes a broken limb; and to see the moon reflected in a mirror is a sign that something will arise before the day is out to make you angry.

To seat a hen upon thirteen eggs ensures a healthy brood; but to dine with thirteen at table is unlucky, and death or sickness will come to those of the party who first rise from the table.

The candle must never be allowed to die out, or it brings death to some sailor out at sea; and for the cook to throw egg shells, whole, behind the fire will raise a storm at sea.

The *guttering* of a candle is indicative of a shroud; but a spark in the wick signifies a letter. The advent of a stranger can be known by the sootflake which hangs upon the bar, by the *dreg* in the teacup, by the peeping into the window of a robin, and by several other signs.

Money must be turned in the pocket, when the note of the cuckoo is first heard, if you would have things go well with you; and if the business day is to be a profitable one, the first takings in a morning must be spit upon and spun.

The cinder which leaps out of the fire should be taken up, spit upon, and held loosely in the palm. If it crackles, it means your purse will be replenished, but if not, it indicates a shroud.

No luck can come to the business you have in hand if the first person you meet on setting out

is a woman. The evil can be averted, however, if you return to the house, sit down, and start afresh. It equally presages failure if you have to return for anything forgotten. To sharpen a knife after supper, is to make the way easy to the burglar and cut-throat, and to leave knives crossed is to court calamity.

The *booming* sound of the church bell foretells death to someone in the parish, within the week, and the cold shudder, which at times runs through you, is a sign that someone is treading upon your grave.

If your right ear burn, someone is praising you, but if the left, some malicious tongue is slandering you.

The death watch will give notice of death to a house, and the howling of a dog denotes the same.

It is as unlucky to laugh while crossing a fairy ring, as it is to hear the cock crow before midnight, or to possess a crowing hen.

Every schoolboy knows how the sight of a number of magpies can influence events, and the following lines remain longer in the memory of most boys than: "As in præsenti perfectum format in avi:"

"One for sorrow
Two for mirth
Three for a wedding
Four for a birth
Five for heaven
Six for hell
Seven you'll see the de'il himsell."

The New Year will be marked by death or ill luck if fire be taken out of the house, or if nothing green be taken in, or if the first-foot be a woman or a fair man instead of a dark man.

Second sight will be given to those who will watch at the church porch until the clock strikes twelve on St. Mark's Eve, April 24th, and they will see, passing into the church, the form of everyone in the parish who, in the coming year, are doomed to die.

It is a sure sign, if the limbs of a corpse remain flexible, that another death will come to the house before the year is out.

The "layer out" in some places ties the feet of the dead, but it is necessary that they who bind, should, before burial, unloose, otherwise the dead will not rise at the first resurrection.

Feet first, the body must be carried to its last resting-place, and that the dead may rest in peace and be ready to rise at the Judgment

signal, we lay them reverently with feet towards the dawn :

> "For awhile the tired body
> Rests with feet toward the dawn,
> Till there break the last and greatest
> Easter morn."

The Legend of Byard's Leap.

By the Rev. J. Conway Walter.

ON the old Roman road, called "Ermine Street," or "The High Dyke," which stretches in an almost unbroken line through the county of Lincoln, from Stretton in Rutland (probably so called from its position on the old "street," Latin "stratum,") to Winteringham on the shore of the Humber,—and at a distance of some three miles from Ancaster, a Roman station, as its name implies, and which Horsley ("Britannia Romana," p. 433) pronounced to be the ancient Causennæ—and in the angle formed by the Sleaford and Newmark road, which there crosses the Roman road—stands a solitary farm-house; its solitude only relieved by two cottages distant about one hundred yards, on the same side of the great highway, and, more recently erected, a small school building on its opposite side.

Solitary in its position, its civil status also was

formerly isolated, since it belongs to what was an extra-parochial farm, at the north-west corner of Ranceby, sometimes returned with the parish of Cranwell, sometimes with that of Leadenham; but latterly (under the Act, 20 Victoria, cap. 16) constituted a separate parish in its own right.

Close by the entrance gateway to this farm-house, on the road side, is a block of stone, such as not uncommonly may be seen near old houses of the kind, forming two steps, from which a rider mounted his horse. This stone is inscribed with the two words "Byard's Leap." They are somewhat enigmatical, and we propose here to put forward an interpretation of them.

Other spots besides this have acquired somewhat similar designations, owing to circumstances connected with them "in days of yore." Thus we have in Middleton dale, in Derbyshire, "The Lover's Leap," a high rock, from which a love-sick maiden, as it is said, in her despair on finding her love not requited, cast herself down into the abyss below (circa 1760), and, strange to say, sustained little injury. Again, a lofty precipice on one of the headlands, called "The Sutors of Cromartie," in Scotland, has been named, for nearly 200 years, "The Caithness man's

leap," from the fact of such a person having sprung over the cliffs to escape being shot, and marvellously survived to tell his own tale, when nearly ninety years of age. In like manner, on the famous St. Gotthard route in Switzerland, a spot on the river Reuss, near the village of Wyler, is known as the "Pfaffenn-sprung," or Father's Leap; a romantic (or lawless) monk having once there sprung over the torrent, bearing in his arms (in spite of his priestly orders) a young girl whom he was carrying off; a feat which has led to his being, uncanonically indeed, but scarcely less effectually, canonized, or immortalised, in all the guide-books of the country.

Not less singular are the circumstances which are said to have given rise to the name of "Byard's (or "Bayard's") Leap," or the Leap of the horse "Bayard." They are of considerable interest, as affording a case of (so called) witchcraft, resting on something like tangible and circumstantial, if not absolutely veritable, testimony.

Our forefathers at any rate thoroughly believed in witchcraft and all its potent influences. The air about them was rife with marvellous accounts of it, inextricably interwoven with the tissue of their daily experiences. In the reign of "good

Queen Bess," even a reverend Prelate, Bishop Jewel, when preaching before her majesty, could declare from the pulpit, that in her "Grace's realm, witches and sorcerers had, of late years, marvellously increased," and although we, in the closing years of this 19th century, plume ourselves upon being wiser than those who have gone before us, yet, as recently as in the year 1858, a labourer's daughter, in Essex, accused an old woman of having bewitched her, and the overseers of the Union publicly recognised her case as one of veritable sorcery.

Indeed, it is not difficult to account, in some degree, for this widespread belief existing in former times. When there were few, if any, of the books, such as our educational system now brings to the humblest cottage, wherewith to while away the long winter evenings, the Tale-teller was in great requisition; and the ofttold narrative, almost naturally, would grow more and more marvellous in its details on each repetition of it. Hogarth's famous picture, of "The Propagation of a Lie" was true to nature. As some one has said, "the old folk wagged their heads, and the young their tongues;" till the smallest incidents were magnified into mystery; and the rude fancy of

the untutored swain, being allowed to run riot, peopled every hill and hollow, every coppice and quarry, every waste or quagmire, with beings of another mould than that of ordinary humanity. In the soft soughing of the summer breeze, or in the wild shriek of the storm-blast, he recognised the wail of some spirit distrest, or the howl of a doomful demon; and minds, feeding on their own superstition, bred a prolific crop of horrors about them, till witches and warlocks became a general subject of fear and fanaticism, and nothing was too extraordinary to be accepted, with an implicit faith worthy of a worse name (note 1), nor was this state of things confined to the lower orders. Learned treatises were written, by Glanville and Sinclair, to prove that in the 17th and 18th centuries witches still existed (note 2).

A recent writer (note 3) has described some parts of Lincolnshire as "the isolated home of folk-lore," where "linger the tales of witchcraft and the spirit-world;" and the neighbourhood to which our legend belongs has been rich in sorcery. A remarkable instance is connected with Belvoir Castle. The Earl and Countess of Rutland, with other members of their family, were believed to be bewitched by an old servant, who had been

dismissed from their service for purloining victuals. Their eldest son, Lord Ros, is said to have been "taken sick in a strange manner, and died;" Lord Francis, his brother, was "severely tormented;" Lady Catherine, their sister, became subject to fits; and the Earl and Countess were so affected that they could have no more children. And not only was this the common bruit of the vicinity, but at Bottesford, their burial place, where there is a monument representing the Earl and Countess and two children, who were supposed to have been bewitched to death" (note 4), the full particulars were given in an old book which used formerly to be shewn to visitors by the sexton at the church. The two daughters of the witch were executed at Lincoln for witchcraft, on March 11th, 1618-19; and the witch herself, after uttering an imprecation against herself, by wishing that the bread and butter which she ate might choke her if guilty,*

* This form of imprecation was of very old date. The swallowing of a piece of bread without choking was an old ordeal to test the guilt or innocence of a party suspected of any crime. And hence, Du Cange tells us, arose the expression, "may this piece of bread choke me, etc." Ingulphus and other old Chroniclers state that Earl Godwin, being suspected by Edward the Confessor of having murdered his brother Alfred, and some words to that effect having fallen from the King while Godwin was dining with him at Winchester, the Earl asserting his innocence said, "May this bread which I am about to eat choke me if I had any hand in that. murder!" He ate the bread, but, in attempting to swallow it, was choked, and died at the King's table.

immediately fell down dead, as she was being taken to Lincoln jail, and was buried at Ancaster, within three miles of the scene of our legend.

But to return to "Byard's Leap":—It is situated in the midst of what was once a lonely tract of high land, almost a waste, extending for many miles, and called Ancaster Heath. Possibly its loneliness may have made its sparse inhabitants somewhat behind their age, and may have fostered in their benighted minds a brooding spirit, favourable to a belief in the marvellous. Be that as it may, the following particulars are the result of careful enquiry, and may be deemed worth preserving, in an age when old-time traditions are being rescued from the oblivion which would otherwise speedily engulf them, in these days of rapid progress and enlightenment.

The pedestrian who follows the footpath which runs along the Eastern side of the great Roman highway, will observe, at a distance of some fifty yards northwards from the farmhouse of Byard's Leap, and near a pond by the roadside, four very large iron horse shoes, embedded in the soil. If he measures the distance of these shoes from the pond he will find that it is twenty paces, or sixty feet, and sixty feet was the length

of Byard's Leap. We are not aware that there is any case on record of a horse having leaped that distance; about half that extent being usually considered the most that a horse can cover in one bound.* Consequently something very unusual must have occurred to incite the horse Bayard to make such a spring. What that occurrence was, my tale is supposed to unfold.

Opposite the farm of "Bayard's Leap," is a plantation; not a gloomy wood, whose recesses we might expect to find the haunt of the supernatural, but consisting chiefly of trees of recent growth; but probably there formerly existed an older growth, whose pristine shades were more adapted to harbour weird spirits. Within that wood, inhabiting, as is said, a cave, but more likely a deserted quarry of the famed Ancaster stone of the district (such places of abode being still used), there lived the pest and terror of the country side in the person of an old woman, known far and wide as, *par excellence*, the witch. How long ago she flourished we are not told; but inasmuch as the horse connected with our story was named Bayard, and that soubriquet was

* We believe that the greatest leap on record is that of Chandler, in the Leamington steeplechase, now several years ago; who cleared the great distance of thirty-three feet.

doubtless derived from the celebrated French warrior, Peter Bayard, whose exploits were performed in the latter part of the fifteenth and earlier part of the sixteenth century, and whose fame would require some lapse of time to reach a locality so remote, we may fairly assume that the era of her malign influence was not further removed in the past than some 300 years ago.

A dangerous character was the old beldame to any who ventured to thwart her, or cross her path. We know not whether she ever attained to the distinction of having an epitaph; but assuredly that would not have ill-suited her (with the necessary change of name), which is inscribed on the tomb of another notorious individual, who once over-awed and harried the extreme North of the British Isle:—

"Rob Don here lyes lo,
Was ill to his friend,
Waur to his fo,
But true to his master
In weal and wo."

Her vindictive nature was well known, and her many ways of showing it. If the old woman was denied anything which she craved of her better-to-do neighbours, they were certain speedily to suffer for it. Take a few instances of

the witches common mischief-working powers, as given by various authorities. At one house she asks for a pot of ale. The ale is given her, but proves to be sour. She leaves the house indulging in a flood of imprecations, and the next day the dairymaid is six long hours in churning before she can get the butter to come, and then it will not "set." A man shoots at a black cat, which comes in his way as he is returning home in the evening from his sport. The creature turns round and spits at him: and then he recognizes the visage of the old hag in its face; and of course it goes off with a charmed life; but the following night he finds his horses in the stable trembling and in a cold sweat, although they have done no work. If the urchins in play point at her and call her names, they are sure to go home to their mothers crying with the tooth-ache, or otherwise affected. One farmer's wife declares that for a whole week all her hen's eggs were addled, because she had given the old woman buttermilk when she asked for milk. Cows drop their calves, sows farrow their litters before their time. The servant girls, talking of their sweethearts' merits, late at night, when they ought to be asleep, see the old woman grinning

at them in jealousy through the chamber window. Being asked by a nurse-maid to admire the babe she is carrying in arms, the hag merely looks at it, and forthwith it squints ever afterwards. A farmer riding home from market in the dusk, and with more sheets in the wind than he can well carry, declares that he saw her riding on a broomstick in front of him, and that when he called to her to get out of his way, his horse shied and at once fell dead lame. These and such like are among the minor samples of her witchery (note 5); until, in course of time, suspicion grows into a general conviction that the old woman is a sore incubus to the whole neighbourhood; that neither man nor beast is secure from her spells; and that no one knows that he may not himself be the next victim to suffer, in some form, from her blighting influence. The matter at first is talked over, almost in whispers, by the farm labourers, as they lounge on the settle by the fire in the farmer's kitchen, sipping their spiced ale. And one, inspired with a more than usual amount of Dutch courage, suggests that it would be for the public good if the old woman could in any lawful way be got rid of. The idea is broached more than once

before anything comes of it; the main difficulty being, *Who is to bell the cat?* At length, a child having been still-born in a cottage from which the old woman had been turned away without receiving what she asked for, the indignation ripens, and a plan is proposed, by which it is hoped that the witch's power may be put an end to, while the act shall seem to be of her own originating. The shepherd of the farm has been on something like intimate terms with the old woman, occasionally paying her a visit, and, as is surmised, himself having had illicit dealings with her, the result, however, to himself being that closer acquaintance with her has in no wise enkindled affection; and although he is afraid to "break" with her, for fear of the consequences of her resentment, he would yet greatly rejoice, as would many others, if he could terminate the unpleasant thraldom of her influence.

To attain this end, then, a scheme is devised as follows, rude in its conception, but, as the event proves, sufficient for its purpose. They all make up their minds, in the homely phrase of the locality, "to get shut of her." By a sort of lottery, the shepherd is selected for the enterprise. He is to lead out the farm horses to

water in the evening, at the pond by the road-side, opposite to which is the hag's den. He is to throw a stone into the water as the horses are drinking, and whichever horse then raises its head first, he is to mount. He is to be armed with a two-edged knife. He is to call to the old woman to come and mount behind him. He is to stab her when she has done so, as if in self-defence on her springing up behind him; and it is hoped that in the struggle, she will be drowned; the not unfrequent end of witches. At the appointed time he proceeds to carry out these instructions. The horses are led to the water, the stone is thrown into the pond. The first horse that raises his head, on hearing the splash, is the blind Bayard; a providential circumstance, since it is likely that any horse which could see would shrink from contact with the witch. He mounts the horse Bayard. He calls out to the old woman, asking her to come and ride behind him. Her reply (which has been preserved) is, "Wait till I've buckled my shoes and suckled the cubs, and I'll be with you." He waits, and in due time she comes forth. At his bidding she mounts behind him. He at once plunges his knife into her breast. The old hag,

in her agony, clutches at the horse's back with the long sharp nails of her fingers. The horse in its alarm makes one wild, sudden bound, which lands him full sixty feet from the spot. The witch falls back into the pond, and is drowned; and so her career is ended.

Tradition says that the horse made a second bound, equal in length to the first, and which brought him to the corner of the cottages which stand further on by the side of the road; but only the first is marked by the four huge horse-shoes, which are carefully preserved, *in situ*, as described above, as a standing evidence and memorial of "Bayard's Leap" (note 6).

Notes to the "Legend of Byard's Leap."

I.—In a pamphlet in the writer's possession, entitled "Strange Newes out of Hartfordshire and Kent," and "Printed for R.G., in London, 1679," there is (1), "An account of a mowing devil, which cut down three acres of oats. It fell out that at night the crop shew'd as if it had been all of a flame, but next morning appear'd so neatly mow'd by the devil that no mortal man was able to do the like, etc." (2), "A true narrative of a young maid possest with several

devils, one of which, by the prayers of a pious doctor who came to visit her, was fetch't out of her body, and, in the likeness of a large snake, twisted itself about the doctor's neck . . . with an account also of other devils which yet remained in her, etc. . . . This narrative is attested by several persons of credit . . . present while the accident happened." As we read such statements, we can only open our eyes with amazement, and say, with Horace, "Credat Judæus!" and look for a parallel to such monstrosities, to his laughable description of Canidia, "Brevibus implicata viperis crines."—(Epod. v., 15).

II.—We have, in the text, quoted the statement of Bishop Jewel as to the increase of witchcraft in the reign of Elizabeth. It may here be added that Zachary Gray, the editor of Hudibras, states that he had perused a list of 3000 witches, which were executed during "the Long Parliament." The penal statutes against witchcraft were repealed in 1736, but the case of Barker *v.* Wray, in Chancery, August 2nd, 1827, shewed that popular belief in witchcraft still prevailed; and the writer of this record has himself frequently seen an old woman in Scotland

who had the reputation of being "canny," and of whom it was commonly said that "the blink of her ill e'e" could produce disease, and even death.

III.—Article on the "Legends of the Lincolnshire Cars," by Mrs. Balfour, in "Folk Lore," vol. ii., No. 2, p. 148.

IV.—The inscription on the monument says that they were murdered by "wicked practice and sorcery." The death of the old woman, of course, prevented her trial being proceeded with, but the two daughters were expressly charged with "murdering Henry, Lord Ros, by witchcraft, and torturing the Lord Francis, his brother, and Lady Catharine, his sister." On that charge they were condemned by Sir Henry Hobbert, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and Sir Edward Bromley, one of the Barons of the Exchequer, and *the accused confessed their guilt.*

V.—The instances of evil influence, here brought together, are only such as were commonly attributed to witches in those days. Of course it would be impossible, at this distance of time, to enumerate all the performances of the particular witch here in question, or to vouch for the literal

and exact accuracy of the accounts here given; but, according to the information gathered from various sources, they may be taken as representing, generally and substantially, the nature of the doings imputed to her at the time, and which still linger in local traditions.

VI.—It should be here stated that considerable variations from the foregoing version of the legend exist, as is usually the case with such narratives, in the form of oral tradition still floating in the neighbourhood. For instance, the personalty of the hero himself varies from that of a knight-errant of the age of chivalry to that of an ordinary cavalry soldier of a more recent period. The Venerable Edward Trollope, F.S.A., Archdeacon of Stow (now Bishop Suffragan of Nottingham), in a monograph on "Ancaster under the Romans, and Mediæval Ancaster," which appeared in *The Reliquary*, for April and July, 1863, and was subsequently (1868) published in a separate form, describes the Knight as setting out from Ancaster (some three miles distant from Bayard's Leap), in quest of the witch, having made a vow that he would rid the neighbourhood of her pestiferous influence; watering his horses at a pool, which was, and is,

situated in part of the ditch of the old Roman *Castrum* of that ancient place, he prays that the horse best suited for his purpose may give some token; whereupon the steed Bayard tosses his head, and neighs his readiness for the enterprise. The knight, riding forth, soon sees a mysterious light proceeding from a deep recess in a rock; and, as he passes it, he is attacked by a strange wild-looking creature with flaming eyes, streaming locks, and talon-like claws. In vain he strikes about him with his trusty sword, while his weird antagonist deals him many a lusty buffet. At length, by a tremendous blow, he succeeds in wounding her, but his weapon is broken in the effort. The hag, maddened by pain, springs on the horse's back behind him, and buries her claws deep in the flesh of man and beast. They fly; and the knight, remembering the charm against witchcraft, which attaches to the cross, like Tam-o-Shanter making for "the Key-stane o' the brig," steers his steed for the cross-roads; and, as the horse bounds over the point of juncture, the witch relaxes her hold, and falls dead to the ground; the spot being henceforth called "Bayard's Leap." This version the compiler of the above "Legend" is inclined to

reject; partly because it does not accord with the words of the witch, given by several different authorities, "Wait till I've buckled my shoes and suckled my cubs and I'll be with you," an answer which implies that she was first appealed to, or challenged, by some one else, instead of being, as this version would make her, herself the aggressor; but more especially because (as stated above) the name of "Bayard" would seem to assign the events to a date considerably later than the age of knight-errantry. Almost equally anachronistic, in the other direction, is the version which ascribes the feat to a cavalry soldier, who encounters the witch, cutting off her left breast with his sword; whereat she springs upon his charger, which, incontinently, gives "three great jumps," still marked by stones. This variation may, perhaps, be accounted for by the fact that the old woman who gives it had once travelled so far from her home as the town of Sheffield, and there had a sight of some mounted yeomanry; and the form of the legend, as it percolated through her somewhat obtuse brain, would seem to have acquired a tinge from her own recollections of that event, which would probably be an exceptional one in her limited sphere of ex-

periences. The "three jumps," are an instance of the occurrence of the by no means uncommon mystic number, *three*, found in such uncanny narratives; and which again occur in another variation, where the hero (whoever he was,) not content with throwing the stone once into the pond, on finding that the blind horse is the one to raise its head, made the experiment thrice, and each time the same blind horse responded by tossing its head. Other various are:

(*a.*)—(As in White's "History of Lincolnshire," Ed. 1856), that the witch herself occupied the solitary (now farm) house on the heath, and that she took a prodigious leap, on her horse Bayard, into a ravine, and so gave rise to the name.

(*b.*)—It is said that the witch, when attacking the rider, assumed the form of a lion.

(*c.*)—The horse is, by one authority, called "Byron," but this is evidently only a corruption of Byard.

(*d.*)—It is said that the holes, otherwise supposed to have been the marks of Bayard's feet, were originally nothing more than the boundary marks of four parishes; while

(*e.*)—Some have supposed that the spot was

thus marked out, as a place where jousts and tilting matches were formerly held.

The two latter ideas, however, would seem to be merely conjectural, and are really somewhat beside the purpose; since certain holes may have formerly served either or both of these ends, without in any way affecting the legend.

In a letter to the writer, the present owner of "Bayard's Leap," Colonel Reeve, of Leadenham House, states that in his "father's time, Bayard's jump was denoted by eight holes in the ground, but at length they got worn out; and finding this to be the case, he himself had the present large horse-shoes made and put into large blocks of stone, to prevent their being easily removed." He adds that "the shoes weighed sixty-eight pounds," or close upon seven stone.

On the whole, the version here given, and based on information gathered on the spot, seems the most congruous, so far indeed as congruity can be expected to exist, in a matter of such hypothetical authenticity.

Robert de Brunne, Monkish Chronicler and Poet.

By Frederick Ross, f.r.h.s.

BOURNE is a small market town in Southern Lincolnshire, whose history may be traced back to the Saxon times, and even, if we may conclude from the discovery of Roman coins and a tesselated pavement, from the Roman period. Leofric, Earl of Mercia, had a castle and estates here which descended to Hereward the Wake, his son, who formed the "camp of refuge" amid the swamps of the isle of Ely, and for a long period set the Norman Conqueror at defiance, being the last of the patriotic Saxons whom he reduced to subjugation. He seems to have retained possession of his lands at Brunne, as it was then called, until his death without issue, when they lapsed to the crown, and were granted, by William Rufus, to Walter John Gilbert or Fitzgislebert, about the year 1138. In the middle of the twelfth century, Gilbert, son of

Jocelyne, Lord of Sempringham, in Lincolnshire, founded on his manors a monastery of a new order, for both sexes, but in separate houses, that of the men being a modification of the Augustinian canons, and that of the women of Cistercian nuns, which was ratified and confirmed by Pope Eugenius III. The order spread rapidly, so that before the dissolution there were twenty-six houses of the order in England, of which several were in Lincolnshire. Of these was the Priory of Brunne; which was founded by Baldwin Fitz Gilbert son of the grantee of the castle. In 1279, Baldwin, Baron Wake, had a grant of a Saturday market and an annual fair to be holden in his town, and in the market-place is an ancient town hall, said to have been erected by the Wakes, but was more probably built by the Cecils, whose arms are carved in basso-relievo on the front. The town has suffered severely by fire, one entire district having been destroyed in 1605, and another district in 1637.

Bourne boasts of having been the nursery of the Cecils, where William Cecil, afterwards Baron Burleigh, was born, in 1520, at the house of his grandfather, David Cecil, a family that still maintains a pre-eminence in statesmanship. It

was also the birthplace of one of whom there is less reason to be proud, the Rev. Dr. William Dodd, author of some esteemed works, who was executed for forgery on the Earl of Chesterfield, in 1777. From his assumption of the name of "de Brunne" this monkish chronicler has obtained the reputation of having been a native of Lincolnshire. His biographers generally, and Lincolnshire writers as a rule, maintain that he was born at Bourne, even Edward A. Freeman, the famous and accurate historian, in a paper, entitled "Lindum Colonia," read before the Lincolnshire Architectural Society in 1875, and since printed in his "English Towns" (p. 220) has fallen into the same error, writing: "And even if I have robbed the Bourne man of one worthy" (Hereward) "I have another to give him instead. It was a Lincolnshire man, a Bourne man, (Robert de Brunne) who gave the English language its present shape." He may fairly be claimed as a Lincolnshire man, as he resided there the greater portion of his life, and at Brunne wrote his chronicles and poems, but still he was not a native. His name was Robert Mannyng, and he was born at Malton, in Yorkshire, circa 1270, and was brought up and

educated in the Gilbertine monastery there. In a neighbouring village was born Peter de Langtoft, another monkish chronicler, who became a Canon of Bridlington, whose chronicles he versified, and whom he would be acquainted with as a neighbour and contemporary for some twenty or thirty years. Being an ardent devotee of the Gilbertine order, it was natural that he should desire to imbibe further instruction at the fountain head, hence we find that when he had finished his novitiate at Malton, he went to Sexhill, where he made his profession and assumed the cowl, whence he removed to Brunne, where he spent the remainder of his life, and died there at a great age.

Hearne writes:—"The historians of former times were the religious, who often lost their surnames, and upon compiling their famous works, were surnamed anew from the houses of which they were members. . . . 'Tis impossible to give a particular account of the life of Robert de Brunne. . . . He was one of those that cultivated the English tongue, and he gained a great reputation upon that score. . . . He lived to a great age, though the year in which he died doth not occur. . . . The true name of this

great man was Robert Mannyng, but being, as I believe, born at Malton, in Yorkshire, he was from hence frequently called Robert of Malton. . . . He had been at Brunne about fifteen years when he began to translate the 'Manuel de Peches,' and 'twas more than thirty after that before he finished his task about Peter de Langtoft. After he became famous, he was generally called Robert de Brunne, which was occasioned by his living so long in the Priory."

Madden writes:—"Not Canon of Brunne, but born there, for he calls himself "of Brunne," soon after 1303 and in 1338. From 1288 to 1303 he was in the priory of Sempringham, then removed to Brynnwake (Brunne) six miles distant, where he wrote the prologue to his first work: the interval is not accounted for: after this, till 1327-38, when he composed the translation of Langtoft, and during that period was a short time in the house of Sixhills, the Prior of which, Dan Robert of Malton, caused the work to be undertaken: my interpretation:—'My name is Robert Manyng, now of Brunne, but was awhile at Sixhills, where you knew me as Dan Robert of Malton, where I wrote this for felawes' sake, with which to make merry with songs and recitations.'"

The conclusion of his prologue to Langtoft runs thus :—

"Of Brunne, I am, if any me blame,
Robert Manyng is my name,
Blessed be he of God of Heuene,
In the third Edward's tyme was it,
When I ad wrote all this story ;
In the house of Sixhille I was a throwe (a little while),
Dawn Robert of Maltone, that ye know,
Did write it for felawes' sake,
When that they wold solace make."

Warton, in reference to this, observes :—"It appears from hence that he was born at Malton, in *Lincolnshire*," but there is no Malton in that county.

He was one of our earliest versifyers of the chronicles of England, and of translations of theological treatises into the vernacular, in a style rugged and uncouth, but perhaps best adapted for this purpose, as he said, his writings were intended not for the learned, but for the "lewd" (the low and illiterate). Warton says :—"He appears to have possessed much more industry than genius, and cannot at present be read with much pleasure, yet it must be remembered that even such a writer as Robert de Brunne, uncouth and unpleasing as he naturally seems, and chiefly employed in turning the

theology of his age into rhyme, contributed to form a style; to teach expression; and to polish his native tongue. In the infancy of language and composition nothing is wanted but writers. At that period even the most artless have their use."

The following specimen of his style, from the "Manuel des Peches," may interest Lincolnshire readers :—

"For lewed men, I undyrtoke
In Englyshe tonge to make this boke,
For many beyn of such manere,
That talys and rymys, will blethly (gladly) here (hear),
On gamys and festys at the ale
Love men to lestene trotonale (truth and all),
To all Christen men under sunne
And to gode men of Brunne;
And specialli al bi name
The felauchippe of Symprynghame;
Roberd of Brunne greteth yow
In alle godenesse that may to prow (profit)
Of Brynwake, yn Kestevene,
Syxe mile besyde Symprynghame evene,
Ydwelled in the priorye,
Fyfteene yeres, in companye
In the time of gode Dan Jone
Of Camelton, that now is gone;
In hys tyme was i ther ten yeres,
And knewe and herd of his maneres;
Sythin with Dan Jon of Clytone
Fyve wyntyr wythe hym gan I wone;

"Dan Felip was mayster in that tyme,
Than I began this Englyshe ryme
The Year of Grace fyd (fell) than to be
A thousand and thre hundred and thre."

The following is a list of Manyng's works :—

"A Metrical Chronicle of England," partly compiled from Wace and Langtoft, and partly original: the first part from Æneas to the death of Cadwallader: the second to the end of the reign of Edward the First. An edition transcribed from a manuscript in the Inner Temple was published by Thomas Hearne, in 1725.

The first portion, which was never printed entire, is a translation of a French Poem by "Maister Wace," entitled "Roman de Rois d' Angleterre," based on Geoffrey of Monmouth. It was commenced by Eustace, one of the oldest French Romance writers, under the title of "Brut d' Angleterre," who completed his part in 1155; and was continued until the reign of William II., by Wace, chaplain to Henry II., with the title of "Le Roman de Rou et les Ducs de Normandie" in 1160. The second portion is a metrical translation of Langtoft's Chronicle, with some original matter.

"Meditations on the Supper of our Lord and

the Hours of the Passion," by Cardinal Bonaventure, the Seraphic Doctor, drawn into English verse by Robert Mannyng, of Bourne, edited from the MSS. in the British Museum and the Bodleian Library, Oxford; with Introduction and Glossary, by J. Meadows Cooper, F.R.H.S., Early English Text Society, 1875. Bonaventure's title was "De Cœna et Passione Domini, et pænes S. Mariæ Virginis," and Mannyng's ran thus:—"Meditacyons of the Soper of our Lorde Jhesu and eke of the Peynes of hys sweete Modyr Mayden Marye, the whyche mad yn Latyn Bonaventuræ Cardynall," in which the translator took great liberties with the text, introducing much matter of his own.

"Her bygenet a treatys that ys yclept 'Castel of Love that Biscop Grosteyst made ywis for lewde men by Love.'" An edition of 100 copies was privately printed, entitled "A translation of Grosteste's (Bishop of Lincoln) 'Chateau d' Amour,' by J. O. Halliwell, 1849."

"Robert de Brunne's 'Handlyng of Synne' (written A.D. 1303), with the French Treatise on which it is founded, 'Le Manuel des Pechiez,' by William of Wadington; now first printed from MSS. in the British Museum and Bodleian Libraries. Edited by Frederick J. Furnival,

M.A., for the Roxburghe Club, London, 1862."

A very free translation, with the introduction of new matter. William of Wadington was a native of Waddington, in Yorkshire, and is said to have translated the above work into French verse from a Latin Poem, ascribed to St. Bernard and otherwise to Pope Clement. It was, however, his own original composition, and was paraphrased by Bishop Grosteste, whose real name was Copley, descended from the Copleys of Batley, Yorkshire, whose paraphrase was the basis of Mannyng's translation into English verse, under the title "Here begynneth the Boke that men clepyn in Frenshe, Robert Grosteste byshop of Lincolne."

The Witches of Belvoir.

By T. Broadbent Trowsdale.

THE case of the "Witches of Belvoir," one of the most celebrated in the annals of English witchcraft, has an intimate connection with the county of Lincoln. The trial and execution of the wretched women who "wrought annoy" to the family of the Earl of Rutland, in the early years of the seventeenth century, took place in the city of Lincoln. Joan Flower, the principal actor in this dark drama of deceit, was overtaken by death on her way to the trial, and was buried at Ancaster; and Belvoir Castle, the scene of the accomplishment of the "black arts" of these sworn agents of the evil one, which may in truth be spoken of as "deeds without a name," stands on the very border of Lincolnshire.

In the church of Bottesford, in the north-eastern corner of Leicestershire, is the sepulchral chapel of the Rutland family, and among the stately tombs is that of Francis Manners, Earl of

Rutland, his Countess, and their two sons, Henry and Francis, which attracts more than ordinary interest, from the story attached to it in the church books. An extract therefrom, with the spelling modernised, is given in Burke's "Anecdotes of the Aristocracy." When the Right Hon. Sir Francis Manners succeeded his brother Roger in the earldom of Rutland, and acquired possession of Belvoir Castle, and of the estates belonging to the earldom, he took such honourable measures in the course of his life, that he neither discharged servants nor denied the access of the poor; but, making strangers welcome, he did all the good offices of a noble lord, by which he obtained the love and goodwill of the country, his noble Countess being of the same generous and honourable disposition. So that Belvoir Castle thus became a continual place of entertainment, especially to neighbours, where "Joan Flower" and her daughter were not only relieved at the first, but Joan was also admitted charwoman, and her daughter Margaret as a continual dweller in the Castle, looking to the poultry abroad, and the wash-house at home; and thus they continued until found guilty of some misdemeanour, which was discovered to the lady. The first complaint

against the mother was that she was a very malicious woman, full of oaths and irreligious imprecations, and as far as appeared, a plain Atheist; as for Margaret, she was frequently accused of going from the Castle, and carrying provisions away in unreasonable quantities, and returning at such unseasonable hours that they could not but conjecture at some mischief amongst them, and that their extraordinary expenses tendered both to rob their lady, and served also to maintain some debauched and idle company which frequented Joan Flower's house. This state of things went on for some considerable time, when the Countess of Rutland having discovered other indecencies in the life of her servant Margaret, at length discharged her from the Castle, but in a kindly manner; giving her at her dismissal, as the Church record tells us, "forty shillings, a bolster, and a mattress of wool." The Flower family appear to have been of a very revengeful disposition; and we are informed that after a while the Earl's household became sensible of their malicious and wicked influence. "First," proceeds the story, "the Earl's eldest son, Henry, Lord Ross, was taken sick after a strange manner, and in a little time died; and after

Francis, Lord Ross, was severely tortured and tormented by them with a strange sickness, which caused his death. Also, and presently after, the Lady Catherine was set upon by their devilish practices, and very frequently in danger of her life in strange and unusual fits; and as they confessed, both the Earl and Countess were so bewitched that they should have no more children. In a little while after, they were apprehended and carried into Lincoln gaol, after due examination before sufficient justices." Joan Flower, before her conviction, called for bread and butter, and solemnly wished that it might choke her if she was guilty of the crime of which she was accused. This, we would here observe, was one of the tests generally applied in former times to persons charged with witchcraft. It was alleged that anyone who had entered into a compact with the fiends, lost, from the date upon which they bartered their souls in return for their initiation into the art and rites of witchery, the power of swallowing bread with freedom. This belief was grounded upon the supposition that bread, having been consecrated, and being one of the articles of the sacrament, could not be retained in the body of an agent of the evil one.

The test appears to have been, to return to our story, fatal in the case of Joan Flower, for "upon mumbling of it, she never spoke more, but fell down and died, as she was carried to Lincoln gaol, being extremely tormented both in body and soul, and was buried at Ancaster." The examination of Margaret Flower, which took place on the twenty-second of January, 1618, we shall re-produce as given by Burke from the account in the Bottesford Church books.

"She confessed that about four years since her mother sent her for the right-hand glove of Henry, Lord Ross, and, afterwards, her mother bid her go again to the Castle of Belvoir, and bring down the (other?) glove, or some other thing of Henry, Lord Ross; and when she asked her for what, her mother answered, 'To hurt my Lord Ross.' Upon which she brought down the glove, and gave it to her mother, who stroked Rutterkin (her cat, the imp) with it, after it was dipped in hot water, and so pricked it often; after which, Henry, Lord Ross, fell sick, and, soon after, died. She further said that, finding a glove about two or three years since of Francis, Lord Ross, she gave it to her mother, who put it into hot water, and afterwards took it out, and

rubbed it on Rutterkin (the imp), and bid him go upwards, and said, 'a mischief light on him, but he will mend again.' She further confessed that her mother and her [self] and her sister agreed together to bewitch the Earl and his lady, that they might have no more children; and, being asked the cause of this their malice and ill-will, she said that, about four years since, the Countess, taking a dislike to her, gave her forty shillings, a bolster, and a mattress, and bid her be at home, and come no more to dwell at the Castle; which she not only took ill, but grudged it in her heart very much, swearing to be revenged upon her; on which her mother took wool out of the mattress, and a pair of gloves, which were given her by a Mr. Vovason, and put them into warm water, mingling them with some blood, and stirring it together; then she took them out of the water, and rubbed them on the belly of Rutterkin, saying, 'the lord and lady would have children, but it would be long first.' She further confessed that, by her mother's command, she brought to her a piece of the handkerchief of the Lady Catharine, the Earl's daughter, and her mother put it into hot water, and then, taking it out, rubbed it upon Rutterkin, bidding him, 'fly

and go;' whereupon, Rutterkin whined, and cried 'mew,' upon which, the said Rutterkin had no more power of the Lady Catharine to hurt her.

"Margaret Flower and Phillis Flower, the daughters of Jane [Joan] Flower, were executed at Lincoln for witchcraft, March twelfth, 1618.

"Whoever reads this history, should consider the ignorance and dark superstition of those times, but certainly these women were vile, abandoned wretches, to pretend to do such wicked things.

" 'Seek ye not unto them that have familiar spirits, nor wizards, nor unto witches, that peep and that mutter: should not a people seek unto their God?'—Isaiah viii. 19."

So, with a quotation from Holy writ, endeavouring, according to the time-honoured rule, to point the moral of the tale, ends the Bottesford record of the "Witches of Belvoir."

But the story, as given in the book of the sepulchral Chapel of the illustrious Manners family, leaves out some interesting particulars. These are supplied by a contemporary pamphlet, reprinted in Nichols's "Leicestershire." Associated with the Flowers in their horrible practices were three other women of the like grade of life—

Anne Baker, of Bottesford; Joan Willimot, of Goodby; and Ellen Greene, of Stathorne, all in the immediate neighbourhood of Belvoir Castle. The confessions of these women were much to the same purpose as that of Margaret Flower. Each had her own familiar spirit to assist her in working out her malignant designs against her neighbours. That of Joan Willimot was called "Pretty." It was blown into her mouth by her master, William Berry, in the form of a fairy, and immediately after came forth again and stood on the floor in the shape of a woman, to whom she forthwith promised that her soul should be enlisted in the infernal service. On one occasion, in Joan Flowers' house, she saw two spirits, one like an owl, the other like a rat, one of which sucked her under the ear. This woman, however, protested that, for her own part, she only employed her spirit for inquiring after the health of persons whom she had undertaken to cure. Greene confessed to having had a meeting with Willimot in the woods, when the latter called two spirits into their company, one like a kitten, the other like a mole, which, on her being left alone, mounted on her shoulders, and sucked her under the ears. She had then sent them to

bewitch a man and a woman who had reviled her, and who, accordingly, died within a fortnight. Anne Baker seems to have been more of a visionary than the rest. She once saw a hand, and heard a voice from the air; she had been visited with a flash of fire; all of them ordinary occurrences in the annals of hallucination. She also had a spirit, but, as she alleged, a beneficent one, in the form of a white dog.

The examination of the Belvoir witches was conducted before Sir Henry Hobbert, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, at Lincoln, and the wretched women were condemned to death on their own confession.

The implicit belief in the impossible powers with which witches were for so many centuries universally accredited, and of which the above case furnishes a striking illustration, affords a forcible proof of the amazing and lasting power of superstition over the human mind.

Thornton Abbey.

By Frederick Ross, f.r.h.s.

THE traveller journeying from New Holland to Grimsby, by the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway, will notice, about three miles down, across a couple of fields, a fine and venerable Gothic gateway, formerly the entrance to Thornton Abbey, a bringing together face to face of the art and science of the twelfth century with that of the nineteenth. The worthy old fathers who dwelt, and prayed, and fasted, and droned away their lives within the walls of that building dreamt not in their wildest imaginings of travelling at the rate of fifty miles an hour. They would have attributed it to witchcraft or enchantment, and would probably have burnt George Stephenson, had he sprung up in their time; they, honest souls, were content to plod along their execrable way-tracks, with their bullock vans, at the rate of four miles an hour.

Still, though they had no notion of steam as a

propelling power, and knew little or nothing of modern science, they had a marvellous intuitive perception of the beautiful in art, and evolved the noble Gothic order of architecture, with all its sacred symbolism, examples of which are so profusely scattered over our land, either complete or in ruin, the remains of the erewhile magnificent Thornton Abbey, standing as a representative of the old monk's taste and skill on the southern shore of the Humber.

The country in which the Abbey is situated is historic ground. The river Humber, flowing nearbye, has afforded a passage into the interior for many a hostile fleet, mainly of Danes and Norsemen, and many a battle has been fought on these shores between the Saxons and the Danes, resulting eventually in the latter gaining the supremacy in Lincolnshire, and settling there in vast numbers, which is evidenced by the great number of villages in the district which were re-named by them, with the Danish terminal *by*. The famous and decisive battle of Brunanburh, the site of which is not known, and has been the cause of much controversy, is said in Ethelward's Chronicle to have taken place at Brunandene, which the editor pronounces to be Brumford, or

Burnham, in the parish of Thornton Curteis, a palpable mistake, as the battle was fought unquestionably to the north of the Humber. Westward of the village of Thornton is a large entrenchment, called Yarborough Camp, supposed to be of Roman origin, great numbers of Roman coins having been found there. At Barrows, three or four miles distant, once the seat of the ancient family of Tyrwhit, is a marsh, with an earthwork, called the Castle, where tradition tells that it was constructed by Humber when he invaded Britain, in the time of Brut the Trojan; Dr. Stukeby, however, after examining it thought it to have been a British Druidical Temple, which opinion is corroborated by the existence of several British Tumuli in close proximity. Wulfere, King of Mercia, gave to St. Chad, Bishop of Lichfield, in the seventh century, land whereon to found a monastery at *Barwe*, "which Bede saith remained in his time." From this circumstance, a district near the church is still called St. Chads.

At Goxhill, another neighbouring village, was a Cistercian Nunnery, founded by William de Alta Ripa, about the middle of the twelfth

century. It was at Thornton, too, that the lady, Mrs Skinner, dwelt whose daughter was drowned in crossing the Humber from Hull in a storm, along with the Rev. Andrew Marvell, Vicar of Hull, and father of Andrew Marvell, the patriot, to whom she had been paying a visit, and who (Mrs Skinner) a lady of property, being thus rendered childless, sent for young Marvell from Cambridge, and made him her heir.

The founder of the Abbey was William le Gros, Earl of Albemarle, Lord of the Seigniory of Holderness, and in right of his wife, Lord of the Honour and Castle of Skipton in Craven. His territorial possessions, paternal and *jure uxoris*, in Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, Cumberland, and other counties, were on a most extensive scale, rendering him one of the most powerful and wealthy of the northern nobles. He was born in 1119, and succeeded his father, Stephen, in the Earldom, who was concerned in conspiracies against Henry I., in which he disappeared; but the date is not known. He (William) held a chief command at the battle of the Standard, 1138, when David of Scotland was defeated, and adhered to Stephen in his contest with the Empress Maud, fighting under him at the Battle

of Lincoln, 1140-1, where the King was defeated and captured, the Earl narrowly escaping the same fate. He rebuilt the Castle of Scarborough, of which place he was Governor, on the ruined site of an ancient fortress, and, in the reign of Henry II., was appointed seneschal of Normandy, and being a potent and able man was entrusted with many important Offices of State, married Cecily, daughter of William Fitz Duncan, nephew to Malcolm, King of Scotland, by Alice, daughter of Robert de Romilé, Lord of Skipton, by whom he had issue :—

Hawyse, his heiress, who married William de Mandeville and two others, who afterwards became successively, Earls of Albemarles, *j.u.*

Amicia, who married one Aston or Eston, from whom descended John de Eston, who claimed the Earldom of Albemarle on the death of Aveline de Fortibus, sixth Edward I.

The Earl died after an active and vigorous life, in 1179, and was buried with great honour and respect in his Abbey of Thornton.

William le Gros was as distinguished for his foundation of monasteries and benefactions to the church as he was for his military enterprises, and skill in warfare—"De prima fundatione ejusdem

et arbitibus abbatuno, ex chronicis abbatie de Thorneton Curteis, penes Gervasium Holles de Grimesby, in Com. Linc. Armigerum, Anno 1640.

"Prœdictus comes fundator existit quatuor monasteriorum; primum monasterium S. Martin de Anyco prope Albemarlium ordinis Cluniacensis.

"Secundum monasterium, beatæ de Thorneton ordinis St Augustini Linc. Diocesis.

"Tertium monasterium beatæ Mariæ de Melsa ordinis Cisterciensis, in com, Eboracii fundatur enim Anno Dom. 1150 in die circumcisionis Domini, anno xi post fundationem monasterii beatæ Mariæ de Thorneton."

The last-mentioned Abbey of Meaux, near Beverley, was founded in absolution of a vow to go on a crusade to the Holy Land, the Earl having become so corpulent as to render him incapacitated for undertaking the fatigues of the journey and the perils of the warfare.

The monastery of Thornton was built *circa* 1139, as a Priory of Augustinian canons, or, as they were usually termed, Black Canons.

The order of St. Augustine, Bishop of Hippo, originated in the eighth century, as a medium

between Secular Priests and the Benedictine monks, the rules being that all property should be in common; labour from morning to sext; reading from sext till nones; and work from refection to vespers; with regular attendance at Divine Service. Psalms to be sung at the hours and readings after vespers. Times of fasting and abstinence; punishments for certain offences, such as idle talk and gossiping, fixing their eyes upon women; pilfering food; harsh expressions to each other; disobedience to superiors, etc. In the twelfth century, Pope Nicholas II. introduced a stricter rule, which gave rise to the distinction of Regular and Secular Canons, the former being those who lived in common in the monasteries, and the latter those who officiated in Cathedral and Collegiate churches.

The Priory was gradually built, the more important portions the earlier, and when it was rendered habitable and accommodation provided for the purpose of Divine worship, it was consecrated and dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary, and a seal made, of which an imperfect impression may be seen in the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey—the Blessed Virgin, superbly crowned, having in one hand a lily, in the other a cross,

and the Divine Infant seated on her lap: with what remains of the legend—". . . gillvm. sce. Marie. de Thorneton."

A colony of monks, with brother Richard at their head, migrated hither, from Kirkham, near Malton, Yorkshire, who took possession of the cells, and Richard was elected their first Prior.

THORNTON ABBEY.

From the first it received some very liberal donations from other benefactors, and in consequence it was converted, in 1148, from a Priory into an Abbey; which benefactions were enumerated in the "Carta Regis Ricardi Primi, Donatorum et Concessiones, recitans et confirmans."

The following is a list of the Abbots :—

1. Richard, elected Prior 1140 ; Abbot, 1148, by Bull of Pope Eugenius III. ; died 1152.

2. Philip, 1152 ; c, 1175.

3. Thomas, 1175 ; died 1184, on his road to Rome, relative to an appeal respecting the church of Barrow.

4. John Benton, 1184-1203.

5. Jordan de Villa, 1203-1223.

6. Richard de Villa, 1223-1233.

7. Geoffrey Holme, 1233-1245.

8. Robert, 1245 ; died 1257.

9. William Lincoln, 1257-1273.

10. William Hotoft or Waller, resigned 1290.

11. Thomas de Ponte, otherwise Thomas de Glaunteford Bridge, 1290 ; resigned 1323.

12. William de Grysby, 1323—cession 22d Edward III.

13. Robert de Derlyncton, occurs 13th and 22d Edward III.

14. Thomas de Gretham, Royal assent to election 38th Edward III., occurs 17th Richard II.

15. William de Multon, 17th Richard II.

16. Geoffrey Burton, died 1st Henry VI.

17. John Hoton, elected 1439.

18. William Multon, elected 1443.
19. William Medley, occurs 1473.
20. John Beverley, occurs 1492 and 1495.
21. John Louth, occurs 1499 and 1517.
22. John More, occurs 1522 and 1535, the last Prior, who surrendered the Abbey at the dissolution.

Judging from what is left in the ruins, the Abbey must have been a magnificent aggregation of buildings. It appears to have been arranged in the form of an extensive quadrangle, surrounded by a deep moat and a high rampart, with the walls castellated and crenellated for defence against the pirates of the Humber. The gateway which still remains, with massive door and portcullis, was approached by a drawbridge over the moat, between two flanking, loopholed walls and with two round towers for military purposes. The grand entrance-arch is surmounted by a parapet and a room for the gatekeeper or watchman. The western face has six embattled turrets, with three statues, between the two middle ones—the centre a crowned figure of a King, with a mitred Bishop on one hand and a Knight in armour on the other, each figure standing under an enriched canopy. Above are

figures in the attitude of prayer, representative probably of monks, and there are other niches which at one time have contained statues. In the interior are numerous rooms, cells, and passages, including the grand banqueting room, with the stone-work of its bay-window still entire, and a finely groined roof ornamented with richly carved groupings of flowers and fruit, and half length human figures with distorted countenances, supposed to represent beings undergoing the penal purgation of purgatory. Eastward of the gateway have been excavated the remains of the church, which has evidently been a noble structure; the chapter house, still tolerably complete, was octangular, and richly decorated, with, running round it, beneath its beautiful windows, an arcade of pointed arches, with cinque-foiled heads and tre-foiled pendants in the centre. The Abbot's house on the south is now occupied as a farm-house. In making the excavations was found a tomb inscribed, "Roberti et Julia, 1443," and in a wall was found a skeleton, with a table, a book, and a candlestick, supposed to be the remains of Thomas de Gretham, the fourteenth Abbot, who was immured (buried alive within a wall) for some crime or breach of

monastic rule. The Annals of the Abbey are somewhat scanty, there being but little known of its ecclesiastical or domestic history. The following are a few details from the Abbey chronicle :—

"Anno.

1142. Fundatur noster dedit nobis villam de Grysby.

1143. Fundator noster dedit nobis Villam de Adelfby.

1147. Bernardus, son of Scamni, with son Hugo, who was made Canon, gave us xxxiv. acres of land.

1149. Herbertus de St. Quintino gave all his land at Stayntun and 2 bovates of land in Barrow.

„ Radolphus de Halton gave one caracute of land in Halton, etc.

„ Our founder gave Villam of Frothyngham, for the soul of his brother Ingelcanni.

1180. Obiit præclarus comes et eximius monasteriorum fundator, Willielmus Grose xiii Kal. Septembris.

1217. Perquivisit confirmatione Ecclesiarum de Humbleton, Garton, et Frothyng-

"ham et patronatus Ecclesiarum de Karlton et Kelstron ab Honorio, Papa III.

1225. Perquivisit generale privelegum ab Honorio, Papa III.

1228. Perquivisit confirmationem de Ecclesia de Barow à Gregorio, Papa, Nono, anno, Pontificatus sui secundo.

1262. Perquivisit confirmationem Ecclesia de Gouxyll ab Urbano Papa Quarto.

1292. Emptum erat Manerium de Halton, ab Henrico Lacy, pro mille libris."

King Henry VIII., about the time that he was commencing the suppression and plunder of the monasteries, paid a visit to Hull with his Queen, Katherine Howard, and a train of courtiers, where he voted at the Mayor choosing, caused the erection of new defences, and promoted other works for the improvement of the town, and after a stay of five days, crossed the Humber to Barrow-Haven, and went hence to Thornton Abbey, a procession of the whole fraternity meeting him on the road, and conducting him, with expressions and marks of welcome to the Abbey, where he was entertained with a stately

and costly reception and magnificent banqueting. This was probably a politic act on the part of the fraternity, in order to curry favour with the King, who, they saw, was then appropriating to his own purposes the revenues and lands of the monastic houses, and in the issue it proved successful, as after the surrender of the house, with its revenue of somewhat over £700 per annum, equal to twenty times its value of present money, mindful, perchance, of his sumptuous entertainment and the courtly attentions of the Abbot and brethren, instead of altogether suppressing the Abbey, he converted it into a collegiate establishment to the honour of the Holy and Undivided Trinity, with a dean and nineteen prebendaries, and applied the greater part of the Abbey lands for its endowment. It had not however a long period of existence, being dissolved on the first of the following reign (1546-67), and the site granted in exchange to the Bishopric of Lincoln.

From the Pension Book in the Augmentation Office we find that the following pensions were "assigned by the King's commissioners to the late Chanons, to be paid vnto them duringe their Lyves at the ffeasts of th' annu' ciacion of 'or Lady

and Seynte Mychaell th' Archangell by evin porcions."

"To Sr Edmond Sotheby	- - - -	viijli.		
To Sr William Shawe	- -	vi.	li.	xiijs. iiijd.
To Sr Thomas Appulton	- -	„	„	„
To Sr Christophr Smythe	- -	„	„	„
To Sr John Williamson al's Storre		„	„	„
To Sr Stephen Thompson	- -	„	„	„
Summa Totall	- - - -	xlj.	vj.	viijd.

PHYLYP PARYS.
JO. TREGONELL.
JO. HUGHES."

The Battle of Lincoln.

By Edward Lamplough.

WHEN the long reign of Henry I. came to a conclusion in the December of 1135, the crown was bequeathed to his daughter, Matilda, the ex-Empress of Germany, and at that time the wife of Geoffrey Plantagenet, Count of Anjou.

Stephen, Count of Blois, the son of the Conqueror's daughter Adela, was the first prince of the royal blood. He was an ambitious and gallant noble, well fitted by character and ability to succeed to his uncle's crown. In the absence of Matilda he seduced the barons, and usurped the throne, thereby plunging the land into a civil war, endured from the year 1136 until peace was finally concluded by the treaty of Winchester, in 1153, when the throne was secured to Stephen for the remainder of his life, the succession being vested in Henry Plantagenet, Matilda's eldest son.

The cause of the ex-Empress was first espoused by her uncle, David, King of Scotland, but her half-brother, Robert, Earl of Gloucester, was her chief captain and counsellor, his devotion to Matilda being only equalled by his hostility towards Stephen.

The most remarkable event of the war was the defeat of King David by the northern barons, seconded by the native archers of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire, at the battle of Northallerton, or "the Standard," as it was popularly termed.

In 1140, Stephen entered Lincolnshire with the intention of reducing Lincoln Castle, recently surprised by Ralph de Gernons, Earl of Chester, who, with his wife and his half-brother, William de Roumara, proposed to maintain his quarters in the fortress during the approaching festival of Christmas.

Many of the citizens of Lincoln loyally adhered to the gallant Stephen, and news of the disaster was speedily dispatched to him, and as promptly responded to by his appearance before the fortress at the head of a numerous and well-appointed army.

The Earl of Chester, thus taken at a disadvantage, was extremely apprehensive for the

safety of his castle, and the welfare of his wife and friends, for he doubted whether the defences could be maintained against the repeated attacks of the active and determined monarch. In this strait he sallied forth, under cover of night, passed through the lines of the beleaguring army, repaired to the Earl of Gloucester, and apprised him of the perilous position of the castle and its garrison.

Ralph de Gernons had espoused the Earl of Gloucester's daughter, and her perilous position no doubt influenced the nobleman in adventuring his life for the relief of the fortress. The force that could be assembled at so short a notice, and during the winter season, was necessarily small, but the two earls acted with the energy and promptitude demanded by so important a crisis, and mustering their vassals and friends, and a body of auxiliary Welshmen, they marched upon Lincoln.

Stephen trusted too confidently to the natural defences of his position, which was flanked by a rivulet and morass, but the army of relief passed these obstacles without loss or disorder, and offered battle to the better appointed and more numerous army of the King.

Gloucester and Stephen confronted each other with their infantry in the centre, and the men-at-arms on the wings. Gloucester stationed the naked Welshmen at the extremity of the line of battle, and took up his position at the head of his infantry; Chester commanding on one wing, which consisted of his own vassals; while the other wing was under the command of the refugee barons, the bitter enemies of King Stephen.

Although surprised by the celerity and vigour of Gloucester's movements, Stephen doubted not the issue of the impending conflict, and assumed the command of the centre; the Earl of Albemarle and William d'Ypres commanding the Breton and Flemish horse, composing one of the wings, while the other wing, consisting of English and Breton horse, was led by Count Alain of Dinan, Walleran de Mellent, Hugh Bigod, Earl of Norfolk, Simon de Seules, Earl of Northampton, and William de Warrenne, Earl of Surrey.

The first blow was struck by William d'Ypres, who charged, and dispersed the unfortunate Welsh auxiliaries, whose exposed position, and lack of defensive armour, rendered them an easy prey to their enemies. While William d'Ypres

was urging the pursuit with more zeal than discretion, he exposed his disordered ranks to the attack, and was taken in flank by the Earl of Chester, who charged through his squadrons, and drove them in irretrievable confusion from the field.

The English refugees, casting their lances away, spurred, sword-in-hand, upon Stephen's remaining wing; but these cavaliers, influenced by either cowardice or treachery, declined the combat, and fled in confusion from the field, leaving Stephen at the head of his exposed infantry, to be surrounded, slain, and captured.

The leonine courage of Stephen was brilliantly displayed in the ensuing conflict. Although victory was hopeless, he conducted the defence with great skill, and by his heroism and generalship, delayed the moment of defeat. At length, he fought almost alone, his soldiers being scattered or captured, and his enemies hemming him in on every side, yet, despite their personal enmity, showing a disposition rather to capture than to slay the king. In the heat of the *melée*, his battle-axe was shivered and cast aside; his sword was next broken, and, whilst defending himself with his truncheon, he was struck by a

stone and felled to the ground. As he struggled to his knees, William de Kaines threw himself upon him, and held him by his helmet, with his sword presented in readiness to deal the mortal thrust, declaring that he would proceed to the last extremity if the king attempted to continue the struggle; whereupon Stephen consented to yield himself a prisoner to the Earl of Gloucester, who was accordingly sent for, and received the king's submission, four gallant gentlemen who had shared in the last valiant conflict yielding up their weapons at the same time.

Thus the Anglo-Saxon chronicle:

"The Earl held Lincoln against the king, and seized all that belonged to the king there, and the king went thither and besieged him and his brother William de Roman in the castle; and the Earl stole out, and went for Robert, Earl of Gloucester, and brought him thither with a large army; and they fought furiously against their lord on Candlemas Day, and they took him captive, for his men betrayed him and fled, and they led him to Bristol, and there they put him into prison and close confinement."

Only one hundred men of the royal army fell to the sword and spear of the enemy, and there

appears to be just cause for the suspicion of treachery.

Wendoer, in his "Flowers of History," has the following account of the battle:

"Meanwhile, King Stephen heard mass with much devotion, and when, in the course of the ceremony, he put into the hands of Bishop Alexander the royal wax taper as the usual offering to God, it was suddenly broken and extinguished, which foreboded sorrow to the king; the eucharist also fell upon the altar, together with Christ's body, by reason of the string breaking, and this was an omen of the king's ruin. Stephen, on foot, disposed his troops with much care, and industriously arranged around himself all his men in armour, without their horses; but he arranged all his Earls, with their horses, to fight in two bodies. The army of the rebel earls was very small, whilst that of the king was numerous, and united under one standard. At the beginning of the battle, the exiles, who were in the van, charged the king's army, in which were Earl Allan, Robert, Earl de Mellent, Hugh Bigod, the Earl of East Anglia, Earl Simon, and the Earl of Warenne, with such fury that some of them were slain, some taken

prisoners, and the rest fled. The division commanded by the Earl of Albemarle and William of Ypres, charged the Welsh, who advanced on the flank, and routed them; but the Earl of Chester attacked this body, and defeated them like the rest. Thus all the king's knights fled. William of Ypres, a man of the rank of an Earl, and the others who could not flee, were all taken and thrown into prison. A remarkable circumstance here happened: King Stephen, like a roaring lion, alone remained in the field; no one dared to encounter him; gnashing with his teeth, and foaming like a mountain boar, he repulsed, with his battle-axe, the troops that assailed him, and gained immortal honour by the destruction which he wrought on the chief of his enemies. If there had been a hundred like him, he would not have been taken captive, since even he alone was with difficulty overcome by a host of foes. He was taken prisoner on the day of the purification of the blessed Virgin, and led before the empress, by whom he was imprisoned in Bristol Castle."

Apparently, the battle of Lincoln placed the crown upon the brow of the ex-empress, but she had no hold upon the affection of the people, who

admired the courage and generosity of Stephen, and, by her want of tact, she mortally offended the Londoners, who, rising in sudden revolt, chased her out of the city. Stephen's adherents again making head, gained some advantages, and effected the capture of the Earl of Gloucester, who was ultimately exchanged for Stephen, and the war dragged on with varying successes until the final pacification by the treaty of Winchester, A.D. 1153.

The chronicle gives a pathetic account of the afflictions of the English during those long years of internecine strife, a portion of which may be appropriately quoted here:

"Then was corn dear, and flesh, and cheese, and butter, for there was none in the land,—wretched men starved with hunger,—some lived on alms who had been erewhile rich; some fled the country,—never was there more misery, and never acted heathens worse than these. At length they spared neither church nor churchyards, but they took all that was valuable therein, and then burned the church and all together. Neither did they spare the lands of bishops, nor of abbots, nor of priests; but they robbed the monks and the clergy, and every man plundered

his neighbour as much as he could. If two or three men came riding to a town, all the township fled before them, and thought that they were robbers. The bishops and clergy were ever cursing them, but this to them was nothing, for they were all accursed, and forsworn and reprobate. The earth bore no corn, you might as well have tilled the sea, for the land was all ruined by such deeds, and it was said openly that Christ and his saints slept."

"Lincoln Fair."

By Edward Lamplough.

WHEN King John ended his days at Newark, in the October of 1215, the crown descended to his son Henry, a child aged ten years, who was crowned at Gloucester, in the presence of the few barons who remained loyal to the Plantagenets. The papal-legate exacted from the young prince the act of homage to the holy see, and the nobles having sworn fealty to the boy king, he was placed in the charge of Earl Pembroke, the regent of the Kingdom.

The loyal barons were few, and the numerous mercenaries who had been introduced into the kingdom by John were not likely to maintain their fidelity in the face of possible reverses, and inducements that might be held out to them by the Anglo-French party.

The confederate barons, in their desperate attempts to make head against the mercenary armies of King John, had offered the crown to

Prince Louis of France, who had espoused a niece of the late King, but was by no means acceptable to the Commons of England. Louis had accordingly entered the Kingdom with a considerable army, but had not performed any brilliant exploit in arms, and had alienated the respect of the revolted barons by his contempt of their services, and his partiality for his French followers. The papal-legate had increased the difficulties of Prince Louis' position by pronouncing the ban of excommunication against him and his adherents.

With moderation and tact that redounded to his honour, Pembroke proclaimed Henry's coronation, and invited the revolted barons to return to their allegiance to the Plantagenets, under the pledge of a general amnesty for all past offences.

The haughty nobles were unwilling, however, to abandon the French Prince, and continued the war, which assumed a more favourable aspect for the patriotic party, for such were the Royalists at this later stage of the struggle.

The young Henry was extremely fortunate in being served by two such faithful and talented officers as the Earl of Pembroke and Hubert de Burgh, the latter of whom, in his capacity of

governor of Dover Castle, successfully resisted all the military, and other less honourable arts, of Prince Louis to induce the surrender of that important fortress.

After the coronation some negotiations took place, and Louis accepted a brief truce, which he employed in visiting his father, no doubt to obtain further counsel to assist him in carrying out his difficult enterprise.

Pembroke improved this opportunity of negotiating with the revolted barons, and won over his son, William Mareschal, and some others to the Royal cause. The Cinque Ports returned to their obedience, and sent out a fleet to encounter Louis on his return. The English sailors acquitted themselves so manfully that several of the French ships were destroyed, an injury which Louis avenged by laying Sandwich in ashes.

The most important conflict of this desultory struggle occurred, however, on the soil of Lincolnshire, and was occasioned by an expedition of the Earl of Chester into Leicestershire, for the purpose of attempting the reduction of Montsorrel, which was garrisoned by a party of French troops under Henri de Braibrac.

The Count de Perche, one of the most famous of the French captains, was despatched to the relief of the threatened fortress, with 20,000 men. On his march he committed many excesses, burning churches and monasteries, and dealing the utmost severities of war upon the unhappy people. The Earl of Chester was compelled to beat a retreat before this overwhelming army, whereon the French commander marched upon Lincoln, which was favourable to his cause, and threw open its gates on his approach.

Lincoln Castle was, however, held by Nichola, widow of Gerard de Comville, the hereditary custodian of the fortress; and this loyal lady bade defiance to the haughty Marshal of France, and stoutly held him at bay, although the Frenchmen closely invested the castle, and amused themselves by pillaging the cathedral.

The castle was in danger of falling into the Count's hands, the garrison being reduced to great extremities; and the Regent was so concerned by its perilous position that he made a desperate attempt to effect its relief, although he could not bring into the field so numerous and well-appointed an army as that of the French commander. He succeeded in drawing together

a force of mounted yeomen, a considerable body of infantry, 250 crossbowmen, and 400 knights.

Intent upon inflicting a sudden blow upon the enemy, Pembroke conducted his operations with secrecy and promptitude, and had reached Newark, within twelve miles of the enemy's position, before the Count of Perche was advised of his peril.

A council of war was immediately held, and many of the barons were for marching out of Lincoln, and giving the Regent battle in the open plain, where their numerous cavalry would be able to act with the greatest advantage. The majority were disposed to regard the reduction of the castle as being of primary importance, and advised the prince to maintain the city against Pembroke, at the same time continuing the siege of the castle; indeed the Count of Perche could scarcely realize the fact that Pembroke had the audacity to assail him at close quarters, within the walls, so confident was he, not only in his own generalship and in the superiority of numbers, but also in the quality and discipline of his soldiers. The presumption of the French leader was opposed to his past experience, and

drew upon him a swift and fatal rebuke, on that long remembered 19th of May, A.D. 1217.

Every preparation was made to defend the city against Pembroke's assaults, and the walls were strongly manned. Unopposed, the royal army marched to the attack, and Pembroke proceeded to secure the fortress by throwing into it the 250 crossbowmen, under the command of Fulk de Breant; a postern-gate, which opened to the plain, enabled this first step towards victory to be carried out without difficulty or resistance. Fulk de Breant at once proceeded to conduct a sally against the enemy, his advance being covered by the archers, who shot their arrows thick and fast from the ramparts. The attack was furious and determined, and was seconded by Pembroke, who was hotly engaged in the storming of one of the city gates.

Embarrassed by the difficulties of their position, and not having room to use their numbers to advantage, the French suffered severely from the double attack, and Pembroke bursting into the city, charged them furiously on all sides. The French were confused and hampered in the narrow streets and lanes, where they could not make head, or find room to charge, while they

were assailed by the archers, who, in comparative safety, shot down their horses, and with their keen bolts wounded and slew the riders. Thus the confusion increased, and the loss of life waxed very heavy. Baffled and disheartened, the troops of Louis maintained the conflict for some time, the Count of Perche manfully exerting himself to restore the battle, and retrieve his fault; but the gallant Royalists acquitted themselves with temper and spirit, beat down the French on all sides, and slew the Count of Perche, who declined the proffered quarter, "in mere pride and petulance, swearing he would not surrender to any English traitor." Other good knights were wiser; Gilbert de Ghent, Robert Fitz-Walter, the Earls of Winchester and Hereford, surrended their swords, together with 400 knights, and a multitude of esquires, men-at-arms, and infantry.

The national animus was unsparingly exhibited to the French soldiery, who were put to the sword with merciless severity, nor was the disloyal adherence of the burghers of Lincoln to the cause of Prince Louis allowed to pass unpunished. The city was pillaged with unsparing severity, and the soldiery obtained so

rich a booty that they distinguished the deed of spoliation and revenge by the title of "Lincoln Fair."

The priestly adherents of Louis who were stationed in Lincoln were treated, by the legate's commands, with the severities due to excommunicated offenders. The ban that condemned the disloyal to punishment, formed a striking contrast to the favours conferred upon the loyal troops, the legate having confessed and absolved the leaders, and encouraged the valour of all, by declaring Paradise open to those who fell while combating in the interests of the tiara and the crown, on that auspicious day.

In describing military achievements during the middle ages, the loss of the soldiery is not always enumerated, so little were they regarded in comparison with the nobles, and this peculiarity appears to have led to the following misapprehension, with its amusing reflections, quoted from Hume and Smollett's history:

"Lincoln was delivered over to be pillaged; the French army was totally routed; the Count of Perche, with only two persons more, was killed; but many of the chief commanders, and about 400 knights, were made prisoners by the English.

So little blood was shed in this important action, which decided the fate of one of the most powerful kingdoms in Europe, and such wretched soldiers were those ancient barons, who yet were unacquainted with everything but arms."

The defeat of a French fleet of reinforcements so severely crippled Prince Louis' movements that he was under the necessity of treating with Pembroke. He was, apparently, glad to escape from the critical position in which he found himself, but retired with what dignity he might, under cover of an affected interest in the fortunes of his adherents, and those of the nation, for he stipulated for "an indemnity to the adherents who remained faithful to him, a restitution of their honours and fortunes, as well as the enjoyment of those liberties which had been granted in the late Charter to the rest of the nation."

Such were the happy results following that famous "Lincoln Fair," an event to be remembered with interest by all patriotic students of our national evolution.

Alford Fight.

By the Rev. Geo. S. Tyack, b.a.

ONE could scarcely find a country town whose aspect is more peaceful—an enemy of the place, if it has one, might say more sleepy—than the little town of Alford. Its grey church tower looks down year after year upon its wide market-place and clean broad streets, and sees little change as time rolls on; and the rooks, cawing on their homeward way to the dark woods of Well, but seldom carry home tidings of any new encroachment by the habitations of men upon their ancestral "hunting-grounds." The very railway has been kept at a full arm's length, and when recently a line of tramcars, with reckless daring, strove to desecrate the decorous streets of Alford with clang of bell and hiss of steam, a few short years sufficed to still the noisy emblem of progress, and to leave the highways once more in the dignified monotony of unbroken peace.

But in the turbulent days when King and Commons argued out their differences with crash of arms, Alford felt the shock of the constitutional earthquake, and showed herself no less able to bear her part than other more important places. Indeed, the condition of things in the little town was such at that time as to suggest that anything but peace reigned in the district, and that bickerings in the market and brawlings in the streets must then have been no infrequent sights and sounds. For in the centre of the town, under the very shadow of the church, lived Sir William Hanby, of Hanby Hall, a staunch adherent of Church and King, whose opinions, doubtless, were of no little weight with many of his poorer fellow-townsmen. But his rule was not undisputed, for in Well Vale dwelt Sir Lionel Weldon, who had thrown in his lot with the Puritans, and had his following also, no doubt, among his neighbours.

The turmoil of the town reached a crisis in June and July, 1645. On the morning of the 27th June, the Royalist leader, Cavendish, marched into the town with a strong force; the movement was part of an attempt then being made by the King's troops at Newark

and Nottingham to force a passage to Boston, one of the Parliamentary strongholds; but a minor motive is said to have been the hope of capturing the said Sir Lionel Weldon, a hope in which they had been specially encouraged by Sir William Hanby.

Hanby Hall was made the Royalist head-quarters, and the troops lay encamped on the south side of the town, one wing at Bilsby, the other at Holy Well Farm. The low ground round the latter position was at that time but ill-drained, and the marsh proved fatal to many in the subsequent attempt to retreat.

Every effort to seize the person of Sir Lionel proved ineffectual, and the Parliamentary forces, hastily gathered under Sir Drawer Massingberd, though too feeble to attempt an attack, succeeded in keeping the Royalists in check until further help arrived. Late in the day, on July 1st, the Earl of Manchester came up with a considerable force of Parliamentarians, and encamped in Bilsby Field, while news was brought that cavalry and artillery were advancing from Burgh to aid the same cause.

No movement was made that day, the Puritan troops being wearied with forced marches, and

the Royalist leader being temporarily absent. On the following day, July 2nd, however, the fight began betimes; the right wing of the Royal army was vigorously assailed by the troopers of Moody of Scremby, and Payne of Burgh, and completely routed; numbers perished in the swamp, and the scattered remnant was met at Willoughby by Rossiter, advancing from Burgh, and practically annihilated. The battle was not so easily won in the rest of the field, but at last the whole position was carried by the Earl of Manchester's forces, the Royalists being scattered with great slaughter.

Cavendish got safely away, but Sir William Hanby was among the slain, and his Hall was partially destroyed. The fragment of a regiment serving under Colonel Penruddock took refuge in the parish church, and here, as in so many other instances, the Puritans sullied their victory by the exhibition of their barbarity; not only did the sacred walls prove no City of Refuge for the vanquished, but the completed victory was signalised by the destruction of almost everything which they contained. Of this desecration, a relic is still to be seen: the tracery of the north and south windows of the Sacrarium

of the church is filled with some fragments of old glass, that by their richness of tone put to shame the modern glass beside them, and more than that, prove to us how beautiful must have been "the dim religious light" within those walls before the passions of men brought the hot breath of war upon the place, to blight the beauty both of men and things.

Barton-on-Humber Ferry.

By C. H. Crowder.

THE ancient ferry at Barton, once the only practicable passage across the Humber, must have an interesting record could the almost impenetrable veil of the past be drawn aside. Domesday Book says that when William the Conqueror sat on his uneasy throne, the town had a mayor and aldermen, and also, what few towns could at that period boast of, a church, a priest, two mills, and a Ferry on the Humber—indeed, the Ferry is mentioned in still earlier records, as is manifest by a dispute respecting the tolls in the time of Edward the Confessor. In very remote times the Ermine Street of the all-pervading Romans ran down to the Humber-side at Barton, the ferry giving passage to their conquering legions. Coming down to a later period, King Edward I. (the "Hammer of the Scotch,") accompanied by his recently-wedded Queen, Margaret, and his eldest son, Prince Edward,

with a gallant array of nobles, knights, and men-at-arms, crossed the Humber (April, A.D. 1300) at Barton, landing at Hessle, the King being on his way to Scotland, the thinly-scattered, though brave and rugged, defenders of which gallant country could not save it from devastation by their more powerful neighbour. The passage across the Humber occupied two days, an item of the expenses stating: "Galfrid de Selby and other sailors of the eleven barges and boats for carrying the King's military equipment and household from Barton to Hessle, across the Humber, occupying two days, by the hands of the same sailors at Hessle, 27th May, 13s." Doubtless the abbots and monks of the famous Abbey of Thornton, when travelling to or from the sacred shrines of York or Beverley, as well as many a cavalcade of pilgrims, would pass and repass at this ancient ferry. A gloomier episode in its history is perhaps worth noting. It being at that early day the only passage from the south to the Sanctuary of St. John of Beverley, the man-slayer (whether by accident or design) would make for the old ferry, and would, to escape the vengeance of his pursuers, seek sanctuary and safety within the sacred bounds. A case of this

kind is chronicled, where "one Elias de la Hill, of Barton, struck Richard de la Hill, of the same place," finding refuge within the holy precincts of the Beverley Saint.

In the first week of July, 1643, Lord (Ferdinando) Fairfax was in full retreat from Leeds to Hull, being pursued by the Royalists under the Earl of Newcastle; the old lord crossed the Ouse at Selby, his gallant son, Sir Thomas (afterwards, as Lord Fairfax, the famous Parliamentary leader), taking the post of danger in the rear. On the point of embarking their cavalry, the Royalist horse were upon them. The father crossed with the main body in safety, but the son, Sir Thomas, became separated, having received a bullet through the wrist. He would have fallen from his horse through loss of blood, had not some of his troopers caught him as he fell, and laid him on the grass. He shortly recovered from the temporary faintness, and remounted, making the best of his way along the right bank, at length crossing the Trent. Accompanying his flight, seated on a horse before her nurse, was his "little daughter Moll," at that time about five years of age. These defenceless companions added greatly to Fairfax's anxiety,

for they were nearly dead with fatigue and terror. After their perilous passage of the Trent, he sent the swooning child for shelter to a farm house, and rode on to Barton, which place he reached after being forty hours in the saddle. Here he hoped to obtain some much-needed rest, and succour for his wound; but in a quarter of an hour after his arrival the Royalist horse attacked the place of his retreat, so he hurried aboard a friendly ship, and reached the garrison of Hull, with his clothes torn to pieces and covered with blood. He did not forget his "little daughter Moll" and her nurse, for a vessel was speedily sent to rescue them. The daughter happily joined her father on the following day, and lived eventually to be Duchess of Buckingham.

The Haven formerly ran up to Finkle Lane, which is now a considerable distance from the water, and where, within living memory, stood the old ferry boat house, known by the sign of "The Maiden," an ancient framework building of lath and plaster (see the illustration). The sketch was taken in 1795, and it would be at this spot (at the junction of Finkle Lane and Newport, or Newport Street, or about the site), that most of the foregoing events took place. The last

occupier of the interesting old edifice, which was demolished during the second decade of this century, was a Mr. Richard Willford, a fresh-looking, venerable, white-haired man, the great-grandfather of Mr. Ball, the publisher of the "History of Barton," from which the illustration is taken. In Mr. Willford's day, the house contained some fine old carved furniture, and the view from its windows was (with the exception of a barn-like building, used at times for public meetings) uninterrupted over the open fields down to the Humber, which, long years before, had retreated to its present bounds.

The Humber must have once flowed higher than at present, as a paddock in the East Acridge was called Shrimpholme, and here fishermen used to dry their nets. A field also in this vicinity bore the name of Sedge Close, showing its original proximity to water. Some years ago a large mound of earth was removed from the same locality. It had evidently been a sea or river embankment, as large quantities of marine shells were discovered during the excavations.

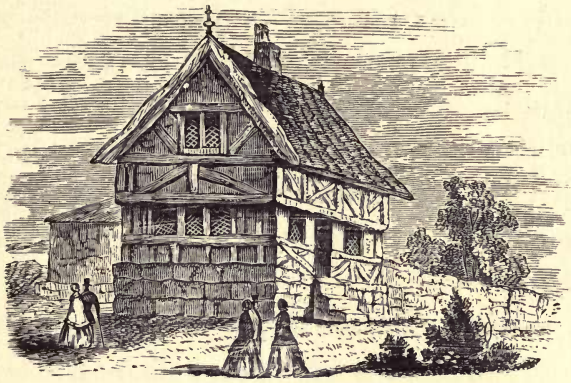
The old building now known as the "Water-side Inn," standing in close proximity to the landing-place on the Humber, although

possessing no architectural beauty, has interesting memories, as throughout the pack-horse and coaching times, anterior to railroads, all ranks and conditions of men have sheltered beneath its roof.

The celebrated Daniel Defoe, the writer of Robinson Crusoe, crossed from Barton to Hull in the year 1748, and his experience would appear not to have been a pleasant one, old Humber probably being in one of its tempestuous moods, stirring up Daniel's bile, for he vents his ill-humour as follows:—"There are seven good towns on the sea coast, but I include not Barton, which stands on the Humber, as one of them, being a straggling mean town, noted for nothing but an oldfashioned, dangerous passage; a ferry over the Humber to Hull, where, in an open boat, in which we had about fifteen horses and ten or twelve cows mingled with about seventeen or eighteen passengers, we were about four hours tossed about on the Humber before we could get into the harbour at Hull." Nearly a hundred years earlier (August 19th, 1654) the learned and pious John Evelyn, had a similar stormy voyage, for he says: "We passe the Humber, an arme of the sea of about two leagues breadth. The weather

was bad, but we cross'd it in a good barg to Barton, the first towne in that part of Lincolnshire."

In 1779, a breathless horseman, mounted on an equally breathless steed, startled the king's quiet lieges at Barton by riding madly through the town towards the Waterside, when his horse dropped lifeless beneath him. Without noticing



OLD FERRY-BOAT HOUSE, BARTON-ON-HUMBER.

the poor animal he rushed to the ferry and demanded instant passage; the ferrymen said it was impossible, it being what they termed "dead low water." The stranger thereupon drew a pistol, and threatened the poor men's lives if they did not comply with what appeared to them so unreasonable an order. They thereupon procured

a large washing-tub, and slid the impetuous rider, whose uniform betokened a man in authority, down the mud, or warp, to the water's edge, and quickly put him over the Humber, landing him at Dairycoates, where he again, in the same unceremonious manner, seized a horse from a plough, and galloped posthaste towards Hull. It afterwards turned out that he was a King's Messenger, with instructions to the governor of the citadel to put that place in a state of defence, in anticipation of a visit from that daring sea-rover, Paul Jones, who, with his victorious squadron, was then hovering off the mouth of the Humber.

Another famous character, Charles Dibdin, the seamen's poet, writing in 1788, says:—"On the fourth of November, falling on a Sunday, and being exactly ninety-nine years since the memorable Revolution, the wind being almost due north, very strong and squally, accompanied with a severe and incessant rain, I set sail from Hull to Barton. Nor is all this preparation unworthy the occasion. I am sure I shall endure nothing in my voyage to India that will exceed what I thus experienced, for if it did we should be past all endurance." After an amusing account of the "middle passage," he concludes—"After our poor

sloop had been buffeted three hours and forty minutes, during which she above a hundred times as fairly dived as ever did a duck, our sailors were so kind as to run us aground at the mouth of Barton Harbour." Truly "Rude Boreas" should have behaved better to the great Sea-Songster.

In 1802, a Mr. Shaw rode from Barton Waterside to London, 172 miles, in ten hours and thirty-three minutes. This must have been accomplished by a relay of horses, and good ones too.

In coaching days, the Royal mail usually arrived at the Waterside about eleven p.m.; according to the state of wind and tide, travellers might have to wait at the inn, eight, ten, or even twelve hours before they could cross the Humber; The huge kitchen fire of the inn was never allowed to go out, day or night, from year's end to year's end, except for necessary repairs. Passengers on very urgent business might cross the Humber (weather permitting) at a charge of 7s. 6d. each. The mails for the town of Barton were in charge of an odd character, whose *sobriquet* was Skitter Jack. This free and easy individual, on hot summer days, might frequently be seen fast asleep on a gravel heap, on the road 'twixt the Waterside Inn and the George Inn (the then

Post-office), with His Majesty's mail-bags under his head!

Although many a year has elapsed since any Royal or historic event (save perhaps the short visit of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh on coast-guard duty in the autumn of 1880) has enlivened the Ancient Way (via regia) to the equally ancient Ferry, yet, up to recent times was it re-animated many times a day by the passing to and fro of Royal mail and other coaches, but all-victorious steam at length changed Barton as it has changed the whole world beside, and the Old Waterside and Ferry, though very interesting in the past, are very commonplace and quiet in the present.

The Great Brass Welkyn of Boston.

By William Stevenson.

IF we refer to Thompson's History of this ancient borough (p. 310), we shall find that Lord Clynton, in A.D. 1580, desired to borrow from the corporation of Boston their "great brasse wellkyn," and that his desire was granted. We do not know when the corporation first became possessed of this mysterious article: but they held it for seventy-seven years after the above date, when, finding it no longer useful to them, they ordered it to be sold. Thirty-seven years later, viz., in 1694, we find they had again pressing need for it, and a new one was brought from Nottingham at a cost of £10; this in its turn was held by the corporation for sixty-three years, when it was disposed of.

The question for all students of Bygone Lincolnshire is, what was this "wellkyn," "wilking," or "welkyn?"

Mr. Thompson says: "We have sought much

for, and have made many enquiries respecting the meaning of this word," but Mr. Thompson failed, as we are afraid every student of the old county lore will fail, to find its meaning, for it is a philological mystery; as an important article in metal there is no parallel entry, to our knowledge, in any records of this or other counties. It does not appear in any of our dictionaries. J. O. Halliwell, in his "Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words," is silent. The same silence obtains with Professor Skeat, in his "Etymological Dictionary of the English Language," ditto, ditto in "J. Jameson's" great work, "The Dictionary of the Scotch Language," Atkinson's "Glossary of Cleveland," and Rev. W. Carr's "Dialect of Craven." If such great authorities are silent on this detail, where shall we look for information?

One thing is certain, that from 1580 down to 1757, a period of 177 years, this article in the possession of the corporation of Boston was well-known in the town by this name, and presumably long before.

If we turn to Nottingham, a town rich in its records, the earliest portion of which has recently been published by the corporation, we find that,

at the close of the middle ages, it was a celebrated place for the casting of brass and metals, and that a large business was done in the founding of bells and brass pots for domestic purposes; but no mention of "welkyns" is made or found in these records.

Mr. Thompson ventures upon the following opinion of the meaning of this strange and remarkable word: "Whatever the wellkyn of 1580 was, we think the wilking of 1694 was an apparatus for driving piles, in which the weight being drawn up to a considerable height, and then let fall upon the head of the pile, was called the *wilkin.* It was so designated when such an apparatus was used in driving the piles for the iron bridge in 1804."

We have sought for confirmation of this statement, but we fail to find any.

The pile-driving apparatus of this century is provided with an iron weight, variently called a "ram" or "monkey." The casting of iron in moulds does not reach back beyond the last century, it hence follows that the "rams" or "monkeys" of old times must have been of wood, stone, or brass. Wood, no doubt, from its lightness, was not applicable, and stone, from its

brittleness, would be discarded, so it is possible that in some special instances brass might be resorted to.

Taking Mr. Thompson's view, it would appear that a considerable amount of piling was resorted to in the early history of Boston, such as the banking of the river, the forming of staiths, wharves, or landing stages, in which case the corporation would have a special use for pile-driving appliances, and might indulge in the cost of a great brass "ram."

The primary etymology of the word "welkin" is the clouds or the firmament, from whence it was applied to anything large or bulky, in which sense it is still used in Lincolnshire and many other counties, as applied to a large or bulky man—"a great *welkin* fellow." Its application to a metal ram was, if Mr. Thompson's view is correct, exclusively confined to Boston.

It may be worthy of note that the ancient pile-driving apparatus was a sliding weight, suspended on a strong rope, such rope passing over a wheel at the top of the frame, and hanging down the inside, where the lower end had numerous smaller ropes attached thereto, after the manner of a cat-o'-nine-tails, each rope being

in charge of a labouring man. The weight of the ram regulated the number of men, which usually ranged from twelve to twenty. The weight or ram was raised by the united action of these men pulling the ropes, the operation being accompanied by a song. This primitive appliance may still be found in Holland, and the writer has seen it in operation in the City of Stockholm.

We regret we have not been able to confirm the view formed by Mr. Thompson, prior to 1858, on this "great brass welkyn." It follows, on the other hand, that we have not been able to refute it, and hence we must confine ourselves to reflecting the above faint light upon the subject, and leave the solution of the problem to posterity.

Dr. William Dodd, the Forger.

By John T. Page.

THE eighteenth century was a fitting time for the advent of such a man as William Dodd. At hardly any other period of the history of the Church could his connection with her in the holy office of clergyman have been maintained. A century afterwards, we can only look back and wonder that such a career could have been possible for one who had so little claim to either veneration or respect. Not only was his general character open to severe censure, but it is not too much to assert that his moral nature was rotten to the core. It is said, on good authority, that Bishop Newton actually expressed regret that he should have been hanged "for the least of all his offences." From first to last he was continuously artificial, and even in the most critical and supreme moments of his life—except in the last dread ordeal, when, as he himself asserted, all was real—he never seems to have thrown away the chance of a well-timed pose.

William Dodd was born at Bourne, in Lincolnshire, on the 29th of May, 1729. His father was the Rev. William Dodd, vicar of Bourne. Besides the notorious William, there was one other son, named Richard, who also became a clergyman, but as he aspired to nothing more remarkable than working hard in a country parish all his life-time, his biography has never been written. The natures of the two brothers were widely different, and it was probably from this cause that they held very little intercourse with each other in after-life. The "dear pale face" of an affectionate father watched assiduously over the early years of the two boys. At the age of sixteen William left home and was entered at Cambridge, where he matriculated a Sizar of Clare Hall, on the 22nd March, 1746. This precocious youth undoubtedly worked hard while at college, for it is on record that he attracted notice by his diligence and success. In 1749, he took the degree of B.A. with reputation, but ten years elapsed before he blossomed into the usual M.A. Already he had begun to write pamphlets, and also to develop an ever-increasing taste for a gay life. The calls of duty and pleasure for a time received equal attention, but

he gradually lost his equilibrium, and one day his University career came to a precipitate end.

We next hear of him in London, where, for a time, he gained some sort of a livelihood as a literary hack, spending his leisure in amusement and conviviality. Having formed the acquaintance of a verger's daughter, Mary Perkins by name, he became a married man on the 15th April, 1751, at the early age of twenty-two. Strangely enough, this match turned out to be a very suitable one, for, though his wife possessed no fortune, she was "largely endowed with personal attractions," and, somehow, managed to adapt herself easily to the strange circumstances and positions in which she was afterwards placed.

In 1752, appeared Dodd's "Beauties of Shakespeare," a book which passed through many editions, and which still, occasionally, finds a sale. In the preface to this book, he took the opportunity of pompously forswearing the company of "Shakespeare and the critics," and then gracefully advanced towards "better and more important things," and the Priest's Orders which awaited him. On the 19th of October, 1753, he was ordained Deacon by the Bishop of

Ely, at Caius College, and settled down as Curate to the Vicar of West Ham.

The Reverend William Dodd for a time worked zealously in this new sphere of life, and won the esteem of many with whom his duties brought him into contact. In after years, he always looked back with pleasure to the happy days spent at West Ham. Two vacant lectureships now fell into his hands, and, on the opening of the Magdalen Hospital, on the 10th of August, 1758, Dodd, who had taken a great interest in the undertaking, was chosen to preach the inaugural sermon in Charlotte Street Chapel, Bloomsbury. He soon slipped into the chaplaincy of this popular Charity in an honorary capacity, but, in 1763, he was officially appointed to the post at a salary of a hundred guineas per annum. His sermons at the Magdalen speedily became the sensation of the day, and every Sunday, crowds of fashionable ladies journeyed from the West End to hear the handsome young clergyman, who so gracefully played upon their feelings.

Young William Dodd was now well on his way to fame and fortune. In the year of his appointment to the Magdalen Chaplaincy, he received

the more important appointment of King's Chaplain, was chosen by the celebrated Earl of Chesterfield as tutor to his son, and he also published his "Reflections on Death." The series of papers which went to make up this book had already appeared in the pages of the "Christian Magazine," a periodical in which Dodd took a lively interest, and in connection with which he gradually worked himself up to the post of editor.

All this time, he was making desperate efforts to secure promotion in the church. In 1766, he proceeded to Cambridge, and, on his return, had developed into a full-blown Doctor of Laws. Shortly afterwards he threw up his humble curacy and lectureships, and launched out into an extravagant life in London. Not only did he take a residence in the West End, but also provided himself with a country house at Ealing. About this time, his wife won a prize of £1000 in a State Lottery, and this money Dr. Dodd at once laid out in building a chapel of ease in Pimlico, which he named Charlotte Chapel, after the Queen. Here he quickly gathered a fashionable congregation around him, but his bid for Royal patronage was unavailing. He was also

pecuniarily interested in Charlotte Chapel, Bloomsbury, where he occasionally preached, but he rarely missed his Sunday morning sermon at the Magdalen.

It was not until 1772 that Dr. Dodd obtained his first cure of souls, when he was presented to the rectory of Hockliffe, in Bedfordshire, to which was shortly afterwards added the Vicarage of Chalgrove. He was now in the zenith of his fame as a popular preacher.

In February, 1774, by the translation of Bishop Moss to the See of Bath and Wells, the valuable living of St. George's, Hanover Square, became vacant, and Dodd set about the execution of a foolish and mad-brained scheme to secure the presentation for himself. An anonymous letter was, at his instigation, addressed to Lady Apsley, offering £3000 down if a gentleman, to be afterwards named, received the appointment. With very little trouble the letter was traced to Dr. Dodd, and the king, in a fit of indignation, at once erased his name from his list of Chaplains. A storm of invective, satire, and abuse followed, in the midst of which the wily Doctor left the country. But the worst was to come. Foote was, at this time, engaged in writing his farce

entitled "The Cozeners," and, therein, he straightway introduced a certain Dr. and Mrs. Simony. Though "Dr. Simony" does not appear personally in the play, his wife describes him to the letter, and boasts of the fact that he was no schismatic, but believed in the Thirty-nine Articles, and "would if there were nine times as many." The portrait was unmistakable, and the pit roared itself hoarse at the stinging satire.

In the meantime, Dodd was safe in Geneva, where his former pupil, now Lord Chesterfield, received him cordially, and as a mark of his affection presented him to a vacant living at Winge, in Bucks. After the "Simony" scandal had, to a large extent, blown over, the Doctor returned home, and forthwith plunged once more into the turbid waters of London society. Deeper and deeper still he sank, until his embarrassments threatened completely to overwhelm him.

On the 2nd of February, 1777, Dr. Dodd preached as usual at the Magdalen, and two days after took his last leap in the dark by forging the signature of his patron, the Earl of Chesterfield, to a bond for £4200. In order to a speedy negotiation, the Earl's signature was attested by

Dodd himself, and the signature of a broker named Robertson was also appended as a witness. The sum of £4000 was now paid over for the bond, and later on the document was brought under the notice of Lord Chesterfield. It was, of course, repudiated by his lordship, and the principals were at once placed under arrest. Dodd now realised his critical position, but when he had restored nearly the whole of the money he began to feel himself comparatively safe. The case was, however, by a curious combination of circumstances, forced into prominence, and the hapless Doctor found himself committed to the Compter to await his trial.

The story was by this time all over London, and newspaper men and ballad-mongers gloated over the details.

On the 19th of February, Dr. Dodd appeared at the bar of the Old Bailey, and, after an exhaustive consideration of his case, the jury, while strongly recommending him to mercy, were constrained to bring in a verdict of "Guilty." He lay in Newgate until the 26th of May, when he was brought forth to receive sentence, after which he was again conveyed back to prison. Here he was shown every indulgence—a private

room was placed at his disposal, books and other comforts were amply provided, and friends came and went all day long. It was only after eight o'clock at night that he was left alone, and then he worked assiduously at his "Prison Thoughts," a book still read by some with a morbid interest.

Meanwhile, great exertions were being made to save his life. It is in connection with these that the burly form of Dr. Johnson appears upon the miserable scene, which, for a time, is brightened by his presence. His reverent heart was deeply moved as he contemplated the fact that a man who bore office in the Church was in danger of suffering an ignominious death. He threw the whole weight of his great name and influence into the scale on the side of mercy, and no amount of labour and time seemed too much for him to spend in trying to obtain a mitigation of the sentence. He prepared several petitions, wrote speeches for Dodd to deliver in court, and actually composed a sermon which the wretched man preached to the prisoners in Newgate a short time before his execution.

The case of "the Unfortunate Dr. Dodd" now excited universal interest. Society was stirred

to its lowest depths, and everybody signed petitions praying for his respite. One petition alone contained 23,000 signatures, and was over thirty-seven yards long; another was presented by the Lord Mayor and Common Council in a body.

All, however, was of no avail, for on the 15th of June the Privy Council met, and, after due deliberation, virtually decreed that Dodd must die. Accordingly, a warrant was made out for him to be publicly hanged on the 27th. The few remaining days of his life can only be likened to a miserable orgie. Friends were coming and going all the time, and while some held out hopes of escape, or even rescue, others less sanguine wept with him over his sad fate. Looking back to these critical moments in Dr. Dodd's life, we behold him in turn firm, penitent, unmanned, ostentatiously pious, and hideously unreal. On the last day of his life he wrote a drivelling letter to his friend and amanuensis, Weedon Butler, whose faith in him never wavered; and he also penned a reply to an earnest and manly exhortation which he had received from Dr. Johnson. All through the day he was kept in a continuous fever of alternate hope and despair by the

injudicious utterances of his friends. When at last they left him, he fell into a peaceful sleep, only, alas, to wake and realise that Friday, June the 27th, 1777, had arrived at last, and now had come the time when he must die.

Outside the prison walls, all London was stirring early, and tens of thousands from the country had arrived to see the end. From Newgate to Tyburn, the crowd was so dense that order was with difficulty kept. As early as seven o'clock the bell of St. Sepulchre's had commenced tolling, but nine o'clock had struck ere the procession started along its three mile course. Dodd was seated in a mourning coach, drawn by four horses, and for more than two hours his corpse-like face was framed in the coach window.

At Tyburn, nothing but a vast sea of heads was visible. Every coign of vantage was occupied, and many descriptions of the scene have been published by spectators. Dodd was accompanied by a companion in misery, a youth of eighteen years, named Harris, whose crime was that of robbing a man of a little less than thirty shillings. This poor boy was quickly dispatched, and then, in the midst of a heavy

shower of rain, the doctor was placed upon the cart. He is described as appearing "stupid from despair," and with face turned downwards praying all the time. The final preparations took upwards of an hour to complete, and this made the crowd somewhat impatient. At length everything was ready, the rope adjusted, his broad-brimmed hat and wig exchanged for a night-cap, and all his leave-takings over. His last act was to place money in the hands of the executioner, and then to whisper earnestly in his ear. What he said was never known. The cart on which he stood moved from under his feet, and in a couple of minutes all was over.

After hanging the usual time, the body was cut down and handed to the waiting friends. A hot bath had been prepared in a house not far away, and here John Hunter was in attendance to try his hand at restoring life. Owing, however, to the bigness of the crowd, precious minutes, and even hours, were lost before the body arrived, and by this time all hope of revivification was gone.

The same night, Dodd's faithful friend, Weedon Butler, had the body taken down to Cowley, in Middlesex, for interment, and there, on the north

side of the church, he was laid to rest. Unlike his ostentatious life, the gravestone erected to his memory is simple in the extreme. It merely contains the following laconic inscription :

"REV. WILLIAM DODD
BORN MARCH 29, 1729
DIED JUNE 27, 1777
IN THE 49TH YEAR OF HIS AGE."

An Eighteenth Century Poet.

By the Rev. Alan Cheales, m.a.

LINCOLNSHIRE is a great county. But like the plant which takes a hundred years to each blossom, it has been somewhat slow in maturing its poets. Our generation has seen a magnificent outburst, a double-headed plant of poesy, at once the sweetest woman singer of the century, and a Poet-Laureate. Who can read Boston's tragedy, "The Brides of Mavis Enderby," without tears in the voice?

> "A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
> Than my son's wife Elizabeth,"—

while, at the same time, Jean Ingelow, in her prose writings, more especially, "Off the Skelligs," and "Fated to be Free," has given *urbi et orbi*, to county and country, the most fascinating of novels.

As to our Poet-Laureate, the first who ever won a peerage, though by no means the first peer

who has been a poet, neither again happily can he be spoken of in the past, although "Tennyson country" is now classic ground. I know it well. A portion of his "Brook" runs through one of my fields. That "Vision of Fair Women," "Rare Pale Margaret," "Spiritual Adeline," "Airy Fairy Lilian," I know them once intimately! Very exquisitely true to life, as well as perfect poetry, is the portrait of each.

But these are present poets, happily still alive amongst us, and our editor sternly warns me back into Bygones.

I have to tell of a now forgotten, yet much admired in his own day, Lincolnshire poet; with whose life is interwoven more romance and tragedy than is easily realized. Fact, in fact, is mostly stranger than fiction.

I speak of Dr. John Langhorne, who lived from 1735 to 1779. Langhorne's "Plutarch" is a well-known standard work, a most able translation by Dr. Langhorne and his brother. I desire to call attention rather to "Langhorne's poems." John Langhorne was a man of strong and deep feelings. Brought up by a mother, widowed when he was four years old, he always exhibits for her the most tender affection.

MONODY, 1759.

"For her I mourn
Now the cold tenant of the thoughtless urn—
For her bewail these strains of woe,
For her these filial sorrows flow;
Source of my life that lead my tender years,
With all a parent's pious fears,
That marked my infant-thought, and taught my
mind to grow."

At the time of his great trouble, when the fair-seeing temple of conjugal happiness after one single year had fallen shattered about him; it is to his *brother* he turns for fresh exertion and comfort—

"Come then, thou partner of my life and name,
From one dear source, whom Nature forme the same,
Allied more nearly in each nobler part,
And more the friend, than brother, of my heart!"

Like many other of our poets, John Langhorne at first found the battle of life hard. He was glad to take a tutorship, in 1759, in the family of Robert Cracroft, Esq., of Hackthorn; not the least known or well-descended of "Lincolnshire families." There he met his fate.

We find some pleasing lines addressed to R. W. Cracroft, one of his pupils, but no less than six odes are addressed to Miss Cracroft.

Mr. Chalmers says: "While employed in the

education of the sons of Mr. Cracroft, he became enamoured of the amiable disposition and personal charms of Miss Anne Cracroft. He had given her some instructions in the Italian language, and was often delighted by her skill in music, for which he had a very correct ear. A mutual attachment was the consequence, which Mr. Langhorne was eager to terminate in marriage. But the lady, who knew that a match so disproportioned as to fortune, would be opposed by her family, gave him a denial as firm and as gentle as her good sense and secret attachment would permit. For this, however, Mr. Langhorne was not prepared, and immediately left his situation, in the hope of recovering a more tranquil tone of mind in distant scenes and different employment. In 1767, after a courtship of five years, Dr. Langhorne obtained the hand of Miss Cracroft, to whom he had ever been tenderly attached; and with whom he had kept up a correspondence since his departure from Hackthorn. By what means her family was reconciled to the match, we are not told; but some fortune accompanied it, as the living of Blagden, in Somersetshire, was purchased for him, and there he went immediately to reside. His happiness,

however, with this lady, was of short duration, as she died in childbirth of a son, 1768."

However long he might have lived, those ten years were virtually his life. In them we find his highest inspirations.

1761.

WRAPPED ROUND A NOSEGAY OF VIOLETS.

"Dear object of my late and early prayer!
Source of my joy! and solace of my care!
Whom gentle friendship such a charm can give,
As makes me wish, and tells me how to live,
To thee the Muse with grateful hand would bring
These first fair children of the doubtful spring.
O may they, fearless of a varying sky,
Bloom on thy breast, and smile beneath thine eye!
In fairer lights their vivid blue display,
And sweeter breathe their little lives away!"

1763.

"O born at once to bless me and to save,
Exalt my life and dignify my lay!
Thou too shall triumph o'er the mouldering grave,
And on thy brow shall bloom the deathless bay.

"O most beloved! the fairest and the best
Of all her works! still may thy love find
Fair Nature's frankness in thy gentle breast;
Like her be various, but like her be kind.

"Then when the Spring of smiling youth is o'er,
When Summer's glories yield to Autumn's sway;
When golden Autumn sinks in Winter hoar,
And life declining yields its last weak ray;

"In thy loved arms my fainting age shall close,
On thee my fond eye bend its trembling light,
Remembrance sweet shall soothe my last repose,
And my soul bless thee in eternal night."

1765.

SONNET IN THE MANNER OF PETRACH.

"On thy fair morn, O hope-inspiring May!
The sweetest twins that ever Nature bare,
Where Hackthorn's vale her field-flower-garland wove,
Young Love and Fancy met the genial day.
And all as on the thyme-green bank I lay,
A nymph of gentlest mien their train before,
Came with a smile; and, 'Swain,' she cried, 'no more
To pensive sorrow tune thy hopeless lay.
Friends of thy heart, see Love and Fancy bring
Each joy that youth's enchanted bosom warms;
Delight that rifles all the fragrant spring!
Fair handed Hope, that paints unfading charms!
And dove-like Faith, that waves her silver wing:—
These, swain, are thine, for Nancy meets thy arms!"

And after all the long waiting, and then hope, and then joyful anticipation,—Oh! the pity of it! They had just one year of wedded life together.

MONODY, 1769.

"She comes—ye flowers, your fairest blooms unfold,
Ye waving groves, your plaintive sighs forbear,
Breathe all your fragrance to the amorous air
Ye smiling shrubs, whose heads are clothed with gold!
She comes, by truth, by fair affection led,
The long loved mistress of my faithful heart!
The mistress of my soul, no more to part,

"And all my hopes, and all my vows are sped!
Vain, vain delusions! dreams for ever fled!
Ere twice the spring had waked the genial hour,
The lovely parent bore one beauteous flower,
And drooped her gentle head,
And sunk, for ever sunk, into her silent bed."

It was during this short interval that he addressed the "Precepts of Conjugal Happiness" to her sister, Miss Maria Cracroft, then also wedded, and to a Mr. Nelthorpe.

"Friend, sister, partner of the gentle heart
Where my soul lives, and holds her dearest part;
While love's soft raptures these gay hours employ,
And time puts on the yellow robe of joy,
Will you, Maria, mark with patient ear
The moral Muse, nor deem her song severe?

. . . . . .

Love, like the flower that courts the sun's kind ray,
Will flourish only in the smiles of day;
Distrust's cold air the generous plant annoys,
And one chill blast of dire contempt destroys.
O shun, my friend, avoid that dangerous coast
Where peace expires, and fair affection's lost;
By wit, by grief, by anger urged, forbear
The speech contemptuous, and the scornful air.
True, tender love one even tenor keeps
In reason's flame, and burns when passion sleeps.
Pure in its source, and temperate in its sway,
Still flows the same, nor finds its urn decay.
O bliss beyond what lonely life can know,
The soul-felt sympathy of joy and woe!

"That magic charm which makes e'en sorrow dear,
And turns to pleasure the partaken tear!
Long, beauteous friend, to you may heaven impart
The soft endearments of the social heart!
And oh, forgive the zeal your peace inspires,
To teach that prudence which itself admires."

It is pleasing to learn "To this lady Dr. Langhorne committed the charge of his infant child, who has lived to acknowledge his friendship, and to discharge the duties of an affectionate son, by the late memoir of his father prefixed to an elegant edition of his poems."

Mr Langhorne's poem, entitled "Genius and Valour," obtained for him, in 1766, a long and flattering letter from Dr. Robertson, the celebrated historian, and Principal of the University of Edinburgh, requesting him to accept a diploma for the degree of doctor in divinity.

There are portions of this latter poem which might be read with advantage by some in the present day.

"In nervous strains Dunbar's bold music flows,
And Time yet spares the Thistle and the Rose.
O while his course the hoary warrior steers
Through the long course of life-dissolving years,
Through all the evils of each changeful age,
Hate, envy, faction, jealousy, and rage,

"Ne'er may his scythe these Sacred Plants divide,
These Plants by heaven in native union tied!
Still may the Flower its social sweets disclose,
The hardy Thistle still defend the Rose!"

In the quaint stiff epigrams of those days Dr. Langhorne thus composed his much-loved partner's epitaph:

"With Sappho's taste, with Arria's tender heart,
Lucretia's honour, and Cecilia's art,
That such a woman died surprise can't give,
'Tis only strange that such a one should live."

Dr. Langhorne married again in 1776, again lost his wife in childbirth, and died himself in 1779, in the forty-fifth year of his age.

The Great Hawthorn Tree of Fishtoft.

By William Stevenson.

THOMPSON, in his "History of Boston" (page 493), gives an engraving of this tree, and notes that it was mentioned in the Fishtoft Acre Books, *i.e.*, Field Books, in A.D. 1662 and 1709, and that it "is traditionally stated to have been a stake, driven into the body of a female suicide, who was buried at the cross roads, as was the custom at one period."

There is no base to this tradition, for the punishment of suicides after death by burying them at the cross roads, in quicklime, and driving stakes through their bodies does not date back to the first historical mention of this tree, besides which, the stake would never be left above ground to sprout, but would be driven close down to the body.

The hawthorn tree is indigenous to this country, and, in the opinion of natives of the north of Europe, where it will not grow, it, along

with the winn, gorse, or furze, is one of the most beautiful flowering bushes we possess. Prior to the great enclosures, about a century ago, of the open lands in this county, hawthorn trees were dotted over the grazing lands, as may still be seen in the old deer parks of our nobility, and the one at Fishtofts is, no doubt, a solitary survival or representative of this old order of things.

As a quick hedge, the hawthorn has been used in this country in partitioning the toft-steads or home-crofts from the open fields or unenclosed lands, for over a thousand years, and it derives its name, *haw*, from the Anglo-Saxon *haw*, a yard or enclosure. Chaucer uses *churche-hawe*, for churchyard. The *haw*thorn is thus the enclosure-thorn, a name drawn from the popular use to which it was in early times applied.

It is generally thought that in primitive times the eastern counties were largely covered with this thorn, and it is certain that the frequent mention of thorn in place-names lends support to this view, instance Thorne, in Hatfield Chase, near Doncaster, Thornton Abbey, in our county, Thorngumbald, Whitethornsea (now Withernsea), Whitethornwick (now Withernwick) in Holder-

ness, and Thorney or Thorneye, Thorn Island, in the south.

The ancient state of the country suggested by this hawthorn tree at Fishtoft is pictured by Shakespeare in *Henry VI.:*

> "Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
> To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
> Than doth a rich embroidered canopy
> To kings who fear their subjects' treachery?"

But no poet has conceived a more beautiful picture of the rural hawthorn than Goldsmith in his "Deserted Village:"

> "The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
> For talking age and whispering lovers made."

Spalding Gentlemen's Society.

By Marten Perry, M.D., President.

THE foundation of this, the oldest antiquarian society in the kingdom, is entirely due to the energy, tact, and perseverance of Maurice Johnson, Barrister of Law, of the Inner Temple, whose residence was Ayscoughfee Hall, in Spalding.

When a young man, in London, he was, as he expresses it, "by Mr. Gay, the poet, brought acquainted with Pope, Addison, Sir Richard Steel, and others, who were in the habit of meeting at Button's Coffee House, in Covent Garden, where the *Tatler*, edited by Steel, was read as it came out." Here Johnson, Browne Willis, Roger and Samuel Gale, Stukeley, and Rymer, endeavoured to found (or re-found) the London Society of Antiquaries, and Johnson was selected for its first librarian. This society was not floated until the year 1717, when a president and officers were elected.

Meanwhile, Johnson had removed to his native town, and at once—in 1709—though himself only just arrived at manhood, and all his advisers and encouragers were at a distance, "set himself to work to institute a literary society in the Lincolnshire Fens amongst a company unaccustomed to such a mode of spending an evening." He took in the *Tatler*, and communicated its contents to his acquaintances, who met weekly at a coffee house in the Abbey Yard. "These papers being universally approved as both instructive and entertaining they ordered 'em to be sent down thither, when they were read every Post-day generally aloud to the whole company who could sit and talk over the subject afterwards. This insensibly drew the men of Sense and Letters into a sociable way of conversing and continued ye next yeare 1710 until the publisher desisted to their great regret, whose thoughts being by this means bent towards their own improvement in knowledge they again in like manner heard some of the *Tatlers* read over and now and then a Poem, Letter or Essay upon some subject in polite literature and it being hapily suggested that as they take care to have those papers kept together

it would be well worth their while to take into consideracon the state of the Parochial Library where there were some valuable Editions of the best authors in no very good condicon and they did accordingly agree to contribute towards the repairing the old and adding new books to it, but being by ye two worst enemies to understanding, Ignorance and Indolence prevented doing much for it. They turned their beneficial intrution towards the royal and ffree Grammar School in which there was at that time a large but Empty Desk capable of being made a press or Class on wch ye One only solitary Volume then belonging to the School lay (viz:) Langius Polyanthæa bestow'd upon it by Sir John Oldfield Bart. some years before and to this These Gentlemen did now voluntarily add several other Authors in Gramatical, Critical or Classick learning, wch was to ye great pleasure and convenience of the worthy Master."

In March, 1711, the *Spectator* came out, and was duly read here as the *Tatler* had been, and the next year these gentlemen formed themselves into a voluntary society for the "Supporting mutual benevolence and their improvement in the liberal sciences and polite learning." The Rev.

Stephen Lyon, minister of Spalding, was elected president for the first month. He was succeeded by William Ambler, Esq., Rev. — Wareing, and Maurice Johnson, Esq., father of the founder. In April Mr. Lyon was again elected. Finding inconvenience arise from the frequent changes, it was then decided that the president should continue in office until the society thought fit to choose another *quamdiu se bene gesserit.*

This year the society took in the *Lay Monk* and *Memoirs of Literature.* Afterwards, such portions as were not political in the *Freethinker* and the *Spyes* were read. Papers, essays, letters, and exhibits now became abundant, and the society added annually to its list of regular and honorary members some of the most learned men of the day. We find the names of Sir Isaac Newton, Sir Hans Sloane, the Earl of Oxford, the two Gales, Dr. Stukeley, the poets Gay and Pope, the painters Vertue and Collins, Beaupre Bell, Dr. Jurin, Dr. Massey, Archdeacon Neve, Joseph Banks (the father of Sir Joseph Banks), Samuel Wesley, Dr. Bentley (master of the Grammar School at Spalding, who was quickly preferred thence to the mastership of Trinity College, Cambridge), William Bogdani, Samuel Buck (the

engraver), Lord Coloraine (Pres. Soc. Antiq.), Dr. Dodd, Emanuel Mendez du Costa, Dosithæus (Archimandrite, abbot of the Monastery of Pantocratoras, on Mount Athos), Martin Folkes, Captain John Perry (engineer to Czar Peter the Great), Archdeacon Sharp, Rev. Richard Southgate, Thomas Sympson (of Lincoln), Chancellor Taylor, Browne Willis, John Grundy (engineer), and many others of note far too numerous to catalogue.

Up to the present time, the various acts and regulations of the society had been recorded by Maurice Johnson, who, for many years, acted as secretary, on sheets of paper, which, at a subsequent date, were bound together, and entitled the First Volume of Minutes, or the "Institution Book." The first entry of original research is entered on November 10th, 1712. It is a sketch of "the forme of a Tomb in the cemetery of the Cathedral Church in Peterborough, in the county of Northton, on the South Side, near the Choir."

At the next meeting, held on November 17th, Mr. Maurice Johnson, Junr., communicated to the society, "two copies of verses from the Rev. Francis Curtis, the one an Epistle from a gentleman at Eaton to his friend at Cambridge, in

Latin Hexametre and Pentametre. The other, in English, upon D. of Marlborough's goeing for Germany, where he commanded the allyd army agt the French and their allies." He also gave a list of materials for painting in miniature, etc., collected from the directions of Albert Durer and others, with the method of preparing them.

The next week's proceedings were very interesting. A Spalding halfpenny of 1667, showing a view of the old Town Hall, was exhibited by the secretary. Rev. Mr. Wareing gave a description of a journey to Bath, and of the antiquities and natural curiosities of the City of Bath, in several Latin Epistles, attended with drawings. Next follows the exhibition of an impression in wax of a brass seal of Elizabeth Lady, Duchess of Sevierki, in Poland. This shows the figure of a lady seated on a side saddle, with hawk perched on left hand, and a lure in her right hand. This was succeeded by a dissertation on hawking, on ladies' habits, and on side saddles, with reference to their introduction into England, in 1382, by Queen Ann, daughter of Charles II. of Bohemia and Emperor of Germany, the wife of King Richard II. Lastly,

we have "Inscriptum Picturæ Reverendi Martyrologistæ, and S. T. P. Dni Johannis Foxij, Anno Domini 1509, Ætatis 70, penes Johan. Toley Armiger, apud Boston, ubi Idem doctiss, Autor natus fuit."

To pursue the minutes further would be tedious, suffice it therefore to say, that they contain copies of ancient documents, many of which refer to the Priory of Spalding, and to many other religious houses in the neighbourhood, notes on Literary Subjects, on Natural History, on Events of the Day, Poetry, etc.

The importance of the society being now firmly established, it became necessary that the meetings should be held in a more private room, and, after having "flitted" to the Parsonage, a room was secured in the "Markettstead," to which the name of "Assembly Room" was given.

In 1717, the society having purchased the books of the deceased Mr. Wareing, distributed them between the Church Library, the Grammar School Library, and their own Library.

It is evident that the society was now in a most flourishing condition, and had attained a

position seldom if ever equalled by any similar society in a provincial town, but then, as now, extraneous assistance was necessary to sustain the interest of its members, and to maintain its prosperity. Papers were contributed, books given, interesting letters written, and curiosities exhibited by many who were not resident in our neighbourhood, and we still keep, with religious care, an immense amount of correspondence with such men as the Gales, Stukeley, Earl of Oxford, Beaupre Bell, and others. But let it never be forgotten, that Maurice Johnson continued to the end of his life, in 1755, to be the mainstay of the society. As long as he lived the society prospered. Most interesting items occur in the minute books, which were written principally by him, and illustrated profusely by his hand; he added some of its most valuable books to the library, and considerably enriched its museum. Alas! shortly after his death, a change comes over the scene; the society continued to meet weekly, and accounts of its weekly and yearly receipts and expenditure were duly kept, but the minute-book ceased to be used; little or nothing was added to the library; the Physic garden given up; and the museum went

to decay, until at length nearly every specimen was cleared out!

After the lapse of seventy years, Dr. Moore having been elected president in 1828, again resumed the use of the minute-book, and a few interesting essays were, at long intervals, entered therein. Dr. Cammack and Canon Moore followed in his footsteps, but the society was evidently all but moribund. No meeting is recorded, nor can any member call to mind any meeting held from April 26th, 1875, until after Canon Moore's death, in May, 1889. At that time its library, museum, and furniture, were in a most filthy state, from the accumulation of dust, and it was but rarely that a member ventured into the room to consult a book, studying therein being an act of most severe penance. Still, in fulfilment of Gale's prophecy, the library remained "a glorious monument of the public spirit and learning of its founder, and the record of a noble attempt, which, otherwise, could scarcely be credited by posterity."

On July 15th, 1889, a meeting of the remaining members was held, and it was decided that an earnest effort should be made to revivify the society. Dr. Perry was elected president, and

a committee appointed to consider the rules of the society, and report thereon. The president also exhibited some Roman gold coins which had recently come into his possession; Mr. Everard Green, F.S.A., presented pedigrees of various families; and Canon Marsden, who had been elected a member so long ago as 1828, presented "Philomorus" to the society. Mr. White, of Grantham, read a memoir on the late Canon Moore.

At the next meeting, which was held September 30th following, a fresh set of rules, which had been drawn up by a committee, were approved. Mr. H. S. Maples was elected treasurer. The Rev. T. A. Stoodley, Head Master of the Grammar School, having been elected a member, was appointed librarian, and undertook to re-catalogue the books. Mr. W. E. Foster, F.S.A., presented papers on Hereward the Fenman, on Elloe Stone, and on Whaplode Church. Canon Moore's executors presented papers on Croyland Abbey and Bridge, and on S. Guthlac's Stone; and the president read a paper on the origin of coinage. Since then the society itself has purchased several books, others have been given by the members, donations to

a small extent have been made to the museum, and several very interesting and instructive papers read, and articles of antiquity exhibited. To the list of regular members twenty-seven names have been added, and fourteen honorary members have been elected.

Sir Isaac Newton.

By John W. Odling.

ON the roll of illustrious sons whom "Bygone Lincolnshire" may specially claim as her own, the name of Sir Isaac Newton admittedly stands pre-eminent.

During that eventful period, the seventeenth century, when the great heart of the nation was throbbing with pulsations which threatened to disorganize the entire system of social and political economy,—when the long line of English monarchy was snapped asunder,—when religious controversy ran high, and when rich and poor alike quailed with terror at the presence of the fatal plague daily sweeping its victims from the stage of action; then, in the solitude of his laboratory undisturbed by human passion or fear, was to be found the young philosopher, whose unswerving devotion to truth, and patient investigation of natural phenomena, have not only immortalized his name, but also

opened up for succeeding generations hitherto undiscovered paths for the unlimited advancement of scientific knowledge and research.

The honour of the birthplace of this genius belongs to Woolsthorpe, a hamlet in the parish of Colsterworth, about six miles south of the town of Grantham, in the county of Lincoln. Here, in the Manor House, on the morning of the 25th December, 1642 (o.s.), the infant, afterwards to become universally celebrated, first saw the light. At his birth he was so diminutive and feeble that his life was despaired of; but in this frail newborn babe powers lay hidden which the world sorely needed, and the life so precious was providentially preserved.

The manor of Woolsthorpe was sold in 1623 by one Robert Underwood to Robert Newton, Sir Isaac's grandfather. On the death of Robert Newton, in 1641, he was succeeded by his son, Isaac, who, however, survived him only a year, his death occurring about three months prior to the birth of his illustrious child. The parish register contains the following entries:

"1642. Isaac Newton buried Octr. 6."

"Isaac sonne of Isaac and Hanna Newton baptized Jan. 1."

The education of this fatherless boy was begun

at day schools in the adjacent hamlets of Skillington and Stoke, but when twelve years of age he entered the free public school at Grantham, founded in 1528, and boarded in that town with a Mr. Clarke, an apothecary.

As a lad, Newton was exceedingly industrious, though he took but little part in the games and amusements of his school-fellows, preferring to use his little tools in the manufacture of various articles, an experience which, doubtless, was of much value in later years. His mind was much occupied with mechanical inventions. He constructed working models of machines, a windmill after the plan of one being erected at the time in the neighbourhood, a water-clock which kept fairly accurate time, and a mechanical carriage. He also invented paper lanterns, and attached these to kites, by which the superstitious country folk were not a little terrified. His careful observation led him to drive pegs into the walls and roofs of buildings, indicating the position of the sun at various times of the day.

One of his earliest scientific experiments was made on the occasion of the historical storm which prevailed at the death of the Protector Cromwell (3rd September, 1658). With a view

to determine the force of the gale, he jumped in opposite directions, both against and with the wind, marking and measuring the respective distances. This experiment he repeated on a subsequent calm day, and was thus able to form some conception of the force of the wind.

The following incident of his schooldays is recorded. Having received a kick from a boy who stood higher in the class, Newton, although less robust, challenged him to fight. In the result Newton gained the victory, but he aspired to the moral as well as to the physical superiority. He therefore exerted himself to attain a higher place in school than his opponent. This he soon succeeded in doing, and continued to rise until he held the first position.

Woolsthorpe Manor House was rebuilt between the years 1645 and 1656 by Isaac's stepfather, the Rev. Barnabas Smith, Rector of North Witham. Dr. Stukeley, who visited the house on 13th October, 1721, while Sir Isaac was yet alive, described it thus: "It is built of stone, as is the way of the country hereabouts, and a reasonable good one." When it was undergoing repairs in 1798, a tablet of white marble was erected, bearing an inscription as follows:

"Sir Isaac Newton son of Isaac Newton, Lord of the Manor of Woolsthorpe, was born in this room on the 25th December, 1642."

The house at Grantham, in which young Isaac lodged while in attendance at school was also rebuilt about 1711. This contained many highly interesting sketches, drawings, and diagrams, executed by him, in charcoal, on the walls.

His mother having become a widow for the second time, Isaac was recalled from school to engage in the practical duties of farming. To these he was apparently unable to devote himself, and on every possible occasion he stole away to his books, and applied himself to study, to the utter neglect of his commercial transactions.

Astonished at his passion for learning, his mother and uncle very wisely arranged for his return to school, preparatory to more advanced academical study. Subsequently his uncle, himself a graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, made the needful arrangements for Isaac to enter the same college, and, in 1661, he was admitted as Sub-Sizar.

He attained his B.A. in 1665, and that year and the following one were, perhaps,

the most notable in his history. It was just at this period that he discovered, and commenced his work on, the method of Fluxions; that, driven home by the Plague, which closed the Universities for a while, his attention was first, or at least more particularly directed to the law of gravitation; and that, having procured a glass prism, "to try therewith the phenomena of colours," he made those experiments and arrived at those conclusions which attracted the notice of learned men to his genius. Certain it is that at this period of his life his mind was intensely active, and his attention wholly concentrated on, and absorbed in, his investigations.

The vigour of his intellect may be judged by the fact that he needed only to look at Euclid at once to grasp and thoroughly comprehend the various problems propounded. In order to prepare himself for the lectures which he attended, his habit was to read the text books in advance, and when the time arrived he frequently knew more of the subject than his tutors. It is related of him that, in later years, he received the famous problem intended to puzzle European mathematicians, at five o'clock in the day, after having completed his business labours, and,

although much tired, he nevertheless solved the problem the same night.

The years 1667 and 1668 found him Minor Fellow and M.A. respectively, while in 1669 he was elected to the Lucasian Professorship, vacated by the resignation of his former instructor, Dr. Barrow, whose work on Optics, published in the same year, was revised and corrected by Newton, though he was but twenty-seven years of age, and twelve years Dr. Barrow's junior.

From this time onward to 1695, he was seldom absent from Cambridge, and he pursued his experiments with unbounded diligence. Every hour was fully occupied, for he was exceedingly jealous of his time. Except when fulfilling public or social duties, he was seldom to be found without a book before him or a pen in hand. His hour for retiring was irregular, ofttimes three or four in the morning, in some instances five or six o'clock; yet he most scrupulously kept the rules of the College, and was ready to begin his day's work at the appointed hour, with apparently no ill consequences from the shortness of his rest.

Newton early devoted close attention to the study of Optics, and applied himself to the

practical grinding of glasses, with a view to the improvement of instruments then in use. While engaged in this study, he was led to the discovery of the decomposition of light and the refrangibility of its component rays. Piercing a hole in the window shutter he admitted into the darkened room a single beam of light, which, falling on a prism, displayed the seven colours of the prismatic spectrum. By re-uniting the separated rays he again produced white light. For a special reason, he deferred, until 1704, the publication of his work entitled "Opticks, or a Treatise on the Reflexions, Refractions, Inflexions, and Colours of Light." For many long years the merit of this extraordinary work was not fully appreciated.

Owing to his natural modesty, and to the distressing controversies which followed the announcement of his discoveries, he was exceedingly slow to declare the result of his investigations. The delay thus occasioned very largely contributed to the later disputes in which other men sought to secure for themselves the merit of his labours.

The crowning event of Newton's life was his discovery of the law of universal gravity, for while others had been on the verge of ascertain-

ing this profound truth, Newton produced his demonstration of its existence.

Seneca (A.D. 38) spoke about the moon attracting the waters, and in Cary's translation of Dante's *Inferno* the following passage occurs:

> "Thou wast on the other side, so long as I
> Descended; when I turn'd, thou did'st o'erpass
> That point, to which from every part is dragg'd
> All heavy substance."

Shakespeare wrote (*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iv., Scene 2):

> "But the strong base and building of my love
> Is as the very centre of the earth,
> Drawing all things to it."

Copernicus, Tycho, Kepler, Galileo and many others had each and all successively made valuable additions to ascertained truth on the subject, and had thus prepared the way; but up to the time of Newton's discovery the mightiest problem of all remained unsolved, the key to unlock Nature's mysteries was still missing, the light was only feeble and glimmering as the dawn. But the day was at hand:

> "Nature and all her works lay hid in night,
> God said 'Let Newton be,'—and all was light."

The grand principle of universal gravitation,

OLD VIEW OF THE MANOR HOUSE, WOOLSTHORPE.

"that every particle of matter in the universe is attracted by or gravitates to every other particle of matter, with a force inversely proportional to the squares of their distances," finds its exemplification in the *Principia (Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica)*, the three books of which were written by Newton, in 1685, 1686, and the early part of 1687, and published about midsummer of the latter year.

"If I have seen further than other men," Newton in his modesty declares, "it is because I have stood upon the shoulders of giants."

In 1672, now thirty years of age, he was chosen a Fellow of the Royal Society, about which time his reflecting telescope (the work of his own hand, be it observed,) was presented to the society, and shown also to the king. This telescope greatly increased the power of observing distant objects, but some years elapsed before its principle became practically available for astronomical purposes.

It is well worthy of note in passing that Newton's most brilliant achievements, his method of fluxions, and his theories of light and gravitation, were conceived before he completed his twenty-fourth year! We marvel, and rightly so,

at the genius and wisdom of those who, even after a mature experience of forty or fifty years, attain world-wide renown, but with how much greater wonder and admiration shall we regard a mere stripling in age who proves himself to be a very prince amongst philosophers, and in the very front rank of distinguished mathematicians !

When James II., in his vain attempt to re-establish the Roman Catholic religion, attacked the privileges of the University of Cambridge, Newton was selected as one of the delegates to defend them. He was afterwards chosen a member of the Convention Parliament.

Endeavours were made by friends to secure some public position for Newton, but for a time these were unsuccessful. In 1696, however, when the coinage was to be recalled, he was appointed Warden of the Mint, through the influence of Mr. Charles Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax. From 1699 he fulfilled the higher duties of Master of the Mint, receiving a salary of from £1200 to £1500 a year. In these positions, his knowledge of chemistry and metallurgy, as profound as his knowledge of mathematics, proved of immense service to the State.

In 1703, Newton was elected President of the Royal Society, and he continued to hold that high and enviable position to the end of his days, being the first who was re-elected without interval, and whose presidency extended over so long a period. It may be remarked that his latest visit from home was paid on the 2nd March, 1727, to fulfil an engagement to preside over the Royal Society.

After his removal from Cambridge to London, he resided first in Jermyn Street, St. James's, and then at a house, now numbered thirty-five, in St. Martin's Street, Leicester Square. To the latter came many distinguished visitors, including the Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen-Consort of George II., who rejoiced in the opportunity of conversing with so learned a man, able to answer her enquiries and to solve her difficulties.

Although Newton had acquired considerable reputation in previous reigns, the honour of conferring a knighthood upon this inimitable man was reserved for Queen Anne. On the occasion of a Royal visit to Cambridge, in 1705, Isaac Newton received this dignity "in the Court held at the Lodge of Trinity," the residence of Dr. Bentley, the Master of Trinity, who "looked on

rejoicing in the honour done to his illustrious friend."

During the last ten years of his life Sir Isaac's time was principally occupied in reading religious books. He exhibited the traits of a true Christian life, devoutness, faith, generosity and purity of character. He was attached to the Church of England, and held very firmly the main doctrines of Protestant religious belief.

Until his eightieth year he enjoyed excellent health, but afterwards was a great sufferer from a calculous disorder. No murmur, however, escaped his lips, and he maintained to the end that patience and sweetness of soul which had characterized his whole life. Up to the 18th March he was able to read without the use of spectacles, and to converse freely with his friends, but on the morning of the 20th March, 1727, between one and two o'clock, at Orbell's Buildings, Kensington, whither he had shortly before removed to secure the purer air, his spirit passed away.

There are numerous memorials which perpetuate the name of this unsurpassed genius. Among these may be mentioned a tablet in

the Parish Church of Colsterworth in this county :

"Sir Isaac Newton
who first demonstrated the laws by which
the Almighty made and governs the universe,
was born at Woolsthorpe in this parish
on Christmas day 1642
and was buried in Westminster Abbey 1727.
Three generations of the Newtons
Lords of the Manor of Woolsthorpe, are buried
near this place."

Another county memorial is a bronze statue, by Theed, erected at Grantham, to commemorate Newton's association with that town, during the period of his early education. The cost, £1600, was obtained by public subscriptions. The unveiling of this statue took place on 21st September, 1858, when Lord Brougham discoursed on the life and works of Newton.

In Trinity College, Cambridge, is a marble statue, by Louis Francis Roubilliac, which was set up on 14th July, 1755, the pedestal of which contains merely the words :

"Newton.
Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit."

The noble monument in Westminster Abbey, erected in 1731, occupies a most conspicuous

position,—a spot which had been eagerly but vainly sought after by the nobility. It stands, an inspiration to every beholder, on the left hand side of the entrance from the Nave to the Choir, and is visible from all parts of the Nave.

Well may Sir David Brewster, in his Memoirs of Sir Isaac Newton, say: "What a glorious privilege was it to have been the author of the *Principia!* There was but one earth upon whose form and tides and movements the philosopher could exercise his genius; one moon, whose perturbations and inequalities and actions he could study; one sun, whose controlling force and apparent motions he could calculate and determine; one system of planets whose mutual disturbances could tax his highest reason; one system of comets, whose eccentric paths he could explore and rectify; and one universe of stars, to whose binary and multiple combinations he could extend the law of terrestrial gravity. To have been the chosen sage summoned to the study of that earth, these systems, and that universe; the favoured law-giver to worlds unnumbered; the High Priest in the temple of boundless space, was a privilege that could be granted but to one member of the human family;

and to have executed the task, was an achievement, which, in its magnitude, can be measured only by the infinite in the space, and, in the duration of its triumphs, by the infinite in time. That Sage, that Law-giver, that High Priest was NEWTON."

Lincolnshire a Century Ago.

IT has always been a pleasure to me to dwell on old times, and to compare them with the present, and much may be gleaned from the tales of old working-men. They will tell you what they have heard with their ears, and what their fathers have heard before them for a number of generations. Tradition may not be very reliable in all cases, but it is a side-light to history, and may be relied on when it goes no further back than 100 years. Some thirty-five years since, I used frequently to listen to the tales of an old Lincolnshire man, and will try to give the pith of what he said in something like the way in which he said it.

I was born in the Isle of Axholme, in the year 1789, but as I lived in another part of North Lincolnshire during my boyhood, what I tell you now will apply partly to one side of the Trent, partly to the other, but chiefly to the whole of North Lincolnshire. My father was a

farmer. He owned and cultivated about five acres of land. He rented about 120 acres close to his own; but he did not cultivate half of it—more than half (now warped, and ranking with the richest land in England) was over-run with whins and brambles, or covered a good part of the year with water. We were seldom without gipsies on this waste land—it was a favourite spot for them, and there were more gipsies then than now. I remember when quite a child hearing the tales of a gipsy, said to be 100 years old. She could tell about every building which had been erected in the district during her life; and, to tell the truth, it would be no hard matter to remember everything, as North Lincolnshire appears to have been almost stationary during the eighteenth century. My father was in fairly good circumstances, having had a little money from his father and 100 guineas (all "spade ace") with his wife. But he had a large family of sons—I was the second son—and we were not very smoothly reared. We did not live as you children live now. For breakfast we seldom had anything besides boiled milk and bread, when wheat was fairly cheap—when wheat was dear we had porridge instead. We were never without bacon for dinner, and we

seldom had any other kind of animal food. Some farmers would kill a beast or two just before Christmas each year, and put the beef in salt. But *we* had none of this hung beef. It was the custom for farmers to eat very little except what their farms produced, and my father always held that pig feeding was more profitable than the feeding of beasts. At night we had the same fare as for breakfast. Except mother, none of us ever drank tea—father scouted the idea of tea-drinking, it was only fit for women. Father used a little tobacco, and we often had ale of our own brewing, but oftener we were without. Mother churned and baked on the same day—once a week. We children had a treat on that day. We had each a large cake made of leavened dough, with a little lard or bacon fat put in before baking. When taken out of the oven a hole was made in the middle of each cake, and was filled with butter. We pulled the cakes to pieces with our fingers, and drank buttermilk (whey) with them. The baking was done very differently then to now. The present sort of ovens must have been introduced before 1800, but they were not common. The oven then in use was a kind of bell, which was placed on a stone

made hot and then covered with ashes. Cakes were often baked in ashes without even the covering of a bell, and were much esteemed by some people. Potatoes were extensively grown, and were always sound, and formed a staple article of food for winter. Swedish turnips were unknown, and, as the white variety would not keep well, cattle food was always scarce in spring. Even gardens were not so rich in the choice and variety of vegetables as now. Rhubarb, celery, all the fancy peas, and many other things were unknown then.

As to fruit culture, I think we were about as forward then as we are now. None of the new sorts of apples, pears, etc., seem to be an advance on the good old sorts—sorts which grew on the old trees when I was a boy. As we had a good orchard, we were seldom without apple pies and raw fruits of various sorts. These improved our living very much; but it was hard living then, when wheat happened to be badly sprouted and scarce fit to grind. But *we* had plenty of food at all times, and, as we had to work hard, we were not too particular about our food. But the condition of farm labourers' children was very different to ours. They have often been an

entire winter without bread. The winter of 1800 was very bad. Many a farmer had his wheat and sheep stolen, although the laws were so severe. I remember one grainery was broken open by the labourers, and corn distributed to every family in the village. The affair was passed over, as it was felt that whole families were starving. The poor children were sent to work as soon as they could walk, and when they were tired out they were beaten by their parents (not hard-hearted ones, perhaps), and made to do more.

A man I now know, living in another part of the county, told me that he had worked nearly ever since he was born—that he earned and paid for his first breeches, and that it was done at the expense of his food. His mother gave him nothing but bread for his dinners, and a penny per day to buy treacle at the village shop. But he was content to eat his bread without treacle, or anything except water, and the pence saved bought the breeches. The lines by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, with respect to child labour of another sort, might well be applied to the farm labourers' children of North Lincolnshire a hundred years ago :—

"Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
And *that* cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
The young birds are chirping in the nest,
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
The young flowers are blowing towards the west;
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!
They are weeping in the play-time of the others,
In the country of the free."

These "good old times" have gone—never, I trust, to return; but children brought up in this way often turned out well, and did wonders in after life.

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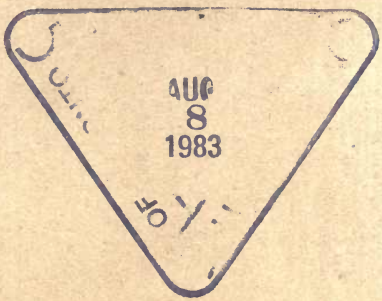
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