

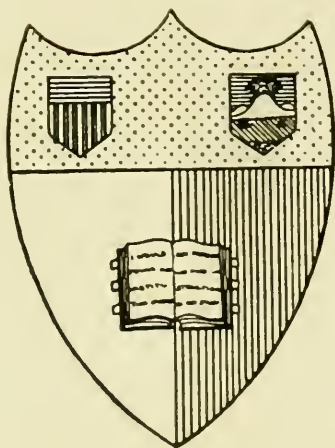
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*Collotype.*

THE JUDGES' COOK, DURHAM CASTLE,  
FROM A DRAWING BY "CUTHBERT BEDE."

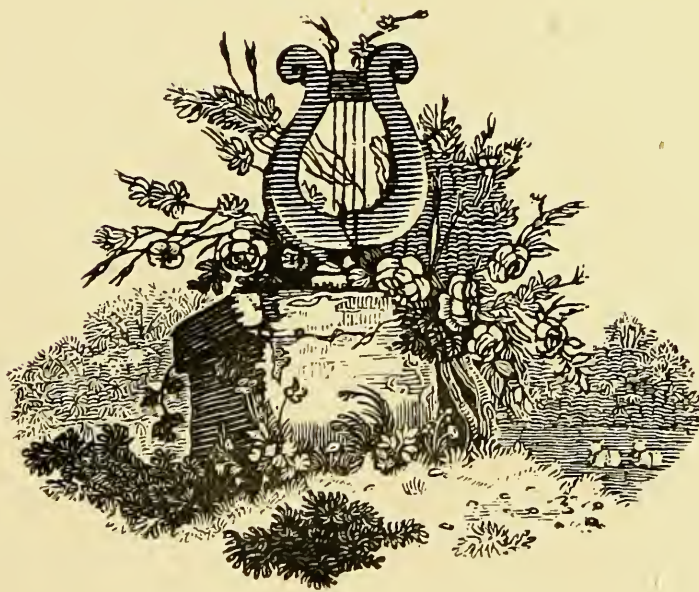
NORTH-COUNTRY  
SKETCHES

NOTES, ESSAYS AND REVIEWS

BY

GEO. NEASHAM

WITH 13 FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS, AND 47 WOODCUTS  
BY THOMAS AND JOHN BEWICK AND THEIR PUPILS



DURHAM:  
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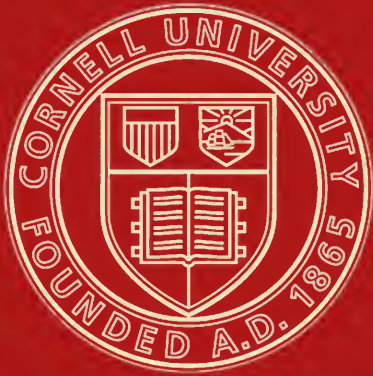
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TO  
THOMAS SPENCER, OF RYTON, ESQUIRE,  
A PATRON OF THE CHURCH,  
A FRIEND TO EDUCATION,  
AND THE CHIEF BENEFACTOR TO A PLACE WHERE  
THE AUTHOR SPENT THE HAPPIEST  
YEARS OF HIS LIFE,  
THIS BOOK IS GRATEFULLY DEDICATED.



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## P R E F A C E .

AT a public function not long ago, since he began writing this book, the author was asked to express his opinion on a knotty point which had puzzled many people. The writer is able to express his thoughts on paper with facility, but he never possessed the power to address an audience at any length, and all that he could stammer out in reply to the invitation was—"Mr. Chairman,—The problem which you mention will, I think, be found solved in a work which I am now writing; and if you and the rest of the gentlemen present really feel an interest in it, and wish for enlightenment, I beg to say that I shall be delighted to supply the whole of you with a copy of the book as soon as it is published." Similarly, if the reader, not knowing the writer personally, be curious to learn something respecting him, he is referred to the following pages, wherein his opinions and feelings and sentiments on a variety of subjects, in a wide area, will be found fully reflected.

In writing this book, the author has followed no beaten track. There has been no re-dressing of old figures. His experiences have been the experiences of an active life, and it has been his privilege to cull from storehouses of information which have not been accessible to any previous writer. His opinions throughout are entirely his own; he has endeavoured to contribute something new to the literature of the two counties of Durham and Northumberland; and if there be any merit in originality he lays claim to it. To interest the reader, and to be instructive where he could, have always been his aims; and he hopes and trusts that nothing that he has written will cause the least pain or give the slightest offence. Many of the reviews and essays, and a great number of the short

sketches, have already enjoyed the advantage of a wide and important circulation in the columns of the *Newcastle Daily Journal* and the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*; and he thinks it but fair to himself to say that the conditions under which the sketches were written were almost as various as the occasions and circumstances which called for them. Many were penned in the quiet solitude of some secluded spot on the banks of his favourite North-country streams, when the trout would no longer be tempted by his lures; while others were scribbled out when rambling in the neighbouring woods with his children, whose merriment occasionally lent a playfulness to his pen. This explanation he offers as an apology for the style of many of them, and will, he hopes, in some measure plead his excuse for any imperfections which may be found in them. They were mostly the spontaneous utterances of his mind, and as such, without much emendation or amplification, they are now launched on to the Ocean of Literature, where he leaves them to sink or swim.

In concluding these few prefatory remarks, he desires to thank the Rev. J. T. Fowler for looking over the sheets as they passed through the press; he has to thank the Art Editor of the *Illustrated London News* for presenting the block showing the Hall of Durham Castle; he is indebted to Mr. J. W. Barnes for the loan of two of the choicest of Bewick's tail-pieces; and his thanks are also due to Mr. Holman Hunt, R.A., and Mr. Robert Barrass, of the Rembrandt Art Studio, Newcastle, for permission to reproduce the portrait of Sir Henry A. Clavering, Bart.

THE FIRS, LANGLEY PARK,  
DURHAM,

*Feb. 28th, 1893.*

## LIST OF PLATES.

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The Judges' Cook, Durham Castle.

John Graham Lough.

Milo.

Robert Smith Surtees.

Ebchester Church.

Sir Henry A. Clavering, Bart

Durham Regatta, 1848.

John Annandale.

John Murray.

Burnhopeside.

George Hedley.

Crook Hall.

William Jenkins.



## CHAPTER I.

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### ART AND THE DRAMA.

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The Origin of "Verdant Green."—Sheridan and Sir Thomas Clavering.—Shakespeariana.—The Bamburgh Castle Pictures.—Lough and Milo.—Osmond Tearle and his Interrupter.

WHY did the versatile author of "Verdant Green" adapt this work to the University of Oxford instead of his own *Alma Mater*? People have often wondered how a Durham man could describe Oxford so well, and it has been said that his descriptions were the more life-like because the author was untrammelled by any of those considerations which membership of the University would have made binding. The fact is that after leaving Durham in 1849, Edward Bradley went to live for a time at Oxford, where he became friendly with the Rev. J. G. Wood and others, who figure in the pages of "Verdant Green." But although the University of Durham is passed over on account of its infancy when choice is being made for Mr. Green's destination, it is evident that much of the colouring and some of the incidents of the book are drawn from Durham. Bradley was a man of whom the Northern University may be proud, and his fame will last as long as academical life continues to be attractive, and freshmen afford material for a little diversion to humorists of the Bouncer and Charley Larkyns type. The reason why the scene of Verdant Green's adventures was shifted to Oxford is given in a note to the original drawings in which the vagaries of the young freshman are cleverly depicted in pen and ink. Shortly after Bradley's death in 1889, we secured these and other

clever drawings which he made while an undergraduate between the years 1846-49. Two of the sketches are now in the Reading Room of the Union Society of the University of Durham, and their history is thus given in a note in Bradley's autograph :—

These sketches originated "Verdant Green." I showed them to Mark Lemon, editor of *Punch*, to which I was then a contributor with pen and pencil, and he asked me to adapt the sketches to Cambridge, and that he would publish them in *Punch*, with letterpress by Professor Tom Taylor (of Trinity College, Cambridge, afterwards editor of *Punch*). I declined this offer; but said that I would adapt the sketches to Oxford, which I did, and Mark Lemon accepted them for publication in *Punch*. Some of those on the opposite page were utilized for "Verdant Green." About fifty were drawn and engraved for *Punch*, where they were to appear, a page at a time, when Mr. Herbert Ingram, of the *Illustrated London News*, started a series of special supplements to his paper, chiefly contributed by *Punch* men—Douglas Jerrold, Mark Lemon, Tom Taylor, Shirley Brooks, G. A. A'Becket, John Leech, John Tenniel, &c.—and Mark Lemon proposed to me to exchange the series of sketches to the *Illustrated News* supplements, where twice the number of sketches could appear at once on their large page. I consented, and two large pages had appeared when Mr. Ingram changed his mind, and decided to have musical supplements by Charles Mackay and Bishop. So the "Verdant Green" sketches, with their few lines of letterpress, were summarily stopped. Subsequently, I wrote letterpress to the sketches, and they were published as a railway book.—CUTHBERT BEDE.

The drawings are headed, "Ye Freshmonne, his Adventures at Univ. Coll., Durham." The first depicts his arrival at the old Railway Station, which was then in Gilesgate. The scene as the 'bus passes Claypath Chains with its freight of students and boxes is very amusingly depicted. The road here is considerably lower than the footpath on each side, and the surrounding houses are cleverly sketched. The roadway was not then so good as it is now, and as the result of its unevenness a hat-box is seen flying off at one side of the vehicle, while a trunk, labelled "Glass, with care," is dropping off at the other. There is the original of Verdant's famous dream of future greatness and being made a bishop. In the interview with the Warden, it is not difficult to distinguish Archdeacon Thorp's genial features. The view of University House and the Palace Green, with Verdant in search of rooms, is very funny; and what he saw on being shown through the interior of the first-named building caused the stick to fall from



his fingers and his hair to rise. The bird's-eye sketch of the Castle and its surroundings is also very clever. Having matriculated, Verdant is next seen disporting himself on the Banks, to the great amusement of many young ladies and alarm of several babies, who, with their nurses, are always to be met there. His movements on this occasion are given in three compartments. In the centre one is a bevy of young ladies, who cast side glances at the freshman as they coyly march across the Prebends' Bridge. On his way to his rooms he meets Dean Waddington, whom he salutes in a characteristic fashion, and of whom there is a striking likeness. After dinner he partakes of the "freshman's wine," of which he had previously drawn a mental picture, and found the reality far beyond his expectation. After having his health drunk as a jolly good fellow, Verdant showed that he was one by taking too much wine, under the influence of which we see him carried to his own rooms by a couple of undergraduates, who seem to be enjoying the fun immensely. Poor Verdant must have passed an uneasy night on his hearth-rug, for it is there that the bed maker finds him when she enters his room next morning.

Her Majesty's Judges of Assize are entertained at the Castle during their stay in Durham, and in the palmy days of the palatinate their cook was a very important functionary indeed. Bradley's drawing facing the title page is a representation of this well-developed individual standing in the kitchen doorway.

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The characters in the "School for Scandal" and "The Rivals" are made to occupy many curious positions, and to go through many adventures, but none of them ever experienced so many ups and downs as the author himself. The life of the clever but reckless dramatist seems to have been a hand-to-mouth existence. At one time he is holding a levee of Jews and creditors, at another he is elbowing his way through a crowd of such in the lobby of the House of Commons, or holding them at bay in the manager's office at Drury Lane, tiding over one such

difficulty after another by sheer dint of luck, audacity, or fascination, till at last the spell would work no more, and he died friendless and alone beneath the bailiff's eye. In the life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan by Moore, and again in that written by Mr. Saunders, we catch occasional glimpses of his impecuniosity, but you would never gather from their pages that the wily Irishman lived in a roofless house. Yet it was so. The house in which Sheridan lived belonged to a North-country baronet, Sir Thomas Clavering, of Axwell and Greencroft. When the rent day came round, Sheridan usually had some excuse ready. The payments were several years in arrear, and the landlord's patience becoming at length exhausted, he finally intrusted his agent to get rid of the dramatist by hook or by crook. What followed will probably furnish an additional chapter for some future biographer of the author of "The School for Scandal." It is a comedy which is embodied in a series of letters written by Mr. Christopher Ebdon to Sir Thomas Clavering, and which we possess. A few extracts therefrom will show how difficult the Baronet found it to rid himself of a bad tenant.

Sheridan had a lease of the house, and knowing that a year of this was still to run, he not only declined to pay the rent or give up possession, but he would allow no one else to look at the place with a view to taking it. Being unwilling to put the law in force, Sir Thomas instructed his agent to inform Sheridan that he had resolved on selling the house to a Mr. Castell. The shrewd Irishman was equal to the occasion, however, and coolly replied that he himself thought of purchasing it, there being an optional clause in his lease to that effect. On the 21st of April, 1790, Mr. Ebdon informs the landlord that he had been several times to Sheridan's house, but could never get a sight of him. The place remained in a state of siege till the 5th of May, when the agent thus wrote to Sir Thomas :—

Mr. Castell being desirous to have an answer about the house, wrote again to Mr. Sheridan for permission to look at that part of it which would not disturb the family, and the servant was desired to wait for an answer. When he took the letter he was told Mr. Sheridan would not be stirring for two hours, and was desired to call

again. He call'd again in about an hour, and then he was informed that Mr. Sheridan had gone out. I had before told Mr. Castell that there would be no chance of getting an answer without the servant waited. Next day he went again, about twelve, and waited till near three, and then sent up word that he was afraid his master would be angry with him for waiting so long, and then he was promised an answer in half an hour ; but after waiting more than that time, Mr. Sheridan sent word that he should send an answer at night, but never took any further notice of Mr. Castell's letter. I went on the 26th of last month, at twelve, according to his own appointment, to meet Mr. Westley, but after waiting till three, no Mr. Westley came, and I just got a sight of Mr. Sheridan on the stairs, who, after saying he did not know I had been waiting so long, desired me to call next day. I called on the 27th, and had as nearly long attendance with as little effect. I desired the servant to say to Mr. Sheridan that I wished to speak to him, but should not detain him two minutes. Mr. Sheridan sent word down that if it was about the house, he could not give an answer. I then desired the servant to inform him I did not wish to press him for an answer about it ; all I desir'd at present was that he would give Mr. Castell permission to look at the lower part of the house. To this message Mr. Sheridan sent me word he would write to Mr. Castell in the evening. I saw Mr. Castell on Friday, and he told me Mr. Sheridan had not wrote.

Further diplomacy was used to get admission, but it all failed. Finally the agent, accompanied by a witness, made a formal demand for possession of the house, but this had no more effect than the notice intimating that the rent had been doubled. Six months later Sheridan was still master of the situation. On the 10th of December, Mr. Ebdon informed Sir Thomas that he had tried in vain to see Sheridan, and, as a last resort, he had starved him out by removing the roof of the house.

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As everything Shakespearian is of interest, we may be excused delivering ourselves of some Shakespeariana which will be new to most people. John Boydell, Alderman of London, who did more than any other man to encourage English art and to popularize the works of Shakespeare, belonged to an old family of parsons. The last of them was the esteemed Vicar of Wingate, the Rev. E. N. V. Boydell. When Mr. Boydell died, in 1884, his library was sold. It contained thousands of manuscript sermons, which had been preached by Mr. Boydell and his ancestors since the days when Charles the Second sat on the throne. They bore evidence of having been dressed and re-dressed by successive generations of the family. Many of them had been in the hands of John Boydell, the

founder of the Shakespeare Gallery ; and there are notes in his hand showing that the worthy Alderman himself had preached some of them to the members of his family in his own house. A few years ago, the "copy" of a Newcastle editor was constantly disappearing from his study. At last it was discovered that a maid was curling the children's hair with it. A worse fate befell hundreds of the Boydell sermons. They had been placed in a store room, where they remained in safety till a scarcity of fire paper occurred in the domestic circle, when the learned and pious discourses of many good men were sacrificed at the shrine of Vesta. There were many left, however, and it is believed that some of these are still doing duty in the North-country. There were many beautiful models for festivals and funeral orations, not the least interesting among the latter being that delivered at the funeral of John Boydell himself. There were a few relics of the great Shakespeare Gallery, which we bought, the finest being Boydell's own copy of the print of the scene between Hero and Ursula, with Beatrice listening, in "Much Ado about Nothing."

Was there ever an original portrait of Shakespeare? Grainger, on the authority of Walpole, tells us that there never was one taken from the life, but that Thomas Clarges, after the poet's death, caused a portrait to be drawn for him from a person to whom he bore a close resemblance. Oldys, in a manuscript note to his edition of Langbaine, says that the portrait palmed off on Pope, from which he had his fine plate engraved, was a juvenile portrait of King James the First. There used to be a likeness of Shakespeare at Lumley Castle. It is said to have been one of the famous contemporary portraits collected by John Lord Lumley, ancestor of the Earls of Scarbrough, who died a few years before Shakespeare. A copy of this was published in the middle of the present century.

The following history of the portrait is taken from the prospectus which was issued by the publisher. As will be seen, it possesses local interest from the fact of the original being then in the hands of a gentleman living at North Shields.

The picture from which this engraving has been taken was sold at a sale of pictures at Lumley Castle in the year 1785. Subsequently it was, with other pictures, re-purchased by the Earl of Scarborough, a descendant of Lord Lumley, and remained in the possession of that family until 1807, when the collection was again dispersed. The sale in 1807 appears to have been badly managed, for many of the portraits were sold anonymously, and this of Shakespeare among the number. Fortunately an artist, Mr. Ralph Waters, of Newcastle, was present, who recognized the picture and bought it. The portrait continued in his possession until his death, when the brother of Mr. Waters parted with it to its present owner, George Rippon, Esq., of North Shields.

The obliging communication of Mr. Horatio A. Adamson, of North Shields, enables us to trace the subsequent fortunes of this interesting portrait. "After the death of Mr. Rippon's widow," he writes, "his collection of pictures was dispersed. Some of them were sent to London to Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Co., for sale, and among these was the Shakespeare picture to which you refer. The executor of Mrs. Rippon was unable to verify the pedigree of it, and eventually it was sold to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and I believe it is still in her possession."

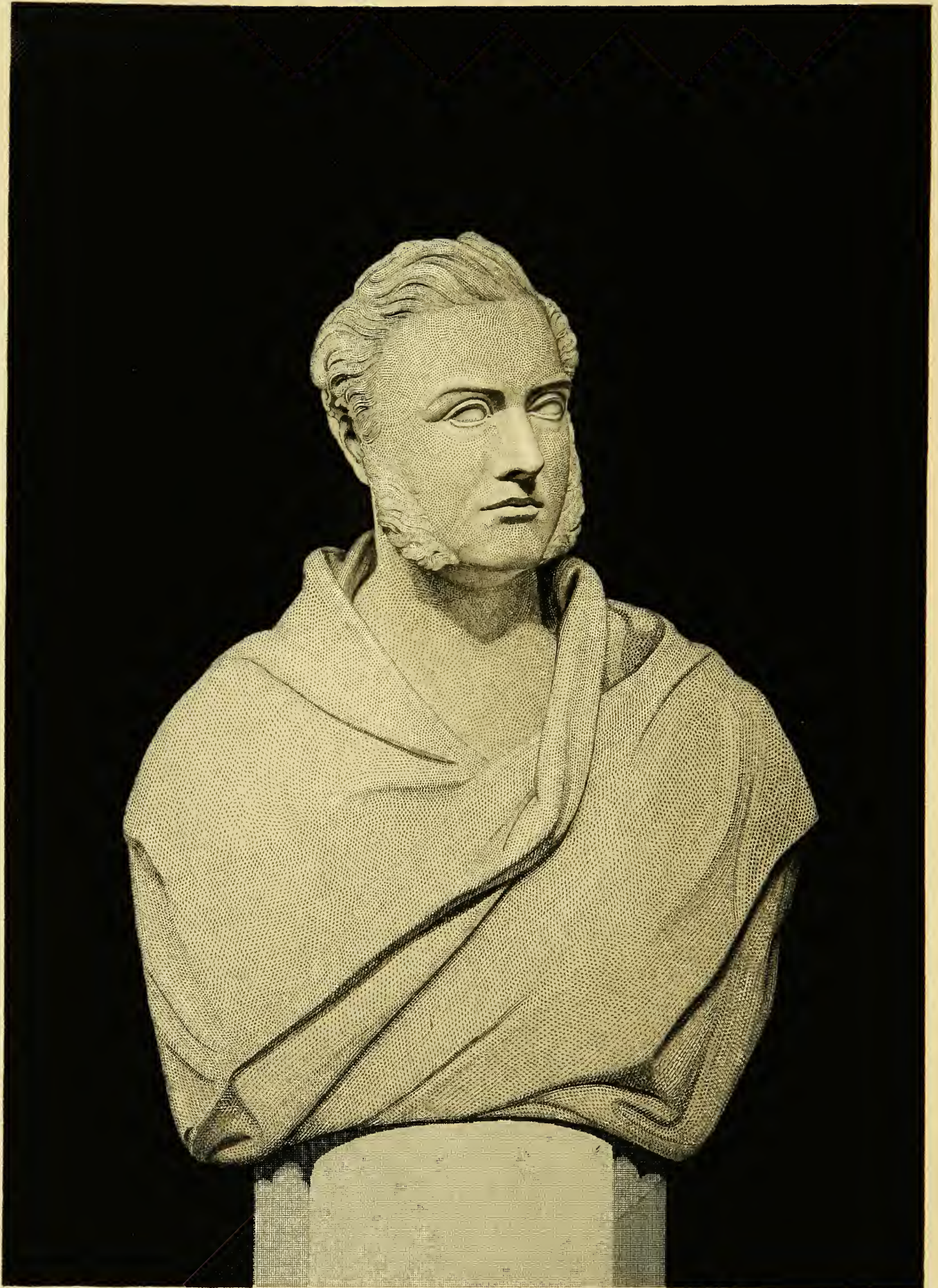
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In one of the public galleries there is a portrait of a gentleman with a fly on his nose. This is so natural and life-like that people are often seen attempting to brush it away. Just in like manner might we be deluded into thinking that it is the heroic Dorothy Forster herself that is smiling on us. It is only her portrait, however, and her greeting seems to be all the more fervid with the knowledge that her sylph-like form and pouting lips and resplendent orbs have been hidden from the gaze of her kind for more than half a century. To drop the metaphor, we are looking on the revived portrait of Dorothy, the chivalrous and loving sister of General Forster. It had long hung at Bamburgh Castle, along with other contemporaneous portraits, but so encrusted with successive coverings of varnish and dirt as to be utterly unrecognizable. The whole of the pictures there, about 200, were in 1890 cleaned and repaired by Messrs. Rushworth and Son, of Durham. We happened to see some of the gentlemen before they were operated upon. One, who had a rent in his side and a fracture in his skull, turns out to be Lord Crewe himself. His lordship

looks all the better after his repeated ablutions. The portrait must have been taken early in life, probably immediately after he was made Bishop of Durham. It was his youthfulness then that gave rise to the king's well-known *mot*, "he will mend of that every day." Crewe, as everybody knows, began a somewhat discreditable career under the Duke of York, whose marriage with Maria d'Este in 1673 he solemnized, receiving the See of Durham as his reward the year following. Although Crewe showed a time-serving spirit in early life, he made amends for it on accepting the bishopric of Durham. He was a capable administrator of the temporalities of the See, and, like the lamented Bishop Lightfoot, made himself popular in his diocese by his consideration for others and his acts of generosity. In 1700, he married for his second wife Dorothy, daughter of Sir William Forster, of Bamburgh. He was then 67 and his wife 24 years old. This lady is not to be confounded with the Dorothy who rode to London on a double horse, behind an Adderstone blacksmith, and, getting an impression of the prison key, liberated her brother, the General, and remained a prisoner in his place. Lady Crewe's portrait is in the collection, however, in the character of a shepherdess. By the death of her brothers, Lady Crewe was co-heir with her nephew, the General, to the manors of Bamburgh and Blanchland, but, as the estate was encumbered, it was sold by order of the Court of Chancery in 1704, and was bought by Lord Crewe for £20,679. It is generally said that Crewe purchased the estates after the Jacobite rising in 1715, which is not the case. Lady Crewe died in 1715, and was buried at Stene, the Bishop himself dying seven years later at the age of 88, and by his will leaving the castle of Bamburgh and the estates which he had purchased in Northumberland to trustees for charitable purposes.

By Lord Crewe's side is a portrait of the Rev. Sir George Wheler, knight. This austere-looking gentleman in the skull cap lived till he was 74. He was a Prebendary of Durham and Rector of Houghton-le-Spring, to which he was collated and appointed by his patron Lord Crewe,





C & E. LAYTON.

LONDON.



*John Gresham Lough*



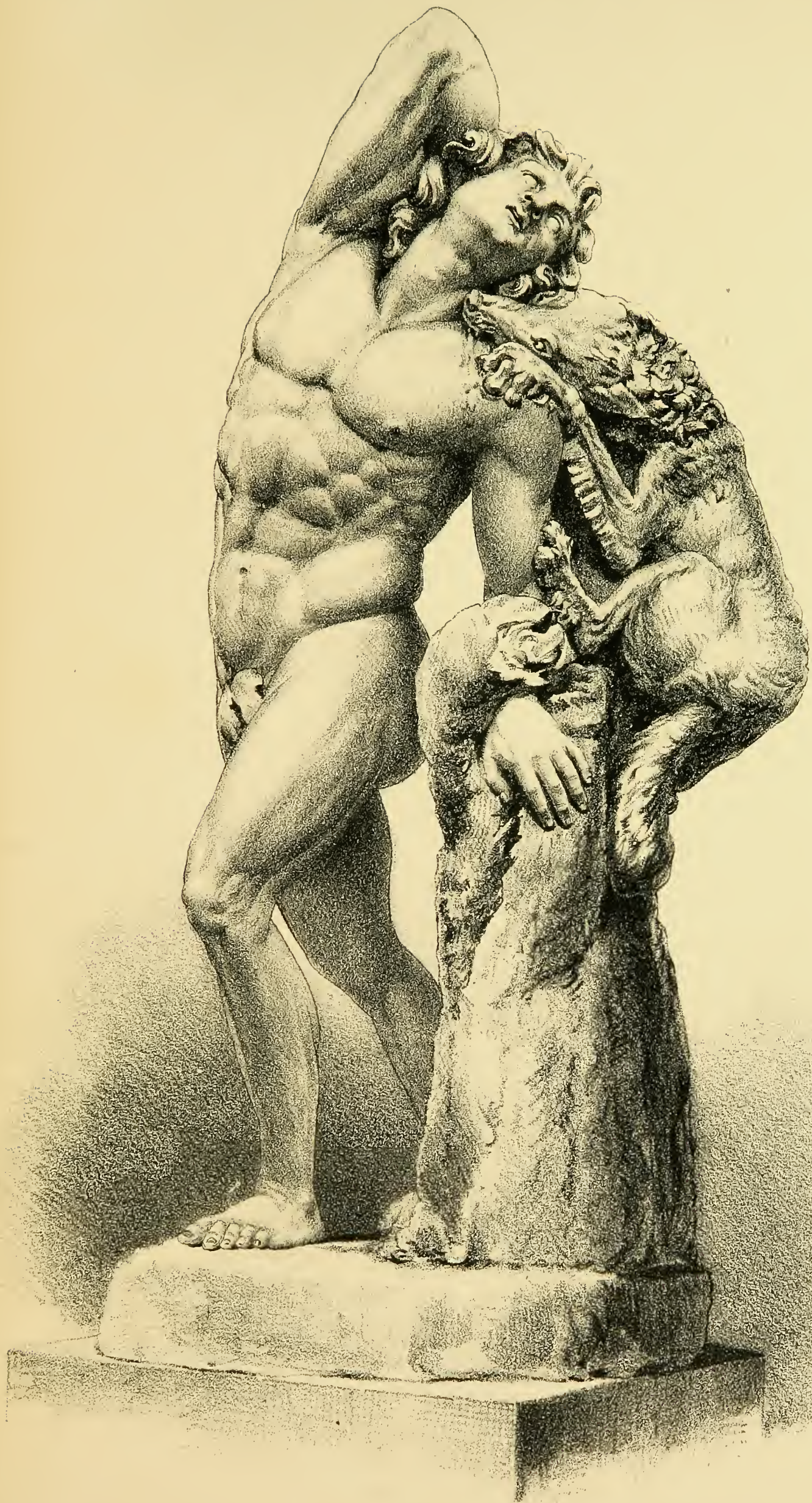
thus accounting for the presence of his portrait at Bamburgh. There were some good traits about Sir George. He was a Christian, and a good tolerant neighbour to boot. Indeed, he was just the sort of man that we should like to grapple to our soul with hooks of steel. We cannot say what quarry was hunted at Houghton in Sir George's day, but he was of opinion that the liking for it might be indulged very innocently. Shooting and fencing were also both diverting and useful, he thought, "and I had rather hear good music," he says, "and see fine dancing than the harsh rattling of dice and the shuffling of cards." Sir George would turn over in his tomb in the Galilee if he knew how the revenue of the Cathedral church has been curtailed since the days when he and his brother prebendaries gave their residential entertainments in the College. It may be said that his description is all that is left of them. "Each prebendary in his turn," he writes, "entertains with great liberality the poor and rich neighbours and strangers with generous welcome, Christian freedom, modest deportment, good and plentiful cheer, moderate eating and sober drinking. They give God thanks, read a chapter in the midst between the courses, during which all men reverently uncover their heads, and after grace again there is seldom more drank than the *Poculum Charitatis*, or the love cup, and the king's good health, and then every one to his own home, business, and studies." The love cup, it may be remarked, holds a pint, which, truly, was not much in these days. There are other fine portraits in the collection, each with a history of its own. One is that of Dr. Sharp, Archbishop of York, and there is also one of his son, the Archdeacon of Northumberland. The proud old castle, "the grace and glory of Northumbria's strand," is represented in a variety of ways and from different points, and by artists who lived long ago and are now almost forgotten.

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The lives of many local men who have risen to fame and eminence show what may be accomplished by perseverance and self-denial in early life. John Graham Lough, the

sculptor, who was born at Greenhead, about three miles from Shotley Bridge, followed the plough when a boy. He afterwards served his apprenticeship as a stonemason at Shotley Field, and on reaching manhood betook himself to London to push his fortune in the world of art. His journey forms one of the most romantic episodes in his life. He persuaded the captain of a collier who was just sailing for London to take him on board, offering him a guinea for his passage money; but on their arrival the captain refused to take a farthing. At Lough's request, the captain took him to the British Museum, where in company with this kind, rough companion, he saw what he was panting to find, the Elgin marbles. The captain insisted on Lough returning and sleeping on board his vessel as long as it was detained in the docks, finally urging him not to remain in such a wilderness place as London, adding, "it shall cost you nothing to go back with me to canny Newcastle."<sup>1</sup> This was in 1824, and Lough was then twenty-six years old. Shortly after his going to London, the Squire of Minsteracres, Mr. George Silvertop, called on him and wished him to go to Rome to study the models of the great Italian sculptors, and offered to defray his expenses when in Rome. Lough, however, refused to go, and said that "he would not serve a second apprenticeship." Mr. Silvertop took offence at Lough's refusal, and left him to his unaided resources. It was doubtless during this period, when no hand was stretched out to help him, that he suffered the terrible privations touchingly alluded to by Haydon the painter. After a time, however, it seems that Mr. Silvertop's heart misgave him, and he called on Lough as he was engaged in his room sculpturing his "Milo." Mr. Silvertop addressed him with the familiar words, "Well, Lough, how are you coming on?" Lough answered, "Oh, very well, sir; I am working away here and living on bread and water, as I have been accustomed to do." While Lough was thus engaged, a circumstance occurred which threatened to be the forerunner of his ruin, but which proved, however, to be the turning point in his fortune. His room being too

<sup>1</sup> Particulars supplied to the writer by Mrs. Lough.





small for the sculpturing of Milo, he could not get to the upper part of the statue so as to be able to use his chisel with sufficient freedom. What was he to do in such a case? He acted like Alexander the Great, who cut the Gordian knot when he could not untie it. With the recklessness of a bold genius reduced to desperation, he actually broke through the ceiling of the room above him, and made for himself sufficient space to work at his statue. Hue and cry was instantly raised against him for this infraction of the rights of property. The owner began to take steps for instituting legal proceedings, and even consulted Mr. Brougham (afterwards Lord Brougham) for this purpose. Struck with the singularity of the account which was given him, Brougham went to look at the Milo, and see for himself what Lough had done. On his return from viewing Milo, Brougham told some of his friends that he had witnessed the strangest sight that ever came before him during his whole life, and narrated the circumstances. The news of the strange affair soon spread, and, before long, the whole street where Lough's room was situated was lined with the carriages of ladies and gentlemen, who had come to view the place, and to see Milo. The manner of Milo's death is strikingly depicted in the illustration. He is endeavouring to divide an oak, which he has already split with iron wedges, when the wedges slip down, and the oak closes upon his left wrist, in which position he is discovered and devoured by wild beasts.

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There is a place for everything. Nothing is more offensive than to be obliged to sit near people who prevent a word of a play being heard by their incessant chattering. The constant turning over of a newspaper in face of an audience is also calculated to distract the attention, not only of the playgoers, but of the actors themselves; and the rebuke administered by Mr. Osmond Tearle, at Her Majesty's Theatre, Carlisle, in 1891, to an individual who persisted in interrupting the tragedy of "Macbeth" in this way was probably not without its good effect. *A propos* of "Macbeth" and the distracting effects that sudden and unusual movements in an audience have upon actors of a

nervous temperament, a good story is told in Barrère and Leland's " Dictionary of Slang, Jargon, and Cant " of an incident that is said to have happened while Stephen Kemble's company was playing in the old Newcastle Theatre. The First Witch in " Macbeth " was a gentleman who had not been long on the stage, and in the incantation scene, when he had spoken the first two lines—

Round about the cauldron go,  
In the poisoned entrails throw,

a sudden movement in the boxes disconcerted him, and he was unable to proceed. After an agonizing pause he resumed—

What comes next I cannot guess,  
So mix the lot up in a mess.

The audience was naturally furious at this ribald tampering with the text, and the gods hissed most lustily. This sound, so unpleasing to the actor's ear, had an instant effect on him. Looking up at the gallery, with a sly wink, he proceeded—

Funky actor, lost the word,  
Goose from gallery, awful bird ;  
Twist his neck off like a shot,  
And boil him in the charmed pot.

The audacity of this quick-witted response so tickled the gods that they not only overlooked his sudden loss of memory, but gave him a hearty round of applause into the bargain.



## CHAPTER II.

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### GHOSTS.

---

Ghosts not Properly Understood.—Their Appearing in Clothes.—  
Mode of Addressing a Spirit.—Reasons for Appearing.—Anne  
Walker's Ghost.—A Derwentwater Romance.

THE fact that a Christmas number devoted to ghost stories was published in 1891 is sufficient evidence that such tales are just as acceptable to the present as they were to a past generation.<sup>1</sup> At Christmastide, our ancestors were wont to gather round the ingle nook and entertain each other with stories more or less marvellous and horrific. One story begot another, and we can imagine the younger members of the group drawing closer to each other on the recital of some weird tale still more thrilling than the last. Notwithstanding our being so highly educated nowadays, scientifically, technically, and otherwise, there are many people who secretly devour Rider Haggard's and such like novels, who listen with breathless interest to the recital of some bygone tragedy, and who are spell-bound by the wailings of an uneasy spirit crying out for vengeance.

Experience has made us familiar with ghosts, and we are consequently entitled to speak with a degree of authority on the subject. Spirits do not like to be examined too critically; hence it is that scientists, like Crookes and Sidgwick, have never been privileged to commune with them. People were more respectful to ghosts, and they were better understood, before the world became so enlightened. In former times nearly every village in Northumberland and Durham possessed a ghost, and there was not an old man or woman but had seen a

<sup>1</sup> "Ghost Stories," edited by Mr. Stead, was the Christmas number of the *Review of Reviews* for 1891. It is the most convenient collection of evidence bearing upon the question of apparitions which has hitherto appeared.

spirit at one period of their lives. Now they show themselves only to the favoured and elect.

It certainly looks unseemly to cast ridicule on ghosts because they have the modesty to appear in clothes. An unapparelled ghost in "Hamlet" would be a strange sight indeed. The fact is that there is no restriction among ghosts as to dress. They may appear in the clothes they wore whilst living, or they may be arrayed in white. An instance is on record of a lady's spirit appearing in black—"And clay cold was her lily hand that held her sable shroud." The hand of a ghost, it may be observed in passing, is always as "cold as a clod," which circumstance may have given rise to this North-country expression. Few people know how to approach a ghost properly. It is not generally known that a spirit has not the power to speak till it has been spoken to. Not many persons have the courage or the presence of mind to address an apparition, which accounts for so few being familiar with the sound of a ghost's voice. The mode of addressing a spirit is by commanding it, in the name of the three Persons of the Trinity, to disclose its identity and its business. Some ghosts vanish in a flash of sulphureous light, others disappear amid the clanking of chains, while others are so considerate of your nervous system as to desire a momentary closing of the eyes during their exit.

There are various reasons why ghosts are "doom'd for a certain time to walk the night." Some are the spirits of murdered persons; others cannot rest until their wrongs are redressed. Their ways and actions are not the ways and actions of the world. At the present day, when a murder is committed, information is given to the nearest constable. The ghost, however, communicates its wrongs to some innocent, sympathetic neighbour, who rarely fails to carry out its behests. This was the way in which the spirit of Anne Walker brought her murderers to justice. The facts of this case were brought to light at Durham Assizes in 1632, and the circumstances and incidents connected therewith must have created the intensest excitement at the time, and would no doubt for long after afford ample material for many a ghostly tale at Christmastide.



Anne Walker was a single woman and acted as house-keeper to John Walker, her kinsman, a widower living at Lumley, near Chester-le-Street. An improper intimacy having sprung up between the two, Walker, to conceal the fact, determined to rid himself of the girl, and, with that object in view, took into his confidence a relative named Mark Sharp. Accordingly, one dark night, under the pretence of placing the young woman with a midwife, she was sent out in charge of Sharp, who, having murdered her, concealed the body by throwing it into an old pit shaft, Walker taking care to account for her disappearance by affirming that she had gone to a relative's house in Lancashire. The crime took place in the autumn, and although her continued absence was frequently commented on by the neighbours, no suspicion of the truth was entertained. But as winter approached, the unhappy spirit of the girl became exceedingly restless, and on the Christmas Eve after the murder, at

“The very witching time of night when churchyards yawn,” the ghost of the murdered woman suddenly confronted the Lumley miller, James Graham by name. The miller was an industrious man, and, Christmas Eve though it was, his hopper was still going when he observed the apparition standing before him on the middle of the floor. A large cloak enveloped her figure. For a moment this was thrown back, revealing a baby clasped to her breast. The miller looked at the figure before him with that degree of mingled awe and horror which a man may be reasonably supposed to experience at the sight of a supernatural being. There were five large wounds on her head, and from these blood oozed and trickled down her face and neck. She looked at him with a fixed, stony, lifeless stare that for a moment froze the current of his blood. When his alarm had subsided, however, the miller summoned sufficient courage to ask his ghostly visitant who she was and what she wanted. “I am the spirit of Anne Walker,” she replied, “and one night was sent away with Mark Sharp, who slew me with a pick, and gave me these five wounds, and afterwards threw my body into a coal pit.” The spirit also imparted the information that after the murder, Sharp's shoes and stockings being bloody he

endeavoured to wash them, but being unable to get out the stains he hid them and the pick under a bank. The miller was further told to reveal these facts, otherwise he should have no rest. As may be imagined, this interview with the apparition made the miller very uneasy, but being a quiet man, and not wishing to alarm the neighbourhood, he hesitated to divulge what he had seen and heard. Time after time the ghost appeared to him, with a still more angry countenance on each occasion, till at length, after repeated injunctions and threats, the miller went before a magistrate and made the whole matter known. Search was at once made for the body, which was found in the pit shaft as described. There were five wounds in the head, evidently inflicted with a pick, which was also discovered, together with the bloody shoes and stockings which Sharp wore on the night of the murder. The preceding facts were elicited at the trial, where a still more remarkable incident is said to have occurred. After the evidence had been heard, the ghost of the woman appeared, with an infant in her arms, and pointing to the prisoners and her wounds, to convince both judge and jury that they were her murderers, uttered the following distich while swinging her baby to and fro :—

Hush a baby ! hush a baby ! hush a baby be !  
 'Twas Sharp and Walker that killed thou and me !

Mr. Stead has stated that the ghost of Lady Derwentwater walks nightly near Dilston Castle. We can assure him that no ghosts have been there since the spirit of Amelia, the last Countess of Derwentwater, departed thence. When the old lady died we bought the box in which she kept the family papers. This box has a history with a ghostly flavour about it. Derwentwater, as we know, was the ancient seat of the Radcliffes, and when the old knights of Derwent lived there they kept their early charters in it. One night the box was stolen by men who crossed over to the island in a boat, but being pursued they threw it overboard into the lake, where it was miraculously fished up again some 200 years later, by somebody who was trolling for trout. This may smack of romance, but truth, they say, is stranger than fiction, and sceptical people are referred to Canon Raine's "Depositions

from York Castle” for confirmation on the point. What became of the original contents of the box we are not prepared to say. The Countess used to affirm that the washed-out writings had been deposited in the British Museum, where Mr. Stead or some other student of history and lover of the marvellous may find them. For his and their benefit it may be said that the Isle of Derwent was held for the King during the civil wars by Colonel Philipson, who, from his daring exploits, earned for himself the soubriquet of Robin the Devil. One Sunday night two men named Cuthbert Gascarth and Ralph Heaton broke into Lord Derwentwater’s house, and carried off the box whose adventures are given above. There was something of the supernatural in Gascarth’s end. He was found dead in a fishing net on the lake, and a woman who was called to give evidence at the inquest declared that she had seen Gascarth pass her window some time after he must have been drowned! Here is ample material for a good ghost story.



## CHAPTER III.

### SUPERSTITION AND WITCHCRAFT.

Sticking Pins into Witches.—The Broomstick.—The Howling of Dogs and other Omens.—John Wesley's Manifestations from the Invisible World.—A Burning Body at Ebchester.—Confessions of Witches.—Killing a Witch no Offence.—Witch Conferences.

IN this matter-of-fact age, any reference to the supernatural is received with a smile.<sup>1</sup> When a ghost is foolhardy enough to appear in a questionable shape, it is either run to earth, where all well-behaved ghosts ought to remain, or unceremoniously laid with the staff of some wide-awake constable, who objects to spirits on principle. Demons, fairies and the like are popularly supposed to have disappeared when monks, saints and masses were banished from this isle of ours; but for long after the Reformation, witches continued to ride on broomsticks, and every old woman with a wrinkled face or a cross-eye stood in danger of being tortured or dragged through the village pond. Didn't the exorcists stick pins into the buttocks of the ancient dames of Newcastle a little over two hundred years ago? And for long afterwards, when a cow was bewitched in Northumberland, the old farmers believed that the surest way to find out the sorcerer was by putting a pair of breeches on the animal's head, and beating her out of the pasture with a good thick cudgel.

There has always been magic in the broomstick. Those persecuted old women, the witches, invariably had one or two standing in the ingle nook. When one of these old ladies wished to make a journey by night all she did was

<sup>1</sup> Superstition and ghosts are kindred subjects. Both are interesting themes. During Epiphany Term, 1891, they afforded the students at Durham and Newcastle material for two presidential addresses at the Union Societies. That on Ghosts was delivered by Mr. Morton, of the College of Science, and was a very clever and ingenious psychological oration in their defence. The other was an equally interesting address by Mr. Alpe, on the Philosophy of Superstition.

to get astride a broomstick, and in a moment she was in the air, sailing on the fringe of a cloud. Knowing this, the neighbours constantly kept an eye on the aërial steed, and stole it whenever they could. This is alluded to in the following lines by Gay, on the "Old Woman's Complaint" :—

" The stunted broom the wenches hide,  
For fear that I should up and ride."

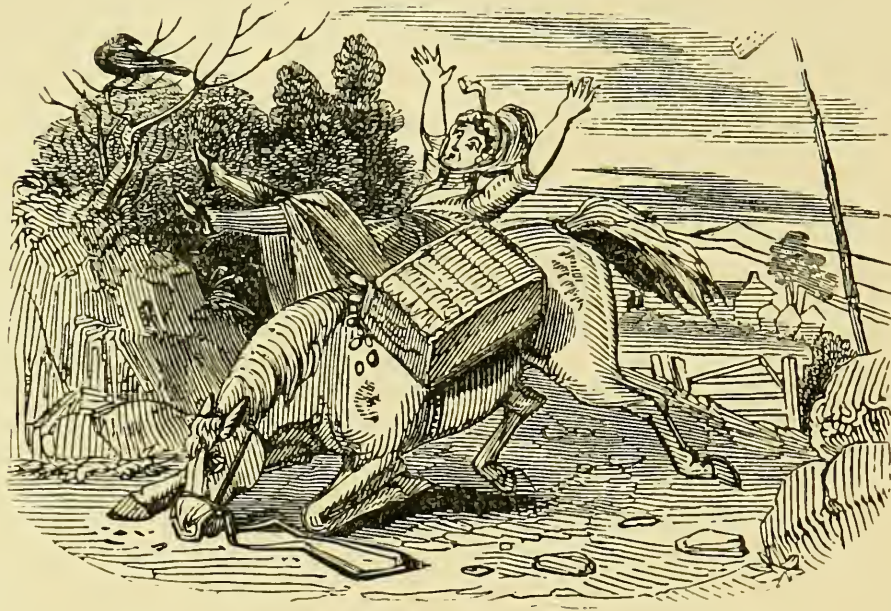
From all accounts, more geese flew by night in the olden times than now, and no doubt many of these supposed night birds were neither more nor less than a bevy of old hags hurrying through the air to some favourite trysting place. Their buoyancy was derived from a magical ointment which they made from the fat of the bodies of children stolen out of the churchyard !

Superstition was the weak point of our ancestors ; but, of course, nobody is imbued with it in this matter-of-fact age. The first-shift pitman no longer turns back if he meets a woman on his way to the mine, the howling of a dog on the doorstep at midnight produces no uneasiness, the furniture cracks without exciting observation, and the death-watch itself produces no alarm.

On the occasion of the death of the amiable Duke of Clarence in 1892, most of the newspapers throughout the United Kingdom drew attention to the fact that ill-luck has always come to those who have borne the title, and that the 14th of January is an apparently unlucky day in the Royal calendar. Shakespeare says that there are things in heaven and earth far beyond our comprehension, and another great student of natural philosophy, Dr. Johnson, admits that our actions in life are sometimes regulated by a superstitious feeling which we deny with our lips but admit in our fears. The frequent reference to these things shows that the old leaven of superstition still remains with us, and that many regard omens more seriously than as the mere accidents of life. Gay, in his fable of "The Farmer's Wife and the Raven," ridicules some of the omens common to our ancestors. As the farmer's spouse went to market with her eggs the croak of a raven was heard, and down fell the blind old nag on which she ambled along. The unfortunate woman blamed

the raven for the mishap, but the bird replied that the fault was all her own, for had she but saddled another horse—

“ Sure-footed Dun had kept his legs,  
And you, good woman, sav'd your eggs.”



The Royal Family itself was long privy to much of the superstition that pervaded all classes in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the ridiculous Royal prerogative of touching for the King's Evil having been exercised even so late as the reign of Queen Anne.

The Royal Family has always been thought to be peculiarly susceptible to the influence which alternately afforded joy and sorrow to our forefathers. In the Bodleian Library at Oxford there is a letter recording the omens that happened at the coronation of King James the Second. The crown was seen to totter upon his head, and the flag at the top of the Tower was torn at the moment that the signal was given to it that he was crowned. Respecting this unfortunate monarch, his brother Charles is said to have uttered the following prophecy in a conversation with Sir Richard Bulstrode :—  
“ I am weary of travelling,” said he, “ and am resolved to go abroad no more. But when I am dead and gone, I know not what my brother will do. I am much afraid, when he comes to the throne, he will be obliged to travel again.” Aubrey notices several portents which happened before changes of government in his time. Sir Charles Trenchard of Dorset had a plaster cast of the head of King Charles, and on the first day of the sitting of Parliament in 1641, while the family were at dinner, the

head fell to the floor. It was also observed that the head of the King's cane fell off during his trial. Before Cromwell's death a great whale was cast up at Greenwich. More recently, when George III. was crowned, a large emerald fell from the crown, and it was during his reign that America was lost.

In many families death is said to be presaged by the howling of dogs, and according to the *Daily News* this omen was heard at Sandringham on the night preceding the Prince's death. Shakespeare evidently regarded the howling of a dog as a portent, and in Henry VI. refers to it thus :—

“ The owl shriek'd at thy birth—an evil sign !

Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees.”

Grose says that when the howling of dogs is heard by a family it is a certain sign of death. An older writer, Dr. Home, holds a similar opinion. “If,” he says, “doggs houles in the night neere an house where somebody is sick, 'tis a sign of death.” This opinion is also shared by Alexander Ross, who declares that history and experience teach us that the howling of dogs is a certain portent of death. Whether people attach any importance to the fact or not, it is certain that dogs have been known to stand and howl over the bodies of their masters when they have been murdered or died an accidental or sudden death.

When John Wesley was in Newcastle he heard a marvellous account of the burning-up of a man's body at Ebchester through supernatural agency. The story is given in his “Journals,” and is one of the series of unexplained phenomena which the great divine left behind him. About the middle of last century there lived at Ebchester Hill, in the Derwent Valley, one Robert Johnson, gentleman. His son Cuthbert having married without his consent, this so enraged him that in the heat of passion he wished that his right arm might burn off if ever he gave or left him sixpence. However in 1757, being taken ill, he altered his mind, and left him all his estate. Shortly after Johnson's death, and before the body had been coffined, observing a disagreeable smell and finding the room full of smoke, the relatives examined the corpse, and found the right arm nearly burnt off. The body also was on fire, and after the horrified relatives had

put it into the coffin, a noise of burning and crackling was heard therein. The reader may take this story for what it is worth. It is believed, however, that something very unusual did attend the obsequies of some person who was buried at Ebchester about the time stated, for on examining the registers there during Mr. Linthwaite's incumbency we found that the leaf containing the burials in 1757 had been torn out. This circumstance seems to favour the Rector's theory that it had been removed by the friends or relatives of some one buried there, and respecting whom the register revealed something which they wished to conceal.

The Wesleys had many manifestations from the invisible world when John was a boy, which must have made a marked impression on him, and which have never been explained to this day. One night the maid was nearly frightened out of her wits. The sounds she heard were of various kinds. Sometimes the most dismal groaning proceeded from the hall, the windows rattled violently, and there was continual knocking; there was a clanking sound as of a chain falling, followed by the crash of breaking pottery, the jingling of money, the breaking of some hard substance like coal, the gobbling of a turkey cock, and the dragging, heavy tread of some heavily-draped figure. All these were horrible enough to be sure, though not so bad as the sounds and sights which a Cockney footman declared that he had heard and seen at Hamsterley Hall a few years ago. The poor fellow had failed to make himself popular among his fellows at the northern home of the rollicking, inimitable author of "Handley Cross," with the result that during his short stay he smelt so much brimstone, and saw sights so weird and noises so horrific, that he imagined himself in the regions of Mephistopheles. But to return to the Wesley household. The spirit, or whatever it might be, became at last so familiar that it visited the study of the elder Wesley, and once or twice gave him a hearty push. Once it went so far as to lift the bed on which one of Wesley's sisters was lying awake, and she was wondering if the playful goblin intended carrying her off when she was set down with a thud.



The poor beldames of the Dark Ages! To think that their wrinkled faces, their decrepit bodies, wasted and worn by the infirmities of age, should have exposed them to the sport of their fellow-mortals. We have the confessions of these so-called witches, but many of them are not only absurd, but they were obtained from the poor wretches on the rack. "I went once," says Sir George Mackenzie, "when I was Justice Deputy, to examine some women that had confessed judicially, and one of them, who was a sickly creature, told me, under secrecy, that she had not confessed because she was guilty, but being a poor creature who wrought for her meat, and being defamed for a witch, she knew she should starve, for no person thereafter would give her meat or lodging; and that all men would beat her and hound dogs at her, and that therefore she desired to be out of the world." Wretchedness and oppression, disorganizing the body as well as the mind, will make even wise men mad. At length the witch became wicked in thought, though not in deed. The hatred of the world placed her out of the pale of society. Detesting and detested, she sought to inflict those evils which she could not effect; and half-conscious of a delusion which she could not overcome, she became reckless of her own miserable life, yielding to the frantic despair which compelled her to wish to believe that she was in league with the powers of hell.

This superstition of the Dark Ages finds an illustration in the thirteenth century assize rolls for the County of Northumberland, edited by Mr. Page.<sup>1</sup> One day a woman, reputed to be a witch, entered the house of a certain John de Kerneslawe at the hour of vespers and assaulted him because he signed himself with the sign of the cross, as was done when "Benedicite" was said. In defending himself, as he thought, from a devil, John hit the woman and killed her. Afterwards, by judgment of all the clergy, the body of the poor woman was burnt as that of a witch. The instrument of her death, it seems, went mad, and on coming to his senses took sanctuary at Durham, fearing that he might be punished for the murder. Killing a

<sup>1</sup> "Three Early Assize Rolls for the County of Northumberland," edited for the Surtees Society by William Page.

woman might haunt a man's conscience in those days, but the eye of the law looked at it in the light that the killing of a mad dog would be regarded now, and John was allowed to return home.

But the old ladies with wrinkled faces no longer inspire superstitious awe. Occasionally, in both Northumberland and Durham, a horse-shoe is to be found nailed to the byre or stable door of some farmstead, but this may have been placed there by the laddie, who heard his grandmother say that it safeguarded the cattle. The farmer himself, however, laughs at the boy's story of a midnight conference in the dark nook of a certain secluded glen, and he has no fear of witches entering his stable during the night and riding his best horses with their enchanted bridles. Some entertaining matter respecting these witch meetings of a bygone age has been published by the Surtees Society.<sup>1</sup> It seems that those who practised the black arts possessed the power of changing their victims into beasts of burden. At the Northumberland Assizes in 1673 a spinster lady named Ann Armstrong went before the Judge and unfolded an extraordinary story, which must have made a great stir at the time, from the fact of the people incriminated occupying respectable positions in life. According to Miss Armstrong, she had been transformed into a horse on divers and several occasions, and, much against her own inclination, ridden to many out-of-the-way parts of Northumberland. On one occasion she was so metamorphosed by a lady named Anne Forster, who rode upon her cross-legged to Riding Mill Bridge End, where she was met by Anne Dryden of Prudhoe, Lucy Thompson of Mickley, and about a dozen others, all similarly mounted on steeds which had been transformed from the human form divine. At the head of the cavalcade rode a sable individual on a bay galloway.

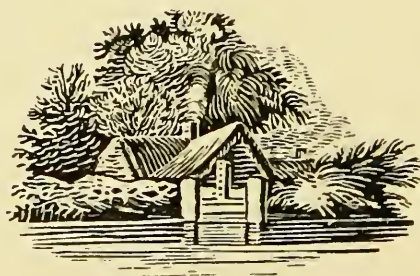
On coming to a suitable spot, the Amazons dismounted and tethered their steeds. After dancing awhile they adjourned to the house of John Newton, of The Riding, where refreshment had been provided. This, strange as it may appear, was got by simply tugging at a rope which dangled above the table and communicated with the loft

<sup>1</sup> "Depositions from the Castle of York," edited by Canon Raine.

above. Lucy Thompson was a widow, and she favoured her host with the first order, which was for a boiled capon. This having been sent down and placed before the chief, who sat in a bright chair resembling gold, Lucy made another tug at the rope, this time demanding the broth which the capon was boiled in. It was duly sent down in a dish, along with a bottle of wine. Ann, wife of Richard Forster, of Stocksfield, next made a pull at the rope, and at the first tug down came a cheese, at the second a beatment of wheat flour descended, and a third essay brought half a quarter of butter, which was to be used as a substitute for water in kneading the flour, the use of water being prohibited by the host. Another of the party had a turn at the rope, and was rewarded with a pound of currants, a quarter of mutton, and a bottle of sack. Margaret, wife of Michael Aynsley, got a flask of ale, half a bushel of wheat, and a piece of beef. All the rest pulled the rope in turn, and got whatever they called for. One of the most prominent of the witches appears to have been Ann, the wife of Thomas Baites, of Morpeth, tanner. From Miss Armstrong's statement, Mrs. Baites had met the dark-skinned individual at Berwick and elsewhere and danced with him, sometimes calling him her protector and at other times her saviour. On one occasion, being in her father's house, Mrs. Baites entered in the form of a gray cat, with a bridle hanging on her foot, overpowered her by breathing upon her, and crippled her. The rendezvous was on this occasion near a bridge, where the party stopped and repeated the Lord's Prayer backwards, after which everybody present gave an account of the mischief they had committed in the interval since their last meeting.

The witches, it seems, held their lives on lease only. Thus, Mrs. Forster, who pulled the rope so successfully at the banquet, had a lease for forty-seven years, whereof seven were yet unexpired, while Widow Thompson's had nearly run out. An endeavour was made to induce Miss Armstrong to lease her own life for threescore years, a promise being held out that she should never want money if she would do so. Before and after the conference the witches danced a jig round their chief. The reports of

some of the beldames are amusing in the extreme. One confessed to bewitching a horse and an ox belonging to Edward Lumley of Mickley. Anne Dryden had caused the death of a neighbour's horse at Prudhoe, while Mrs. Forster of Stocksfield admitted that she had influence over Isabel Newton, who had pined away to nothing. Some of the ladies tormented their neighbours in the shape of a cat, and others changed themselves into bees or bumblebees. Among other pranks, the woman Dryden and a man named Aynsley had ridden as bees behind Mr. Errington's man from Newcastle. Mary Hunter of Birk-side informed the company that she met John Marsh and his wife riding a mare from Bywell to their home at Eddesbridge, and that she flew under the mare's belly in the likeness of a swallow until she got the power of it. Dorothy Stranger had bewitched a married woman named Milburne because the latter refused to invite her to a wedding party. One night, a cat appeared in Mrs. Milburne's chamber, and in most unmistakable language informed her that she, or it, had come for her life. Overcoming her fear by an effort, she said, "I defy thee, the devil, and all his works," whereupon the feline visitor vanished. The night following, however, the same cat again appeared, sprang at her throat, and bit her arm. On a subsequent occasion, Mrs. Stranger appeared to her in her own form. She was then in bed with her husband, who prevented the witch carrying her off. On one occasion Mrs. Stranger rushed into her bedroom in the form of a gray cat. She wore an old black hat upon her head, and was attired in a green waistcoat and a brownish coloured petticoat. Shortly afterwards, apparently relenting, she appeared to the affrighted woman during the night and craved for forgiveness, on receiving which she vanished through the window.



## CHAPTER IV.

### MINING AND MINERS.

Early Coal Mining in Durham.—Compensation for Surface Damage in the Fifteenth Century.—Cost of Winning a Pit in 1740.—Wages and Working Expenses.—Profits of Mining in 1742.—A Debtor and Creditor Account.—Byermoor Pay Bill for 1770.—Early Miners' Bonds.—The Ridleys and the Coal Trade.—Condition of Working Men in Former Times.—A Churchman's Opinion of Pitmen.

THE history of the early coal trade of Durham and Northumberland remains to be written. Brief notices of it may be found in the works of local writers, but there is no exhaustive treatise on the subject of mining and miners from the reign of Elizabeth to the middle of last century. Mr. James Joicey, the member for the Chester-le-Street Division, possesses ample material for the foundation of such a work, and other sources are available for erecting the superstructure. In the Halmote Court Rolls, notices of coal workings occur from an early period in many parts of Durham.

In 1402, a coalpit was in work at Whickham. In that year, John del Hall was brought before the Court for not carrying coals from the coalpit to the Derwent, whereby John de Tyndale sustained damage to the amount of 13s. In the same year, John de Wyndale, clericus, and William Carnis, took of the lord a pit of sea coal within the field of Ryton, newly made by them at their own cost, to hold according to the custom of the Court for twelve years, at a rent of 40s. The condition which follows is curious, as showing a doubt if the coal would last so long, or that some one might have been there before :—“ If the place of the said coals should be empty, so that they are unable to get coal thence, the said farmers are to be exonerated both of pit and rent. Moreover, they are to have wood

for the erection of the said pit, and likewise for making a staith on the Tyne, within the lord's forest, on the lord's soil, to be allowed by the lord's forester for placing the said coals ; and they are to have likewise a sufficient way leading from the said pit to the said staith, to be allowed by the counsel of the lord bishop ; and the said farmers then in Court allowed that if they or either of them did damage to the lord's tenants, within the village or without, the trespass should be repaired without impediment."

That injury to the lord's tenants by reason of colliery workings was the subject of enquiry at the Halmote, appears from the following entry under Whickham a few years later :—" It is found by the jury that John de Penrith is injured by a coal mine of Roger de Thornton, so that the house of the said John is almost thrown down, to the damage of the said John of 20s., assessed by the jury ; therefore it is considered that the said Roger repair the said house to the value aforesaid, or satisfy the said sum."<sup>1</sup>

The old account books of the Neashams of Houghton give much curious matter respecting the winning and working of coal, the profits realized, and the wages paid to workmen. The Newbottle pit was won by them. The lease by which they acquired the right to work the minerals bears date 4th February, 1740. The cost of winning the colliery, which was fifty-three fathoms deep, and erecting an engine, was £5,000. The yearly rent paid was £400, and by agreement with Mr. Tempest, who let them both wayleave and staithroom, they were limited to an annual vend of 12,000 chaldrons. The total cost of the coal, including working, leading, wayleave, and other incidental expenses, was 8s. per chaldron. When it was sold to the fitters at the staiths, the price was 10s. per chaldron, but when sent to Sunderland it ranged from 12s. 6d. to 13s. The average profit was 2s. 6d. a chaldron. So that, after deducting £400 rent and £250 interest on capital, we have a yearly profit to the lessees of £850 on the 12,000 chaldrons. Under date 1765 the cost of working a portion of the pit is given as follows :—Seven men hewed 86 score at 13d. per score in a fortnight of nine days, for which

<sup>1</sup> History of West Durham.

they were paid £4 13s. 2d., with an additional 6s. 6d. for driving nine yards of headway and consideration money. Four drivers received 10d. per day, or a total of £1 10s. for the fortnight. The other expenses of working were: sledging, 1s. 3d.; onsetting, 7s. 6d.; letting down, 6s.; smith work, 4s. 3½d.; wheeling, 6s.; taking up the thill, 10s. 6d.; James Clark, 1 shift at 16d.; 86 score of candles at 2d. per score; and overman's wages, 17s. The corf in use contained twelve pecks, each peck measuring four and a half gallons. A staith barrow cost 6s. 6d.; a corf, 1s. 6d.; and pit props, 2d. each.

Here is an old debtor and creditor account, the perusal of which will doubtless create among mine-owners a longing for a return of the "good old times":—

ACCOUNT OF PROFITS OF BYKER, JESMOND, BUSHBLADES, BYERMOOR,  
AND THE LANDS, FOR THE YEAR 1742.

RECEIPTS.		£	s.	d.
By	14,417 chaldrons of coals delivered from Byker at 11s. 8½d. ... ..	8,439	19	0½
„	14,997 chaldrons of coals delivered from Jesmond at 11s. 8½d. ... ..	8,779	9	10½
„	6,274 chaldrons of coals delivered from Bushblades and Byermoor at 11s. 8½d. ... ..	3,672	18	1
„	1,597 chaldrons of coals on staith, computing 16 chaldrons to a tenn, at 11s. 8½d. ... ..	934	18	2½
„	amount of 4,197 chaldrons of coals, sold at different prices from the Lands ... ..	1,462	19	0
		<u>£23,290</u>	<u>4</u>	<u>2½</u>
EXPENDITURE.				
To amount of workings, leadings, rents, &c., for				
	Byker ... ..	7,503	5	8¾
„	„ Jesmond ... ..	5,897	7	5½
„	„ Bushblades and Byermoor ... ..	3,433	12	8¼
„	„ for the Lands ... ..	1,194	15	9
		<u>18,029</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>7½</u>
To balance being profit ... ..		5,261	2	7
		<u>£23,290</u>	<u>4</u>	<u>2½</u>

Equally interesting is the Byermoor Pit bill for the fortnight ending February 28th, 1770. The colliery employed eighteen hands, ten hewers and eight putters, the former being paid at the rate of a shilling per score of corves, while the latter received ninepence per score. The total quantity of coal raised during the fortnight of nine days was 162 score and 5 corves, for which the hewers received £8 2s. 3d., and the putters £6 1s. 8¼d. When it

is explained that a corf contained 12 pecks, or 54 gallons, it may enable those interested in the wages question to determine whether the wages paid now to the miners of Durham and Northumberland are relatively higher than those paid to their fellows at Byermoor 123 years ago.

From "The Clavering Household Book," we learn that at this time beef was 5d. per pound, and flour 2s. 8d. a stone. A pound of tea cost 14s. ; a pound of butter, 8d. ; a chicken, 6d. ; a turkey, 1s. 6d. ; a duck, 1s. 1d. ; a leg of veal, 4s. 6d. ; a couple of rabbits, 1s. 6d. ; a calf's head and feet, 2s. 2d. ; and a pound of cheese, 5d.

The following is the pay-bill referred to. It will be seen that the last eight men in the list of hewers acted also as putters :—

HEWERS.	Th.	F.	Tu.	W.	Th.	F.	Sa.	M.	Tu.	Sc.	C.	£	s.	d.
Thomas Walker ...	40	45	45	40	40	35	15	20	20	15	00	15	0	
Thomas Kendale	45	45	45	45	45	45	25	30	35	18	00	18	0	
John Anderson ...	40	40	—	40	40	40	20	20	15	12	150	12	9	
Robert Anderson...	35	40	45	40	40	35	20	30	25	15	100	15	6	
Edward Wailes ...	35	40	45	35	35	35	20	25	25	14	150	14	9	
Michael Smith ...	35	25	40	40	40	40	20	40	35	15	150	15	9	
Thomas Morton ...	35	40	—	20	20	25	20	25	25	10	100	10	6	
Barthol. Sanders...	35	25	45	40	40	40	20	30	25	15	00	15	0	
C. Bainbridge ...	40	40	45	25	25	30	25	30	25	14	50	14	3	
Robert Stobs ...	—	—	30	25	25	25	20	25	25	8	150	8	9	
John Kendale ...	10	10	10	10	10	10	5	10	—	3	150	3	9	
John Jackson ...	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	—	2	00	2	0	
James Clark ...	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	2	50	2	3	
William Codling ...	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	2	50	2	3	
Thomas Ramsay...	10	10	10	5	5	5	5	5	—	2	150	2	9	
Thos. Clemison ...	10	10	10	5	10	10	10	5	5	3	150	3	9	
John Davison ...	10	10	10	10	5	5	—	5	5	3	00	3	0	
John Murton...	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	2	50	2	3	
										162	58	2	3	
PUTTERS.														
John Kendale ...	50	50	50	50	50	50	35	40	40	20	150	15	6 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	
Jon. Jackson ...	50	50	50	50	50	50	35	40	—	18	150	14	0 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	
James Clark ...	50	50	50	50	50	50	35	40	40	20	150	15	6 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	
William Codling ...	50	50	50	50	50	50	35	40	40	20	150	15	6 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	
Thomas Ramsay...	50	50	50	50	50	50	35	40	40	20	150	15	6 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	
Thos. Clemison ...	50	50	50	50	50	50	50	40	40	20	150	15	6 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	
John Davison ...	50	50	50	50	50	50	—	40	40	19	00	14	3	
John Murton ...	50	50	50	50	50	50	35	40	40	20	150	15	6 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	
										162	56	1	8 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	



The early pits were very small, the number of hands employed varying from half-a-dozen to a score. A bond dated 1779 tells us how the pits were worked. It is the agreement between Sir Thomas Clavering, Bart., and the hewers and putters of Andrew's House and Byermoor pits, in the county of Durham ; and it is a suggestive fact that sixteen out of the nineteen sign their names with a cross. The hewers received twenty-two shillings binding money, and half a guinea was paid to the putters. In the early history of coalmining the coals wrought by the men were put into a corf, or wicker basket, and this was drawn on a sled from the workings to the shaft of the pit. As the workings extended, putting became expensive, and this led to the introduction of wooden rails and the invention of a sort of tram on wheels, capable of receiving two or three of the corves at a time. Each corf contained from five to six cwt. This was the system in vogue at Byermoor in 1779, the present wooden tub not having been introduced till about the year 1797, John Curr of Sheffield being the inventor. The terms of the agreement at Andrew's House and Byermoor are curious. The hewers at the first-named pit are to receive 1s. 8d. per score for the whole coal, 2s. for the whole coal under the top, 1s. 8d. and 1s. 6d. for the pillars, and 8d. a yard for headways in the whole mine, and 6d. a yard for the pillars, each corf to contain twenty-four pecks. For every score wrought at Byermoor, 1s. is paid, and 4d. a yard headways, and consideration money for hard and troublesome workings. The drivers are to put the coal, and assist the hewers in filling, at a fixed rate of 1s. per day. In the bond which was made the following year, the putters are to be paid at the rate of 5d. per score for a distance of sixty yards from the shaft, with an additional penny for every additional nineteen yards. The men promise not to neglect their work, and agree to forfeit 1s. for every day lost through neglect, and they are also under a penalty to keep their coals clean from stones, and to drive their boards properly. A viewer had the supervision of a number of collieries at this time, and as a very small salary was paid, his visits would be few and far between. The sum paid to John Ramsey for viewing Byermoor for two years was seven

guineas. As everything that throws light on the working of old coal pits is of interest, a paper containing a valuation of the gearing at Byermoor may be quoted. It bears a striking contrast to the expensive machinery and gear which are now indispensable in the working of a colliery.

A VALUATION OF BYREMOOR PITT GEERS.			£	s.	d.
9 shovels, at 2s. 2d. each	...	...	...	0	19 6
5 trams, at 5s. each	...	...	...	1	5 0
3 tram axletrees and wheels, at 16d.	...	...	...	0	4 0
179 yards of Barroway deals, at 5d.	...	...	...	3	14 7
32 yards of Barroway unlaid, at 5d.	...	...	...	0	13 4
5 new props, at 2½d...	...	...	...	0	1 0½
				£6 17 5½	

In addition to the above, mention is made of a "Ginn standing upon the Pitt," and forty props, but their value is not given.

The correspondence of our old families throws much light on the coal trade of the two counties last century. The great-great-grandfather of the present honoured baronet of Blagdon, Matthew Ridley, of Heaton, may be said to have been the founder of Blyth. This gentleman was four times Mayor of Newcastle, and although he unsuccessfully contested the borough in 1741, he represented Newcastle in the five successive Parliaments from 1747 to 1774. It was of him that a local poet sang :—

Bright star of Heaton,  
You're aye our darling sweet one,  
May Heaven's blessing light on  
Your lady, bairns, and you.

The heavy expenses of the memorable contest in 1741 impoverished Mr. Ridley to such an extent that he was obliged to sell several of his collieries. The correspondence respecting this transaction has been preserved, and an extract from one of Mr. Ridley's letters to his agent in 1743 may be given. Speaking of his coal pits, he says :—

The best part of Heaton remains untouched, and might be won through Byker at the expense of £5,000. Then you take in Little Benton, Mr. Bonner's, Byker, and Walker. These lie contiguous, and the coal is of the very best sort, but now cannot be touched from the weight of water upon it. In this computation you will observe that I have not mentioned Jesmond, as that colliery, though now good, will not last above three or four years, and in that time may produce only 10,000 London chaldrons. Neither have I mentioned Blyth, which ought to be explained, as there is an estate there now let, including the houses, pantile works, and mill, for £1,422. It is an exceeding good seaport, and fit for carrying on any trade. The

coals are of a sort well known at London. About 25,000 London chaldrons are yearly sent from there. The rent of the colliery is about £24 per annum, and a lease in being of near 60 years. The only expense is leading, so the colliery turns to profit yearly good £1,500, including the Salt Pans, which are erected to consume the small coals.

There have been several memorable strikes in Durham. In the latter part of the last and the early years of the present century there was a great scarcity of labour, and in making fresh yearly engagements the masters found it necessary to offer large premiums to the men. It is not quite clear when the yearly bond first came into operation. In the first decade of the present century so great was the scarcity of hewers (owing no doubt to the wars) that as much as twenty guineas was sometimes given to each man at the binding. There was also an allowance of beer, and the masters generally contributed something towards a donkey, or "cuddy," race, the festivities incidental to the day being aptly described by Wilson in the "Pitman's Pay":—

Just like wor maistors when wor bun,  
If men and lads be verra scant  
They wheedle us wi' yel and fun,  
And coax us into what they want.

The first noteworthy strike had its origin in the yearly binding. The masters wished this to expire at the end of the year, and prepared a bond to this effect, which the men signed, but they struck work the next day, and were committed to prison in such large numbers in consequence that the gaol at Durham was filled to overflowing. This strike took place in 1810, and lasted seven weeks. The Bishop of Durham sided with the masters, and instead of acting as mediator, as Dr. Westcott did during the strike in 1892, actually lent his stables on the Palace Green as an overflow prison.

But the condition of the miner and the working man has vastly changed. When Edward the Third sat on the throne (1327-77), a statute was passed regulating the wages which were to be paid to working men, and if they did not accept these wages they had the alternative of going to gaol, and we are told that even then there were "some rather willing to beg in idleness than by labour to get their bread." A workman might also be imprisoned if he took more than the regulation wage, while the

man who employed him forfeited double what he paid. Before the passing of the above statute, and down to the 15th century, men were pressed to work at fixed wages, regardless of their will as to the terms and place of work. Diggers and hewers of stone, masons, and carpenters, as well as ordinary labourers, were so impressed, and by services thus obtained the buildings at Windsor for the Knights of the Round Table, on the institution of the Order of the Garter, were erected. In this case the sheriffs were commanded to take security from the workmen not to depart from Windsor without the permission of William of Wykeham, the King's surveyor. Notwithstanding these precautions, many workmen, so impressed, secretly left, in order to work for other persons at higher wages, and writs were directed to the Sheriffs of London, commanding them to make proclamation prohibiting any person from employing or retaining any of the workmen on pain of forfeiting all their goods, and, as regards the men, commanding their arrest and imprisonment.

We can only conclude our remarks on this subject of miners and mining by quoting from a paper which the Archdeacon of Durham read at the Church Congress Meeting at Derby in 1882, respecting the Church and its relationship to working men. "No race of men in the world," says Dr. Watkins, "are more honest than the working men of England. They have a prejudice against black coats, but this may not be altogether undeserved, and at all events it may very soon be removed. Perhaps we have some natural prejudice against black faces. A crowd of artizans pouring out of a workshop, or a number of pitmen coming from a night-shift, do not always look like men and brethren; but you need not be afraid of the coal dust. It will wash off. The diamond is in another form, both on the man and in him; and when you get face to face with these men, when you look at things from their standpoint, when you are willing to learn in order that you may teach, when you have seen that there is a real man beneath the black face, and they have seen that there is a real man beneath the black coat, and that neither is a scarecrow, you will find the great heart of humanity here, as everywhere, beating true."

## CHAPTER V.

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### FARMERS AND FARMING.

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Farming in Saxon Times.—A Durham Village 500 Years Ago.—Losses and Gains.—An Epidemic among Cattle.—Mode of Living.—Old Tenants at Whickham, Ryton, and Tanfield.—Theory and Practice.—Cost of Labour in 1768.—Hirings.—Past History of the Labourer.

THE appearance which the country now presents differs very much from the bird's-eye view which Earl Percy, addressing the working men of Alnwick, recently drew of a Northumberland village in Saxon times. The picture of its fields under cultivation, the wooden ploughs drawn by oxen, the sowers and harrowers in the distance, reminds one of the pastoral scene described by Virgil in the *Georgics*. Nine hundred years anterior to the period referred to by Earl Percy, and for more than five centuries after it, the system of cultivation was much the same. We will endeavour to give a pen-and-ink sketch of a village as it would appear 500 years ago. There was the common field, which was parcelled out among the tenants, but only held as separate property while the crops were growing. The only mark of separation between the holding of one tenant and his neighbour was a strip of turf called a balk. As soon as the crop was carried, the whole of the common field was thrown open for pasturage. The village of Cassop in 1414 consisted of a fire-house and a byre on the south side. At the east end there was a grange in a garth, with a stable at one end, an ancient pigeon-house, and a piggery. At the west end of the village was one fire-house and a grange; and on the north side a sheepfold, and also a tenement containing a fire-house, a byre-house, and a grange. The fire-houses, the byre-houses, and the granges or barns, arranged in some such fashion around the village green, with the bake-

house, smithy or forge, and pigeon-house, would be the order, probably, of most of the villages both in Durham and Northumberland.<sup>†</sup>

Those who tilled the soil on the slopes of Northumberland at the dawn of the present century had their good seasons and their bad seasons. Their crops were subject to the same climatic influences that exist now, and their horned cattle sometimes wandered into holes, or were choked while masticating a turnip, or succumbed under the many infectious and contagious diseases to which the bovine flesh is liable.

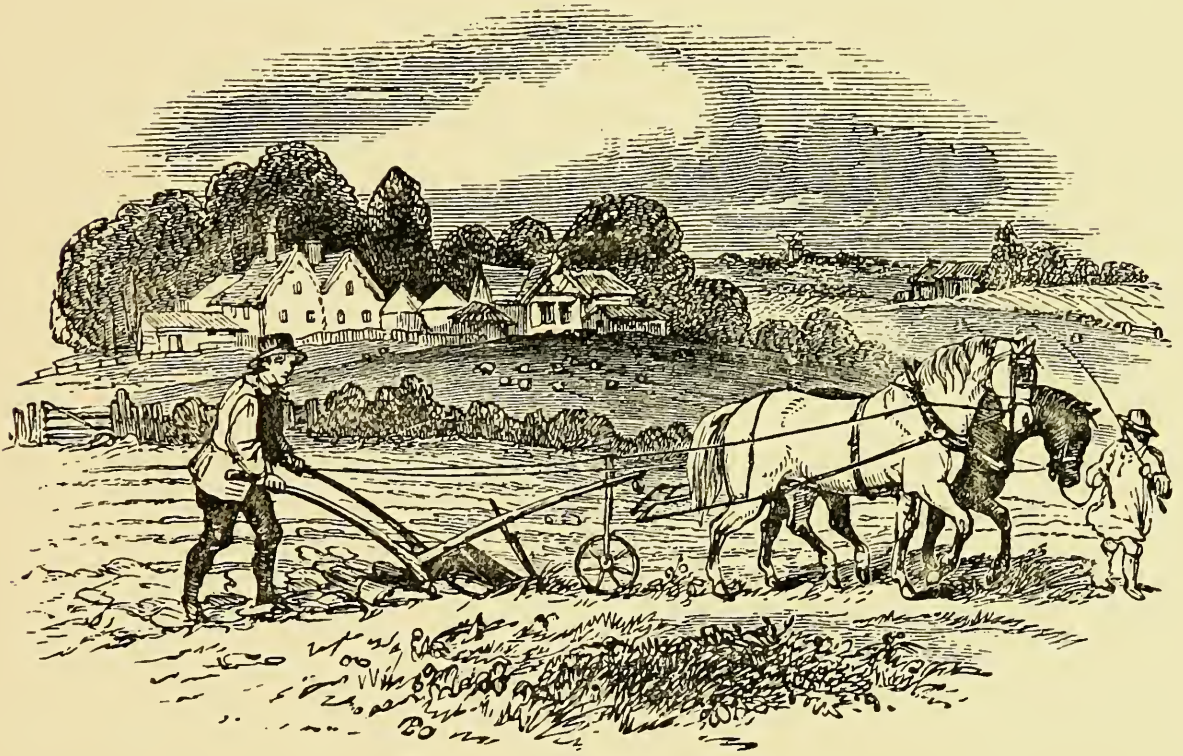
The Rev. William Adey, who held the cure of Lanchester, in a letter to Sir Thomas Clavering, gives an account of an outbreak of influenza among the horned cattle in the middle of last century, and mentions a wonderful cure that had been discovered to stamp out the distemper. "This very day," he writes, "fire and smoke ran from Durham, through Witton, Lanchester, towards the west seas with precipitation. The farmers call it a preservative from the distemper, but you'll think it high time for me to tell you from whence the cure proceeds and how propagated. A certain tree in Yorkshire has miraculously taken fire; that fire is communicated from one farmer to another in a rag, which, they say, loseth its preventive quality if it loseth fire; and by virtue of this original rag the fire and smoke have been, in the greatest hurry, carried through the above places, the farmers obliging all their horned cattle to stand in the smoke, which fumigates them."

It is just a hundred years since the first agricultural society was established in the county of Durham, and since then the science of agriculture has made great strides. New implements have been invented, new modes of culture have been introduced, and great improvement has been made in the breeds of cattle, sheep, and other animals. But with all this it is difficult to determine whether farming is more profitable than it was last century, or whether farmers are as a body comparatively better off materially. Intellectually and socially, the condition of the tenant farmer is much better. The little

<sup>†</sup> History of West Durham.

education the sons of farmers got last century was generally in the winter months, in the interval between harvesting and spring sowing. In summer they worked from four o'clock in the morning till eight at night, and at other seasons from sunrise to twilight, so they "rose early and took rest late." They were obliged to turn their hand to anything and everything. As a local ballad expresses it :—

The farmer's son was taught to plough and sow,  
And in summer likewise to reap and mow.



Without doubt the young farmer also ate the bread of carefulness. His breakfast usually consisted of brown bread and milk, and in winter, when the latter was scarce, hasty pudding and crowdy were substituted. For dinner he got pudding or dumpling, and potatoes, with a small portion of animal food. For supper he had brown bread and milk, or potatoes and milk, treacle beer being used as a substitute when milk was scarce.

There is also a great contrast between the daughters of present-day farmers and those of a past generation. Fancy the young ladies of the present day going to church in black bonnets, cotton gowns, well-blackened shoes, and stockings as white as snow, while the hair was neatly parted over the forehead, instead of being frizzled and made to resemble the head feathers of a Poland fowl! A Durham ballad which was written

half a century ago shows that new-fangled notions had already begun to turn the heads of the young women :—

The farmers' daughters formerly were taught to card and spin,  
And by their own industry good husbands they could win :  
But now the card and spinning wheels have to take their chance,  
While they hop off to boarding schools to learn to sing and dance.

Some idea of the condition of the farmer last century may be gathered from the household books of the ancient family represented by the present baronet of Axwell, Sir Henry Clavering. The rental of his ancestor, Sir Thomas, the seventh baronet, shows that the rents varied as much in the year 1749 as they do now. As several families have continued to farm lands in the Derwent Valley and the country bordering on the Tyne for generations, the enumeration of the farms in the parishes of Whickham, Tanfield and Ryton, with the tenants' names, and the rent paid by each, possesses some interest. The rental was drawn up by Sir Thomas's agent, Fewster Teasdale, and is dated 1749.

In Whickham parish, William Brown paid £100 a year for East and West Byermoor, containing 184 acres. Ambrose Crowley, Esq., for 110 acres at Axwell, including High Dams, Garden or Boat Close, and Evans's Banks, paid £86 10s.; while James Sadler for High Broad Meadow and three other closes, 32 acres in all, paid £28. Peter Cockram and Michael Wheatley occupied High South Field, South and North Brockenny Beds, and Clough Close, 67 acres, and paid £55. The rent paid by William Smith for the park at Axwell and Green Law Lane, 7 acres, was £9 4s.; and for High Wood, Scroggs, Well Close, and the High Pasture, 32 acres, John Davison paid £27 14s. John Wilson paid £55 for Holling Hill and Low Pasture, Short Broom, Lady's Pasture, Brock Holes, and other closes, 64 acres. Nicholas Spencer paid £12 for Hag Hill, 12 acres; George Bowes, Esq., for a quarter part of Fawdon's Field, 20 acres, paid £10; William Hunter paid £25 for five closes in Morrisfield, 27 acres; Anthony Newton and William Lamb paid £40 for six closes, 48 acres; Mr. Cuthbert Maxwell for 11 acres paid £8; while Hugh Park paid £5 for 4½ acres. Newfield, *alias* Windy Hill, 47 acres, was occupied by John Davison, who paid £15. Thomas White was the tenant of South Field and two of Campbell's closes, 73 acres, and paid £60. The Ginn Close and part of Axwell, 17 acres, were farmed by Mr. Michael Bell, who paid £23. John Newton occupied Chacker Hill, Broom Hill, and Earle's Close, 17 acres, and paid £24; Mr. Robert Marley paid £100 for 110 acres, including Whickham Thorns, Wester Haugh, Brockwells, and Ayre's Close; and John Brown, for Narrow Scribe, Sour Letch and Long Spartles, 43 acres, paid £48. Goose Moor, containing 16 acres, was rented by Mr. John Barras, the rent being £6. For Back Garths, Half Wet Lands, Meadow Sides, and part of Darwent Mouth, 58 acres, Thomas Cockram and partners paid £72 10s. Andrew Brack paid £58 for 57 acres, including Little Intack, Great Intack, and Saugh Close. Rose and Lamp Acres, Easter Haugh, and Anderson's



Meadows, 15 acres, were in the occupation of John Stephenson, at a rent of £12 12s. Joseph Milburn paid £8 for Half the Riding, 6½ acres; John Armstrong paid £44 for Cow Loan, Twelve Score, and four closes, 32 acres; while for North Gaps and other lands, 39 acres, George Hopper and Eli Maddison paid £48. Short Spartles, 7 acres, was held by John Ornsby, who paid £10; and John Ainsley paid £14 for Swalwell Corn Mill and Chacker Bottom, 4 acres. Houses, etc.—Mr. Wm. Newton, Bob Engine Houses, £3 10s.; Mr. Wm. Newton, a house in Byermoor Lane, 10s.; Thos. Laverick, a house, &c., Burdon Plain, £2; John Grey, a house, Byermoor Lane, £1 15s.; John Cook, a house in Byermoor Lane, £1; John Gamwell, a house in Byermoor Lane, 10s.; James Johnson, a house in Byermoor Lane, 12s.; Mr. Dan Walter, a house in Swalwell, £5; Mrs. Eliz. Bell, 2 houses, £3; Thos. Brookbank, part of Claxton Hall, Swalwell, £6; James Cart, the other part of Claxton Hall, Swalwell, £1 10s.; John Pescod, several houses in Swalwell and ½ dock staith, £2 11s.; John Oliver, a house in Swalwell, £1 2s.; Robert Oliver, a house in Swalwell, 12s.; Eliz. Nixon, Hebron's House, £2; Thos. Croser, a house Darwent Mouth, £1 5s.; Joseph Kell, a boat landing at Darwent Mouth, £1 15s.

In the parish of Tanfield, Mr. Samuel Newton occupied three farms, namely, Andrew's House, including High Hill, Rabbit Pasture, Long Close, Carr Close, Mill Pasture, and Cock Shot Field, 149 acres, for which he paid £60; Beckley, 87 acres, including Long Riding, Pasture Hill, and West Field, rent, £50; and Crookbank, rent £50, including Great Meadow, Lime Kill Hill, Gill, and Broom Hill, 60 acres. Barkas Close contained 95 acres, rent £55, Ralph Barron tenant. Thomas Suddes paid £4 10s. for Cadger Bog, 8 acres. Mr. William Newton and Thomas Laverick paid £3 10s. and £2 respectively for houses.

In Ryton parish, Joseph Willin paid £35 for 21 acres; Matthew Newton and Thomas Routledge paid £83 for 80 acres, including Boat Close, Malabar's Close, and High and Low Strothers; while Hugh Park and John Pescod paid £13 for 19 acres, the Hurrocks, Pringle Staith, and Island. Joseph Carlton's rent for 114 acres was £86. White House Park, Deer Close, and Blaydon Haugh, 290 acres, were in Sir Thomas's own hand. Ambrose Crowley, Esq., paid £30 for Holme or Square, and Bryer Close, 13 acres; and Michael Bell paid £5 for half of Stankley's Garden, 4 acres. George Bullerwell was tenant of Lintzford, including Haugh, West Bank, Holme Close, Parker East Banks, and Lamb Park, 190½ acres, rent £48. Robert Mason was tenant of Paston Birks, 58 acres, rent £19. Spen Bank, 111 acres, was let to Samuel Richardson, who paid £13. West Sherburn Green, 51 acres, was farmed by John Richardson, rent £26; and he paid £30 for East Sherburn Green, 74½ acres. John Haswell paid £35 for Middle Sherburn Green, 97¾ acres, including Lady Close Riggs, Foxhole Burn, Hell's Hole, Howl Burns, and Low Meadow. Houses, etc.—Walter Blackett, Esq., a water course at Bladon, £10 10s.; Geo. Bowes, a boat landing at Bladon Haugh, £2 2s.; Sam. Richardson, a house at High Park Gate, 10s.; Joseph Willin, part of Bate House, £2 5s.

Sir Thomas's total rental in these three parishes was £1,702 9s. In two of them, Ryton and Tanfield, with a total rent of £663 7s., the tenants were £573 19s. 6¾d. in arrear.

In an address<sup>1</sup> to the members of the Newcastle Farmers' Club in 1891, Professor Fream, of London,

<sup>1</sup> "Technical Education in Agriculture."

remarked that while a scientific education is not to be wholly ignored as a help to farming, still it is of little value without practical knowledge or application. Science has come to the relief of the farmer in some respects, and bettered his condition in others, but it has not enabled him to dispense with plough and harrow, men and horses. Too much attention, we fear, has been paid in certain quarters to the scientific education of the farmer's sons, many of whom have been taught to regard agriculture simply as a science, whereas it is an industry, and one, moreover, that will not pay unless those employed in it have learnt to labour. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread" is a maxim that ought to be hung up in every farm-house in Durham and Northumberland.

Most farmers know how difficult it is to get female hands to work in the fields. At the meeting alluded to, the High Sheriff of Northumberland (Mr. Cadwallader J. Bates) expressed his belief that it would be much better for the women and girls if they worked a little more out of doors, instead of always tripping into the town to learn dressmaking. There used to be a time when almost all the crops were won by female labour, and a confirmation of this occurs in an old account, or, as it is endorsed, "a note of sheering corn," for the year 1768. The bill is so interesting, as giving the names of the people living at Whickham, and the wages paid for this class of labour more than a century ago, that a copy of it is given.

30TH SEPTEMBER, 1768.—NOTE OF SHEERING CORN IN  
WHICKHAM SOUTH FIELD THIS YEAR.

				£	s.	d.
Mary Taylor ...	... 4 $\frac{3}{4}$	days at 8d.	...	...	0	3 2
Hannah Oliver	... 4 $\frac{3}{4}$	"	...	...	0	3 2
Dorothy Burton	... 4 $\frac{3}{4}$	"	...	...	0	3 2
Margaret Clark	... 4 $\frac{3}{4}$	"	...	...	0	3 2
Sarah Burtley...	... 4 $\frac{3}{4}$	"	...	...	0	3 2
Elizabeth Hunter	... 4 $\frac{3}{4}$	"	...	...	0	3 2
Margaret Whitfield	... 4 $\frac{1}{2}$	"	...	...	0	3 0
Elizabeth Elliott	... 4 $\frac{3}{4}$	"	...	...	0	3 2
Elizabeth Dobson	... 3 $\frac{3}{4}$	"	...	...	0	2 6
Elizabeth Robinson	... 4	"	...	...	0	2 8
Margaret Crawford	... 4 $\frac{3}{4}$	"	...	...	0	3 2
Margaret Purdy	... 4	"	...	...	0	2 8
Isable Taylor ...	... 2	" 6d.	...	...	0	1 0
	<hr/>					
	56 $\frac{1}{4}$			£117	2	

It will thus be seen that the women received 8d. per day, and that a girl was paid 6d. In the month following there is a payment in another account to the girl Isabella Taylor of 6d. per day for making straw ropes ; and there is also a payment of 4s. to Mary Taylor for covering stacks, showing that this work, which is now exclusively done by men, was then performed by the women.

In one of the publications of the Surtees Society, "The Farming Book of Henry Best," there is much curious information respecting the condition of the agricultural labourer in the seventeenth century. He was much more dependent on his master than he is nowadays. When men were engaged at the statute hirings, which were then in force, they usually made it a condition that they were to have an old suit, a pair of breeches, an old hat, or a pair of shoes, while the maid servants were to have an apron, smock, or both. About a fortnight or ten days before Martinmas, the Chief Constable of every division sent his precept to the petty constables telling them to give notice to all masters and servants that he intended sitting at such a place on such a day, and commanding them to make a return of the names of all masters and servants. On the day appointed the Chief Constable called the master by name, and asked him if he was willing to set such and such a servant at liberty. If he was, he made the servant his ticket, and the servant gave him twopence for his pains. In the event of the master refusing to give the servant his discharge, the Chief Constable made known what wages the statute allowed, and he had a penny of the master for every servant that stayed two years in a place, or was not set at liberty. Whatever may be said against statute hirings, they had a tendency to keep servants in one place, and prevent their roaming from one master to another, as the yearly bond had of making the old generation of miners more settled in their lives and habits. Hirings, it may be added, were frequently held in a churchyard, and in making choice of women it was a maxim among masters never to hire such as lived too near their friends. The favourite days of removing from one master to another

were Tuesday and Thursday. Monday was accounted an unlucky day—

Monday flit  
Never sit.

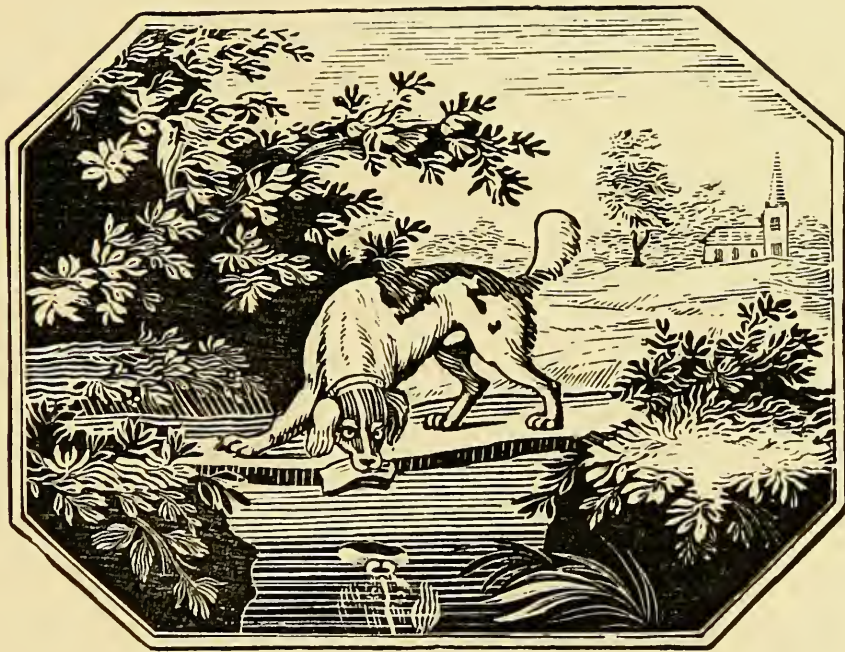
In bargaining with a man it was usual at that time, as it is now, to ask him what he could do. When this question was put to a young fellow he is said to have made the following answer :—

I can sow,  
I can mow,  
And I can stack,  
And I can do  
My master too  
When he turns his back.

Working men generally are apt to cavil with their lot, but in Northumberland and Durham the agricultural labourer earns fair wages, and is better fed and more comfortable and enjoys greater freedom than his southern fellows, and, on the whole, he has little to find fault with. A glance at his past history will enable him the better to understand his present position. People often talk enthusiastically of the good old times without knowing much about them. In the year 1530, the merry times of that arch-scoundrel King Henry the Eighth (the tongue of the man that said such a thing would have been drawn and his head cut off 362 years ago), the man who would not work was publicly whipped, after which the upper part of the gristle of his right ear was clean cut off.<sup>1</sup> On the accession of Edward VI., a law was passed whereby, when a labourer ran away from his master, the latter had the power to mark him on the forehead or ball of the cheek with a hot iron. He then became his master's slave for life, and if he ran away again the offence became felony, and he was to suffer the pains of death. The master might put a ring of iron about the neck, arm, or leg of his slave to prevent his running away, and there was a penalty on any person helping him to take it off, and if the slave resisted correction he was to be executed as a felon. He might also be sold by his master or devised by will as other goods and chattels. This statute, it is true, was repealed three years after, but nothing can

<sup>1</sup> "Encyclopædia Britannica."

obliterate it from the rolls of Parliament, where it stands, a disgrace to the country that could pass such a law, and to the people that could endure it for a day, and a silent contradiction to our national boast that Englishmen never shall be slaves.



## CHAPTER VI.

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### OLD SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLMASTERS.

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Ecclesiastical Wealth of Durham.—Education Formerly in the Hands of the Clergy.—Ignorance of Working Classes in the Eighteenth Century.—A School at Chester-le-Street.—Schools Licensed by the Bishop.—Early Educational Efforts in the Diocese.—A Durham School Ninety Years Ago.—Durham Training College.—System of Teaching Revolutionized.

NOTWITHSTANDING the ecclesiastical wealth of the diocese of Durham, its spiritual destitution and moral darkness upwards of a century ago were the reproach of the neighbouring dioceses, which, although less favoured in their endowments, yet strove to advance in both respects in proportion to their increasing wealth and population. In Durham, as in other places, the recognized system among the bishops and clergy of non-residence and pluralities kept the masses in spiritual darkness. The extent to which this pernicious system was carried may be gathered from the fact that during the episcopate of Bishop Chandler it was reported to his lordship that the holder of a rich living in Northumberland had been an absentee fifteen years, and that in fact he had never set foot in the parish! The education of the people was practically in the hands of the poor curate, who occasionally, as did the historian of Northumberland at Lanchester in his early days, increased his paltry stipend of £25 or £30 a year by teaching the village school, the management of which was usually in the hands of trustees, who not infrequently, from various causes, found themselves two or three years in arrear. Under such a system it is not surprising that the children of the poor received little or no education. We find an illustration of this in the fact that out of the nineteen men who signed the yearly bond at Byermoor Pit, in 1779, only three

were able to write their names. John Buddle was the first to attempt to extend the benefits of education to the mining classes, although his efforts met with considerable opposition, that, too, during the episcopate of the genial and learned Bishop Butler. In the year 1761, Buddle set up a private school at Chester-le-Street; but one Thomas Ridley, of the same place, gentleman, who evidently regarded a little learning as a dangerous thing, exhibited articles in the Ecclesiastical Court against him for so doing. At that time no man might teach school or instruct children either publicly or privately, without first having obtained an authority or license under the hand and seal of the Bishop; and as the pitmen's instructor had none of these things, he was ordered to be canonically corrected and punished, besides being condemned in all lawful expenses of the suit. The manuscript records of this trial we found in the Bishop's Registry on the Palace Green, and they are interesting as showing the difficulties that beset early private educational efforts in the diocese.

The treasurer of the first public school in Durham was Mr. William Shields, and it is a curious fact that his grandson, the late Mr. John Shields, of Western Lodge, should have been elected to act in that capacity in connexion with the North-Eastern County School, opened at Barnard Castle in 1886. The palatial buildings of the latter, with its masters and large staff of teachers, afford a striking contrast to the last-century school. There was no constituted authority in enforcing attendance in those days, but the master's powers, nevertheless, far exceeded those possessed by the modern School Board, inasmuch as he could fine every scholar one farthing, and each assistant teacher one halfpenny, for every hour's absence from school; and he likewise had the power of expelling any scholar seen playing or idling about the street. In the girls' department of the school, five spinning wheels were kept constantly employed; and, according to the rules, the assistant mistresses, whose duty it was to superintend the working of the machines, were obliged to attend at seven o'clock in the morning, and remain as long after school time in the evening as the mistress might direct, in order to clean the school-

room, and to assist the mistress in any of her household concerns.

The jubilee of the Durham Training College for Schoolmasters was held in 1891, and marked an epoch in the educational progress of Northumberland and Durham. The founding of the college fifty years ago revolutionized the system of teaching in our village schools. Then, as Mr. Bernays recently remarked in the *Bede College Magazine*, the schoolmaster was usually a man who had failed in every other walk of life, or whose misfortune it was to be deprived of the usual complement of limbs. And the contrast between the teaching of the past and present is still greater if we go two or three decades further back. In the colliery districts, children were usually sent to work before they were eight years old. A hundred years ago, as we have seen, few of the pitmen of Durham could write their names. The children of tradesmen and the middle class were better off, their education being generally attended to by the curate of the parish, who had no other means of augmenting his scanty income, but those of the working classes received little or no education. Very frequently the only object of the parent in sending them to school was to get them out of the way. The burden of a homely distich applied to him says that the village dominie taught his scholars all he could, which was not much, as a rule, we fear. "Are you the schoolmaster?" asked a gentleman who visited one of the old-time schools. "Yes, sir." "And what do you teach the children?" "Nothing, sir." "Nothing—how is that?" "Because," replied the man, with characteristic simplicity, "I know nothing myself. I took care of the squire's horses for a number of years, and when I got too old for that they sent me here to take care of the children."

The old generation of schoolmasters is almost extinct. Of those who taught in our schools before the inauguration of the Durham Training College, very few survive. Their method of teaching was primitive and at times very amusing. On one occasion, about twenty years ago, we entered a school, and found a group of boys on their knees in the middle of the room. Before them, spread out on the floor, was a map, and they were trying to find out the



situation of Cardigan Bay. In their search they were guided by the master, who, as their fingers travelled near to or away from the spot, alternately kept calling out, "Cold!" "Colder!" "Cold as ice!" "Hot!" "Hotter!" "Hot as fire!" the last-named ejaculation leading to the discovery of the place sought for.

The school-room furnishes many funny stories. One of the best that we ever heard we had from the lips of Miss Watson, head-mistress of the Durham Girls' Practising School. She had given her pupils an account of Jacob and his twelve sons, and had drawn a picture of Joseph and his coat of many colours. At the close of her remarks she summarized the lesson, and wishing to convey the meaning that Joseph was his father's favourite son, she asked what the latter must have been to deserve such a mark of his favour. She was both amazed and convulsed when a very young miss held up her hand and triumphantly exclaimed, "A masher!"



## CHAPTER VII.

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### THE OLD SHIPS OF THE TYNE AND WEAR.

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First Life-boat at South Shields.—Rent of the Ferry at the Mouth of the River Tyne 300 years ago.—Ancient Tolls for Anchorage at North Shields.—A Perilous Voyage.—Early Wrecks at Shields.—Privateers.—Description of Old Colliers.—Diary of a Sunderland Skipper of the Last Century.—Profits and Losses in Carrying Coal.—Cost of a Voyage to Portsmouth in 1770.—The Old Ballast Wharves at Sunderland.—Sailors' Wages.—Rivalry between the Thames and the Tyne.—History of Sunderland Ferry.—Keels on the Wear.—Increase of Exports at Sunderland.—Keelmen Fined for Working on Sunday.

IT seems but yesterday that the ill-fated ship *Stanley* struck on the Black Middens, at North Shields. Yet twenty-eight years have elapsed since the shrieks of the crew were heard above the howling storm that November night in 1864. And it was about this time a hundred and three years ago, in 1789, that the first lifeboat was built at South Shields. Her conception was due to the loss of the *Adventure*, a Newcastle ship, whose crew, like the *Stanley's*, dropped from her rigging one by one, as she lay stranded in the presence of thousands of spectators, not one of whom could render assistance to the drowning men. A mighty change has taken place at the mouth of the river since Greathead's boat first breasted the waves at Shields bar. But greater far must be the transformation since the days of Queen Bess. The present magnificent breakwater at either side of the river was then undreamt of. The passage at the mouth then was by ferry-boat, as now; but it was on the strong arms of the hardy ferryman, and often on his courage, that its safety depended. At that time the ferry was under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Durham, and we learn from an old manuscript in Bishop Cosin's Library that the rent paid in respect of this

was 6s. 8d. per annum. Some idea of the growth of the Tyne's commerce during the past 300 years may be formed when it is stated that the tolls, customs, and profits for the anchorage of ships, boats, and other vessels at North Shields were let by the Bishop for the yearly rent of £3 6s. 8d. One of the earliest, as well as the most perilous, voyages from the Tyne, of which we have any written record, was that made by colliers during the reign of Edward the Third. When the King improved his residence at Windsor, it was found that the ordinary fuel was insufficient to keep the forges going, and accordingly the master of the works instructed the Sheriff of Northumberland to purchase 726 chaldrons of coal at Winlaton. These, which cost 1s. 5d. per chaldron, were conveyed by keel to Newcastle, and thence shipped to London. A mighty tempest arose during the voyage, and part of the cargo had to be thrown overboard to prevent the colliers sinking.

Many a gallant ship has been cast ashore on our North-East coast since those days. A manuscript book which belonged to Mr. John Douglas, a Newcastle Town Clerk nearly a couple of centuries ago, enables us to give an unrecorded chapter in the early shipping and commerce of the Tyne. There is an account of a shipwreck at the mouth of the river 162 years ago. In May, 1730, a ship called the *Nell* of Rotterdam, Cornelius Landmatter master, laden with brandy and other merchandise, which she had in vain tried to sell in Ireland and Scotland, was making for the Tyne, and when off Dunstanborough Castle she was met by His Majesty's ship the *Deal Castle*, Captain Mead commander, who forthwith took possession of the *Nell*, sending six of his own men on board of her. Captain Landmatter and two of his crew he ordered on board his own ship, the *Deal Castle*, and kept them there till Tynemouth Haven was reached, when he sent them back to the *Nell*, accompanied by the chief mate of the *Deal Castle* and a pilot, who had instructions to take the ship up the river. In entering, however, the *Nell* was sunk by being thrown upon the Hurd, a sand at the mouth of the harbour, by which the ship was sunk and the men lost all their effects. The owners of the *Nell* regarded the

seizing of their ship as a high-handed proceeding, and they consulted the celebrated George Grey, then a counsellor-at-law in Newcastle, as to the legality of Captain Mead's conduct. His opinion is dated July 7, 1730, and is in the following words :—“ Ye ship being taken at sea, tho sunk in ye mouth of ye harbour, I am of opinion yt ye proper remedy is in the Admiralty, by action against ye captain of ye man of war for ye damage sustained both of ye ship and goods. I am also of opinion yt an action of trover will lye for ye ship.”

From the same source we learn that on the 18th of September, 1720, eleven ships were lost at the mouth of the Tyne. It is so stated in the affidavit of Elisha Hunter, master of the ship *Speedwell*, who says that two of his men, John Barton and Thomas Smith, were so benumbed that they lost the use of their limbs ; while another man, William Allen, had two of his fingers “burst” off. On the 2nd day of September, 1706, the masters of several ships went before the same notary and made oath “that it is morally impossible for us to get to Russia this year.” Storms were not the only danger that threatened the mariner. In 1708, the *Ann* of Newcastle, laden with corn and wine, was taken prize off Tynemouth Bar by a French privateer. It was agreed to ransom her for £75, for the payment of which the master sent one of his men, John Kelly, on board the privateer as hostage. Another Tyne ship, laden with corn and herrings, was taken prize by a privateer of twenty-four guns belonging to Ostend. The captain of the privateer carried off all the herrings, as well as the clothes belonging to the men of the *Ann*, “but he condescended and agreed that the corn aboard should be ransomed for £80, which the master agreed to give, and sent his son captive aboard the privateer for the said ransom money.”

These engagements between privateers and the local ships were often witnessed by the dwellers on the coast, who in turn were always on the look-out for flotsam and jetsam. There were cattle-lifters and freebooters inland ; but we fear that some of these residents on the coast were more to be dreaded than those who made nocturnal descents upon the cattle of their neighbours across the

borders. Everybody knows what the lady of Hesleyside did with the spur when there was an empty larder. Another lady, the wife of Rowley Harrison, a famous mosstrooper living at Muggleswick a couple of hundred years ago, was quite as ready in inciting her lord to make those predatory excursions. She was, in fact, never satisfied. On one occasion her spouse drove home eight cows and a bull, the result of his night's work, on seeing which she exclaimed, "Well done, Rowley; when is thou gannen agyen?" This man was a companion of Raw, the Wharnley Burn mosstrooper, and, like him, was refused Christian burial.

In the "Depositions from York Castle," edited by Canon Raine, there is an account of a ship going ashore near Blyth Nook, on the Northumberland coast, in the year 1678, and wreckers making it their prey. Among them was Mr. William Cresswell of Cresswell, gentleman. In the depositions against him it is said that on Saturday, the 10th of November, between two and three o'clock in the morning, the good ship or barque called the *Margaret* of Leith, whereof John Finley was master, came ashore at Seaton Seas. And the ship being in danger of sinking, the passengers, about sixteen in number, went ashore; and before the ship's company could return, Mr. Cresswell, with two others, named John Boulton and William Curry, of Bedlington, went on board, broke open the doors and hatches, and after rifling several trunks and boxes, carried away £200 worth of goods.

In the register of Richard de Kellawe, who was Lord Palatine and Bishop of Durham between the years 1311-1316, mention is made of certain persons having been indicted before the justices at Sadberge for taking possession of a vessel that had been wrecked. A mandate was sent to the Sheriff of Sadberge commanding that some memorial should be made from the timber of that early vessel, and from the mast of the same vessel a certain cross was made, which "still stands" in Sadberge plain (in campo de Sadberge), at a place called Blakelaw, in the highway between Sadberge and Hartlepool; and of the sail yard of the same vessel a certain stand (*pertica*),

upon which the wax-lights and candles are placed in the church of Sadberge.

Wreckers were not the only danger that sailors had to encounter. In the open sea pirates abounded, and scarcely a day passed without a brush with these being reported. So great was this danger that in 1628 a proclamation was issued prohibiting the going or returning of any ship to or from the Tyne without convoy. In April of that year the commanders of three of these convoys to Newcastle colliers reported an engagement with Dunkirk ships. One of these was chased, but got clear away. On standing in to the shore they came across five more of them, "great ships, and of too much force for them to deal withal." The commanders of the convoys appealed for more ships to be sent, "otherwise they were like to find the coast too hot." The following year, the *Endeavour* of Newcastle, with three other ships, had a fight with two great Dunkirk ships, by whom they were taken. Twenty-six ships of the King of Spain were then at sea. A Berwick ship was also captured, and the captain reported having seen about forty sail of pirates, besides Spanish ships. At that time three hundred ships were in the Tyne ready to be laden for London and other places; but the presence of the pirates kept them in port. There was in consequence a great scarcity of coals in London, and this led to a protest being sent to Newcastle, in which the Lords of the Admiralty complain that the commanders of the ships appointed to convoy the Newcastle colliers were not performing their duty.

When the old-fashioned colliers plied between the Tyne, Wear and Thames, they made an average of nine or ten voyages annually. They carried from 130 to 200 chaldrons, and, in addition to the master, mate, and carpenter, were manned by four or five seamen and two or three apprentices. Much light is thrown on the history of these early colliers by the manuscript diary of George Wilkinson, a Sunderland skipper of the last century.<sup>1</sup> George was born in a part of the town known as Baines's Lane. He went to sea at an early age, as was then the custom, and by

<sup>1</sup> The facts set forth in this interesting diary were contributed to the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*.

steady, plodding industry became the owner of a couple of famous colliers, the *Betty*, named after an only daughter, and the *Briton*. The first-named ship was mostly engaged in the over-sea trade, while the latter invariably sailed between the Wear and the ports of London, Portsmouth, Lymington, and Southampton. Mr. Wilkinson seems to have navigated both ships in turn, and in his diary, which we possess, he has entered a most minute account of the expenses incurred during each voyage, together with the profits arising therefrom. On the 16th of May, 1770, he sailed in the *Briton* with 195 chaldrons of Pontop coals, which he sold at Portsmouth for £219 7s. 6d. His disbursements, as will be seen, amounted to £196 14s. 8½d., leaving a profit on the voyage of £22 12s. 10d.

	£	s.	d.
To 195 chaldrons of Pontop coals ... ..	66	0	0
Keel dues, £7 6s. 8d. ; custom house, £8 14s 7d. ...	16	1	3
3 cwt. of bread at 17s., £2 11s. ; two bushels of peas, 9s. ...	3	0	0
Beef and small beer at Shields ... ..	5	8	0
Trimming, pilotage, and postage ... ..	1	6	0
Foy boat and coblemen in Sunderland Road ... ..	0	17	6
The sailors heaving ballast ... ..	0	5	0
A coal shovel, 2s. 6d. ; salt, 2s. 6d. ; foy boat, 5s. ..	0	10	0
Blocks, sheaves and pins, 3s. 6d. ; expenses, 15s. ...	0	18	6
Washing the boys' shirts, 2s. ; cooking last voyage, 7s. 6d.	0	9	6
Mending a beef tub ... ..	0	2	2
To bond entry and return, 15s. ; duty and lights, £54 14s. 8½d. ... ..	55	9	8½
Butcher's bill, £5 5s. 9d. ; sack, 9s. ... ..	5	14	9
Metage, £3 10s. ; 40 tons of ballast, £2 10s. ... ..	6	0	0
Four coal baskets and a load of water ... ..	0	4	10
Supper to the merchant, 13s. ; fresh meat and bread, 7s. ...	1	0	0
To Rickarby, 10s. 6d. ; Adamson, 7s. 6d. ; oakum, 5s. ...	1	3	0
To gin instead of small beer, 14s. ; salt, 4s. ... ..	0	18	0
To the dues, 10s. ; to beef unpaid for last voyage, £1 7s. ...	1	17	0
Sailors' wages, £18 4s. 6d. ; master's do. and expenses, £10 1s. ... ..	28	5	6
Cooking, 7s. 6d. ; foy boat into the harbour, 11s. 6d. ...	0	19	0
To heaving ballast ... ..	0	5	0

This sum of 5s. was uniformly given to the sailors when ballast was lifted, and it was usually supplemented by a plentiful allowance of small beer. Sometimes, when half-a-dozen ships were lying alongside the ballast wharf, a good deal of squabbling took place for precedence. When a vessel was unloaded, it was the practice of the others to slacken their mooring ropes to allow her to move out of her berth. This they occasionally failed to do at the

proper time, and serious consequences followed more than once. An amusing, but withal tragic, incident occurred in connexion with one of these ballast wharves, which, forty years ago, was owned by Messrs. Jonassohn and Co. Three vessels were lying alongside waiting to be unloaded. Next the quay was an English schooner, next the schooner was a French lugger, and next outside the lugger was a large French vessel, of which Joseph Peyre was mate. A man named Greenwood had charge of the wharf, and, when the schooner had unloaded, he called on the crews of the lugger and French vessel to slacken. Peyre's only response, however, was a laugh, whereupon Greenwood repeated the call in French. The Frenchman still laughed, and said, "No, no!" on which Greenwood exclaimed that he would *lacher un peu cable*, meaning he would loosen the rope from the mooring post if Peyre did not loose it on board. He then proceeded to loosen the rope from the mooring post, and the English schooner moved out of her berth. While this was going on, someone called out that the mate had a gun. He was seen to get on board the lugger, kneel down, rest the gun on the bulwark, and take aim. Never having had a quarrel with the man, and believing it to be a joke, Greenwood picked up a stone and threw it towards the mate. Peyre thereupon once more took aim, and discharged his piece. The contents lodged in the foreman's head and collar bone, and the sight of one eye was totally destroyed. When the mate was tried for the offence at Durham Assizes, he pleaded his ignorance of the custom of the port as some excuse, and the judge not wishing to deal harshly with him, he received the light sentence of six months' imprisonment.

Between the 26th of February, 1770, and January 3rd, 1772, the *Briton* made sixteen voyages, the *Betty* making fourteen during the same period. Some of the items of expenditure are interesting, as showing the cost of a ship's furniture and the wages paid to sailors at this time. Six yards of canvas cost 4s. 6d., and £9 1s. 11d. was paid for fixing a new topsail. The total amount disbursed for wages during a voyage to and from London was £35 4s. Of this the master got £6 10s., the mate



and carpenter £6 15s. between them, five sailors were paid £12 15s., and £9 4s. was paid in labourers' wages. Two port sails cost 12s. 6d., and a hickory handspike 1s. Forty tons of ballast cost £2 10s., and a couple of shillings were paid for a speaking trumpet. A new 4-hour glass cost 4s., and a 2-hour glass 2s. The meter and lightermen were not entertained to supper like the merchant to whom the cargo was sold, but they had sundry drinks, which cost 6s. Two shillings worth of wine was given to the Custom House officers, but why this was substituted for a money payment or a "tip" does not appear. At Southampton a mishap occurred to the *Briton's* anchor. At Deal a new anchor was purchased for £13 8s., and a sum of £2 4s. 6d. was paid to a boat for seeking the old anchor. During a voyage to London, the apprentices on board the *Briton* mutinied, and the master paid 17s. 6d. for conveying them to Bridewell, and their keep there cost him a further sum of £2 13s. 2d. It is noteworthy that during this voyage the master had, at the crew's request, given them gin instead of the usual small beer.

On the 13th of September, 1771, the *Betty* sailed with 131 chaldrons of South Moor coals, for which she paid 15s. 6d. per chaldron, and sold at the port of Newhaven for 25s. per chaldron. The duty on the cargo amounted to £32 1s. 3d. Her next voyage was to Wisbeach with 134 chaldrons of Harraton Moor coals, which she bought at 15s. 6d. and sold for 19s. per chaldron. The total of what she made out was £127 10s. 9d., whilst her disbursements amounted to £120 3s. 6d., leaving a profit on the voyage of only £7 7s. 3d. The *Betty's* subsequent voyage to Schiedam, in Holland, was equally unsatisfactory. Her cargo consisted of 118 chaldrons of coals, which sold for £166 5s. 6d. The expenses amounted to £162 11s. 8d., leaving a profit of £3 13s. 10d. These facts show that shipping was not a profitable business a century and a quarter ago.

A hundred years ago, when the wooden walls of old England were the foundation and bulwark of her pre-eminence in the eyes of Europe, it used to be the boast of the Thames shipbuilders that their vessels were superior both in point of materials and workmanship to those built

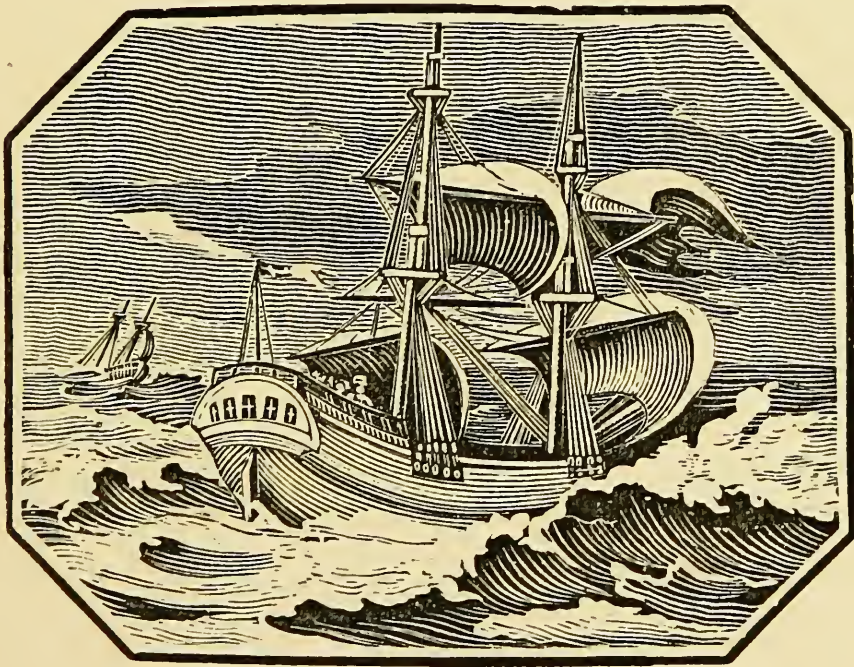
on the Tyne and other rivers on the North-East coast. The oak of the south was supposed to be better than that grown in the North-country; the boiling kilns on the Thames were said to warp the timber more expeditiously than the old-fashioned burning process in vogue on the Tyne; and it was claimed that their ships were put together with greater attention to shift of timber and plank, that they used longer floor timbers, more dead wood, and that the bolts they used were more in number, larger in size, and better driven. Not only so, but they boasted that their shipwrights were superior in ability to those reared on the northern river, and Tyneside builders were taunted with seducing shipwrights from the southern river.

Before Rowland Burdon conceived the idea of connecting the two Wearmouths with a bridge, the people thereabouts were ferried across the river in boats. The ferry belonged to the Bishops of Durham, and a lease of it occurs as far back as the year 1154. In 1661 it was let to the Etrick family, and so continued until 1795, when it was purchased by the Commissioners of Wearmouth Bridge. The ferry was farmed by the Etricks to under-tenants, who latterly provided the boats and repaired them. Their condition was sometimes a matter of complaint to the Bishop, one writer remarking that they were in such a crazy and tattered condition that his lordship's dog, without he was a most excellent swimmer, would hesitate before crossing the water in them.<sup>1</sup> The progressive advance of Sunderland cannot be better shown than in the figures afforded by the books of the Etrick family, giving the amount of the rent paid for the ferry during a period of 100 years:—

YEAR.		£	YEAR.		£
1683	... Let for ...	60	1766	... Let for ...	178
1691	... ,, ...	70	1769	... ,, ...	180
1719	... ,, ...	100	1779	... ,, ...	200
1720	... ,, ...	120	1782	... ,, ...	220
1753	... ,, ...	158	1785	... ,, ...	250
1763	... ,, ...	168			

<sup>1</sup> These facts were obligingly communicated to the writer by Mr. Ralph Nelson, of Bishop Auckland.

On the Wear, coal is still sent down from the neighbourhood of Penshaw just as it was two hundred years ago. The baff Saturday question had not then cropped up, for some of the keelmen were so indifferent about weekday and Sunday that they plied their calling on the day set apart for rest. The matter became so notorious in the years 1685-6 that the Ecclesiastical Court interfered, and many of the men were fined. It was about this time that the exports of Sunderland began to increase. Coal had been exported from the Wear as early as the fourteenth century, but only to a limited extent, owing to the shoalness of the channel at the mouth of the river. The harbour then was so choked up with sand that the colliers were obliged to coal in the road. As on the Tyne, occasionally the keels were so deeply laden by the fitters that the lives of the men were endangered. Sometimes they carried ten and eleven chaldrons, with which they could not stand when the wind was high. A representation on their part gave rise to a movement which in many respects resembled the Plimsoll agitation, and was attended with precisely similar results. Both on the Tyne and the Wear, an inspector was appointed to see that the keels were not overloaded, and if one was thought to be too deep laden it was taken to the quay and examined by the inspector, who determined the point.



## CHAPTER VIII.

### ROADS AND RAILWAYS.

Northumberland First in Science and Invention.—Newcastle Coach-builders.—Early Modes of Travelling.—Bad Condition of Roads.—Encounters with Highwaymen.—Travelling on Horseback.—The Captivity of Sir Thomas Clavering, Bart.—Diary of Travels through England.—Extracts from Letters.—Early Railways.—The Stanhope and Tyne Line.—The Londonderry Line.—Rapid Locomotion.—Reminiscences of an Old Engine Driver.

THE sons of Northumbria have been ever first in the fields of science and invention. They invented and perfected the steam engine, and if they did not lead the way in coachmaking they have at any rate done more than any others to perfect it, and to make road locomotion easy. The admittance of Mr. William Philipson, partner in the firm of Messrs. Atkinson and Philipson, and Mr. J. S. Foggett, a gentleman on the staff of the same company, to the freedom of the London Coachmakers' Company, in 1890, was a graceful tribute to her sons. When coaches first made their appearance in Newcastle cannot be determined, although the new mode must have travelled northward almost as fast as the new fashions do now, since mention is made of the judges riding in coaches in their progress through Durham and Northumberland more than two hundred years ago. It was then usual for the Sheriff of Northumberland to escort the judges to the boundaries of Cumberland, to guard them from the freebooters who infested the district. On one occasion, the road between Newcastle and Hexham being impassable, the judge was obliged to take horse and ride most of the way, being guarded by the tenants of the several manors through which he passed. "They were a comical sort of people," we are told, "riding upon nags, with long beards, cloaks, and long broad swords, with

basket hilts, hanging in broad belts. Their legs and swords almost touched the ground, and every one in his turn came up cheek by jowl and talked with the judge." His lordship, it seems, was very well pleased with the discourse of these homely Northumbrians, whose knowledge of local history and antiquities surprised him much.

Existing documents show that coaches were made in Newcastle at the early part of last century. Only the most wealthy, however, indulged in the luxury, and many families who did so preferred to hire their coaches of the local builders. From a bill dated 1769, in the handwriting of Caleb Angus, founder of the present firm of coach-builders of that name, we glean that £25 was the usual charge for one year's hire of a coach. Messrs. Brewster and Rich were also Newcastle coachbuilders, whose charge for putting a new "fellie" into a wheel was only eighteenpence. One of their old accounts informs us that in January, 1761, a "shay" belonging to a client broke down on the road between Chester and Newcastle, and their charge for putting in a new hind axletree was £1 5s., a further sum of 3s. being charged for getting the shay to Newcastle. Travelling in coaches at the beginning of last century must have been no easy matter. They were constantly sticking fast in the mire, and there is an account of a nine miles' journey costing six hours. It is Mr. Longstaffe, we believe, who tells a story of two ladies who, towards the close of last century, undertook a journey from Stockton to London in a carriage. After an affecting parting from their housekeeper, and various promises to let her hear of their progress and safe arrival at their destination, they made a bold start. When they were descending the hill into Yarm, they perceived another inhabitant of their native town hastening in the direction from which they had come. Overjoyed to see at such a distance from home one whom they recognized, they alighted and begged him not to omit to call at their house in Stockton, and to inform Betty that they had prosecuted their journey so far in perfect safety.

In the early part of the last century, the journey from the north to London was undertaken not unfrequently on

horseback. Many old ladies among the yeoman families of Northumberland can yet remember how their grandmothers, mounted on pillions behind their husbands, travelled leisurely up to town, and made themselves familiar with the manners and customs of the civilized world. Previous to the introduction of chaises and chariots, the nobility and gentry moved about in vehicles resembling a "Noah's ark." In time, with the improvement of the roads, public conveyances and private carriages began to travel along the great thoroughfares; but the journeys were both wearisome and perilous.

In the days when cattle were driven along the highways to the southern markets, the herbage by the wayside was often all that they got on the journey, and it was on this account that the roads were set out so wide when the turnpike system was adopted about the middle of the last century. The condition of the North-country roads at that time may be inferred from the well-known couplet made in commemoration of General Wade's improvement of them :—

If you had seen these roads before they were made,  
You would lift up your hands and bless General Wade.

But even for long after the turnpike system was adopted, in Durham and Northumberland, coach travelling had its perils. About 1760, the roads from Rushyford to Durham were so bad that Will Roughead, guard of the "Telegraph," was in winter provided with a flambeau. This he carried before the coach, calling out to the driver to put his horses to the right or the left according as the holes were more or less deep. And even down to the year 1811, the road between Durham and Darlington was so rough that Mr. Hault, of Rushyford, lost no fewer than seven horses that year by reason of broken legs. And an occasional encounter with a footpad or highwayman added to the terrors of early travelling by coach. When old people set out on a journey they not unfrequently made up a purse for the highwayman, and concealed the rest of the money about their persons, in order that on being stopped they might hand it out as a species of blackmail to purchase permission to pass without search. In the early part of

the last century, the road between Durham and Sunderland was much frequented by a notorious individual named Robert Drummond, who at one time was a dealer in hardwares at the last-mentioned place. For stopping and robbing an old gentleman in the neighbourhood of Houghton-le-Spring he was sent out of the country, but afterwards, returning from transportation, he was hanged for a similar offence. The practice of returning from transportation, although punishable with death, was very common in those days. It was for this offence that the notorious Sir William Brown received sentence of death at Newcastle. He begged earnestly to be transported again, but the judge giving no ear to him, "Sir William" broke out into all the opprobrious language he could think of against both his lordship and the whole court. Denham, of Piercebridge, in one of his rare tracts, tells us that it was Sir William's horse which sunk up to its knees in mud, and tossed its rider near Thornton Hall, the seat of Squire Bowes, which mishap caused the highwayman to give utterance to the impromptu couplet:—

Who knows, but Mister Bowes,  
In his old age, may mend his ways.

The slow progress made on the road by our ancestors, as compared with the present marvellously rapid system of locomotion, is illustrated in the manuscript diary of Sir Thomas Clavering of Greencroft. Sir Thomas was in France at the close of the second war of the Revolution, and remained a prisoner there until the abdication of Napoleon in 1814, when he was allowed to return to his native country. He was fond of travelling on horseback, and in his diary he gives an itinerary of his journeying both in this country and in France, besides jotting down many amusing anecdotes of the persons whom he met in his travels. Under date 1797, there is an account of a tour with his friend, the Rev. James Greville, the then Rector of Whickham. Setting out from London to the north by the lakes, on their own horses, on Friday, the 1st of June, they travelled every day excepting Sunday, when they halted at Ambleside, and arrived at Axwell Park the following Wednesday, the total distance of 378 miles having been accomplished in thirteen days. In

mentioning the celebrities he met at Bath, Sir Thomas tells one or two funny stories. Miss Chudleigh (afterwards Countess of Kingston) having met Lord Chesterfield, told him how scandalous the world was grown. "Only think that during my absence from town they have been saying that I have been brought to bed of twins." "Don't mind such ill-natured reports," answers the gallant lord; "for my part, I have made it a rule never to believe more than half of what I hear." The baronet's favourite horse, "Harlequin," is affectionately referred to in the diary. "Never was this good old horse," he says, "ill or off his food. Died at Greencroft in 1831, after having been turned out to grass for many years, at the age of 28." In 1832, Sir Thomas made a two months' tour through England and Scotland. In speaking of the celebrities of Windermere and the neighbourhood, he says, "Mary of Buttermires, who was remarkable for her beauty, was an innkeeper's daughter. She rejected many admirers, but at last consented to marry a handsome stranger, travelling in great style, and calling himself the Honourable Augustus H——. Afterwards it turned out that he was a notorious felon in disguise."

One of Sir Thomas's most interesting and pleasurable equestrian tours was made in the summer of 1838, when he proceeded on his horse "Blucher" to Blagdon, where he saw his friend Sir Matthew White Ridley, who had superintended the education of his son William during his imprisonment in France. From Blagdon he proceeded to Carlisle, thence to Longtown, Langholme, Hawick, and Selkirk. The diary contains nothing of note until Abbotsford is reached, where the curiosities of the entrance hall much interested the traveller. "Saw Rob Roy's purse, picture of Purdie, Sir Walter's gamekeeper, the dogs called Nimrod and Ginger, and a Highland sword. Went to see Melrose Abbey, a very fine ruin, 258 feet in length, 138 in breadth, and the circumference 944 feet. We had a very civil and intelligent female guide, and bought some views of her. Next went to Dryburgh Abbey, a fine ruin near the Tweed, over which is a suspension bridge made by the Earl Buchan. Kelso, 120 miles. The Cross Keys is a very good inn. Went to see Newton Don, a seat



belonging to my old acquaintance and fellow-prisoner, Sir A. Don. Saw Fleurs, the seat of the Duke of Roxburghe, a magnificent building. The view from the house is very fine and extensive. Great alterations are being made there, and when finished it will be a princely residence. The Spread Eagle at Jedburgh is a capital good inn, kept by Mr. Laing. Horsley, 167 miles, a long stage, part of which is interesting and pretty, with fertile soil let at £2 an acre." Returning by way of Woodburn and Hexham, Sir Thomas reached Greencroft on the 30th of August, having in six days covered a distance of 212 miles. He travelled through Cumberland with his friend Colonel Carighan the following year. "The Bassenthwaite," he writes, "is four miles in length and one in breadth. It is pretty, but not to be compared to the other lakes either for beauty or grandeur. The upper part pleased me much, as it had some resemblance to the Lake of Como. The road from Cockermouth to Keswick lies through the vale of Embleton, which is highly cultivated. Saw Derwentwater, which is three miles long, and in some places a mile and a half in breadth. It did not please me so much as Ulleswater and Windermere. Ulleswater scenery is very fine, owing to the lofty mountains, but in my opinion not so beautiful a lake as Windermere. From Ulleswater we went to Lowther Castle, the magnificent seat of the Earl of Lonsdale. There is a very fine staircase of cast iron." Sir Thomas and his friend drove back to Penrith by way of the park, in which 40,000 trees had been uprooted by a hurricane of wind.

During Sir Thomas Clavering's residence and captivity in France, he received many letters from his native country. Some of these contain much local information. In May, 1800, beef was selling in Newcastle at a shilling a pound. Writing on the 28th of August, the same year, one of Sir Thomas's correspondents says:—"Yesterday, the Usworth, Axwell, Gibside, and Ryton Volunteers were reviewed by General Balfour on Gateshead Fell. It rained the whole day. The Axwell troop numbered 42, the largest number that was there; Usworth mustered, I think, 38; Gibside and Ryton about the same number. He inspected the whole in front

and rear ranks, and afterwards they passed him in single file. After staying about three-quarters of an hour, the general set off to Brasside Moor, near Durham, to review Mr. Burdon's troop, and some others in that neighbourhood." Writing on the 14th of October, 1801, the same correspondent says:—"Both cattle and sheep are uncommonly dear, and lean cattle particularly so. I do not know whether concluding a peace with France will make any change in the price of cattle and sheep, but corn is a great deal cheaper within the last two market days at Newcastle and Durham." In April, 1802, oats were selling at 2s. 2d. per bushel, hay at £3 3s. per ton, and cattle at a fourth lower than in the previous year. The hay harvest in 1802 was a failure, and in July it was selling at £6 10s. and as high as £7 a ton. In view of connecting the Team Valley with the Annfield Plain district by rail, the following letter, under date October 2nd, 1802, is interesting:—"There is a meeting advertised to be holden at Durham, requesting the proprietors of land in the county, and others, to attend and consider the propriety of applying to Parliament for a bill to enable them to make a canal from the Tyne, near Redheugh, to the Wear, not far from Chester, or at least the line to run near Chester, and from that part of the Wear to near Kyo. The intended canal from Newcastle to Hexham is at present never spoken of." On the 2nd of March, 1803, Sir Thomas is informed that corn is lower in Newcastle Market at this time than it had been for several years past. In the year 1806 many of the fisheries on the Tyne were unlet, the number of fish taken during previous seasons having been so small that the lessees could not afford to pay the fishermen's wages.

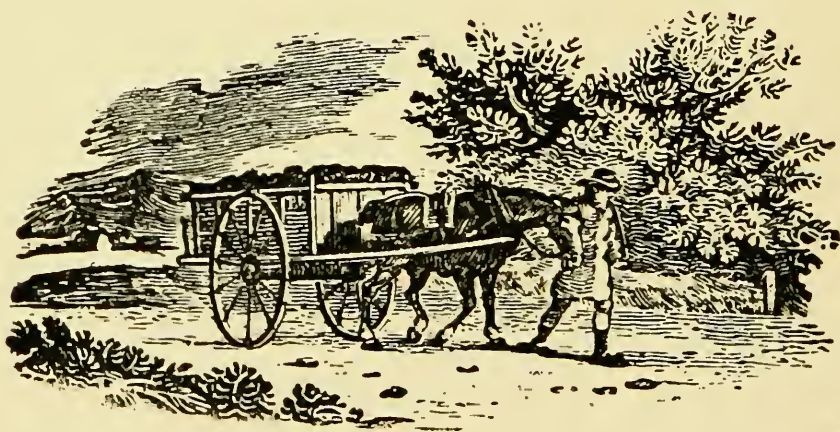
A wonderful transformation has been effected in railway locomotion since the days when the old Stanhope and Tyne Line was put down. Then the traffic was hauled over the district in a most extraordinary fashion. Just before Consett was reached, the trains were made to go up and down the almost perpendicular sides of a ravine 170 feet deep, known as Howen's Gill. When a train reached the termination of the level ground it was stopped, and one waggon at a time was turned upon a circle, with its

side towards the precipice, and pushed forward and fixed into a movable platform. This was on the very brink of the gill, and rested upon the rails with its four wheels, the two foremost of which being of larger diameter than the hind ones caused it to continue in a horizontal position while going up and down the steep inclines with its loaded waggon.

There has likewise been a great improvement in locomotion since the old Londonderry line from Sunderland to Durham was formed. In the early days of its history, the colliery people who travelled to Sunderland were stowed away in covered vans attached to the coal trains. Riding in this rough and ready style was a novelty, and it was a treat to see the elderly ladies bouncing out on to what served as a platform with their market baskets, like so many sheep from a truck. The women were not less modest then than now. But there was an unsophisticatedness about them which reminded the observer of what woman must have been in the days of her primitive innocence. There was no regulation respecting the carrying capacity of the carriages, nor did the gentlemen as a rule surrender their seats to the ladies when they were overcrowded. After twice as many had squeezed themselves into a van as it would comfortably hold, the female passengers dropped on to the knees of the male passengers, the backs of the heads of the former bumping into the faces of the latter as the wire rope which drew the mineral and the human freight ever and anon tightened and slackened. In the faces of many of those who had never travelled in this way before was occasionally blended a look of fear, admiration and astonishment. One day we remember seeing a country lad's cap blown off close to Pittington. "Woa! woa!" shouted he, apparently thinking that this was all that was needed to stop the moving train.

The perfection of the railway system was illustrated in 1891, when an officer of the Guards hired a special train at Stirling, and after a race of 118 miles, which was covered in as many minutes, overtook the mail at Carlisle. As it is only sixty years since the locomotive was invented, there are plenty of people living who can remember what

railway travelling was like in its infancy. Mr. William Smith, the man who ran the first train over the Penshaw Branch to Sunderland, and made the first journey to the City of Durham with the "John Buddle," is still living in Durham. His earliest experience with the locomotive as a driver was with the "Michael Longridge," which ran between Fatfield and South Shields, the starting point being a hostelry called after its buxom landlady, "Fat Nelly." When the train commenced its journey it usually consisted of a couple of carriages resembling modern cattle trucks, to which were hitched a number of coal waggons. There were no brakes attached to locomotives at this time, and when it was desired to stop the train the fireman walked or climbed over the tops of the waggons and put down the hand brakes. A couple of candles placed in large tin lanterns constituted the engine lights, but these were in time superseded by the oil lamp, which was the invention of a local sailor. Previous to that period rear guards had not been deemed necessary, and they were only introduced when it was felt that the public safety absolutely required them. The experiment was first tried on Mr. Smith's train, and in order that the new lamp should have a fair trial, the inventor was allowed to accompany it. Whether the lamp was held in the sailor's hand, or attached to the hindmost waggon, Mr. Smith does not remember, but he has a distinct recollection that the unavoidable jolting and bumping caused by the gradients threw both off.



## CHAPTER IX.

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### MANORIAL RIGHTS AND CUSTOMS OF DURHAM.

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Different Classes of Tenants.—Systems of Cultivation.—Derivation of Names.—Early Co-operation.—Cotmen.—Protection of Wells and Watercourses.—Early Modes of Punishment.—Regulations Respecting Beer.—Sports and Pastimes.—Poaching.—Fisheries and Fishermen.—Pains and Penalties.

MR. Booth has drawn material for an interesting book from the Halmote Court Rolls of the Prior and Convent of Durham.<sup>1</sup> For many years he had the management and supervision of the Halmote Courts of the See, and it is but bare justice to him to say that the fruits of his vast experience with copyholds, and knowledge of the manorial rights and customs relative thereto, are always readily given to literary enquirers who seek his aid. The rolls of the Court possess extreme interest, presenting before us, as they do, a vivid picture of the rural population of the county during the fourteenth century. Indeed, it is hardly a figure of speech to say that we have in them a faithful photograph of village life which is not to be found in any other work. We see men and women in their tofts, surrounded by their crofts, with their gardens of pot-herbs. We see how they ordered the affairs of the village when summoned by the bailiff of the vill or township to consider matters which affected the common weal of the community; of their trespasses and wrong-doings, and how they were remedied or punished;

<sup>1</sup> "Halmota Prioratus Dunelmensis," or Durham Halmote Rolls, edited by Mr. John Booth. In editing this volume for the Surtees Society, Mr. Booth continued what had been begun by Mr. Longstaffe, whose intimate acquaintance with the antiquities of the County of Durham, and long and fruitful labours in the field of archæology, pre-eminently fitted him for the task.

of their strifes and contentions ; of their attempts, not always ineffective, to grasp the principle of co-operation, as shown by their by-laws ; and of their relations with the Prior, who represented the Convent, and alone stood in relation of lord. He appears always to have dealt with his tenants, either in person or through his officers, with much consideration ; and in the imposition of fines justice was invariably tempered with mercy.

The Court was held thrice a year, and was called the Court of the Prior. There seems to have been four different classes of tenants :—First, the villans and cotmen, who held for life ; second, the niefs, who held at the will of the lord, and were bound to reside in the vill, and supplied the labour necessary for the cultivation of the demesne lands ; third, the tenants of the demesne lands, who held for terms of years or life, and whose rents were payable to the Prior's exchequer ; fourth, the free tenants, who had a recognized estate of inheritance, and owed homage and fealty to the lord in his Court, and were subject, in some cases at least, to rent and fines on entry. The worldly goods of the tenants appear to have been of small value. Indeed, the lord frequently supplied the ploughing oxen or horses for cultivating the holding, and in a fresh demise the tenant usually entered on the tillage land once or twice ploughed, from which it may be inferred that arrangements were made for continuing the ordinary husbandry operations when the holding was vacant, so as to prevent the inconvenience which would follow on any part of the open field remaining uncultivated. The regulation also for manuring, and against the sale of manure out of the various townships, also the orders now and then met with for eradicating weeds, show a desire on the lord's part to make the most of the soil. Those who delight to trace place-names to their origin will find an interesting example on page 118, where there is an order on all the tenants of Edmondbyers to clear the ground of "gold" (*herbam vocatam gold*). In the adjoining township of Muggleswick there is now a farmstead called "Goldhill," which may be so derived. The orders made at the Court for the common weal of the townships, and which affected the relations of the tenants towards each

other, show a keen appreciation of the benefits arising from co-operation. Thus provision is made for the maintenance of a common forge, to which the smith was bound to repair at stated intervals; for the maintenance of the pinfold, and against overburdening the common pasture ground with cattle; for keeping a common shepherd and harvest-man and the payment of their salaries; for the maintenance of and heating in turn the common oven or bakehouse; for the employment of common brewers and regulating the price of ale; for ploughing to the best advantage, so as to prevent waste of ground by leaving the outsides unploughed, or water standing in the furrows, and for fixing the time for turning the cattle into the stubbles; and preventing the cattle leaving the townships without proper custody. In some of the vills the duty of tending the cattle appears to have been taken by the tenants in turn.

Among the regulations affecting the cotmen, we find them limited to pasture for five sheep, for which one cow seems to have been an equivalent, as in Wearmouth. The land occupied with a cottage was usually from four to seven acres. In Dalton we find the cotmen occupying a separate pasture, which the husbandmen are not to depasture, as they did before the murrain. In Ferryhill the cotmen are forbidden to leave the vill whilst the tenants have work to be done. The principal work of the cotmen appears to have been in harvesting on the demesnes of the manor. Under Ferryhill, the tenants are ordered to make "dols" (guide-posts), so that those crossing the moor might know the highway. We believe that it is not allowable to burden the volumes of the Surtees Society with notes, however interesting or horrific, or Mr. Booth might have introduced a chapter on the guide-post or stob which was set up on the same spot three centuries later to commemorate the murder of the Brass family. The streams, springs, and wells were protected from pollution by orders made at the Court. In East Rainton, the bailiff is ordered to arrest those who place their plough-irons in the spring. At a subsequent Court, the tenants are ordered to make a pond nigh the spring for cooling their plough-irons, so as to preserve it

from pollution. In the adjoining vill of West Rainton, the tenants are forbidden to use the common well for washing clothes and other things. Similar orders are made at Westoe against so using Holaw-Pool, reserved for watering cattle and domestic purposes, and also a water-course nigh the chapel. The community of the vill of Nether-Heworth appears to have reserved the Smith-burn for brewing and making bread, and its use for washing is forbidden. Billingham affords an instance of another nuisance from which the villagers were able to protect themselves by an order made at the Court, when Thomas Herynger is forbidden after Christmas to make "oleum" (probably fish oil) at home under the penalty of half a mark, as all the tenants complained of the smell, and none could pass without danger.

The offences for which a fine was not an exemplary punishment necessitated the erection within the vill of the time-honoured stocks.<sup>1</sup> In one instance the tenants of Shields are fined for not having a ducking-stool. Judging from the repeated warnings given to the women at the Court in every vill to restrain their tongues, we may imagine that this mode of punishment was not infrequently resorted to.<sup>2</sup> The proceedings at both Wolviston and Billingham show us that troublesome servants, like troublesome children, might be chastised by their masters under the Court's direction. We think that Mr. Booth will agree with us that it would not be wise or safe to put this power into the hands of employers nowadays.

The duties which the tenants in the village communities owed to the lord and their neighbours are further exem-

<sup>1</sup> It is not very evident from the Court Rolls who was responsible for putting the stocks in requisition. It may be that the jurors of the villages could exercise the wholesome discipline of the stocks, or that any one was allowed to hand over a delinquent to the village constable, taking upon himself the responsibility. In Norton (7th Skirlaw), there is a complaint against William Ruke for ordering the constable to place John Spurnhare in the stocks, which it was found in Court he had done contrary to law, and to his injury to the amount of 6d.

<sup>2</sup> The village scolds were well looked after, and probably over them the stocks would have a salutary *in terrorem* effect. At Sedgefield, with common consent, a by-law was ordained among all the tenants at the Cross that if any woman should cause strife, or unlawfully intermeddle in her neighbours' affairs, she should pay to the lord half a mark.



plified by the record of penalties and amercements inflicted, and of damages assessed for breaches of the conditions of their tenure, or of those rules and regulations of the community to which they were bound to conform. The tenant was obliged to repair his tenement, or his goods were liable to be seized to make good the defects. Timber could not be cut without license. In Edmondbyers, John Edeson is assessed for an oak cut down; and under Aycliffe there is a distinct charge against the vicar of pilfering young oak trees. At Willington a tenant is assessed for cultivating a crop of oats instead of beans or pease. Trespasses on the neighbours' corn, as might be expected under the open-field system of cultivation, are frequent. Hirsill, or the obligation of the tenants to send their cattle, geese and pigs from the vill under proper custody, would obviate to some extent the want of fences, but we constantly find hot disputes among the tenants from this cause, which often led first to many words and then to hard blows. Indeed, the frequent orders upon the tenants not to transgress in word or deed, or with staves, arrows, or knives, and the numerous fines for drawing knives to strike, and the volubility of the villans in court, rather suggest some points of resemblance between the tenants of the Prior and the peasantry of to-day in our sister isle.

The strength of the beer was ascertained by tasters, and the brewing of it appears to have been farmed from the Prior. It was, therefore, necessary to give brewers protection, and accordingly we find it an offence to sell beer which had been bought outside the township. In Shields, Richard Burdon, Richard Harper, and Robert Benedicite are assessed for buying beer at Newcastle and selling it at Shields, to the injury of the farmers of the brewhouse. It is curious to find the retailing of ale in the hands of the female tenants. There seems to have been occasionally a reluctance to sell off the premises, and at the price fixed by the tasters. In one instance, Alice de Bellassiis had the hardihood to sell bad beer to an official of the Convent. The assize and quality of bread sold were under the regulation of the vill, and it was an offence to sell bread baked with unsound corn; but the complaints respecting

bread are rarer than those made of the quality and price of the beer.<sup>1</sup>

The barbarous customs of "marchet" and "leyrwit" are noticed on the rolls. "Marchet" was the regular payment made by a nief on the marriage of his daughter. Amongst those fined for "leyrwit" is Preciosa, daughter of the vicar of Merrington. Incontinence was common in the villis. It does not appear on what grounds the tenants were forbidden to play *ad pilam*, if a game at football is meant, unless some element of gambling or roughness, leading to free fights, as later at Oxford, were involved in the game. There are frequent injunctions to the tenants not to play. In East Merrington the constables of the vill are charged not to allow *ad pilam* under a penalty of 40s. It may be that this game merely interfered with the practice of archery. In 1363, Edward III. commanded the general practice of archery on Sundays and holidays in lieu of the ordinary rural pastimes. In Southwick the play appears to have led to a breach of the peace, and the tenants of the Prior were in great bodily danger from the Lord of Hilton's men. Arising out of this is a curious order that the Prior's tenants, on any trespass or wrong done within the lordship, are not to seek aid from another lord, nor procure his servants to intermeddle. Poaching seems to have been as frequent in those days as it is now, with the difference, however, that the offenders then were frequently in a station of life which, we might have expected, would have placed them above temptation. In Aycliffe, Robert Chauncelor, John Cailes, and William Powys (*capellani*) are found to be common hunters. Similar presentments are made against Dominus John Gray and others in Pittington, the Vicar of Hesledon, and also against the

<sup>1</sup> A sharp look-out appears to have been kept by the neighbours that the beer was of the requisite strength. On one occasion, it may be supposed, during the hearing of these complaints, the clerk of the Court amused himself by composing the following Latin distich, written in the margin of the Roll in anticipation of the decision of the Court :—

" Tenuis est potus, et gracilis mensura,  
Si non solvatur totus in oculo sit lesura."  
[Thin is the drink, and slender the measure,  
If it be not fully paid, may he get a black eye.]

The result, however, showed the writer judged too hastily, as it is recorded against the supposed culprits (four of them) "no default."

Master of the Westpittel in Heworth, for hunting with his servants within the lord's warren, and against Willelmus Clericus de Tynemouth in Wallsend. In this vill the tenants are forbidden to keep greyhounds for taking hares. Le Hopp at Shields, where the inhabitants are very often fined for cutting "bent," seems to have been a favourite place for rabbits, and there are frequent orders not to take dogs there. In Cowpen the tenants are ordered to take the fishing net of the Master of Gretham. The lord's fisheries and fishermen were protected by various injunctions, and they in return were bound to supply the wants of the lord's tenants. In Shields there is an order against fish being sold to be taken out of the bishopric. Newcastle, however, is an exception, for after supplying the bishop, prior, and other lords, and those dwelling between Tyne and Tees, the residue may be taken thither; but this it is declared to be on account of the good-neighbourly feeling and affection the Prior had for the Mayor and community of the town of Newcastle, and for no other reason. North Shields was not similarly favoured, for the tenants are forbidden either to take or buy fish there when it can be had of the Prior's fishermen. The ferryboat was not to be used for any such purpose without the Prior's license. The tenants of Billingham were similarly to have the opportunity of buying fish, and in return they were not to buy on the south side of the Tees. Each vill had a bailiff and a harvest-man. The latter regulated the gleaners, and under Billingham we find him blowing his horn as a signal for the tenants to come and glean, and when he sounded again they were to depart. The officials before whom the Court was held as they moved from place to place had their victuals carried by the tenants. It was probably for the use of the lord's Court that the three white loaves of bread were being carried to Westoe when the servants of John Gray and his wife ate them. The tenants were also obliged to provide beds for those attending the Court. Occasionally we find a knotty point brought before the Court, as at Kirk-Merrington, where a bond tenant is sought to be made responsible for the loss of the Prior's beast of burden. The carriage to Durham was not always satisfactorily

performed. Under Billingham, those charged with the duty of conveying corn to the Prior's granary at Durham are ordered to come with sound sacks and in daylight. The perusal of these and other similar records of pains and penalties, and repressive enactments and observances, leads us to conclude that human nature in the mediæval times was pretty much like what it is now, and that, notwithstanding their marks of bondage, the poor cotmen and niefs, and other tenants of the Prior and Convent of Durham, were as happy and contented with their lot as we are with ours to-day.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mr. J. J. Stuart Edwards, of Bishop Auckland, furnishes us with a curious instance of the manner in which the origin of old customs, &c., may become perverted in the course of time. He says, "Amongst the services in kind which the bond tenants rendered to the lord was a certain number of bushels of 'oates of scate' or 'scate blade.' In process of time, as the bond tenants became more independent, this service in kind was commuted for a money payment, and in a short time the entry became 'scate blade two shillings,' and was so continued for a number of years. It then changed to 'cat blade,' subsequently to 'cat blades,' and eventually, some two hundred years or so after the entry was first found, an unusually 'intelligent official of the lord,' imagining, no doubt, that an annuity, fee farm, or free rent was referred to, took upon himself to change the entry to 'Catherine Blades, two shillings,' and it so continues in the books of the successors of the Bishops of Durham to the present day." That the payment of what was originally called "oates of scate" should in process of time, by easy gradations, come to be known as "scate blade," "cat blade," and then "cat blades," and finally assume the human form divine in the person of "Catherine Blades," is funny to the last extent, and its occurrence in the Middridge rolls of the Halmote Courts only illustrates the impossibility of perfection in philological studies.



## CHAPTER X.

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### A PICTURE OF THE EARLY QUAKERS.

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Early Meeting House at Benfieldside.—Stormy Proceedings there in 1654.—A Quaker Wedding at Darlington in 1702.—A Flowery Address to the King from Durham.

IN their total absence of ritual and in their daily life, the Quakers are said to be grave and solemn and sedate. They were not always so, however. When they first banded themselves together they were even more noisy and demonstrative than the Ranters. One of their first meetings in the North-country was at Benfieldside in 1654. The minister who had been invited to address the brethren there one night had a curious experience or visitation, which is recorded in his own hand. On his arrival he found about a score of Friends sitting amid the silence that usually characterizes such assemblies. After a while, the Spirit moved the minister; but he was no sooner on his feet than his legs began to tremble to such an extent that he had great difficulty in maintaining his equilibrium. “Whilst I prayed to God as a Creator,” he says, “there was but little disturbance; but when I cried in the name of Jesus Christ, my Mediator, then the devil roared in the deceived souls in a most strange and dreadful manner, some howling, some screeching, yelling, roaring, and some had a strange confused kind of humming and singing noise. Such a representation of hell I never heard of; there was nothing but horror and confusion.”<sup>1</sup> This continued for the space of a couple of hours, at the expiration of which the minister says that he took his departure, but not before one of the Friends had cursed him. Such was the beginning of Quakerism in Durham.

Here is an original little picture of Quaker life when it was in its infancy at Darlington. Among the first to

<sup>1</sup> “Turner on Providence.”

enlist under the banner of Fox was Lawrence Appleby, tailor and draper, living in Tubwell Row. Joshua, his eldest son, served his time to the business under his father. His indentures are dated 1682, and therein he is surrounded with restrictions which the young men of the present day would regard as exceedingly irksome, one being that he was not to frequent play-houses. At the expiration of his apprenticeship he wooed and won Grace, the daughter of another Friend, named Joseph Fisher, dyer, of Honey Pot House, near Cockerton. Their wedding took place at the Meeting House at Darlington, in 1702. The event is recorded in a parchment deed which was drawn up and signed by the assembled Friends, and as this document is probably the earliest evidence of such an event in the "Quaker town," a full copy of it is appended :—

Whereas, Joshua Appleby, son of Lawrence and Margaret Appleby, of Darlington, and Grace Fisher, daughter of Joseph and Grace Fisher, of Honey Pot House, have declared their intention of taking each other in marriage before several public meetings of the people of God (called Quakers) at Darlington, according to the good order used among them, whose proceedings therein were allowed by the said meetings, they appearing clear of all others, and having the consent of relations concerned ; now these are to certify whom it may concern that for the further accomplishing of their said intentions of marriage, this, the twenty-eighth day of the second month, in the year, according to the English account, one thousand and seven hundred and two, they appeared in a public meeting of the aforesaid people, and in a solemn manner he the said Joshua Appleby, taking the said Grace Fisher by the hand, did openly declare as followeth :—" Friends, in the fear of God, and in the presence of this assembly, I take Grace Fisher to be my wife, promising to be a faithful and loving husband unto her until it please the Lord by death to separate us." And then and there in the said assembly, Grace Fisher did declare in like manner :—" Friends, in the fear of the Lord, and in the face of this assembly, I take Joshua Appleby to be my husband, promising by the Lord's assistance to be a loving and obedient wife till it shall please my God by death to separate us." And the said Joshua Appleby and Grace, now his wife, as a further confirmation thereof did to these presents set their hands ; and we whose names are hereunto subscribed, being present as witnesses, have also set our hands the day and year above written.

Mary Tate.	Henry Grainger.	William Colling.
Mary Trueman.	Deborah Fisher.	Wm. Dobson.
Magdalen Allanson.	Ann Fisher.	Abra. Foggitt.
Dorothy Middleton.	Sarah Johnson.	William Singleton.
Mary Flower.	Eliz. Morley.	Edward Hinke.
Ann Parkinson.	Ann Colyer.	William Harrison.
Susanna Foggit.	Ann Fisher.	Richard Fisher.
Eliz. Williamson.	Macey Meggison.	Tho. Morley.

Tho. Fallowley.	Rebekah Trueman.	Sam. Fisher.
William Goulds- brough.	Eliz. Foggatt.	Robert Tate.
Robt. Gouldsbrough.	Jane Appleby.	George Collyer.
Thomas Foggitt.	Alice Gouldsbrough.	Caleb Appleby.
Thomas Stockell.	Joseph Johnson.	Christopher Appleby.
Tim. Middleton.	Richard Wilson.	Nicholas Cooke.
George Dobson.	Thomas Meggison.	Joshua Appleby.
Jno. Parkinson.	Will. Benson.	Grace Fisher.
William Dobson, jun.	Wm. Catherick.	Joseph Fisher.
	Nathaniel Waistell.	

The seventh in descent in a direct line from this marriage is Mr. Geo. W. Appleby, of Birmingham, and in his possession are family registers of that date, showing that fourteen children were born to the said Joshua and Grace Appleby. Of these, only seven reached maturity—namely, six sons and one daughter. Edward, the eldest son, who settled in the city of Durham, married Susanna, daughter of George Paxton, of that place, merchant. The certificate of marriage is dated the 12th of July, 1727, and is signed by all the assembled Quakers, forty-one in number. Edward died at Durham in 1736, his widow surviving him for the long space of 55 years. There were four children of this marriage, three of whom were alive at the time of their mother's death in 1791. William, one of the sons, who received the honour of knighthood, is a conspicuous figure in the civic annals of Durham. It was Sir William who formulated the celebrated address to the Throne on the occasion of the King's recovery to health and wisdom in 1789. Compared with the commonplace utterances of the present day, the resplendent eloquence of Sir William marks the declension of civic oratory in the once gifted and glorious capital of the Palatinate.

“Most Gracious and Potent Monarch,” says he, “Great Britain—the Queen of Isles and Pride of Nations, Arbitress of Europe (perhaps of the world), the Nursery of the Arts, Freedom, and Independence, the Terror of her Enemies and Scourge of Tyrants—is once more raised from a depending, humble situation to its present glorious and resplendent acme of power, opulence, and grandeur, by a descendant of the great and illustrious Chatham and his responsible coadjutors in administration, under the immediate direction, benign and spiritual auspices of our most gracious, potent, and much-beloved Sovereign; for whose happy restoration to the inestimable blessing of health, domestic felicity, and for the political salvation and comfort of these realms, the humble and grateful adorations to the Omnipotent be ever due. The valleys may now again be justly said to laugh and sing, and the mountains to leap for joy, praising the One Eternal for His infinite mercies.”

## CHAPTER XI.

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### MR. WILLIAM HENDERSON.

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His Family.—Theatrical Chat.—The Kembles.—Durham Theatre.—Liston Dying a Second Time.—Hooking a Poodle and a Cat.—Coquetdale.—Charlie Ebdy.—A Discredited Angler.—Searching for Dead Bodies.—A Pig's Fondness for Worms.—A Perplexed Gamekeeper.—Landing a Queer Fish.—Story of a Pair of Wading Boots.—Frank Buckland and Dr. Routh.

We twa hae fished the Cale sae clear,  
An' streams o' mossy Reed ;  
We've tried the Wansbeck an' the Wear,  
The Teviot an' the Tweed.—*Doubleday.*

THESE lines will find an echo in the hearts of many who had the privilege of a life-long friendship with Mr. William Henderson, one of the best-known men in the North-country, whose death occurred in November, 1891. Although he will no more wander with his friends by the streams which he loved so well, yet he will continue to linger in their recollection, and none but pleasant memories will be associated with his name.

The family from which Mr. Henderson descended was of Scotch origin, his ancestors having come from Fife more than two centuries ago, and engaged in farming in the western part of Durham. Mr. Henderson's grandfather, a hale old gentleman at eighty, but testy in temper and overbearing to all except his wife, whose marvellous gentleness never failed to soften the domestic autocrat, entertained the opinion that there was no occupation comparable to tilling the soil, and though his talents and turn of mind pointed in a different direction, Mr. Henderson's father was made a farmer. He never took kindly to it, however, and early in life, having married and settled in the city of Durham, he set up a loom, which eventually developed itself into the carpet factory that is now known all over England, and still bears his name.



Mr. Henderson's earliest recollections were of the river Wear. He was born in a house standing on its banks ; its streams moulded his baby thoughts, and, like a young duck, he was hardly out of the shell before he took to the water. To catch the sticks and straws which floated down the stream, combine and balance them, and set them off again in a contest of speed, constituted his earliest delight. His recollection of men and things dated back to an early period in his life, and no man was fuller of happy reminiscences of the rod and line. A warm friendship existed between his mother and Mrs. Stephen Kemble, and many of his evenings were spent at The Grove listening to stories respecting Garrick, Macklin, the Kembles and Mrs. Siddons, Kean, Macready, Liston, and others. One little anecdote of Liston dwelt in his memory. Liston had a talent for comedy, but with a strange perversity he himself declared that his true forte was deep tragedy. The manager of the Durham Theatre had no belief in Liston's tragic vein, and did all he could to set the actor right, but to no purpose. At last he gave an unwilling consent to his appearance on the boards in the character of Richard III. The house was crowded, for Liston was a sort of lion at the time, and much curiosity was felt about his present performance. For some time the piece proceeded tolerably, the audience being pre-disposed in his favour, but when the death scene at Bosworth Field came before them, the postures of the dying Richard were so extraordinary and unnatural that the gods in the gallery, generally pretty good judges, cried out with one voice, "That won't do, Liston ; die over again, die over again !" On hearing these exclamations the natural instincts of the man overcame all other considerations. He rose slowly from the ground, as if he were waking from a trance, gazed for some time at the audience, fixing his large, stolid eyes as if in a stupid stare, whilst his wonderfully mobile countenance worked and twitched as none but Liston's could ; then frantically throwing arms and legs about, he flung himself again upon the ground, and died a second time.

Mr. Henderson must have been a sad pest to his mother's household after the acquisition of his first fishing

rod. While his bait was limited to lob-worms all went well, but in an evil hour he succeeded in coaxing the cook to give him some scraps of meat for the purpose. These were soon placed upon the hooks, and he was preparing to throw the line into the water, when his mother's poodle, which had followed him down to the river, wrenched it out of his hand, and an immediate howl told the horrid fact that the dog had hooked himself. On another occasion the cat swallowed a minnow which had been left dangling on a line, and when the youthful angler rushed out to hear what was the cause of all the commotion, he saw the cook holding on to one end of the line, while Grimalkin, perched on the ridge of the house-top, with his tail and every hair of his back as erect as a maypole, held the other in his mouth. The Browney and the Wear afforded Mr. Henderson ample scope for his favourite diversion in his youth, but on reaching his eighteenth year he disdained to be cramped with the bounds of Weardale. Like young Norval, he

Had heard of battles, and he longed  
To follow to the field some warlike lord.

Coquetdale, made famous by Robert Roxby's imperishable "Garland," was at that time the point of attraction to every angler, and young Henderson was anxious to cast a fly in the streams so beloved by the aged poet and so vividly described by him.

The Coquet for ever ! the Coquet for aye !  
The Coquet, the king o' the stream an' the brae !  
Frae his high mountain throne to his bed in the sea,  
Oh ! where shall we find such a river as he ?

Under the guidance of his old mentor and friend, Charles Ebdy, he commenced operations in the stream near the famed Weldon Bridge, where he landed his first bull trout. Ebdy was a character, and his knowledge of the tricks of the honest disciples of the craft nearly got him into trouble. They had not fished long till they met a brother angler from Newcastle. Mr. Joseph Hutchinson, of Durham, was telling us the other day of a certain Novocastrian who never returned home empty-handed. "John, my dear," remarked his wife one morning as they sat together at breakfast, "those trout you brought home last night were stinking. I really wish you would catch

them fresh." On looking at the fish in the creel of his new acquaintance, Charlie noticed in a moment that the mouth of every trout was fixed as widely open as possible. Now, it is averred by knowing ones that this is the distinguishing symptom of fish that have been taken by night lines, and Charlie was not slow in intimating the fact. The result was that the discredited angler threatened to knock him into the middle of the following week, and would no doubt have proceeded forthwith to give him a taste of futurity had he not sought the shelter of a stout tree. But though Ebdy declined the combat, he was no coward. We are old enough to remember him, and it was his success in catching big eels under the arches of Elvet Bridge that fired our own zeal as an angler. In his day, he was perhaps the greatest hero in the city of Durham. His workshop was a paradise of delights, and contained a squirrel revolving in an elaborate cage, a parrot that indulged in the raciest slang, a bullfinch that piped "Jock o' Hazeldean," and a snake which took its morning drink from a saucer. He told yarns with the greatest facility and felicity, and would make your hair stand on end, and your blood curdle in your veins, by the recital of stories of ghosts and goblins. We fancy it must have been from Ebdy that Mr. Henderson drew his early inspiration for the marvellous, and it is possible that the old gentleman's wonderful tales formed the nucleus of the interesting book which he published in after life on folklore and kindred subjects. As we have said, Charlie was a character. With him lingered many old time superstitions. If some maiden, crazed by care or crossed in hopeless love, sought a refuge in some pool, he was sure to be seen at once in search of the body with a large white-bread loaf loaded with mercury, as firmly convinced that this would lead to its discovery as is the Indian when he floats a chip of cedar wood near the place where his friend was drowned, in full confidence that it will stop and turn round at the exact spot where the body rests. If a house was on fire, he was the first to reach the roof in the battle against the raging element. Like the valiant Higginbottom—

Still o'er his head, while fate he braved,  
His whizzing waterpipe he waved.

Mr. Henderson and Ebdy visited the Coquet every year, but still there were long intervals in the angling season to be disposed of, so, to keep their hands in practice, they occasionally took a day's fishing in the Wear or Browney. Mr. Henderson was fond of relating the facts of an amusing incident that happened one day. Most people know that pigs are fond of worms. Tired of fishing, they entered the little inn which stands by the side of the stream at Sunderland Bridge, leaving their rods outside with a worm at the end of each line. While enjoying a crust and a glass of beer they heard a wild grunt, and on rushing to the door a half-grown pig was seen making off with Charlie's rod. By dint of much running, he managed to seize the rod, and not wishing to break it, he followed on till, finding the pace too severe for him, Charlie caved in, and with a dexterous turn of his wrist, snapped the line, leaving poor piggy to digest the bait as best he could. These were halcyon days for anglers compared with the present. There were then few stretches of water closed to the man who pursued his sport fairly with rod and line. The liberality of owners of river property was so general that in all his fishings in the Tweed, Till, and Eden, extending over a period of eight years, Mr. Henderson was never questioned except once. That was at Nenthorn, where a gamekeeper asked him for his card. The temptation to a joke suddenly possessing him, he gave the man a card bearing his name. As he turned the bit of card this way and that in evident perplexity, Mr. Henderson bade him good morning and pursued his fishing. On returning past Nenthorn in the evening, however, the same man approached him in a towering passion, and holding out the card, asked him what he meant by giving him that thing, which he had discovered was not a fishing card at all. No doubt a "wee drap" went a long way to mollify the man's wrath at having been fooled, and no doubt, too, the angler had some misgivings respecting the morality of the course by which he had filled his basket.

An angler's life is not without adventure. Mr. Henderson had many in his day, some with a comic, others with a serious side. One day, fishing in the Dryburgh water

with a friend, the latter, in making a vigorous cast from the boat, went head and heels overboard. His own son happened to be in the boat at the time, and conceiving that he would certainly be drowned, he seized a salmon cleik and made a wild dash at his submerged sire, who was floundering with his head downwards, and succeeded in planting the cruel weapon deep in the parental buttock. Anglers are often accused of spinning yarns as well as minnows. As an honest follower of the art, our conscience tells us that the accusation is wholly undeserved and unjust. The fact is, people regard angling as such a very tame, unexciting affair, that they believe nothing marvellous or romantic can be associated with it. But they are wrong, as the following incident that happened to Mr. Henderson will show. He used to relate the facts in all seriousness, but the sceptical may, if they think fit, accept them *cum grano salis*. One evening, tired with a heavy day's fishing, he went to an inn by the side of a river, and asked the old landlady to make him some tea. While she was absent he hung up his long wading boots on a crook that was in the ceiling. She soon returned carrying a tray of crockery, but in an instant she dropped it with a crash, fell upon her knees, covered her face with her hands, and cried out, "Oh mercy, mercy! Oh, good sir, don't kill a poor lone woman!" Finding his attempts to sooth her of no avail, Mr. Henderson went in search of assistance. On re-entering the room with the servant girl, he found the poor woman gazing with a look of horror upon the boots. The maid saw the cause of her alarm, and tried to make her understand that they were only a pair of boots used for wading in the river. On realizing the fact she turned to Mr. Henderson and said, "Oh, sir, I really thought you had murdered a man and hung the legs up there!"

Mr. Henderson's love of the gentle art brought him in contact with many noted anglers. He was the pioneer of the Wear Angling Association, and in 1872 accompanied Mr. Frank Buckland and Mr. Walpole in their survey of the river. While at Stanhope a thunderstorm compelled Mr. Buckland and Mr. Henderson to seek shelter in an inn. Few men were more fertile in subjects of conversa-

tion than Mr. Buckland, and that of longevity being broached, he told Mr. Henderson that his father, the well-known Dean of Westminster, had taken him when a lad to see Dr. Routh, the President of Magdalen College, Oxford. They found the venerable old man, then in his hundredth year, seated among his books, wearing his college cap over a wig, and a gown almost as ancient as its wearer. Placing his hand on Buckland's head, the doctor said, "Remember, my little fellow, when you are an old man, that you have talked to one who has seen an old woman who had seen King Charles II. at Oxford with his spaniel dogs." King Charles died in 1685; thus there were only two persons in the chain which connected Mr. Buckland with the Merry Monarch and his spaniels of 187 years before. But can the reader say that there is nothing eventful in an angler's life when he is told that these obituary lines are being written by a brother of the rod in sight of the very books amid which Dr. Routh sat when he patted Mr. Buckland on the head, and that the writer, as he pens these last few words, touches with his hand the identical wig and cap then worn by the gentle and learned President of Magdalen.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Routh bequeathed his library to the University of Durham. His old cap and wig are preserved there.



## CHAPTER XII.

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### THE LIFE AND MIRACLES OF ST. CUTHBERT.

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Manuscript Life in old North-country English.—Cuthbert's Parentage Involved in Obscurity.—Boyhood.—Games at School.—Miraculous Stiffening of his Clothes while standing on his Head.—A Monastery at South Shields.—A Storm there.—The Monks in danger.—Cuthbert Prays and the Sea is calmed.—Ancient Rivalry between Tynemouth and South Shields.—Cuthbert as a Herdsman.—Vision of Aidan carried up to Heaven.—What Cuthbert sees in crossing Northumberland.—His Horse finds Bread and Meat.—His Subsequent Life.

IN one of the volumes of the Surtees Society, "The Household Books of Lord William Howard" (the famous Belted Will), mention is made of a manuscript life of St. Cuthbert as existing in the library of Castle Howard.<sup>1</sup> It is in English verse, and seems to have been written about the middle of the fifteenth century, and was thought to be very suitable for publication by the Society, as affording a good example of North-country English as it was spoken and written at that time, and also as embodying the whole of the history and the best part of the folklore relating to one of the most famous of our northern saints. The Earl of Carlisle having placed the manuscript at the Society's disposal, the work of editing it was undertaken by Mr. Fowler, whose facility in deciphering mediæval writings, and whose philological attainments, added to a wide acquaintance with Cuthbertine literature and art, eminently qualified him for the task.

The early part of Saint Cuthbert's life is involved in much obscurity, and the accounts given by historians relative to his origin are also extremely contradictory,

<sup>1</sup> "The Life of St. Cuthbert in English Verse," from the original manuscript in the library of Castle Howard. Edited by the Rev. J. T. Fowler, M.A., F.S.A.

several asserting that he was the son of an Irish king, and the others contending that he was of plebeian race. The Castle Howard manuscript gives him an Irish ancestry, though it does not make King Muriadac his father. The latter, according to the manuscript, was King of Leinster. There seems to have been as little love between the heads of the people in that country then as now. Muriadac's next-door neighbour was the King of Connaught, and between these royal personages there was a long-standing feud. Knowing that he was no match for Muriadac when awake, the ruler of Connaught waited till midnight, when he with his men invaded the other's kingdom, and put all to the sword, only one child, Muriadac's daughter, being spared.

Bot a lytil mayden childe,  
The kynges doghter meke and mylde,  
Hir to sla, him thoght shame,  
For gyfe he did, he lost his name.

This royal maiden, we are told, was "good and faire of shape," and when the King of Connaught returned home to his royal consort, who was childless, he carried the colleen back with him. But the royal ogress, quickly noticing her lord's amorous attentions to the Leinster damsel, made her a "slut" in the regal domain, thinking that menial work would her "fleshy fairnes to abaite." About the middle of summer it was customary for the women to embellish the Queen's chambers with branches of flowers gathered in the woods—

To fotte [fetch] byrdyns of braunches and floures  
Forto enbelysce the whenes boures.

The fair maid of Leinster formed one of the party, and during the day, becoming detached from the rest, she met the King in the wood.

It fell that by a ryuer side  
The Kyng on hawkyng went that tyde ;  
He all ane [alone] the mayden mett,  
He spake til hir hir luf to gett.

Miracles began with the birth of St. Cuthbert, who is described as a "faire knave [boy] childe," a light from heaven having illumined the house as soon as he was "in his credill laide." Cuthbert's origin is not accounted for by Bede or the Lindisfarne monk, and it is possible that there may be a germ of historic truth at the bottom of the Irish story.



While still a youth Cuthbert was brought over from Ireland and sent to school in Lothian. It is probable that his departure was facilitated by his stepdame, the royal ogress previously mentioned, who remembered “wha him gat, and of whame.” Lads were pretty much the same twelve hundred years ago as they are now. Of our hero’s school days it is related—

How Cuthbert childe stode on his croune,  
His fete upwarde, his heued [head] doune.

Cuthbert leaped (lapped) and wrestled (wrestled) with his playfellows, and none was merrier than he. It was during these boyish sports, while “som strave wha on thaire heed myght langest byde,” that there was a miraculous stiffening of Cuthbert’s clothes. We may imagine the laughing group standing head downwards with frocks and petticoats inverted and legs bared. But when it was Cuthbert’s turn to stand thus—

Whils his leggys were vp on hight,  
His clothes stode sterk [stiff] vp ryght.

South Shields is a place of high antiquity. That the Romans had a military station there is proved by the altars and other remains that have been found in recent years. Few people, however, are aware that a monastery once existed at Shields. Yet the narrative of St. Cuthbert’s life is quite clear on the point.

In takenyng [token] of this thing we rede,  
Be [by] the tellyng of Saint Bede,  
How some tyme was a monastery,  
That eftir was a nonry,  
Bot a litil fra tynemouth,  
Where saint hilde chapell standes now,  
Thar it stode some tyme trewe.

The Bollandists, Mabillon, and Smith have placed this monastery at Tynningham, on the little river Tyne in Haddingtonshire; but, as Mr. Fowler points out, that the place is here identified with South Shields is clear from the mention of the chapel of St. Hilda, which may hereafter claim a much higher antiquity than the historians have accorded it. But any doubt on the point is set at rest by what follows in the manuscript. Visitors to South Shields are familiar with the suddenness of the squalls that occasionally spring up at the mouth of the Tyne, and those who have been outside the bar in a boat

on these occasions know how difficult it is, when the wind is westerly and a strong ebb tide is running, to row in again. It was such a westerly squall that sprung up one day and bore away the boats belonging to the monks of South Shields, who, with several of their brethren who had put off to their assistance, were on the point of being drowned when Cuthbert, who was present, knelt down and prayed that this might not be their fate, whereupon the wind immediately changed and the boats were brought safely home again. The peril of the boatmen is thus quaintly described in the manuscript :—

Certayn brethir of this abbay  
 Went forthe be water on a day,  
 Trees and fowel [fuel] forto gett.  
 In slike [such] peryle thai were sett,  
 That when thai wend [thought] to row to lande,  
 A west wynde was rysande,  
 And bare the botes nere to the se.  
 Thai were likly lost to be ;  
 Thair brethir brathely wer aboute  
 To save thaim, and sent bates out.  
 Bot thai war lett be [hindered by] wynd and flode,  
 So that thai myght do na gode.

There were five boats thus imperilled, and they were driven so far seaward

That thai semed fyue litil briddes  
 Welterand the wawes in myddes,

which, translated into modern English prose, means that the boats had the appearance of five little birds weltering amid the waves.

There is a rivalry between South Shields and Tyne-mouth now, and it is curious to find this feeling existing more than a thousand years ago. The dwellers on the north bank of the Tyne liked not the manner in which the folks of Shields comported themselves, and when the boats were buffeting with the waves, and the affrighted monks expected each moment would be their last, they looked on scoffingly, and jeeringly said that it served them right.

On the north water banke  
 Stode many men were nought to thanke,  
 For thai had no compassioun  
 Of thair neghburs confusioun ;  
 Thai scorned thair maner of leuyng [living],  
 For it acorded to thairs na thing.

Before reaching his fourteenth year, Cuthbert was employed as a herdsman on the hills near the river

Leader, a tributary of the Tweed. While thus engaged, he saw in a vision the soul of Bishop Aidan carried up to heaven by angels. It was this vision that determined him to enter the monastic life. Accordingly he set off on a horse one day for the monastery of Melrose. On his way across the wild hills of Northumberland he saw many deserted holletts, or herdsmen's huts.

Hirdes holetts sowe he thare,  
Of man and beste he fand thaim bare.

These temporary habitations were called sheals or shealings in Camden's time, and he speaks of them as being occupied by the herdsmen from April to August. As night set in, Cuthbert took refuge in one of these huts. Neither horse nor rider had broken fast during the day, and both were hungry, as may be imagined. But the Providence that had watched over Cuthbert did not fail him on this occasion, for while he prayed and his horse nibbled at the thatch that covered the roof of the hut, there being nothing better to eat, the animal pulled down a cloth containing both bread and meat—probably the supper of some poor herdsman who had hidden it there for safety!

Cuthbert's life subsequent to receiving the tonsure is familiar to every student of history, and need not be repeated here. The account of the harrings of Northumberland by the Danes, the flights and wanderings of the Haliwerfolk with the body of St. Cuthbert, some remarkable miracles connected with it, the murder of Bishop Walcher, and the final settlement at Durham under Bishop William, all these are full of interest. Those who know the painstaking care that characterizes all Mr. Fowler's writings need hardly be told that a full and comprehensive index accompanies the work, and that its pages bristle with those interesting little footnotes which are the outcome of a widespread knowledge, and which, besides serving to illustrate or adorn a tale, may sometimes be used to flavour a literary banquet.

## CHAPTER XIII.

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### HUNTING AND COURSING.

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Early Hunters.—Robert Smith Surtees.—Hard Riders in the North Durham Hunt.—Mr. Taylor-Smith.—Coroner Favell.—Squire Baker.—The Braes of Derwent.—The Raby Pack.—Hardwick.—The Russells.—A Hunting Diary.—At a Coursing Meeting.

FROM the remotest ages of the world, man has assumed a right to appropriate to himself the beasts of the field, this right in all probability having been founded on the words of the first chapter of Genesis, where power is given to man over every living thing. Nimrod, the third in descent from Noah, was a great hunter.

He taught to turn the hare, to bay the deer,  
And wheel the courser in his mad career.

Saul perhaps hunted partridges in the mountains, and Samson must have been addicted to the pleasures of the chase, for he it was that conceived the novel idea of tying fire-brands to the tails of foxes which he had caught and letting them loose among the standing corn of the Philistines. If we accept less reliable authority, Pollux was the first trainer of dogs, while his twin brother, Castor, was the first who broke and trained horses. Alexander the Great kept a kennel, and had a favourite old dog with a nose as keen as his own sword. Xenophon, the celebrated Athenian general and philosopher, wrote a book on sport. He was of opinion that it habituated men to cold, heat, and fatigue, that it kindled courage, elevated the soul and invigorated the body, and rendered the senses more acute; that it retarded the stiffening effects of old age, and that the pleasure it afforded was a sovereign remedy against all mental uneasiness. The North-country pitman who thinks that there is no property in game takes his views from the jurisprudence of the Romans, who established it as a maxim that all wild animals were the





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*James O. D.*



*R. S. Surtis.*

property of him who first took them. When Julius Cæsar spoke in commendation of the people of the north, he praised their expertness in hunting and war. So late as the third century, the unconquered Britons beyond Hadrian's Wall must have subsisted almost entirely on game. A fourteenth-century manuscript shows that ladies of rank and beauty had hunting parties, without male attendants. These female Nimrods rode astride, but this indecorous custom, it is presumed, was never general.

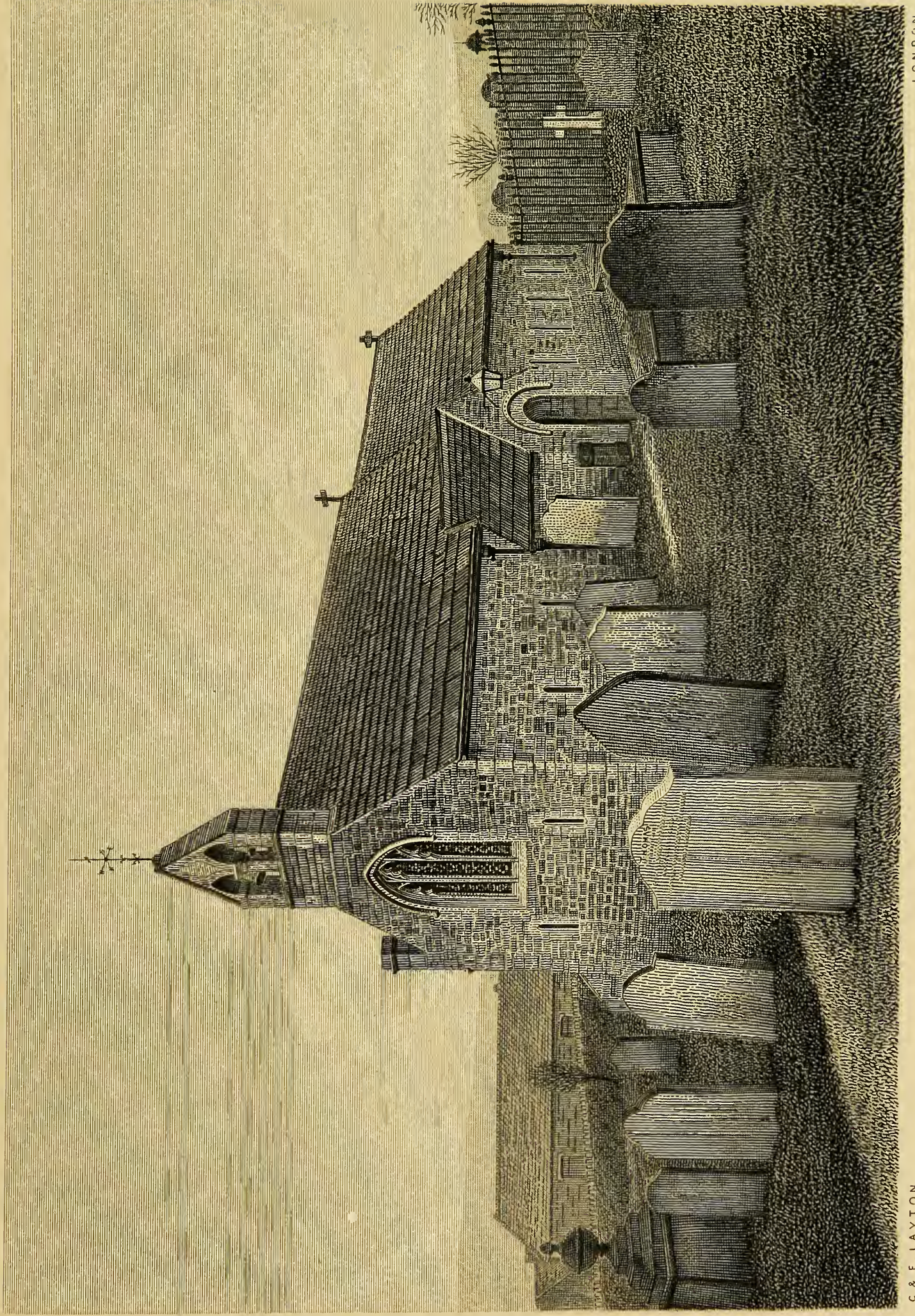
Among modern foxhunters who have rendered themselves famous in the annals of the chase, none occupy a more prominent place than the Squire of Hamsterley, Robert Smith Surtees. Having been born and bred within hearing of Mr. Ralph Lambton and his famous foxhounds, he commenced his career with some account of their doings in the *Old Sporting Magazine*. In the year 1831 he published "The Horseman's Manual," being a treatise on soundness, the law of warranty, and generally on the laws relating to horses. Very shortly after the publication of this treatise, Mr. Surtees, in conjunction with Mr. Rudolph Ackerman, started the *New Sporting Magazine*, which he edited until 1836. He contributed a series of admirable papers to *Bell's Life in London*, which were subsequently got together in a handsome volume, entitled "The Analysis of the Hunting Field"; and he also published "Hillingdon Hall, or the Cockney Squire," which is perhaps the least known of his writings. His other works, however, "Handley Cross," "Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour," "Plain or Ringlets," "Ask Mamma," "Mr. Facey Romford's Hounds," attained for their author a widespread popularity and an immortal fame. In 1841, Mr. Surtees married Elizabeth Jane, daughter and co-heir of Addison Fenwick, Esq., of Field House and Pallion Hall. He died at Brighton on the 16th of March, 1864, leaving issue a son, Mr. Anthony Surtees, who died at Rome on the 17th of March, 1871, and two daughters, Elizabeth Anne, co-heir of Hamsterley with her younger sister Eleanor, married to the Hon. John Gage Prendergast Vereker, eldest son of Viscount Gort.

Our portrait of Mr. Surtees is the only one that has ever been published, and it is said by his friends to be an

admirable likeness of the gallant old fox-hunter. His was a face to be remembered, and the likeness will not fade from the memory while his second daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Vereker, lives. This lady also inherits her father's genius and originality. Once, when Mr. Surtees was asked to support the efforts of the Durham Agricultural Protection Society, he laconically replied:—"Dear Sir,—No more agitation for yours very truly, R. S. Surtees." When his daughter was asked to lay the foundation-stone of the addition to Ebchester Church, in 1892, her reply was equally characteristic—she consented only on condition that the rector did not go to the expense of buying her a silver trowel. Before its restoration in 1876, Ebchester Church, with its tiny lancet windows, its stone altar table and piscina, was a quaint-looking place. As a proof of its antiquity, it may be mentioned that when the chancel was altered stone seats were found along its walls. In 1553 a hand-bell was in use at Ebchester. During Mr. Surtees's time, he presented two bells to the church, but one of them was stolen, and the other becoming cracked, his widow provided another pair. The bells were stolen from Medomsley and Chopwell Churches at the same time, and it is a curious fact that not a trace of any of them was ever found.

There are several hard riders at the present day among Mr. Rogerson's merry men, but perhaps not one member of the North Durham Hunt equals the late Mr. Edward Taylor-Smith in this respect. Barring Coroner Favell, who used to conduct inquests in his red coat when he could conveniently hold an inquisition and attend a meet in one day, he was the most enthusiastic Nimrod that we ever met. A few years before his death the hounds under Mr. Maynard happened to be at Colepike on the anniversary of Mr. Taylor-Smith's birthday. The old Squire was out on his favourite mount, and, happening to be asked his age just as a fox broke away, he replied, as he pulled his horse together for a jump, "Here goes ninety-five." But these combined ages of horse and rider were short of the total scored by the Squire of Elemore and his famous hunter. In his younger days, Squire Baker was looked upon as one of the best gentleman riders and







amateur boxers in England. He it was who gave the silver coal waggon that the celebrated Beeswing won at Newcastle. Some of his exploits are yet remembered. On one occasion, riding to hounds over spring corn, the exasperated farmer pulled him off his horse, and a set-to resulted. The Squire got the worst of the encounter in this instance, however, but he solaced himself by offering to give any of his jeering friends a hundred guineas to tackle the vanquisher.

Major Cowen's Braes of Derwent have an interesting record, being one of the first regularly hunted packs in the North-country. But the system of hunting has been much changed since the time when Reynard first scampered up the Derwent vale and across the banks and braes of Northumberland with hounds at his brush. Then the hounds met in the early morn, and found the fox by his drag—that is, by the line he took to his kennel on his return from a foraging expedition. The precise date when hounds were first kept entirely for fox-hunting is not known. In his "Sports and Pursuits of the English," Lord Wilton says that it was about the year 1750. Eight years later we have a record of a fox-hunt in Northumberland. After a run of twenty miles, the fox, being hard pressed, ran into an old coal pit, whither he was followed by four couple of the hounds, which were drowned. With favourable weather in January, fox-hunting is then in full swing, and Reynard is rattled about hither and thither in a manner that would have satisfied and delighted a Lambton or a Surtees, or even the master of the famous Raby Hunt. The noble owner of Raby was one of the most passionate fox-hunters that ever bestrode a horse or blew a horn. His daughters are said to have been equally fond of the sport. They knew the names of all their father's hounds, and made nothing of leaping over a six-barred gate. It must have been a sight to see the Earl of Darlington and his merry followers tearing over hill and dale while light lasted, and to behold them afterwards seated in the hall at Raby rehearsing the wonders and accidents of the day. From contemporary evidence, we fear that some of these early nineteenth-century Nimrods were rather boisterous, and somewhat given to riot at the festive board.

Few places in the county of Durham equal Hardwick for the beauty of their surroundings. In 1890, a fine May morning drew us out to Ferryhill. We were on pleasure bent, with no particular destination in view, our purpose being to catch fish legitimately, whether in stream or pond or lake was quite matterless. We had proposed going Mainsforth-wards, but got to Hardwick instead. This place was the patrimony successively of the family of that name, the Hebburns, and the Nevilles. It now belongs to Lord Boyne. At the time of our visit, workmen were preparing the place for the reception of the heir of Brancepeth, the Hon. Hamilton Russell, who has since made it the headquarters of the South Durham Hunt. There is a good-sized lake just below the house, and overlooking this expanse of water are sculptured temples and ivy-clad ruins, the whole being sheltered by fine avenues of trees of a hundred years' growth. A fine bird's-eye view of the surrounding country is obtained from the top of one of these buildings. In the distance is Bishop Middleham Church, where, tradition says, the Rev. John Brabant and a troop of soldiers forcibly ejected the vicar in Cromwell's time. The parishioners on this occasion are said to have defended the old parson right valiantly, getting possession of the pulpit, which they very properly regarded as their chief stronghold. But Brabant, not to be beaten, retreated to the chancel, and with a brace of pistols by his side, he is said to have addressed the villagers at great length from the communion table. In 1892, the present vicar, the Rev. M. B. Parker, and Canon Baily, of Ryton, contributed some interesting remarks to the *Newcastle Daily Journal* respecting Brabant's connexion with Bishop Middleham. Since this appeared, Mr. Ralph Nelson, J.P., has favoured us with a number of extracts from the minute book of the Bishop Auckland Grammar School, of which he is a governor, which conclusively fix the time of Brabant's going there. The facts mentioned by Mr. Nelson seem to have escaped the notice of previous writers, and they throw some light on the exciting events which distracted the palatinate during the civil war. On October 27th, 1635, Bishop Morton was elected a governor of the school, but under

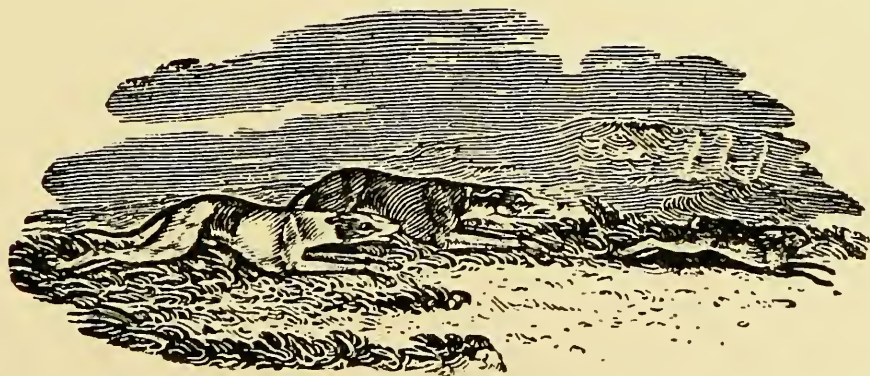
date 1640 there is an entry that Hugh Wright of Windlestone had been elected in his place. The Bishop, Dean Balcanqual, and indeed most of the Durham clergy, had fled after the victory that the Scots gained at Newburn, and Lesley was then in possession of the palatinate. This running away of the Dean gave rise to the old Durham taunt—"Run-away Doctor Bokanki," which is still applied to lads who are guilty of a mean or cowardly act. Brabant is generally supposed to have been a soldier, but whether he came over the Borders with Lesley, or was a follower of the redoubtable Cromwell, is a point which must be left undecided. It is certain, however, that he was in the county in February, 1647, since the following entry occurs under that date:—"Elected to be Master, John Brabant, during pleasure; to resign at any quarter's end if dissent." Ralph Robinson, Bachelor of Arts, was elected master of the school on the 28th February, 1651, which, according to our present style of reckoning, would be the 28th of February, 1652. This, therefore, may be accepted as the time of Brabant's going to Bishop Middleham.

The Russells are keen fox-hunters. The uncle of the present lord of Brancepeth kept a famous pack of hounds half a century ago. His huntsman kept a diary during the season of 1839-41, and from this many interesting details may be gleaned. The country hunted seems to have been the same as that now hunted by the North Durham pack, and it is pleasing to know that many of the woods and covers which held stout foxes half a century ago still exist, and continue to furnish the sinews of the chase. On October 11th, 1839, cub-hunting commenced auspiciously, one cub being killed, while six foxes were seen on foot. Three days afterwards, when the meet was at Langley Grove, two cubs were pulled down, and a dozen were seen during the day. Regular hunting began on the 4th of November. The meet was at Sunderland Bridge. A fox of the right sort was found in the woods at Burn Hall. He first ran over to Relly, evidently bent on Aldin Grange, but, changing his mind, he headed back, crossed by Broom, and after being rattled about an hour and a quarter, ran to ground in Stockerley Gill, where his

example has been followed by his kind many a time and oft since. On the 9th, there was an hour's run, which had an unusual finish. The meet was at Flass. A fox was found in Stanley Wood, whence he was taken past Ushaw College and down the valley into the Browney, in crossing which he sank and was drowned. Both hounds and field had a hard day's work on the 15th, when the meet was at Brancepeth. After being kept going two hours and a half, Reynard took refuge in a drain. It is not recorded how many empty saddles there were during the run. Those left in the field were glad to get a refresher while their winded horses stood with loosened girths, and as blood had been well-earned by the hounds, the fox was dug out and given to them. Over-riding sometimes occurred then as now, a fox being lost in this way on the 14th of January, 1840. The foxes had a partiality for the flues of Brancepeth and the drains under Burn Hall, and these they sometimes reached just in the nick of time. Mention is made of one run which lasted an hour and fifty-six minutes, during which all the horses performed several somersaults. The diarist is not often descriptive, but one or two entries are worthy the pen of an Apperley or a Surtees. On the 17th of January, Reynard had been found in Stanley Wood, and was pointing for Hedley Fell. Before reaching the latter place, he re-considered matters, and took shelter in a drain. The hounds and horsemen being drawn aside, by the aid of pick and spade he was dislodged. Fancying the coast clear, Reynard came boldly out, gave one look around him, shook his brush, and gallantly dashed down the hill, running first for Robin Proud's Gill, the whole pack making the welkin ring in his wake. After a courageous run of two hours, Reynard sank exhausted in a lane leading to Willington Burn, and died game in a ditch. The following month a fox was so hard pressed that he took refuge in a pig-stye at Woodlands Hall.

With "Saxon" as guide, philosopher, and friend, we bid adieu to musty old tomes and hied away to the West Rainton Coursing Meeting in 1891. We have fished in all the North-country streams, and have had some experience of field sports in our day, but never before had

the sport of coursing any attraction for us. There was certainly much to interest and amuse an ordinary observer. The men were intensely in earnest, and it was a study to watch their faces as the slipper, sometimes crouched behind a fence, did his work ; or when Mr. Corbett, of Chilton Moor, who superintended the arrangements and seemed to participate to the full in the men's pleasure, proclaimed that the game was afoot by raising his stick. "The black has her!" "The white has her!" and such like ejaculations given in the vernacular, alternated between the run up and the judge's decision, after which the hard-set features of the men relaxed again. The love of sport is inherent in an Englishman, and as the graceful hounds followed the turnings and twistings of the hare in the tract of country within view of the old church at Houghton, with Penshaw Hill looming in the distance, and the broad acres lying at its base, our mind's eye went over the same ground 500 years ago, when the same breed of hares afforded sport to gentle and simple. Then the ownership of dogs was limited to the farmer, and they sometimes did a little poaching on their own account, just as the miner does nowadays. And it was not confined to laymen, for in 1353 we find that William de Masham and John de Lomley, monachi, and Dominus de Hilton, were presented at the Halmote Court of Chester for hunting hares over these very fields.



## CHAPTER XIV.

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### THE HOUSE OF CLAVERING.

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Descent.—Foremost in the Baronial Wars.—Barony of Alnwick.—  
Foundation of Alnwick Abbey.—Lords of the Castle and Manor  
of Warkworth.—Manors of Newburn, Rothbury, and Corbridge.  
—Magna Charta.—Callaly.—Child Betrothals and Marriages.—  
Illustrious Alliances.

IT was the perusal of the voluminous correspondence and ancient records of the above illustrious family, placed at his disposal in the most unreserved and generous way, which first led the writer to the study of local history and genealogy. The Claverings have weathered the blasts of seven centuries, and the present representative of the family, Sir Henry Augustus Clavering, Baronet, the descendant of twenty-five generations of English gentlemen, is the only man living who can prove a direct male descent from a custodian of Magna Charta, the foundation of English liberty, the great historical crisis of King John's reign. The names of his ancestors are emblazoned on the historic rolls of our country. They left behind them brilliant mementoes of the exciting part they played during the Norman era; they fought bravely and loyally all through the fierce and incessant struggles of the Plantagenets, and were not passive spectators of the political and religious dissensions which characterized the Tudor dynasty. They were among the barons, the first order of nobility, created by the Norman Conqueror, and from these heroes of feudal times is Sir Henry descended.

What a brilliant array of images these baronial progenitors afford; what a vast field is here for those who love to study the vicissitudes of families, the complexity and ever-changing course of human affairs. In imagination, we see these brave, fearless old warriors mounting their war-horses for the last time, and watch them strike their last blow with the glittering steel. They have ridden





Woodbury-Gravure.

Yours faithfully,  
Henry A. Cabot.



on into eternity, their hopes and fears all ended, their combats and struggles for victory all over !

In his inaugural address at Edinburgh, in 1866, Carlyle remarked that the kings of England, all the way down from the Conquest to the time of Charles I., had, as a rule, bestowed their favours on men with minds full of justice, valour and humanity, and all those qualities that men ought to have who rule over others. The record of the splendid abilities and patriotic conduct of the Claverings is a remarkable verification of this fact. In the pedigrees of some of our families, children have been massacred with as little remorse as were the infants of Bethlehem, and prolific issue has been given to maiden ladies with as great facility as the father has been made to descend from the son. But in tracing the history of the Claverings there is no need to resort to the performance of such genealogical feats. By means of documents that are public and irrefutable, the family may be traced step by step, in a clear and regular series, through more than seven hundred years.

Among the nobles who accompanied Conqueror William to England were Serlo de Burgh and his brother, John Fitz-Eustace. After the Norman authority was established, and nearly the whole landed property of the country had been apportioned among the Conqueror's followers, Serlo received a grant of manorial lands in Yorkshire, returned as "wasta" in Domesday Book, whereon he built the Castle of Knaresborough, and which waste lands, during his diligent occupation, were converted into the lordship of Knaresborough. Dying without male issue, his castle and lands descended to his nephew, Eustace Fitz-John, son of the John previously mentioned, who was named "Monoculus," from having the sight of only one eye.

Eustace was one of those who swore allegiance to the Empress Maud, and he was frequently engaged upon her behalf in contesting Stephen's possession of the throne, as the early monastic chronicles testify. His first wife was Beatrice, daughter and heir of Ivo de Vesci, by which alliance he acquired the baronies of Alnwick, in Northumberland, and Malton, in Yorkshire. He was a great benefactor of religious houses, and his name occurs as

witness to the charter of foundation of the abbey of Cirencester in 1133. The abbey of Alnwick was founded and endowed by him in 1147, and three years later he founded the priories of Walton and Malton in Yorkshire. The original chartulary of the priory of Malton is in the Public Record Office. In 1157, being then

A bearded knight in arms grown old,

he accompanied Henry the Second into Wales, to adjust the quarrels of Owen Gwynneth and his brother, Cadwalader. His course was then run, however, for he was slain in the pass of Consilt, where the king himself was in great danger from the cowardice of the Earl of Essex. He only saved himself by flight, and the event is the theme of a spirited ode by Cynddelw, a contemporary bard, who, addressing the king, says :—

Knighthood, to the generous beast  
That saved thee, King, thou owest at least.

Eustace's life was passed in acts worthy of the heroism of his ancestors. He is described by the early chroniclers as "a great and aged man distinguished among the *proceres* or nobles of England."

By a second wife, Agnes, daughter of William Fitz-Nigel, Baron of Halton and Constable of Chester, he had a son, Richard Fitz-Eustace, who succeeded to his possessions. Richard left a son, Roger Fitz-Richard, who had a grant by charter from King Henry the Second of the castle and manor of Warkworth, in Northumberland. The castle of Warkworth, built in the antique style of bow and spear, at a time

When on steep and on crag  
Streamed banner and flag  
And the pennons and plumage of war,

was then the principal northern residence and possession of the Claverings, and from a sketch of its ruins, made in 1776, a fair estimate may be formed of what the stronghold of a Border Warden was like in the days when English lords and Scottish chiefs were foes, though, happily,

The martial terrors long have fled  
That frown'd of old around its head.

In a contemporary metrical chronicle of the war between the English and Scotch in the years 1173-4, written in French by Jordan de Fantosme, there is early notice of Roger Fitz-Richard and his castle. The chronicler records

the capture of William the Lion, and he gives a graphic description of the brutal ferocity of the Scottish King and his martial followers, thus translated :—

Thither came the King of Scotland with armed men and naked :  
The hills and the valleys dread his approach.

But the English barons and knights rallied after the first surprise, and following the Scottish King to Alnwick, which he had besieged, took him prisoner there.

Odinel has all his best followers summoned :  
Roger, son of Richard, has done the same of his ;  
Now have all the barons taken courage,  
And they go towards Alnwick by night in a compact body.

Roger married Adeliza, daughter and co-heir of Henry de Essex, Baron of Raleigh, and at his decease was succeeded by his son, Robert Fitz-Roger, to whom King John confirmed possession of the castle and manor of Warkworth, and also confirmed him in his possession of the manor of Clavering, in Essex, and the manor of Iver, in Buckinghamshire, which had belonged, by grant of King Henry the Second, to his father. Like his great-grandfather, Eustace, he was a benefactor to the Church. He granted the chapel of St. Mary, Warkworth, to the prior and monks of Durham, and made a rent-charge upon his mill there for the perpetual burning of lights about the body of St. Cuthbert in Durham Cathedral. He also founded and endowed the priory of Langley, in Norfolk, of which county, as of Suffolk, he was the sheriff. The following further grants were made to Robert Fitz-Roger by charter from King John :—The manor of Newburn, in Northumberland ; the manors of Rothbury and Corbridge, and the manor and barony of Whalton, in the same county. He had also a grant of the wardship of Henry de Vere, for which he paid 300 marks. On the 1st of July, 1199, he paid, or promised to pay, 300 marks to King John to have the younger wealthy daughter of Hubert de Rye, “and to marry her to a certain nephew of his,” in reality his step-son, which marriage, however, did not take place. Robert wedded Margaret, daughter and heir of William de Cheyney, and widow of Hugh de Crecy, by which alliance he acquired large possessions in Norfolk. The year of his death is fixed by confirmation of his possessions to his son, John

Fitz-Robert, by King John's charter dated the 12th of August, 1212.

John Fitz-Robert married Ada, daughter and co-heiress of Hugh de Baliol, and was Sheriff of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Northumberland. He was one of the twenty-five barons appointed to enforce the provisions of Magna Charta, and is therein described as Lord of Warkworth and Clavering. For his adherence to the rebellious barons on that occasion his lands were confiscated and he was deprived of his shrievalties, though, after the death of King John, they were restored to him by Henry the Third. In 1240, he was succeeded by his son, Roger Fitz-John, who was killed nine years later while engaged in a tournament at Argencia, in France. His son, Robert Fitz-Roger, who was about eighteen months old at the time of his father's death, succeeded him. During his minority, according to feudal custom, he was placed in the wardship of William de Valence, the king's brother. Robert was a baron by writ and a lord of Parliament, and sat as a peer when sentence was passed upon Llewelin, Prince of Wales. Between the years 1276-1309, he received no fewer than forty-nine summonses to service, twenty-five of these being summonses to Parliament. On the 18th of October, 1297, he was appointed Captain of the Marches in Northumberland, and on the 20th March, 1310, he was elected and sworn at Westminster as one of the peers to whom was committed the reformation of the State and the regulation of the Royal Household, owing to the imprudent conduct of King Edward the Second. His death occurred the same year, and among his possessions at the time was Callaly, in Northumberland, which he acquired from Gilbert Fitz-William. This property continued in the possession of the Clavering family for six centuries, until May, 1877, when it was sold to Major Browne. The charter granting Callaly to Robert Fitz-Roger is dated 6th of August, 1271, and possesses a peculiar interest, since, had it not been for its acquisition and settlement upon a younger son, Alan, the Clavering family, in the execrable primogenitive selfishness of an elder brother, would have been entirely bereft of landed estate.

Robert Fitz-Roger married Margery la Zouche. In the year 1277 he made arrangements for the betrothal of his eldest son, John, who would then be of the tender age of about seven years. The betrothal settlement is curious. In it Robert covenants that his son John shall marry Hawise, daughter of Robert de Tibetot, on Friday, the 25th of November, 1277; and that the child-groom shall endow his child-bride at the church door with one hundred *libratæ* of land. This mimic marriage was duly solemnized. Such early betrothals were usual at the time, and were speculatively arranged, in view of dower, by wealthy parents. Robert served in the wars in Scotland, Wales, and Gascony, and, with his son John, was present at the siege and surrender of Carlaverock Castle. In the interesting contemporary description of this siege known as the "Roll of Carlaverock," both are referred to as being in the Earl of Lincoln's retinue—

The good Robert Fitz-Roger  
Saw I range his banner.  
That of John his son and heir,  
Who has the surname of Clavering,  
Was not at all different.

John succeeded his father in 1310. He appears to have been of a contentious disposition, and, according to the public records, was constantly involved in litigation, even with his younger brothers. By his wife, Hawise, he had a daughter Eva, but no son. In many respects he seems to have resembled the baron Hilton, who, in a fit of despondency, ruined his family in the seventeenth century by leaving his estates to the Mayor and Corporation of London. Being disappointed of male issue, John alienated the whole of his estates to the King, by which transaction, while it augmented his income, he deprived his brothers and their descendants of a noble inheritance. The important barony of Warkworth, with the manors of Rothbury, Newburn and Corbridge, in Northumberland, and the manor of Iver, in Buckinghamshire, were by this alienation settled upon King Edward the Second. The manors of Aynhoe in Northamptonshire and Blythburgh in Suffolk, with the reversion of the manors of Clavering in Essex and Horsford in Norfolk, were settled upon Ralph de Neville, one of the baronial progenitors of the present

marquisate house of Abergavenny. John was the first of the family who adopted the permanent surname of Clavering, which he did by command of King Edward the First. He died in 1332, leaving an only daughter Eva, who was betrothed to Thomas de Audley before she was two years old. Thomas died a year after his betrothal, and his child spouse had the usual assignment of dower. A year afterwards she was betrothed secondly to Thomas de Ufford, who was slain at the battle of Stirling in 1314, leaving her again a widow. She was betrothed thirdly, and may be said to have been first married, to Sir James Audley, by whom she was mother of the chivalrously celebrated Sir James Audley, the hero of Poitiers.<sup>1</sup>

Such are a few of the names of those whose valour and martial deeds in their sovereign's behalf have shed a lustre on the House of Clavering and made them famous in the annals of our country. Their alliances have been with the leading families in England. Among those may be counted a King and Queen of the realm, a Duchess of York, a Duchess of Clarence, a Duke of Bedford, a Marquis of Montacute, an Earl of Westmorland, an Earl of Salisbury, an Earl of Kent, the celebrated Earl of Warwick, a Lord Latimer, a Lord Abergavenny, an Archbishop of York, an Earl Marshal of England, and an Earl of Northumberland. James Clavering, the twelfth in descent from Sir Alan de Clavering, was created a baronet in consideration of his services to Charles the Second, and his descendants have been no less famed in history. Few men, in fact, can point to immediate ancestors so distinguished as Sir Henry Clavering's. His grandfather was Brigadier-General Mordaunt Clavering, by whose marriage with the Lady Augusta, eldest daughter of the fifth Duke of Argyle, he is allied to that illustrious family. Among the letters at Axwell none possess a greater historical interest than those penned by his great-grandfather, Sir John Clavering,<sup>2</sup> Commander-in-Chief and

<sup>1</sup> For many of the foregoing facts the author is indebted to a privately printed and very able Monograph of the Claverings by Mr. G. Blacker Morgan.

<sup>2</sup> Under date August 3rd, 1745, there is a letter from Sir John, who was then a captain in the 52nd Foot. He was with the English troops when they were defeated by the French at Fontenoy, and in



Second in Council in Bengal, whom Burke describes as the equal and in some respects the superior of his great opponent, Warren Hastings; while his great-grandmother, the Lady Diana, was the daughter of another illustrious soldier, the first Earl Delawarr.

his letter, which is addressed from the camp at Vilvorden to his brother George, he refers to the reverses which subsequently attended the British arms. "My time," he writes, "has been so interrupted that I have had little I could lay claim to, not even that which most people dedicate to repose; nor does the sacrifice which we have made of the fine province of Flanders exempt us from the usual fatigues of an inferior, beaten army, and which daily will increase, as the motions which the enemy in all probability will soon make will render still more circumspection necessary. The taking of Ghent, Oudenarde, Bruges, with our retreat here, will undeceive many persons in England with regard to the strength of the two armies, which newspapers had made more equal by casting into the scale of numbers the national courage of England, and which, I am sorry to say, will not be found sufficient (tho' we are not degenerated from the ancient spirit of our ancestors) to balance the inequality of one to three, even giving us the superiority over them in generalship. The loss that we have sustained since the battle, of two entire brigades and a regiment of dragoons, is, alas, but too sensibly felt, so that we, who three months ago attempted impossibilities almost, are now obliged to skulk behind the canal that leads from Brussels to Antwerp for our security. We have made this morning a little movement with our army by extending it along the canal in one line. By this situation we hope to preserve Antwerp and Brussels, and cover Brabant."



## CHAPTER XV.

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### CREMATION AND BURIAL.

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Canon Greenwell among the Ancient Britons.—Early Burials.—Cremation.—Burying Bodies Uncoffined.—Burying at Midnight.—Fixing Suicides with a Stake.—Vaults in the Crypt at Bamburgh.—The Bodies of General and Dorothy Forster.—Funeral Customs and Mishaps.—Dean Whittingham.

IN 1889, Canon Greenwell was unearthing the skulls and thigh bones of the fierce Britons who roamed about the wolds of Yorkshire a couple of thousand years ago. A brief survey of the manner in which the dead have been disposed of during the past two or three thousand years will be found to embrace many curious features and points of interest.

With the exception of Egypt, where bodies were embalmed, Judæa, where they were put in sepulchres, and China, where they were buried in the earth, cremation may be said to have been the general practice of the ancient world. Dr. Farrar, the learned Professor of Divinity at the University of Durham, speaking, in 1889, to the students, gave some curious facts respecting the disposal of the bodies of the ancient monarchs of the first-named country. So recently as 1882, the secret burying-place of the tyrant Rameses II. was discovered there. The body was removed to Cairo, and here the proud Rameses, who 3,000 years ago, like a Chinese Emperor, might neither be looked upon nor approached, now lies in the public museum, unswathed, as an object upon which present generations can gaze. It was the daughter of this Rameses II. who saved Moses. Among the Greeks, inhumation and cremation prevailed at the same time. The Romans at first buried the dead without burning them, afterwards they practised cremation, and finally reverted to the first mode; but at no time was the observance in either way universal.

Excavations by Canon Greenwell in Northumberland, and in Yorkshire, show that the application of fire to the body was one of the rites which was commonly practised by the ancient Britons. The proportion of burnt to unburnt bodies differs very considerably in various districts. In the Yorkshire barrows, for instance, the former amounts to rather more than a fourth. Thus, out of 379 burials examined by Canon Greenwell, only 78 were after cremation, whilst 301 were by inhumation, or burial of the body in the condition in which it was left when life departed.<sup>1</sup> In Northumberland, however, the proportion of burnt to unburnt bodies was almost two to one—out of 71 bodies, 45 being after cremation and 26 by inhumation. Where unburnt bodies are found, sometimes they are placed in the mound without anything to protect them from the surrounding earth or stones. Sometimes a body lies in a small box of stone, or cist, at other times in the hollowed trunk of a tree, or a grave sunk below the surface of the ground. Occasionally the bottom of a grave has been laid with slabs of wood. Where burnt bodies have been deposited, the bones are sometimes placed in an urn, which usually is standing upright, but sometimes is reversed over the bones. The mouth is now and then found to have been closed with clay. Judging from the careful way in which the bones have been collected after the burning, it would only be natural to expect that some provision should have been made for protecting them from the surrounding earth, and it is not unlikely that the mouth of the urn was occasionally covered with cloth or hide. In the greater number of cases, the body appears to have been burnt apart from the place where the bones were ultimately deposited; but numerous instances occur where the calcined remains have been interred on the site of the funeral pile, which was frequently constructed over a hollow, previously made to contain the bones. In some rare cases, the bones were not collected after the burning, but were left in the position they had occupied before the fire was applied. Where inhumation took place, the body was almost always found to have been laid upon the side,

<sup>1</sup> "British Barrows," by Canon Greenwell and Dr. Rolleston.

with the knees drawn up towards the head, which is generally more or less bent forward. So invariable is the rule, that out of 301 burials examined by Canon Greenwell only in four instances had the body been laid at full length. The extent of the burning varied much, as might be expected. Sometimes the bones were reduced almost to powder ; at other times they are so little consumed that each particular bone can be recognized, whilst in some cases only a part of them has been acted upon by fire, other portions being in a perfectly uncalcined state.

To many people the idea of burning human bodies is revolting, and there is something shocking in the proposal to treat what has been the abode of a soul as if it were so much fuel or rubbish. Sentiments and feelings, as a writer on this subject in the *Durham University Journal* points out, are very real things, and we none of us like to have them trampled upon. But sentiments and feelings may be changed, as we all know from experience. Increase of knowledge would probably in many persons produce a change of sentiment. It is because all of us have frequent experience of what takes place when flesh of any kind is exposed to the rapid action of fire, and so few have any experience of what takes place when it is exposed to the slow action of the earth, that so many people think it a very horrible thing to burn a corpse, yet see nothing horrible in burying it. Probably to have once seen a human body after it had been buried for some months would produce an entire change of opinion on that point.

There can be no doubt that cremation was in general use in this country until the fourth century, when it was prevented in great measure by the Christian doctrine of the resurrection of the body, and partly also by the notion that the Christian's body was redeemed and purified. It is not quite clear when the present mode of burying in a coffin came into use. Probably it may startle some people, and remove much sentiment on the subject, to be told that until quite recent times, down to the middle of the last century, in fact, it was usual to bury poor people in our churchyards without any coffin at all,

the corpse being simply bound up in cloth and conveyed to its last resting-place in the parish bier or coffin.<sup>1</sup>

There is an amusing instance of the custom in a play, "The Return from Parnassus," which was acted in St. John's College, Cambridge, between the years 1597-1601. Percival, a country fellow, thus addresses Philomusus, a Cambridge scholar, who, for want of other employment, had been compelled to accept the office of clerk and sexton of a parish:—"Now, good man Sexton (the spelling is modernized), I send to you to bid you toll for my good old father, that God hath taken full sore against my will, and I pray you, good man Sexton, make him a good large grave, that he may lie easily; he could never abide to be crowded in his lifetime, and therefore he was wont to chide with a good old woman, my mother, for taking too much room in the bed, more than was fit for a woman of her condition and place. I will see him as well as I can brought to his grave honestly; he shall have a fair coverlet over him, and lie on a good flaxen sheet, and you and the rest of my good neighbours shall have bread and cheese enough. And I pray you, good man Sexton, lay two or three good thick clods under his head, for I'll tell you of a country fellow he was as squeamish in his bed as ye would wonder at; he could not abide to lie low, inasmuch that he was wont to put his leather breeches and his cotton doublet under his bolster." We believe that we are not far wrong in saying that the last-named homely custom is still followed in many parts of the country.

There is evidence of the custom of burying uncoffined bodies in most of our parishes. The usual charge for the use of the parish coffin was sixpence, but when the dead body of a child was carried on the parish bier only one penny was paid. The Vicar of Pitlington has told us much that is new on this subject. In the year 1614, the churchwardens of St. Oswald's, in Durham, make a money payment for coffins "for to bringe the dead corpses to the church in," and in 1666 there is a further payment of 14s. for a new coffin. When the Yorkshire Architectural

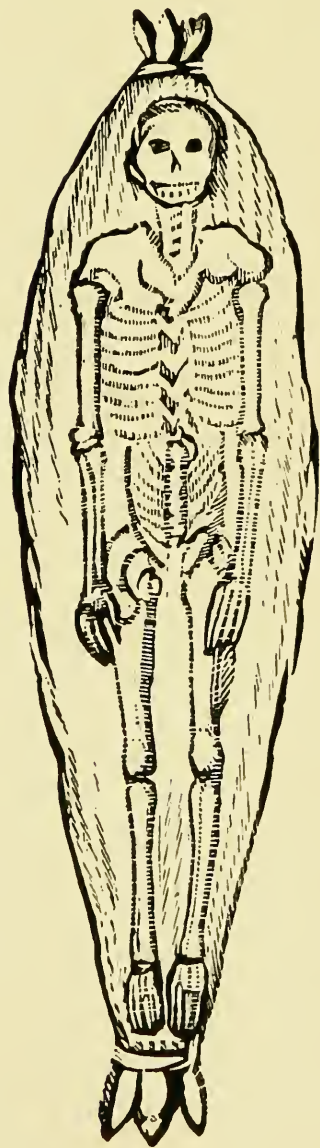
<sup>1</sup> "Durham Parish Books," Surtees Society.

Society visited Howden in 1885, a parish coffin of oak was found there, still preserved, though dilapidated. It was of the usual coffin shape, but with the ends made for a coped lid. There used to be a custom of burying people at midnight. Many people were buried in St. Nicholas's Church, Newcastle, in this way. Torches were used at the funerals of the great in the sixteenth century, but in more recent times tapers and flambeaux were substituted. Why the practice of burying the dead at midnight was followed so long is not quite clear, and is the more surprising when it is remembered that suicides were interred at this hour, with a stake driven through the body. This "fixing of the body" was thought to get rid of corpse and ghost together, and, from the practice having been followed in Northumberland and Durham so late as the second decade in this century, shows how superstition lingered with us. To this day some tribes in Guinea throw their dead into the sea, in the belief that evil spirits cannot rise from the deep. The Kamtchadales keep special dogs for the purpose of consuming the dead, reconciling themselves to this custom by the doctrine that they who are eaten by dogs here will drive fine dogs in the other world. Certain tribes of the ancient Scythians are said to have eaten their dead, and Burton alleges that at Dahomey the body of a person killed by lightning is not buried like others, but is hacked to pieces and eaten by priests. Skertchley, however, says they do not actually eat it, but only make-believe to do so; but the make-believe is probably the survival of what was once the reality. Certain of the American tribes bury their children in a separate grave-yard from adults, and others bury them by the wayside, that their souls may enter into persons passing by. The New Zealander's method of expressing his grief on the death of a friend is to daub himself with red pigment and gash his body with broken shells. The Hawaiians also disfigure themselves, knock out their front teeth, cut off a finger joint or an ear; and on the death of a king, which it is to be hoped is not of frequent occurrence, the nation feigns universal madness, and murders, robs, and commits all manner of crimes as a ceremonial expression of a sorrow which has driven them frantic.

In the township of Cornforth, in Durham, there is a farm called Stobcross, which derives its name from being the burial place of a man who had committed suicide by drowning. Some years before, he had deceived a poor girl, who put an end to her life near a ruined dovecot, which had been the place of meeting with her traitor lover. Some of the old people of Cornforth declare that her spirit still hovers round the spot in the form of a white dove, with three distinct crimson spots on the breast. But the barbarous custom of burying suicides in this way was prohibited by an Act passed in 1823, requiring the coroner to direct the private interment, without religious rites, within twenty-four hours after the inquest, and between the hours of nine and twelve at night, of those who have committed *felo-de-se*. Christian burial, as we know, was denied by canon law after the Reformation to all excommunicated persons, suicides, criminals, usurers, schismatics, and heretics, and this led to many instances of burial in private places.

The examination of old vaults seems to have had a charm for the first warden of the University of Durham, the gifted Archdeacon Thorp, who found the coffin containing the bodies of several members of the Forster family. The circumstances are interesting. On the 24th of September, 1847, the Archdeacon's curiosity led him into the crypt beneath Bamburgh Chancel. On a rude stone platform were five coffins. The first was perfect, and contained the body of Mr. Bacon Forster, of Adderstone, who died in 1765. The second contained the body of Fernando Forster, who died in 1701. The coffin had fallen to pieces, but there were traces of a whole figure. The leg and thigh bones were entire, and in place of the skull, on which the coffin lid had fallen, was a mass of dust like white lime. This was the Forster that was said to have been murdered at Newcastle by Fenwick of Bywell. There had been a long-standing feud between the two, and at length, during the Assize week, when the principal gentry of the county were assembled at Newcastle, Forster challenged Fenwick to combat. At the outset, Forster slipped and fell on his back, and while lying in this position his adversary ran up and stabbed him through

the heart. Vengeance, however, was speedy, for Fenwick was executed at the White Cross the month following. In the third coffin was the body of John or William Forster, who died in 1700. The coffin was in much the same state as the preceding, with the difference that the skull was perfect. The fourth coffin contained the body of General Forster, the leader of the Northumberland rebels, whose incompetence was so fatal to the youthful Lord Derwentwater and his colleagues. The body was brought from France in 1738. The outer coffin of elm was entire and strong. The body rested in sawdust, closely packed. The linen clothes were there, and the Archdeacon saw that one of the legs was fleshy and perfect. In the diary of Lady Cowper, Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princess of Wales, and daughter of John Clavering, Esq., of Chopwell, there is a curious testimony to the General's incompetence. Forster was her cousin, and "the messengers," she says in her diary, "had been down in the summer to take him up, but he



had hid himself at my cousin Fenwick's of Bywell, so they did not get him. I conjecture that it was for the sake of his uncle and aunt (Lord and Lady Crewe) that he was made general, and not at all from the fitness of the thing, for he had never seen an army in his life. The concern and agitation of mind which my Lady Crewe had, for fear the messenger should take him up, killed her, for she fell into convulsions and died in four days." The fifth and last coffin contained the body of Dorothy Forster, who was buried in 1739. The coffin had fallen to pieces, and the remains were not consumed. The ribbon which had confined the jaw of the corpse was lying near it. A note inserted by Archdeacon Thorp says that Dorothy married Armstrong, afterwards of the Friars, an inferior person. It is asserted by Sykes and other local writers that Mrs. Arm-



strong died in 1771, at an advanced age, but this statement appears to be negatived by the evidence given by Archdeacon Thorp, who adds:—"This General Forster was delivered from prison, after being condemned to death for rebellion, A.D. 1715, by his sister Dorothy, now lying by his side. She rode to London on a double horse, behind an Adderstone blacksmith, in the quality of a servant, and procuring an impression of the prison key, liberated her brother." In another note, written a little later, Dr. Thorp says:—"The bodies, formerly exposed, are now carefully deposited in brick graves beneath the floor."

The early denizens of Northumberland appear to have been a hard-headed, jolly, frolicsome lot, full of generous feeling towards each other. Many of them were confirmed toppers, and during the long nights, when the snow lay thick on the ground, and out-door work was suspended, they used to go to the little inn at Elsdon and spend their time in drinking and card-playing. Shortly after one of these drinking bouts, an old laird, who was renowned for his drinking powers, died, and while his friends in the long procession were escorting his remains to Elsdon Churchyard, it occurred to them, as they passed Otterburn, that they ought to call at the inn there, it being known that the old laird himself always did so. However, as evening was closing, and they still had some distance to go, it was decided to push on without calling, and the hearse was fording the stream, which had no bridge across it in those days, when one of the wheels struck against a stone, and the coffin was thrown into the water. This accident was taken as a stern rebuke from the dead man, who had never been known to pass without drinking, "and he has taken his last drink now," said his friends, as they picked the coffin out of the water and replaced it in the hearse. So impressed were they that they instinctively retraced their steps to the inn, where they had glasses all round, after which they continued their journey to Elsdon.

This mishap in some respects resembles what took place at the burial of the Greystoke miller. He died about the middle of last century, and appears to have been in every

respect a second edition of the Elsdon worthy. He loved home-brewed, and was regarded as the best-hearted and jolliest fellow within twenty miles. When a person died at this time, the whole countryside flocked to his funeral, and when the miller was gathered to his fathers, at the ripe age of four-score and ten, it was found that he had left in his will the sum of twenty pounds wherewith to provide meat and drink to all who attended his funeral. Much of both was consumed, it need hardly be remarked, and when the body of the miller was lifted it soon became evident that the mourners had imbibed too freely. The Clerk of Greystoke, who headed the procession, did his best to walk erect, and with a dignity and sedateness of manner befitting the occasion; while the bearers also endeavoured to keep in a straight line with each other and the hearse. The fog of a November evening was falling when the company reached the road leading to the church; but by some means or other, instead of keeping to the right, they turned to the left and went in the direction of Penrith. They had not gone far till they met old Squire Huddleston, of Hutton John, who, concluding from the unsteady appearance of the mourners that something was wrong, commanded the procession to stop, and inquired if the miller had desired his remains to be carried to market before burial. As may be imagined, there was great dismay among the leaders, each casting the blame on the other for the mistake. Having retraced their steps, the party at length reached the church, but found that the parson, tired of waiting, had gone home. While a messenger went off in search of him, the bearers shouldered the coffin, and preceded by the clerk, prepared to enter the church. Now, it so happened that there were three steps down from the porch, and forgetting this fact, the clerk fell head-foremost into the church, the six bearers following immediately in his wake tumbling pell-mell after him, the coffin falling on the top of them with a crash, and the violent concussion bursting open the sides and revealing the shrouded body of the old miller. The affair created a great sensation at the time, although everybody immediately concerned did his best to hush it up. By common consent, the whole blame was put upon the poor clerk,

who is said to have presented a pitiable and humiliating spectacle as he took his place in his little desk the following Sunday morning.

When it is remembered how sparsely the district was populated, it need not be matter for wonder that the old lairds imbibed somewhat freely during the long winter nights. They had little else to do, and no rational enjoyment being within reach, they were obliged, as they put it, to drink in self-defence. The Rev. C. Dodgson was Rector of Elsdon in the middle of the last century, and in a letter to a friend he gives a curious picture of his solitude and every-day life there. "I am obliged," he writes, "to be my own surgeon, apothecary, and physician, for there is not a creature of that profession within sixteen miles of me. A clog-maker combs out my wig upon my curate's head by way of a block, and his wife powders it with a dredging-box. To keep myself warm, I lie in the parlour between two beds." In another letter, speaking of the cold, he says, "I am deprived of everything save my reason, though my head is entrenched with three night-caps, and my throat is fortified with a pair of stockings, twisted in the form of a cravat."

In former times people liked to have a good, respectable funeral. Among the upper classes, those who could write sent invitations to all their friends, while poorer people sent "bidders," funereal-looking individuals, who may still be seen going from house to house, generally of an evening, in remote country places, where old customs die hard. We possess an old invitation to a funeral, and its quaint politeness tempts us to give it without alteration:—

Sir,—Wee are heartily sorry to invite you to Newhall on this dismal occation, but as It's a Debt which we all must sooner or later pay, hope you'll honour my Sister and I with your company on Thursday next by 11 o'clock in the forenoon, in order to attend her Husband's Corpse to Lanchester Church; and the favour will always be acknowledged by the Family, and, Sir, your most Obedient, Humble  
 G. WHITTINGHAM.

Newhall, October ye 8th, 1751.

This missive is addressed to George Clavering, Esq., of Greencroft. George Whittingham was the son of Zachariah, and brother to Timothy Whittingham, whose daughters Elizabeth and Sarah carried portions of the estate into the Hunter and Cookson families. To the

letter is pinned an indenture, dated 1690, whereby Zachariah Whittingham, of Newhall, in the parish of Lanchester, grants to Sir James Clavering, for a period of forty-two years, certain tithes within the Manor of Greencroft, at the yearly rent of £4. The Whittinghams traced their descent from the celebrated Dean Whittingham, of whom there is a most interesting account in a letter which has come into the writer's possession. It was written by Mr. Geo. T. Edwards, secretary to the British and Foreign Bible Society, and is addressed to the Rev. John Dingle, late Vicar of Lanchester. The document, as will be seen, possesses considerable historical interest.

Lake View, Windermere, 28th December, 1875.

My dear Sir,—You may remember my calling upon you a few weeks ago to inquire about William Whittingham, who was a native of your parish, and the translator of the Genevan New Testament, the version that preceded our present authorized one. The principal particulars about him are as follow:—He was the son of William Whittingham, Esq., of Holmset, afterwards called Holmside Hall, in the parish of Lanchester. He became a commoner of Brasen-nose College, Oxford, in 1540, having been born in 1524. He made such proficiency that he was elected Fellow of All Souls in 1545, and was afterwards chosen one of the senior students of Christ Church. In May, 1550, had leave granted him by the Dean and Canons to travel for three years, and went to France, spending a year and a half at Paris and Orleans University. Soon after his return, Edward VI. died, and during the troubles of Mary's reign he again went off to the Continent, and ultimately settled at Geneva, where he translated and printed an edition of the English New Testament, for which Calvin wrote a preface. He was also pastor of the English exiles at Geneva, and, with the help of others, he afterwards brought out the whole English Bible. It was a revision of Tyndale's version. Returning to England after the accession of Elizabeth, he afterwards became Dean of Durham, though never episcopally ordained, and he died in 1579. The curious point in his history is that he is said to have married a sister of Calvin, and in Browne Willis's book, "A Survey of the Cathedrals," as well as in Hutchinson's "History of the County Palatine of Durham," the epitaph is given from a monument erected to him in Durham Cathedral, as follows:—"In obitum doctissimi viri Gulielmi Whittinghami, Decani olim Dunelmensis. Mariti Catherinæ sororis Johannis Calvin, Theologi, qui obiit anno 1579." This monument, it seems, was destroyed with others by the Scots when they invaded England in 1640. But when I was in Geneva, in 1866, I inspected the records of the English exiles in the Public Library, and found the following:—"William Whittingham of Chester, in England, and Catherine Jaquemayne of Orleans, in France, were married November 15th, 1556. Presented a son for baptism 17th August, 1557." Chester must either be a contraction for Lanchester, or refer to the Chester Ward of the County of Durham, the county being divided into four wards, and Lanchester being in the Chester Ward. But how came the fact to be stated that he married Calvin's sister? If you can help to clear that up, I shall be glad.—I am, sincerely yours,

GEO. T. EDWARDS.

## CHAPTER XVI.

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### OLD NEWCASTLE TRADESMEN.

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Past and Present Tradesmen Compared.—Tyneside Tradesmen in 1714-42.—Old Clockmakers.—Cost of Living.—Workmen's Wages.—Ancient Rents in Newcastle.—Paying the Christmas Bills a Hundred Years Ago.—Old Newspapers, Booksellers, Printers, and Stationers.—Saddlers and Coachmakers.—Tailors, Drapers, Grocers, and other Tradesmen.—Newcastle Doctors.—Early Engraved Bill-heads.

WHAT a mighty change there has been in Newcastle during a hundred years! The early tradesmen were content to live in unpretending chares and alleys, and opened out their own shops every morning hours before many of the present generation of shopkeepers are astir. Their sons carried out the goods and wares, and the lads themselves were not too proud to engage in this sort of labour. Tyneside had no network of railways then, and when a country customer wanted his goods they were carried on the shoulder of the son or apprentice, whose breakfast that morning had consisted of a good hasty pudding with skimmed milk to wash it down. Lads thought nothing of going three or four miles with a bag of flour on one shoulder and a large basket filled with groceries on the other arm. There were then many good families in business, with better blood in their veins than some of those who now think it derogatory to be in business or engage in commerce.

Much interesting and valuable information respecting these old tradesmen is given in the Household Books of the Claverings, and in sheafs of old receipts, which are still preserved. As little is known of the men who created the trade and commerce of Newcastle and the neighbourhood last century, we shall endeavour, by giving extracts from both, to give the reader some idea of the tradesmen living on Tyneside in the time of the first and second Georges.

The name of an early clockmaker occurs in 1714, when George Wheatley was paid 2s. for cleaning a clock. Mr. Peter Potts was paid £1 1s. 6d. for a pound of Bohea tea, Mr. Todd 10s. for a couple of livery hats, and Anthony Kell 14s. for making two liveries. A black mare cost £5 10s., a Keyley bull £1 14s., a cow and calf £4 12s. 6d., while £7 15s. was paid for a pair of oxen bought at Stagshaw. During hay harvest, William Bell was paid a shilling a day while he mowed, and at other times 8d. per day. Black cloth was 18s. per yard, a swill 2d., a thrave of oat straw 4d., chimney sweeping 2d., and when the new maid was engaged she received a shilling earnest money. Half-a-crown was paid for a pound of wax candles; and Robert Golightly received £1 15s. for a wig. In 1715, we come across the name of another local watchmaker, "Mr. Joseph Harrison, looking to my watch yearly, 2s. 6d." William Turton was paid fourteen pence a day for sawing wood, and was twenty-three days in sinking a well, for which he was paid at the rate of sixteen pence a day. Seven shillings and sixpence was paid for breaking the gray mare, and £1 12s. for four anchors of ale. A pair of cart-wheels cost £1 1s. 6d., and £1 4s. was paid for putting out two cows to grass during the summer. Stuff bought of Mr. Ralph Paxton for a pair of breeches cost 9s. 5d.; a dozen pints of sherry, 8s. 4d.; and at Candlemas Peggy Ward received 12s. 6d. for her quarter's wages. In 1716, Grace Smith was paid 7s. for a bedstead; Dorothy Miers 1s. 10d. for a frying pan; and Nicholas Emmerson 18s. for two tables. Two black leather skins for breeches cost 7s. 6d.; a Dutch cow was sold to Philip Carr for £4 5s. 6d.; and 5s. 6d. was paid for a pair of gray worsted stockings. Snuff cost half a guinea a pound in 1719, and under March 2nd, 1721, is the entry—"A tooth drawing 10s. 6d.," but the name of the dentist is not given. In 1723, Archibald Watson was paid five guineas for a setting bitch, and Mr. Shadforth, the barber, £1 10s. for a year's salary. When Andrew Wood was unable to pay his rent, 5s. 4d. was paid to the sale caller for calling his goods, and the auctioneer's charge for selling them was 3s. 10d.

Under date 1737, James Anderson is paid 10s. 5d. for glazier work done in Cow Gate, and John Holliday £1 8s. 1d. for bricklayer work in Middle Street. It seems that at this time bricks were 10s. per thousand, and Mr. Holliday himself charged 2s. per day for his labour. Joseph Langstaffe was paid a couple of shillings for half a hundred pantiles, and George Hare ten shillings for two iron shutters for the ovens in Mr. Pooly's house in Middle Street. Mr. Thomas Swinhoe paid £4 15s. for half-a-year's rent of five rooms and a shop in the Close, and Mrs. Sarah Kell's yearly rent for a shop in the same place was £2 5s. Mr. Thomas Wilkins paid £1 15s. half-yearly for three rooms and a garret in the Javil Group. At this time Mr. John Cook was secretary to the Company of Bricklayers, and he was paid 12s. for six bowls of lime. John Dixon, plumber, was paid £1 11s. 6d. for putting up a new lead cistern, the lead used being valued at 2s. per stone. On the 20th December, 1738, 8s. 8d. was paid for a year's *Durham Courant*. James Chilton was paid 5s. for a salmon, Joseph Brantingham 12s. for four bowls of potatoes, and half a ton of hay cost 10s. Mr. Thomas Cockram was paid 1s. 8d. for a pair of ham-sticks, £1 4s. for a long cart and two axletrees, and 5s. for a pair of cart limmers. In 1740 there is a payment of a pound to Henry Handcock for a new plough and a long cart, and Richard Turner was paid at the rate of 3s. per day for leading hay with his horse and cart. John Miers's charge for making two sheriff's liveries was 10s., and for altering two waistcoats 1s. 6d. Anthony Nicholson charged 8d. for altering two bolts and mending the lock of a house in Denton Chare. Three guineas was spent at Dr. Askew's christening in 1742; and £2 was received for the Blaydon Fishery.

Having thus taken a general survey of the old tradesmen and the prices of their goods during the years 1714-42, let us try to picture to ourselves what Newcastle must have been in 1786, and having done that, to imagine ourselves jogging Newcastle-wards with well-lined pockets for the double purpose of making our marketing and paying the Christmas bills. Our first halt is at the *Newcastle Courant* Office, where we take Mr. Thomas

Saint's receipt for two years' papers. The *Courant*, as everybody knows, made its first appearance in 1711. It was printed by Mr. John White, and was the first newspaper published north of the Trent. Mr. White died in 1769, and was succeeded by Mr. Saint. Bidding Mr. Saint good-day, we step over to Mr. David Akenhead's, and pay his bill for stationery and binding. Running our eye over it, we find that a hundred quills cost 4s., a pint of ink 8d., half a ream of foolscap 10s., a stick of red wax 6d., a quire of fine cartridge paper 1s. 6d., and two quires of white brown 6d. Two quires of demy paper cost 4s.; ruling it, with 44 lines to a page, cost 7s. 4d.; and binding the whole cost 4s. 6d. more. Binding "Dodsley's Annual Register" in calf cost 1s. 9d., and 9d. was charged for Moore's Almanack. Before proceeding to the market we must look in at Mr. Charnley the bookseller's shop. He pockets our £3 with a smile, and hopes that the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth volumes of "Tristram Shandy" arrived to our satisfaction.

We must now look for something more substantial. Reaching the market we pay 7s. 10½d. for 10½ lbs. of butter, being 9d. per lb.; a forequarter and loin of veal cost 10s. 4d.; a couple of rabbits, 1s. 4d.; seven chickens, 4½d. each; six tongues, 14s.; 200 apples, 5s.; a bushel of salt, 5s.; 13 stone of beef, £2 7s. 3d.; a twenty-pound cheese, 7s. 6d.; 12 lemons, 2s. 6d.; two chickens, 1s.; three spring mouse-traps, 1s. 6d.; two tin pots, 6d.; four mops, 4s.; a basket, 7d.; two chamber pots, 1s. 2d.; two basins, 1s.; 44 lbs. of mutton, 10s. 1d.; four ducks, 2s.; six geese, 9s.; a turkey, 1s. 6d.; ten small cups, 1s.; six square jelly glasses, 2s.; six large brown dishes, 2s.; eight galley pots, 2s. 1d.; 12 small brown dishes, 2s. 3d.; six quart mugs, 1s.; 14 small mugs, 11d.; and 4 cream-coloured gill mugs, 6d. A peck and a half of oatmeal for the chickens cost 3s. 6d.; a gallon of E liker (Alegar?), 1s. 4d.; six sweetbreads, 3s.; a veal's head, 1s. 6d.; calf's feet, 4d.; six sheep rumps, 2s.; 500 damsals, 1s. 8d.; a stone of flour, 2s. 8d.; 12 lbs. of honey-comb, 12s.; 100 oysters, 2s.; and a stone of pipe-clay, 1s. 3d.

The saddler's bill has remained unpaid three years, and our next visit is to Mr. Gabriel Marley's shop. A shilling,



we find, is charged for a snaffle-bit to a bridle ; 5s. for two seven-barred curry-combs and brushes ; half-a-crown for a snaffle bridle ; 18s. for a pair of black strong leather bags ; £1 5s. for a plain hog-skin saddle, with stirrups, leathers, and girths ; 5s. for two large sponges ; and 13s. for six strong white collars. Eighteenpence was paid for a muzzle for a dog, 10s. for two long shay whips, 1s. 6d. for three pairs of hostler straps, 1s. for three pairs of pistol straps, 5s. 6d. for a strong cart trapping, 3s. 6d. for a strong cart saddle, and £2 2s. for two black velvet caps with silver girdles and tassels.

In Mr. Edward Charlton's bill for clothing and drapery goods is a charge of £5 10s. 3d. for 21 yards of cloth for great-coats, and £3 17s. for 14 yards of frock cloth. William Bell charged 6d. for mending a mourning coat and waistcoat, 3d. for mending a pair of breeches, 11s. for making a suit of livery, and 7s. 6d. for a postillion jacket and stable waistcoat. Alan Greenwell's bill for 34 bolls of oats was £6 16s., being at the rate of 4s. per boll. Mr. Slack's bill for five papers of Ormskirk Medicine for the bite of a mad dog amounted to £1 6s. 3d. The horse-shoer, Thomas Price, charged 6d. for shoeing a saddle-horse, and 8d. for a coach-horse. Isabel Chambers charged £2 for the water-carriage of 24 tons of bark from Blaydon to Newcastle, being at the rate of 1s. 8d. per ton. George Brummell, for a mahogany chest of drawers, charged £4 4s. Devergy Lisle's bill amounted to £9 9s., and included £2 2s. for a large dressing-glass, £1 11s. 6d. for a Pembroke table, £4 14s. 6d. for a mahogany chest of drawers, and £1 1s. for a new glass to an old frame. M. and J. Callendar, nurserymen and seedsmen, of the Orange Tree, Middle Street, charged 9s. 8d. for apple and plum trees. R. Spence receipted Mr. John Roddam's bill. Mr. Roddam was a linen draper, haberdasher, and tea dealer at Gateshead. Twelve yards of diaper cost 13s. ;  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of linen, 1s. 10d. ; 2 oz. of thread, 7d. ; 4 yards of Russia diaper, 2s. 4d. ; 3 yards of double-milled baize, 5s. ;  $24\frac{1}{2}$  yards of yard-wide fine calico, £1 16s. 9d. ; and 25 best quilting needles, 4d. John Lonsdale's half-year's salary for killing rats and mice was 15s., and Thomas Raw was paid £16 for 40 wether sheep.

Surtees, Johnson, and Co., wine merchants, were paid £50 for a pipe of red port. Messrs. Rudman and Hall charged 3s. 6d. for a pound of coffee. Joseph Bell, "painter at the St. Luke, High Bridge," for painting the outside of 43 windows, containing 768 squares, charged £3 4s. He charged £18 7s. 11d. for painting 883 yards of dead white, and £8 16s. 6d. for 706 yards of fine water white, and £7 3s. for staining 143 yards a pea green. Eight shillings was charged for painting and lettering two boards for man-traps and finding the boards; 2s. was charged for 6 lbs. of putty, £2 5s. for cleaning and varnishing 18 pictures, £1 16s. for 12 lbs. of fine green paint, 2s. for a quart of varnish, and 1s. 6d. for 3 gills of turpentine. Dr. Ingham's account for medicine is made up of gargles and night draughts. The former cost 3s., and the latter 1s. Dr. Rayne's is more varied. A dose of physic cost 6d.; a visit, 2s.; physic again, 6d.; a dose of rhubarb, 6d.; drops, 6d.; bleeding, 1s.; opening and curing a large tumour in the neck, 5s.; an embrocation, 1s.; a large bottle of drops for the housekeeper, 1s.; a purging infusion for the same, 1s.; and the mixture repeated, 4s. 10d. Hadwen Bragg, the founder of the firm of Messrs. Bragg and Company, did not begin business at the end of Mosley Street, as a linen draper, mercer, haberdasher, and hosier, until a year after the above bills were paid, but we possess several of his accounts for subsequent years. He was one of the first tradesmen in Newcastle to use an engraved bill-head, and in one of these, to which Mr. Bragg's receipt is affixed on a twopenny stamp, we find that in 1794 half-a-dozen lawn pocket-handkerchiefs cost £1 2s.; 26 yards of stout calico, £1 3s. 10d.; and 10 yards of tape-striped dimity, 19s. 3d.; whilst a couple of bordered muslin handkerchiefs cost half-a-guinea each. A good deal of interest attaches to these early engraved bill-heads. The earliest that we have ever seen bears the name of Samuel Brewster and R. Rich, coachbuilders, and is dated 1760.

## CHAPTER XVII.

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### PENANCE.

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Indulgences.—Fasting.—Punishment of Clergy and Laity.—The Archdeacon's Court.—Penance of Gerard Salvin and Pat. Sanderson.

THERE is a belief that the early churches of this country were built by forced labour. The truth is that many of them were built to a great extent by the granting of indulgences. This statement may startle some people, but it is quite true, and documentary evidence exists to prove it. In the register of Richard de Kellawe, edited by Sir Thomas Duffy Hardy, it is shown that the Bishops of Durham were as liberal as others with their numerous indulgences. In 1235 an indulgence of forty days in each year was granted for seven years to all who should, out of love to St. Cuthbert, contribute to the building of the eastern transept of Durham Cathedral. And the muniment room of the Dean and Chapter abounds with documents of a similar nature, all serving as foundation stones for that beautiful part of the ancient fabric. They may all be summed up in a general manifesto by Prior Melsonby, who made it known to all the world that an immunity from enjoined penance for 430 days, and the benefit of 2,000 Psalter services, and 7,000 masses, might be claimed by anyone who furthered the work. One of Bishop Kellawe's first public acts after his consecration was to grant an indulgence to all parishioners in his diocese, releasing them from their penance during forty days for their sins, on condition of their offering up prayers for the souls of all persons buried in their respective cemeteries. It was not always for the building of churches that indulgences were granted, nor were any churches built solely out of the proceeds of indulgences.

Whilst some of them were for religious purposes, others were for observances more in conformity with the superstitions of the time, and not a few for the furtherance of useful projects, such as the building and repair of bridges for the public benefit. Thus they were extended to all who contributed to the fabric of the new bridge commenced by William Brack of Auckland, and to all who contributed to the making, repairing, and keeping up of the bridge and causeway between Billingham and Norton.

Many facts of historical and social interest, not elsewhere recorded, may be gathered from the indulgences granted by Bishop Kellawe. In the commination service of our Book of Common Prayer it is stated that in the primitive Church there was a godly discipline; that such persons as stood convicted of notorious sin were put to open penance, and punished in this world, that their souls might be saved. Herein is the origin of the indulgence, and it has prevailed, under the name of penance, with more or less severity, from the age of the Apostles. By this discipline people were required, during the term of their penance, to fast on bread and water two or three days in the week, to sleep at night on the bare floor, and to refrain from all wordly diversions. During the first period of their repentance they were not allowed to enter a church. On Sundays and festivals they stood clothed in sackcloth near the church door, soliciting the prayers of the faithful as they entered. During the second and third periods they were allowed to enter the church, but were to remain kneeling or prostrate at the lower end. For some sins the term of penance was twenty years, for others fifteen, for others seven, and for others a few days only. For the sin of idolatry or apostacy it was usually enjoined for life. Under special circumstances these penances were remitted or relaxed by an indulgence. As it was not always desirable to carry out the entire remission of penances, a mode of condonation was resorted to, by which an offender could be relieved through commutation by money for penance enjoined. The tariff, or graduated scale of payments, for those who were enjoined to fast, and were unable to bear it, will create a smile even in the serious. One day's fasting might be redeemed for a penny,

and a year's fasting for thirty shillings. If the penitent was unable to pay in coin he sometimes submitted to flagellation as an equivalent. For example, a penance to last for a whole year was rated at 3,000 lashes, each century of stripes being sanctified with the recital of a Penitential Psalm; while the repetition of the whole Psalter, with the accompaniment of 15,000 lashes, was equivalent to a penance of five years.

Examples of the interposition of ecclesiastical authority in matters of lax morality and want of religious faith and decorum, as well as of the sentences passed on delinquents for the infraction of the ethical code, are of frequent occurrence in Bishop Kellawe's register. Crimes against chastity were amongst those of which the Church then took especial cognizance, and punished to the extent of its power. Offences by the laity against the persons of the priesthood or the sanctity of the church were frequent. There is an account of the punishment of a layman named Porter, who had, with others, dragged certain persons from the Church of the Friars Carmelites at Newcastle-on-Tyne, whither they had fled for sanctuary, and handed them over to the civil authorities, by whom they were executed. For this offence he was excommunicated by Bishop Kellawe, but afterwards absolved on condition of his performance of the following penance. Each Sunday he was to go to the doors of the Church of St. Nicholas, barefooted, bareheaded, and wearing only a linen gown, and there to declare aloud the nature of his offence and the justice of his punishment, and then receive bodily chastisement at the chaplain's hands. Thence he was to go, in like guise, to the doors of St. Mary's, the Church of the Carmelites, to receive the like castigation. This, however, was not all that the unhappy offender had to submit to. On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday in Whitsun week he was to undergo the like punishment at the doors of the Church of St. Nicholas, and then, on each of those days, to travel as far as the Cathedral Church of Durham, there to receive the like correction. The unlucky chaplain of St. Nicholas had to follow behind him as far as Durham each day, there to repeat the office of belabouring him.

The punishment of an ecclesiastic for an assault committed within the chancel of the church of Bishopwearmouth is also recorded. The chaplain there, William de Norham, probably annoyed by the airs assumed by Ralph de Roper, a youthful clerk in minor orders, took him by the scruff of the neck and pitched into him right and left. To obtain the benefit of absolution for this offence, the following penance was enjoined. He was to fast on bread and water for twelve Fridays within one year after, to say the Psalter twelve times over, and to find food for one poor person on three several Fridays. There is an account of many scandals in what may be called the high life of the day. Being brought before the Bishop, one John de Alwent confessed to adultery with Agnes de Raby and Annabel de Durham, for which offence the following protracted penance was enjoined. On six days, Sundays and feast days, he was to walk round the church of Gainford, clad in linen only, before the parishioners, walking in procession, and be publicly flogged; this done, on six Mondays he was to walk round the market-place of Darlington, and there be beaten as well.

The right of punishing people for religious indecorum was retained by the Church until comparatively recent times. In 1636, Joseph Phenn was arraigned because "he did smile, as many others did, at one that came into the church with his face all crook't." In 1617, Richard Downham was presented for sleeping in church, and another person, evidently of a more lively turn of mind, was presented for "casting things at the maides in sermon tyme, and sticking feathers on a maide's waistcoat."

The Archdeacon's Court at Durham<sup>1</sup> used to be a much-dreaded institution, where both clergy and laity were wont to make their bow—the former, occasionally, for neglect of duty and immoral conduct, and the latter for brawling in church, laying violent hands on the parson, and the like offences. As all the parties have long since passed away,

<sup>1</sup> Most of these details are taken from original documents in the Bishop's Registry at Durham, supplemented by extracts which were made by the Rev. Francis Thompson, Vicar of St. Giles, one of Durham's most painstaking and reliable antiquaries upwards of thirty years ago, whose son, Mr. Henry Thompson, of Newcastle, obligingly placed them at our disposal.

we may be permitted to peep into the record of the failings of those who were presented to the Archdeacon of Durham's court between the years 1685-1732. From St. Andrew's Auckland, several butchers are presented for selling flesh on the Lord's Day, and at St. Helen's the churchwardens report that they have a curate who does his duty as well as some of his neighbours, which was not saying much in his favour. At Aycliffe, in 1732, the curate led such a scandalous life that the people were leaving the church. On one occasion he went so drunk to church that he could not read the lessons properly, and at another time he broke out into fits of laughter during the administration of the Lord's Supper. At Brancepeth the churchyard is profaned by the winnowing of corn therein. In 1716, William Appleby is presented from Darlington for harbouring his own daughter Mary while under sentence of excommunication, and in 1723 Martha Bingley is presented from the same place for attempting to speak or preach to the congregation. Walter Hare, the clerk of St. Giles, in Durham, is presented for slander and other vices, and for making false accounts. Here is the character of Thos. Pattison, of Escomb—"A wicked, profane person, a common swearer, a noted railer, a sower of sedition, faction, or discord among his neighbours." In 1723 the parson of Esh is presented for not reading the lessons, epistle, and gospel. From Greatham in 1711 comes this wail—"We have a midwife, but she is a Papist, and for surgeons or physicians, we have none."

In 1722 complaint is made from Hartlepool that the church is ready to fall, and that Robert Wheat refuses to pay his marriage fees. At Hunstanworth, in 1708, there is neither parish clerk nor sexton, and the parson is without a surplice. At Middleton-in-Teesdale the minister is better clothed, having a "comely large surplice to wear." Several are presented from Coxhoe for not paying for bread and wine at the Sacrament, and at Lanchester complaint is made that two Quakers refuse to pay their marriage fees. In 1711 John Rennoldson, of Blaydon, is presented from Ryton for grinding corn on Sunday, and W. Pruddah and R. Andrews are likewise presented for hunting with hounds on the same day. Sockburn

furnishes a long list of complaints. The church is so ruinous that it is infested with owls. John Flint grinds corn on Sundays, R. Johnson sows sedition and profanes the Sabbath, while Thomas Farrow seriously misconducts himself. Staindrop complains that G. Elgy, of Raby, does not pay his clerk's groat, and the Vicar of Stockton is reprimanded for not catechising the youth thereabouts. Thomas Jones, the Curate of Hunstanworth, is presented in 1711 for marrying Thomas Johnson and Mary Crawhall clandestinely. In 1732, complaint is made that the church of St. Hilda's, South Shields, is too little for the inhabitants. The churchwardens of Stranton report that they have a curate who officiates, but it is suspected that he is not in orders. From Trimdon complaint is made of James Almond absenting himself from church, but putting his horse into the churchyard during the night. There is a lively pugilistic scene from St. John's Chapel, Weardale; and at Whickham, Ralph Thompson shoes his horses on Sunday, while Edward Maxwell, of Whitburn, withholds his tithe-pig from the parson.

There is an early record of card-playing, a batch of men having been presented for card-playing on Sunday at Bishop Auckland in 1693. It is said that certain ladies go to church late to show themselves in the fashions. This must be a very old custom indeed, for in 1685 Elizabeth Shaw made the acquaintance of the archdeacon for going late to Winston Church. In 1686, a couple were presented for not living together as man and wife. The year following, Robert Jurdison, of Easington, was presented by the curate for going to a wizard for lost goods. The poor fellow's credulity may be laughed at now, but it was excusable then, seeing that one of the most famous professors in this line, Parson Vaux, lived in the neighbouring parish of St. Helen's Auckland. Vaux exposed almanacs for sale on the communion table, and cast figures, whereby he pretended to tell what had become of stolen goods. When cited to appear before the archdeacon, his usual reply was: "Did not Samuel tell Saul what was become of his father's asses?" Nowadays, when a publican allows drinking on his premises during prohibited hours, he is straightway summoned before the justices; but in



1686, when a Gateshead publican allowed tipping in time of Divine service, he was taken before the Archdeacon's Court by the churchwardens.

The penance of Gerard Salvin, besides being an additional chapter of local history, shows what opposition the Reformation met with from the Roman Catholic families, many of whom were frequently presented to the Ecclesiastical courts for recusancy. The document containing the facts was but recently discovered. Croxdale, in the County of Durham, is the patrimony of the Salvins, and came into their hands in the fifteenth century through the marriage of Gerard, a younger son of the ancient house of Salvin of Herswell, in Yorkshire, with Agnes, grandchild of Robert de Whalton, and from whom it has descended in uninterrupted succession through sixteen generations to the present owner. It is a curious fact that the first of the owners of Croxdale bore the favourite name of Gerard. There is much that is romantic in the career of the fourth Gerard. His father contracted him to a daughter of Robert Conyers, of Hutton-on-Wiske. But as the young squire grew up to manhood he fixed his affections on a kinswoman of his betrothed, Eleanor Conyers, daughter of Sir Roger of Wynyard; and on his father's death he begged leave of his intended father-in-law to transfer his obligation of marriage to the real object of his affections. In those days it was the general practice for the heir of one family to marry the daughter of another as long as there should be a boy or girl left, the brother or sister being marched up to supply the demand in a contract as long as a possibility of fulfilling it existed. However, in the fourth Gerard's case, the intended father-in-law mercifully released him from the contract of his childhood, and allowed him to secure the individual Eleanor on whom he had fixed his voluntary affections. But, after all, he did not wander far from the contract, being betrothed to one Miss Conyers and marrying another. The grandson of this Gerard also married an Eleanor, whose espousal was made at the equal costs and charges of both parties.

It is this Gerard that we have to deal with. The register of St. Oswald's parish says that he was buried on the 16th day of February, 1570. His eldest son, Gerard, who

married Joane, daughter of Richard Norton, “the aged Patriarch of Rebellion,” as Surtees dubs him, refused to conform to the established order of religion, and he seems to have buried his sire without the intervention of either priest or minister. For this serious offence against the ecclesiastical laws he was ordered to do public penance in the parish church of St. Oswald’s, on Trinity Sunday, being the 10th day of June, 1571. Accordingly, on the day named, in presence of the vicar and his fellow parishioners, the seventh Gerard did penance in the following words :—

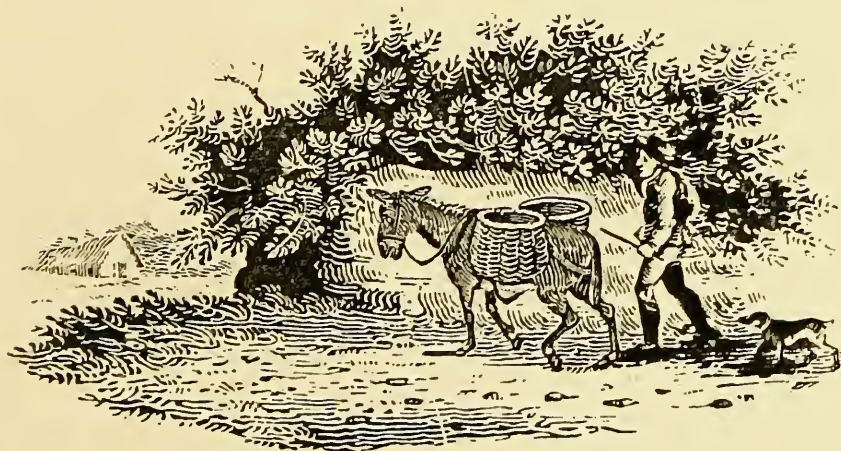
I am for my own reformation, and your example, appointed at this time by the Queen’s Majesty’s commission to appoint myself here before you. The cause is this—that, whereas the Queen’s Majesty hath set forth a Book of Common Prayer, wherein is contained among other godly rites and ceremonies an order also to bury the dead by a lawful priest or minister in any church or chancel, the which godly order I of late wilfully and of set purpose left undone in burying my father, Gerard Salvin, here in this our parish church, in contempt of the said law and book, my father’s shame, and evil example of all good and obedient subjects. I acknowledge that every natural born and loving subject is bound by God’s law to obey our Sovereign Lady the Queen’s Majesty. I acknowledge that of late, receiving pardon at her Grace’s hands, I, by a solemn oath, promised to obey all her laws; yet, not having the fear of God before my eyes, but minding other wilful and sinister considerations, I indecently, unnaturally, and unneighbourly, buried my father as though he had not died of God’s kind. Therefore I am heartily sorry for this my misdemeanour, confessing the same of my own free will, desiring you, all my neighbours, and parishioners, not only to be witnesses of my repentance, but also to take good example by my punishment to eschew the like offence. And I promise here before God and you my further amendment hereafter, for the obtaining whereof I require you to pray unto our Heavenly Father with me and for me.

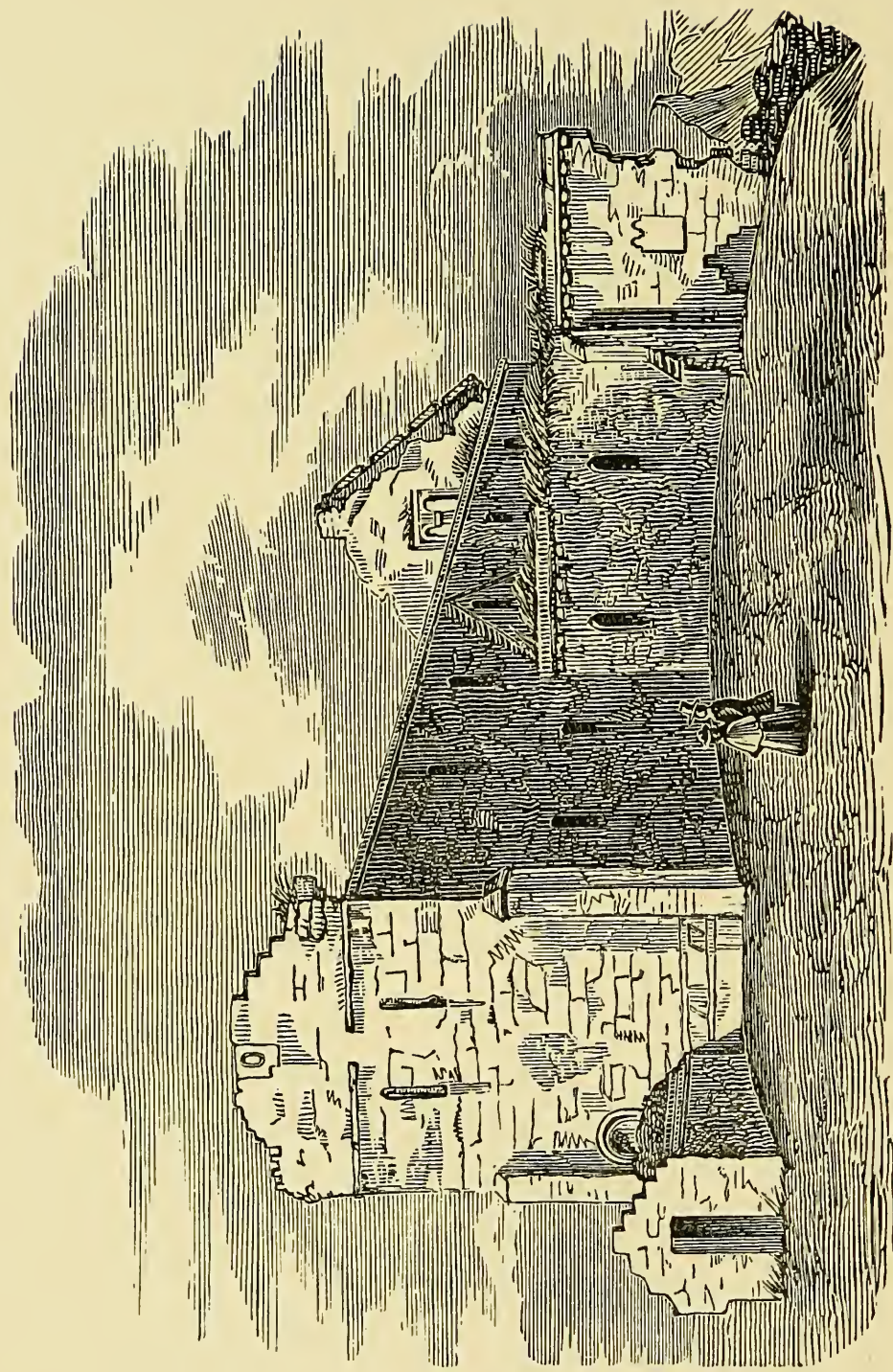
The penitent then repeated the Lord’s Prayer, after which he received the Holy Communion. In consideration, no doubt, of his position he was permitted to wear his accustomed apparel.

In this he was more fortunate than Patrick Sanderson, who, attired in a linen sheet, stood on the stool and did penance in the same church nearly 200 years later. Patrick was the reputed author of a little book called “The Antiquities of Durham Abbey.” He was a bookseller in the ancient city and, like many another worthy tradesman, dearly loved a bit of gossip. It was this propensity that led him into trouble and was the cause of his subsequent torture of mind. In 1766, a troop of

horse chanced to stay in Durham all night. Some of the young fellows were smitten with the charms of the Durham nymphs, and as the latter were rather pleased than otherwise with the attentions of the gallant sons of Mars, a great deal of jealousy was shown by the young men of the town, Patrick, among the rest, being heard to say that the girls of the ancient city were no better than they should be. But the fair spinsters were not to be maligned with impunity, and one of them instituted proceedings in the Consistory Court against Pat for defamation of character. The charge against him was found proved, and on the 17th of June, Patrick, wearing a linen sheet, stood before his fellow parishioners, and made submission for his offence in the following declaration :—

“Whereas, in breach of the bond of Christian love and charity, I have defamed Margaret Dickinson by saying that a soldier was with her, I do hereby confess my said offence, and am heartily sorry for the same; and do hereby humbly desire the said Margaret Dickinson to forgive me the said offence, faithfully promising never to offend in the like hereafter.”





ALNMOUTH CHURCH, FROM A DRAWING IN 1783.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

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### THE CHURCHES OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

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Churches, Parsonages, and Parochial Bequests.—Spiritual Destitution.—Non-residence and Pluralities.—Condition of the Churches a Century ago.—Population of the Parishes.

BETWEEN the years 1792-3, Dr. Robert Thorp, Archdeacon of Northumberland, visited all the churches within the Archdeaconry, and he subsequently drew up an account of them. This manuscript survey is the only reliable description of the churches, parsonages, and parochial bequests as they existed a hundred years ago, and the bird's-eye view which it presents is of unique interest on that account. Notwithstanding the ecclesiastical wealth of the diocese of Durham, its spiritual destitution upwards of a century ago was the reproach of the neighbouring dioceses, which, although less favoured in their endowments, yet strove to advance in proportion to their increasing wealth and population. The recognized system of non-residence and pluralities kept the masses in spiritual darkness. The extent to which this pernicious system was carried may be gathered from the fact that during the episcopate of Bishop Chandler it was reported to his lordship that the holder of a rich living in Northumberland had been an absentee fifteen years, and that, in fact, he had never set foot in the parish! Rectors and vicars visited their cures only to collect their tithes and other revenues. Of forty-nine parishes in the county, exclusive of those in Newcastle, the incumbents of no fewer than twenty-three were non-resident. In one instance, at Widdrington, both curate and sub-curate were absentees. What would Bishop Wilberforce say to the Vicar of Newcastle holding the three livings of All Saints', St. John's, and St. Nicholas', and being an absentee ten

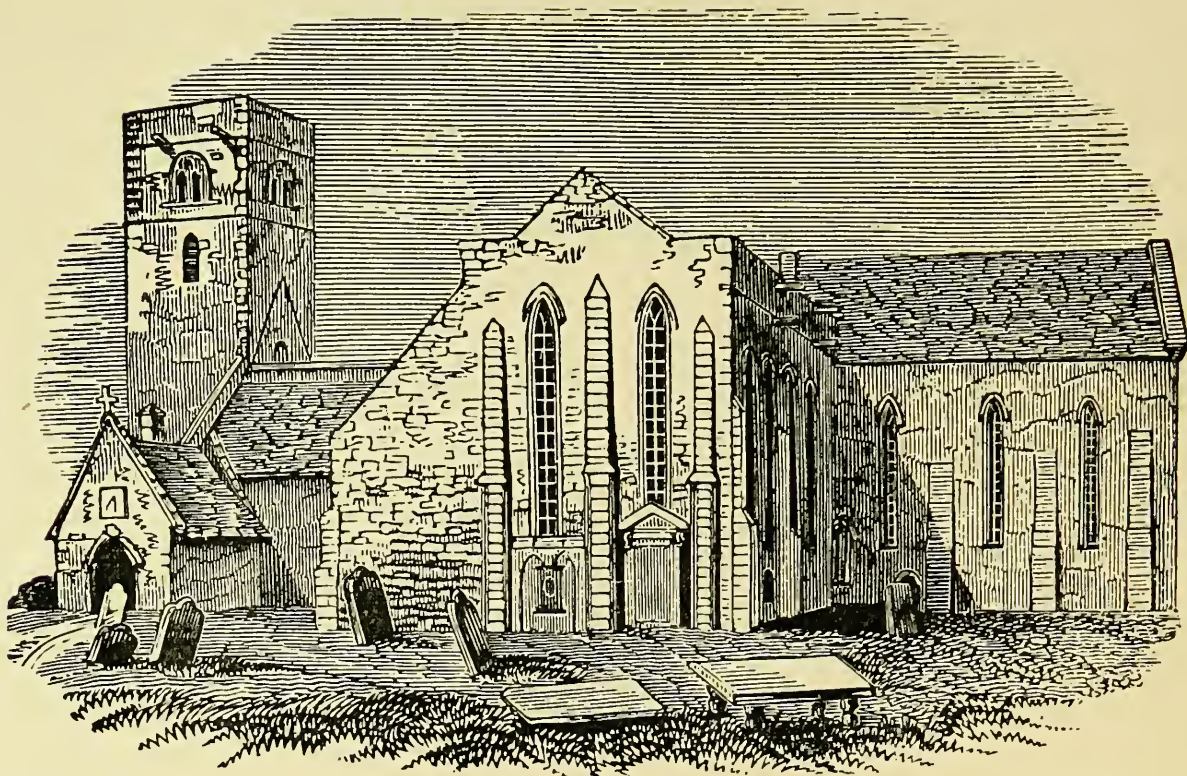
months in the year? And yet this is what the Rev. James Stephen Lushington did a hundred years ago, and that, too, with the sanction of his diocesan. Mr. Lushington held a fourth living in Essex, where he preferred to spend his time. This extraordinary fact is not recorded by the historian of Newcastle, probably because the Rev. John Brand was himself non-resident.

Beginning with Kirkwhelpington, which was a parish containing 169 families and 640 inhabitants, we find the archdeacon leaving instructions for the earth to be removed from the foundation of the south wall of the church. When this was done, the lower part of the walls of the transept was taken up, and a tombstone found with a figure in the middle of it, and an inscription round the margin which nobody could read. When Hodgson wrote his history of Northumberland, this tombstone had not been heard of for ten years. It would be interesting to know if it still exists. The curate of Gosforth's surplice was on a par with the interior of the church, the former being tattered and torn to such an extent as to be scarcely recognizable, whilst the latter was so offensive to the eye that Dr. Thorp thought that only whitewashing would make it wholesome. At Cramlington he also suggested that whitewashing would make the interior of the church sweeter, that a new surplice would give an air of greater respectability to the sub-curate, that to prevent accident the reading desk and clerk's seat ought to be made secure, and that a cushion would improve the aspect of the pulpit. Directions were left at Long Benton for the Rev. John Clap to repair his Prayer Book, and to have more regard for the Sunday clothes of the parishioners by providing kneeling boards. One of the benefactions here shows the absurdity of people bequeathing money for charitable uses and leaving their own relatives to starve. A man had left four acres of land for the use of the poor, and at the time of Dr. Thorp's visit the rent was being paid to his own daughter-in-law to keep her from starvation. At Tynemouth, £3 15s., the interest of money invested, as well as the rent of a garth and the remainder of half the tithes of Tynemouth town, after 40s. was paid to the vicar, were annually distributed to the poor. Earsdon Church

was said to be too small for the parish, which contained about 700 families. What would the present vicar think of being told to change his surplice, and advised to keep his books cleaner? Whalton, with 90 families and a population of 360, had a resident rector, Dr. Bates; and the land which was bought with the £20 left for the education of poor children by Mrs. Margaret Moore was let at a guinea per annum. At Bolam, where there were eighty families, the archdeacon ordered the windows in the tower to be latticed, and a new window to be put in at the west end of the church, besides casements in two others.

Woodhorn, which with Newbiggen contained 308 families, was in want of a new basin for the font, and the roof of the chancel was in a bad state. The church at Newbiggen was kept in repair with the rents of four acres of land, and three houses and a garden, which were let at £8 a year. Although there were 101 families and 404 inhabitants in the chapelry of Widdrington when Dr. Thorp visited it on the 7th of June, 1792, both the curate, Henry Johnson, and James Wilkinson, the sub-curate, were absentees. With so much indifference and neglect, it was not surprising to find the church tumbling down and the walls damp. The chapelry of Horton contained 135 families and 560 inhabitants, and had a resident curate, who was ordered to get a new surplice. At Heddon-on-the-Wall an order was left for the church to be "white-washed and coloured." The vicar of Ponteland was resident about four months in the year, and his curate looked after the parish, which was ten miles from east to west, and six from north to south. Newburn, with 3,750 inhabitants, had a vicar who did not reside on his cure. The floor of the church here had been much injured by graves. Rent-charges amounting to £8 10s. were distributed to the poor annually.

Ovingham contained 465 families. The church was "in pretty good repair," but needed whitewashing, and a new basin for the font was required. Ovingham was the birthplace of John Jackson, a pupil of Thomas Bewick, and the accompanying cut of Ovingham Church was engraved



by Jackson, as was also the engraving of Alnmouth Church, which was made from a drawing in 1783, ten years before the date of Dr. Thorp's survey. The rector of Elsdon, Mr. Dutens, incurred the archdeacon's displeasure by refusing to interfere with the old windows in the chancel. The directions concerning Kirkharle are a strange mixing up of the ancient and modern, sash and Gothic windows being ordered together. There were 227 families and 940 inhabitants in the parish of Longhorsley, and the incumbent, the Hon. Mr. Cochrane, resided on his cure. The church had been rebuilt five years prior to the archdeacon's visit in 1792. The vicar of Corsenside lived at Bellingham, the nearest market town. There were only 55 families in the parish. Mitford, with 576 inhabitants, had a resident curate, but a non-resident incumbent. The curate was ordered to array himself in a new surplice, and provide a cloth and napkin for the Communion table. The real value of Howick was £90 gs., out of which the curate had £40 and a house and about three acres of glebe land. Corbridge had a resident vicar, although the parish is described as "not very populous." The incumbent also held Halton, and he supplied both places in this way—prayers and sermon in the forenoon and prayers in the afternoon, two Sundays at Corbridge; the third at Halton Chapel in the forenoon, and prayers at Corbridge in the afternoon. The only



benefaction mentioned at Corbridge is one of 19½ acres of land which was left to the poor, and was then let at ten guineas per annum. It was distributed at Christmas. The church at Halton was in good repair, and everything was in perfect order. Simonburn was a very large parish, being thirty-three miles in length and fifteen in breadth, and included the chapelries of Bellingham and Falstone. The rector was patron of the living, but, being an absentee, the duties devolved on Josiah Fleming, who, in addition to the Simonburn curacy, was curate of Falstone. Not being able to be at both places at the same time, he delegated the work at Falstone to a sub-curate. This delegating of duty to subordinates reminds us of Swift's lines :—

A flea has smaller fleas that on him prey,  
And these have smaller still to bite 'em,  
And so proceed *ad infinitum*.

Bellingham, which gives its name to a rural deanery, was in 1793 a chapelry in the parish of Simonburn, whose rector appointed a stipendiary curate for it. Only one sermon was preached on Sunday, but prayers were said in the afternoon. Instructions were left here for the windows in the church and chancel to be made to open. Stamfordham was a large parish containing 250 families and 1,000 inhabitants, but, nevertheless, its vicar was non-resident. The custom of burying bodies in the church had much injured the floor and disarranged the pews. Sir Thomas Widdrington had left lands to endow a school, and they were then let at £100 a year. A rent-charge of £12 a year was distributed annually to the poor, and four bolls and one bushel of wheat was given by the proprietors of the great tithes. The chancel at Rial had been rebuilt. The record of Blanchland recalls its former importance—“Blanchland, a chapelry. Here was formerly a priory of twelve canons of the order of Premonstratenses. Parish small, containing sixty families.” Whitfield Church had just been rebuilt, and everything was in order except the surplice of the resident curate. Sixty families lived in the parish of Kirkhaugh. Eight poor widows received 5s. per annum. The custom of non-residence, and the difficulties that poor curates had to encounter while residing on their cures, are illustrated in this parish. In

1773, the incumbent of Kirkhaugh was Thomas Moses, who also held the curacy of Allenton, where he resided. The stipend at Kirkhaugh was £32 and the surplice fees. This Mr. Moses farmed by allowing a sub-curate the fees and £20, the residue being pocketed by himself. The sub-curate, Mr. Chalmers, was upwards of eighty years old in 1773, and being no longer able to discharge the duties he resigned that year. Bishop Egerton seems to have written to Moses respecting the vacancy, for there is a letter from Moses in which he expresses a hope that his lordship will not insist on more than £20 and the fees being allowed to the sub-curate, otherwise he would have to resign. "The income of Allenton," he adds, "is so small that I do only live decently by the advantage of having three boys under my care." The church at Haltwhistle was in ruins when Archdeacon Thorp visited it in 1793. "The church is unroofed, and the parishioners have petitioned for a commission in order to obtain a license to dispose of the lead and cover the church with blue slates, and make other alterations." The parish was then twelve miles from east to west and ten from north to south, and contained 500 families. The following benefactions are noted:—"Lady Dowager Capell, in 1721, left by will £8 6s. per annum charged on an estate called Perry Court, in Kent, to be paid at Kew Chapel on the 23rd day of May. N. Ridley left 40s. per annum to the poor. Paid by John Ridley, Esq., of Ridley Hall." At Knaresdale, with eighty families, there were also several benefactions for the poor. Although Bywell St. Andrew was a large parish it was not populous, and all the spiritual instruction that the parishioners received was a sermon every third Sunday. Warden was a parish thirteen miles in length and seven in breadth, and included the chapelries of Haydon and Newbrough. The ubiquitous vicar thus apportioned his services among the three places—sermon two Sundays in the month at Warden, two at Haydon, and one every month at Newbrough. Haydon was the most populous place in the parish, containing 217 families. The chapel at Newbrough was in ruins, but the parishioners had raised £300 and obtained a license to rebuild it. Alston included Garrigill, and contained 800

families. The last-named place had a benefaction of £5 per annum derivable from a rent-charge on lands at Bowes, in Yorkshire, of which £3 was paid to a schoolmaster, 10s. for a sermon, 10s. to the poor, and 20s. to the four trustees. Chollerton contained 214 families, and the vicar had 40s. per annum for doing duty and preaching at Birtley on Christmas Day, Good Friday, the first Sunday after Midsummer, and the first Sunday after Michaelmas. We are told that at Hartburn "the children are catechised in Lent." At Morpeth there were 600 families. The benefactions consisted of £9 9s. 10d., the rent of houses, which was given annually to the poor, and the interest of £40 and the rent of the gallery on the north side of the church. On Easter Day a rent-charge of 30s. per annum, on lands at Lownsdon, was distributed to the poor of Ulgham, which then contained fifty families and 200 inhabitants. Dr. Thorp's survey of the churches concludes with Bolam cum Sheepwash. These places were at one time distinct parishes, but in 1792 they were one. There was no church at Sheepwash, but the rectory house was there. The parish extended ten miles from east to west and six from north to south, and contained 135 families.



## CHAPTER XIX.

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### PLACE-NAMES IN DURHAM AND NORTHUMBERLAND.

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Puzzling Names.—Fat Nelly's.—Pity Me.—Dumpling Hall.—Bite About.—Penny-pie-House.—Tether Cock.—Seldom Seen.—Cold Comfort.—Misery Hall.—Hard Struggle.—Lang-Man-o'-Bolihope.—Rake House.—Fiddlers' Green.—Thrive-if-you-can.—Click-em-in.—Make-em-rich.—Tail-up-on-end.—Consett.—Derwent.

THERE are many interesting places in Durham and Northumberland with names which are both queer and puzzling. "Fat Nelly's" was a hostelry kept by a well-conditioned dame near Fatfield, and was, half a century ago, as famous among the pitmen on the Wear as the "Barley Mow" had been. This was kept by Ailsie Marley, who is commemorated in the famous song beginning with the stanza :—

O d'ye ken Ailsie Marley, honey,  
The wife that sells the barley, honey?

The paternity of "Fat Nelly's" is indisputable, but there are other names of places which cannot be so easily traced to their origin. From what, for example, does the village of Pity Me take its name? The country there is flat, and it is said that at one time there was a pool or lake on the site of the present village, and that the Monks of Finchale called it Petit Mere, or the petty pool, to distinguish it from a larger pool at Newton Hall. Letters, like soldiers, are apt to drop off in a long march, and in course of time Pity Me was substituted for the longer Petit Mere.

Dumpling Hall, in the parish of Newton, is said to have derived its name from the stiffness of its hostess's suet dumplings; while Bite About, at Lowick, probably had its origin in the homely custom which is still observed when a couple of knifeless lads eat an apple. We need not seek for the derivation of Penny-pie-house, near Shotley, or

Tether-cock, near Whickham. These have a history scarcely less interesting than The-Lang-Man-o'-Bolihope, near Wolsingham. According to tradition, one clear summer's night a couple of tall figures were seen on the ridge of a hill in mortal combat. At length one of them was seen to fall, and the other vanished from sight immediately thereafter. On proceeding to the spot at daybreak the following morning, the villagers found the mangled corpse of a giant. He had never been seen in the valley before, and as no inquiry was made after him, he was buried where he fell, under a heap of stones, which was long known as "The-Lang-Man-o'-Bolihope."

The origin of many places is to be found in their name, while the meaning of others can only be surmised. Rake House, Fiddlers' Green, and Cut Throat Lane, all in the neighbourhood of North Shields, are emblematical of mirth in the midst of vice and crime. Near Kirkharle is a Thrive Well, whose antithesis is Thrive-if-you-can, on the river Tees. In his "Blunders of Vice and Folly," Mr. Hargreaves lays it down as a general principle that whenever an injustice is done in a family, it invariably carries its curse with it until the wrong has been balanced by misfortune or suffering. So it was with Thrive-if-you-can. When the owner of this farm died, it was found that he had disinherited one of his daughters, who had married against his wishes. After his death, the cattle on the farm began to pine away and die, and although fresh stock was procured from distant parts, it all shared the same fate. To rear a calf or foal was impossible, and in the end ruin and poverty overtook the whole family. The place was believed to be cursed, and when another owner succeeded to the farm he was told to thrive if he could, and thus the name Thrive-if-you-can originated.

We should like to know something about Click-em-in and Make-em-rich, near Ponteland; Pinch-me, near Bellingham; Tiptoe, near Twizell; Tail-up-on-end, near Shincliffe; Wide-open, near Longbenton; and Look-out, near Seaton Delaval. Cold Comfort, near Hurworth, deserves as much commiseration as Misery Hall and Hard Struggle, in Weardale. Sugar Hill ought to attract a syndicate to Aycliffe, while the worshippers of Bacchus

might revel in Bumper Hall, near Sadberge. The timid and reserved would find shelter at Seldom-seen, near Bishop Auckland, and those who wish to Stand-alone are advised to remove to the parish of Kelloe. The Friends ought to hold their meetings at Peaceable Hall, near Burdon; while those who are fond of "singing hinnies" ought to remove to White-cake-row, near Chester-le-Street.<sup>1</sup>

The name Consett puzzled Surtees, as it has puzzled others since his time. Seven hundred years ago it was Conekesheved, but the original appellation bears little resemblance to the name by which the "El Dorado" of the north is now known. It is by no means clear when the old designation gave place to Consett. Certain it is, however, that the latter name had been in constant use for more than 300 years before railway guides were thought of. The earliest mention of the name occurs in Boldon Buke, p. 31, where "Arnaldus pistor habet Conekesheued in escambium de Trillesdena, et reddit 24s." Canon Greenwell, in his translation of Boldon Buke, renders the former Consett, and gives the translation thus:—"Arnald, the baker, has Consett in exchange for Tursdale, and renders 24s." He adds, "In a charter granted by him (Arnold) to the Almoner of the Convent of Durham, he calls himself Arnaldus de Concheshuet filius Jocelini" (Arnold of Consett, son of Joceline). We have found innumerable variations in the spelling; so that, with so much confusion existing both in the prefix and affix, it is exceedingly difficult to arrive at a satisfactory interpretation of the name. "Head" is clearly meant by "heved." We have an instance of this in Gatesheved (Gateshead). This, the famous "narrow street leading to Newcastle," was not long ago known as Gateside, which leads us to think that "side" is equivalent to "head" following "s"—hence the corruption from Conshead to Conside. With regard to this latter name and Consett, both occur in old deeds from the time of Henry VIII. In many documents, where the text is in Latin, the name is given Conside, while the usual endorsement in English at

<sup>1</sup> Much of the foregoing appeared in a paper, "Odd Place-Names in Northumberland and Durham," in the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*.

the back is Consett, from which it may be inferred that the former was the ancient and the latter the popular or common name in later years.

In popular etymology, Derwent is said by some to mean clear, while others maintain that it signifies winding or tortuous. Both meanings would originally apply to the Derwent. It still winds its way through hill and dale, but, in the lower reaches of it, at least, the river is no longer the limpid stream that the poets would have us believe it is. In an old manuscript survey, written in 1764, and endorsed, "A Description of the Boundary of Blanchland Lordship," the two becks at the head of the River Derwent are respectively designated the Der and the Went. It would occasion no surprise if it were found that the streamlets, Der and Went, were christened after giants. According to the classical Dr. Carr, the country up there used to be famous for them. Corbridge, Consett, and Benfieldside were all named after big men who had lived in these places. They were brothers, and were familiarly known as Cor, Ben, and Con. Their strength must have been prodigious. At throwing the hammer or hatchet they had no equals then or since. There were no iron-works on the hills then, and hammers were so scarce that the trio had only one among them—

A hammer in common they had,  
And the use of it easy to all ;  
Each whistled, each brother was glad  
To throw it three leagues at his call.

Con is said by the poets and historians to have been a great wag, and a bit of an antiquary to boot. He lived in a cave at Howen's Gill, and is believed by some to have been buried there.

When Con was approaching his end,  
Deaf, blind, and beginning to rave,  
With a ploughman he begged, as a friend,  
To converse at the mouth of the cave.

This ploughman, as prudent men do,  
Held his ploughshare himself to escape ;  
Blind Con pinched his ploughshare in two,  
And pronounced it the arm of an ape.

## CHAPTER XX.

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### THE COST OF OLD PARLIAMENTARY ELECTIONS.

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Past and Present Elections Compared.—Eating and Drinking.—  
Bribery and Corruption.—Old Election Accounts.—Open Houses.

I<sup>N</sup> this chapter it is not proposed to do more than refer briefly to the subject of parliamentary representation. The political history of Durham is not without interest, and some day, if we are spared, we may give, from records which have hitherto escaped the observation of all previous writers, a detailed account of the elections which took place in the county in and subsequent to the reign of Charles the Second. Our present remarks are merely intended to illustrate in a general way the keen interest that such contests excited in former days.

The expenditure in connexion with modern elections is a flea-bite compared with the cost incurred on behalf of candidates for Parliamentary honours in former times. There are people living who can remember how lavishly money was spent during the memorable election for Northumberland in 1826. In some of the Durham elections fortunes were squandered, and many a fair estate was impoverished. This was especially so in the boroughs, where the free and independent did little but eat and drink for many weeks preceding an election. Mr. Fowler, the present member for Durham City, possesses a curious collection of election ballads, in which the celebrated Veterinary Dr. Marshall thus expresses the freemen's jubilation :—

An election's the time, I've oft heard say,  
When the freemen eat all and the candidates pay ;  
Then rouse up, my lads, and to drink let's begin,  
For at these merry times to be sober's a sin.



At that time neither judges, candidates, election agents, nor electors entertained the present new-fangled notions respecting bribery and corruption, and a man might "smile" *ad libitum* with perfect freedom. In 1853, Sir John Mowbray, one of the present members for Oxford University, was a candidate for Durham City. On the morning of the polling day he met his opponent, Sir Charles Douglas, in the Market Place. They were both honourable men, and in shaking hands they vowed that, so far as they themselves were concerned, no smiling or other seductive influence should be resorted to in bringing the voters up to the scratch. The result was that troops of them paraded the Market Place all day, and it is said that as the hour for closing the poll approached, some of them actually stopped the clock, in the hope that Sir John and his opponent might have it in their power to illumine their downcast features.

The old elections lasted many days, and this was one cause of the large expense which the candidates were called upon to bear. When Baker and Allen were pitted against each other in 1813, the poll was open for nine days, although the total number of votes recorded was only 800. We possess the original accounts for several of the Durham county contests. As the actors in these early dramas have been dead nearly a hundred years, there can be no harm in slightly raising the curtain. Judged by the publicans' accounts, the electors must have been a smiling race. In 1747, when the candidates were George Bowes, Esq., Sir Thomas Clavering, and the Hon. Henry Vane, the two last-named gentlemen agreed to share the cost between them. There are many items in the bills which do not occur in a present-day election. The waits received five guineas, Thomas Waugh's account for candles amounted to £6 6s., the prisoners in the gaol had a couple of guineas distributed among them, and the bell-ringers in the Abbey and other churches in the city were paid liberally for their services.

At the county election, on the 12th of October, 1774, Laurence Richardson, of the "Red Lion," charged £53 15s. 9d. for providing 100 dinners; William Knight, of the "Queen's Head," was paid £35 8s. 6d. for 80

dinners; Peter Blenkinsopp provided 48 dinners at the Coffee-house at the modest cost of £20 3s. 10d.; John Shaw, of the "Golden Lion," had 115 guests, whose entertainment cost £46 1s. 2d.; Henry Weller, of the "King's Arms," charged £52 7s. 2d. for 92 dinners; while Thomas Marshall, mine host of the "Green Dragon," charged £30 10s. 6d. for 55 dinners, being at the rate of 11s. 1d. per head. Sixteen supporters of the chair received 10s. 6d. each, eleven way-clearers were paid a similar sum, and four men were paid 5s. each for delivering handbills "where the entertainment was provided." This function took place in the Assembly Room, and consisted of tea, cake, and wine, the cost whereof was £59 10s. Among the other innumerable items is a payment of £2 9s. 10d. "for repairing and new-covering the chairs, and for ribbons to decorate them." At the county election six years later, when Sir Thomas Clavering and Sir John Eden were returned, the expenditure was still greater. Marshall, the landlord of the "Green Dragon," was dead, but his widow, Eleanor, survived, as does her bill now. She was not so modest as her husband in her charges, her account for entertaining 110 freeholders to dinner being no less than £98 17s. 5d. The actual cost of the dinner is set down at £16 10s., being at the rate of 3s. per head. The difference, however, £82 7s. 5d., is made up of incidentals. "Eating and ale before dinner" is responsible for £3 12s. During dinner, the freeholders quaffed ale and porter to the tune of £9 3s.; they had 180 bottles of port, 72 bottles of Lisbon, 40 of Madeira, 23 of claret, 4 of sherry, 6 of hock, 37 of rum, 24 of brandy, and 10 bottles of cider. Another publican charged £134 18s. 2d. for providing 182 dinners, and a third £111 12s. for 145 dinners. The total cost of providing 621 dinners was £459 0s. 2d. The entire bill of the landlord of the "New Inn," Laurence Richardson, is given as an election curiosity:—

1780, September 19th.—SIR THOMAS CLAVERING, BART., to  
LAURENCE RICHARDSON, NEW INN, DURHAM.

	£	s.	d.
Dinners, 145 at 3s. .. .. .	21	15	0
Claret, 66 bottles at 5s. 6d. ... ..	18	3	0
Madeira, 36 bottles at 5s. 6d. ... ..	9	18	0
Hock, 24 bottles at 6s. ... ..	7	4	0

	£	s.	d.
Lisbon, 48 bottles at 2s. 3d. ... ..	5	8	0
Port, 186 bottles at 2s. 3d. ... ..	20	18	6
Sherry, 12 bottles at 3s. 6d. ... ..	2	2	0
Brandy, 18 bottles at 5s. 6d. ... ..	4	19	0
Rum, 25 bottles at 5s. 6d. ... ..	6	17	6
Mountain, 12 bottles at 2s. 3d. ... ..	1	7	0
Cider, 6 bottles at 1s. ... ..	0	6	0
Fruit ... ..	1	14	0
Porter ... ..	4	0	0
Ale and Beer ... ..	3	0	0
Broken glasses ... ..	1	0	0
Stable bill ... ..	1	10	0
Servants ... ..	1	10	0
Total ... ..	£	III	12 0

20th September, 1780.—Received the above contents in full.

LAU. RICHARDSON.

The bills of the publicans were heavy enough in all conscience, but what the voters put in their stomachs was small compared with what some of them put in their pockets.<sup>1</sup> The joy felt by the electors in a coming fight is expressed in the opening line of an election song :—

The writ is come, now beat the drum.

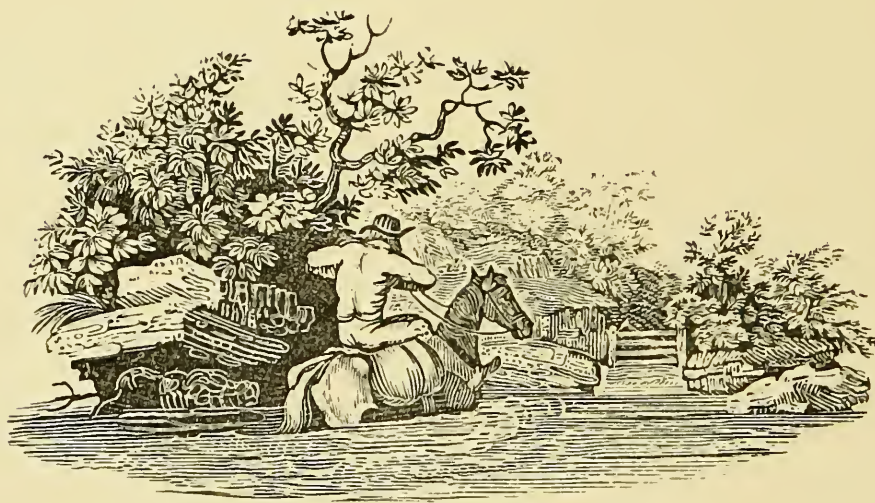
Each side retained a certain number of public-houses, just in the same way as a candidate retains an election agent nowadays. These houses were free to all comers, and the tap ran from morn till eve. Over and above this unlimited drinking, periodical treats were provided by the candidates, and as these necessarily influenced the voting, care was taken to make them as attractive as possible. Each was a sort of “free-and-easy,” and was provided over by

<sup>1</sup> Thirty years ago, for instance, when a municipal contest occurred in the City of Durham, the loafers got into prime condition. One of the best known was “Garibaldi.” It is said that a gallon of beer is brewed in England every day for the man who will drink it. “Garibaldi” had an unlimited capacity in this respect, and more than a double allowance fell to his share. One day, towards the end of a contest, he and two others entered the shop of the late Mr. Chapman, whose son-in-law, the late Alderman Herbert Robson, was a candidate for municipal honours. They had been rolling about the Market Place, and neither their hands nor their faces were very clean. “Garibaldi” acted as spokesman, and expressed his belief that their efforts that day had secured Mr. Robson’s return. Mr. Chapman looked pleased, but, instead of putting his hand in his pocket, he went to a box, and took therefrom three packets of soap, which, with a merry twinkle in his eye, he placed before them. “Garibaldi,” however, was not to be out-generalled by such a move. Quietly picking them up, with an air of the utmost innocence, he said, “Thank you, Mr. Chapman; I suppose you haven’t such a thing as a shilling to buy a towel with?” It is needless to add that the tradesman could not resist the force of such a ready-witted appeal.

committee-men. The *modus operandi* is best shown in the following extracts, which are taken from a very curious document, which seems to have been drawn up by the agent of Major Gowland, who contested the city of Durham against General Lambton in the year 1761. After the names of the committee-men is the resolution :—

That treats be given to the freemen in the Major's interest the evening after the General's treat, unless the above gentlemen at their meetings shall think otherwise. That two houses be opened in each district each week, and that the same be taken in rotation. That the freemen in the Major's interest be treated with ale only, and that four anchors be given each night in each district, in such proportion as the gentlemen then presiding shall think proper, having always respect to the number of voters present; but if any of the districts shall be so large that three houses shall be necessary to be opened therein, then that six anchors be expended. That the gentlemen use their endeavours that none but freemen are present at such treats, and to dismiss the company as soon as they appear to be in liquor.

Following the resolutions is a list of toasts to be made use of by the company before reaching the stage which brought about their dismissal, one of which was, "May there never be wanting in Pellow Wood a tree to hang a stinking old tarrier upon," but whether the latter had allusion to the canine race or to some musty old document is a question that is left for others to determine.



## CHAPTER XXI.

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### THE GOODS AND CHATTELS OF OUR ANCESTORS.

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Will Making.—Bequest of Leather Breeches.—A Funeral Reformer.—Expensive Funerals.—Encouraging Marriages.—Making Restitution to the Parson.—Heirlooms.—Spinning Wheels.—Value of Stock.—Fondness of our Ancestors for Silver Plate.—Price of Goods.—A Newcastle Jockey.—A Man's Relations not his Best Friends.—Unforgiving Testator.—Old Newcastle Ships.—Early School at Newcastle.—A Newcastle Dandy.—An Early Musician.—The Old Chapman.

MOST people have a desire to increase in wealth and riches, and the publication of the balance-sheets of our local banks shows that many of those around us are gathering substance daily. In the days when England's commerce had not extended to far distant parts of the globe, and the principal wealth was drawn from man's industry in tilling the soil, people were wealthy or otherwise in proportion to the goods and chattels which they possessed. Although the yeoman class sometimes amassed a little money, which they occasionally lent to their poorer relations or to the most trusted and favoured of their neighbours, the stock on their farms, their horses, their cattle, their sheep, was with them the current coin of the realm. Their stock was their money. When an old farmer felt "crazed" in body he regarded it as an intimation that his time was come, and in making his will he was careful to enumerate all his worldly possessions, even to his old shoes and the poker with which he was wont to stir the kitchen fire. The wills thus made in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries are still preserved in the Probate Registry at Durham, and from these old testamentary records we learn much that is worth knowing respecting the lives and possessions of our

forefathers in the two counties of Northumberland and Durham.

At the present day, few people would care to wear even the best clothes of a deceased friend, much less a well-worn pair of leather breeches. Yet this was the legacy which Peter Ridley, of Morpeth, bequeathed to his friend John Herington in 1580. When Sir Ralph Delaval made his will in 1623 he had eight sons and six daughters living. He directed his body to be interred in the chapel at Seaton Delaval, and was apparently a funeral reformer, since he requested his executor to bury him without vain pomp and needless expense. James Clavering, alderman, of Newcastle, held similar notions, and made a like request in his will in 1625. In striking contrast, however, is the will of William Selby, of Newcastle, who instructed his executor to distribute black gowns at his funeral, and also stipulated that thirteen poor men were to go before his corpse in new black coats. At the funeral of Roger Anderson, of Jesmond, in 1622, a sum of £19 12s. 9d. was expended on mourning, comfits, and wine, and there is an item of 21s. 6d. for "two hats and making the wenches coats." In the inventory of the testator's goods is an iron chimney valued at forty shillings. It would be difficult to divine the motive which led William Birch, the pastor of Stanhope in 1575, who never had a helpmate himself, to leave twenty poor maidens three guineas a piece, as a marriage portion. And it was still more strange in him to provide three guineas more for the first twenty widows who succeeded in getting fresh spouses.

With one foot in the grave, many of these old testators were troubled with a small voice, and when Cuthbert Burrell, of Headlam, made his will in 1562 he remembered some forgotten tithes, and made restitution to the parson accordingly. To his eldest son John he bequeathed an iron-bound wain, a feather bed and all that belonged to it, and the harness in which he was pledged to serve the Queen for the defence of the realm, that was to say, a jack, a steel cap, a stuffed coat, a sword and buckler, a bow and a quiver. In his will, dated 1580, Thomas Shepperdson, of Ryhope, yeoman, gives to Elizabeth

Burdon a silver girdle, and to John Shepperdson a silver dagger; while Robert Bowes, of Berwick, gentleman, whose will is dated the same year, directs that the £30 which was then due to him for his penson was to be used in the payment of his debts. The year following, Thomas Duckett, of Auckland, left his niece a yoke of stotts, and to his son Thomas he bequeathed a jacket which had been lately taken to pieces.

Our ancestors were not overburdened with furniture. Mention is made in John Nesham's will of a "drawing table standing in the hall," which was to be an heirloom, with the forms and seats belonging to it. This testator lived at Darlington in 1580, and leased the Pillory Shop in the Market Place. Among his bequests is one of two shillings "towards the building of Darlington Bridge, when the work goeth forward." The inventory attached to the will of Matthew Chapman, a Newcastle merchant, dated 1606, mentions a standing table of wainscot worth 23s. 4d., and a form and three chairs which were valued at 16s. Two spinning-wheels were said to be worth 23s. while an iron chimney and a pore (poker) were prized at 40s. In the inventory of the goods of Lionel Taylor, of Stobilee, dated the 29th of October, 1603, eight oxen are prized at £18 13s., or £2 6s. 7½d. each, two stots are valued at £3 6s. 8d., while ten kine or cows are said to be worth £20. Five whies are valued at £7 10s., six calves at £3, a mare and a foal at 40s., forty wethers at £10, and twenty hogs at £3. Two coup wains and a long wain, with the gearing belonging to them, are said to be worth 40s. Four hens and a cock are appraised at tenpence, which would make the price of fowl twopence each. A brass candlestick, one kettle, two pans, a recking crook, two scythes, and an axe, are valued at 10s.

Silver plate usually formed no inconsiderable portion of a testator's wealth. Although the household furniture of Thomas Tunstall, Alderman of Durham, was worth no more than £9 13s. 4d., he had 106 ounces of silver, which, at 4s. 10d. an ounce, was worth £25 12s. 4d. Tunstall was a dealer in tobacco, and the inventory of his goods is interesting as giving the price of the plant in 1644. It must have varied greatly in quality. Some of it was

valued at a shilling a pound, another sort was priced at thirteence, and there was a quantity which sold at eightence. Spanish tobacco, which must have been the best, was valued at 8s. per pound. Another Durham tradesman, John Bayles, whose will is dated 1640, had in his shop twelve gallons of "stomack water," twenty gallons of aniseed, half a hundredweight of sugar-candy, three pounds of gunpowder (worth 6s. 6d.), a gross of tobacco pipes (worth 2s. 2d.), and twenty-two ear wires, valued at twelence. In his kitchen were two muskets, a halbert, a fowling piece, and a sword.

Many curious and interesting facts are incidentally mentioned in these early wills. Reginald Stoker, vintner, of Newcastle, gives to Matthew Bee, jockey, his small hunting saddle and a gun with a wide bore. His will is dated 1700, and among other legacies mentioned is a violin to Mr. Edward Blackett. In 1643, Thomas Wallis, of Rock, in the parish of Alnwick, makes the following declaration:—"Brother George Wallis, I am goinge upon service. The Lord knowes whether ever I come back againe or no. All the estate that I have in the worlde is fiftie poundes. My will and pleasure is that if it shall please God to call me before I come backe againe that £30 thereof shall be given to you, and £10 a pece to eyther of my two sisters, Ursala and Ellen." The will of John Hunter, of Newcastle, gentleman, is short and to the point. "I give everything to my faithful servant, Alice Taylor." This will is dated October 1, 1702. Thomas Harrison, barber and surgeon, of the same town, in his will, dated 1670, says, "As for my relations, don't trouble me about them, for I was never 5s. the better by any of them. What estate I have I got by and under Mr. Carr, and I give the same to Willie Carr." John Sanderson, of Westgate, Newcastle, plays the part of the unforgiving parent in his will, dated 1669. "Whereas my daughter Isabell Haggett hath by her marriage unknown to me much grieved my heart, and overthrown herself and poor children, my will is that she shall enjoy my house and land in Barnard Castle only for her life, and after that they shall go to her son and his heirs—I mean her son John only; and I desire my executors and supervisors not to let



his father, William Haggett, have anything to do with anything that is mine, he has so often grieved me." By his will, dated 17th July, 1661, John Cosin, of Newcastle, draper, gives to the Mayor and Burgesses 100 volumes of books, to be added to the Library of St. Nicholas's Church.

In the will of James Cole, of Gateshead, under date August 29th, 1660, mention is made of eleven ships in which the testator had a share. He had a sixteenth share in the *Martha Frances*, of London, whereof Captain John Fox was commander. The ship was then on a voyage to Virginia, and was expected home in the following December. His share had cost him £49 5s., and was estimated to be worth £250. He had also a share in the *Present Adventurer*, of Newcastle, Mr. John Jeffries, master; the *Prosperous*, of Newcastle, Mr. Thos. Richardson, master; the *Fortune*, of London, Captain Robert Fuller, late commander; the *Robert and Elizabeth*, of London, Mr. Robert Hicks, master; the *True Love*, of Ipswich, Mr. Henry Truelove, master; the *Adventurer*, of Newcastle, Mr. Anthony White, master; the *Kingfisher*, Mr. Wm. Lawrence, master; the *Mary Anne*, of Newcastle, Mr. Thomas Clarke, master; the *Joyful Return*, of Newcastle, Mr. Robt. Rogers, master; and another ship called *Ralph*, of Newcastle, which was commanded by Mr. James Rand, his shares in the eleven vessels being worth £1,250.

Well-to-do widows usually put off making their testamentary dispositions until the last moment. Their wills are generally drawn up with great attention to details. Widow Shafto, of the Stelling, Northumberland, by her will dated October 10, 1702, gives to her daughter her great kettle, to her sister Elizabeth Brown she leaves her black "manty," a damask petticoat, and two muslin head dresses. Elizabeth Lyon, of Newcastle, widow, gives to her friends Mary Hamilton and Alice Cook each a black hood to wear at her interment in 1704. There is mention of an early Newcastle school in the will of widow Allgood, of Newcastle, dated 1707. "I give and bequeath to the directors and trustees of the school lately set up by an unknown hand in the parish of St. John's in Newcastle,

and now kept in the Pudding Chare, the sum of £100, the same to be put out at interest." In the same year, Dorothy Hilton, of Hilton Castle, widow, directs £20 to be laid out at her funeral; and Widow Allen, of Newcastle, gives to her cousin, Mrs. Elizabeth Henderson, the same year, a large silver cup, a damask table cloth, one dozen damask napkins, and a damask dresser cloth.

Cynical people and old ladies of the Puritan type often hold up their hands at what they call the extravagances in dress of the young men of the period. But as a matter of fact, the wardrobe of the modern "masher" represents only a tithe of the apparel possessed by young men in the reign of James the First. Nothing is known of Claudius Delaval save an inventory that was made of his personal effects after his death in 1623. Therein he is described as of Newcastle, gentleman. He must have been a beau of the first water. In his wardrobe was a tawny suit, consisting of a satin doublet and breeches, and cloak edged with lace, the whole being valued at £8, which would represent fully ten times that amount at the present day. Two suits were valued at £2 10s. each, one being composed of black satin, laced all over, while the other was made of material called black Turkey. A taffety doublet and hose were prized at 50s. There was an old pair of black satin breeches, lined with sarcenet, valued at 30s.; and three hats were worth a couple of pounds. A cloak must have been an expensive item at this time, since a black one of cloth, lined through with black velvet, and edged with satin lace, was said to be worth £8. Beau Delaval possessed four other cloaks, valued at £7 19s. 4d., one being a coloured riding cloak. This was probably worn when he left home attired in his coloured Spanish suit, which was valued at £4 10s. Four laced cambric ruffs, two shirts, nightcaps, and "handkerchers," were estimated to be worth £5 3s. Three pairs of boots, four pairs of Spanish leather shoes, and four pairs of silk stockings, two of them coloured, were valued at £2 15s. Three pairs of silk garters, and roses to the above, were set down at 16s. This exquisite also possessed a viol-di-gamba (a larger instrument of the same form as the violin), a sword, and a watch.

There is a still earlier reference to the viol in the will of Richard Ross, otherwise called De la Rosse, who died at Newcastle in 1611, and appears to have been a teacher of music. He asks that there may be no false bills presented to his only companion, a female servant, after his "departure out of this sinful world," and declares that, although not endowed with riches, he owes not a groat. His effects are valued at £3 16s., and include a solitary green mantle, a bass viol, an old bandore (an instrument resembling a lute), three old lutes, and a gittern (guitar). This early Newcastle musician was buried within the church of All Saints', and it would be interesting to know if the registers there contain any reference to him.

At the present day the man who travels from place to place with his wares is called a pedlar or a packman. The name given to him formerly was chapman, and in the tail-piece we see him riding on his donkey, between well-filled baskets. William Lascelles, who describes himself as a chapman, seems to have been taken ill at Brancepeth, in 1644, and in his will he bequeaths to John Pearson three wooden bottles, two salt fish, a straw basket, a pair of boots and a pair of stockings, his best coat and breeches, all his weights and measures, besides a shirt, a cap, and a pair of scissors.



## CHAPTER XXII.

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### FAMOUS NORTH-COUNTRY FAMILIES.

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Pride of Ancestry.—Sir Cuthbert Sharp, Historian and Genealogist.—William Belasys.—Sir Bertram Bulmer.—Sir Henry Brabant.—Sir Francis Brandling.—The Conyers Falchion.—Sir Ambrose Crowley.—The Derwent a Spawning Ground for Salmon.—Dr. Samuel Garth.—Anecdote of Sir Toby Mathew.—Sir Thomas Riddell.—Lord Eldon.—The Vanes, Whittinghams, and Coles.

THE pride of ancestry is a pardonable weakness. Everybody knows the story of the Scotchman who, in proof of his descent from the Admirable Crichton, was wont to produce an ancient shirt marked A.C. in the tail, preserved, as he said, as an heirloom by the family. The manner in which James the First, during his stay at Lumley Castle, was wearied with a long detail of the ancestry of that house is equally well known. In the reign of the first Edward, Sir John Huddleston was among those summoned to a council at Newcastle-on-Tyne. He was the direct ancestor of one of the heroes of Agincourt, and his house flourished in the North of England for several generations anterior to the downfall of the Saxon dynasty. The pedigree begins with an Adam, and on it is said to be emblazoned a representation of Noah going into the Ark, carrying under his arm a small trunk on which is inscribed “Papers of the house of Huddleston.” The family name is generally allowed to be derived from Hodelston in Yorkshire; but a recent member of it always maintained that it was a corruption of Athelstane!

Huddleston was a friend of the eccentric Duke of Norfolk, and the two often met over a bottle to discuss the respective pretensions of their pedigrees. On one of these occasions the discussion was prolonged till the descendant of the Saxon ruler rolled from his chair upon

the floor. One of the younger members of the family hastened by the Duke's desire to re-establish him, but he sturdily repelled the proffered hand of the cadet. "Never," he hiccuped out, "shall it be said that the head of the house of Huddleston was helped from the ground by a younger branch of the house of Howard." "Well, then, my old friend," said the good-natured Duke, "I must try what I can do for you myself. The head of the house of Howard is too drunk to pick up the head of the house of Huddleston, but he will lie down beside him with all the pleasure in the world," saying which his grace stretched himself upon the floor.

History furnishes us with innumerable instances of the vicissitudes to which many of our local families have been subjected since the dawn of the seventeenth century. In Durham, the families of Lambton, Lumley, Clavering, and Liddell remain, but where are the Conyers's, the Hiltons, the Blakistons, and many others whose names emblazon the historic rolls of the north? Some have succumbed before the altered requirements of the times, whilst others, from sheer force of adversity, have been absorbed into the humbler ranks of life. To some of them Homer's lines are peculiarly applicable :—

Like leaves on trees this ancient race is found,  
Now green as grass, now withering on the ground.

Perhaps no local historian ever did more to perpetuate the memory and greatness of our North-country families than did Sir Cuthbert Sharp, who contributed to Surtees's "History of Durham" much of the genealogical matter scattered throughout that great work. Captain Cuttle's advice was religiously observed by Sir Cuthbert in the compilation of pedigrees. All available memoranda relative to local families of importance were jotted down in a book kept for that purpose. This book was sold in 1891 by Messrs. Davison and Son, of Newcastle, and by their courtesy we were favoured with a sight of the precious manuscript. On the opening page Sir Cuthbert has written :—"This book has cost me infinite labour and research." In it the genealogist and historian will find a rich meadow worth cropping. It gives the origin and tradition of every family of note in Northumberland and

Durham, and its value is enhanced by the addition of numerous seventeenth-century autographs and several portraits. On page 7 is an autograph of William Belasys, of Morton House, High Sheriff of the county of Durham from 1625 to 1640, one of whose ancestors, having exchanged the paternal estate for another, is thus referred to in a couplet :—

Bellasys, Bellasys, daft was thy sowell  
When thou chang'd Bellasys for Henknowell.

The degeneracy of families is illustrated in the career of Sir Bertram Bulmer, of Turisdale, a gallant knight, one of the first created by James I. This gay cavalier raised a regiment of foot which he led to the wars in the Low Countries, where on one occasion his men deserted him in a wet ditch. He was taken prisoner by the Spaniards, and part of his lands were sold to pay his ransom. His descendants were reduced to great poverty, and one of them, Bertram Bulmer, in 1726, kept the cock-pit and bowling green in Gray's Inn Lane. He had then in his possession a splendidly illuminated family pedigree—but a sorry memento of its previous greatness.

The fate of Sir Henry Brabant, who was knighted by Charles II., ought to stand as a warning to all who thirst after civic honours. He was a prominent Novocastrian in his day, having served the office of Sheriff in 1662, and was Mayor in 1667 and 1685. So poor was he at his death, however, that the Common Council ordered the sum of £5 to be given to Lady Brabant “in charity.”

There is an autograph of the resolute, spirited Sir Francis Brandling, of Alnwick Abbey, who on one occasion shut up the Archdeacon's official of Northumberland, and the whole clerical convocation, in the church of Alnwick, until they released him from some spiritual censures which he had incurred in the execution of his official duties.

*A propos* of the falchion question, which has so frequently engaged the attention of our local quidnuncs, there is a portrait on vellum of the last descendant of the falchion knight of Sockburn :—

. . . . Where Conyers so trusty  
A huge serpent did dish-up,  
That had else eat the Bish-up.

The antiquity of this rhyme has been questioned by those learned in the folk-lore and legends of the county, and it has been more than once attributed to Surtees, who was, like his friend Raine, an adept at that sort of imposition.

Various accounts of the famous Sir Ambrose Crowley, of "Crowley Crew" notoriety, have been handed down to us, some of them mythical, others containing a substratum of truth. Sir Ambrose seems to have been much interested in the Winlaton Ironworks, and among other things there is an original letter of his to Sir George Bowes, dated November 13th, 1702, in which he speaks of his disappointments and losses. To begin with, the river Derwent had made a severe breach upon his iron mill, and he had lost a ship containing a cargo of iron. The Derwent seems to have been at this time a spawning ground for salmon, which in the middle of November would be ascending the river for that purpose. Poaching was evidently one of the many peccadilloes to which the "Crowley Crew" were addicted, and in his letter Sir Ambrose promises to restrain his workmen, having already threatened to discharge from his service any whom he found destroying the salmon. There is a copy of a petition to the king asking protection for several of his workmen who had come from Liege, "that being the only place in Europe for the smith trade," and who had "taught the Englishmen their work better and swifter than formerly, and to make such nails as are used in Holland for sheathing ships."

An interesting sketch, to which is added a characteristic portrait of Sir Samuel Garth, the physician, is given. In the new "Dictionary of Biography" it is said that Dr. Garth was a Yorkshireman. But that is not so. He was the eldest son of William Garth, of Bolam, and was educated at the public school of Ingleton, Durham. The elder Garth's will, dated February 13th, 1703, is enrolled in the Durham Probate Registry, and in it he leaves Sir Samuel a legacy of only £10, in consequence of his having been at great charges and expenses in his education "at the University of Cambridge and elsewhere, and in his taking his degree there of Doctor of Physic."

Sir Toby Mathew, son of the Bishop of Durham of that name, is described in a letter as a deep intriguing politician

and a spy in the service of Rome. The Bishop had three sons, whom he discriminated by saying that his son Toby had wit and no grace, that his son Samuel had grace and no wit, and that the third had neither grace nor wit.

Loyalty to the Stuart cause was the price of many a fair estate in the North-country. It was hereditary in the family of Riddell, of Tunstall, whose representative, Sir Thomas, colonel of a regiment of foot, died in exile at Antwerp, in the year 1652. It was his grand-daughter, Margaret, that, on the forced abdication of James II., made a solemn vow never to wear either shoe or stocking until he was replaced on the throne of his ancestors; and however painful this alternative must have been to a woman of delicacy, yet she religiously kept her vow, and to her death she could never be prevailed upon to wear any other than sandals.

Sir Cuthbert has preserved a copy of a quaint, chatty letter of the first Lord Eldon to a friend. "I have long been compelled," writes the great lawyer, "to withhold myself from all that is pleasant in this world; and if necessity, which has no law, had not flogged me into the acquisition of as much law as I could get, my own disposition would have led me where I still cannot help persuading myself that more of real happiness is to be found than will fall to my lot in this world—to a parsonage fireside."

Much interesting matter is given respecting the Vanes, the lineal ancestors of the present noble house of Londonderry. There is an autograph letter on vellum of Henry the younger, whom Milton immortalizes in the line—

Vane, young in years, but in sage counsel old.

In his notice of Sir Walter, third son of Sir Henry the younger, who was envoy to the Elector of Brandenburg, Sir Cuthbert mentions the fact that the illustrious John Locke was in his train, and says that he had seen several of his letters in the library at Wynyard. The Vanes still flourish, but what of the Whittinghams and Coles? The latter rose almost *per saltum* from the smithy to the baronetage, but the family fell as suddenly as it rose, "like a bright exhalation in the evening," the grandchildren of the second baronet dying in landless poverty.



## CHAPTER XXIII.

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### THE PARISH RECORDS OF DURHAM.

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The Parson's Wife and her Tea-Cakes.—Rogue Money.—Consumption of Wine at Communion.—The Law's Delay.—Destruction of Foxes and Vermin.—Workmen and Beer.—Ancient Way of Raising Funds.—Appropriation of Pews.—Class Distinctions.—Executions at Dryburn.—Dean Comber fond of Home-Brewed.—Dog Whippers.

IT may be safely asserted that few people would for any lengthened period voluntarily undertake the perusal of old account books. To most persons the entries of receipts and disbursements are mere objects of prosaic contemplation. Yet, notwithstanding their dry, uninviting appearance, they are not without interest to such among us as delight in realizing the thoughts, usages, and doings of our ancestors. A perusal of the "Durham Parish Books," which the Rev. J. Barmby, Vicar of Pitlington, has edited for the Surtees Society, conjures up before us the vanished generations of men and women who lived in the villages of Durham three centuries ago, with the language they used, their views, their manners, their dealings with each other, the institutions under which they were governed, and a host of other thronging memories. The volume comprises the parochial records and churchwardens' accounts of four places—viz., the country parishes of Pitlington and Houghton-le-Spring, and the urban ones of St. Nicholas and St. Oswald in the city of Durham. These four parishes may be taken as representative specimens of the whole diocese. The period covered by the records is from 1580 to 1700, an eventful and important one both ecclesiastically and politically. The book exhibits not only the results of long, careful, and industrious research, but it glows with the life which nothing but genuine enthusiasm and a wide knowledge of local history could produce.

The contents of the Pittington book, which comes first in order, are given in full, as being more within compass than the rest, and Mr. Barmby having felt a pardonable partiality for the records of his own parish. It is satisfactory to know that they are in such excellent hands. Time used to be when registers and account books were so little valued and thought of that, as at Muggleswick, the parson's wife baked her tea-cakes on leaves which had been torn therefrom. Under date 1585 there is an entry concerning rogue money, which was a special cessment paid by the parish to the high-constable for the maintenance of prisoners and the relief of mariners and soldiers. At Easter, 1589, 6s. 8d. was disbursed for ten quarts of wine to serve the communion. The quantity of wine strikes us as being much in excess of what would be consumed now (for there seems to have been seldom more than four celebrations during the year), although it was much less than that used in St. Oswald's parish, where in one year fifty quarts and a pint were consumed at a cost of 34s. 4d. All the parishioners at this time were compelled to communicate once a year at least, through the action of the Courts. Such long-continued and vexatious compulsion may, perhaps, account in some measure for the neglect of communions by the Church-going population generally in more recent times, after discipline had ceased; for, as Mr. Barmby remarks, people would be likely to have a distaste for the ordinance to which they had been driven against their will, and often on political rather than religious grounds. Nor can we wonder at the bad odour into which the spiritual courts generally fell when we perceive from these books how harassing they must have been to parishes, with their constant citations, at the instance often of interested apparitors, their protracted proceedings, their continual injunctions of penance, and their exaction of fees. The case of John Johnson, of Shincliffe, given in the appendix, illustrates the procedure of these courts. It was protracted from the beginning of June, 1600, to the 22nd of May in the following year, having been nine times before the court. It arose from Johnson being presented by a churchwarden for suspicion of incontinency with another man's wife. Having been

declared contumacious and threatened with excommunication for not appearing before the court after citation, he at length presented himself, and denied the charge. Ingram Maughan, the apparitor of the court, promoted the office of judge against him. The charge resting only on alleged common report, his accusers were required to adduce proof of such report; whereupon at a subsequent sitting of the court they produced nine inhabitants of Shincliffe to swear, not to the fact of the man's guilt, but to the general belief of it. The accused, being called upon to reply, again denied the charge on his oath *ex-officio*. Being then required to produce four honest neighbours as his compurgators—*i.e.*, to swear that they believed him to have sworn truly—he did so, and was acquitted. But, notwithstanding this, he was compelled, under pain of excommunication, to pay the whole costs of the long suit. Had the case been proved against the man, he would have had to stand in his shirt during Divine service, and do a like penance in the open market.

In 1598 fourpence was paid to George Halliday for a fox's head. Thirty years later this note occurs in one of the books :—"It was agreed upon by the gentlemen and twelve of this parish that whosoever shall take any fox, or pate (badger), and bring the heade to the church, shall have twelvecence paid by the churchwardens." But Reynard survived all this vulpine war, and had his revenge in the days of the old Squire of Elemore of fox-hunting fame, when he was preserved and fattened at the expense of his former persecutors. It is interesting to note how the repairs of the church were effected and superintended by the churchwardens. Nothing is delegated to others, or contracted for, as would have been the case in more recent times. The quaint phraseology and spelling in some of the books would lead us to think that the parish scribe must have been a bit of a humorist. Thus there is a payment to Christopher Hodgson for "staying a jest," but as "joist" was meant, it is evident that no joke is intended. As there were no "mashers" or "twopenny swells" in those days, we conclude that the payment of twopence for a swell must have been for that primitive article of husbandry known as a "swill."

There are occasional payments for the slaking of lime for repairing the church, but the slaking of thirst must have gone on continually, since nearly every page contains disbursements for drinks. It may be noted as a curious fact that the giving of beer to workmen was always observed in the seventeenth century, and later, and was usually stipulated in a contract. In an old agreement between John Douglas, a former Town Clerk of Newcastle, and a local brickmaker, we find that the former is to make the latter's workmen a certain allowance of beer daily. In the year 1622, probably in view of their liability for the support of the poor under Elizabeth's Poor Laws, the inhabitants are forbidden to entertain or harbour any stranger within the parish.

In the parish of Pitlington we find an ancient way of raising the funds required for parochial purposes. They did not accrue, as in later times, from rates (except when, from time to time, there was a special "cessment" for some special purpose), but from the profits of a flock of sheep, called "the church shepe," which were pastured freely on the several farms in the parish. It does not appear that this system originated in 1584, though in that year the proportional liability of the farmers for the pasturage of the sheep was defined, namely, one sheep to be fed for every £4 of rental. This system, interesting as suggestive of a simple pastoral community, continued for forty subsequent years, during which the churchwardens' accounts show the sums received in each year for sheep, lambs, and wool, and the disbursements for new purchases, together with frequent statements of the state of the flock on the several farms in the parish. These accounts of the flock are further interesting as showing the current prices at the time. In 1624, the church flock, being then in a decayed state, was sold. It consisted at that time of six wethers, ten ewes, and five lambs, and realized, together with the wool, £6 3s. 2d. Thenceforth the primitive plan, proving inadequate, was given up as obsolete, and the parishioners began to be regularly rated as in modern times.

These records throw considerable light on the origin and progress of the system of appropriation of seats in

churches, and this is of peculiar interest at the present day, when the principle of free and open churches is being so laudably contended for in many quarters. In the country parish of Pitlington its first beginning appears in the year 1584, the church being already, it would seem, provided with fixed seats or stalls, presumably till that time free to all, though there, as elsewhere, men and women had been placed apart. The privilege was at first confined to men, and when, forty years afterwards, the principal wives of the parish obtained a like distinction, amusing is the difficulty that ensued. The duty of assigning seats to the ladies was delegated to the select twelve, who must have found it exceedingly difficult to please the fair worshippers. The custom, it appears, was to appoint this or that whole stall for the use of certain persons, as many as it would hold, but not to assign particular places for each therein. But one place or "room" in a stall was held to be more honourable than another; and hence the ladies gave further trouble to the vestry by contending for "the highest rooms." The following resolution was calculated to put an end to the jealousies and strife:—"Whereas some of the women were not content with any roomes in the stalls but the first, contending for the first places, to avoid suits in law, and to restrane the pride of such, it was agreed uppon by the twelve of the parish of Pitlington that every one should take their place as they came, such as came first to the church should have the first place in the stall appointed for them."

Under date 1693 there is this curious entry:—"For ale, with an intention to treat the Dean when he preached, 1s." So that seemingly Dean Comber, the learned author of the "Companion to the Temple," was not averse to a flagon of foaming home-brewed. The following is among the ordinances agreed to by the vestry in 1608:—"That no men, yonge or olde, shall in tyme of Divine Service sytt upon the sides or edges of women's stalls upon payne of 2d."

Beginning in 1665, the vestry book of St. Nicholas's parish contains many interesting entries respecting the management of parochial matters. The rules to be observed by the bell-ringers are curious, and the spelling

of our extracts will be modernized for convenience sake. “ Upon Sundays they shall ring the first bell at twelve o’clock, for the second bell at one o’clock they shall chime two bells, and when all in they shall chime three bells or all, and ring the great bell for the sermon bell.” “ The sexton shall have for ringing a bell at four o’clock every morning, and ringing a bell at eight o’clock every night, and for his other wages belonging to the church, twenty shillings a year.” This custom of ringing the bell at four o’clock in the morning would not fall in with the habits of the present generation.

In the highlands of Scotland, we believe, it is still customary for the shepherds to take their dogs to kirk with them. In 1646, John Lazing was appointed beadle of Pittington, “ for driving doggs out of church in time of public worship.” In a visitation sermon preached at Brentwood, in Essex, by Dr. Read, printed at London in 1636, the preacher gives an extraordinary description of the presence and doings of dogs in church. In those days an old woman was sometimes engaged to keep out straying dogs and poultry, and there is a story of a Durham parson, who had seen a hen walk into the church as he was reading the first lesson, shocking his congregation by bawling out after the words : “ And the Lord said unto Moses—Peggy, get up and put that hen out !”



## CHAPTER XXIV.

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### SLANG.

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Gradual Refinement of Language.—Primitive use of Terms.—Lord Chesterfield's Definition of Slang.—Illustrations.

WE are becoming so refined in our ideas that much of the language of our ancestors is being lost. Many of the expressions—good Saxon words some of them—that passed current in our grandfathers' time are now set down by the lexicographers as obsolete, or are regarded by polite people as vulgarisms. An instance of this may be given. On the 10th day of February, in the year of grace 1715, a young man lost his life at Hartlepool while sinking for a draw-well in the yard attached to his father's house. The Hartlepudlians were a primitive people in those days, and in recording the event in the church register the parish scribe says that the unfortunate young man was "smoored to death sinking for a draw-well in his father's back-side." Probably Dr. Murray's new dictionary will devote some space to the word "yard," and we may be told when it was first used as an equivalent for the longer word, which was in common use at the early part of the present century, it being recorded by Denham in his "Proverbs and Sayings of Durham," that he once heard an ancient lady innocently address a neighbour in this wise—"What a bonny backside ye hev, Mr. Brown!"

In the opinion of a very great many respectable people, slang is simply a collective name for vulgar expressions, the most refined individual being the one who uses it least. Lord Chesterfield's definition of slang is that it is used only to convey the meaning of uneducated minds. But it has come to be used so frequently in general conversation that it is difficult to distinguish between slang terms not as yet recognized by the lexicographers and those which

are firmly established. Occasionally a class slang word is adopted by the public, just as a section of it has fallen into using that very foolish expression, "Thanks, awfully." It is quite possible for people who do not belong to the seafaring fraternity to hear of a husband having to "look out for squalls" when he comes home "heeling over" from having dined too well, even if he has not "capsized" or been "thrown upon his beam ends" in the gutter. Slang has become such an essential in every-day life that a dictionary embracing it and pidgin-English, tinkers' jargon, and other irregular phraseology, has been compiled on the subject by Messrs. Barrère and Leland; but as only a limited number of copies of the work has been printed, and these have been issued to subscribers only, it will not come within the reach of the general reader, to whom a brief summary of the curious book may be acceptable.<sup>1</sup>

When a man is all right and comfortable he is sometimes heard to say, "I am A1." The expression originated from Lloyd's to indicate the character of a ship and its appointments. To be classed A1 at Lloyd's means that the vessel, its anchors, sails, tackle, and stores have been examined by official surveyors, and found to be in good trim, entitling it to be ranked as first-class. "That's about the size of it," is an expression used in a very wide sense. In this country the parson officiating at a wedding receives the affirmative, "I will," before tying the nuptial knot, but across the Atlantic the ceremony is conducted much in this way—"So you take this woman, whose hand you're a squeezin', to be your lawful wife, in flush times an' skimp?" "I reckon that's about the size of it, squire." Among vagrants, relieving officers are known as "Accelerators," from their occasional refusal to give food to the dying outcast, and the usual rider accompanying the jury's verdict of natural death, "accelerated through the want of the common necessaries of life." The saying, "According to Cocker," originated in 1756, and was taken up by the people from Murphy's play of "The Apprentice," in which the strong point of

<sup>1</sup> "A Dictionary of Slang, Jargon, and Cant," by Albert Barrère and Chas. G. Leland.



the old merchant Wingate is his extreme reverence for Cocker and his arithmetic. Among thieves, the gallows tree and the acorn are synonymous. "The acorn is planted for thee, my bonny boy," occurs in Wilson's "Tales of the Borders." It is an old North-country saying that those who are born to be hung will never be drowned. Not many years ago a well-known character in the city of Durham tumbled out of a boat below Elvet Bridge, and remembering what his friends had always predicted about the mode of his death, he held up his hands and shouted, "Gallows, gallows, claim thy rights!" It is not at all uncommon to find the description "Ale-draper" in old writings. The term is very ancient, and was applied to ale-house keepers. Parliamentary tactics have given birth to many slang words. "To take refuge in the cave of Adullam" is a phrase borrowed from the Old Testament, and during the Reform Agitation of 1867 the seceders from the Liberal party were dubbed Adullamites.

Those who bet without knowing much about the turf, and the occasional combinations among owners, trainers, and jockeys, will do well to note that when a horse is said to be out for an "airing," there is no intention on the part of those concerned with him that he should win. "He came Captain Armstrong," is equivalent to saying that the rider pulled with a strong arm, thus preventing his horse from winning. The silly use of the word "awfully" has been already referred to. The expletive does duty in fashionable slang for "very." Girls and women are no longer "very pretty," or "very handsome," but "awfully pretty" or "awfully handsome." These and countless other perversions of the word might fitly be described as awfully destructive of the grace, elegance, and purity of the English language. "Beastly" is a similarly abused word. Everything that does not meet with approval now is beastly. Even a dull sermon preached on a Sunday morning is "beastly." The young lady used the word correctly when she said of her pets, "I like horses, I like dogs, I like parrots; in short, I like everything that is beastly!" The expression, "Beef to the heels," is generally applied to ladies with not very small ankles. One writer attributes it to Waterford, in Ireland; but it

had its origin, we believe, in the county of Durham, where the saying, "Beef to the heels, like a Durham heifer," was common at the beginning of this century.

The editors have given only one rendering of the word "Callithumpian," which they associate with a discordant serenade. "Hartmann's neighbours thought it would be a bright thing to give him a callithumpian serenade, so they got under his window and blowed and snorted, and rung their dinner bells, and brayed on their horns till there was a pause. Then Hartmann stuck his head out of the window, and said 'Friends, Romans, and fellow-citizens! I thank you for the honour of this musical treat, which I suppose to your ears is as good a one as can be given. But it wants one thing. It lacks the exhilarating tones of the shot-gun, and there it is, bless you!' Saying which he fired two barrels of small shot among them, and the serenade was over." An acquaintance with North-country literature would have shown the compilers that a different meaning is attached to the word in the county of Durham. In a little work written by the late Mr. Boydell, vicar of Wingate, and published by Hills of Sunderland, in 1862, a miner is asked if he ever went to church. "No," was the reply; "there are but two persons in the world of the same religion that I am, and one of them is in America." "What is that?" was the inquiry. "Callithumpian," was the answer. "And pray what are the opinions of the Callithumpians?" asked the vicar. "Plenty of meat and drink, and no grumblin'," was the pitman's rejoinder.

"Durham man, a knock-kneed man was so called, and was said to grind mustard between his knees." Such is the explanation given in the new Slang Dictionary of a saying which is as old as Durham mustard. Nick-names stick, and this one is still applied to knock-kneed men from their being said to grind mustard between their knees in walking. There is a popular belief that the city of Durham was the home of mustard, but it is quite certain that this useful condiment was used in Northumberland nearly three centuries before Dame Clements introduced it to the public. In the account rolls of the monks of Farne, mention is made of "mwstert qweryngs" (mustard

querns) under the year 1436.<sup>1</sup> And in the Household Book of the fifth Earl of Northumberland, there is an order for the provision of 160 gallons of mustard for the use of the house for "oone hole yere," the cost of which is set down at 34s. 4d. Further on in the book is the entry: "Whereas mustarde hath beyn boght of the Sawce-maker affore tyme, that now it be made within my Lordis hous, and that one be providit to be Grome of the Skullery that can make it." At this time, and for long after, the mustard seed was coarsely pounded in a mortar, as coarsely separated from the integument, and in that rough state prepared for use. About the year 1720, it occurred to a lady named Clements, residing in the city of Durham, to grind the seed in a mill, and pass it through the several processes which are resorted to in making flour from wheat. The secret she kept many years to herself, and in the period of her exclusive possession of it she supplied the principal parts of the kingdom, and in particular the metropolis, with this article. Mrs. Clements regularly travelled for orders, and in time the mustard luxury spread to all parts of the country.

Some of the words which are used in everyday journalism are becoming stale, and our descriptive writers might with advantage, just by way of saying something new, turn to the Slang Dictionary for a few original terms. There they will find that "explaterate" may be used in explaining and illustrating their meaning; and when next they find a speaker at a loss for a word, or witness his discomfiture, they may with safety say that he was "discombobberated." Some of the football scribes might also dip into it for a wrinkle or two. They talk a lot about scrimmages, but none of them seem to be familiar with the new word "foik," which is picking up a ball with your hands before it is fairly out of the scrimmage, or to kick it out of the scrimmage backwards to one of your own behinds, to give him a chance of a run.

<sup>1</sup> Raine's "North Durham," p. 351.

## CHAPTER XXV.

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### EPITAPHS AND REGISTERS.

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Flattering Epitaphs.—Carlton's Monumental Inscriptions.—Printers' Errors.—Curious Epitaphs.—Transcribing Parish Registers.—Registers of St. Oswald's, Durham.—Preservation of Registers.

THE renewal of epitaphs on the gravestones of eminent Novocastrians has called attention to the matter of monumental inscriptions generally, for those in several of the local churchyards have been copied by members of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries, and in course of time these may be embodied in the proceedings of the Society, or perhaps printed in a separate form. If the sepulchral memorials one often meets speak the truth, this can hardly be looked upon as a fallen world. Inscription after inscription sings the praises of the departed, and tells us that a better parent, husband, brother, and son never lived. The memory loves to dwell on the good qualities and not the failings of the dead, and this natural impulse often leads us to speak of them as if they had been almost faultless. Many epitaphs are made up of flattery, and "to lie like an epitaph" has passed into a proverb. There is a society for the preservation of tombstones, and there ought to be another for the making of epitaphs. It is noteworthy that the first attempt to print a complete collection of monumental inscriptions connected with any town in England was made by the late Mr. Carlton,<sup>1</sup> of Durham, whom we once met up to his knees in snow in

<sup>1</sup> "Monumental Inscriptions of the City of Durham," by C. M. Carlton, Vol. I. The second volume has not been issued.

St. Oswald's Churchyard deciphering the inscription on a tombstone which ran thus :—

Here lies Henry Gelston, Bereft of Life,  
Who had many troubles in his Life ;<sup>1</sup>  
His flesh to rot, his Bones Decay,  
The Lord have mercy on his Soul, I pray.

Close by is an oration dedicated to the virtues of a lady who had “obtained that good name which is better than precious ointment,” and in another part of the churchyard is this epitaph on John Boulton, clock and watch maker :—

Ingenious artist ! Few thy skill surpast  
In works of art, but death has beat at last.

People are apt to poke fun at epitaphs, but without these there would be many gaps in our county histories and genealogies. We wish, however, that some of the inscriptions one meets in the churchyards had been a little more explicit. What was it, for instance, that so ruthlessly bereft of life the unfortunate Bee whose death was thus commemorated in Bishopwearmouth Churchyard ?

Under this stone his friends may see  
The last remains of poor George Bee.  
A man more cruel than a Turk  
Destroy'd him coming from his work :  
Without a word, without a frown,  
The horrid monster rode him down.

<sup>1</sup> These are the words on the tombstone, but when they appeared in the *Newcastle Daily Journal*, the printer, probably desiring to place his own experience and feelings on record, altered the lines thus :—

Here lies Henry Gelston, Bereft of Life,  
Who had many troubles with his Wife !

We have had much experience of printers, and may be tempted some day to write a bookful of their errors. About fifteen years ago, during a pressure of work, we asked Mr. Cruickshank, of Wallsend, a gentleman of great literary ability, to write us an account of a polytechnic exhibition which was then being held at Shotley Bridge. He did so, and mentioned the fact that the British and Foreign Bible Society exhibited a fine collection of bibles. But when the report appeared it was found that the printer had substituted the word “bedsteads” for bibles, which is perhaps one of the most curious biblical errors on record. On one occasion we gave an account of three giants, Cor, Ben, and Con, who are said to have founded Corbridge, Benfieldside, and Consett, and whose prodigious strength is said to have enabled them to throw a hammer three leagues.

A hammer in common they had,  
And the use of it easy to all ;  
Each whistled, each brother was glad  
To throw it three leagues at his call.

This fabulous account duly appeared, but in the last line of the stanza the printer made the giant throw the hammer three leagues at a “cab !”

When another poor mortal made his sudden exit through an accident, his friends were more explicit :—

Here lies John Adams, who received a thump  
Right in the forehead from the parish pump.

Many quaint seventeenth-century inscriptions remain scattered up and down the two counties of Durham and Northumberland, and the majority of these seem to have escaped the notice of local writers. Among the manuscripts bequeathed to Bishop Cosin's Library on the Palace Green at Durham is a folio volume containing a rare collection of those memorials. It was made by Christopher Mickleton, a painstaking antiquary. Some of the epitaphs are very curious, as, for instance, that brought out of the Highlands of Scotland in 1715 by the Earl of Cadogan :—

Here liggs Wanton Willy of ye Wood,  
He married a rich ald wife ;  
He did it for his daily food—  
Ah ! was that not a painful life ?

There has been a disposition among a few of our local antiquaries to make transcripts of some of the parish registers, and in one or two instances, as at Gainford, these have been printed, while the publication of others is contemplated. Mr. Blair has made excerpts from the registers of many parishes in Northumberland and Durham, and published these in the *Newcastle Courant*, and the material thus collected will doubtless be of great use and value hereafter to the historian and genealogist. Although there is not, in truth, much variety in the pastime, it would seem that the copying of old registers has as much attraction for the female as the male mind, Miss Martin having read a paper on the Eglington Registers at a recent meeting of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries.

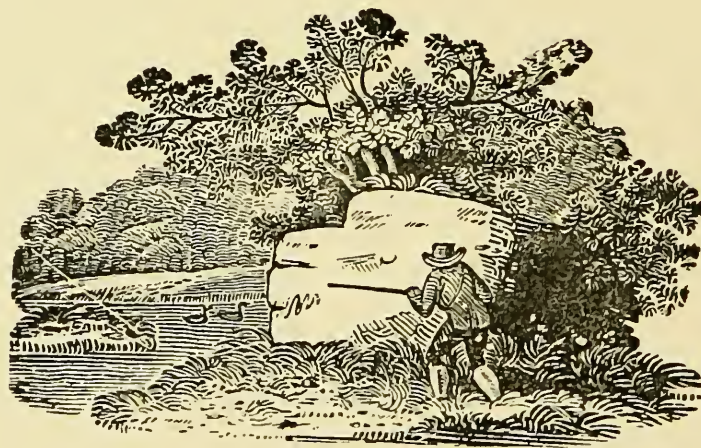
St. Oswald's, in the city of Durham, is the only parish church in the diocese that can boast of an unbroken series of registers, dating from the 30th year of Henry VIII. (1538), when Lord Cromwell first provided that registers should be kept. Begun by Captain White, a genealogist of ability, and a gentleman imbued with strong literary and antiquarian tastes, the task of making a full transcript of the registers for a period

of 213 years has been completed by the Vicar, assisted by his daughter.<sup>1</sup> The magnitude of the work may be judged when it is mentioned that it runs to 331 closely printed folio pages. Although the clergy lost prestige after the Reformation, and many of them were little better than profligates and infidels during the reign of Elizabeth, there is evidence that discipline was maintained at St. Oswald's, otherwise the vicar would not have dared to excommunicate Mistress Grace Booth, of Houghall, for not receiving the Holy Communion. He refused to give her Christian burial the day after her death in 1586, and she was buried, as the register expresses it, "at xj. of the clock in the nyght." The year following people died for lack of bread, wheat being 16s. 4d. a bushel, but it fell to 3s. 4d. the summer following. In 1589, numbers were carried off every day by the plague; thus we have the sorrowful entry that—"Adam Masterman and iiij. of hys systemes buried of ye plage ye 26, 27, 28, 29 of September." There is the record of the burial of four Papists, who had been hanged and quartered at Dryburn in 1590. A similar entry is against the names of two men eight years later, and in 1603 the hanging of Richard Heyrine and Cuthbert Williamson is recorded. These being buried within the church shows that they were not ordinary criminals, and who they were, and why executed, are questions that invite inquiry.

Much interesting local history and genealogical matter may be gathered from registers, but in dealing with the earliest ones great care needs to be exercised in making transcripts, the orthographical peculiarities being carefully noted, and all references verified where practicable. Too much care cannot be taken by the clergy of the smallest fragment that falls into their hands, if it only bears the faintest resemblance to being part of a parish register. This was illustrated in a local case which was tried about thirty years ago. It involved the legitimacy of the plaintiff's ancestor, who was born in 1789, and was alleged to be the son, before marriage, of Andrew Aitcheson and Eleanor Embleton. The property in

<sup>1</sup> "The Parish Registers of St. Oswald's, Durham," by the Rev. A. W. Headlam, Vicar.

dispute was a small estate in the neighbourhood of Alnwick. After the decree directing the action, search was made in the Consistory Court of Durham, and a license to marry was found granted to Andrew Aitcheson in 1788. The bond recited that Eleanor Embleton lived at the parish of Kirknewton, and this led to a search in the registers there, and to the discovery of a very curious piece of evidence. It appeared that the parish registers of Kirknewton had been destroyed by fire in 1788, and there was no trace of any marriages there before that time. It was admitted that the plaintiff's ancestor was born in November, 1789, and the fire, it appeared, had taken place between the granting of the license and this birth. The clerk to the plaintiff's attorney was induced before the trial to go over to Kirknewton and make further search; and in answer to his inquiries the incumbent handed to him a bundle of burnt fragments of paper, the remains of the former parish registers, tied up in a piece of newspaper, and kept by him in the church. On reading carefully through these fragments a part of a leaf was found having on it the names of Eleanor Embleton and Andrew Aitcheson, with part of the word "married" and the date "17—," part of the figures being burnt off. This evidence was deemed to be so conclusive that the defendant's counsel permitted a verdict to be taken against him.





## CHAPTER XXVI.

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### HISTORIC EXECUTIONS AND HANGMEN.

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Jack Ketch.—On the way to the Gallows.—How the Rebels were Executed.—Improved Modes of Hanging.—Jane Jameson.—Hanging Culprits Twice.—Poisoners Boiled to Death.—Local Poisoners.—Murdock, Calcraft, and Marwood.

HOGARTH, in his inimitable print of the “London Apprentice,” gives a representation of Jack Ketch lolling upon the gallows, with his pipe in his mouth, waiting the arrival of the cart containing his victim. The place of execution in those days was usually on a moor or common at a considerable distance from the gaol, and the journey thither had to be made in a cart, the culprit sitting on a coffin guarded by an escort, with an immense mob in the rear. It was the custom in some places to stop for refreshments on the way. Between the city of York and its Tyburn, for instance, there was an ancient hostelry called The Gallows House, at which the cart used always to stop, and there the convict and his escort were refreshed with liquors. On one occasion a man refused this little regale, and soon after he was turned off a reprieve arrived. Had he but stopped at the Gallows House the time spent there would have saved his life, so that he was hanged, as truly as unhappily, for refusing his liquor. The science of hanging has without a doubt made rapid strides since the halter came into general use. A comparison of the present method of hanging with that in vogue when the rebels taken at the surrender of Carlisle, in 1745, were executed will show that the hangman has not been behind the age. Then the criminal was made to feel all the horrors of a lingering death, and occasionally the hangman was obliged to add the finishing touches. When the rebels were executed, they were taken to the gallows on sledges, through a long line of spectators, and guarded by

a party of horse and foot soldiers. Having finished their devotions, the men were tied up to the gallows, and in about five minutes the body of one, that of Colonel Townley, was cut down and laid on the stage. These particulars are given in a rare tract published at the time, and therein it is stated that signs of life being still visible, the executioner "struck him several violent blows on his breast, and then cut off his head, took out his bowels, and flung them into the fire which was burning near the gallows."<sup>1</sup> All the other men having been served in the same way, the heads and bodies were put into coffins and conveyed back to the gaol. Eight years after this event, a woman was executed on the Newcastle Town Moor, but as her offence was not treason it is improbable that she suffered any of the indignities which accompanied the hanging of the rebels. Seventy-five years later, in 1829, Jane Jameson rode on her coffin to the same spot for a murder which is still remembered by many Novocastrians. She was preceded by the town sergeants on horseback, with cocked hats and swords, and was guarded on each side by eight free porters with their javelins, and ten constables with their staves.

Twice in the county of Durham the revolting spectacle of hanging a person twice has been witnessed, the rope with which the culprit was to be strangled having broken in both instances. The first occasion was at the execution of Mary Nicholson, for poisoning her mistress, Elizabeth Atkinson. Tried at the Summer Assizes in 1798, she was found guilty, but not sentenced, some point having been raised which was referred to the twelve judges. A year passed away, during which she performed domestic duties in the county prison, and was sent on errands into the city, passing to and fro among the inhabitants as a free servant; but on the 16th of July, 1799, the judges before whom she had been tried returned to Durham, and she was sentenced to die, and was accordingly hanged at Framwellgate Moor on the 22nd of the same month. On being launched from the cart, the rope broke, and she fell to the ground. An official who was present on a pony

<sup>1</sup> "A Genuine Account of the Behaviour and Dying Words of Francis Townly, Executed at Kennington Common."

rode to the town for a new rope, and the poor woman sat moaning on her coffin until his return, nearly an hour afterwards, when the sentence of the law was carried out. A similar spectacle was witnessed at the execution of Matthew Atkinson for the murder of his wife. When, on the morning of the 16th of March, 1865, the sentence of the law was being carried out, a rumbling noise was heard within the scaffold as the drop fell, and at the same moment a broken rope was seen dangling in the air. As the fact that the rope had broken dawned upon the immense crowd which had assembled, a slight cheer was set up, under the popular belief that when once a man had undergone the process of being turned off he was free. Amid the uproar that ensued, speculation was rife as to whether the doomed man was dead or not, and, if he were still alive, in what manner he could again be placed on the scaffold. After the mishap the officials cleared the scaffold in a twinkling, but in a minute or two a man walked on to the drop, and peered down the abyss into which the body had fallen, and it was then seen that Atkinson was still living. His moaning, in fact, could be distinctly heard by those standing near. He was quite sensible, and on being placed under the beam a second time, a new rope having been procured meanwhile, he met his fate with the greatest composure.

Of all forms of murder, that of poisoning is probably held in the greatest abhorrence. In an ordinary way the victim of an open murder has some opportunity of resistance, but the poisoner works in secret, and is an assassin of the worst type. It was on this account that persons guilty of poisoning were in former times punished more severely than other criminals. In the reign of Henry VIII. boiling to death was the punishment meted out to poisoners. Fortunately murder by poisoning has been of rare occurrence in the counties of Durham and Northumberland, the most notorious criminal in this respect being Mary Ann Cotton. John Winship, a farmer living in the neighbourhood of Monkwearmouth, was hanged in 1785 for poisoning his maid-servant, and fourteen years later the twice-hanged Mary Nicholson was executed for poisoning her mistress. The only other

recorded instances under this head, excepting the West Auckland case, are that of Robert Peat, who poisoned a relative at Darlington in 1822, and Elizabeth Pearson, who suffered death for poisoning her uncle at Gainford in 1875.

There have been several noted men, in modern times, among those much-dreaded functionaries, the finishers of the law. Before Calcraft's days the best known was John Murdock, who hanged the Prussian mate at Durham in 1839 for the murder of his captain in Sunderland Harbour. How many persons met their death at Calcraft's hands will probably never be known. His experience as an executioner began in 1828, when he was in his 28th year, and continued until 1874, during which he operated upon many notorious criminals, the earliest among them being Bishop and Williams for the murder of an Italian boy in Bethnal Green, which created an extraordinary sensation at the time. Calcraft was very retired in his manner and habits, and he was unwilling to give any information regarding the details of his office. He had a great dislike to the gentlemen of the press, and it need hardly be added that the dislike was reciprocated. At executions where he was employed he placed every obstacle in their way. So disgusted was he on one occasion at the sight of nearly a score of reporters who had assembled to witness the execution of a notorious criminal at Durham, after private hanging was introduced, that he pretended he could not find the culprit among so many, and, to show his displeasure, the old man threw the pinioning straps round the legs of a prominent gaol official, much to the discomfiture of that individual. Like most of those who have worn Jack Ketch's mantle, Calcraft was fond of the business, and it is probable that he would have continued to hold office until his death if he had not been asked to resign. His successor, William Marwood, was a different man in every respect. One was reserved and morose; the other was good-natured, communicative, and easy of approach on all occasions. Calcraft was a firm believer in a short drop, which, he used to say, had the merit of being sure, if it was not so speedy in its results. Marwood, on the other hand,

adopted a long drop, and he was never tired of demonstrating its advantages over all other systems. Indeed, he had a mania for hanging, and incessantly talked of his grim occupation. Being fond of company, he made many friends during the dozen years he held office, and he was wont to aver that, next to the pleasure of handling his man, the night before an execution was the happiest moment of his life. The occasion generally resembled a levee, which was frequently continued until the small hours of the morning. One of Mr. Marwood's cronies, when he paid an official visit to Durham, was Tommy Williamson, the weather prophet. To see Tommy perform his famous brush dance and Marwood go through a mock execution were sights to be remembered. Marwood's first engagement was at Lincoln in 1871. Nothing delighted him more than to speak of this first job. He had previously, he used to say, turned his attention to the subject, and it was the way in which Calcraft choked his man to death that set him thinking about the long drop. As the night advanced, and he became still more communicative, he would explain how he described to the gentleman at Newgate who had the appointment of public executioner at his disposal the method of hanging which he proposed to introduce. About that time the long drop had been attempted by an amateur professor in Dublin, with the effect of pulling off the culprit's head. When this fact was pointed out to Marwood, he demonstrated that there had been an error of judgment. By carefully ascertaining the weight of the criminal beforehand, he gave just sufficient drop to dislocate the spinal column and cause instant death. It was not an unusual thing for Marwood to receive an intimation that prisoners about to be committed to his hands were likely to be violent, and he was often advised to have an assistant. "But," he would say, "when I tap them on the shoulder they always come with me." It was observed that he usually whispered a few words into the ear of his man before proceeding to pinion him. These were that he would not hurt him, and that it would soon be over. Marwood's last appearance in Durham was at the execution of Barton for the murder of his wife near

Sunderland in 1883. The conviviality of the night preceding that event must have had its effect upon his nerves, and probably accounted for the extraordinary and painful scene on the scaffold. On that occasion the rope became entangled about the culprit's head and chest, and he was pulled out of the cavity alive, and in full possession of his senses. The unhappy man sat whilst the hangman readjusted the rope, and not the least painful part of the horrifying incident was that in which he was seized by the shoulders and hurled back into the cavity. Marwood was called upon to explain the circumstances at the inquest which followed, and denied the imputation of having been inebriated at the time.



## CHAPTER XXVII.

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### PICTURES OF OLD NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

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The Civil Wars.—Lawlessness in the Seventeenth Century.—A Rector of Bothal Clipping the King's Money.—Discovery of Silver There.—Hidden Treasure.—Duels.—A Wise Man on Tyneside.—Credulity of Sailors.—Slanderous Women.—Complimentary Exchanges.—A Barbarous Shrove Tuesday Custom.—Ancient Fair on the Sandhill.—Courtship and Marriage.—Penance for Refusing to Marry.—An Infatuated Lover.—Singular Matrimonial Cause.—Irreverence in Church.—Putting the Curate in the Stocks.

SINCE the days when death ended Surtees's and Hodgson's labours, and Raine put *finis* to his "North Durham," much new matter has come to light respecting the everyday life of our ancestors in Northumberland and Durham. The most exciting epoch in North-country history is undoubtedly that which immediately preceded and followed the civil wars in the middle of the seventeenth century. Many fair estates were then sequestrated, and their owners, powerful families that had enjoyed their patrimony for centuries, were reduced to beggary, or altogether disappeared from the historic roll of the two counties. Other families, however, laid the foundation of their wealth and power while these exciting events were progressing. The convulsions in the State shattered the foundations of society, and party spirit ran so high, every family having its own feuds and wrongs to avenge, that there was rapine and bloodshed on every side. Men of the highest position in the country were often found drinking and stabbing each other, and their evil influence was not lost on their poorer neighbours. The gaols were filled to overflowing, and an occasional escape was regarded by the authorities in the light of a good riddance.

The judges cleared the prisons twice a year, and took notes of all the cases that came before them, just as is done now. These manuscript notes are deposited at York Castle, and were unknown till Canon Raine made use of them in the volume of "Depositions" which he edited for the Surtees Society.<sup>1</sup> These give a picture of Northumberland which is to be found nowhere else.

Men's misdeeds are apt to be forgotten. In looking over the list of rectors of Bothal, near Morpeth, as they appear in the county histories, no one would suspect that the Rev. John Booth clipped the King's money, and that he was a smooth-faced hypocrite and malefactor of the worst type. But there can be no doubt about it. The rector occupied apartments in Bothal Castle, and in the depositions a mason named Ralph Darglish swears to building a fire-hearth or furnace at his request. Booth had borrowed a pair of bellows from the village smith, and a person comes forward who had heard the smith wondering "what the parson did with them, for they always had a better blast after he used them." Ramsey, or Ramsgill (for the name is spelt both ways), a Newcastle goldsmith, deposes to buying of Booth about 900 ounces of round silver, thus showing the large scale on which the operations had been carried. On being found out, Booth at once fled, and he also appears to have done his best to keep the witnesses against him out of the way. The absence of Henry Thompson is mentioned in the depositions. He had been carried into Yorkshire, but Booth was unable to keep him quiet, and after some time he wrote to Sir Henry Goodricke intimating his readiness to swear against him. "He persuaded me to go out of the county till his troubles were over," writes Thompson, "and told me that none knew of his actings save myself and a maid in the house. But as for her, he said he would give her a dose; which young maid was taken away by one Doughty, a highwayman, by Booth's order, and brought to Knaresborough, where she died very strangely and suddenly." The naïve manner in which Mrs. Smithson gave her evidence must have caused some amusement. It shows how cleverly she outwitted both

<sup>1</sup> "Depositions from the Castle of York," edited by Canon Raine.



the parson and his attorney. Booth, she says, with one Marmaduke Scott, his attorney, had offered her £12 if she would sign a paper stating that James Bell, of Bothal, had induced her to give false evidence. She took the money, but kept the paper, and brought it to the judge! The witness, it seems, had been informed of Booth's doings by a domestic, and to satisfy herself she watched him through a crack in the door, and saw him both clip the coin and melt it over a furnace. All this happened in 1672. It is unfortunate that the interesting record does not say how the case terminated, or what became of the parson.

Respecting this curious case, in 1892 we received a communication from a local gentleman, who says :—

About twenty-five years ago, whilst some drainers were engaged in the neighbourhood of Bothal Castle, they came upon a block of solid silver, worth (by its weight) something like £300. Not being sure of the nature of their find, they took a portion of it to Morpeth for examination, and during their absence two Irishmen absconded with the remainder. It was, however, recovered, but I never heard what became of it. On reading your notes it occurred to me that this silver, in all probability, had been hidden there by Booth when he had to take flight.

This is a remarkable confirmation of the charges that were made against the Rector in 1672. There can be no doubt that this lump of silver was hidden when he fled from justice. He was in the habit of converting the silver clippings into bullion, and selling it to a Newcastle goldsmith. On one occasion several pieces of silver were carried to Newcastle in a cloth bag by a man named Andrew Bell, who says that they thumped upon his back like boulder stones. It may be added that Parson Booth was a married man, and that after his flight he wrote to his wife telling her to pull down the furnace and remove all other evidences of his guilt. It was then, no doubt, that the lump of silver was concealed, and it is remarkable that the mystery surrounding its discovery should now be solved after an interval of more than two hundred years.

There may be a great deal of money hidden in different parts of Northumberland. During the wars with Scotland, it was customary for people to bury their treasure, and in the ordinary course of things much of this would be lost. About forty years ago, a hoard, containing several thousands of the silver pennies of the Edwards, was found

near Carlisle. The finders were two labourers, one of whom had his hat full of the coins, while the other had two stocking feet crammed with them. And it was only quite recently that a hoard of groats, half groats and pennies was found near Neville's Cross, in the county of Durham. There was an important find of English silver and gold coin at Alnwick in 1667. The discovery caused some stir at the time, and an inquiry was held before the Coroner respecting it. The evidence given before him is highly interesting. Mary Davison, a servant living with Mr. Thomas Metcalf in Alnwick, says that one day Luke Weatherhead coming home from the plough exceedingly merry, she asked him the reason of his mirth, whereupon he answered that he had found a potful of silver and much gold in the middle of it. The same night Weatherhead went to the field with a man named Sanderson, and the latter brought the money home on his back. Jane Bell accompanied them, and carried a good deal of the money in a poke under her arm. The woman says the gold coins were as big as 12d., and from her description of them they appear to have been 20s. pieces.

There is without doubt much buried wealth all over Durham and Northumberland, and it only needs the finding to make somebody very rich. A chest of money is said to be buried at Ebchester, on the Derwent, to which Mr. Lax thus refers in his poem "Ebchester"<sup>1</sup>:—

Tradition tells, and I repeat the story,  
That 'neath this village in some cave was hid,  
When Rome had boundless wealth, and, too, had glory,  
A chest of money, and upon its lid  
A crow was perched ; and some old man to rid  
His brain of doubt of what the Romans did,  
Worked hard for weeks the treasure to explore,  
But neither gold nor crow to light could e'er restore.

The old man, it seems, who profoundly believed the story, set to work about fifty years ago, and sunk two different shafts, where he laboured with a will in the hope of finding the treasure, but success did not crown his efforts. He finally abandoned the work, more through exhaustion than failing faith in the money being buried somewhere within the precincts of the old Roman station.

<sup>1</sup> "Historical and Descriptive Poems," by Joshua Lax.

The gentry of Northumberland had a ready mode of settling their differences a couple of centuries ago. Tavern affrays were common, and many terminated fatally. The mode in which a Northumbrian of old called out his adversary is shown in the following characteristic missive which was written in 1652 :—

Sirrah!—You have in your apprehension putt mee to disgrace ; it is not your sheepskinns will repaire you. I expect satisfaction from you this night, otherways I will proclaime you a coward. I scorne your baseness, therefore I rest my owne, not yours.—William Elrington.

The gentleman to whom this is addressed was no less a personage than the Mayor of Beverley. Elrington was a Northumbrian, and it is not quite clear what business had called him southward when he was affronted. It may be inferred from Elrington's reference to sheepskins that the mayor was a tanner. There was no hostile meeting between the two, however, his worship preferring to lay an information before the justices to crossing swords with his opponent.

Of the hostile meetings, none would create a greater sensation than that which took place in 1672 between Mr. James Swinhoe, of Chatton, and Mr. Andrew Carr. The deposition of Richard Henderson gives a vivid description of the fatal rencontre. A large party, including Mr. James Swinhoe, his brother Gilbert, and Mr. Carr, were drinking at a tavern at Chillingham when a dispute occurred between the two last-named gentlemen, Gilbert Swinhoe in the end giving Carr a blow with his fist. Further hostilities were prevented for the time by the intervention of friends. After they had separated for the night, however, Carr sent a written challenge by his friend, Ensign Horne, but to which of the brothers it was addressed is not known. Henderson was staying in the same inn with the Carrs, and when they went out at sunrise the next morning he followed them. On reaching a garden at the rear of a tavern, kept by one Anthony Dunston, he saw James Swinhoe and Carr fighting with swords. Wishing to prevent bloodshed, he interfered, and prevailed on Carr to enter the inn with him. Here they sat drinking for the space of an hour, at the end of which time Carr left. Some time afterwards, hearing a

woman cry out that two men were fighting in the same garden, he went thither and found the same men fighting, and saw Carr give Swinhoe his death wound. About the same time, Mr. Edward Forster was killed in a duel by Squire Craistor, of Craistor; Mr. Francis Robinson met a like fate at the hands of Mr. Musgrave Ridley, of Haltwhistle; while four other Northumbrians, Mr. Wm. Selby, Sir Charles Carnaby, Mr. Edward Ogle, and Mr. John Thirlwell each killed a man.

Although sailors are generally allowed to be brave and fearless in the face of danger, credulity and superstition have always been marked weaknesses in their character. At the time of which we write, Jack Tar rarely embarked on a long voyage without first consulting the local wise man as to whether such voyage would be propitious or otherwise. It has been said that while credulous people exist, there will always be imposters to gull them. Tyne-side boasted of several of these so-called wise men. The most successful was Peter Banks. His career reveals a strange blending of impudence, folly, and credulity, and it is a curious fact that a woman was the first to expose his impostures. In 1674, she laid an information against him, and on the 19th of June he was brought before Robert Roddam, the then Mayor of Newcastle. Jane, wife of Cuthbert Burrell, was the chief witness against him. Banks, she says in her depositions, is a most strange seducer and enticer of the King's subjects and people, and deludes them in a most wonderful manner, persuading and making them believe that he can let leases to people for a term of years and for life. In consequence of this reputation, she continues, many seamen put their trust in his conjurations. His fee for granting a lease for life was 20s. By accident she discovered that Banks had granted one of these leases to her husband. It ran thus :—

“ I charge you and all of you, in the high sword name, to assist and blesse Cuth. Burrell, and preserve him from all rocks and sands, storms and tempests, for this yeare.”

On finding this piece of paper, Mrs. Burrell says that she was much grieved and mighty angry, and in her anger she threw it in the fire. She at once told Banks what she had done, whereat he was very wroth, and threatened to

plague her till her life should not be worth a groat. Her husband seems to have been on a voyage at the time, and in his absence she fell into great straits, which she attributed to the machinations of Banks and the devil. Banks, she says, had often confessed to her that he used enchantments, conjurations, and the magic arts, and she was once present when a young woman from Gateshead sought his aid. On that occasion, after looking into his books, he wrote something on a piece of paper, and delivered it to the young woman, telling her that she was to open it when the spirit appeared. On a subsequent occasion Banks told her that the woman had done as he requested her, after which she remained unmolested. He also professed his ability to make husbands treat their wives kindly, and for that end had made contracts with many women. It was always a yearly contract, and his fee was 20s. Among his clients was a woman named Jane Crosby, whose husband's conduct was most exemplary during the running of the contract, but at the end of the year, having neglected to renew it, he lapsed into his old ways and treated her as badly as before. Banks also declared that he could take away a man's life a year before his appointed time, or make him live a year longer. Another woman, named Eleanor Pattison, gave evidence against him. Having heard that the woman was bewitched, Banks went to her house and pretended that he could exorcise the evil spirit. She declined his aid at first, but being troubled with visions for several nights after, in which Banks appeared to her in a flame of fire, she at length decided to avail herself of his services and make an agreement with him. He then cut some hair out of the back of her neck, put it into a paper and sealed it up, and directed her to burn it. There is nothing to show how this extraordinary case terminated.

These pictures, from the records of the Ecclesiastical Courts, of people living in the seventeenth century, are quaint, but those recording the misdeeds and peccadilloes of the people living in the bishopric a century earlier are still more curious and interesting, as we shall see. A woman's tongue being always on the waggle, it has been likened to a magpie's tail, but if the reader be a lady she

will probably ask what it is for but to talk with. The magistrates of Newcastle used to put the branks on those who exercised the organ too freely, but this punishment of placing the iron bit in their mouth was only awarded in extreme cases. Ordinarily, women who were given to slandering their neighbours were proceeded against in the Ecclesiastical Court.<sup>1</sup> Thus, when Janet Forster met Janet Poill in the streets of Newcastle, in 1565, and accused her of "hanging out the wisp," the latter took the law of her by laying an information against her before the Commissary Court. At first sight the expression "hanging out the wisp" would seem harmless enough, but when the reader is informed that it was said of a man that he "hung out a broom" when his wife was from home, the insinuation concealed in the remark at once becomes apparent. Not long ago two women had to be separated in the streets of Durham because the daughter of one had, during an altercation, said to the other that her mother was once carried home in a wheelbarrow. This is a fair sample of what biting women say to each other in their tantrums. In 1564, while Eleanor Bainbrigg and Agnes Crozier were abusing each other in Gallowgate, the latter took a parting shot at her rival by accusing her of having borne two children whose fathers were hanged. Three years later, Alice Robinson chancing to meet Alexander Fetherstonhaugh, against whom she bore an old grudge, accused him of being a thief, jeeringly adding that he would be hanged, as all his forelders were. Janet Gillis was summoned the same year for abusing Margaret Dawson and likening her to a "barrel drome." A curious slander occurs in the records for the year 1568. According to a barbarous custom then observed on Shrove Tuesday, a cock had been stolen in order that it might be stoned to death. The fowl belonged to William Bramwell, who on discovering his loss went into the street and expressed the wish that he might hear the bird crow in the belly of him who stole it, at the same time indicating a neighbour named George Wilkinson as the thief. Anciently a fair was held on the Sandhill, on St. Luke's Day. People

<sup>1</sup> "Depositions and other Ecclesiastical Proceedings from the Courts of Durham," edited by Canon Raine.

flocked to this fair from all parts, and every available spot was occupied with stalls. One of the stallholders was Margery Anderson, and while some of her cloth was being measured with a yard-wand, another stallholder, named William Pace, came up and insinuated that the stick was shorter than it ought to be. This led to a sharp passage between the two, and in the end Pace, allowing his temper to get the better of him, let loose a stock of expletives which so shocked Mistress Anderson that she straightway hauled him before the court appointed for regulating the language and correcting the morals of Queen Bess her lieges. But for a choice vocabulary (and herein Dr. Murray may find something new for his Dictionary) the citizens of Durham seem to have carried off the palm. One day, in 1587, Isabel Rothwell, wife of Richard of that name, was passing the shop of George Smith with one Lawrence Thompson, when Smith asked Thompson if he was not afraid to be seen in a lady's company. There was an evident innuendo in the observation, for Isabel immediately replied, "I may as tite (soon) be a lady as thou a lord, pricklouse<sup>1</sup> that thou art." To which Smith made answer, "Thou art a tantarbaud, and a tantarbaud" something else.

Much curious information may be gathered from the records of the court respecting courtship and marriage in the two counties more than three hundred years ago. In 1562 we find William Brandling agreeing with Isabel Carlell for the custody of their base-born child, the mother giving up all right to it on condition of Brandling making her a yearly allowance of a bundle of lint or flax which she might spin and convert into money. Brandling was nephew to Sir Robert of that name, and eventually became his heir. He was evidently then a wild fellow about town, for we find him the same year cited to appear for fighting and brawling in St. Andrew's Churchyard. At this time it was customary for young people to plight troth and be "handfasted" to each other. This was regarded as a formal engagement. If a man refused to keep his promise

<sup>1</sup> The point of "pricklouse" doubtless was that Smith was a tailor. Peter Smart taunted Bishop Cosin about pricking a louse in his father's shop at Norwich (meaning old lousy clothes).

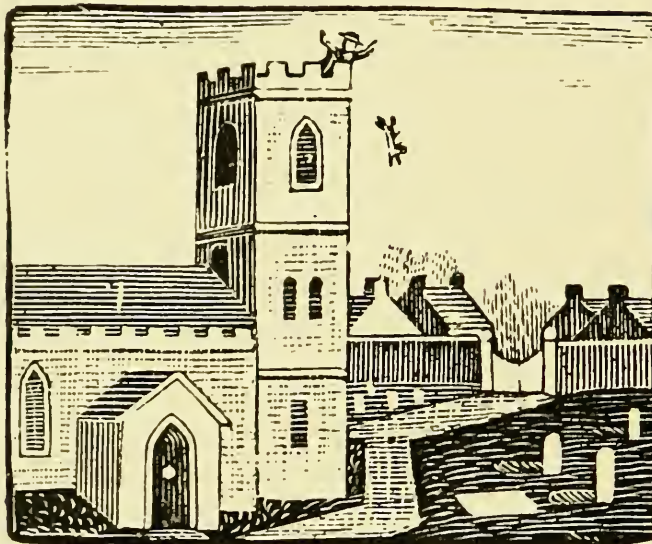
the woman had her remedy in the Ecclesiastical Court, and as a rule the terrors of penance did what the charmer's voice had failed to do. In 1565, Janet Wood complains that William Rand had not married her, according to promise. Some of the evidence may be given. Edward Allanson, the parson of Ponteland, aged seventy-three, says Rand is his sister's son. He never heard any words of contract between the parties, although he admits that they would have married if witness had given his consent to their living in his house. William Love, of Newcastle, mariner, says that Rand courted Janet at his house, and he had always predicted that the two would some day make three. When Henry Smith is cited for not marrying Elizabeth Frizzell, and is ordered to do penance, he agrees to marry the girl, and as a preliminary step goes into the Vicar of Newcastle's house to be handfasted. Taking hold of the young woman's hand he plights troth in the usual way, but is observed by the summoner of the court to look down his nose the while. The summoner taxes him with going through the ceremony to avoid penance only, and says he has no real intention to marry the girl afterwards. Smith then pleads that he is but an apprentice and cannot marry. In 1579 the Court orders Anthony Whitelock to do penance in the open Market Place at Durham for refusing to marry Elizabeth Morrison; and the year following John Rowell and Ursula Tugall, of the North Bailey, are ordered to be whipped and carted in all open places within the city of Durham for living together clandestinely. The most infatuated man mentioned in the records appears to have been Edward Johnson, of Stranton, who, in defiance of the court, still continued to harbour Janet Slater. In his defence Johnson says that if there were a hundred harnessed men between him and Janet, with drawn swords in their hands, he would run through them all to her. A singular matrimonial cause is given under date 1570. The plaintiff was Thomas Manwell, who sued Eleanor Coulson for breach of promise. The parties lived in Newcastle. Having met at the house of one William Story, Thomas asked Eleanor if she was the same woman that she was at their last meeting. "Yea, certainly," was the reply.



“If ye be, Eleanor,” continued Thomas, “then I take you to my wife, and forsake all women for you so long as we two shall live together, and thereto I plight you my faith and troth to be your husband.” Eleanor on her part made a similar declaration. Manwell then took a rose noble of gold out of his purse, bowed it, and gave it to her as a token. She in turn gave him a ring of silver. Three days afterwards, Thomas, being a sailor, took ship and sailed away, and nothing was heard of him for nigh three years. At last information came that he was dead, whereupon his two brothers, John and James, took possession of his effects, while Eleanor, no doubt thinking that she had waited long enough, plighted troth with one Boutflower, who now pressed her to marry him, notwithstanding that her first lover had returned. On hearing that Eleanor was engaged to another, her old friend Story went to her and asked if it was true. Her reply was that she had done so by her father’s advice, for, she said, her first lover’s brothers had reported him dead, and she thought herself at liberty, being minded to live by the quick when she could not by the dead.

Scarcely a week passed but penance was done in some of the parish churches. On Easter Sunday, 1570, Charles Shaw did penance in St. Nicholas’s Church, Durham, barefooted, bareheaded, and upon his knees, for calling Bertram Mitford a cut-throat. Once, while Mr. Horsfall, the curate of Sedgefield, was speaking to two females, who were doing penance, a young man sitting near her was asked by the curate if she was his wench, whereupon Brian Headlam, amid the titters of the congregation, said the young woman might be the curate’s if he wished. Headlam had then his cap on, and on being asked to put it off he refused to do so, on the score of having a sore head. It is evident that the people here paid little heed to the parson’s ministrations and less to his person. In 1575, John Johnson and others are cited for laying violent hands upon John Martin, the curate, and putting him in the stocks. The curate and Robert Crampton fell out in the churchyard, and Johnson, the churchwarden, being sent for, he, with the assistance of the village constable, dragged him over the stile to a building known as

Parliament House, where the stocks were then kept. At Wolsingham also there was great irreverence among the young men, John Leyburn, William Marley, and others having on one occasion interrupted the Church service by releasing a crow, and allowing it to fly in face of the congregation. These and other pranks of the young men of that period find an illustration in the cut given below, where a cat which has been chased into a church is saving its life by leaping from the parapet of the tower.



## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### THE HOUSE OF PERCY.

Their Coming with the Conqueror.—Taking Arms against King John.—Vicissitudes of Families.—Genealogy of the Percys.—William with the Whiskers.—Alan the Great.—William de Percy.—Lord Joceline and his Descendants.—Henry, first Lord Percy of Alnwick.—The Hero of Halidon Hill and Neville's Cross.—The third Lord Percy.—First Earl of Northumberland.—Hotspur.—The Battle of Otterburn.—Reverses.—Henry, second Earl of Northumberland.—More Reverses.—Murder of the fourth Earl.—Honours Restored.—Algernon, fifth Earl, Patron of Learning and Genius.—Costly Apparel.—Magnificence of the House of Percy.—Household Book.—The sixth Earl and Anne Boleyn.—Subsequent History.

SIR Bernard Burke, in his account of the Percys, says that their nobility dates as remotely as the sovereignty of Normandy, and that their renown, coeval with its nobility, has flourished in every age, and co-existed with every generation since. Their shield exhibits an assemblage of nearly nine hundred quarterings, and among them are the arms of Henry the Seventh, and of several younger branches of the blood royal, of the sovereign houses of France, Castile, Leon, and Scotland, and of the ducal houses of Normandy and Brittany, the whole forming a galaxy of family heraldic honours altogether unparalleled.<sup>1</sup>

At Alnwick there is a genealogical tree of the Percys, with Charlemagne at its root. They claim descent from one Manfred de Percy, a chieftain who came out of Denmark before the adventure of the famous Rollo. Geoffrey, son of Manfred, assisted Rollo in the conquest

<sup>1</sup> This was written in connexion with the coming of age of Lord Warkworth in May, 1892. The chief authorities are "Collins's Peerage," by Sir Egerton Brydges, "Archæologia," and "Burke's Peerage."

of Normandy in 912, and from him descended four generations before the Conquest in 1066. William and Serlo, sons of Geoffrey de Percy, were among the nobles that accompanied William into England, and the first-named, being in high favour with the Conqueror, obtained vast possessions in Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, and Hampshire. This William de Percy, who was distinguished among his contemporaries by the addition of "Alsgernons," which in modern French would mean "Aux Moustaches," and in English "William with the Whiskers" (and whence the name Algernon so frequently assumed by his posterity), deserves special notice for having refounded the noble abbey of Whitby, which had been destroyed by the Danes, and of which his brother Serlo became first prior. He went to the Holy Land with other Norman chieftains, under Duke Robert, in the first crusade in 1096, and died at Mountjoy, near Jerusalem, the celebrated eminence whence the pilgrims of the Cross first viewed the holy city. Here his body was interred with all due honours, but, according to the practice of those days, his heart was brought home and deposited in Whitby Abbey. William wedded Emma de Port, whom Charlton, the author of the History of Whitby Abbey, thinks was daughter of Gospatric, the great Saxon Earl of Northumberland, whose estates in Yorkshire were included in those granted to him after the subjugation of the Saxons. A writer quoted by Collins says he married the daughter of the Earl "in discharging of his conscience," and adds that he had interest and generosity enough to save her father's life when he, with other Saxon lords, made an effort to shake off the Norman yoke in 1069.

After his death, William was succeeded in his feudal rights and possessions by Alan de Percy, who wedded Emma, daughter of Gilbert de Gaunt, nephew to Queen Maud, wife of William the Conqueror. The early chroniclers call him Alan the Great, but all the heroic achievements by which his high distinction was obtained have been long buried in oblivion, and all we know of him is that he left seven sons, whose names all appear in the chartulary of Whitby Abbey, either as benefactors

of that foundation, or as witnesses to the grants of other members of their family. In addition to these legitimate children, however, the second Lord Percy had a natural son, who became celebrated among his contemporaries as a most valiant warrior. He was named Alan de Percy the Bastard, to distinguish him from Alan de Percy the Younger, the baron's third son, and was particularly distinguished in the famous battle of the Standard at Northallerton in 1138, when he fought under the Scottish banner of King David. The eldest son of Alan the Great, William, third Lord Percy, was, however, one of the barons who defended his country, and was with the English lords when they gained a complete victory over the Scottish invaders.

William de Percy had two wives, the first being Alice de Tunbridge, daughter of Richard, Earl of Clare. At his death, leaving no male issue, the eldest branch of the first race of Percys became extinct in the male line, and their great inheritance descended to his two daughters by his first wife, the ladies Maud and Agnes. The former, who was first wife of the Earl of Warwick, leaving no issue, the whole possessions went to her sister Agnes, who accepted as her husband Joceline, brother of Alice of Louvaine, the second Queen, of Henry I. Although Joceline was sprung from a long line of sovereign princes, kings, and emperors, the Lady Agnes would only consent to this great alliance upon condition that he adopted either the surname or arms of Percy, the former of which he accordingly assumed, but retained his own paternal coat, in order to perpetuate his claim to the principality of his father, the Duke of Lower Brabant, should the elder line of the reigning duke at any period become extinct.

The eldest son of this illustrious alliance, Henry de Percy, married Isabel, daughter of Adam de Brus, Lord of Skelton, with whom he had the Manor of Levington, for which he and his heirs were to repair to Skelton Castle every Christmas Day, and to lead the lady of that castle from her chamber to the chapel to mass, and thence to her chamber again, and after dining with her to depart. Joceline died long before his wife Agnes, and at the latter's death, although the estates of the Percys by right

belonged to his eldest son William, who was then a minor, as a matter of fact his youngest brother Richard took possession of them and retained them during the greater part of his life. At length, after infinite litigation, it was settled between him and his nephew William de Percy, after a solemn hearing before the King in person, on the 6th of July, 1234, that the estates should be divided into equal portions between the parties during Richard's life, and that after his death all the ancient patrimony of the family should devolve to his nephew, a small reservation being made for Richard's own son and heir, Henry. Although Richard was really a usurper, as we have shown, it may be mentioned, as a feature of the times, that he continued for the whole of his life at the head of the family, and enjoyed all its baronial rights. He was one of the great barons who took up arms against the tyranny of King John in the year 1215, and had a principal hand in extorting from him the great charter of English freedom. In consequence of this active zeal in the cause of liberty, he was excommunicated along with the other barons by Pope Innocent III. At Richard's death, about 1244, William came into full possession of all those rights and properties which had been usurped at the decease of his mother, but he only lived a year to enjoy them. William was twice married, and left issue by his second wife, Eleanor, daughter of Ingelram de Balliol, who brought with her in dower Dalton Percy in the Bishopric of Durham, Henry de Percy, his eldest son and heir, who paid to Henry III. a fine of £900 for livery of his lands, and for liberty to marry whom he pleased. In 1257 he had summons to attend the King at Bristol, well furnished with horse and arms, to march against the Welsh; and the year after, when the Earl of Menteith had rebelliously seized on his King, Alexander III., then in his minority, he was one of the northern barons summoned to rescue him from restraint. In 1263 he took part with the rebellious barons, on which his lands were seized, but afterwards coming in and submitting himself, he had restitution of them again. The same year he was with the barons that adhered to the King at Oxford, and assisted in the storming of Northampton, when it was

taken by the same monarch. On May 14th the year following, while fighting stoutly for the King at the battle of Lewes, he was taken prisoner with many others, but was soon after released. He married Eleanor, daughter of John Plantagenet, Earl of Warren and Surrey, and, dying in 1272, was succeeded by his only surviving son and heir, Henry de Percy, ninth feudal lord, who was the first of his name to obtain a grant of the barony of Alnwick. The history of the family from this point is full of exciting and memorable events and incidents.

The family had its origin, as we have seen, in Manfred, a Danish chieftain who flourished towards the close of the ninth century, whose descendants were among the nobility of the Conqueror's followers at the Conquest, receiving extensive grants of lands in Yorkshire and elsewhere for their services. We have also seen how, at the death of the third Lord William, the eldest branch of the race of Percys from Normandy became extinct in the male line, their rich domains being carried by Agnes, Lord William's second daughter, into the princely house of Joceline of Louvaine, by whose posterity the name and barony were revived and perpetuated with additional lustre.

It was in the first decade of the fourteenth century that the Percys, who up to that time had their greatest possessions in Yorkshire, acquired the barony of Alnwick, and in order that its history may be clearly stated, it will be necessary to go back a little way. At the Norman invasion, a companion in arms of William, the first Baron Percy, was Serlo de Burgh, who received from the Conqueror a grant of manorial lands in Yorkshire, whereon he built the castle of Knaresbrough. This Serlo dying without male issue, his possessions descended to his nephew, Eustace Fitz-John, who, according to Dugdale, was the founder of the baronial house of Claving. At the time of the Conqueror's coming, Alnwick was held by a Saxon noble named Tyson, who was slain at the battle of Hastings. His daughter and the barony of Alnwick the victorious king disposed of in marriage, along with the baronial inheritance of Malton in Yorkshire, which had also belonged to her father, to one of his favourites, Ivo de Vescy, whose daughter and heir, Beatrice, King Henry I.

gave in marriage, with the above baronies, to the Eustace Fitz-John already mentioned, and whose posterity, adopting the name Vescy, enjoyed it till the year 1309, when it was sold to Henry, the ninth feudal Lord Percy, by Anthony Bek, Bishop of Durham. Bek was as warlike in his disposition as the barons themselves, and the historians are not agreed as to the manner in which he became possessed of the barony, one writer asserting that John de Vescy, grandson of Eustace, gave it to an illegitimate son, who, being a minor, was placed under the guardianship of the prince-bishop, and who refused to allow him to take possession of it owing to his misconduct. However, be that as it may, the barony had been fourteen years in the bishop's hand before it was purchased by Henry de Percy, and he was therefore in no way concerned in any transaction between Bek and the representative of the Vescys.

Having thus shown how the Percys acquired Alnwick, we shall now proceed with our account of this illustrious family, whose history is collateral with the history of our country. Henry, first Lord Percy of Alnwick, was one of the great barons who subscribed, in 1291, the celebrated letter to Pope Boniface VIII. upon the attempt of his Holiness to interfere in the affairs of the kingdom, intimating that "their King was not to answer in judgment, for any right of the Crown of England, before any tribunal under heaven," &c., "and that, by the help of God, they would resolutely, and with all their force, maintain against all men." In March, 1296, Edward I. knighted him before Berwick, and in April he was in the battle of Dunbar, where the English obtained a memorable victory. After the deposition of John Balliol, in the same year, Edward appointed him Governor of Galloway, and he was one of the King's most active agents in the subjugation of Scotland. He had summons to Parliament from December 29th, 1299, till 1315, in which year he died and was buried at Fountains Abbey in Yorkshire, before the high altar. By his wife, the Lady Eleanor Fitz-Alan, sister of Richard and daughter of John, Earls of Arundel, he had Henry de Percy, second Lord of Alnwick, who was sixteen years of age at the time of his father's death. In



the thirteenth year of Edward II. (1319), by reason of the damage done to his lands in the north by the Scots, whereof Eleanor, his mother, had the custody during his minority, and which she was unable to defend, he obtained a surrender thereof from her to the King, and thereafter a grant of them to himself. On the landing of Queen Isabel and Prince Edward in England, in 1326, he was one of the nobles that joined with them for reforming those abuses in the Government which had been occasioned through the power of the Spencers, and the forces he brought to the Queen at Gloucester much increased her army. The same year he was made one of the guardians of the truce with the Scotch in Northumberland. For his services he obtained, in the first year of Edward III., the custody of the castle of Skipton in Craven, and the following year had a grant from the Crown of the reversion of the barony and castle of Warkworth, which had heretofore belonged to John de Clavinger. In 1332 he was constituted Warden of the Marches towards Scotland, and conservator of the peace in the counties of Northumberland, York, Lancaster, Cumberland, and Westmoreland. The following year he was with King Edward at the siege of Berwick, and was also in the memorable battle of Halidon Hill, the governorship of the town of Berwick being placed in his hands by the King the day after. When, in 1346, the Scots invaded England, Henry de Percy was appointed chief of the northern barons that gave them battle. The Percys had led the way in many a Border fray, and it was meet that one of them should lead the van at Neville's Cross, where the whole army of Scots was vanquished, and their King, David Bruce, taken prisoner. This Henry de Percy married Idonea, daughter of Robert, Lord Clifford, and at his death in 1352 was succeeded by his eldest son, Henry de Percy, third Lord of Alnwick, who was thirty years of age at the time of his father's decease, and had participated with him in the glories of Crecy. On the 28th of March, 1352, he was commissioned, with the Bishop of Durham, to receive King David on his return out of Scotland, and the following year was empowered with the Lord Neville to treat with Elizabeth, wife of William Douglas, about the surrender of Hermitage Castle

in Scotland. In 1354 he was empowered to receive from Sir John de Coupland (the valorous Northumbrian who immortalized himself at Neville's Cross in capturing the King, though, as the story goes, not before David, with his gauntlet, had knocked two of his teeth out) the body of the Scottish King, and to set him at liberty on payment of ninety thousand marks. Lord Percy's first wife was the Lady Mary Plantagenet, whom he married when she was only fourteen years of age, and by whom he had two sons, Henry and Thomas. Both became earls of the kingdom, Thomas, the younger, being created Earl of Worcester, and becoming an eminent warrior and statesman; while his brother Henry, fourth Lord Percy of Alnwick, also became a distinguished commander. At the coronation of Richard II., in 1377, nine years after his father's death, Henry acted as Marshal of England, and was advanced to the dignity and title of Earl of Northumberland. Shortly after, he resigned his marshal's rod, and went into Scotland against the Earl of Dunbar, at the head of ten thousand men, and wasted his lands. In 1381 a dispute arose between him and John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, which had nearly proved fatal to him. As commissioner for guarding the marches, with special care of the castles and garrisons, he had appointed Sir Matthew Redman his lieutenant at Berwick. Redman, acting strictly up to his trust, refused to admit the Duke of Lancaster into the place, on his return from Scotland. In the same manner he was shut out at Bamburgh Castle, though his provisions were stored in both places, and his family had taken refuge in the latter fortress. The Duke complained of his treatment in the presence of the King, at a meeting of the nobles, and taxed Northumberland with ingratitude, unfaithfulness, and disobedience; upon which the Earl became furious, and used such reproachful language that the King, who had in vain commanded him to be silent, ordered him to be arrested; but the Earls of Warwick and Suffolk undertaking for his appearance at the next Parliament, he was set at liberty. Lancaster and Northumberland both attended the next Parliament with large bodies of armed men, to the terror of the people, and complaint was made of it to the King, who decided

the quarrel and reconciled them for the time. Two years afterwards he chastised the Scots who had made an incursion upon Northumberland, and had seized Berwick through the treachery of the lieutenant-governor. This furnished a fit occasion for his old enemy, the Duke of Lancaster, who was intent upon humbling him, to accuse him in Parliament, and obtain sentence of death and confiscation against him; but the King set aside the judgment, and Northumberland repaired the accident by recovering Berwick. Henry, the first Earl, married Margaret, daughter of Ralph Lord Neville of Raby, by whom he had issue the renowned Hotspur.

In feudal times the sons of the nobility were men and heroes before they were out of their teens. Shortly after the fourth Lord Percy of Alnwick was created Earl of Northumberland, in the year 1377, at the coronation of Richard II., his eldest son Henry was knighted. He had already begun to display those martial talents which have since consecrated his name in history as one of the greatest chieftains of his country. According to Holingshed he first spread his banner under his father at the storming of Berwick in 1378, "doing so valiantlie that he deserved singular commendation." Another old writer, describing him in 1399, says he was then esteemed "the most valiant and approved knight in England." He lived in an age in which valour may be almost said to have been the chiefest virtue, and he has transmitted a character for chivalrous achievements superior to most of the warriors of his time. He was as much the hope of England in this respect as the Black Prince before him, or Sir Philip Sidney in later days. Historians rarely mention him without admiration, his name is celebrated in ballads, and before his death he was referred to by the pretended seers as the restorer of the fortunes of his country. Becoming associated with his father in the charge of the Scottish marches, he acquired all the intrepidity and enterprise of a Border chieftain, and the energy he displayed against the Scots occasioned them to give him very early the ironical appellation of "Hotspur." Indeed, one of the first notices of him that occurs in the public Acts of Scotland runs to this effect:—"Liliat Cross in the marches

of Scotland was a place at which the English and Scotch used to decide their personal quarrels by single combat. John Chattowe, a Scotch squire, had challenged William de Badby, an Englishman, to fight here on the feast of St. Catherine, November 25, 1381." Such formal duels took place before a judge of the combat ; and as the Duke of Lancaster, then the King's lieutenant in that district, was absent in attendance upon Parliament, Henry Percy, the eldest son of the Earl of Northumberland, with John, eldest son of John de Neville of Raby, and two knights, were directed to attend in his stead. In 1386, Richard made him governor of Berwick and the eastern marches. It may be conjectured that young Henry was now a better fighter than disciplinarian. The farmers of the fishery at Berwick made formal complaint to the King that his soldiers poached in the Tweed, and that the townsmen took by force their victuals and their goods. With these disorderly bands he scoured the Borders, and it was no doubt his vigilance in this respect that earned him the name Hotspur. We know that in time of hostility the marchman's spur was seldom allowed to be cold. By the regulations of the barony of Gilsland, at an after period, every tenant by the Border service was obliged "to have such a nagge as is able at any tyme to beare a manne twentie miles within Scotland and backe againe, without a baite." Shortly after his appointment to the governorship of Berwick, he was sent to the defence of Calais, but finding there no employment equal to his ardour, he soon returned into England. In 1387 he undertook, with a very inadequate force, to act against the French by sea, upon an expectation of an invasion, and acquitted himself with honour. The year after occurred the memorable battle of Otterburn. Taking advantage of the dissensions going on in England, two divisions of the Scots, the largest led by the Earl of Mar, and the other by the young Earl of Douglas, crossed the Border. Having laid waste great part of the bishopric, the army under Douglas advanced to the gates of Newcastle, which was then garrisoned by Hotspur and his younger brother, Sir Ralph. Here he resolved to try the mettle of the English knights. Nor was he doomed to disappointment, for many and well-

contested were the hand-to-hand encounters which took place on the Moor as the English knights sallied out to break a lance with the Scottish. In one of these skirmishes, a pennon or colours belonging to Hotspur was taken. Douglas is said to have boasted that he would carry this back to Scotland with him and place it on the highest tower of his castle of Dalkeith. The same day he marched northward, but scarce had the gleam of the Scottish spears faded from the horizon when the English bugles sounded to horse, and in a short time fourteen thousand Englishmen, of whom six thousand were cavalry, armed cap-a-pie, issued from the gates of Newcastle. On the second day they came up with the Scots at Otterburn, on the banks of the Reedwater. Wearied with their day's work, the Scots had lain down to rest. Their leaders had divested themselves of their armour, and, robed in their doublets, sat at supper. Suddenly the dread war-cry, "A Percy! A Percy!" resounded through the glen. The cavalry dashed onward like a mighty wave, and fell with sword and axe upon the camp followers. "To your arms!" was the shout of the Scots; but they had to accoutre in such haste that many fell into the ranks without their armour, while that of their leaders was unclasped in many places. The Earl of Moray had to fight all night bare-headed, and some accounts state that Douglas went into battle without his helmet. A good deal of confusion necessarily ensued, but after the surprise was over, Douglas rallied his men, and, sweeping round a wooded hill, fell upon the flank of the English while they were entangled in a morass. Hotspur soon discovered his mistake, however, and drew his men back to firmer ground, where a hand-to-hand contest raged for hours. Buchanan states that the moon became obscured by a cloud, and that the night was so dark that friend could not be discerned from foe. At this juncture the combatants rested to recover breath. But when the moon shone forth again the conflict was resumed over the dead and dying. The Scots now began to give way. Douglas, wielding a battle-axe with both hands, and followed by a few of his retainers, hewed a passage amid the thickest of the enemy, till, being isolated from his men, he was borne to the earth

and mortally wounded. Both armies showed the utmost bravery during this engagement, and it would be difficult to say which had the better of the day. Froissart asserts that of "all the battles great and small this was the best fought, and the most severe, for there was not a man, knight or squire, who did not acquit himself without stay or faint-heartedness." As an old ballad has it—

They closed full fast on every side,  
No slackness there was found ;  
But many a gallant gentleman  
Lay gasping on the ground.

During the *melée* Hotspur was taken prisoner, with his brother Ralph, and carried into Scotland. However, his captivity was but of short continuance, for in the following year we find him at Calais, and afterwards raising the siege of Brest. A trifling business of a very different nature from any of the preceding, in which he was at this time an agent, is deserving of observation, as it shows that the high-born ladies of Scotland interested themselves in concerns worthy of the pastoral age. Hotspur was then warden of the west and east marches, and governor of Carlisle, and had power of granting safe conduct to persons going to or coming out of Scotland. In the exercise of this power he gave permission to the Scotch Countess of March, and Maria Herring, that two flocks of one thousand and six hundred sheep, their respective property, with two shepherds attached to each of them, might have safe conduct and leave to pasture at Colbrandspath three years.

Hotspur was now retained to serve the king in peace and war, with a pension out of the exchequer of a hundred pounds per annum during life. In 1391 he was in the commission for keeping the peace with Scotland, and two years later he was again at Calais, whence he was recalled to his former post at Berwick, and in the east march, besides which he was made governor of Bordeaux. By his warden's commission he had full power to punish all offenders against the peace, and all who held correspondence with the enemy, and to call out the able men of Northumberland and the marches between the ages of 16 and 60, and to see that they were properly armed and arrayed. At the beginning of the year 1399, owing to

Richard's cruel and arbitrary treatment, both Hotspur and his father withdrew their allegiance, and joined in the revolution which placed the Duke of Lancaster on the throne as Henry IV. In the third year of that monarch's reign he was with his father at the victorious battle of Homildon Hill. The next year saw both in opposition to Henry IV. There is much uncertainty with respect to the ground of their disaffection. Some have affirmed that it was on account of money long due to them for the wardenship of the marches, which Henry was unwilling to pay; others that it originated in a dispute about the prisoners taken at Homildon. Be that as it may, the stout and high-spirited Hotspur appeared in arms against the King at Shrewsbury, and his fate there is familiar to every reader. Never for the time was field more fiercely contested. He died as he had lived, in arms, and his last words before the battle were these:—"Stand to it valiantly," said he to his soldiers, who were much inferior in point of numbers to the King's, "for this day will either advance us all, if we conquer, or free us from the King's power if we be overcome, since it is more honourable to fall in battle for the public good, than after the fight to die by the sentence of an enemy."

While the battle which resulted in the death of the brave Hotspur was progressing at Shrewsbury, his father the earl had been collecting forces in the north with a view to joining him, and had already set out on the journey southward when he heard of his son's death, which so affected him that he retired to his castle at Warkworth. He afterwards went peacefully to the King at York, and was placed in custody; but such was his power and influence that next year he was acquitted of treason in full Parliament, and had all his honours and possessions restored to him. This clemency was probably owing to the King's recollection of what he owed him, or from a fear that all the north might revolt to the Scots. All confidence, however, between him and the King was at an end, and in 1405 he joined Archbishop Scrope's rising, and was in consequence obliged to flee to Scotland, and subsequently to Wales; and being after a while induced to return to his own country, he was defeated and killed at Bramham Moor,

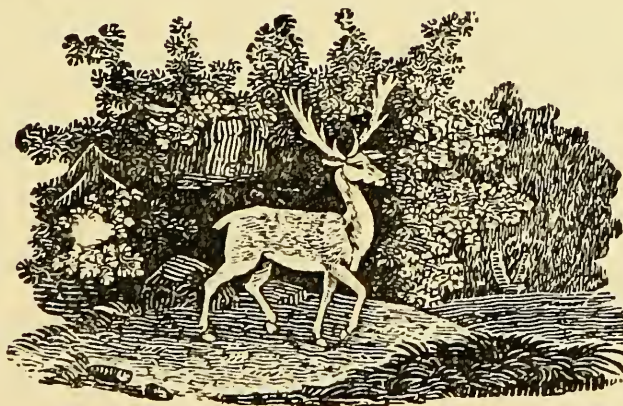
on the 19th of February, 1408. The title and estates of the Percys were thus forfeited, but by an act no less gracious than politic, Henry V. restored them to his grandson Henry, who became second earl, "being moved thereto," as Walsingham expresses it, "not only with compassion for the hapless estate of this young nobleman, who was then a prisoner with the Scots, and by their both being descended from common ancestors." From that day the loyalty of the family to the house of Lancaster was steadfast and undeviating. In 1450, in consideration of the second earl's great services, Henry constituted him Constable of England. On the breaking out of the civil war between the houses of York and Lancaster, he was a stout asserter of the Lancastrian interest, and died under the banner of Henry VI. at the battle of St. Albans in 1455. By his wife, the Lady Eleanor Neville, daughter of the Earl of Westmoreland, he had nine sons and three daughters, and was succeeded by the eldest surviving son Henry, third earl, who married Eleanor, daughter and sole heir of Richard, son of Lord Poynings, by which marriage the baronies of Poynings, Fitzpayne, and Bryan came into the family of Percy. His lordship fell leading the van of Lancastrians, sword in hand, at the battle of Towton, in 1461, and his honours became subsequently forfeited by an act of attainder, but were restored to his only son Henry, fourth earl, who was confined in the Tower of London from the death of his father until 1469, when, being brought before Edward IV., he subscribed an oath of allegiance and was restored to his freedom and dignity. In 1489 he fell a victim to the avarice of Henry VII. That year the Parliament granted the King a subsidy for carrying on the war in Brittany, and the tax was found so heavy in the north that the whole country was in a flame. The Earl of Northumberland, then Lord-Lieutenant, wrote to inform the King of the discontent, and praying an abatement; to which Henry peremptorily replied that not a penny should be abated. This message the earl delivered to the populace with too little caution, and, believing him to be a party to the King's extortionate demands, they broke into his house at Cocklodge, in Yorkshire, and murdered him and several of



his attendants. By his lady, Maud, daughter of Herbert, first Earl of Pembroke, he had Henry-Algernon, who succeeded his father in his honours, and was fifth Earl of Northumberland. On the marriage of the Princess Margaret to James IV., King of Scotland, the earl, as Warden of the Marches, conducted her through Northumberland. Hall, in his chronicle, says the Earl exceeded all the rest in the richness of his coat, "being goldsmith's work, garnished with pearls and stones." He was also distinguished for the costly apparel of his henchmen, four hundred in number, all "tall men, well horsed, and apparelled in his colours," the earl himself being "esteemed both of the Scots and Englishmen more like a prince than a subject." The earl was a nobleman of great magnificence and taste. Of this we have strong proofs not only in the splendour of his equipment above-mentioned, when he attended the Queen of Scotland, but in the very noble monument he erected in Beverley Minster to his father and mother. He appears also to have been a great promoter of learning, and was a liberal patron of such genius as that age produced. He encouraged Skelton, the only professed poet of that age, who wrote an elegy on the death of his father, which may be found in Bishop Percy's "Ancient English Poetry." And he gave still more disinterested proofs of his regard for learning by affording a salary to a professor to teach grammar and philosophy to the monks of Alnwick Abbey. The system of his domestic economy is set forth in his well-known Household Book, wherein we see the great magnificence of our old nobility, who, seated in their castles, lived in a state and splendour very much resembling that of the Royal Court. The household of the earl was established upon the same plan; his officers bore the same titles, and his warrants ran in the same form and style. As the King had his Privy Council and Great Council of Parliament to assist him in enacting the statutes and regulations for the public weal, so the Earl of Northumberland had his council, composed of his principal officers; as the King had his lords and grooms of the bedchamber, who waited in their respective turns, so the earl was attended by the constables and bailiffs of his

several castles, who entered into waiting in regular succession. All the head officers of his household were gentlemen both by birth and office, the table where they sat being called "The Knights' Board." Dying in 1527, he was succeeded by his eldest son, Henry-Algernon, sixth earl, who, while being educated in Cardinal Wolsey's family and during his attendance with him at Court, conceived a strong passion for the beautiful but unfortunate Anne Boleyn, then one of the maids-of-honour to Queen Catherine, whose good-will to marriage he obtained. But their courtship coming to the ears of the King, who found himself in danger of losing a beauty whom he had contemplated so long that she had become his dearest object, the old earl was summoned to Court and asked to interpose his authority, which he did by making him renounce the lady of his choice in favour of a daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury. Lord Herbert, who relates this event, says the hatred which Anne Boleyn conceived against the Cardinal, who was an instrument in the match being broken off, did not end till she had procured his final ruin. Marrying a woman he did not love, the earl died childless in 1537, and his brother Sir Thomas Percy, having been previously attainted and executed, all the honours of the family became forfeited, and the title of the Duke of Northumberland was granted, by Edward VI., to the ambitious Dudley, Earl of Warwick, who was attainted in the succeeding reign. It was restored in the days of Queen Elizabeth to Thomas Percy, who, being a staunch Catholic, was one of the three earls who took the lead in the celebrated "Rising in the North," and was beheaded at York in 1572. His brother Henry, who succeeded him as eighth earl, was no less unhappy. Involved in Throgmorton's conspiracy, he was committed to the Tower, and was supposed to have shot himself in bed with a pistol which was found beside him; but there were grave suspicions that it had been discharged by another hand. His son Henry, the ninth earl, suffered like his two predecessors for his attachment to the religion of his forefathers. The Crown lawyers sought in vain to implicate him in the Gunpowder Plot, and he was imprisoned for fifteen years in the Tower, and compelled

to pay a large fine. The earl survived his release about twelve years, dying in 1632, and being succeeded by his eldest surviving son, Algernon, tenth earl, who was a Parliamentary general in the Civil Wars against Charles I., though he was entirely free of any participation in his murder. At length, in 1670, the male line of this illustrious family became extinct, just five hundred years after the marriage of Agnes de Percy with Joceline of Louvaine. The history of the Percys from this period need not be traced. It may be remarked, in conclusion, that the succession of the name of Henry in this family is altogether extraordinary. For four generations before the first Earl of Northumberland, and for five different descents after him, the head of the house was a Henry. Such a remarkable continuance of a Christian name would have been less surprising in later and more peaceful times, when we might reasonably have expected the eldest son to succeed the father quietly through many generations. But the first four earls of the family were all slain in battle or in civil tumult, and the heir-apparent of the first, the gallant Hotspur, was cut off in the same way during his father's lifetime. Throughout the whole range of English history, not one of the noble houses is so distinguished as that which has the venerable grandfather of Lord Warkworth at its head. It is remarkable alike for its long unbroken line, its high achievements, and its general culture of art and of letters.



## CHAPTER XXIX.

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### THE CHURCH BELLS OF DURHAM AND NORTHUMBERLAND.

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Antiquity of Bells.—Bellringing 200 Years Ago.—Curious Customs.—Frequent Use of Bells in Former Times.—Cost of Bells.—Record of an Early Bell.—Bell Hunting.—Rubbings and Squeezes.—Description of Bells in the two Counties.

WHAT a world of thought is awakened by the mention of church bells—their chimes, peals, knells, and curfew. Of all the material things which serve as links between the Church of the present day and the ancient English Church, there are perhaps none which have undergone so little change as those bells which have survived the use and abuse of ages. In many an old church tower in Durham and Northumberland may still be found one or more of those interesting and valuable relics of the past, and they still speak for God and the Church in the selfsame tones as of old.

Sometimes for joy, sometimes for sorrow ;  
Marriage to-day, and death to-morrow.

While altars have been levelled in the dust, and sacred vestments destroyed or put to profane uses, while, perhaps, not a single chancel has been allowed to remain as in time past, while the daily sacrifice has ceased, and desolation, or vulgarity, and profanity, have prevailed where once men could worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness, still numbers of old bells have remained unaltered from the day of their solemn consecration even until now. And they possess a peculiar charm for some minds. What is so sacred to the ear and heart of a Churchman—so endued with an almost personal consecration—as an old church bell, which has sung its song of joy and sorrow, and borne its burden of sympathy with human feelings, for hundreds of years ?

There are some interesting bells in the old churches of the two counties. And our habits, manners, and customs have wonderfully changed since the day of their dedication. One of the vestry books of St. Nicholas's, Durham, contains some curious facts respecting bellringing two hundred years ago.<sup>1</sup> Then a bell was rung at four o'clock in the morning all the year round, no doubt to call the parishioners to their daily labour, and the same bell was rung as a curfew bell at eight o'clock in the evening as a signal to retire to rest. On Sunday the ringers rang "the first bell at twelve a clocke, for the second bell at one a clocke they shall chyme two bells, and when all in they shall chyme three bells, or all, and ring the great bell for the searmond (sermon) bell." There were five bells and six ringers at St. Nicholas's Church, and they had a shilling each for ringing a peal. There is a story which may have had its origin in the ringing of these bells. An old lady was listening to the bells, and wondering in her mind whether she should marry her old friend John. The bells seemed to say, "Do, Mary, marry John." They spoke so plainly that she did marry him, and to her cost found that he was a worthless fellow after all. The Sunday after, she again listened to the bells, which, to her mortification, spoke as plainly as clapper could speak, "Don't, Mary, marry John." It was a verification of the old saw—"As the bell tinkes, so the fool thinks."

It is generally believed that the science of campanology has made rapid strides since the bellringers of Durham and Northumberland formed themselves into an association. Probably there is more change-ringing and that sort of thing than there used to be, but it is quite certain that there is less actual use and tolling of the bells in proportion to the number of churches. Any person who has had occasion to peruse the parish accounts of two or three hundred years ago will be struck with the large sums paid every year on the repair and maintenance of the bells and their paraphernalia. Bells were constantly being cracked and recast, and their collars, cods, bowels, forelocks, leathers, stirrups, and frames were ever and anon getting out of order. If the tongues of those old bells could speak

<sup>1</sup> "Durham Parish Books."

they would astonish the present generation of bellringers. There were some famous bellfounders at York and Darlington in the seventeenth century, and it was the custom of the time to uphold all new bells for a year after they were hung. From the old account books of St. Oswald's, Durham, we learn that the middle bell there cost £14 11s. 8d. There were six ringers for the five bells at St. Nicholas's in the same city who were paid a shilling a piece when all the bells were rung. The bellringers were prohibited from receiving money in person after a funeral, the sexton or clerk being the persons deputed to collect such accounts. On the King's birthday, the 5th of November, and Royal Oak Day, the bellringers were paid seven shillings. The churchwardens believed in free trade, and bought the bell ropes of those who sold them cheapest and best.

There can be no doubt of bells having been used in the service of the Church of England in the seventh century, for our own historian, Bede, in the 23rd chapter of the fourth book of his "Ecclesiastical History," describes a circumstance connected with the tolling bell so exquisitely simple that it fails not to bring before the reader the nun engaged in her pious avocations. Perhaps the first bell that ever came into the north, of which we have any record, was one that Prior Turgot brought from London to Durham Cathedral between the years 1087-1100.<sup>1</sup> It was cast in London, and was so heavy that it taxed the ingenuity of the wrights to make a wain or sled substantial enough to bear it. Twenty-two oxen were yoked to the sled, which went right enough on level ground, but the drivers had none of the modern appliances in going down a hill, and we are told that—

All the dryvers ware agaste  
That the sledd suld ga' our faste.

Nothing is more familiar to our ears than the sound of the bells of our parish church. Yet few people know anything about the bells themselves. Even the ringers are content to pull the ropes year after year without inquiring after their archæology. Campaning is a hobby which not many indulge in. And still, notwithstanding

<sup>1</sup> Fowler's "St. Cuthbert."

its peculiar perils and difficulties, there must be a certain amount of excitement and adventure in bell-hunting. Equipped with his lanthorn and bag of materials and apparatus, the true campanologist is said to feel all the excitement of the sportsman or the angler in taking "squeezes" and "rubbings." The former are impressions taken in pipeclay, or a sort of putty made for the purpose. From these, plaster casts can be taken at home, from which, again, drawings or engravings can readily be made. "Rubbings" are best taken from bells by tying a long strip of paper over the inscription, and rubbing with heel-ball or a bit of new shoe leather. A quarter of a century ago, when he was more active in his limbs than he is at the present day, that veteran ecclesiologist, the Rev. J. T. Fowler, visited many of the bell-lofts in Durham and Northumberland, and in 1865 he gave an interesting account of his "squeezes" and "rubbings" in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. At St. Margaret's, Durham, two out of the three bells are mediæval, and two of those at St. Giles', in the same city, are ancient. The first has "Campana Sancti Egidii" (the bell of St. Giles) and the letter "I" twice on the soundbow, which Mr. Fowler is unable to explain. The second bell has "Sancta Maria ora pro nobis" (St. Mary, pray for us), and the monogram of Jesus, "I.H.C."

At Pitlington there are three ancient bells, and there is a peculiarity here in the construction of the bell frames. The first and second at Chester-le-Street are most interesting bells. They appear to have been cast at the same time, being uniform in design and general character. The crown moulding is peculiar, and of elegant design. Both have upon them little figures of a sort of dragon, which is not met with elsewhere, and Mr. Fowler hazards the conjecture that it may be a representation of the far-famed "Worm of Lambton." If so, it carries the story back to the beginning of the fifteenth century. The first has this inscription:—"Magister Robertus Aschburn Decanus Cestrie me fecit" (Mr. Robert Aschburn, Dean of Chester, made me); and in a line beneath this, "Hec campana data Cuthbertus sit vocitata" (Let this bell, being given, be named Cuthbert).

The second has “*Dominus Iohannes Lumley me fecit fieri, hec campana pie datur hic in honore Marie*” (Lord John Lumley had me made. This bell is piously given here in honour of Mary). There was a Baron John Lumley, 1405-1421, and a John de Ashbourn, Dean of Chester-le-Street, in 1409, to whom Robert may have succeeded, though this latter name is not given in the histories. The third bell was recast in 1665, but was probably first cast at the same time as the other two, for it was given by Bishop Langley, who occupied the see of Durham from 1406 to 1437. In the tower of the ancient church of St. Paul, at Jarrow, are two bells. One is quite plain and devoid of inscription or device. The other has “*Sancte Paolus ora pro nobis*” (St. Paul, pray for us). At Stranton, near Hartlepool, one bell is dated 1664 and another 1699.

Three of the bells of Heighington are ancient, and very fine. The first is a particularly sweet-toned bell. It bears the inscription, “*O mater dia me sana virgo Maria*” (O Divine Mother, Virgin Mary, be thou my health), in black-letter, with a richly-adorned letter O and initial cross, and also a small figure of Our Lady holding the infant Jesus in her arms. The second bell has, in good Lombardic letters, “*Tu Petre pulsatus perversos mitiga flatus*” (Thou Peter, being rung, assuage adverse tempests). And the third inscription, in the same letters, may be translated thus, “*Thou Paul, join us purified to the Court of Heaven.*” Mr. Fowler speaks highly of the tenor bell at Sedgefield. The inscription is in black-letter, like the first at Heighington, each word, however, beginning with a richly-ornamented Lombardic capital. He also took rubbings of the old bells in the church of St. Nicholas, in Newcastle. The sixth bore the following melodious inscription, in which, however, orthography is sacrificed to rhyme—“*Sum Nicholaius ouans cunctis modulamina promans*” (I am rejoicing Nicholas, sounding melodies to all). The fourth had “*Dulcis sisto melis campana vocor Micaelis*” (I am of sweet melody; am called Michael’s bell). The seventh bell had the same inscription as the first at Heighington. Four of the bells of St. Andrew’s, Auckland, are dated 1720, and there are two at Aycliffe,



dated 1664. Two of those at Brancepeth are dated 1632. At Darlington, four out of the six bells are dated 1755. The fifth is dated 1761, and the sixth, which is dated 1702, has on it, "Moneo Georgio Thomson ministro ad preces" (I call George Thomson the minister to prayers). Six of the eight bells at Durham Cathedral are dated 1693. The whole had been cast before by Thomas Bartlett, as appears by the register of St. Mary-le-Bow—"Thomas Bertlett (a bell-founder). This man did cast the Abbey bells the summer before he dyed. Buried Feb. 3, 1632." The six bells at St. Oswald's, in Durham, are dated 1694. At Easington two bells are dated 1664 and 1618 respectively. At St. Mary's, Morpeth, was a bell dated 1662, and another dated 1635, with the inscription, "Cry aloud, Repent." It had a gaping crack as the result of its own loud crying when Mr. Fowler saw it.



## CHAPTER XXX.

### LEADMINING AND LEADMINERS.

The Weardale Mines.—Bargain Book.—Employment of Women.—  
Old Mines in the Derwent Valley.—The Teesdale Mines and  
Smelting Mills.—Mines in Allendale.—The Alston Mines.—  
Cost of Production.—Earnings.—Output at the Mines.

**K**ING Coal has reigned supreme in Durham and Northumberland since the first mention was made of him by Bishop Pudsey in the year 1180, when we are told in Boldon Buke that a “certain collier finds coal for making the ironwork of the ploughs of Coundon.” Coeval with this industry must have been that of leadmining, but while the former is still unaffected by the mineral wealth of other nations, foreign competition has utterly ruined the latter, and almost driven the leadminer out of existence. We have already added a chapter to the history of coalmining, and original papers in our possession enable us to contribute a great deal that is new respecting the old lead-mines of Durham and Northumberland.

Up to the year 1876, the mines in the two counties yielded more than one half of the lead ore and lead produced in England. Mr. Beaumont's mines, within the parishes of Stanhope and Wolsingham, in Weardale, were for a long period the best lead-producing mines in the North of England, and the decadence of this industry in the Wear valley is due to the low price of lead caused by importations from other countries. The dead-rent paid by Mr. Beaumont to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners was £4,800 per annum, and a ninth of the ore raised. Finding that he could not work the mines at a profit, and failing to obtain from the Commissioners what he regarded as a satisfactory abatement of terms, he decided in 1881 to retire from mining altogether. He suggested that a company should be formed to work the mines, but the

public would not take shares, and the Commissioners themselves declined to buy Mr. Beaumont out. Meanwhile, operations were almost at a standstill, and although some of the mines were let by the Commissioners to a company which was subsequently formed in London, the prosperity of the dale may be said to have closed with Mr. Beaumont's final retirement in 1883.<sup>1</sup>

One of the oldest mines in Weardale was the Breckensike, which, according to Westgarth Forster, yielded in the year 1809 the large quantity of 10,000 bings of lead ore. We possess the original Partnership Bargain Book of this and the neighbouring mines for the years 1751-59. It is a small quarto, bound in vellum, and the scribe who kept it, having apparently the old poet Heywood's paraphrase on wealth in his mind's eye, has written on the first page an epitaph, the first stanza of which runs thus:—

Here Willy lies who left full baggs  
To enrich poor Geordy clad in raggs ;  
Pray what is gold but very dirt,  
That can't afford poor George a shirt?

The mines embraced in the book are Breckensike, Greenfield, Crawley, Hesley Gill, Whesenhope, Stoup Slitt, Broadmea Slitt, Slitt Heads, Cow Haust, Grove Rake, Bale Hill, Scraith Head, Pike Stone, Great Slitt, and Newmeadow Head Level. All these were then worked by Sir Walter Blckett. The substance of a few of the bargains may be given, as showing the names of those

<sup>1</sup> We cannot help thinking that the Commissioners were partly to blame for the partial closing of the mines in Weardale. Although royalty rent may be claimed whether a mine is profitable to the party working it or not, it is frequently good as well as liberal policy to greatly reduce or even remit it for a time during periods of temporary depression or loss, as an owner or company may thus be encouraged to make further trials, which in the end may prove beneficial to both parties. Much abuse was showered upon Mr. Beaumont by the miners at the time of his retirement, but the lapse of ten years, and the gradual decline of the leadmining industry in the North-country in the interim, have fully borne out his predictions, and justified the course which he felt bound to adopt. We also venture to express the opinion that the men themselves, by their intemperate language and clamour for employment when none could be found for them, hastened the crisis which took place in Weardale a dozen years ago. Their treatment of the agents, Mr. Cain and Mr. Rumney, was unjust to the last extent. The former, in particular, had always done everything in his power to promote the interests and welfare of the miners and people of Weardale, and in gradually curtailing the number of hands he was merely carrying out Mr. Beaumont's instructions.

engaged in the industry, and the manner of working, nearly a century and a half ago. The first bargain occurs under date 31st December, 1751, when Thomas Bell and partners agree to drive their forehead ten fathoms at 20s. per fathom, and they are also to have 20s. per bing<sup>1</sup> for all ore obtained. John Bainbridge, Joseph Beastin, Ralph Featherston, George Furnace, Joseph Harrison, Matthew Nattress, William Thompson, William Martin, Thomas Hill, Christopher Bell, and George Peart, with their respective partners, made similar engagements at the same time. On the 9th of January, 1752, Jonathan Kidd and nine partners agree to open an old shaft, next to Heathery Cleugh Burn, at 7s. 6d. per fathom; and on the 10th of the following month the same men engage to drive the low level opposite to the shaft on the Bank Top, and to sink and hole the said shaft into the level, for the sum of £25. John Milburn and four partners agree, on the 17th February, to sink the lowest sump at £9 per fathom; whilst Joseph Maughan and partners bargain to sink a shaft ten fathoms at 20s. per fathom. Stephen Emerson and partners agree to get ore where they wrought last at 20s. per bing. Bargains are also let to George Whitfield, Edward Gill, William Fairless, John Coulthard, and Joseph Harrison. At Greenfield, Joseph Little bargains to wash up the cuttings at present drawn to the bank at 20s. per bing. James Pringle and partners undertake to "rise a sump and drive a drift to air the low sump" in the Breckensike at 55s. per fathom. On May 5th, Joseph Maughan and partners agree to "bore and sink the foremost shaft from the top to John Bainbridge's high drift for £90, and provided they meet with impossibilities they shall be releas'd." The same day Jonathan Kidd and partners engage to drive the low level forehead at Greenfield twenty-four fathoms, and to sink a shaft at the east end, for £55, and "20s. for a holeing drink." The next entry, under date July 3rd, is interesting, as showing that women were then engaged about the mines. Other women and girls are mentioned at a later period. "Ann Muncaster, Mary Stephenson, Sarah Barker, to wash cuttings and deads at Little Shaft at 16s. per bing till

<sup>1</sup> A bing contained 8 cwt.

December ye 31st, 1752." A few of the bargains may be given in their entirety :—

Crawley, October the 12th, 1752.—Lett to Adam Bird and Cuthbert Trotter a bargain to get 200 bings of oar from the Easter Horse Road between Stanhope and Newcastle eastward at 25s. per bing; and provided they do not raise the said 200 bings of oar before the 30th day of September, 1755, their bargain shall then cease and be void; the said Adam Bird and Cuthbert Trotter to pay all Damages.

October the 13th, 1752.—A Grant of a Tack to Jonathan Kidd and William Hodgson of Greenwell Vein, to have a month to consider on where they will bounder.

Stoup Slitt, October 13th, 1752.—Lett to Matthew Whitfield and seven partners a bargain to make the Level Currant, draw water races, and make all conveniences, to open a shaft and sumps so as to bring the day water on to the engine wheel, and to sink 3 yards in the engine sump, at £30 for the lump.

Greenfield, May 15th, 1753.—Lett to Jacob Low and 4 partners a bargain to sink, bore, and hole a shaft from the surface to the low level (60 fathoms before the present foremost shaft) at £63 for the lump.

Breckensike, July 23, 1753.—Lett to Margaret Milburn to wash up the cuttings at the Level Head Shaft, from the Knockstone downward, at 12s. per bing. Lett to Thomas Ridley and Thomas Brown to wash up the wastes in the burn at Level Mouth at 14s. per bing, and to go no farther than 20 fathoms below ye Dyke Nook. Lett to Ann Muncaster and Sarah Barker to wash up the wastes at the Randum Shaft and Little Shaft at 15s. per bing, till June ye 30th, 1754. Lett to Ann Vipond and son to wash the cuttings above Margaret Milburn at Level Head Shaft at 15s. per bing. Lett to Hannah Murrah and Hodgson's lass to wash the cuttings at Ra. Featherston's shaft from Stephen Dawson's Buddle downward at 12s. per bing. Lett to Jane Smith, Jane Stephenson, Jane Hobson, and 3 lads to wash the cuttings above Stephen Dawson's Buddle at Ra. Featherston's shaft at 12s. per bing.

Stoup Slitt, August 9th, 1753.—Lett to Matthew Whitfield and five partners a bargain to clear out and make currant the Levell on the top of the Little Limestone to the forehead, and to make a sufficient waygate to the sump-head that John Featherston of Westgate and partners began to sink, at £60 for the lump.

Breckensike, October 31st, 1753.—Lett to Thomas Emerson and partners a Bargain to gett oar where they wrought last at 25s. per bing to March the 31st, 1754; and they're obliged to sink a shaft at their own charge.

Greenfield, October 4th, 1753.—Lett to Jacob Stephenson and two partners a bargain to cutt the vein in the Limestone at the Level Shaft where Jonathan Kidd and partners now work, and get oar from the said shaft forward, at 20s. per bing, till March 31st, 1754, provided it do not prove North Green Vein.

Broad Mea Slitt, November 7th, 1753.—Lett Thomas Hill and five partners a bargain to drive a Level from the Little Stapple Shaft at the Burn Side to the shaft at the Slitt Foot, at 18s. per fathom; and they're to have 5s. for ridding the burn and setting the water currantly by the conduit mouth, so as it may not stand back into the Level.

Breckensike, February 5th, 1754.—Lett to Wm. Thompson, Esq., and 5 partners a bargain to get oar where they wrought last at 25s. per bing, to June the 30th, 1754, and they're to have 40s. for making a sufficient sump-head.

Memorandum, March ye 20th, 1754.—A Grant of a Tack of Scrath-head to Thos. Watson, Jno. Watson, Thos. Armstrong, Wm. Gibson, Jos. Harrison, Wm. Thompson, Jno. Watson, Esq., provided Jno. William Bacon, Esq., be agreeable when he comes at age, and they are obliged to work her constantly with six men at fewest; and provided Mr. Bacon be not agreeable the master is to satisfie them for what work they have wrought in the partnership end.

Stoup Slitt, June 20th, 1754.—Lett to Matthew Whitfield and partners a bargain to sink a sump at the end of their cross cut to the depth of the shaft foot, at 25s. per fathom; and provided the water happen to rise so as it cannot reasonably be drawn, they shall then be releas'd.

Cow Haust, June 20th, 1754.—Lett to Thos. Emerson, John Emerson, John Beastin, Wm. Keenlside, and John Watson a bargain to get oar from Bounder Shaft eastward at 25s. per bing, to June 30th, 1758; and provided they neglect working with 6 men 20 days together, without showing sufficient reason why, this bargain shall then be void to all intents and purposes.

Breckensike, September 16th, 1754.—Lett to John Rumney and Jos. James a bargain to get ore out of the old wastes, where Arthur Watson had his late bargain, at 18s. per bing, to June the 30th, 1755.

Breckensike, September 17th, 1755.—Lett to Joseph Maughan and 7 partners a bargain to get ore from the Level Head westward and eastward ten fathom, before Jno. Cain's Sump, at 26s. per bing, till September the 30th, 1756.

Sraith Head, in Burnhope Fell, July 8th, 1757.—Lett in a Tack to the Reverend Mr. Joseph Craddock, Mr. Wm. Watson, Mr. Wm. Dockwray, and Mr. Jos. Richardson, at 30s. per bing, bounding from Brown Gill Bounder westward as the vein lyes, 600 yards in length, and twenty yards on each side of the vein; to have a Tack Note with all convenient speed. N.B.—Joseph Richardson has only  $\frac{1}{8}$  part of the above grant of a Tack, Mr. Dockwray  $\frac{1}{4}$ , and Mr. Craddock and Mr. Watson have five-eighths.

In the higher reaches of the Derwent valley, from Healeyfield upwards, much lead ore was found in the seventeenth century. The mine at Healeyfield was worked in the latter part of Elizabeth's reign; and we possess an indenture, dated 1690, whereby William Forster, of Bambrough, gentleman, leases the mine called Jeffrey's Grove, within the lands or grounds of Blanchland, to Thomas Rawlin, of the city of Durham, James Emmerson, of Dunston, John Morton, of Harraton, gentlemen, and John Trotter, of Newcastle, merchant, for twenty-one years at a rent of a seventh part of the ore wrought. In a subsequent lease the rent is fixed at a tenth, and the lessees are to work within a compass of 300 yards on either side of the Grove.

The vale of the Tees also was long famous for the richness of its mines and for its smelting mills. In a manuscript written by Bishop Chandler in 1737, there is an account of early mining at Eggleston. The lord of the

manor at that time was William Hutchinson, Esq., whose claim to the lead-mines within the manor was resisted by the Bishop of Durham. The manor was originally a part of the forfeited estate of the Earl of Westmorland, and it appears by an inquisition taken at Flakebridge on the 28th of September, in the 13th year of Queen Elizabeth, that the mines were wrought in the Earl's time before his attainder; and that afterwards a lease thereof was granted by the Crown to Ralph Bowes for the term of twenty-one years at the yearly rent of 60s., and a fine of £6. In 1663, Christopher Sanderson was lord of the manor, and that year he let the mines to Thomas Ireland for a term of fourteen years, "yielding and paying to the lessor one horse load of clean wash'd oar out of every eight load." Six years later another lease of the mines was granted by Sanderson to the celebrated Ambrose Barnes, of Newcastle, "to hold from the 29th September, 1700, for 21 years, yielding a sixth part of the ore."

Much of the lead wrought out of the noble Cross Fell Vein was taken to Eggleston and the adjacent smelting mills. The Cross Fell Mine was opened in 1804 by John Little, Esq., and Company. The original pay-sheets and papers connected with this and the other old mines in the manor of Alston, and in Allendale, have been placed at our disposal, and from these authentic sources, which were not available to either Sopwith or Forster, or any other writer on the subject, we shall endeavour to trace the history of leadmining during the period when the greatest number of mines was in operation, when lead sold at the highest price that it has ever been known to reach, and when employer and employed were in the zenith of prosperity. We cannot within the limits of this sketch do more than give a bare summary of the papers, but this will be sufficient to indicate the yearly yield of the various mines, the cost of production, and the wages received by those engaged in and about the mines.

Beginning with Cross Fell we find that between September 29, 1804, and September 29, 1805, seventy-three men raised 1,719 bings, 6 cwts., of ore, for which they were paid £1,791 1s. George Little and seven partners received £189 8s. 6d.; Jonathan Watson and four

partners were paid £233 8s. 3d. ; John Cowper and four partners got £203 9s. ; while Thomas Walton and four partners earned £224 12s. The total expense connected with the mine during the year, exclusive of lead carriers' bills and the cost of smelting, was £2,591 1s. 1d. A few of the items of expenditure may be given. William Ritson and four partners had 140s. per fathom for sinking the limestone shaft. John Brown and four partners were four weeks in discovering the North Vein, and were paid at the rate of 15s. per week. John Little acted as agent, and he was paid £52 10s. The ore raised in 1805-6 amounted to 2,636 bings, 5 cwts., and the total expenses to £6,374 2s. 1d. Joseph Watson and six partners had for their share £632 15s. 7d. ; Hunter Ward and six partners drew £472 4s. 2d. ; John Brown and four partners had £498 19s. 3d. among them ; Isaac Vipond and four partners received £306 19s. 9d. ; Joseph Curry and the same number of partners earned £327 16s. 5d. ; while only £192 13s. fell to the share of Thomas White and six partners. In 1806-7, the yield was 3,215 bings, 3 cwts., and the total working expenses of £8,591 11s. 5d. Coals cost 3s. per load ; John Teasdale, of Weardale, was paid £36 15s. for five galloways, four bought of Featherston Wallace cost £33 12s., and there is an item of £85 14s. 5d. paid to George Elias, innkeeper, for eating and drinking. In 1807-8, when pig lead was selling at £35 per ton, the mine yielded 4,074 bings, 1 cwt. The largest sum, £669 7s., was earned by Joseph Martindale and six partners. The expenses at the mine amounted to £9,353 14s. 8½d. Caleb Twedde was paid £3 5s. 3d. for making kibbles ; Stephen Robson charged £1 14s. for two sieve bottoms ; John Smith was paid £1 for a pair of clog boots ; and Jonathan Greenwell £1 8s. 9d. for wimbles. John Little's salary for agency had been raised to £84, and Thomas Walton was paid £52 for similar services.

The pay-bills for the carriage of lead ore from Cross Fell to the smelting mills, and the cost of conveying the pigs to the coast for shipment, are also interesting. In 1807, Charles Errington charged £25 19s. for carrying 173 bings of ore from Knock to Helton Mill. Donkin Dover's charge for carrying ore from Cross Fell to Eggleston Mill



was 14s. per bing. The rate from Cross Fell to Langdon Mill was 8s., and from Cross Fell to Leadgate 6s. per bing. John Forster and John Hodgson, smelters, received 23s. per week. The total sum paid in 1807 for carriage and smelting was £2,659 os. 11d. The rent of Eggleston Mill in 1808 was £120. Mr. Jobling, for carriage of 1,961 pieces of lead from Blagill Mill to Newcastle, was paid £167 10s. 0½d., being at the rate of 1s. 8½d. a piece. For smelting 604 bings his charge was £229 16s. 11½d. The cost this year for carriage and smelting was £3,530 16s. 7½d. In 1809, the carriage of 2,583 pigs of lead from Eggleston Mill to Barnard Castle and Staindrop was £56 11s. 7½d., while 8,600 pigs were taken from the same place to Stockton at a cost of £570 6s. 11½d. Joseph Hodgson charged 6d. a sack for 1,354 sacks of peat. David McOwen's bill for ten pig pans was £3 12s. 7d. Mr. Horn charged 10s. for a barrow. Henry Proud's charge for carrying 179 pigs from Cross Fell to Alston was £8 19s. William Robson carried 235 pigs from Alston to Newcastle at the rate of 2s. per pig, and Joseph Dupour's bill for carrying 25 bings of ore to Newcastle was £13 6s. 8d., or 10s. 8d. a bing. The wages earned by smelters varied. In 1811, Thomas Peart earned £91 8s. 8d.; William Stingers, £96 18s. 4d.; Nicholas Armstrong, £67 16s. 3d.; Thomas Pickering, £57 9s. 3d.; Thomas Harrison, £66 7s. 3d.; and Matthew Brown, £118 17s. 4d. William Brown, for 1,000 fire-bricks and their carriage to Eggleston Mill, was paid £8 3s.

The pay-bills of the High and Low Coalcleugh mines, which belonged to Thomas Richard Beaumont, Esq., give us a faithful picture of a mining community in Allendale exactly a hundred years ago. Between the 31st of March and the 31st of June, 1793, the sum of £2,944 1s. was paid to 275 miners for getting 1,890 bings, 2½ cwts., or 756 tons, 2½ cwts., being an average of £10 14s. per man for the thirteen weeks. Joiners, masons, labourers, and other off-hand men received £127 16s. 10d.; the sum of £725 8s. 1d. was paid for sinking shafts, driving veins, &c.; and the agents, smiths, and others received £106 17s. 6d. The head agent, Joseph Dickinson, was paid £15;

Thomas Crawhall received £11 5s.; and William Peart, £6 15s. Hugh Shield was paid £2 10s. for keeping school, being at the rate of £10 per annum. The smiths were paid 10s. 6d., and the sharpers 9s. per week. The total amount of the pay-bill for the thirteen weeks was £3,904 3s. 5d. Of the ore raised, 1,743 bings were taken to Dukesfield Smelting Mill, and the remainder to Allenheads Smelting Mill. In 1793, the price of pig lead was £19 per ton. Leadmining is, and always has been, a precarious business, and as little or nothing is known of the actual earnings of the men engaged in the industry a century ago, the author ventures to give the accompanying quarterly pay-bill for getting ore at the Coalcleugh mines in the year 1793. The figures in the first column denote the number of men in each partnership :—

Men.	Bings.	Cwts.	s.	£	s.	d.
2 Abraham English ...	3	0	@ 35	5	5	0
Ditto ...	2	0	„ 30	3	0	0
4 Matthew Robinson...	3	2½	„ 30	5	8	9
2 John Cowin ...	17	1½	„ 35	30	8	1½
2 John Liddle ...	6	3½	„ 30	10	6	3
3 Joseph Swinbank ...	26	0½	„ 30	39	3	9
4 William Coates ...	14	1	„ 35	24	18	9
2 Geo. Whitfield ...	3	0½	„ 30	4	13	9
2 Matthew Liddle ...	4	2	„ 30	6	15	0
6 Thomas Teasdale ...	1	2½	„ 18	1	9	3
2 John Liddle and Henderson...	4	2	„ 30	6	15	0
6 John Chester ...	4	2	„ 25	5	12	6
3 Richard Fetherstone ...	6	2	„ 30	9	15	0
2 John Short ...	1	2	„ 30	2	5	0
2 Thomas Varty ...	5	3½	„ 35	10	5	7½
4 John Dawson ...	34	1½	„ 30	51	11	3
2 Henry Ridley ...	1	0	„ 30	1	10	0
6 Cuthbert Simn ...	2	1½	„ 30	3	11	3
2 Thomas Dawson ...	4	0	„ 30	6	0	0
2 Joseph Forster and Son ...	3	2	„ 30	5	5	0
2 Matthew Keenlside ...	1	0	„ 35	1	15	0
2 Thos. Moor and Brother ...	1	1	„ 30	1	17	6
12 Joseph Whitesmith...	9	3½	„ 30	14	16	3
10     Ditto ...	26	1½	„ 30	39	11	3
6     Ditto ...	78	3½	„ 30	118	6	3
4 John White ...	41	1	„ 35	72	3	9
2 William and Thos. Edger ...	27	2	„ 35	48	2	6
3 Thos. Edger and labourers ...	37	3½	„ 35	66	5	7½
6 William Wilson ...	19	3½	„ 30	29	16	3
4 Joseph Morrah ...	11	3½	„ 28	16	12	6
2 Edward Shipley and Waugh	0	3	„ 35	1	6	3
4 Andrew Emerson ...	48	0½	„ 35	84	4	4½
3     Ditto ...	9	2½	„ 35	16	16	10½
2 William and David Edger ...	5	0½	„ 35	8	19	4½
6 Henry Henderson ...	20	0	„ 27	27	0	0
Ditto ...	43	3	„ 30	65	12	6

## LEADMINING AND LEADMINERS.

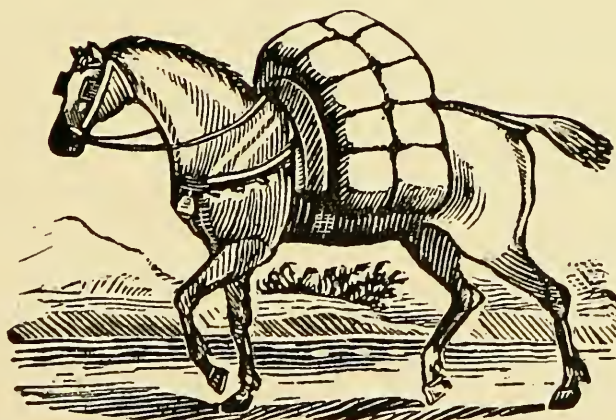
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Men.		Bings.	Cwts.	s.	£	s.	d.
2	John Swindale	...	...	1 2½	35	2 16	10½
	Ditto	...	...	20 1½	30	30 11	3
4	William Bell	...	...	133 2	35	233 12	6
4	Thomas Ward	...	...	6 3	30	10 2	6
	Ditto	...	...	7 3½	35	13 15	7½
	Ditto	...	...	47 2	35	83 2	6
4	Thomas Lathan	...	...	28 3½	30	43 6	3
	Ditto	...	...	89 1½	30	134 1	3
4	Anthony Burdass	...	...	4 3½	30	7 6	3
4	Thomas Edger	...	...	4 1½	30	6 11	3
6	Ditto	...	...	57 0	35	99 15	0
2	Richard Parker	...	...	15 1½	30	23 1	3
	Ditto	...	...	11 2½	35	20 6	10½
2	James Dodd	...	...	42 1½	35	74 3	1½
6	Thomas Dickinson...	...	...	15 3½	30	23 16	3
6	Joseph Bownass	...	...	12 2½	24	15 3	0
	Ditto	...	...	8 1	20	8 5	0
2	William Harrison	...	...	9 2	30	14 5	0
	Ditto	...	...	17 3½	35	31 5	7½
4	John Walton	...	...	28 2	35	49 17	6
4	William Routledge...	...	...	2 3½	28	4 0	6
	Ditto	...	...	49 0	35	85 15	0
	Ditto	...	...	29 0	30	43 10	0
	Ditto	...	...	8 1½	25	10 9	4½
4	Thomas Dodd	...	...	5 1	30	7 17	6
2	Edward Richardson	...	...	30 0½	35	52 14	4½
2	Edward Henderson	...	...	0 3½	30	1 6	3
4	Thomas Forster	...	...	100 1	30	150 7	6
4	James Dickinson	...	...	27 0	35	47 5	0
6	Thomas Norman	...	...	109 2	20	109 10	0
4	John Taylor	...	...	73 0	28	102 4	0
2	Joseph Wales	...	...	4 0	30	6 0	0
2	Thomas Bell	...	...	32 0½	35	56 4	4½
2	Thos. Makepeace and Son	...	...	10 3	35	18 16	3
2	Thomas Makepeace, jun.	...	...	25 0	35	43 15	0
2	John Cowin	...	...	11 0	35	19 5	0
2	William Lish	...	...	6 1	35	10 18	9
2	Michael Martin	...	...	3 3	35	6 11	3
2	Peter Robson	...	...	11 0½	30	16 13	9
2	Moses Ridley	...	...	10 3	35	18 16	3
4	Joseph Armstrong	...	...	34 0	23	39 2	0
	Ditto	...	...	30 0	25	37 10	0
	Ditto	...	...	20 0	28	28 0	0
	Ditto	...	...	35 0	30	52 10	0
2	Anthony Johnson	...	...	24 1	35	42 8	9
4	John White	...	...	10 1	35	17 18	9
4	Daniel Hudson	...	...	27 0	28	37 16	0
6	Ditto	...	...	18 3	35	32 16	3
6	Thomas Dickinson...	...	...	1 3½	30	2 16	3
2	John Walton	...	...	6 ½	35	10 14	4½
2	George Wilson	...	...	2 ½	35	3 14	4½
2	John Gill	...	...	1 1	35	2 3	9
4	Samuel Brown	...	...	6 2½	35	11 11	10½
2	Nicholas Carr	...	...	7 1½	35	12 18	1½
3	Jacob Dawson	...	...	3 2½	30	5 8	9
2	Edward Armstrong	...	...	6 3	30	10 2	6
4	Thomas Dent	...	...	6 2	30	9 15	0
2	Jonah Ward	...	...	1 1	35	2 3	9
Total ...		...	...	1890 2—		£2944 1 0	

The papers from which we have been quoting give us the exact number of mines in operation within the manor of Alston from 1822 to 1842. In the first-named year there were 62 mines, 52 of which were on the east side of the river Tyne, the rest being on the west side. The total quantity of ore raised that year was 24,054 bings, 2 cwts. The Rampgill veins yielded a total of 3,304 bings, 1 cwt., the Hudgill Burn, 11,609 bings, 5 cwts., and the Brownley Hill veins 1,745 bings, 6 cwts. In 1832, there were 42 mines on the east and nine on the west side of the river. The total quantity of ore raised that year was 15,087 bings, 1½ cwts. Of this, the Rampgill veins yielded 2,113 bings against 3,304 ten years previously, while the Scaleburn veins yielded 818 bings against 310 before. The Hudgill Burn veins, which in 1822 yielded 11,609 bings, this year yielded only 3,520. In 1832, the Rodderup Cleugh veins yielded 1,415 bings against 10 bings in 1822. The total quantity of ore raised at the 45 mines on the east side and the five on the west side of the Tyne in 1842 was 15,047 bings 4 cwts. The following tabulated statement gives the names of the whole of the mines and the quantity of ore raised in each for the years 1822-32-42 :—

	1822. Bings.	1832. Bings.	1842. Bings.
Hudgill Burn Veins ... ..	11609	3520	310
Rampgill Veins... ..	3304	2113	1786
Brownley Hill Veins ... ..	1745	1514	593
Grassfield Veins ... ..	760	430	142
Carrs South End ... ..	710	127	—
Holyfield Veins... ..	594	228	62
Small Cleugh Flatt ... ..	528	12	206
Middle Cleugh Veins ... ..	522	285	44
Hudgill Cross Vein ... ..	449	3	28
Tyne Bottom Veins ... ..	393	1330	320
Blagill and Lough Veins ... ..	331	153	411
Fletcheras ... ..	314	40	9
Scale Burn Veins ... ..	310	818	447
Wellgill Cross Vein ... ..	193	86	238
Caple Cleugh Veins ... ..	178	—	768
Browngill Veins ... ..	159	607	714
Nattrass Veins ... ..	154	113	169
Bugal Burn Veins ... ..	122	501	650
Greengill West End ... ..	115	3	—
Carr's West of Nent ... ..	110	4	59
Bentyfield Sun Veins ... ..	109	27	17
Long Cleugh ... ..	107	254	1931
Blagill Foot Cross Veins ... ..	97	17	3
Guddamgill Moss Vein ... ..	92	67	68
Bugal Burn and Dowgang Veins ... ..	210	501	650

	1822. Bings.	1832. Bings.	1842. Bings.
Galligill Syke ... ..	88	11	473
Nentsberry Haggs ... ..	86	—	72
Garrigill Burn Old Groves ... ..	76	9	—
Cragg Greens Vein ... ..	76	207	13
Cowhill Veins ... ..	72	146	58
Tyne Head ... ..	70	—	—
Bentyfield and Greengill ... ..	65	24	2458
Hanging Shaw East End ... ..	53	—	—
Dowpot Syke ... ..	53	—	—
Fairhill Flow Edge ... ..	43	—	6
Greengill East End ... ..	25	—	—
Leehouse Well Cross Vein ... ..	22	122	—
Horse Edge Sun Vein... ..	21	—	—
Welhope Knott ... ..	20	—	—
Peatstack Hill ... ..	19	5	—
Windy Brow West End ... ..	18	—	—
Greengill Cross Vein ... ..	15	—	—
Hanging Shaw and Carrs East of Nent	13	212	331
Caple Cleugh Cross Vein ... ..	12	—	—
Bayle Hill ... ..	12	2	3
Thorngill East End ... ..	11	72	295
Nenthead Field ... ..	10	—	—
Windy Brow Veins ... ..	8	18	37
Thorngill West End ... ..	7	15	4
Foreshield Vein... ..	6	—	—
Nentsberry Veins ... ..	6	34	75
Galligill North Vein ... ..	4	205	312
Cornriggs ... ..	4	4	—
Dowke Burn Vein ... ..	3	21	31
Foreshield Grains ... ..	3	—	—
Farnberry Middle Vein ... ..	2	—	1
Scarr Ends ... ..	2	—	—
Dryburn ... ..	1	—	—
Park Grove ... ..	1	12	33
Hundy Bridge Syke Veins ... ..	—	220	167
North Grain Cross Vein ... ..	—	17	10
Guttergill Head Cross Vein ... ..	—	8	—
Gadmoss Vein ... ..	—	23	—
Clargill Head Vein ... ..	—	3	8
Rodderup Cleugh Veins ... ..	—	1415	1457
High Birchy Bank ... ..	—	3	—
Low Birchy Bank ... ..	—	2	58
Cashburn Vein ... ..	—	2	—
Black Syke ... ..	—	—	6
Cowgap ... ..	—	—	15



## CHAPTER XXXI.

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### FESTIVALS.

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Christmas.—New Year's Day.—Candlemas.—Carling Sunday.—  
Palm Sunday.—Good Friday.—Easter.—Ascension Day.—  
Hallowe'en.—The Fifth of November.—All Fools' Day.

EITHER Christmas is duller than it used to be, or the festival has lost its charm and attractiveness in our eyes. Yule Tide in our juvenile days was an event that was talked about at Martinmas, at which period a beast was killed and cured for winter use. As time passed and Christmas drew nearer our whole thoughts were of fun, frolic, and festivity. There were the practisings of the sword dancers in a barn or empty house to awe and astonish with their real swords and fantastic dresses, and there were also the youthful "guisers" rehearsing the tragedy wherein the hero, with blackened face, boldly "opens the door and enters in" without previous intimation or ceremony. The visits of these sable young gentlemen were not always welcome on Christmas Eve, and they sometimes went out quicker than they entered. Then what a feasting there was on Christmas Day. We really forget what became of all the spice bread, cheese, mince pies, and "yule dooes." These latter were sometimes toothsome morsels, with big raisins for eyes, and currant-constructed mouths that seemed to grin at the thought of being eaten. With the yule log, the lighted candles, the games and amusements, and a plentiful supply of everything that the youthful fancy could suggest, Christmas was in our time a season of real pleasure and innocent dissipation.

Just as age increases our love for the home of our boyhood and the scenes of our youth, so does the lapse of years mellow the recollection of many a merry Christmas

into veneration. Its associations gladden our spirits, arouse our sympathies, and quicken our affections for kindred and home. It has been well said that at this season age forgets its infirmities, "heart becomes knit to heart, and soul feasts with soul." We open wide the door of hospitality, and invite friends, relatives, and neighbours to participate in our pleasures, and in the bounties of our board.

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As we listen to the expiring sigh of the old year, and welcome in the new year, we think of the buried years which have carried many of us to middle age and others into the winter of life. The obituary record of a single year reminds us what a fleeting pageant is human life. Many who begin the journey with us fall by the way. Those who remain to pass the mile-stone turn over a new leaf in the volume of life's journey, their boat still glides down the stream, and nearer lies the land to which they go. On New Year's Eve our children play at a thousand and one games, not forgetting "blind man's buff." Some of them go to bed early, after hanging their stockings on the line above the fireplace, in expectation of a visit from Santa Claus, who, perhaps, forgot to come down the chimney with his toys and sweets on Christmas Eve. The big boys stay up until the bells are set a-ringing, and in the colliery villages of Northumberland and Durham, the lads go from house to house shouting, as they rattle at the doors with their sticks—

A happy New Year, the bottle's astir,  
Please will you give us a New Year's gift?

Where the household has already arranged for a first-foot, they are told to go away, but at the next house they will be admitted and receive spice-bread and cheese, and, maybe, a sixpence. If there be no response to the rattle of their sticks, perhaps they take revenge by upsetting the rain-tub and rolling it to the end of the row. This form of amusement was so common among country lads thirty years ago that many old women usually stood on guard with a pailful of water. We have heard of one old lady who cleverly but somewhat cruelly avenged the loss of her

rain-water and the destruction of her tub. Rap, rap, went the sticks as usual, with the accompanying complimentary wish. "Come in," croaked the ancient dame; but when the sneck was lifted, and the first-footers entered, they received on their heads the freezing contents of a pail which had been suspended inside the door ready for them. We are not quite certain what rhyme the lads across the Tweed make use of now when they go first-footing, but it used to be in the following words:—

Get up, gude wife, and dinna sweir,  
 And deal your cakes and cheese while ye are here;  
 For the time will come when ye'll be deed,  
 And neither need your cheese nor breed.

---

At Candlemas (February 2nd) the days have begun to lengthen, and a person ought to be able to read without candlelight at six o'clock in the evening. In the workshops of Durham and Northumberland upwards of half a century ago, operations were carried on all through the winter mornings and evenings by candlelight. Candlemas Day, however, was the last on which lights were used. There was a tax on candles until 1832, and they would, therefore, be a considerable item of expenditure both in the workshop and the household. When dames' schools were in full swing, candles were sometimes lighted when the winter afternoons were unusually dark, and these were often supplied by the scholars. Old Jeannie Robinson, who kept one of these schools in the city of Durham, had a very ingenious way of getting a supply of candles. It was a rule that all her scholars were to carry a candle to school on Candlemas Day. These having been lighted, three cheers were given for the old lady, who then blew out the lights and dismissed her pupils for the day. On the borders and in Scotland the character of the weather on Candlemas Day was supposed to determine the coming spring.

If Candlemas Day be bright and fair,  
 The half of winter's to come and mair.  
 If Candlemas Day is fair and clear,  
 There'll be twa winters in the year.

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Carling Sunday is a moveable feast, and comes before Palm Sunday. Although he does not figure in the calendar, St. Carling will always be honoured and remembered, since he is indissolubly mixed up in the old Lenten couplet so familiar to every child in the North-country :—

Tid, Mid, Misera,  
Carling, Palm, Paste Egg Day.

It is believed that carlings, with bear's grease, was a toothsome dish among the ancient Britons. That they were associated with the superstitious rites of the Romans is certain. If we could trace all our old sayings to their root and source they would yield some interesting facts, and occasionally startle the philologers and antiquaries. Thus the supposed absurdity of the proposition, "How many beans make five, with a few peas in them?" might be capable of easy explanation if the key to it could be raked out of the dust of antiquity. We might learn a wrinkle or two by turning to the leaves of those three learned P's, Pliny, Plutarch, and Pythagoras. Concerning the latter's interdiction of pulse (beans and peas), the first-named thought that beans contained the souls of the dead, and Plutarch also associates them with the manes of the departed. The above may not fit in with the ideas entertained by a host of lights in the antiquarian firmament; but we defy them to show that we are wrong, just as we would ask them to prove that gray peas are not carlings, and that it was not St. Carling himself, when famine stalked through the land, and the denizens on both banks of the Tyne were dying of starvation, who sent to their relief that pease-laden ship which stranded on the Long Sands at South Shields, near the identical spot now occupied by the lifeboat, on that particular Sunday afternoon a fortnight before Easter, in the 34th year of the Greek Calends.

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Although the ceremony of bearing palms in the English Church on Sunday is no longer observed, yet its history is not forgotten, and in the rural districts of Northumberland and Durham, on Palm Sunday, plenty of people are to be seen with twigs of the palm, as the willow is now called, in their button-holes. To wear the latter on Palm Sunday

seems to be allowable, though to be seen with it in the coat or in the hand on other occasions would in olden times have implied a man's being forsaken by his mistress.

A willow garland thou didst send  
Perfum'd last day to me,  
Which did but only this portend—  
I was forsook by thee.

And in Herrick's "Hesperides" there is this stanza to the willow :—

When once the lover's rose is dead,  
Or laid aside forlorne,  
Then willow garlands 'bout the head,  
Bedew'd with tears, are worne.

In pre-Reformation times the boughs of palm trees were carried in procession, in imitation of those which the Jews strewed in the way of Christ when He went up to Jerusalem. So far as we have been able to find, there is no reference to the palm in any of the annual disbursements connected with the churches in Northumberland and Durham after the sixteenth century. But the branches of the birch are frequently mentioned as being set up in the churches of the last-named county. Thus, in the churchwardens' accounts, there is a payment for setting the birches and strewing the rushes and dressing the Church of St. Nicholas in the city of Durham.

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Good Friday, the anniversary of Christ's crucifixion, is associated with much that savours of superstition. Eggs laid on Good Friday were carefully put away and allowed to accumulate till a fire broke out, when they were used as fire extinguishers, the odour from them, it may be assumed, having the same effect on the flames as the contents of a modern hand-grenade. When the farmer wished to keep rats and mice out of his threshed corn, three loaves baked on the same day were placed among the grain. The hot cross bun is intimately connected with the observance of Good Friday. The distinguishing mark of the bun is generally attributed to early Christian times, but it can lay claim to a much higher antiquity, the cross having been used as a sacred symbol by the Egyptians and the Greeks, who offered to their gods a sacred cake marked with a cross, which would render it more easily

breakable and dividable. To this day, the housewives of Northumberland and Durham mark their cakes in this way, and although they cannot have got the idea from the Greeks, it would at all events be a convenience at a time when knives were not always available, and when a sharp appetite was wont to make people help themselves.

---

What mirth and happiness, what pleasant memories of childhood and youthful associations, are conjured up by the return of Easter. People talk disparagingly of the good old times, but what worse were we for being early astir on Easter Day, and watching in the fields for the rising sun, in the belief that he danced to those who caught the first glimpse of him? If he happened to shine brighter that morning, and his rays chanced to sparkle on some bright object, then the hallucination was complete, and we were rewarded. If not, the walk in the sharp morning air did us no harm, and we were encouraged by the wish that better luck might await our early rising the following year. But this sort of thing is all exploded in the present enlightened age, and our lads and lasses lie abed while the lark and blackbird warble forth their welcome to the returning verdure. And then how anxious we were that the tailor who sat cross-legged on a table in the front parlour should finish our new clothes before Saturday night.

At Easter let your clothes be new,  
Or else be sure you will it rue,

was our favourite couplet, and the lines were early instilled into us with the maxim that to secure good fortune they were to be worn for the first time at church. The out-door amusements were suspended in order that we might be in evidence when the jacket was to be fitted on, and the button-holes marked with chalk; and what a smile of satisfaction there was when the eye glanced down the ample sleeves beyond which the tips of the fingers were just discernible! There were no misfits in those days. It was once objected against a bishop of Durham that he was too young, a fault which it was said he would soon grow out of. It was the opposite with our new clothes; we had to grow into them, and there was plenty of room at the

beginning. On the Sunday, after church service, too, the lads took off the lasses' shoes, and the girls returned the compliment the following day by running off with their caps. What a scandal such customs would cause if practised now! It is said that in ancient times the chief burgesses of Newcastle, headed by the Mayor, aldermen, and sheriff, used to assemble at Easter to witness the young people dance and play at hand-ball and other games; but this was at a time when Novocastrians were simpler in their lives and humbler in their aspirations than they are now.

---

Ascension Day, or Holy Thursday. People used to call this Gang Week, from the perambulations of parishes which took place on the three days preceding Ascension Day. When there were no hedges or fences to mark the boundaries of our ancestors' possessions, they were not, we fear, over scrupulous in adding an odd acre or two to their possessions, their recognized principle of action being the good old rule—

That they should take who have the power,  
And they should keep who can.

During the seventeenth century, when many of the commons of Northumberland and Durham first began to be divided, and land was becoming more valuable, there were frequent perambulations. When Blackburn Fell was perambulated last century, the Bishop of Durham's bailiff headed the procession with a horn, on which he blew a blast that would have satisfied the most ardent fox-hunter. When its echoes died away, he scattered spice and white cakes among the children. Sometimes it was thought desirable to impress the recollection of various boundaries on the minds of the young people, and in order to do so effectually, a few of them were whipped on the boundary-stone, after which they were feasted.

Ascension Day is also associated with Barge Day and its ancient pageantry on the Tyne, and it is the anniversary of the death of a modest teacher on Tyneside, the head of the monkish school at Jarrow, the Venerable Bede, the father of English history. We know that the day of his death was the Feast of the Ascension, by a letter which

was written by one of his pupils to a fellow-scholar. Bede's industry must have been marvellous. Besides the usual manual labours of the monastery at Jarrow, the duties of the priest, and his additional occupation as a teacher, he wrote upwards of forty distinct treatises, and it is impossible to read them without revering and loving the author. A long letter of his pupil, one Cuthbert, has been preserved, giving a simple and touching account of his last moments in 735.<sup>1</sup> Night brought no refreshing slumber, and in the weariness of prostration he was heard to repeat the great Apostle's words—"It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." He also sang antiphons; one which he sang is now used as the Collect for the Sunday after Ascension Day.

Before the journey, that we all must go,  
There is no man, though thoughtful ever so,  
That can discover, 'ere he pass the gates,  
What doom, or good or evil, him awaits.

On the Tuesday before Ascension Day, while the torch of life flickered but feebly, he was still wishful to finish his translation of St. John's Gospel. Another morning found him still alive, with only a single chapter wanting to complete his task. The shadows were deepening, and the hour of evensong was drawing nigh, when the last sentence was penned by his amanuensis. "The verse is now finished, master," said the scribe. "Truly hast thou said, it is finished," responded the master. "Take now my head between thy hands, and place me opposite the spot where I was wont to pray, that I may call upon the Father." Stretched on the pavement of his cell, he chanted the doxology, "Glory to the Father," and as the last note ceased, his spirit passed away.

---

Hallowe'en! The Vigil of All Saints, the night of charms and spells so dear to our ancestors in this North-country. We make sport of their superstitious fears and observances in this enlightened age, connecting them with the relics of ancient Paganism, or regarding them as vestiges of the magic of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers.

<sup>1</sup> "Cuthberht of Lindisfarne, his Life and Times," by Alfred C. Fryer.

Still, while ready to laugh at their simplicity and credulity, we cannot help treasuring up the traditions that are associated with the feast of Hallowe'en, its feasting and dancing, mirth and merriment. Prying into futurity by means of charms and spells was a failing common to our ancestors, and their weakness in this direction is characteristically portrayed by Burns in his poem "Hallowe'en."

Some merry, friendly, countra folks  
Together did convene,  
To burn their nits, 'an pou their stocks,  
An' haud their Hallowe'en.

It was then that the matrimonial horoscope was scanned. While some village maid tremblingly performed within the humble cot the incantation which was to afford her a sight of her future lord, the less timid nymph proceeded at midnight to some secluded spot on the same errand, but sometimes, in place of her future spouse, saw the witches, devils, and other uncanny things that were popularly supposed to be abroad on Hallowe'en. Nut burning was perhaps the most popular charm. Each lad and lass had a particular nut assigned them, and they were thrown on the fire in pairs. If they burnt quietly together, it was a favourable augury; but if they jumped or started from each other, so the issue of the courtship would be. The custom is described by Gay in his Pastoral:—

Two hazel nuts I throw into the flame,  
And to each nut I give a sweetheart's name."

The custom of sowing hemp seed was common fifty years ago, but it is believed that it is not often practised by the fair sex now, who are perhaps less daring than their grandmothers, who, as everybody knows, used to steal out at midnight, unperceived, and sow a handful of hemp seed on a mound in some graveyard, harrowing it with a rake. As the process proceeded the lady who wished to see her lover repeated the words:—"Hemp seed, I sow thee, hemp seed, I sow thee, and him that is to be my true love come and mow thee." At the last call the person invoked usually put in an appearance—so our grandmothers say. The faith that used to be put in the charm of hemp seed cannot be better illustrated than by the recital

of an event that happened to the writer's mother, about the year 1820, when she was in her teens. With two other girls of her own age she went to Eggleston Churchyard on a hemp-sowing expedition. After all the preliminaries had been religiously performed, and while the trio were standing in trembling expectation of beholding their future husbands, a white object, crowned with a tall black hat, suddenly stepped from behind a tombstone. Gradually the figure grew taller and taller, until at last it was about twelve feet high. The girls viewed the spectre which their incantation had evoked in speechless terror, which was increased as the fearful thing, resembling a huge inflated bolster, moved towards them. They sought safety in flight, but our maternal ancestor was last in the retreat, and she was so terribly frightened that she fainted. The shrieks of her companions brought assistance, and when the villagers hurried to the place they found the curate endeavouring to bring her to consciousness. Having heard of the proposed expedition, the curate went there beforehand. Wrapping a sheet over him, and attaching another to a long stick, and topped in the manner already described, he awaited their arrival, and at the proper time elevated one sheet above another by means of the stick.

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Thomas Morton had for schoolfellow Guy Fawkes. Both were educated at the free school just outside the city of York. One became Bishop of Durham, and the other a notorious conspirator, in whose memory more powder has been exploded and bonfires blazed than that of any other man. Gunpowder Plot was in the calendar of Thanksgiving Days for more than 200 years after the attempt to blow up the English Parliament, and the bells of our parish churches used to be set a-ringing at an early hour to remind the people of the fact. This is almost the only carnival now left to boys. The 30th of January, the 29th of May, and the 5th of November were high days and holidays half a century ago ; but the Martyrdom of King Charles has all but disappeared from the calendar, and youth dare no longer lock the schoolmaster out of his domain on Royal Oak Day. Customs change as Time

rolls his ceaseless course along, and hence it is that in the city of Durham, thirty years ago, the Dean and Chapter encouraged what the civic authorities there and elsewhere now regard as an offence against the law. In the old episcopal days the lads of the city assembled in the College Square, where the Chapter caused twenty shillings in copper to be scrambled for. This was called "push money," and the custom prevailed until about a quarter of a century ago, when it was discontinued, owing, probably, either to the curtailed revenues of the Chapter, or the inability of the then canons to stand fire.

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Nobody has ever been wise enough to unravel the mystery that enshrouds the origin of the fooleries connected with the First of April.

The first of April, some do say,  
Is set apart for All-Fools' Day ;  
But why the people call it so,  
Nor I, nor they themselves do know.

The custom of making fools is ancient and almost universal, and the season itself affords many allegorical circumstances to warrant the arch and frolicsome in playing their deceitful pranks on the unsuspecting. It has been said that April is to March what a smile is to a stern countenance, a mere relaxation of severity, a compliment without warmth or stability—the smile, in fact, which causes the regretful tears to fall with greater bitterness and fulness. Withered blossoms, the frost-nipped flower, and blighted hopes are often the concomitants of the season ushered in on All-Fools' Day.

The first of April is associated with jokes and hoaxes. Although the silly habit of making fools has existed for ages, it is certain that the number of gowks and simpletons does not grow less.

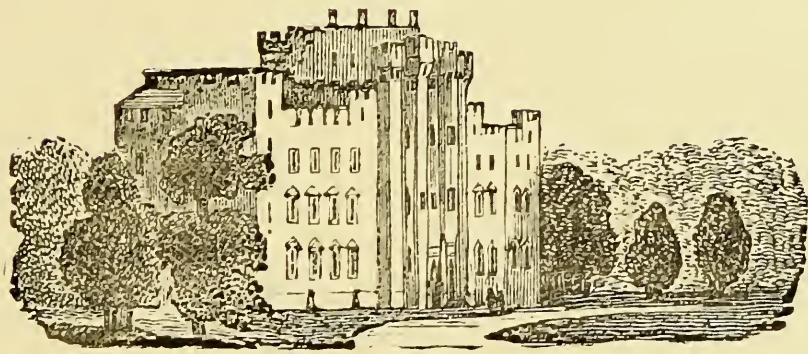
When April morn her folly's throne exalts,  
Bob calls to Nell, and laughs because she halts ;  
While Nell meets Tom and says his lace is loose,  
Then laughs in turn, and calls poor Thomas goose.

One of the best pieces of April foolery was the trick of Rabelais, who, being at Marseilles without money, and desirous of going to Paris, filled some vials with brickdust or ashes, labelled them as containing poison for the Royal



Family of France, and put them where he knew they would be discovered. The bait took, and he was conveyed as a traitor to the capital, where the discovery of the jest occasioned universal mirth.

The barons of Hilton were among the last gentlemen in England who kept a domestic fool. The decline of this house, once so opulent and powerful, may be traced to the foolish generosity of Baron Henry, who, after living apart from his wife thirty years, died in a fit of melancholy in 1640, leaving the whole of the paternal estates to charitable uses. It is related that on one occasion the baron, returning from London, quitted his carriage and amused himself with a homeward saunter through his own woods and meadows. Just before reaching Hilton he encountered his faithful fool, who, staring at the gaudy suit of his master, made by some southern tailor, exclaimed, "Wha's fule now?"



## CHAPTER XXXII.

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### CONSETT.

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Bird's-eye View of the District.—Scenery from the Park.—Progress of Consett.—Early Water Supply.

THERE is a robustness about the Consett people which is very marked. The word “failure” is not in their vocabulary. They obtain whatever they seek. Their motto ought to be, *Absque labor nihil* (without labour nothing). Until recent years the Consett district was a *terra incognita* to most people, and there are thousands still who know it only by repute. Like Middlesbrough, its growth has been rapid, but, unlike many large industrial centres, its prosperity has been lasting. Fifty years ago it was a bleak hill-side. The view from its Park is one of surpassing grandeur and loveliness. What was once all ugliness and barrenness has been, by the expenditure of much money, transformed into a scene of fertile beauty. Those who have been absent from the place will look in vain for the famous “Blue Mountains” of Berry Edge. The heaps of scoria, the unsightly deposits from the town, the remains of the old Tin Mill Pit, all have disappeared, and in their place are serpentine walks and a wealth of shrubs and flowers. The Park faces the Derwent Vale, at an altitude of more than 850 ft. above the level of the sea, and commands a fine and extensive view of the surrounding country. Below it, and sheltered by its overhanging ridge of hills, lies the flourishing town of Blackhill, where not a house but one, that at Blackfine, existed half a century ago. Immediately opposite, and rising with a gradual ascent, are the Northumberland hills, graced here and there with a variety of woodland. In the far distant north, with their summits seemingly saluting the sky, are the Cheviots ;

while westward, as far as the eye can reach, the landscape is bounded by wild and rugged heather-clad hills, from which the pure mountain air is wafted as a deodorizer to the fumes from the gigantic Consett Iron Works. Beneath this chain of mountains the eye discovers the river Derwent winding its way through deep enchanting valleys, whose slopes are decorated with hanging woods and scattered enclosures. It is impossible, indeed, to conceive anything grander in nature than this diversified view of the Derwent as seen from the new park. It was from this promontory that Mr. Lax wrote his "Lines to the Derwent," whence

Knoll, woodland, glen, and field  
In mingled beauty blaze.

Leadgate lies on the other side of the town, overlooking the Lanchester valley, in whose bosom reposes the village of that name, with the square tower of its once collegiate church standing out boldly as a reminder of its former greatness; whilst further down the vale, peering, as it were, from an abyss, is the massive and weather-beaten central tower of the grand old cathedral church of St. Cuthbert. Such is a bird's-eye view of a group of remarkable places—remarkable alike in growth and prosperity.

What a wonderful change there is between the appearance of the Consett of the present and the Consett of twenty years ago! Although pretty familiar with the Lanchester valley in his young days, the writer never saw Consett till the early spring of 1871, and his first impressions were no doubt the impressions of many others who for the first time scanned the surroundings in the journey from the railway station to the top of the hill. The ground now laid out into streets above the station was then an open space, a sort of a huge clay-hole and depôt for odds and ends, over which the eye ranged at pleasure as the traveller picked his way across it. On the right, where the Royal Hotel now rears its head, was an old tumble-down building known as Tregelles's Foundry; and a hundred yards or so further up, a causeway led across a tramway, which, paradoxical as it may appear, connected a pit above with an ironworks below. This old Tin Mill Pit at the side of the hill, surrounded by immense heaps of scoria, resembling huge giants or sphinxes ready to

topple over, was a quaint, ricketty-looking place, but it was not more so than the causeway or bridge, whose footway consisted of transverse pieces of wood, which were constantly, like the hand-railings, getting out of place. No sooner had the traveller run the gauntlet of these trap-holes than he had to skip over an open sewer or gutter. In wet weather this was not an easy matter, and we fear that before the road became navigable many a Consettonian, with sails full set, ran aground in that particular spot, and lay there till daylight enabled him to steer a correct course.

The town of Consett itself was then supposed to have made rapid strides architecturally and sanitarily, but in these respects the progress was relative only, and the comparison was between itself and its neighbour Leadgate, and neither was very good-looking, or presented many outward attractions. The only decent-looking shops in Middle Street were those belonging to Mr. Aynsley and Mr. Shaw. The others were mostly low cottages, with shop windows inserted, and it was on the sites of these that the present commodious business premises in Middle Street were reared.

Although Consett is now sanitarily far ahead of most places, and its people are more vigorous and many of them intellectually superior to the inhabitants of towns possessing greater educational facilities, we fear that it must have been a very dark spot indeed fifty years ago; and all the more honour is therefore due to those who, in many instances by the sacrifice of time and money, have contributed to its later growth and prosperity. One who can remember Consett close on fifty years ago, Mr. John Calvert (who still lives to watch over, with fatherly tenderness and pride, the fortunes of the town whose progress he has helped so largely to develop), has given us a description of the place as he found it in 1844. Mr. Calvert was then living at Shotley Bridge, and in passing the Highgate public-house on his way to Blackhill he witnessed a sight which was not uncommon in those days. "In the lower rooms of the public-house," he writes, "there was not a table or chair but had its legs broken off, and these a

number of mad, drunken fellows were wielding to some purpose on each other's heads. The landlord, Mr. Moore, was in his shirt sleeves, and his arms, from his hands to his elbows, were just as though they had been dipped in a blood-kit." In the same letter to us, Mr. Calvert gives such a picturesque description of primitive Consett that it would be a pity not to introduce it. "When I first came to the place where I am now living," he writes, "it was called Stobbswoodhead. Part of the houses in Puddlers' Row were built, as were also one or two of the rows in the rear of what is now called Front Street. Two and three families were then living in each house. A railway, which had been laid along the side of the road, brought the stone from the common quarry to the houses. There was also a railway to the quarry at Carr House. A small engine was used for pumping the water out of it, and one night this was stolen, and it could never afterwards be found. Consett at that time was one of the wildest places to be found in the North of England. There was only one beerhouse in the whole place, and that was besieged at five o'clock every morning by the night-shift men and by the day-shift men at night, so that the tenant had little or no time for rest. Charles Allen, of Annfield Plain, was the owner of the house, and he once told me that John Robson, during his twelve months' tenancy, sold 15,000 half-barrels of beer. I have stood in my own doorway and counted a dozen fights all going on at the same time. The road in front of my house was, in winter, knee-deep, and in many places a horse was in danger of disappearing altogether." With so much drunkenness and lawlessness, where it was possible for such a trifle as an engine to be stolen without the thieves being brought to justice, Consett must have presented an uninviting appearance and been an undesirable place to live in; and it is almost impossible to believe that the Consett of to-day, with its well-kept roads and paved and cemented footpaths, and its sober, law-abiding townsmen, is the Stobbswoodhead or Berry Edge of upwards of forty years ago. An efficient Local Board has usurped the functions of the old nuisance removal committee, with its antiquated machinery for detecting crime and abating nuisances, and, with an

enlightened police system, property is now almost as safe by night as it is by day.

The mind cannot dwell on the past without recalling the forms of those who were once our friends, and the recollection of the incidents of whose lives creates within us a variety of emotions. It is just a little over a score of years since Jonathan Richardson, the founder of Consett, died, and since then many well-known figures have passed away, among the most notable being his son-in-law, Jonathan Priestman, the older generation of Annandales, the Dickinsons, and David Balleny. We also miss quiet, unassuming Annandale Town, with whom we spent many a happy day on the Derwent above Allansford. The portly figure of Father Smith is no longer seen passing to and fro, and the village pond at Iveston no longer troubles the mind of Canon Kearney. Both Edward Charlton and his successor, William Brown, have crossed the railway of life for the last time, and although the recollection of others that have made the same journey is already fading from memory, that of John Gledstone is kept green by the fountain which perpetuates it. Bluff John Murray and dapper little John Seymour have also gone the way of all flesh, and kind-hearted William Shell and genial Robert Hedley, Joseph Armstrong, little Robert Jackson the undertaker, "Dr." Routledge, George Brown, T. S. Atkinson, and George Collinson (the latter, alas, cut off in the flower of manhood), have also cracked their last joke together in Middle Street. Nor will Robert Telford and John Elliott discourse again on the graver subjects of the price of beef and the keeping of the Local Board accounts; and as for natty little Thomas Rawes he has blown the last blast on his hunting horn, and the buzzer is now the only sound which rouses the people of Front Street from their slumbers at six o'clock in the morning. Another than George Hawdon startles the householders with a double knock and a demand for rates; brave, but misguided, Harry Brown and suave John Jenkins have received their last bid; David Imrie no longer amuses with his pawky humour; while loquacious, argumentative John Tait and subtle Jonathan C. Wylie have had their last disputation. These are but a few of the men who were best known in

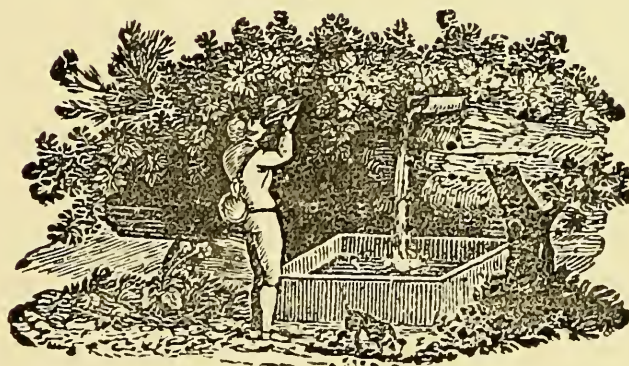
Consett twenty years ago, and several of whom were among its pioneers.

The growth of the Consett district has been in every way remarkable. In 1837, the only habitations in the immediate neighbourhood of Consett were Delves House, Carr House, Barr House, a couple of thatched cottages in what is now known as Sherburn Terrace, and one or two other dwellings of a similar character. Three years later the iron works were started, and since then handsome streets and buildings have sprung up all around, and what was once a bleak hill top, where the rabbit burrowed in peace, and the shrill cry of the curlew alone broke the silence, is now a large and flourishing centre. It is no figure of speech to say that the people living in the Consett district can accomplish anything. They can do everything except pay money when they haven't got it. In few places are there so many thrifty working men owning houses. When a parish church was needed, the word was passed round that one had to be built, and £3,000 was immediately subscribed. The Primitive Methodists said, let us have a Chapel and Sunday School, and £1,800 came out of the pockets of the working men before the name of the proverbial John Robinson could be uttered. The Wesleyans raised far more money for the same purpose with as much alacrity; and in 1893, finding the old one too small, they spent nearly £10,000 in building a new Chapel. So with the rest of the religious denominations. It is no secret that some of the commissioned officers in General Booth's army complain of the insufficiency of the rations served out to them in many places where the Salvation tents are pitched, but at Consett no Lenten provender is provided. In the matter of elementary education, Consett is far ahead of most places. The Roman Catholics, without asking for a single sixpence out of the parish, built a magnificent school with the contributions of the working men; the Wesleyans built another; and when an attempt was made to introduce Board Schools the working men said "we'll have none of them," and straightway put their hands in their pockets, and, with the assistance of Mr. Thomas Spencer, of Ryton, enlarged the existing National Schools at a total cost of £3,800.

The way in which the early residents of Consett overcame difficulties would have won the admiration of Napoleon himself, who thought there was nothing impossible until he found that he could not beat Wellington on the plains of Waterloo. Their endeavours to obtain a supply of water may be cited as an instance, and the record of their struggles in this direction deserves to find a place in the pages of history, since their efforts, and the personal sacrifices then made, have far exceeded the limits of their scheme, and benefited a much wider area than that originally mapped out, the pent-up rivulets and streams on the heather-clad hills above Consett now supplying a principal necessary of life, as well as a great sanitary agent, to the capital of Durham itself, and other places even farther away. Before the year 1860, the water was collected at the neighbouring springs in carts, and led from door to door. Two of the pioneers of Consett were the late Mr. John Gledstone, and the present Mr. John Calvert, to whose unwearied zeal and disinterested efforts the people are indebted for the present water supply. Both of these gentlemen kept a diary, in which they jotted down from time to time their hopes and fears. Some of the entries will provoke a smile. Thus Mr. Gledstone says :—“ The demand for water is so keen that numbers of women race a quarter of a mile to be first at the cart, and, of course, many of them return with empty cans. After working hard all day the men have to wait for supper, till at last the necessary water is borrowed of a neighbour who is able to spare it. Cattle have access to one dam, and besides being contaminated by them, the cartman has several times bathed in it before filling his cart.” Mr. Calvert’s diary shows what may be accomplished by opposing to all obstacles an indomitable will and resistless energy. “ There is no water,” he writes, “ except what is drawn from the old pit shaft. The women are there by three and four o’clock in the morning. There is many a fight among them. The cartmen get water out of a dub in Knitsley Burn while the lads are bathing in it. Water is pumped from Boggle Hole into a pond, which is a receptacle for dead dogs and cats ; but the people have no choice. Three or four in a family have to wash in one



water." Writing later he says :—" We went to London for an Act of Parliament to form a company, and had no fewer than eleven petitions against our scheme, but we got an Act nevertheless. Mr. Philipson was our solicitor, and after we came home from London Mr. Gledstone and I went into Newcastle to see him. He told us that we would have to pay £300 that day to stop the Dean and Chapter of Durham from opposing us in the House of Lords. As I had only £100 in hand, I was obliged to go and borrow £200." Since these great works were carried out, the district has made rapid strides. It has obtained Parliamentary representation, and will no doubt before long obtain municipal powers.



## CHAPTER XXXIII.

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### CHARMS, DREAMS, OMENS, AND CURES.

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A Charm against Fits.—A Cure for Warts.—Another for Nightmare.  
—Fetching a Sweetheart.—Prognostications.—Healing Medicines  
and Savoury Drinks.—Cure for a Woman's Tongue.

WE are apt to laugh and scoff at what we call the superstition of the common people, but the medical recipes which Mr. Weddell published in 1891<sup>1</sup> show that men of deep learning and acute observation were imbued with it. The prescriptions mentioned in Mr. Weddell's manuscript book are nauseous enough, but nauseous medicines have ever been deemed the most efficacious, on the assumption, probably, that as everything medicinal is nauseous, everything that is nauseous must be medicinal. Sir Theodore Mayence, who was physician to three English sovereigns, and who is supposed to have been Shakespeare's Dr. Caius, frequently prescribed the most disgusting and absurd medicines, such as the heart of a mule ripped up alive, a portion of the lungs of a man who had died a violent death, or the hand of a thief who had been gibbeted on some particular day. To this day a stone with a hole in it may be found suspended at the head of the bed, in the belief that this prevents nightmare. At Alansford, on the Derwent, may still be seen an amulet which was supposed to prevent witches taking horses out of the stable and riding them during the night. In 1858, a poor woman, the wife of a pitman, was taken before the Durham magistrates on the charge of stealing a fowl. She made no attempt to deny the fact, but said that she had committed the theft for the purpose of working out a charm which was to restore her sick child to life. The child, it appeared, had been long ailing, and was pining

<sup>1</sup> "Arcana Fairfaxiana, or Ye Apothecarie," by George Weddell, published by Mawson, Swan, and Morgan, Newcastle.

away when the mother consulted a local oracle. The latter solemnly charged the mother to steal a hen, take out the heart, stick it full of pins, and roast it at midnight over a slow fire, first closing up every communication with the outer air. The woman did as she was told, believing that health would return to the suffering child as the fire gradually consumed the fowl's heart. And more recently still, in the same county, one domestic was astonished to find in the box of a fellow-servant a tallow candle stuck through and through with pins. "What's that, Mary," asked Betsy, "that aw seed i' thy box?" "Oh," replied Mary, "it's to bring my sweetheart. Thou sees, sometimes he's slaw a-comin, and if aw stick a candle-end full o' pins, it always fetches him."

But there was a class of patients who had more confidence in dreams and prognostications than in the prescriptions of the doctor or apothecary. If a man-child was born on a Sunday it was believed that he would live without anxiety and be handsome. If born on a Monday he was certain to be killed. Those born on a Tuesday grew up sinful and perverse, while those born on a Wednesday were waspish in temper. A child born on Thursday, however, was sure to be of a peaceful and easy disposition, though averse to women. Friday was supposed to be the most unlucky day of all, it being prophesied that a child born on this day would grow up to be silly, crafty, a thief, and a coward, and that he would not live longer than mid-age. If born on a Saturday, his deeds would be renowned: he would live to be an alderman, many things would happen to him, and he would live long.

"What are you gathering?" we asked a Durham miner whom we met in the woods. "A few yearbs," was the reply. "What are yearbs?" inquired a youthful companion at our side. We explained that the old gentleman was collecting herbs for medicinal purposes, just as, probably, the inhabitants of the county did before the Norman Conquest, when they no doubt used the same word to describe the Saxon herbarium, its sound being purely Saxon. The man was a student of nature, and his knowledge of the properties and virtues of the

plants put our own ignorance of them to the blush. But there was another thing about him which still further associated him in the mind's eye with Saxon times, and illustrated the history of medicine at that rude period. He suffered from a sprained arm, and wore a brown paper charm on it. This may appear very heathenish in the present enlightened age, but the practice is by no means uncommon in both Northumberland and Durham. We used to know an old lady at Consett who made a respectable living by telling fortunes to young girls, and selling charms to those of maturer years. Another old dame, a reputed witch, lived near Edmondbyers, and it was certainly amusing to see the country people gripping the thumb in the palm of the hand as they passed her cottage by the road side, in the firm belief that this was a safeguard against the supposed bad influence of the poor old lady's eye. Herbs generally afforded the Saxons their materials for healing all bodily infirmities.

No doubt the old apothecaries managed to extract a fair share of healing medicines and savoury drinks from roots and herbs, the recipes for which had been handed down to them from Saxon times. On the principle that like cures like, that for the headache used to be burning a dog's head to ashes, and applying the latter to the human cranium.<sup>1</sup> Short-sighted people ate little meat, combed their heads, and drank wormwood. A thousand years ago, it was believed that a worm caused toothache, and the impression still lingers. The Saxons called it "tooth-wark," and it is still so denominated. This is how it was cured:—"Take an old holly leaf and one of the lower umbels of hartwort, and the upward part of sage, boil two doles (that is, two of worts to one of water) in water, pour into a bowl, and yawn over it, then the worms shall fall into the bowl." When a man's nose began to bleed, somebody pushed a whole ear of barley into his ear unawares. The sharn of an old swine, warmed and laid on thickly, was an infallible cure for pain in the side. Thigh ache, which would correspond to our modern

<sup>1</sup> "Leechdoms, Wortcunning, and Starcraft," by the Rev. Oswald Cockayne, M.A.

sciatica, was cured by smoking the thigh thoroughly with fern. When a man was bitten by a viper, he removed the wax from his ears and anointed the wound therewith, the while repeating the prayer of St. John. Loss of voice was cured by swallowing butter mingled with wheaten meal nine mornings running. If by mischance a man took poison, he stood on his head while someone struck him many scarifications on the shanks, which caused the poison to depart out through the incisions. Before engaging with a foe, the combatants ate sand-martins steeped in wine. A cure for the earache was a salve of hen's fat and the shells of oysters. Warts departed when smeared with the blood of a mouse. There was also a drink against evil temptations, and madmen were cured by swinging them with a whip taken from the skin of a mere-swine or porpoise.

In his "Wortcunning," Mr. Cockayne gives an interesting outline of the medical philosophy of Saxon days. Our own medicines are very largely taken from what we call the vegetable kingdom, but their composition is concealed from the patient by the mysteries of prescriptions and of foreign names. The Saxons occasionally resorted to other means for restoring health and curing the ills to which flesh is heir. When a man got a speck or a foreign substance into his eye, he simply shut the vexed eye, and said thrice, "In mon deromarcos axatison," and spat thrice. Another remedy for the same was to shut the other eye, and repeat thrice, "I buss the Gorgon's mouth." This charm might be tried with advantage in some of the dusty workshops on Tyneside. Repeated thrice nine times it will draw out a bone or a piece of meat stuck in a man's throat. Those who suffer from toothache might try the old remedy of spitting in a frog's mouth and requesting him to make off with it. If that does not cure them they must say, "Argidam, margidam, sturgidam," until relief comes. These mystic words, though having the appearance of classical Latin, might very well have been used by the plainer Saxons when in a bad humour. Laying hold of the throat with the thumb and the ring and middle fingers, cocking up the other two, and telling it to be gone, was a certain cure for a quinsey.

The Saxons were far ahead of M. Pasteur in the matter of curing dog bites. All they did was to place a hand on the bitten man's belly, and say thrice nine times, "Stolpus tumbled out of heaven." Those who are habitually attacked with spasms or bellyache may avoid further suffering by taking care to put their left shoe on first. Gouty subjects are recommended, before getting out of bed in the morning, to spit on their hands, rub all their sinews, and say, "Flee, gout, flee." But sometimes faith produced a visible and useful effect among our Saxon ancestors. A woman who had bad eyes obtained an amulet to cure them. Hopeful of the efficacy, she refrained from shedding tears, and her eyes recovered. But some zealous enemy of sorceries attacked her upon the wickedness of getting well in this way, and prevailed on her to give him the amulet to examine. When unfolded, the paper showed nothing but these words, "May the devil scratch thine eyes out." As soon as the woman saw how she had been cured, she lost faith, took to tears again, and her eyes became as bad as ever.

It is generally believed that there is no relief from a woman's tongue. A couple of hundred years ago, the scolds and termagants of Newcastle were punished with the branks, an iron bridle with a bit to rest on the tongue. This instrument is no longer used, though the vice which it was designed to cure still exists. Another punishment inflicted upon the ladies for diffusing knowledge too freely was the ducking-stool. It was of greater antiquity than the branks, and ordinarily consisted of a post set up in the nearest pond. Upon it was placed a transverse beam, turning on a swivel, with a chain at one end of it. In this the scold was placed, and the end turned to the pond and let down into the water. The scolding women of Northumberland and Durham were in the fourteenth century punished by the Consistory and Halmote Courts. The old apothecaries of Newcastle cured many things with their roots and herbs, but they could never restrain a woman's tongue. However, they did, or attempted to do, the next best thing, and that was to counteract its venom. The recipe was very simple:—"Late at night eat a root of radish. A woman's chatter cannot harm thee

the following day." It seems that women occasionally suddenly became dumb in those days. There are many men who wish that their spouses were similarly affected now. When the fit came on, a bit of pennyroyal was rubbed to dust. This was wrapped up in wool, and laid under the silent woman, who immediately recovered the use of her tongue.



## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### NATURAL HISTORY.

Habits of the Cuckoo.—Rats.—Curious Notice to Quit.—Rural Delights.—The Sandpiper.—Destruction of Hawks.—Bees.

The schoolboy wand'ring by the Wear,  
To pull the flowers so gay.  
Starts thy curious voice to hear,  
And imitates thy lay.

THE cuckoo's note is the voice of spring among the trees. It tells of lengthened days, of coming blooms, and is the symphony of many a song.<sup>1</sup> Perhaps no bird has so much occupied the attention both of naturalists and of those who are not naturalists, or has had so much written about it as the cuckoo. Its cry is confined to the male sex and to the seasons of love. The cock comes first, being followed in a few days by the hen. Amatory contests between keen and loud-voiced suitors are to be frequently noticed, until the respective pretensions of the rivals are decided. As the season advances the song is less frequently heard, and by the end of July an old cuckoo is seldom to be found, though a stray example may occasionally be seen for a month longer.

Comparatively few people have had any experience of its breeding. Yet there are those who know that diligent search for the nests of our common little birds, especially the titlark and the hedge-sparrow, is frequently rewarded by the discovery of the egg of the mysterious stranger which has been surreptitiously introduced therein; and, waiting till this egg is hatched, they may be witnesses of the murderous eviction of the rightful tenants of the nest by the intruder, who, hoisting them one after another on his broad back, heaves them over to die neglected by their

<sup>1</sup> In 1891 the cuckoo was first heard in Durham on Saturday, April 25th, which was about ten days later than usual.



own parents, of whose solicitous care he thus becomes the only object. Early in September he begins to shift for himself, and then follows the seniors of his kin to more southern climes. This is about as much as is apparent to most people of the life of the cuckoo with us.

So much caution is used by the hen cuckoo in laying her egg that the act has been but seldom witnessed. The nest selected is moreover often so situated, or so built, that it would be an absolute impossibility for a bird of her size to lay her egg therein by sitting upon the fabric as birds commonly do. According to Professor Newton, there have been a few fortunate observers who have actually seen the deposition of the egg upon the ground by the cuckoo, who, then taking it in her bill, introduces it into the nest. Perhaps the most satisfactory evidence on the point is that of Herr Müller, a forester, who says ("Zoolog-Garten," 1866, pp. 374, 375) that through a telescope he watched a cuckoo as she laid her egg on a bank, and then conveyed the egg in her bill to a wagtail's nest.

Several instances are recorded of a cuckoo having been shot while carrying its own egg in its bill, and this has probably given rise to the vulgar, but seemingly groundless, belief that it sucks the eggs of other kinds of birds. In the "Ibis," 1865, p. 186, Mr. Rowley declares that traces of violence and of a scuffle between the intruder and the owners of the nest, at the time of introducing the egg, often appear, whence we are led to suppose that the cuckoo, ordinarily, when inserting her egg, excites the fury (already stimulated by her hawk-like appearance) of the owners of the nest by turning out one or more of the eggs that may be already laid there, and thus induces the dupe to brood all the more readily and more strongly what is left to her.

It will do the housewife no harm to know what the great naturalist, Pliny, says respecting the cuckoo. According to him, if the soil on which the foot rests when the first note of the bird is heard be taken up and scattered over a bedchamber, it will be a certain preventative against the multiplication of fleas. The farmers of Northumberland need not be told that wet weather may

be expected when their horned cattle hold up their heads and sniff the air, or lick their bodies against the hair, but they may not be aware that it is a portent of rain when fleas bite.

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Rats are not nice things. They are hunted all the world over by ferrets, cats, and dogs, and it is even said that a good, big lusty trout will sometimes make a bite at them. It was said of the pauper boy in "Oliver Twist," "Hit him hard, he ain't a' got no friends," and so it is with the rat. Man is perhaps his most remorseless enemy. Yet he follows him and his commissariat wherever he goes. If he sets up a farmstead, one kind will take possession of his stacks, while if he builds a ship and goes on a voyage another will accompany him. We have heard it said that as many as 500 of the vermin have been killed at a time in a ship newly arrived from India. And it is stated that when two different breeds happen to be on board, one confines itself to the stem and the other to the stern of the vessel—thus showing that they are as jealous of social distinctions as their fellow-passengers fore and aft. From practical experience, we should imagine that a rat will eat anything—from a decayed donkey to a piece of parchment. We once unconsciously harboured a colony of the little brutes in a room wherein was stored a lot of old deeds and other writings. The larder down below must have afforded them very little, we fear, for they not only devoured the deeds but also most of their wax seals. Only those who have had rats about their houses and farmsteads know how rapidly they spread. Thirty-five years ago we remember going from school to a farm near Pittington Hallgarth, in Durham, to see a cartload of them. They had taken possession of the farmer's corn-ricks, which were so honeycombed that one of them fell in when a man got on top of it to supply the threshing machine. A regular battue followed, the slain filling a cart, as we have said. How to get rid of rats is a problem that has often puzzled the British farmer. It was to the black species that the king's rat-catcher, with his scarlet dress embroidered with yellow worsted, on which were figures

of rats destroying wheat sheaves, owed his office in former times. Various means have been used for getting rid of them. In a place infested with them, one was caught and clothed in scarlet, and then allowed to rejoin his brethren. His appearance is said to have filled the fraternity with such terror that they sought fresh quarters instanter. Tying a tiny bell to the neck of another rat led to an equally successful rout. In Northumberland, last century, the farmers had a quaint method of getting rid of them. This consisted of a written notice to quit, but the intimation to clear out had the advantage of being accompanied with a billet for fresh lodgings, which must have been pleasing to the rats, though it would hardly be viewed in that light by those on whom they were to be newly quartered. Mr. Dand, of Hauxley Cottage, has favoured us with a sight of one of those strange billets. It is truly a relic of the superstition of our ancestors—and that, too, at no remote period. It is written on a sheet of quarto paper, and is endorsed, “To all the Ratts in the house, Barns, Biers, stabs and Outhouses belonging Robert Milburn of Ulgham.” The following is an exact copy of this curious document :—

A BILLET FOR RATTS.

This is to Discharge you all, in the Name of Tibract, Prince of Catts, to begon from this Place, as you are bad Neighbours, and Disturbers of our peace ; but you must go and Lodge with William Tweedy at Ulgham Park, which are not above a mile to the Nor west from this place. Thare you will have good quarters, and Plenty of Food ; so adue, bad Neighbours, adue.

There is a postscript to this billet which is not less curious :—

“Be shour you Lay this Billet wheare the Ratts Resorts. After it is sealed up it is not to be look'd on by no person, as they may likely taked [take it] from the place you lay it in. This has been well tried at sindry [sundry] places.”

Many stories are told of rats, and another deserves to be added to the literature on the subject. The facts are so curious and interesting that it is deemed wise to authenticate them by giving the name of the gentleman under whose observation they came. One evening, Mr. J. F. Bell, of Northend, Durham, who has been a student of nature since his boyhood, and is well versed in field and natural history lore, was sitting by the side of the river

Browney, near the large pool below Witton Gilbert Station, when he heard the cry of a rat under the embankment immediately opposite. It was one of the black species, which, as is well known, sometimes take the water as freely as the brown ones. Presently the old rat was joined by a young one. This it tried to gently push into the water, but the intentions of the parent were frustrated by the youngster always scampering off. At length she got a piece of flat wood, which by means of her teeth she placed on the water quite close to the edge. Her intention was soon made evident. With her head she endeavoured to push the young rat on to it, and eventually, her coaxings being unavailing, she seized it by the back of the neck, and placed it on the raft. This she then pushed off, and with one end in her mouth she steered the tiny bark across the beck, right under the spot where Mr. Bell was seated.

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What promise in the verdant plains, what hope is on the wing ;  
A blessing on thy balmy breath, thou merry month of spring.

Spring, spring, what good news ye bring ! The notes of the blackbird and thrush, the chattering of the starling and sparrow, the bright sunshine and mild weather, all indicate the gradual returning of spring. In one leafless hedge we observe a school of sparrows, which have evidently formed themselves into a mutual admiration society. The male birds are on their best behaviour, and all seem bent on forming alliances for the coming season. Is it true that the same birds pair year after year ? Or do they form fresh matrimonial engagements every season ? Not far from the sparrows are three robins, two males and a female. The latter have a set-to, much in the style of the fighting figures in the old Punch and Judy shows, the cause of the encounter being a passive spectator meanwhile. The combat is renewed again and again, with varying success, and as there is no appearance of either withdrawing his attentions, we proceed onward. Perhaps Mr. Featherstonhaugh, or Mr. Mitton, or some other naturalist or ornithologist who has opportunities to study the habits of birds, may be able to tell us how

these amorous combats are usually settled. Does the lady hail the victor as her lord and master, or is she at liberty to solace the vanquished by bestowing on him her heart?

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The maternal feeling is as strong in birds as it is in women. The appearance of the sand-piper as it skims gracefully over the water from one bend of the stream to another is familiar to every angler. In summer, when their eggs have been hatched, the birds do not fly so readily at the approach of man, but run nimbly along the margin of the stream, where their down-covered young lie concealed among the pebbles and under the banks. As we pick one up, the old birds rise and begin to whirl overhead, uttering their shrill plaintive cry meanwhile, and at each circle drawing nearer and nearer. At last one of the birds, the mother no doubt, makes a dart at the open hand holding the tiny fledgling, and in a moment she carries it off with her bill to the other side of the beck.

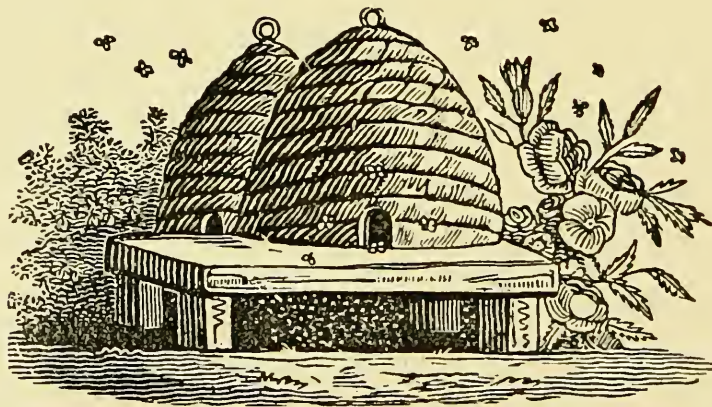
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How often do we see things day by day and year after year without really observing them until our attention has been directed to them, perchance by some of our friends who have seen them but once? Many of us, wideawake enough in other things, walk through the world of nature with our eyes closed, just as did Peter Bell the potter, to whom "a primrose by a river's brim, a yellow primrose was to him, and nothing more." In 1892, Dr. Tristram, president of the Mid-Durham Field Naturalists' Association, read a paper on "Eyes and No Eyes," a copy of which ought to be in the hands of every farmer and gamewatcher in Northumberland and Durham. The Canon has been here, there, and everywhere, and he has used his eyes to some purpose. Like the bee, he culls from every flower, and from his rich and varied storehouse of experience all may learn. He knows the habitat of every botanical gem in the two counties; he can tell you where snails, moths, butterflies, and beetles most do congregate, and he probably knows more about birds and woodcraft than any man in the North-country. One day

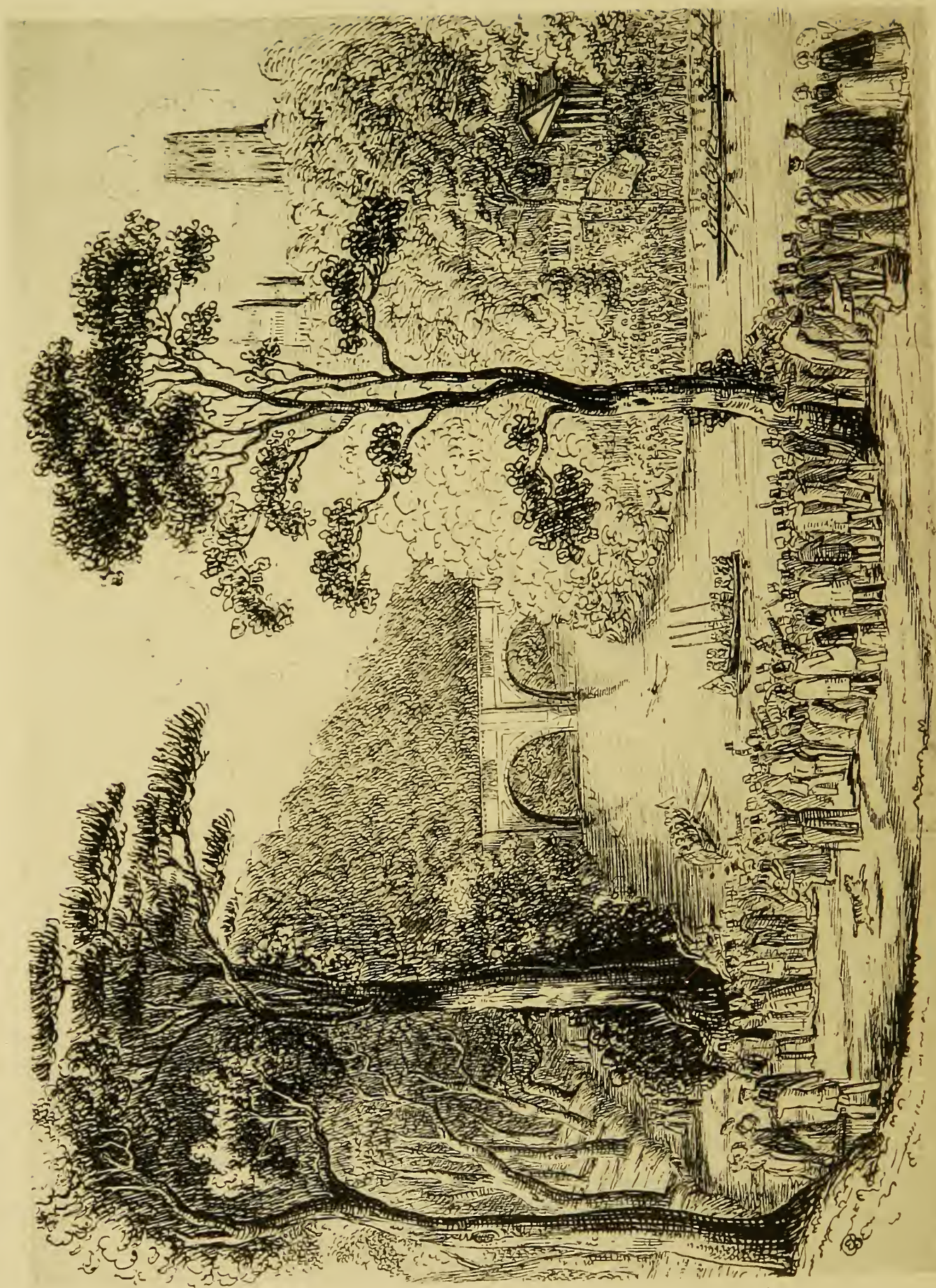
he caught a keeper on the Brancepeth estate shooting a kestrel. "Why did you shoot that bird?" asked the Canon. "Because it's vermin," was the reply. "Now, look here," observed the Canon, in his usual matter-of-fact way, "if you find a feather or anything to support your view in that bird's crop, I'll give you five shillings." The pair thereupon sat down, opened the crop, and, much to the keeper's surprise and mortification, found nothing in it but wire worms.

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There is a superstition among country people that a dead man's bees never thrive. So general is this belief that in some places it is found difficult to sell them. Mr. G. H. Procter, of Flass Bogs, informs us that two or three years ago a gentleman bought several hives which had belonged to a Blanchland farmer. He was told that they would not live the year out, and as it happened to be a bad bee season, and a severe winter, his prognostication was fulfilled, and the popular belief was thus strengthened. When gardens begin to fade, and they can no longer find the sweet juices of the clover blossom, it is desirable to find fresh pasturage for the bees. This is found on the fells, among the luxuriant bloom of the heather.







Colotype.

DURHAM REGATTA, 1848.

By T. HERRI' BEDE."



## CHAPTER XXXV.

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### BOAT-ROWING, FOOTBALL, AND CRICKET.

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Old Oarsmen.—Glorious Days on the Wear.—Squire Wharton, of Dryburn.—Procession of Boats.—Early Records of Football.—Early History of Cricket.

WE will not venture to assert as a fact that men are growing mentally stronger and physically weaker. But this we know, that in the early days of rowing on the Wear, short courses were unknown ; whereas now rowing over the short course at Durham Regatta frequently distresses the crews, and it is quite common to see men falling to pieces with their backs still to the arches of Elvet Bridge. Boat racing was inaugurated on the Wear so far back as the year 1834, and at that time heavy boats were rowed from the Ash Tree to the Count's House by men with stout hearts and thews and sinews of iron. Many of those who took part in those early contests on the Wear have gone to their last account, while others are scattered up and down the world, far removed from the venerable city. But there are pleasant memories connected with them which neither time nor distance has effaced. These were glorious days on the Wear, and the recollection of them brings to mind such names as Dr. Hornby (the present Provost of Eton), Robert Beaumont Tower,<sup>1</sup> and a host of others, most of whom have long since crossed the river of life.

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. Robert Beaumont Tower, M.A., of Dover, was one of the first students of the University of Durham, and won a silver medal for sculling on the Wear at the second Regatta, in the year 1835 ; this being the first medal ever won by a member of the University. Two years afterwards he carried off the first gold medal, and another similar medal the year following. The first-named trophy of his skill as an oarsman, Mr. Tower presented to the University Museum in 1886. It is inscribed, "Durham Regatta, 1835," and on the obverse "Detur dignissimo." Mr. Tower died in December, 1892.

Thirty years ago, Durham Regatta was looked upon as the chief aquatic gathering in the North of England. Town and gown joined together to make it a success. The Tyne sent her champion oarsmen, R. Chambers, the Claspers, and E. Winship, with the Matfins, the Taylors, and the Wallaces thrown in. Thus, in 1869, no fewer than eight crews competed for the Grand Challenge Cup, namely, the York Amateur Rowing Club, University College (Durham), Tynemouth Rowing Club, Durham School, Wear Boat Club, Tynemouth Amateur Rowing Club, Oxford University Boat Club, and the Durham Amateur Rowing Club. At the present time the Race Course is the promenade for those attending the Regatta, but in the old days, before short courses became popular, the finish was witnessed from the Banks. Colonel Shipperdson's garden was open for those who chose to enter it; the people never wearied of listening to the old City Band playing such simple airs as "Flow on, thou shining river," and "Meet me by moonlight"; while, as the day wore on, the lads and lasses of the town got on to the "Swinging Gates," near the Count's Corner, where they had their fill of innocent enjoyment. But the procession was the chief attraction. It was preceded by the aforesaid band, towed by Old Joe, the College Postman, better known in the city as "Bonnie Bacon." Joe was originally a keelman, and the greatest smoker of his day. Most people have some peculiarity, and Joe's was his ability to consume his own smoke, like Jukes's Patent. After Joe and the band came an eight-oared outrigger, in the bow of which stood the Squire of Dryburn, Mr. Wharton, a fine specimen of the old English gentleman, who directed the procession like a second Nelson commanding a fleet. Near the Count's House, all oars were raised while the National Anthem was played; the waving of Mr. Wharton's white hat was the signal for three such cheers as have not since been heard on the banks of the river; thereafter the band struck up "Rule Britannia," and the bumping race followed shortly afterwards. The scene thus described, "Cuthbert Bede," the author of "Verdant Green," has admirably depicted in the sketch which is given at the beginning of this chapter.

Cricket and football are the national games of Englishmen. The former is a modern game, but the latter may be traced to the Greeks and Romans. The first distinct mention of football occurs in a twelfth-century record.<sup>1</sup> The earliest reference to it that we have been able to find in Durham and Northumberland occurs in the Durham Halmote Court Rolls about the year 1363. Mention of the game is made in some ecclesiastical proceedings at York in 1569. It seems that one Sunday four young men carried a ball into the Minster during divine service, and in a moment of mischief they kicked it over the heads of the congregation. The offenders were brought before the Ecclesiastical Court, and two of them were placed in the stocks, after which they received six strokes with a birch rod upon their buttocks. During the episcopate of Dr. Barnes, Bishop of Durham, John Bonkell suffered a week's imprisonment, and had to do penance in church, for playing on a certain Sunday in 1579. Sunderland has an early record of the game, a player having been killed there in 1667. The account of it in the parish register is—“Richard Watson, who was killed at football, of Sunderland, sepult. 15th Jan., 1667-8.” The young men of Durham a couple of centuries ago must have been even greater enthusiasts in football than they are now, for they used to play on Sundays. When any person excels in sports or games it is commonly said of him that he plays on Sunday; and it was probably this bad practice which gave rise to the expression. Instead of going to church on the Sunday, the young men of Middleton-in-Teesdale played football. For this offence against the ecclesiastical laws they were in 1701 presented to the Archdeacon's Court at Durham, and suitably admonished. Both football and cricket seem to have been scrambling games in their infancy. There was no code of rules in football, and the sole aim of the players appears to have been to drive the ball through the opposing side's goal, by fair means or foul. In the “Basilikon Doron,” the game is described as “meeter for laming than making able the users thereof.” The people of Chester-le-Street aver that the Roman legions played at it during their occupation of the town.

<sup>1</sup> “Encyclopædia Britannica,” vol. IX, p. 367.

Anciently, the parish clerk of Sedgefield was obliged to find a football for the use of the townsmen. Shrove Tuesday was its high festival, and by all accounts there must have been a great deal of rough play. Shutters had to be put up and houses closed in order to prevent damage at both the places named.

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Football has left many an indelible mark by which its history may be traced, but as cricket had neither legs nor stumps in its infancy, the evidence of its birth and growth and subsequent movements is not to be depended upon, or, as De Quincy would have said, not relyuponable. A hole was simply scratched in the turf, and into this the striker placed the base of his bat after a run. If the outsider returned the ball into the cavity before he did so, he was out. This mode of playing was practised by the monks, but it is not exclusively ancient, for there is many a Northumbrian and Dunelmian living who can remember braying a hole in the turf with his bat when a stick or stone was not handy. In lieu of the hole came one stump. Then a second was added, but they were put two feet apart, with a cross-bar on the top.<sup>1</sup> Under this hurdle was the hole for putting the ball into. The present shaped bats came into general use towards the close of the first quarter of the present century. Previously they had been made with a sweeping curve at the base.

Authorities are divided in their opinion as to whether single or double wicket came in first. Round-hand bowling became fashionable in the south about sixty years ago, but in the North-country underhand continued to be the favourite style for long after the famous All-England eleven began playing matches in the provinces in the year 1846. The Zingari club had popularized the game during the previous year, and both Northumberland and Durham had already their crack teams. One of the earliest matches on record between the two counties took place on the Northumberland ground on the 14th and 15th days of July, 1845. The official return of this match is in

<sup>1</sup> "Encyclopædia Britannica," vol. VI, p. 578.

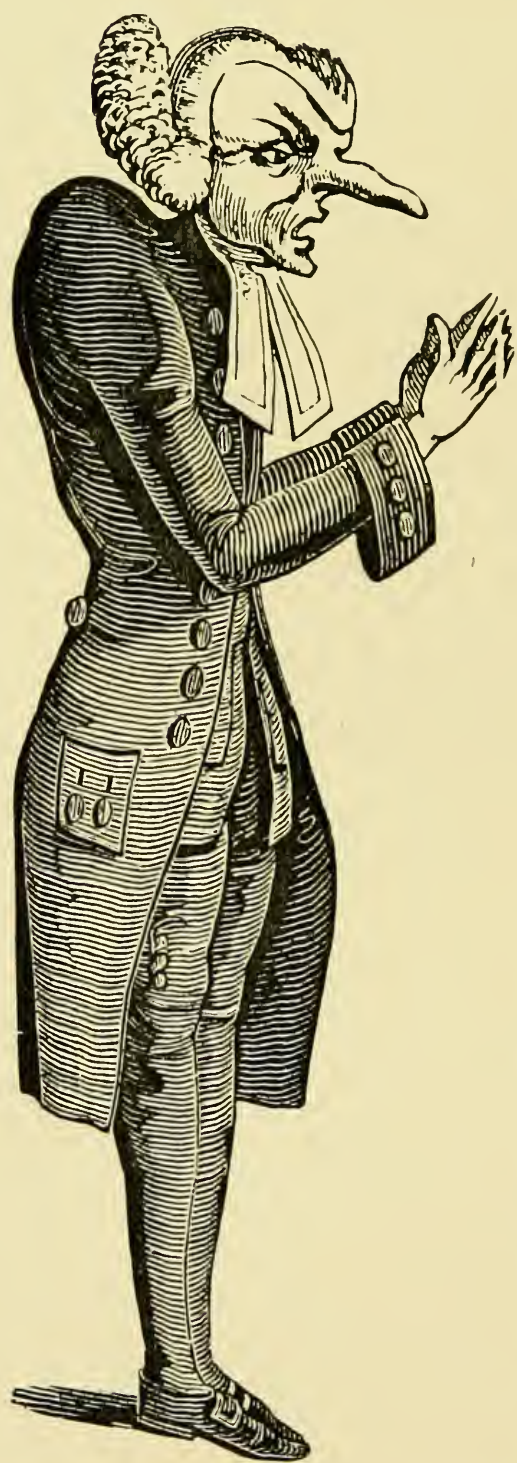
the possession of Mr. Geo. D. Newby, of Durham, a good all-round athlete in his day, whose performances with his *confrères* in the invincible *Dreadnought*, against such oarsmen as Chambers, Winship, and the Claspers, are still remembered on the banks of the Wear.



## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### SKETCHES.

The Antiquaries Puzzled.—Royalties and Wayleaves.—The Wanderer's Return.—Charles Lilburn, of Sunderland.—Quaint Pictures of Sunderland.—English Epigrams.—The "Countess of Derwentwater" and her Bailiff.—Angling Reminiscences.—A Summer Day Reverie.



WE possess an old print bearing an inscription which sorely puzzled the antiquaries in the days when George the Third was king.

B E N E .

A.T.H. TH. ISST.

ONERE. POS. ET.

H.CLAUD. COS TER. TRIP.

E.SELLERO.

F.—IMP.

I.N.GT. ONAS. DO.

TH. HI.

S. C.

ON. SOR.

T. IA. N. E.

Such is the legend that is supposed to mark the progress of the Romans, and respecting which the bewigged gentleman with the long nose is eloquently and learnedly discoursing to his brother antiquaries. It seems almost a pity to solve the mystic letters :—“ Beneath this stone repositeth Claud Coster, tripe seller, of Impington, as doth his consort, Jane.” Quite as much attention was given to

an inscription on a remarkably fine Elizabethan oak press, which was in Messrs. Rushworth's Art Gallery at Durham in 1890. It puzzled the learned and unlearned. The dead languages could yield nothing like the cabalistic letters. B: A:R: N: I:H: E:S:K:E: T:H:P: H:E: B:E:H:E: S:K:E: T:H: So spake the ancient carver. But the simplicity of his language was forgotten, and modern learning transformed it into every conceivable shape and form. The discovery of the correct reading was as great a blow to the wise men of Dunelm as the key to the tripe-seller's epitaph. "Barney Hesketh, Phebe Hesketh," is just such an inscription as might have been expected on the press of a well-to-do but imperfectly educated yeoman of the time of Queen Bess, and it is as plain as a pikestaff that the owners were Barney Hesketh and his wife Phœbe.

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Royalties and wayleaves are impositions of ancient date, and there has always been an indisposition to pay them, just as there has been to pay tithes. When the North of England had almost a monopoly of the coal trade, it originated the system of wayleaves, but the term has in centuries changed its meaning slightly. When the mineral wealth of the ancient bishopric of Durham began to be developed, towards the latter part of the seventeenth century, the granting of wayleaves became a source of revenue as well to the bishop and his copyholders as the lords of private manors. In their leaves, the former exercised the right of granting permission to the lessees to carry the coal over the lands of their copyholders, and the latter could not let their lands above a year for a similar purpose, without paying a small fine to the bishop. Similarly lay lords of manors insisted on a fine and large rent when coal was carried over their own grounds and wastes, and when over the lands of their copyholders from their own collieries. And when these coal tracks were made on the lands of their copyholders by the owners of freehold collieries, the lay lords, like their ecclesiastical superiors, obliged their copyholders to treat with them. These fines and rents were largely increased about the year 1671, when wooden ways, called "wayleaves," were invented for the easier carriage of

coals. Long before the "Grand Allies" got a monopoly of the trade, astute adventurers occasionally made fortunes out of coal mining. Thus, in the early part of last century, Messrs. Cotesworth and Ramsey, having got leases of the manors of Gateshead and Whickham, played the tyrant over their neighbours, and made themselves masters over the wayleaves and great part of the collieries. They charged 5s. per ten for all coal led through the liberties included in their leases, and thereby netted nearly £3,000 per annum for one colliery. Bishop Crewe was so sensible of the wrong and of the oppression, that he compelled the lessees to give him a bond in £3,000 to indemnify him from the prosecution of the persons injured.

The principle recognized by these early lessees of the wayleaves seems to have been that mentioned by Wordsworth—

They should take who have the power,  
And they should keep who can.

In the race for wealth then, as now, men were not scrupulously honest in their dealings with each other. We have an illustration of this in what took place in the parish of Ryton about a couple of centuries ago. Then the copyhold land consisted of large open fields, each containing some hundreds of acres. Before the division of these lands there were four separate waggonways leading from different collieries to Stella, namely, Crawcrook Freehold Way, which paid to the bishop a wayleave of £10 7s. 8½d. per annum; the Main Way paid £41 4s. 5d.; the Moor Way, £9 10s. 1½d., while the fourth, the Cow Close Way, paid £10 18s. 9d. The first-named was called the Freehold Way, because it led from a freehold colliery; the other three led from collieries in the copyhold lands. When the division took place, the allottees bound themselves to keep open and in repair the waggonways passing through their several allotments. Sixty or seventy years afterwards the freehold colliery ceased working, whereupon Messrs. Surtees and Lawson, who owned the land through which the waggonway passed, and in defiance of the bishop's rights, built a wall at each end of it. Ten years afterwards two gentlemen named Wrightson and Waters, who had commenced a



colliery at Hedley Fell, were obliged to pay Surtees and Lawson a large annual sum for the use of this wayleave, which they then claimed as their own ; and when, twenty years later, operations ceased at the colliery, the walls were built across the waggonway as before. In 1788, two mine-owners named Crawford and Edington took possession of the Crawcrook line, but in that year it was pulled up in three separate places by the owners of the adjacent land, and thereafter ensued an amount of litigation which led to the bishop again asserting his manorial rights.<sup>1</sup>

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One night, upwards of thirty years ago, two young men were proceeding homeward along Grey Street, Newcastle. They were boon companions, and the heart of each was sad, for one, the younger, was about to leave the shores of his native country and seek his fortune in a foreign land. "We may never meet again, my boy," said the elder with affection. "Tut, tut, man," was the response of him addressed, "I am going out full of expectations, and by God's help I hope to succeed. When I come back," he continued in a bantering tone, "you won't know me ; and I shall be much disappointed if I don't find you established in a flourishing business." "If I should be, and don't know you," was the reply, "I will measure you for a suit of clothes and a silk hat." The two then parted, and since then their paths have been widely different. The elder settled at Morpeth, and has been mayor of the town of his adoption. The younger, after roaming the wide world o'er, finally settled at Ahaura in New Zealand. In the interval he had experienced many ups and downs, but being made of the true metal, he overcame obstacles and difficulties that would have hampered and deterred a man of less energy and determination. He had roughed it in the scrub, and had suffered many a hardship while prospecting for gold. He had known what it was to lie alone four days with a broken leg, and had more than

<sup>1</sup> The burden of royalties and wayleaves caused irritation of old, as it does now, but it is now the coalowner, the miner, and the public, rather than the owners of the land, who have cause to complain. The preceding facts were embodied in a leading article contributed to the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*.

once narrowly escaped falling a victim to the notorious Kelly and Sullivan's gang of cut-throats, who hesitated not to shoot down those whom they suspected of possessing nuggets. But subsequent prosperity compensated for all these and other hardships, a wife now cheers his lot, and he has his quiver full of children.

Let us now follow our friend a little closer. He has ploughed the deep for two months, and has gone to Morpeth to see the companion of his youth. Entering his shop he asks a few questions, and finally expresses a wish to see the master. The latter has grown older, but the features and the voice are the same. "You appear to have some nice cloth," observed the stranger. "I am glad you think so," was the modest response. "Could you measure me for a suit?" asked the stranger. "With pleasure," replied the tradesman. The measurements having been taken, the customer said he expected the suit would be ready for him the following day, as his stay in the town, he remarked, would be limited to twenty-four hours. The tradesman expressed a fear that such an order might possibly overtax the resources of his establishment, and suggested that the suit could be forwarded to the gentleman's address. "But I live in an out-of-the-way place," observed the stranger, "and I fear that your messenger might lose his way. However," he added, writing down on a slip of paper, "Thomas H. Garth, of Ahaura," and handing it to the tailor, "here is my address, and, since I have not to pay for the things, you might as well throw in a silk hat along with them." The stranger's manner had already produced a slight uneasiness in the tradesman's mind, and when he suddenly gave the old gentleman a thump on the back and asked him to go out and partake of a glass of beer, he began to entertain grave suspicions respecting the sanity of his new patron. "I am very sorry, sir," he remarked, "that I cannot avail myself of your kind invitation. Perhaps," he continued, handing him the same slip of paper, which he had not as yet perused, "you will have the goodness to also write down the name of the gentleman who has to pay for the goods." The stranger did as requested, and the tailor, having adjusted his glasses, read his own after his

customer's name. Although the name of the companion of his youth had not slipped from his memory, there was nothing to associate the stranger with him, and the compact between the two more than thirty years before he had entirely forgotten. On reading his own name, he was convinced that the man before him was an escaped lunatic, and was on the point of calling in the assistance of a constable when, to his further astonishment and delight, his long-absent friend revealed his identity.

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The late Mr. Charles Lilburn<sup>1</sup> used to say that Sunderland was "getting out of kenning"—the ships on the river by the cut of their jib, the harbour in its greater scope and depth, in the extension of the town and its industries in all directions, and in the manner and pursuits of the people. What a ramshackle old place the Wearside town must have been two hundred years ago, with its high and low streets and communicating alleys, its confined irregular shops and buildings, with their owners standing at the door retailing the latest bit of gossip, its coblemen on the constant look-out for a chance of turning an honest penny, its bonny lasses running hither and thither for news of the expected arrival of the *True Briton* or the *Betsy Ann*. Let us, from a manuscript roll in Bishop Cosin's Library at Durham, draw a faithful picture of what the place was like on Tuesday, the 10th of November, 1691. That there is something unusual astir is evidenced by the fact that the leading tradesmen and many householders of both sexes, dressed in their Sunday clothes, are making their

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Lilburn died in 1891. He did not live long to enjoy his new home at Glenside, whither, the last time we saw him, he was moving his belongings, his pictures, his books, and all the other knick-knacks which a refined taste leads a man to hoard up and treasure. For, rough though he was in exterior, Mr. Lilburn had the inborn tastes of a cultured mind. He was one of nature's gentlemen. There was no namby-pamby affectation or conventionalism about him. He was always the same, and never aspired to be thought one degree better or cleverer than he really was. His early training and habits made him a keen man of business. This was carried even into his favourite bibliomaniacal hobby. Although generous to a fault in other respects, he never gave a guinea for a book when a sovereign would buy it, and the saving of the shilling seemed to afford him the most exquisite delight. This trait is inherent in many old families, and is said to be indigenous to the book collector, whether rich or otherwise.

way up the High Street to the Manor Court of the Bishop. There is a Johnsonian ring in the "Good morning, sir," salutation of the jurors as they enter the room and place their broad-brimmed hats upon the table in front of them. Then, when the roll has been called over by the steward, and he has intimated his readiness to receive any presentments that they have to make, Anne Wilson and eighteen others are ushered into the room. The Sunderland people in those days believed in getting their full quantity of flour with their quartern loaf, and complaint having been made of Mistress Wilson's bread wanting weight, she and her fellow-sinners in this respect are very properly "fyned and amerced" in the sum of one shilling each. William Dent, a cobleman, next takes his place, and is fined 3s. 4d. for keeping swine and feeding them in the open street. There is quite a hubbub while a complaint is being investigated against Squire Ettrick, who is fined 6s. 8d. for allowing his cellar stairs to be uncovered; and the Court also orders him to erect a "paire of staires" in the wall leading from the High Street on the north unto his house on the south.

The owner of High Barnes having taken his leave, Thomas Allenson, for exposing bad veal in the market, receives a warning and is dismissed with a payment of 3s. 4d. This is also the fine imposed on Isabella Wilkinson for encroaching upon the main street when she built her house; but poor Widow Greenwell, whose only offence seems to have been the setting of a cobbler's stall too far forward into the street, is amerced in the lawyer's favourite sum of 6s. 8d. John Shepherdson's offence has been great, and his punishment is proportionate. He did not bring his corn to the Market Place, and took an unfair advantage over his neighbours by selling it before the bell was rung, and he also refused to pay the usual standage toll, all of which was a grievous contempt of the law, for the wherefore he is ordered to pay 39s. 11d.—from which odd sum must surely have sprung the modern habit prevailing among drapers of marking their goods a penny short of the shilling. Where the common pinfold was at this time we cannot say. But that it was in a bad way is certain, for those charged with its maintenance, the

freemen and stallengers of the borough, are amerced and fined for not repairing it. Nowadays we sometimes read of an unfortunate school-boy being fined for trampling down the farmer's hedges, but at the period to which we refer it was the farmer who stood in awe of the law. After the representatives of the freemen have cleared out, Ralph Tunstall, whose good old name availed him nought before the majesty of the law, is arraigned for allowing his hedges to decay within the limits of the borough, and a fine of 3s. is imposed as a warning to himself and his neighbours. Mistress Wilkinson now makes her second bow to the Court, there being a presentment against her for making a coal-hole in the High Street. After Henry Wilkinson, the town scavenger, has been fined for a dereliction of duty, Wm. Mason is required to remove the "muck" then lying at his stable door in the High Street; while Mistress Cooper is fined and admonished for making an open midden in the same street.

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In 1891, Dr. Plummer, Master of University College, Durham, read a paper to a section of the students on "English Epigrams." The dons of a university are popularly supposed to steep their pens in nought but theological ink, but this is as great a delusion as the belief that everything one reads in a newspaper is gospel truth. The perusal of Dr. Plummer's paper leads us to wish that he would oftener write on kindred subjects. It was a Latin writer who left the following recipe for making epigrams:—

Three things must epigrams have all :  
A sting, and honey, and a body small.

But it is a great mistake to suppose that every epigram, to be worth anything, must have a sting. It must have point, which is a very different thing, and is compatible with the most perfect good-nature and charity. A famous epigram was that which the Earl of Rochester wrote on the bedroom door of Charles II.—

Here lies our sovereign lord the king,  
Whose word no man relies on ;  
Who never says a foolish thing,  
Nor ever did a wise one.

Many epigrams have been directed against the medical faculty. It is very much of a toss-up whether doctors kill or cure, as is shown by the admission of the famous Dr. Lettsom, who died in 1815 :—

When people's ill, they come to I ;  
I physics, bleeds, and sweats 'em.  
Sometimes they live, sometimes they die—  
What's that to I ? I let's 'em.

Bishop Barrington's name is well remembered in the diocese of Durham. At the time the bishop was translated from Salisbury to the palatinate see, in 1791, there was another Barrington who had made himself a celebrity, not by what he gave out of his own pockets for the benefit of others, like his lordship, but by what he took out of other people's pockets for the benefit of himself. He did this, however, once too often, and the very year of his namesake's promotion he was condemned to transportation for stealing a snuff-box at a levée, the following lines commemorating the double event :—

Two of a name—both great in their way—  
At court lately well did bestir 'em :  
The one was transported to Botany Bay,  
The other translated to Durham.

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We have had some experience of the world, and have met and associated with many queer people. The strangest and most determined lady that we ever knew was “ Amelia, Countess of Derwentwater,” the same who fought single-handed for the restitution of the estates of her unfortunate ancestor, James, the third earl, who after embracing his weeping wife and unconscious baby boy in the courtyard of Dilston that autumn morning in 1715, rode away, full of hope and ambition, to join his compatriots in arms at Hexham.

Lord Derwentwater rode away  
Well mounted on his dapple grey.

But the enterprise in which he engaged, and on which the divine blessing was invoked in Dilston Chapel the previous night, resulted ingloriously, and brought him to a violent death. And the widowed Lady Derwentwater, what became of her ? Two years after the body of her brave but misguided lord was buried in their Northumberland

home, England having become intolerable to her, she settled at Louvain, where she died in 1723. Her son John did not long survive her. According to the popular belief, he died in 1731, from the effects of a fall from a horse. This event is said to have occurred in London, when the young man was nineteen years of age. Instead of dying in the manner stated, however, he is said, by the "Countess," to have fled to Germany, out of reach of those who were thirsting for his blood, and to release himself from the oath of allegiance to George II. This John Radcliffe married, at Frankfort-on-the-Main, in the year 1740, Elizabeth Arabella Maria, daughter and heiress of the Count of Waldsteine, who was put to the sword, and died for his royal master, Charles XII. of Sweden. John, the fourth earl, died in 1798, and was succeeded by James, the eldest of eleven children. James was born at Norham, Northumberland, in 1743, and died in 1816. His brother, John James, born at Alston, Northumberland, in 1764, succeeded to the paternal dignities of his family, and thus became the sixth Earl of Derwentwater. In 1813, he married Amelia Anna Charlotte, Princess Sobiesky. He died at Schwerin in 1833, and left two children, John James, born at Carlisle in 1815, who succeeded as seventh earl, and Amelia, the celebrated "Countess," who, on the 29th of September, 1868, entered upon the grounds at Dilston, and took up her residence in the ruins of the old castle, from which she was forcibly removed a few days later by the agents of the Admiralty.

The Countess made many people believe in her personality, to their cost. But whoever she was, and whatever her faults, she was a brave little woman, and looked every inch a Countess when she made the acquaintance of her newly-acquired tenantry, seated in the identical coach of her ancestors, drawn by four horses guided by postilions in the orthodox red jackets and pigskin tights, with her bailiff, Harry Brown, on the dickey. The Countess herself, we remember, was dressed in black satin, and on her head was perched one of the neatest "Dolly Vardens" ever seen. By her side reposed the dress rapier of the beheaded earl, inscribed "Dilston Chapel, 1714." This was one of the many Derwentwater

relics scattered up and down the country. At Capheaton, Sir John Swinburne has preserved a lock of Lord Derwentwater's hair, a piece of his blood-stained linen shirt, and Lady Derwentwater's wedding ring. We used to possess a very fine illuminated missal on vellum, containing the Derwentwater pedigree. A tempting offer induced us to part with the book, which is now in one of the great houses in Northumberland. We always regarded the pedigree as a forgery, and this view was shared by many friends. The Countess used to show us the oaken cupboard which concealed Charles Radcliffe after his escape from Newgate, and she also possessed portraits of General Forster and his sister, Dame Dorothy, the latter evidently being a replica of that now at Bamburgh Castle. Where and how her ladyship became possessed of all these things will probably remain a mystery to the end of time. The Countess always made use of the ancient appellations in writing and speaking of her ancestry. Her old leather hat-box, which we possess, still contains much of her finery, and is inscribed "Countess of Waldsteine," and in all her letters to us she insisted in giving the old spelling, "Darwentwater." We were one of the few people who followed the unfortunate Countess to her grave, and knew the straits to which she was put in the declining years of her life.

The Psalmist tells us that we are to take heed unto the thing that is right, for it will bring a man peace at last. How often in the battle of life do we, whilst honestly believing that we pursue the right course, get on the wrong track, both in spiritual and worldly matters? The poor Earl of Derwentwater thought it was his duty to join the Pretender in 1715, and lost his life and estates in the struggle. When, a century and a half later, "Amelia, Countess of Derwentwater," claimed these estates, Henry Brown, then a County Court bailiff and auctioneer, as a Northumbrian, whose ancestors had farmed under the unfortunate earl, and with a loyalty that did credit to his heart, if not his head, was the first to enlist under her banner. Never had general a soldier that was braver or stood more loyally by him. He fought for her, bled for her, suffered imprisonment for her sake, and would willingly have died



for her if the sacrifice could have regained for her the estates. In him the sense of duty was stronger than in most men. "I once saw a monument," he would say, in his broad Northumberland accent, "between Morpeth and Alnwick, and it said that England expected every man to do his duty. I think it my duty to help her ladyship to get back the estates, and if I thought that it was my duty to stand upon a scaffold seventy feet high, I would not hesitate to go up there and be hanged." Such were the sentiments of brave, misguided old Harry Brown, the Countess of Derwentwater's henchman and bailiff, who, after suffering a world of hardships on her behalf, and whose poverty and troubles he shared at the last, died at Iveston, in November, 1891, in his 82nd year.

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To those who delight in the picturesque and the beautiful, the river side, apart from piscatorial pleasures, will be found to have many charms, which the wise man contemplates and the fool passes by without consideration. But, notwithstanding the contentment and pleasure it brings, many people still hold the art in light esteem, and pity the angler's patience and simplicity.

A quarter of a century ago we fished the streams of Northumberland and Durham from morn to dewy eve. Indeed, we may claim to have been an enthusiast in that line, and all the wettings that we got never damped our ardour until rheumatism did. We have fallen into sixteen feet of water with a creel of fish on our back and a pair of thick boots and india-rubber stockings on our feet; and once, in an excursion up the Derwent with Mr. William Dickinson—one of the best worm fishers, by the way, that ever threw a line into that stream—we fell over a rock plump into a pool. One of our earliest angling companions was Ebdy, who often accompanied Mr. Henderson to the Tweed. On one occasion, in 1873, they performed a miracle at Sprouston, which will be found recorded in his angling reminiscences. Mr. Henderson was fishing with two flies, each dressed on double hooks and four feet apart. Having hooked and landed a fine salmon of 15 lbs., he found that it had taken both flies, both hooks being

embedded in the flesh far into the mouth, while the four feet of casting line also lay coiled in the same cavity! Mr. Henderson's explanation is that the fish went at the flies open-mouthed, and with such a rush that he took both and the line at one and the same gulp.

Mr. Henderson was without doubt a skilled angler and a pleasant companion. The contemporaries of his boyhood describe him as having been "an imaginative child." This imaginative organ will be found to be largely developed in most anglers, and indeed in all people fond of sport. When the hero of the preceding remarkable incident published his book, he asked if any brother angler had ever met with a parallel case. Of course it was not to be expected that such an appeal would be made in vain, and in a playful moment his friend, Mr. J. W. Barnes, showed that Mr. Henderson's experience was not unique. For some reason or other, however, the author of "My Life as an Angler" did not give his correspondent's letter in the second edition of his book, and as it has just come into our hands, the publication of it now, after the lapse of twenty years, may not be without interest. The writer was at that time under the tutelage of Charley Ebdy, of Durham, and had gone down to Northumberland to a river so thickly stocked with fish that, as Charley averred, "they could be stirred round with a bussom shank like a crowdy." This, no doubt, was one of Charley's exaggerations, but the long-bow is permitted to anglers in an equal degree with those who follow the sister sports of shooting and hunting. Arrived at the river, the writer made a cast with his line, on which were two flies, four feet apart, but it was a wretchedly bungling one, the line descending upon the water in a complete tangle, and he was on the point of withdrawing it when something pulled. He pulled in turn, then it pulled again; the rod was bent double, and the situation was becoming most critical. Just at the moment when he felt that either the tackle must give way or be dragged into the river, the agile Charley sprang to his side, seized the rod, and whipped out a fine fish. Charley did not waste time in the contemplation of its beauty, but seizing the fish by the head he forced open its mouth, and with his finger withdrew both

of the hooks. "Why, what a vicious and voracious monster, to seize one fly and dart at the other." "Vicious and voracious fiddle-sticks," was Charley's rejoinder, "why, you clumsy thickhead, if you throw the line all in a heap the flies are sure to get knotted, and the fish cannot help swallowing both!" Mr. Barnes, no doubt, felt much hurt that Charley's very dogmatic teaching was not spiced with a little more courtesy, and, therefore, made no observation, but from that time unto this his mind has been, and still remains, we believe, in doubt upon the subject.

Our pleasantest experiences with the rod were in the limpid beck under the shadow of Mr. Featherstonhaugh's quaint little church at Edmondbyers, or amid the same range of heather-clad hills at Blanchland—that clean, sleepy, antiquated little village where peace and calm reign supreme, and where noise, and strife, and bustle, and uproar are unknown. The place is hidden by hills rising away to the moorlands, and can only be perceived when one is close upon it. There is a tradition that the Abbey there at first escaped the prying eyes of the Scotch army, and that the marauders were only made aware of its vicinity by the sound of the bells, which the monks, in their fancied security, had rung for joy. It then met the fate of many a northern shrine. But the beauty of this charming place had always a drawback in our eyes. The slopes of the river above and below it are the home of innumerable "adders," which in summer bask among the warm stones on either side of the stream. The reptiles, in truth, were as much afraid of us as we were of them, and glided off to their holes on our approach. Those who are familiar with adders will readily admit that they are the personification of everything that is evil and wicked-looking. Young ones, only a couple of inches long, will dart about and hiss like fiends. Once, in looking for worms under a stone, a big one glided out. A flat stone, intended to give the reptile its quietus, tumbled on to the lower part of its body. Finding that it could not escape, it erected its head, and, with its keen eyes, dodged the stones that were hurled at it. Taking its life under such circumstances was perhaps somewhat unsportsmanlike, but an

antipathy to the whole family of crawling things which seems to be inherent among mortals led to its speedy death in the only manner that presented itself.

Blanchland is a bad place for doctors. With its air untainted by the fumes which usually follow in the train of the destruction-breathing iron horse, with its sweet walks in its pastoral valley and on its verdured slopes, it is an elysium to the lover of nature. Indeed, there is a cottage called Paradise, just at the entrance to the village. Many years ago we used to fish in the limpid stream which ripples through the village, and on one occasion the local medico, a chatty, genial old gentleman, informed us that the only disease up there was among the grouse. The women only need help at intervals, the children won't take the whooping cough or the measles, and the elderly people place more faith in the virtues of a glass of whiskey than in medicine and pills. Between thirty and forty years ago the most popular medical man in the Derwent Valley was Dr. John Renton, sire of the two gentlemen of that name practising at Consett and Chester-le-Street. Dr. Renton was the friend of, and the adviser to, all the people living between Blanchland and Minsteracres. The old farmers sent for him just for the pleasure of having a "crack" with him. He was a great favourite with the celebrated George Silvertop, who, when he died, left him a hundred guineas. He was one of the old school, and was affectionately called the "Old Doctor" to distinguish him from his sons.

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This is written in a grassy vale, amid the sweet perfume of violets, and a wealth of primroses and buttercups. Overhead, the warbling of the lark mingles with the joyous notes of the blackbird. The circling of innumerable crows above yon forest of trees and the sharp cracking of guns and rifles proclaim the death-knell of many a rook. There, among the young shoots of corn, sits a wounded crow, affectionately attended by its mate, whose proclamation of our approach, caw, caw, is unheeded by the disabled bird. While we make a posy, the cuckoo sounds his note of welcome; on the edge of a wood a corncrake

jumps up under our feet, and the harsh cry of another is heard across the field. Immediately afterwards a single magpie flits across the path, and as it drops among the trees we involuntarily think of the old North-country protection against the ill-omen :—

Magpie, magpie, chatter and flee,  
Turn up thy tail, and good luck fall me.

Presently a second appears in sight, and then we know that no harm will befall us. One for sorrow, two for luck ; three for a wedding, four for death ; five for silver, six for gold ; seven for a secret, eight for heaven ; nine for hell, and ten for the deevil's awn sell.



## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### SKETCHES.

Ancient Grinding of Corn.—A Hodge Podge.—Newcastle and its Early Water Supply.—History of the Post Office.—Callaly Castle.—Ancient Fire Escapes.—Sir John Duck, the Durham Butcher.—Newcastle's First Fire Engine.—A Durham Clergyman. — Bishop, Tucker. — A Famous Mosstrooper. — Growth of Parishes. — Fairs and Hoppings. — Canon Tristram. — The Lambton Worm.

FEW of us, as we eat our daily bread, ever give a passing thought to the manner in which our rude forefathers of the hamlet ground their corn. We can, however, picture them seated at their querns from morn till night, and singing, maybe, as blithely as the jolly miller of the Dee. These old quernstones and millstones were often dug out of the bed of a neighbouring stream. Shotley Bridge, on the Derwent, was a famous place for millstone grit. The holes from which it was taken may still be seen between Messrs. Annandale's paper mills and the bridge crossing the Derwent. The view from this point is exceedingly picturesque, whether you look up or down the river. Immediately above the bridge the river dashes over a ledge of millstone grit, through which the water has cut numerous channels, into a pool known as "Jenny's Hole," from which many a noble trout has been taken in days gone by, when the adjoining hostelry of the Bridge Inn was a favourite resort for anglers. Mr. Booth has furnished us with a few references to the taking of stones for millstones. In the eleventh year of Bishop Skirlaw (1399) mention is made in the Halmote Rolls that John the Miller of Iveston had taken five millstones from the bed of the river at Shotley Bridge without the lord's leave, and on a subsequent occasion the Iveston miller was arrested for taking two pairs of millstones of the value of



THE BRIDGE AT SHOTLEY.

two shillings. At the same time Thomas Brown was fined 4d. for taking a pair of quernstones without permission.

There must be as great a difference between the ancient and modern methods of drying corn as there is in the grinding of it, although, in the old process, in which an iron pot was used, the dryers would keep pace with the grinders. In an old book of accounts which we possess frequent reference is made to the drying of corn. In 1745, the sum paid for drying 300 bushels was 19s. 6½d, or ¾d. per bushel, which was the regular price. The following hodge-podge of extracts from the same source may not be without interest. All the items occur under the above-named year. Newbottle was famous for its pantiles, which were 5s. a fother. The cost of keeping three cows with grass, hay, &c., was £3 per head. A summer's grass for one cow was 20s. A fat ox cost £5 17s. 6d. ; a fat cow, five guineas ; and a kyloe, £2 15s. Sixty-three ewes bought at Morpeth cost £20 6s. 6d., and 56 wethers £28 9s. 3d. Forty-four bushels of hair for the masons cost £1 9s. 4d., and a black gelding £6 9s. Skilled workmen received 16d. a day ; women had 6d. and labouring men 8d. per day for clipping and greasing sheep. Wool was 8s. 6d. a stone. A tailor charged 7s. for making a butler's livery, 2s. for making a pair of breeches, and 1s. for a pair of boot tops. Lime was 6s. and wheat straw 5s. a fother. Seed barley was 1s. 7½d. per bushel, and 1s. 1½d. was paid for washing a parson's surplice. Cheese was 1s. 9d. a stone ; but it must have been "old Peg" at this price. A quarter of beef cost 4s., and 150 hedge-stakes 3s. 9d. A man and his draught received from half-a-crown to 4s. a day, the larger sum being paid during harvest, and the smaller for team work, such as leading stones. Charcoal was a shilling per bushel. Rye was 3s. a bushel at Newcastle, and at Durham wheat fetched the following prices during the year :—March 1st, 20 bushels, £4 10s. ; August 30th, 10 bushels, £2 1s. 2d. ; September 16th, 8 bushels, £1 10s. ; October 16th, 8 bushels, £1 8s. ; December 31st, 18 bushels, £3 3s.

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“Waste not, want not” is a household maxim with which all are familiar. Water is such an inestimable



blessing that the waste of it, let us hope, proceeds more from thoughtlessness and carelessness than from design. Only those who reside in districts far away from mains and reservoirs, or who lived in the days when the good old pant was an institution, and the making of "skeels" the mainstay of the coopering trade, can appreciate to the full a bountiful supply of water. We are old enough to remember the days when a penny was charged for a skeelful, and we have seen the ladies tear each other's hair and scratch each other's eyes for what the maids of Newcastle and Gateshead would not deem clean enough to wash their hands in now. There is an old song in which the old wives of Durham speak of their troubles at the pant, and in which they threaten to serenade the members of the Corporation "wiv their tins and pails and skeels" if a purer supply of water is not forthcoming.

Our skins and duds are yellow dyed  
With iron, lead, and ochre ;  
Besides, our nerves are stiff and dried,  
Just like a kitchen poker.

We possess an unrecorded chapter in connexion with the water supply of old Newcastle. Before the arrangement between William Grey, author of the "Chorographia," and the Corporation in 1647, there can be no doubt that the Newcastle people drew their main supply from wells. The conduit in Pandon Bank would continue to supply the wants of the town in a great measure, but towards the end of the century this was found totally inadequate to meet the growing needs of the consumers. At that time one of the leading men in Newcastle was John Douglas, a solicitor, who subsequently became town clerk. During his visits to London, Douglas became acquainted with William Yarnold, a water engineer, whom he invited to Newcastle with a view to ascertaining if means could be devised for increasing the supply. Yarnold came up to the north in the summer of 1697, and the same year he made a proposal to the Mayor and burgesses "to supply the inhabitants with good and wholesome water by bringing it in main pipes and trunks through the open streets, to the intent that from the said pipes by smaller branches the said water might be carried into all and every the dwelling houses or places where the owners or

occupiers thereof should be willing to take in and pay for the same." Yarnold secured all the available springs inside and outside the walls, and erected cisterns on columns in different parts of the town, and into these he forced the water with an engine. The agreement between Yarnold and the Corporation is dated 11th Oct., 1697. Three years later the contractor admitted his friend Douglas, and fourteen other principal townsmen, into partnership, reserving to himself, however, the entire profits connected with the laying down of new branches and the sale of brass cocks, bosses, lead piping, and "sowder." Being unable to personally superintend the undertaking, Yarnold deputed his friend Douglas to manage for him, and he in turn appointed Lionel Moore his deputy. Thus matters progressed till the year 1707, when Yarnold again visited Newcastle and quarrelled with his head agent, with whom he had a costly and protracted action at law.

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The art of reading must be as old as that of writing, though the former would be more difficult to acquire, owing to the complex system of abbreviations used by the ancient scribes. Last century letter writing was confined to tradesmen and the upper classes. Their correspondence, however, must have been very fitful, since it is recorded that the letter-bag from London once arrived in Newcastle with a single letter.

Prior to the year 1784 the postal communication of the country was in the hands of the postboy, of whom Cowper sings :—

He comes, the herald of a noisy world,  
With spattered boots, strapped waist, and frozen locks.

He was supposed to ride at the rate of five miles an hour, but he frequently dawdled on the road, and sometimes he was stopped by highwaymen, who, however, discontinued the practice on finding that the public had ceased to send anything of value by such an unsafe and uncertain mode of conveyance. Private families of position generally kept a postboy, and these sometimes risked their lives in travelling to and from the nearest post town with letters. Thus, in a letter written on Christmas Eve, 1739, and

franked by John Hedworth, one of the members of Parliament for the county of Durham, Sir Thomas Clavering, of Greencroft, writing to his brother George at Oxford, says :—“ The severity of the weather, and the badness of the roads over the moors, makes the country at present very disagreeable, for the winds have continued so high till within these two days, blowing the snow, that there never was a path over the moor two hours together, which prevented anybody coming here, or our sending the postboy to Durham, on which journey he would assuredly have been lost.” One of the postboys in the same neighbourhood about this time was John Moses, whose career is full of interest. Commencing life in this capacity at Manor House, near Lanchester, he acquitted himself so well that his master, Mr. Mowbray, introduced him to a friend residing at Hull. This gentleman was a partner in a firm engaged in commerce, and the good qualities of young Moses being soon discovered, the firm advanced him from a subordinate position to the counting house. Shortly afterwards he was sent as resident agent to the firm at Riga, where his integrity and business talent induced his employers to admit him to a small share. On his return to this country he married a lady worth £30,000. She dying shortly after their union, he married another with a like fortune, and the same fate attending her, he married a third, who was also mistress of a large sum of money. By this time Moses was a man of immense wealth, part of which he laid out in purchasing an estate at Knitsley, a hamlet at the head of the Lanchester Valley, within sight of the scenes of his early struggles in life, and which remained in the hands of his descendant, an only daughter, who, heiress to immense wealth, became Duchess of St. Albans.

A perusal of the letters written by the upper classes in the last century will show that most of them are franked by members of Parliament, who exercised that privilege. Letters thus endorsed were carried free of charge. The right was very greatly abused, the ladies especially being responsible for much of it, some of them usually having half a quire or so of paper in stock ready endorsed with the autograph of the nearest member of Parliament. In

May, 1784, an attempt was made to limit the privilege, and in connexion with this an amusing bull was perpetrated, a clause enacting that any member who, from illness or other cause, should be unable to write, might authorize some other person to frank for him, provided that, on the back of the letter so franked, the member at the same time gave under his hand a full certificate of his inability to write !

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Callaly Castle, the ancient home of the baronial lords of Clavering, has been furnished with the most recent appliances for extinguishing fire. History repeats itself. More than a century ago a new fire-escape was invented, and one was introduced at Callaly by the then owner, Ralph Clavering. Another was put up at Greencroft by Sir Thomas Clavering, Bart. That at Callaly may have been beaten into ploughshares, if Major Browne has it not in his collection of antiquarian and other relics ; but that at Greencroft still remains to this day, Mr. Tom Taylor-Smith having had it carefully overhauled and repaired when he modernized the mansion about ten years ago. Nobody has ever discovered when fire first became subject to man's control. The missionary Krapf was told by a slave of a tribe in the southern part of Shoa who lived like monkeys in the bamboo jungles, and were totally ignorant of fire. When Magellan, wroth at the pilferings of the inhabitants of the Marianas Archipelago, set their huts ablaze, they thought that fire was a wild beast, and while some approached the flames and were burnt, the others kept aloof, fearing to be torn or poisoned by the powerful breath of the terrible animal. The ancient gods and demons are said to have had some command of fire. Hephæstus looked after the subterranean fire and its vast smithies, and when Vedic Aryans first contemplated the first struggle between fire and water he must have been awestruck. From one of Pliny's letters to the Emperor Trajan respecting a fire in the city of Nicomedia, it is certain that the ancients had fire-escapes and appliances for extinguishing flames.

There is a curious entry in the Rev. Mr. Barmby's "Parish Books" respecting a fire-escape for the city of

Durham more than 200 years ago. This was a ladder containing 31 steps, which was presented to the Church of St. Nicholas by John Heslop in 1674, the donor stipulating that it was to be available for the whole city and suburbs in case of fire. This John Heslop was the famous Durham butcher, and master of the celebrated John Duck, the richest burgess in the annals of that city. A poor boy, Heslop employed him, in defiance of the trade and mystery of Butchers, in whose books appears the following entry : " That he forbear to sett John Duck on work in the trade of butcher." Duck, however, grew rich, and married the daughter of his master, and eventually was created a baronet by James II. He had no children, and of his birth, parentage, and family nothing is known. His death took place on the 26th of August, 1691, and he was buried beside his wife in the Church of St. Margaret's, Durham, where his tombstone still exists.

On Duck the Butchers shut the door,  
 But Heslop's daughter Johnny wed ;  
 In mortgage rich, in offspring poor,  
 Nor son nor daughter crown'd his bed.

Newcastle possessed a fire engine in 1751. Six months previously there had been a serious conflagration in the Close, and it was probably this fact that led to the formation of the fire brigade. Although the town thus early possessed a fire engine, a supply of water was not always available in cases of emergency, and it was to remedy this evil that, in 1797, Mr. Jos. Lamb engaged to purchase the waterworks of the town and neighbourhood for the sum of £4,000 on account of the Newcastle Fire Office. The original balance sheets of this office are before us, and we find that in 1797 the total capital of the company was £18,845 12s. 2d. The profits for the year amounted to £2,545 os. 10d., only £217 12s. 2d. having been paid on account of fires. In 1807, however, the amount paid under this head was £2,956 19s. 6d., leaving only £716 11s. 3d. to be divided among the proprietors, who at that time were Sir Matthew White Ridley, Sir Thomas John Clavering, Charles Ord, Cuthbert Ellison, Aubone Surtees, Alexander Adams, John Reed, Robert Walters, Thomas Gibson, Martin Morrison, Thomas Fenwick, William Russell, William Burdon, Thomas

Bigg, John Paul, John Anderson, Nathaniel Clayton, and William Lloyd.

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Prosperity invariably crowns the efforts of people who begin the battle of life with a determination to succeed. Nearly thirty years ago, Mr. Steggall, the present vicar of Consett, began building a church for the accommodation of a large number of people who were strangers to her services, and by dint of much hard work he raised £3,000. Then a tower was added, and one by one bells were put into it, till at length as merry a peal was rung from the belfry as the most enthusiastic campanologist could wish to hear. Most men, after relieving the public of so much money, would have hesitated before making further appeals for help, but not so Mr. Steggall. He did not send the hat round this time, but went with it himself, and raised £5,000 during a very short pilgrimage, his persuasive eloquence drawing from one gentleman, Mr. Thomas Spencer, of Ryton, a cheque for the magnificent sum of £2,000 towards the erection of schools, which are envied by every clergyman in the diocese. This gentleman is the father of the Rev. Albert R. Steggall, whom Bishop Tucker, in the course of his remarks on Uganda and its people, at the Durham University Commemoration in 1891,<sup>1</sup> incidentally mentioned as the Durham graduate that is working, single-handed and with extraordinary success, as a missionary in Eastern Equatorial Africa. With such a sire it is not surprising that Mr. Steggall has succeeded. It seems but the other day that we walked with Steggall as a boy on the wild hills of Western Durham, and now he is a man full of vigour, and likely to become one of the foremost of labourers in the missionary field.

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On a broken freestone slab which has been built into the gable of a farmstead at Satley, near Lanchester, is a

<sup>1</sup> In 1891, the University of Durham conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity on Bishop Tucker, who was for several years curate of St. Nicholas's Church, Durham. He was a great favourite in that city, and it was his earnestness rather than his eloquence, the homeliness of his illustrations, and his unconventional manner, that so attracted people to him. He is full of sympathy, and is just the man to convert the heathen, where that is possible.

portion of an old grave-cover with part of an inscription upon it. The other portion of the stone, with the rest of the inscription, is in the garden attached to Allansford House, the residence of Mr. J. T. Potts, J.P. When joined, the epitaph on the two stones reads thus :—“ Here Lyeth the Body of Thomas Raw of Wharnley Burn, who departed this life January the 30, Anno Dom : 1714.” According to the popular belief, Raw was a moss-trooper. Being excommunicated by the Church, and probably knowing that he would be refused Christian burial at his decease, Raw, before his death, requested his friends to bury him in a field on the crest of the hill near his house, because he had spent much time there watching the approach of his pursuers, and from that place taking the best route to elude them. The exact spot where the body was buried used to be indicated by a large freestone slab—the same whose whereabouts we have indicated.

The removal of the larger portion of the stone to Satley is accounted for in this way. In the year 1864, when Wharnley Burn was sold to the late Mr. Annandale Town, the previous owner, Mr. John Emmerson, of Willow Green, Frosterley, had it conveyed to his farm at Satley, six or seven miles distant. A few years before it was removed from the field, Mr. Frank Bell, at that time tenant of Wharnley Burn, and Mr. Geo. Siddle, butcher, Castleside, opened Raw's grave and found the skeleton, which was in a good state of preservation, probably owing to the dryness of the soil in which the body was deposited. A visit to the house at Wharnley Burn shows that it has not been much altered since Raw's time. There are three rooms on the ground floor, and the centre one was pointed out to us as having been the sleeping apartment of the mosstrooper. The latter is said to have slept in a beautifully carved box bed, which stood against an oak partition separating his room from the next apartment, where there is a doorway leading to a dense wood. The door from Raw's room to the apartment adjoining was concealed by the bed referred to, and it is said that he used this secret door as a means of escape from his pursuers. This interesting old bed was bought a few years ago by Mr. Scott, of the Sycamores, by whom it was sold to Messrs. Rushworth, of Durham, who

in turn converted it into a mantelpiece for one of the rooms at Greencroft Hall.

That Raw was buried in the field is beyond the shadow of a doubt. Why he was interred there will probably remain a mystery. We found his will in the Probate Registry at Durham, and in this he directs that his body is to be buried according to the discretion of his executors, his brothers Michael and John. Raw's wife Ann was then living, and to her he leaves an annuity of four pounds, a bed and clothes, a press, a chest, and one cow. To Michael he leaves Wharnley Burn, and to his other son, John, he devises Todd Hills, which at his decease is to go to his son Thomas. To his nephew Thomas he leaves the farm of Hollinhal, which was leased from Dr. Oxley. Two other nephews, Joseph and John Marshall, and a niece, Hannah Newton, are mentioned in the will. The inventory of Raw's goods made after his death is dated 27th June, 1715. His apparel was worth £5, and debts amounting to £114 were owing to him.

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Nowhere in the county of Durham do recent census returns show a steadier increase in population than in the Lanchester Union. Pit after pit has been started during the past three decades, and land, which was not deemed worth the enclosing at the time Lanchester common was divided, is now the site of large mining communities, who live and flourish on the mineral wealth below. The growth of Esh may be instanced. Its population was at one time exclusively engaged in agriculture. Spiritually it was served by one curate, who also served Lanchester and Satley. Now the population of Esh alone is served by a vicar and two curates. What would Mr. White and his two curates think of being paid £15 19s. 6d. per annum for their ministrations? And yet this was all that was allowed for the cure of Esh in the year 1742. Satley was still poorer, £10 2s. 6d. being the stipend paid there. One of Mr. Warneford's predecessors, Mr. Miles Patrick, thus writes about it :—“ The Chapel of Satley hath been so long and almost entirely neglected that I cannot come at any particular information of its former state. But as far as I



can learn from the sight of one old writing, the tithes of the township were granted to the inhabitants with this proviso, that they should maintain a sufficient curate at the Chapel. Instead of this they do, and have for many years, allow to the curate only one pound ten shillings for his yearly stipend or maintenance." This "pension," as Mr. Patrick calls it, with £8 derived from land, half-a-crown for the eatage of the churchyard, and ten shillings surplice fees, was all that the curate had for ministering to the spiritual wants of Satley. Lanchester being the mother church, people preferred to be married as well as buried there, so that the surplice fees, one year with another, amounted to a considerable sum. One of Mr. Glyn's predecessors, Mr. Joseph Thompson, has left a comparison of the fees in 1742 and 1807. It shows that in the interval between these years the clergy received considerable advances, the fee for burial in the body of the church rising from half-a-crown in 1742 to a pound in 1807. For a wedding by banns in 1742, 2s. 10d. was charged; in 1807 the charge was 6s. For burial in the churchyard 1s. 10d. was charged; in 1807 the fee was 5s. While in 1742, 3s. 4d. was charged for setting up a tombstone, the charge had increased to 10s. in 1807.

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It is a curious fact that fairs and hoppings were formerly held in churchyards, in honour of the saint to whom the church was dedicated. Mention is made of a fair being held at Morpeth on Magdalene Day in the last year of the twelfth century. At Hartlepool, 16 years later, the fair began on the feast of St. Lawrence, and lasted three days. It is difficult to ascertain the exact prices of horses and cattle at this time. Their relative value, just before the Norman Conquest, may be judged from a law then in force, which provided that if a horse were either wilfully destroyed or lost through neglect the compensation for the value thereof was thirty shillings. The same for a mare or colt was twenty shillings, which was also the value of a man's life; for a wild or untrained mare the compensation was sixty pence; for a mule or ass, twelve shillings; an ox, thirty pence; a cow, twenty-

four pence ; and a pig, eightpence. The price of horses must have fluctuated greatly during the two succeeding centuries. In 1185, fifteen brood mares were sold for the small sum of £2 12s. 6d. Twenty years later, ten horses of a good kind were sold for £20 each, while a pair of Lombardy steeds, which were imported in 1217, fetched the extravagant price of £38 13s. 4d. The inventories of the goods of farmers are a reliable record of the value of stock after that time. In 1353, a horse for agricultural purposes was worth forty pence, and a cow 5s. In 1403, at Lanchester, Robert Todd was sued by Richard Skellett for the unlawful detention of one horse, with saddle and bridle, one bow and twenty-four arrows, and a pair of spurs, of the value, in the whole, of 9s. 8d. On the death of Richard Watson, at Easington, about ten years later, he left goods of the value of 84s. 9d., among which was an ox valued at 10s., a cow worth 7s. 10d., four sheep, 5s. ; and a stirk, 40d. In 1582 a bay horse was worth £4, a black mare, £3 6s. 8d. ; a black filly, 33s. ; an ox, £2 10s. ; and a cow, £2. The holding of markets and fairs in churchyards led to great abuses, and, in the thirteenth year of Edward III., a proclamation was issued by the king forbidding either being held there.

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Canon Tristram is equally at home whether officiating at a function of Mark Masons or playing the rôle of a "hakeem," or medicine man, among the Bashi-Bazouks. In the investiture of his brother masons he comports himself with as much grace and ease as he did one day when, travelling in the land of Moab, he unexpectedly found himself in the tent of a Bedouin woman, whose uncombed and unwashed piccaninnies smothered him with kisses in the hope of getting backsheesh. And this adaptability to circumstances does not desert him when the toils of the day are over, and the members of his craft "proceed from labour to refreshment." The Canon has banqueted on cold sheep's head and rice in the presence of naked Bedouins. He knows what it is to live on Arab flat barley damper for three weeks at a stretch, and he has satisfied his hunger while an accommodating sheikh has affectionately stroked the canonical stomach. He has

been "Hail ! fellow, well met" with an ecclesiastical warrior, a ragged dervish, who boasted of having slain thirty men in fight with his own hands, and he has been in more than one Arab skirmish. It must have been a rare treat to see the veteran Canon of Durham on the war-path. While among the Arabs he had few equals as a diplomatist, and none knew better how to take a bull by the horns or brow-beat a bully. Happening on one occasion to fall into the hands of a horde of thieves, he forced his way to the spot where they were sitting in solemn conclave, and presented himself before the chief in his boots and spurs. The chief is said to have been as much astonished as the old Bedouin lady was after the Canon had administered to her, by accident, an overdose of croton oil.

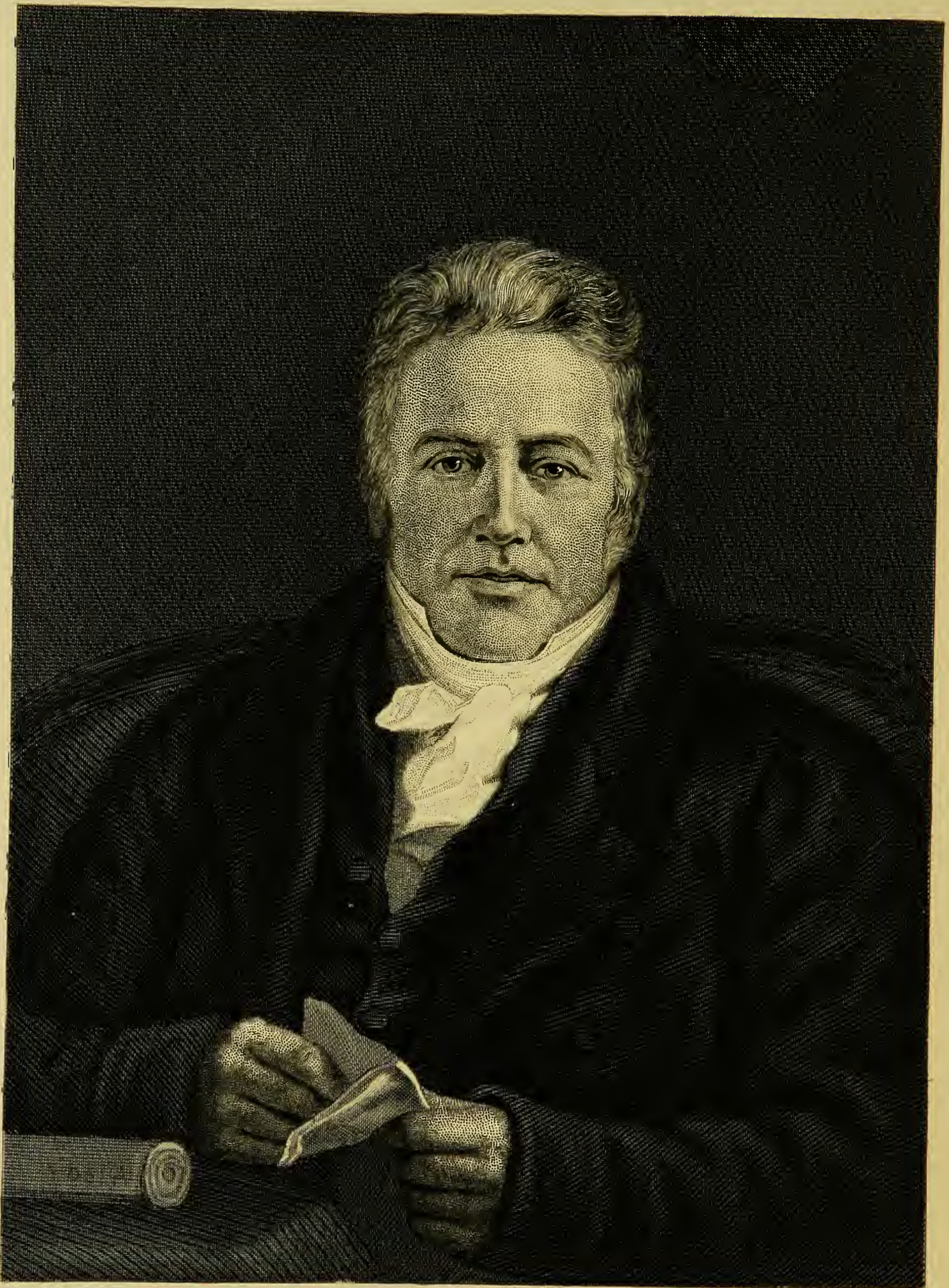
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In 1891, Lord Durham opened a new bridge connecting the north and south sides of the river Wear. It is so close to the hill which is associated with the legendary worm of Lambton that the tradition may be briefly re-told. The story is best narrated by Surtees, and ranks amongst the most popular traditions of the county. It has been transmitted with very little variation from father to son for several centuries. Our forefathers implicitly believed the story, and at the beginning of this century the Lambton retainers used to show visitors a piece of hide which was said to be a portion of the worm's skin ; and a sword, made a hundred years after the slaying of the monster, was also pointed to as the identical weapon by which the worm perished. According to the accepted tradition, the heir of Lambton was one Sunday morning fishing in the Wear, as was his profane custom, when he hooked a worm, which he carelessly threw into a well. The worm grew till the well became too small for it, and one fine morning it was seen coiled round a huge stone in the middle of the river. Sometimes it sought a change of residence by crawling to a hill about fifty yards distant, which it encircled in its folds. Here it lay, watching everything that passed, and swallowing up man, woman, and child, and, in fact, everything that it could waylay and transfer to its capacious maw. So terrible did the reptile become that the neighbouring farmers, despairing of ridding

themselves of its presence, entered into a truce with the monster, and as it had shown a preference for milk, they gave it the produce of nine cows daily. Meanwhile, young Lambton had repented of his youthful imprudences, and knowing that the growth of the worm was the outcome of his Sabbath-breaking, he determined on slaying the fierce monster. Consequently, after consulting a wise woman, he armed himself in a coat of mail studded with razor blades, and went down to the river side in search of the serpent, which he found coiled round a tree. Stepping into the stream, with sword in hand he awaited its attack. In a moment it glided under his legs and wound itself round the body of the knight, who thrust his sword into its mouth, and who had the satisfaction to see the enemy cut in pieces by his own efforts, whilst the stream washing away the several parts prevented the possibility of their reunion, as they had done on a previous occasion before the female oracle had been consulted.







C & E. LAYTON.

LONDON.



I am sincerely yours  
John Howard

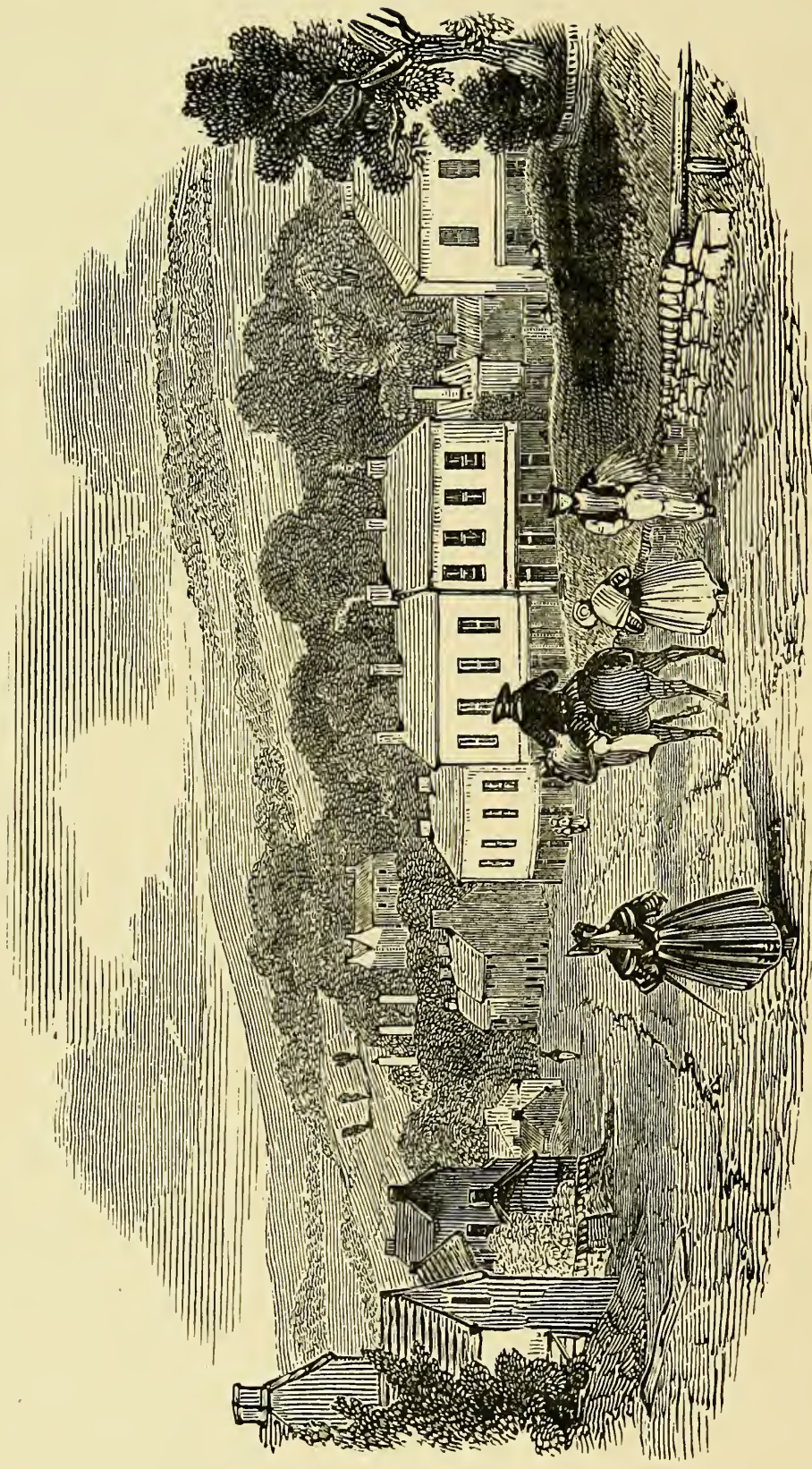
## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### SKETCHES.

Sword Making at Shotley Bridge.—Paper Making.—John Annandale.—George Taylor-Smith.—Ancient Freeholders.—John Murray.—How Poor People used to Live.—Historical Relics.—John Walton.—Rooks and Crops.—Evangelical Sermons.—Centenarians.—Sign-boards.

HISTORY repeats itself. A couple of centuries ago the artisans of the Derwent Valley vied with Toledo in the manufacture of steel, and now Toledo and the famous works overlooking the Derwent at Consett are again foremost in this industry, though the product of their labour is no longer for the destruction of mankind. The swords and other weapons of warfare produced on the Derwent two hundred years ago equalled in flexibility, strength, and elegance those of either Toledo or Damascus. As an instance of this, it is related that one of the sword-makers, Robert Oley, made a wager with eight smiths that he would produce within a fortnight a spring which should excel any they might make. At the expiration of the stated time, Oley appeared at the place of meeting. Coolly placing his hat on the table, he announced that his spring was there, and asked some one to take it out of the hat. None, however, complied with the request, for the spring which lay coiled up in the hat was a fine double-edged sword. Oley himself now took out the sword, and then offered to pay the amount of the wager to any one who could tell which way the weapon had been coiled, but no one was able to do so.

The first steelworkers on the Derwent were Germans, who left their fatherland owing to religious persecutions. The chief of them were the Oleys. This family still exists at Shotley Bridge, and is represented by the veteran auctioneer of that name. The account preserved by Mr. Oley of his ancestors settling on the Derwent is that they sought for a place suited to their purpose in several parts of England, especially near the metropolis, but wanting to



SHOTLEY BRIDGE IN 1840.



conceal the secret of their excellence in tempering, and some other mysteries of their art, they came to the north, and, liking the wooded appearance of the Derwent above Axwell, they followed the course of the river until they reached Shotley, where the remarkable softness of the water, the presence of ironstone in the neighbouring hills, and, no doubt, the seclusion of the spot, induced them to terminate their pilgrimage. These early settlers must have lived in quiet seclusion, for the slopes on each side of the valley were covered with trees, in reference to which there is an old couplet :—

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From Axwell Park to Shotlee,  
A squirrel could leap from tree to tree.

The valley of the Derwent is the home of another old industry, namely, that carried on so long and honourably by the firm of Messrs. Annandale and Sons. The earliest record of paper making there that we can find is between the years 1694-1703, during which period the corn mill at Lintzford was turned into a paper mill, the rent being £7 and “one sworde blade, well made and tempered.”

The founder of the paper-making industry at Shotley Bridge, a manufacture which laid the foundation of the prosperity of that place, was John Annandale, grandfather of the present proprietors of Shotley Grove and Lintzford. Before purchasing the Grove estate in 1812, he carried on the business of paper manufacturer in company with his brother, Alexander Annandale, at Haughton, on the North Tyne, and he seems to have been a man of great energy and perseverance. Having had much experience in paper-making in Scotland and elsewhere before purchasing the Grove Mill, he knew the value of good water supplies, and well understood all departments of the business. He was admitted by his most experienced workmen to be a thorough paper-maker, an upright man, and good master, though a strict disciplinarian ; and his talented successors, inheriting his native sagacity and aptitude for business, have made the firm of “John Annandale and Sons” honoured throughout the kingdom, and the Shotley Grove Paper Mill the first in the North of England.

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The name of Mr. George Garry Taylor-Smith, of Colepike Hall, has to be added to the list of those whose spirits were wafted to immortal life in the year 1891. The family from which Mr. Taylor-Smith traced his descent owned lands at Cornsay Row and Satley in the sixteenth century. Few families can boast a more honourable lineage. Successive generations of them have lived and died in the parishes of Lanchester and Brancepeth, all adhering to the faith of their forefathers, and that, too, in face of the rigorous persecutions which were directed against Roman Catholics in the years subsequent to the Reformation. Among the thousands in all parts of the country who then suffered for being Popish Recusants were the Taylors (the ancient patronymic of the family) and many others residing in Durham. For refusing to attend their parish churches, or objecting to take the oath of allegiance, many persons were consigned to the dungeons of Durham Castle. In the manuscript closet of Bishop Cosin's Library at Durham are many documents which bear silent witness to the rigorous measures that were enforced against them. There is a command in the middle of the seventeenth century that "noe person being a Popish Recusant now in prison be discharged, but such as are very aged or infirm by reason of some disease or sycknesse." It appears that there were then seventeen Popish chapels within a radius of seven miles of Durham Castle. The list was compiled by order of the bishop of the diocese, and some of the information it conveys is so curious that the contents may be briefly indicated. The Bishop was informed that the Popish priests appeared publicly, and that the Archdeacon had been slighted and affronted for taking notice of them, and discouraging their perversion of Protestants. Divers Popish children had been sent to seminaries beyond the sea, and there was then being built at Durham a noble structure which was said to be for Madame Radcliffe, but which was really designed for a nunnery, "for the entertainment of young ladys of that persuasion." Complaint was also made that at Gerard Salvin's chapel at Croxdale, twenty families, almost the entire population of that parish, had been perverted; while at Coxhoe, the incumbent daily conversed and hobnobbed

with the Popish priests. Happily, the age of religious intolerance and persecution has passed away.

Besides being a justice of the peace, Mr. Taylor-Smith was chairman of the Lanchester Board of Guardians. In the guidance of a large public body, quite as much tact and judgment are needed as in the management of a team of horses and the running of a stage coach. Just as the young and skittish horse has to be held with a firm hand, and the paces of an older one accelerated by an occasional crack of the whip, so in like manner must a chairman attempt to regulate those under him, now tightening the ribbons on some loquacious or noisy member, and now relaxing the grip as the team jogs along evenly. During the ten years that Mr. Taylor-Smith presided over the meetings of the Lanchester Guardians, his ship was sometimes in difficulties, but his tact and timely application of a little oil on the troubled waters always enabled him to weather the storm. The Board has existed a little over half-a-century, and, with the exception of the late Mr. Nathaniel Clark, of Beamish Park, whose bright face and genial manners still linger in the memory of his old friends, it is not too much to say that none of its chairmen were more personally popular than Mr. Taylor-Smith, or conducted the business of the union with greater skill and efficiency.

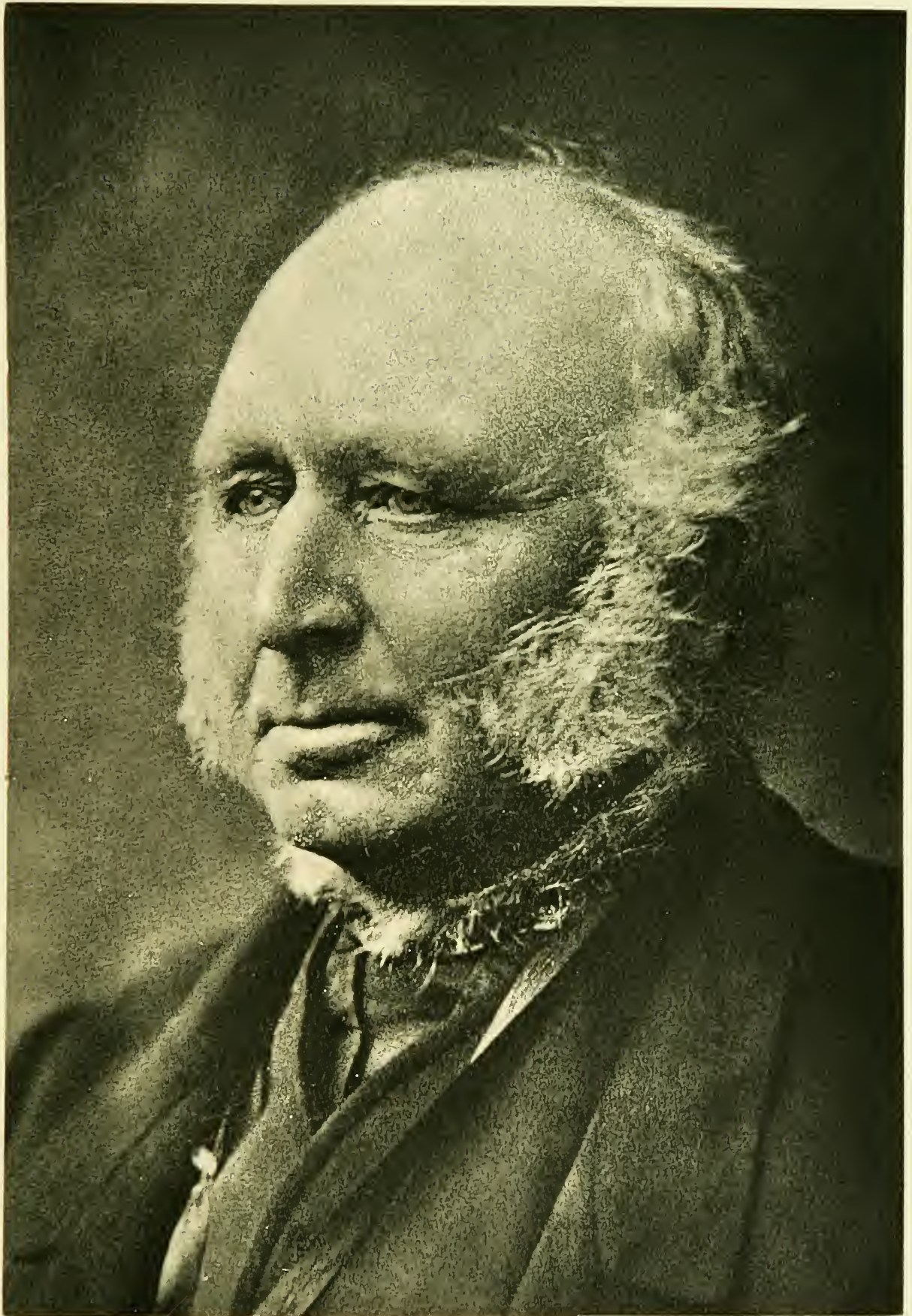
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In a paper, "Systems of Land Tenure in England and Ireland Compared," which was read to the members of the Newcastle Farmers' Club in 1890, Mr. N. G. Clayton stated that there had been a gradual absorption of the old freeholders since the time of Charles the Second. This statement is confirmed by existing documents. In 1675, when the freeholders of the county of Durham sent representatives to Parliament, their number was upwards of 1,200. Ninety years afterwards, when the entire population of the county is supposed to have been about 130,000 souls, the number of freeholders had risen to 2,800. But it is a curious fact that while the population increased from 150,000 in 1794 to 208,000 in 1821, the number of freeholders had gradually diminished. With the growth of the coal trade and the increase of manu-

factures, in the second half of the eighteenth century, came a desire for increased possessions among the rich and prosperous landowners, and in this way the small estates of the freeholders were gradually absorbed by their wealthy neighbours, who were better able to spare the capital necessary to improve them.

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In these days of searching after originality in all things, we wonder that the promoters of concerts and entertainments do not introduce into their programmes a few songs and ballads of the old school. A plaintive ditty of twenty-four verses used to be the correct thing in days gone by, with an occasional comic song of similar length. Mr. Scott, of The Sycamores, Rowley, tells a good story respecting these old-fashioned entertainments. Before the use of the piano became general, young ladies did not often sing in public; and their performances, when they did appear on a platform, did not always satisfy the rural mind. On one occasion the late Mr. John Murray, of Consett, chanced to preside over a concert where sentimentalism largely predominated. He seemed to appreciate the efforts of the fair sex in the first part of the programme, but when the middle of the second portion was reached he lost all patience, and exclaimed—“Houts! houts! with that caterwauling. Let’s have a good comic song!” Mr. Murray was a connecting link between the past and the present centuries, and there was a robustness about his sentiments and language which was always refreshing. He was at one time an auctioneer, and his vocabulary of descriptive terms would have formed a Joe Miller in pure Saxon. As the “father” of the flourishing agricultural society in North-West Durham, he was well known to the agriculturists of the county, being president of the local meetings, to which his presence always lent an interest. We remember once accompanying the old gentleman to Beamish on the occasion of a ploughing match supper. His comfortable but old-fashioned four-wheeler was never known to go more than four miles an hour, and no remonstrance could induce him to increase the pace, his usual reply being that a good man took care of his horses, not only while they



*Woodbury-Gravure.*

JOHN MURRAY.



were useful to him, but also after age rendered them unfit for service. On the return journey, a little before midnight, the pin connecting one shaft and the frame of the conveyance slipped out and was lost, but it in no way upset the equilibrium of Mr. Murray, who quietly proceeded to repair the loss with the leather laces of his boots. The poor old gentleman's end was sad and tragic in the extreme. Returning home one night down a steep bank, the pony, knowing the habits of its indulgent master, must have stopped suddenly, for when found Mr. Murray was lying dead, having evidently been killed by his head falling on a stone on the road.

Octogenarians tell us that in their days large families were brought up on 14s. a week. Flour was sometimes 3s. 6d. per stone, tea was more than thrice its present price, sugar was 6d. per lb., while flesh meat was not much dearer than that now supplied by foreign markets. The solution of the problem, how they did it, seems to lie in the fact that people, and the working classes especially, have lost the simplicity of their ways and mode of living. Things have greatly changed. Forty years ago, poor people made both ends meet in a variety of ways. Their sons and daughters were taught to work. At the harvest time they gleaned as much corn as served them during the autumn. Most families bought a rope or two of potatoes. The best were consumed by themselves, the smaller ones helped to feed the pig, which in turn fed the family with bacon during the winter months. The times have changed even in the matter of names. Now, instead of the familiar Dolly, Mary, and Jane, we have Ethel asked to fetch some coals, Constance is requested to clean the boots, while Florence brings us a glass of water. And there is quite as great a contrast between the present-day tradesman and his prototype of forty or fifty years ago. A tradesman was then almost as stationary as his shop. He was constantly to be found there. Now, however, he can't submit to sit kicking his heels in his shop. He must gossip and discuss politics or the affairs of the town with his neighbours, leaving his shop meanwhile in the hands of assistants and apprentices, who too often play, as the mice do when the cat is away.

There was a nice little bit of local, as well as national, history connected with a sale which Mr. Sarsfield conducted in the city of Durham in 1892. With it is intimately interwoven the rise and fall of several of our oldest families. Just two hundred years ago, Sir Mark Milbanke, of Dalden Tower, Durham, married Jane, the daughter of Sir Ralph Carr, of Cocken. Their great grandson, Sir Ralph Milbanke, of Seaham, who took the name of Noel in 1815, was the father of Lady Byron. Sir Ralph had a brother and sister, the latter marrying Viscount Melbourne. Their portraits are given in a painting which was made during childhood, and this painting, with other Milbanke relics, came into the hands of the Ellis family through the marriage of the late Miss Ellis's father, Captain Ellis, with Miss Richardson, whose grandfather, John Drake Bainbridge, had married Jane, one of the four daughters of Cuthbert Routh, of Dinsdale, whose wife was Judith, daughter of the Sir Mark Milbanke first mentioned. This historical oil-painting was bought by a relative of the family, Dr. Adamson, of Hetton, who also secured a fine portrait of Lady Byron's aunt, Elizabeth, Lady Melbourne, painted by Hudson, pupil of Jonathan Richardson the elder, and master of Sir Joshua Reynolds. A silver tankard which had belonged to John Drake Bainbridge, sold for 19s. an ounce, while a bowl which had been presented to the Company of Skinners and Curriers during the mayoralty of Thomas Mascall, of Durham, in 1667, fetched 51s. per ounce, the Mayor of Durham, (Mr. G. P. Blagdon) being the purchaser. Mascall was an attorney, and wedded the daughter of the celebrated Timothy Whittingham, of Holmside, who used to marry the country folk round about Lanchester in his own house during the Commonwealth. He died in 1686, and, according to the manuscript diary of Jacob Bee, was buried in Crossgate Churchyard. The Rev. C. Morris, vicar of Marston, Oxford, paid £9 10s. for a very handsome dress sword which had belonged to Captain Ellis, and other heirlooms fetched equally high prices, Dr. Adamson paying £14 for a remarkably fine and beautiful old china punch bowl, which had painted on it a series of hunting scenes.

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Mr. John Walton, joiner and builder, the representative of an old family, was laid to rest by the side of his ancestors in the churchyard of Lanchester in 1891. The familiar phrase, "a chip of the old block," was peculiarly applicable to him, his great-great-grandfather, George Walton, having carried on the trade of a carpenter at Lanchester nearly two hundred years ago. In 1721, when the present front of Greencroft Hall was built, with its twenty sash-windows, he did the joiner work, and he also helped to build the west wing in the year following. Labour, as compared with the present rate of wages, was then cheap. Journeymen masons and carpenters received from a shilling to one shilling and twopence a day. The man who made and burnt the bricks was paid at the rate of 4s. 6d. per thousand. But luxuries were dear. Tea must have been a beverage but little used, since a pound of Bohea cost £1 1s. 6d. Coffee was 6s. 8d. per pound. A brace of pheasants cost £1 5s., and snuff was a guinea a pound. Brandy was cheap, being rather less than half-a-crown per quart, while a dozen pints of sherry cost 8s. 4d. Geese were 1s. 3d. each, and ducks 6d. It was only in comparatively recent times that Lanchester became connected with the outside world by railway, and the new method of locomotion coming late in life, Mr. Walton held it in supreme contempt. The "shoemaker's galloway," he used to say, had always carried him without accident, and he rarely availed himself of the railroad except on a long journey. He could walk the distance between Lanchester and Durham, eight miles, in an hour and a half, and was able to walk down many a younger man long after he had reached the allotted span of human existence. Mr. Walton was much attached to the old church, and was fond of relating how one of his ancestors, James Walton, thrashed the parson there. This incident happened in 1575, when one Richard Milner was curate. There had been a long-standing feud between the two, and one Sunday afternoon James and his brother Thomas tackled the parson and his son Michael as they left church. On hearing James threaten to "wap" his father's coat, Michael made for him with a stick, but James, having the longer staff, warded off the blow. At the same moment the other brother

attacked the son from behind, and threw him on to a dung-hill. Thereupon the father threw off his gown, challenged James to combat, and the pair fought lustily till an unlucky blow knocked the curate's staff out of his hand, after which a well-directed crack on the head from the layman's staff terminated the fight.

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Here is a nice little calculation for the members of the "Northumberland Association for controlling the number of Bird Pests of the Farm," or for those who happen to belong to an Anti-Bird Destruction Society. In 1891, a Durham farmer sowed a five-acre field with wheat. The following morning we noticed an army of rooks in possession of it. "What are they after?" we inquired of a hind who was ploughing in an adjoining field. "Picking out the corn," was the reply. "Are they not looking for grub?" we suggested. "Aye, they will eat grub—when they cannot get corn," was the shrewd response. The birds were so spread over the field that we took the trouble to count them. We counted to 360, and there would be a few more. A day or two afterwards they were again in the field, the original number being apparently augmented. Having in our mind a letter which Alderman Scott had written in the *Newcastle Daily Journal* respecting the damage done to the farmer by rooks, we called on a neighbour and asked him to shoot one of the birds. He did so, and, on opening the crop, found 78 grains of corn in it. There was no grub discernible. Now, assuming that each bird had on an average seventy grains in its crop (probably a low computation), this would give a total of 25,200 grains devoured by the rooks at one meal. It would be interesting to know the exact measure or quantity of corn represented by 25,200 grains. Mr. George Grey, of Millfield, Wooler, obligingly answers the question in the following interesting communication:—

If the whole of these were to germinate and arrive at maturity, I think they would each produce on an average four heads, with about 37 pickles in each head, or a total of, say, 150 for each one planted. The 25,200 which the rooks actually took would therefore have produced 3,780,000 (25,000 by 150). A bushel of wheat will contain about 700,000 pickles. Divide 3,780,000 by 700,000 and we have 5·4 bushels as the produce of the corn taken by the rooks.

A very considerable deduction, must, however, be made for non-germinating seeds and for losses from other causes. I think the following mode will be found to show more accurate results. The usual quantity of seed sown per acre is  $2\frac{1}{2}$  bushels. From this sowing we would expect, say, 42 bushels, or a rate of increase of 16·8. Now, multiply the quantity consumed by the rooks, viz., 25,200 pickles, by 16·8 and we get 423,360 pickles as the produce. This (on the supposition that there are 700,000 grains in a bushel) is equal to about three-fifths of a bushel.

If we take the price of wheat as being 4s. 4d. per bushel, then three-fifths of that would be about 2s. 8d., and this last-mentioned sum represents the cost of allowing 360 rooks to have *one* free breakfast.

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It is said that our curates are so hard worked during the week that many are unable to snatch the necessary time that is required for the preparation of a sermon, and that, consequently, they are obliged to adopt one that has been obligingly prepared to meet such cases of emergency. The late Archdeacon Bland, the most amiable of men, always carried a family sermon or two in his pocket, and these on many occasions helped a brother out of a serious dilemma. But of the thousands of sermons that are preached every year, it is surprising how few are printed. Some of the best, the most eloquent, because simplest in their language, that we know of were the production of a curate.<sup>1</sup> They were so evangelical in tone, so sympathetic, so full of freshness and originality, that Bishop Baring presented the author to a living on the first vacancy.

Let us hope that a similar reward may follow the publication of a volume which was issued in 1892 by another graduate of Durham, the Rev. Alfred O. Smith. "Balaam and other Sermons," is the title. The discourses are a departure from the "dry-as-dust" order, as may be inferred from the fact of their being dedicated to Dr. Farrar, the learned, mirthful, anecdotal Professor of Divinity in the University of Durham. There are many beautiful thoughts and images in the discourse based on the expression used by the Psalmist—"It is good for me that I have been afflicted." Hard though it be to grasp the truth, it is nevertheless a fact that the bitterest cup that we have to drink is sometimes mixed and administered by the most loving hand in the universe. Varied as are

<sup>1</sup> Sermons, by the Rev. J. Willmore Hooper.

the forms which suffering assumes, the experience of ages has taught us that when affliction comes it is designed for our benefit or to do us good. In his memoir of Bernard Gilpin, the Rev. Mr. Collingwood tells us how an accident saved the life of the Apostle of the North. While his enemies were taking him to London a prisoner, to martyrdom, as he thought, he broke his leg on the journey, his arrival being thus delayed till the news of Queen Mary's death freed him from further danger. Few motives to prayer are more powerful and effectual than those furnished by affliction. In its pain and helplessness the soul instinctively turns to the Omnipotent and breathes its wants to God. It was the poet Cowper, speaking from deep and painful experience, who said :—

Trials make the promise sweet,  
Trials give new life to prayer,  
Trials bring me to His feet,  
Lay me low, and keep me there.

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The lives of centenarians would, we believe, afford interesting material for a book. People seem to have lived longer last century than now, and when authenticated instances of longevity occurred they usually found their way into the newspapers. Such items were chronicled in the briefest terms, however ; hence it is that little or nothing has been handed down to us of the lives of such people, beyond the stereotyped remark that “they retained their faculties to the last.”

Recently, in turning over some old papers in the Bishop's Registry, at Durham, we discovered a number of documents which throw considerable light on the career of a lady who was a prominent figure in Newcastle upwards of a century and a half ago, and whose husband, the Rev. Dr. Thomlinson, will always be remembered as having given his valuable collection of books to the Church of St. Nicholas, many years before his death at Whickham in 1749.

The tomes which Dr. Thomlinson gave to the church caused much contention for many years, and it is somewhat singular that the disposal of the worldly goods of his widow also created a vast amount of contention and strife. She died in 1769, in her 102nd year, leaving a will which

was subsequently contested in the law courts. It is from the original depositions in this case that we are enabled to glean the following particulars of the life of this remarkable woman.

After her husband's death, she continued to live at Whickham, where she used to be visited by her neighbours and acquaintances. The Rev. John Brand, the historian of Newcastle, frequently visited her. In the spring of 1769—the year of her death—he dined with the old lady. “She then,” he says, “looked lively and well, ate heartily than otherwise, and behaved with great civility. She gave a very remarkable toast at table :—

The King God bless,  
The Church no less,  
Which good Queen Bess  
Did long possess,  
With good success.

Her memory then seemed to be good, and she made many inquiries about particular families in Newcastle.” Mr. Brand again visited Mrs. Thomlinson in the month of August, in the same year, and he observed little alteration in her ; but on his next visit, six weeks or two months before she died, she was very much changed. She then asked at least a dozen times who he was, and her whole behaviour showed great weakness, both of body and intellect. Mrs. Wibbersley, wife of the rector of Whickham, visited her often, and took tea and played cards with her till within a short time of her death. The Rev. R. Dent, curate, gives a most interesting account of the old lady. He visited her on Easter Sunday, 1769, and administered the sacrament to her. The circumstance is thus described by Mr. Dent :—

In giving the sacrament to her she repeated, of her own accord, the “Confession of Sins,” without being prompted by anybody. Afterwards, when I came to these short sentences, “Lift up your hearts,” &c., she answered in an audible voice, “We lift them up unto the Lord.” She also joined in the hymn beginning “Glory be to God on High.” She was looked on by her neighbours as a very extraordinary instance of retaining strong sense, memory, and understanding, considering her very great age, and I was first introduced to her on that account ; and for these reasons she was visited by several persons who were not before acquainted with, or known to her, from their great desire of being introduced to, and conversing with, a person of such strength of memory. On some occasions when I visited her, she would ask who I was, and at other times, on seeing me, she would say, “I have forgot your name, but I know you are the minister of the parish.” At some of the visits,

having asked my name, she would repeat the question, and then add, "I think I have been asleep again since you came in," and in reality was so sometimes.

Mrs. Askew, wife of Dr. Askew, of Newcastle, thus describes a visit she made to Mrs. Thomlinson a few years before her death :—"I was once present when a party at cards was made, which was a great amusement to her ; and in playing, when any of the party played the game, which was commonly 'Looe,' wrongly, she would interpose and tell them that they did not play the game properly. Within two years before she died she made me a present of a pair of garters of her own knitting." Mrs. Thomlinson had told Mrs. Askew of Lord and Lady Ravensworth's visit to her, and, referring to this circumstance, Mrs. Askew says :—"She (Mrs. Thomlinson) told me that she imagined Lord and Lady Ravensworth expected to meet with an old woman upon crutches, but that she received them at her chamber door without crutches."

Mrs. Carr, of Dunston Hill, went with her niece to see Mrs. Thomlinson in October, 1769. "She was lying in her bedchamber, and asked who my niece was, and upon telling her she took my niece by the hand and said, 'I am glad to see anybody that belongs to Mrs. Carr, and particularly you, ma'am.'" But after this visit Mrs. Thomlinson lost the use of her faculties, and for several weeks preceding her dissolution she was in a state of absolute dotage. Mrs. Ornsby, the wife of a clerk to Mrs. Crowley, describes her closing moments in the following manner :—"Several toys and babies, such as are used by children, were made for her, and I caught butterflies for her, with all which she played and amused herself. Amongst others she had a toy in the shape of a lamb, which she sometimes put into her mouth and say she would eat it. She frequently asked where she was, and on being told at Whickham, she would immediately say she did not know where Whickham was. When we were undressing her for bed she would inquire what we meant to do with her, and on telling her she would immediately ask what to do there. She often talked about Tom Thumb, calling herself Tom Thumb's wife and Punch's

wife. She would say, 'Will you throw me into the Tyne?' 'Who keeps me?' 'How are we for clergymen now?' 'Who is the rector?' 'Is it Christmas?' 'Is it the hopping?' She would look through the window of her room at the churchyard, and call the grave-stones 'pigs and swine.'"

If parish records and monumental inscriptions may be relied on, the percentage of our forefathers who reached the age of 100 years was greater than it is now. In the parish of Jarrow, between 1786-1818, no fewer than seven centenarians are mentioned in the records. The last-named year affords an instance of a patriarchal pair, who had lived and loved together through many a changing year, dying within a few hours of each other. On February 21st, Hannah Bell, aged 100, died at Heworth at three o'clock in the morning; and her spouse, who was three years her senior, died of a broken heart six hours later, both being buried in the same grave. A parallel case occurred at Eggleston in 1826, when Mr. William Hutchinson and his wife died within a few hours of each other, and were similarly interred. A year before, a midwife named Dorothy Dale died at Low Heworth who was the means of bringing no fewer than 3,200 children into the world. This woman must have been as great a benefactress to the human race as the lady whose death is recorded at St. Hilda's, South Shields. Her name was Dorothy Watson, and she died in 1705, aged 83, having lived to see the fourth generation, to the number of 116, all sprung from herself. Another matronly Dolly is mentioned in the same register. She was the spouse of Ralph Harrison for the long period of 74 years, having married when she was nineteen. She lived till she was 93, while her husband was within two years of being a centenarian when he died.

The case of David Mitchell, who died at Lanchester Workhouse in 1883, is an instance of the prolongation of human life far beyond the usual limits. Mitchell was full of reminiscences of the war between England and France in the early years of this century. Originally a seaman, he was captured by a privateer and confined as a prisoner at Valenciennes along with Sir Thomas Clavering and

other North-countrymen. He was in his 104th year when he died, and he used to say that the pleasantest periods of his life were when he was on parole as a prisoner in France, and that portion of it which was spent with Mr. Brotherhood, the master of the Workhouse.

It may be accepted as a general rule, that the sooner a being attains maturity the sooner it propagates, and the shorter will be the duration of its life. But there are exceptions to this rule, as in the cat, for instance, which is mature before the end of the first year, and still occasionally lives to the age of twenty years. The duration of life among animals varies much. The horse does not live more than forty years, the ox fifteen to twenty years, sheep, goats, hares, and rabbits from seven to ten years. Dogs and pigs live from fifteen to twenty years. Among trees the yew perhaps lives longest. The oak grows from 800 to 1,500 years. The lime will flourish in some situations for a thousand years. Those on the Palace Green at Durham are said to have been planted in the reign of Elizabeth.

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In a previous chapter we have shown that there are many curious inscriptions on grave-stones. In out-of-the-way places, quaint inscriptions are still occasionally to be found on shop and trade signs. In the village of Brancepeth, near Durham, there used to be a little shop with the following whimsical intimation above the doorway :—“Bread and beer sold here to-morrow for nothing.” It would be spoiling the joke to explain it. Thirty years ago the leading sweep in the city of Durham was John Kinnear. He lived when boys were sent up chimneys instead of patent brushes, and it may be said to his credit as an honest workman that he always insisted on the brush being held out of the chimney as proof that the work was done thoroughly. The sign of his house in Framwellgate bore the following poetical effusion :—

John Kinnear lives here,  
Sweeps clean, but not too dear ;  
If your chimney's set on fire,  
He'll put it out at your desire.

There used to be a poetical sweep in the Derwent Valley. He was best known as the Mayor of Shotley Bridge, at



which place he resided. On his sign was a representation of a donkey rampant.

Public-house signs, like shop signs, are almost things of the past. Mr. Hadley, land agent, of Birmingham, sends us one which he copied from the sign of "The Traveller's Rest," not far from the village of Slaley, in 1892.

If you go by and thirsty be,  
The fault's in you, and not in me ;  
Fix'd here am I, and hinder none—  
Refresh, pay, and travel on.

Mr. J. E. Peele, of Durham, gives us another rendering of the above, which occurred at "The Horse Shoe," a wayside public-house in the neighbourhood of Fishburn. After the intimation that it hinders none, was an invitation to "call in and bait and travail on." Mr. Peele also says that at a public-house at Sacriston, the "Robin Hood," there used to be a sign on which was painted—"If Robin Hood is not at home, call in and drink with Little John."

There was a second "Robin Hood" Inn at Mount Pleasant, near Crook. A gentleman who remembers it says that it had a pictorial scene to represent a forest, with the figure of "Robin Hood" dressed a bright red, and that of "Little John" in bright green. Underneath were the lines :—

Gentlemen, my ale is good,  
This is the sign of Robin Hood ;  
If Robin Hood be not at home,  
Come and drink with Little John.

Five or six years ago the tenant of the inn pulled down this sign, and put in its place one of more modern style, and changed the name of the house. What has become of the old one is a mystery.

The following was for many years on a sign at Willington, near Durham. It is quoted from memory :—

Since man to man's been so unjust,  
I do, therefore, no man trust ;  
I've trusted too much, to my sorrow—  
Pay to-day, and trust to-morrow.

At New Durham, on the sign of "The Rising Sun," is a representation of that orb, and underneath is the witty and *à propos* legend :—

The best ale under the sun.

Near the Duck Pond, in Gilesgate, Durham, there formerly existed a public-house, "The Dun Cow," with this sign :--

Come ye from the east,  
Or come ye from the west,  
Just taste the Dun Cow's milk,  
You'll find it is the best.



## CHAPTER XXXIX.

### SKETCHES.

Freemasonry.—Tithes, Offerings and Oblations.—The Writings and Letters of Athanasius.—Holy Wells.—Dr. Westcott.—Anecdotes of Bishop Baring and the Cathedral Verger.—Changes in Durham.—Preachers and Preaching.—Greek or no Greek.—Sedgefield.—Collectors and Antiquaries.—The Hedley Family.

WE wish that Canon Tristram, or Mr. Strachan, or Mr. Logan, or some other Masonic authority would enlighten us more about early Freemasonry. It would interest us all to know something respecting the men who built the old castles in Durham and Northumberland, and to know what lodge the builders of Durham Cathedral belonged. Probably the masons were among the first to have a guild of their own. St. Alban, the first martyr for Christianity in this country, is said to have been a great patron of the masons. There seems to have been a successful agitation among them for higher wages in his time, and only society men were permitted to work on any building with which the members of a lodge were concerned. There was a master and warden connected with each lodge, and the whole dwelt in an encampment near the building they were employed to erect. It is a noteworthy fact in connexion with Mark Masonry in Northumberland and Durham that the North-country furnishes the first record of Mark Masonry in the kingdom. Until recently the year 1777 was assigned as the earliest reference to the Mark Degree; but in looking over the minutes of the Marquess of Granby Lodge, Mr. Logan made the discovery that a Mark Master Mason's Lodge existed in the city of Durham four years anterior to that date.<sup>1</sup> The reference to it is under the date December

<sup>1</sup> "History of Freemasonry in the City of Durham," by William Logan.

21st, 1773, thus :—“ Bro. Barwick was also made a Mark'd Mason, and Bro. James Mackinlay raised to the Degree of a Master Mason, and also made a Mark Mason, and paid accordingly.”

To any one not within the mystic circle, the groups of capital letters, PGJD, PPGMO, and so on, following the names of the gentlemen who usually take part in the proceedings of the Masons, must be as unintelligible as reading the dictionary was uninteresting to the poor country lass who waded through its hard words in the belief that it was a new novel. How long Masonry has existed in Alnwick is a mystery that the craft itself cannot determine. An enthusiastic brother once averred that it flourished there when its pride and glory, the princely castle of the Percys, first raised its head. Anyhow, a lodge seems to have been held there so far back as the year 1701. If the records of this old lodge exist, they would throw some light on the working of the craft, and perchance tell us something of the men who flourished on the Aln during the reign of Queen Anne. But it is to be feared that they have gone the way of the old writings of many other lodges. In a schedule of the jewels, furniture, and books belonging to the Marquess of Granby Lodge in 1775, mention is made of a large oak box, containing papers and many other things relating to Masonry. When Mr. Logan made an inventory of the goods of that lodge, he was unable to identify a single article, save one little book, Hutchinson's " Spirit of Masonry," whose dog-eared, dilapidated condition had apparently saved it from the common fate. Box, jewels, seals, copper-plates, prints of the Dedication, and a view of Solomon's Temple, and other moveables, representing the goods and chattels of the ancient and honourable fraternity of Free and Accepted, all had disappeared. Even the pair of fustain drawers, probably worn by Sir Cuthbert Sharp himself, had been spirited away, and not a leg remained of the mahogany chairs on which erstwhile sat the Master and the Senior and Junior Wardens. Quart, pint, and gill measures, thirty-seven drinking glasses, with the emblems of Masonry on them, had been swept away as ruthlessly as the bean box had been torn from its pedestal.

Of the 46 or 47 lodges that have been warranted in the Province of Durham since the introduction of Masonry, twelve have collapsed. The minute book of one of these defunct institutions, the Wear Lodge, at Chester-le-Street, was recently intercepted by us, along with other masonic items, while on the way to the paper mills. The formal opening of this lodge in 1835 must have been attended with great pomp and show. Sir Cuthbert Sharp, D.P.G.M., from the Palatine Lodge, was there, and the scribe who kept the minutes says that Bro. Hardy delivered an excellent oration suitable to the occasion. On the 2nd November the lodge was duly opened in the first degree, when several brethren having been found worthy to be passed to the second degree, "the lodge was opened on the square for the instruction and improvement of craftsmen." At the succeeding meeting, Bro. Thomas Burn, long the popular mine host of the Lambton Arms, was introduced and initiated into the first degree. On December 7th, after Bro. Scott had been raised to the sublime degree of Master Mason, the brethren were "called from labour to refreshment." The year following, Bro. Muir gave a lecture on Masonry, Bro. Russell was examined as to the proficiency he had made in the art, and Bro. Gillespie presented a snuff box, which the members of the craft embellished with an engraved plate in commemoration of the event. On the 14th November the brethren were informed by Bro. Mills, W.M. of the Granby Lodge, Durham, that a new lodge room was about to be built at Chester-le-Street by the Earl of Durham; and at the succeeding meeting there is this remark:—"For the prevention of internal disquietude, that if any brother shall present himself in a state of inebriety, he shall be refused admission." Subsequent to this period the affairs of the lodge were in an unsatisfactory state. Members did not attend, and subscriptions fell in arrear. In 1845, Brother Young intimated that he had with considerable difficulty got the accounts into a tolerably satisfactory state, and he proposed that the evening's refreshments should be defrayed out of a balance remaining in his hand as treasurer, a proposition which gave general satisfaction. In 1850

the members had serious thoughts of closing the lodge, owing to the brethren refusing to pay their subscriptions. On December 30th, the W.M., Brother Turnbull, concludes his record of the meeting in the following words :—“ The Holy Bible and working tools belonging to this lodge are not forthcoming. Strict inquiry ought to be made respecting the same, be wherever they may.” The lodge was erased from the list nine years later.

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The legal recognition of tithes dates from about 786, and there seems always to have been an indisposition to pay them. In former days, and in fact until within half a century ago, the machinery of the ecclesiastical courts was in constant motion against those who withheld the usual oblations, obventions, and offerings exacted by the Church. The Consistory Court of the Bishopric of Durham, which had jurisdiction over the two counties, was from time to time the theatre of much protracted litigation. One of the many remarkable cases that appear on its records was that of Peter Watson, of Chester-le-Street, which began in 1821 and lasted seven years. Peter was a cordwainer or shoemaker. As, in his investigations and support of his opinions, he spent £1,178 12s. 1d. of his substance among the lawyers, and more than two years of his life in prison, he may be justly allowed to know something on the subject of tithes, offerings, oblations, &c.<sup>1</sup> When summoned to appear before the Vicar-General for non-payment of an “ oblation ” due to the church at Chester-le-Street, the cobbler proved himself more than a match for that official. “ Pray, sir,” said he, “ what does the oblation signify? These oblations, no doubt, had their origin in the ignorance, and were blended with the Popish superstition of our forefathers. When afflicted with sickness, or when it was supposed they were drawing nigh unto death, they sent for their priest confessor, whose first care was to impress on the mind of the sufferer the importance of leaving a large portion of his worldly substance to the Church, by which, and the prayers of the priest, he was

<sup>1</sup> “ The Laws of Tithes, Offerings, Oblations, &c.,” by Peter Watson.

assured he would be enabled to pass through Purgatory straightway into the Meadow of Ease, where he would remain until it should please St. Peter to open for him the gates of Paradise." "Well," observed the Vicar-General, trying to hide a laugh, "there is also an obvention." "Aye," replied Peter, "this originated in the year 693, when Ina reigned King of the West Saxons. At this period an iron chest was fixed in the porch of the church, or in some conspicuous place near the entrance. Here such persons as attended divine service deposited their mite—some a halfpenny, some a penny, others twopence, or what they thought proper and convenient, while others contributed nothing. As soon as divine service was over, the minister and churchwardens examined the chest, and gave the contents to charitable uses—to succour the widow and the fatherless orphan, the sick, the infirm, and the destitute; but," he added with dramatic effect, "it was never applied to, or intended for, the use of such persons as the curate of Chester." The curate's original claim was for 1s. 2d., which included a demand of 4d. for his clerk. This the court decided to be illegal, and reduced it to 10d., under the following heads:—6d. for an "offering hen," 1d. for "smoke penny," and 3d. for two communicants. "You see," remarked the curate's proctor, coaxingly, "there is only tenpence demanded." "Then," answered Peter, "if the demand is but tenpence, how comes the curate to have collected 1s. 2d.?"—The Proctor: "Then you refuse to pay the sum of 10d. so charged?"—Peter: "I do; and rather than submit to pay an exaction so evidently illegal, without more proofs in justification of the claim than you have produced, I would suffer myself to be flayed alive and my skin to be nailed to the church door, to intimidate others from coming to your court!"

The town of Sunderland furnishes some curious facts respecting the collection of tithes. In 1767 there existed an ancient custom of paying the Rector of Bishopwearmouth certain sums of money known as Easter offerings or oblations. Each plough in the parish was taxed to the tune of a penny, called a plough penny; the communicants at church paid three-halfpence; and there was a third toll of sixpence which was termed a hen-penny. One of the

rector's parishioners was William Ettrick, of the High Barnes. Mr. Ettrick was a man of irascible temper, and held the clergy in light esteem. Burnett, one of the historians of Sunderland, says of him, "that he was a most active and useful magistrate, of independent spirit, something of a humorist, and both feared and respected." His humour took a strange turn at times, and it is certain that he was much more feared than loved. He possessed a remarkably large hand-bill or chopper, very sharp on both edges, with which he lopped off an overgrown twig or flourished it about the head of his neighbours, just as circumstances arose and the humour seized him. When his wife ventured to light the fire without his permission he would scatter the burning coals about the room. Sometimes he amused himself by throwing his wife's linen out of the bedroom window. He objected to expensive dinners, observing that second courses and expensive ones were the bane of neighbourly intercourse. On one occasion he invited Mr. Storey, a neighbour, to dine with him. Finding that his spouse had provided some custards, he threw a skimming dish at her head, and ordered one of the maids to throw the custards down the hole of an outbuilding. When the demand was made upon him for the Easter reckonings, he flew into a rage, and it is more than probable that the tither's head would have paid the penalty of his temerity if the two-edged chopper had been at hand. Dr. Bland, the then rector, thinking that his persuasive eloquence might have a better effect, next presented himself at High Barnes. On the mention of hen-penny and plough-penny, Mr. Ettrick smiled benignly, as a cat would smile on a mouse before devouring it. But the parson was serious, and so was Mr. Ettrick. The latter slowly put off his coat, whereupon the rector, knowing his combative disposition, made a backward movement, in which he was helped by a snarling dog, which seemed bent on doing its master's bidding. These facts are not drawn from the imagination; but from the written records of the Consistory Court at Durham, whither Mr. Ettrick was summoned to appear. But the rector was as unfortunate there as he had been on the scene of battle, it being proved by Mr. Ettrick that High Barnes, Low Barnes, and Pallion



paid the sum of £14 3s. 4d. as an ancient modus or prescript rent for and in lieu of tithe and Easter offerings.

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Of all the great Churchmen of the fourth century, and they were many, the first place must be accorded to Athanasius. He yields to none in greatness of intellect and determined courage. A Jerome or Augustine in the West, a Gregory Nazianzen or Chrysostom in the East, may be named among his peers; but great as they undoubtedly were, magnificent as were the services they rendered, they themselves would be the first to allow the primacy of the great Patriarch of Alexandria.

To sketch generally the life of the saint would not be a difficult task. Everybody knows its main features: the young Archdeacon of Alexandria at the Council of Nicaea in 325; his election as Bishop of Alexandria in 328; after this, his life alternating between times of peace and times of persecution until 366, when he was finally restored to his see. Then there was an interval of seven years, of comparative quiet, before his death, which took place in 373. To fill this in, however, is a matter of considerable difficulty. Previous to Nicaea little is known of Athanasius. The tale of his acting the part of a bishop when a boy, and administering the rite of baptism, must be consigned to the list of things unproven. Of course, as a foreshadowing of his future it is an interesting incident, could it be proved, but beyond that the story has no value. With the Council of Nicaea in 325, the stormy and best known part of the life of Athanasius set in. For a period of forty years he stood forth as defender of the faith against Arius and his followers, whether they were full-blown or only semi-Arians. Carlyle, in his early years, used to say that the Christian world was torn in pieces over a diphthong; but the verity for which Athanasius contended so stoutly was no mere matter of words. On it depended the whole Christian faith. As has been well said in Gore's Bampton Lectures, "Arius's conception of Christ, whatever the intellectual motives which produced it, assigned to Him in effect the position of a demi-god." It was against this that Athanasius waged his life-long warfare. The saying "Athanasius contra mundum" is not more epigrammatic

than true, when we consider the odds against him. Arianism reigned supreme from the throne downwards. In 359, at the Council of Ariminum, the cause of Arius seemed triumphant; as St. Jerome said, "the whole world groaned and was astonished to find itself Arian." But there is no need for us to go into details. Those who wish to master the history of this important period of Church history cannot do better than take Mr. Robertson as their guide.<sup>1</sup> His book contains most if not all of the important work of Athanasius. The translation is principally the Oxford translation revised by the editor, though a large portion of the work is due to Mr. Robertson himself; especially the renderings of the two books against the heathen, the defence of Dionysius, and the personal letters. Of these works there is no need to say more than that, in addition to being a close version, the translation is eminently English. But to say this is simply to assert that the scholarship is good, and no one who is acquainted with the editor's little edition of the "De Incarnatione," published some years ago, would have expected anything else. The work in which the editor is really able to do justice to himself is to be found, however, in the masterly prolegomena and introductions. The introduction to the "Vita Antonii," and, above all, the introduction to the letters, may be taken as examples. Here, if we mistake not, Mr. Robertson has been able to throw a new light on some of the unsettled points in the chronology of Athanasius. Here, also, he has turned to good use the "Historia Acephala" and the "Festal Index." Turning to the prolegomena, it may be justly said of it that the writer speaks—if the expression may be allowed—from the abundance of his knowledge. In no single book heretofore has it been possible to get such a grasp of the history of the Nicene age and of the problems which had then to be solved. But it is no good going on trying to pick bits out for commendation when all is good, though perhaps chapter v, and the two tables which succeed, will be found specially useful. Mr. Robertson has made a notable addition to English patristic literature, and his fourth

<sup>1</sup> "Select Writings and Letters of Athanasius, Bishop of Alexandria." Edited with Prolegomena, Indices, and Tables by the Rev. Archibald Robertson, Principal of Bishop Hatfield's Hall, Durham.

volume of the "Select Library of Nicene and Post-Nicene Fathers" is a welcome addition to a valuable series. Among those specially mentioned as having rendered him assistance are the Rev. Henry Ellershaw and Miss Payne Smith, the former having translated the life of Antony, while the latter revised the Oxford translation of the bulk of the Festal Letters.

Northumberland and Durham used to possess many holy wells, whose origin is a matter of history and need not be repeated. These sacred fountains were thought to possess healing virtues. There is one at Shotley Bridge. While the Saxon remained the mother tongue, the place was denominated the Hally Well, "hally" being a later form of the Saxon word "halig," meaning holy, as so many wells were accounted. Many think that "hally well" is a corruption or provincialism, but, as Ryan points out in his interesting little history of Shotley Spa, the name correctly describes the ancient fountain, and the fact of its still being applied to the place by the old residents in the Derwent Valley shows that the common people preserve the original of names longer than the learned. The water at Shotley is thought to be remedial in scrofulous complaints, the universal opinion thereabouts being expressed in a couplet—

No scurvy in your skin can dwell  
If you only drink the Hally Well.



THE HALLY WELL IN 1840.

The Holy Well is situated in the middle of the Spa Grounds, and is surrounded by some romantic scenery. After passing through the lodge gates, a broad walk or carriage road, winding under a lofty canopy of trees, leads towards the fountain, on reaching which the visitor observes that he has entered a natural park, and treads on the arena, or rather the meadow floor, of a vast amphitheatre, formed by the graceful circumvolution of the banks towering around ; the trees, of rich and varied foliage, and rising above each other on the valley sides, appear as innumerable spectators. Around the area of this amphitheatre, the carriage road, pleasingly curved, runs nearly a mile, sometimes skirting the wood, and again going under its canopy, sometimes being inflected by the Derwent's pebbled channel, and again allowing an intervening plantation to close in the scene and increase the musical ripple of the stream. While contemplating these beautiful surroundings the visitor may be tempted to exclaim with Mr. Lax, in his poem, " Shotley Bridge "—

Here, in these shades, in summer's genial air,  
 'Mid gardens sloping toward the river's shore,  
 Are flowers as fragrant, blushing maids as fair,  
 As Eastern clime can boast, or gods adore.

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Dr. Westcott, successor to Dr. Lightfoot, addressed the undergraduates of the University of Durham, in Bishop Cosin's Library, on the 28th of May, 1890. The reception given to the new Visitor must have been one of the most pleasing incidents connected with his acceptance of the Bishopric. Dr. Westcott seems to be an intensely earnest man. This is shown by his speech and in all his movements. Cheer after cheer greeted his happy comparison of his late surroundings at Cambridge with those at Durham, and these were echoed during his graceful allusion to the teaching staff of the University. As the new Bishop gripped the hands of those who were there to bid him welcome, and subsequently marched off with his own carpet bag, we could not help thinking that the diocese had got a worthy successor of a great and good man. In him, as in Dr. Lightfoot, immense learning is blended with extreme humility. In the old days of episcopal pride and luxury, the bishops of Durham moved

about with a coach and four. Dr. Baring was the first to put aside all this pomp and show, and when he was seen carrying his own carpet bag into the Cathedral his verger rubbed his eyes to make certain that he was not dreaming. Hastening up to the present Professor of Divinity, he began lamenting the degeneracy of the times. "What's the matter now, Moore?" asked Dr. Farrar, always willing to humour the old gentleman. "The matter, sor! Things are comen' to a fine pass noo, when the Bishop o' Dor'm comes heor wi' his aan carpet bag!" Moore was a full-flavoured north Northumbrian, a great admirer of Archdeacon Thorp, first warden of the University, whom he always regarded as the most "poorful" preacher under the sun. Shortly after Dr. Baring was enthroned, his good lady chanced to walk into the Cathedral one day. While Moore, who was the bishop's verger, was conducting her round the Galilee, in ignorance of her identity, she observed to him that she supposed he had seen several bishops of Durham in his time. "Aye, that aa hev," was his reply, "and this is the waarst that ivor we had!"

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Durham does not grow much. *Festina lente*. The mighty oak does not spring up in a day. When its foundation-stone was laid is a problem within the domain of Mr. Dryasdust, and to him it must be left. There is in the *University Journal* a paraphrase of an early English poem on Durham, which says that the place was even then renowned beyond the British realm:—

With stones and rocks girt round,  
 With wonders overgrown; the Wear flows round about,  
 A river strong in floods, wherein are wont to play  
 Full many a kind of fish beneath the eddying waves.  
 A mighty fastness, too, of forests there has been,  
 Within whose hollow dales dwell many herds of deer,  
 And countless beasts of prey there make their dim retreats.

Everybody has read the legend of the miracle that led to St. Cuthbert's body stopping at Durham on the journey from Ripon. It had been revealed to Eadmer, a virtuous man, that the body should be carried to Dunholme, but where Dunholme lay not even the virtuous Eadmer could make out, and all the fasting and praying of his companions to the same purpose was in vain. At last,

however, one woman was heard telling another who had lost her cow that the latter was in Dunholme, and never surely did the voice of woman sound more melodious and heavenly than it did that day in the ears of the distressed monks.

The greatest change that has been made in the old city during the past fifty years is, perhaps, that in The Banks, those sylvan shades so dear to the lads and lasses of Dunelmia. The Dean and Chapter, with a laudable desire to improve their own domain, and to give it additional attractions in the eyes of the citizens and pleasure-seekers, have made additional walks and beautified the woods which fringe the river. It is in the Elvet Banks that art has assisted nature most. Canon Tristram has been head gardener, so to speak, and with Flora's help, and a wide experience of such matters gained during his eastern travels, he has transformed wild, bracken hillsides into primrose banks, and ugly gutters and dripping rocks into waterfalls and miniature cascades, the whole, as viewed from a bend in the river, reminding one of Gray's description of a similar prospect, which, slightly altered, may be applied to Durham—

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,  
That crown the wat'ry glade,  
Where grateful Science still adores  
Saint Cuthbert's holy shade.

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In our universities and colleges there are professors of Greek and Hebrew, of the classics, mathematics, and modern languages, but there is nobody to teach the art of writing and preaching. This branch of a clergyman's education has been sadly neglected, with the result that many men cannot read, with decency, the sermon which they may have purchased for a trifle. Not long ago, an incumbent living in one of the Midland counties consulted a well-known church dignitary with a view to his son's coming to Durham. The young man was a cripple, short-sighted, and, in fact, only one remove from an imbecile. "Surely, sir, you don't seriously intend him for the Church?" protested the conscientious professor. "Oh, yes," was the reply of the cleric, "the presentation of the living of

—— is in our family, and there is nothing else for him.” Dr. Burgess says that the Nonconformists have, on an average, the greatest proportion of effective speakers and preachers in their ranks. This is accounted for by the fact that in the theological colleges the students are required to practice sermon-writing and the art of delivering them. It has been said that the secret of the popularity of most of our good preachers lies in their having recourse to every kind of information which can illustrate their calling. Like the bee, they collect from all quarters whatever is likely to furnish an idea for a discourse.

The old-fashioned preacher has all but died out in the towns and large centres of population, but in some remote parts of the two counties the people still clamour for a good, long, stiff discourse, such as the Puritan fathers delighted to deliver. In the seventeenth century, the Sabbath's morning discourse from the pulpit usually extended to two hours. The time occupied by a few of the best known local preachers among the Dissenters does not fall far short of this at the present time. Some of these gentlemen are of opinion that a discourse is dry without anecdotes, and occasionally they illustrate their observations in a most peculiar way. The “local” who drew such a harrowing picture of the bottom of the bottomless pit was not so practical as a Leadgate brother, who, in illustrating the observation that the natural tendency of all evil things is downward, gradually lowered his body in the pulpit until he disappeared from view altogether. The excitement of this preacher was so great that, according to the testimony of a respectable chapel steward, he knocked one pulpit to pieces, and “danged the guts out of two bibles.”

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At a time when schoolboys are beginning to speculate upon the possibility of passing through a university career without any knowledge of Greek, any contribution on the subject by those familiar with the language ought to receive attention. Boys, we believe, find it difficult to whip their Greek into shape, and many men would no doubt be glad if it could be altogether eliminated from

their curriculum. There was a debate on the subject at the University of Durham in 1891. In his exercises in Iambic verse, the Professor of Greek there, Dr. Kynaston, expresses the hope that some desire will survive of becoming familiar with the language in which the Greek tragedians wrote, and this sentiment was endorsed by a majority of the undergraduates, who apparently thought, with the Rev. J. R. Shortt, that the study of Greek refines men's tastes, sharpens their intellects, and enlarges their sympathies. But notwithstanding all this, many will take sides with Mr. J. R. Smith, the president of the Union Society, who spoke in the interest of those who came up from the modern side of schools, or who had never been able to make much progress in the language. Such men, he said, were wholly untouched by the fine qualities of the Greek language and literature, and merely exercised their memories to cram accident and translation. Political economy, mechanics, or English literature would, he contended, give a more real education than elementary Greek.

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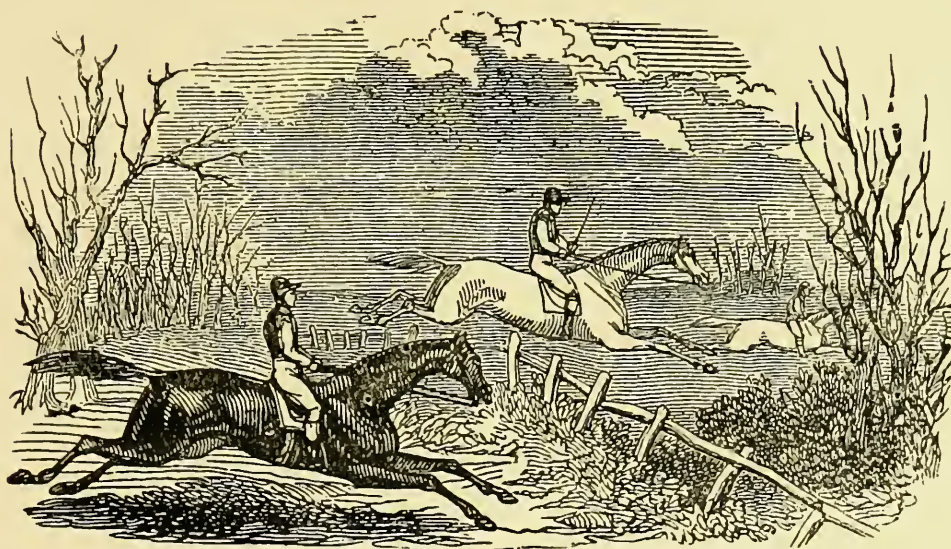
Every spot round about Sedgefield teems with historic interest and stirring incident. The town itself stands on a gentle acclivity, from which there is a prospect of the surrounding country, which is in a high state of cultivation, the land being well sheltered in places by belts of fine timber. It was at one time a health resort, and its superiority over every other place within sight of its church steeple is thus referred to in an old rhyme :—

Trimdon trough-legs stands on a hill,  
 Poor silly Fishburn stands stock still ;  
 Butterwick walls are like to fall,  
 But Sedgefield is the flow'r of them all.

Trimdon, however, although not a place of beauty, has an equal claim to antiquity, since it was here that King Canute and his suite trimmed their beards and had their polls shorn ere they set out on the final stage of their pilgrimage to St. Cuthbert's shrine at Durham. Sedgefield, as has been said, is an interesting town historically. Its men have always been noted for their activity of limb and love of field sports. Steeplechasing and football have



long been favourite pastimes with them. Races must have been held there nearly three hundred years ago, for



there is an entry in Middleham Church register of Mr. Topp Heth, gentleman, having died while returning from a horse-race in the year 1620.

Bishop Middleham must have been a pretty spot in the ancient palatinate days, and some of its houses still wear an old-world aspect. The young women here have the reputation of being exceedingly fair-skinned and pretty, but coy, and to them used to be applied the couplet—

Round about Ferryhill, hey for Hett,  
There's mony a bonny lass, but few to get.

Bishop Middleham was the birth-place of the learned Dr. Samuel Ward, who flourished in the first half of the seventeenth century. Of him may be told a curious fish story. In a letter to Archbishop Usher, Dr. Ward says that while a codfish was being cut up there was found in its maw a small book, bound in parchment, entitled, "A preparation for the Cross," which was reprinted in 1626, under the title of "Vox Piscis." A gentleman who accompanied us to the village during a ramble in 1892 smiled an incredulous smile at the recital of this story, and added the remark that it must have been a pious and very learned fish after swallowing so much theology at a gulp. The reader will no doubt share his scepticism; but the incident is true, nevertheless, and is quoted by Surtees in his "History of Durham," vol. iii., page 9.

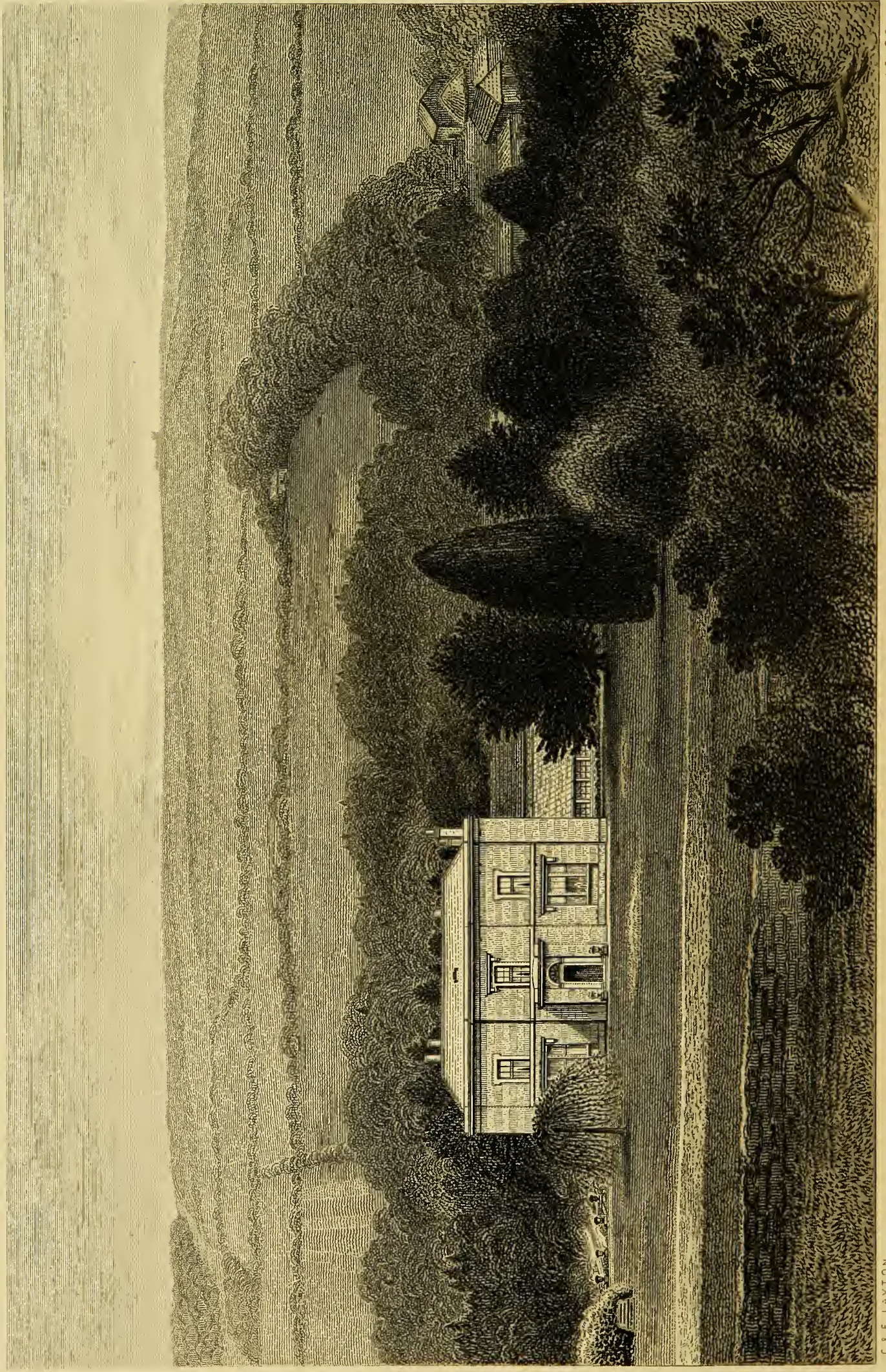
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The ways of collectors and antiquaries, and people with hobbies generally, are not the ways of other men. Like

other people we have had a hobby or two. One was coin collecting. About fifteen years ago, an Irishman found a large hoard of Roman coins in Northumberland. The way in which he "rigged" the market with them was certainly creditable to his astuteness. Most of the numismatists in Durham and Northumberland were bamboozled by the fellow. Had he kept sober he might have been selling coins to this day. With an odd coin or two in his pocket, he generally managed to whet the appetite for more. One day, however, he opened our eyes by asking us to buy a hundred. A pound for five score was not too much, we thought, but when, after about a week had elapsed, a second hundred was produced, then a third and a fourth, we began to take our bearings, and referred the shrewd fellow to a numismatic friend who was endowed with more of this world's goods. How many coins there were in this hoard will probably never be known. Our own share was close on five hundred, and a number of Newcastle collectors bought even more extensively, in the belief that they were securing the whole find.

The gyrations of a moth-hunting friend once gave such a shock to an old lady, who took him for an escaped madman, that she died shortly afterwards. We have heard it said that a doctor in Durham could never keep whiskey in the house till he hit on the idea of putting it in a closet along with several skulls, thigh bones, and other human relics. The disposal of another doctor's collection of bones was attended with much trouble, and caused not a little alarm. Wishing to be rid of the objects which had afforded him material for many an experiment in his younger days, he instructed his coachman to carry them to Lanchester for burial. The latter one evening accordingly removed them from his employer's house to his own, intending to place them in a box for conveyance to Lanchester the following day. But his wife, on seeing so many gruesome relics of mortality, quickly dispersed the collection by throwing the lot into the ashpit. Next morning, however, they were collected together in a box, and carried to Lanchester. Parson Thompson then held the incumbency, and happening to be from home, his





C. S. E. LAYTON

LONDON

BURNHOPESIDE

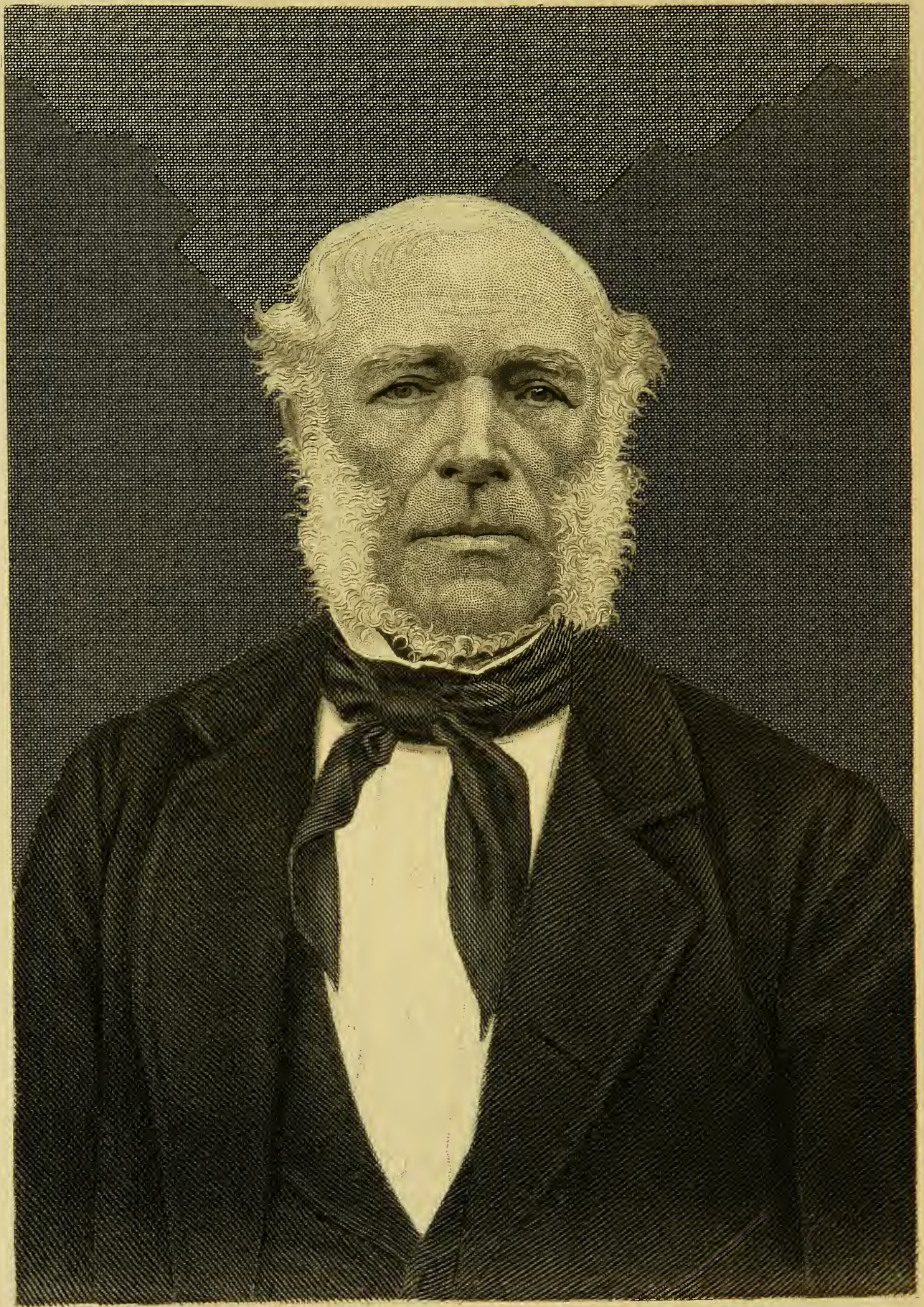
sexton refused to dig a hole for them without the vicar's permission, old Isaac declaring that there would have to be a "crowner's quest" on them. They were stowed away in the vestry overnight, but the following day, the vicar having meanwhile returned, and being made acquainted with the facts, they were disposed of agreeably to the doctor's wishes. The prosecution of scientific studies, too, and the desire to investigate uncommon objects in nature, is sometimes attended with personal risk, and occasionally involves their followers in very disagreeable situations. Just as Moses was long believed and as Lord Byron is even now believed by some prejudiced people to have had horns, so an old gentleman, who came of a superstitious stock, had faith in the tradition that the race of people with tails had not died out. Many years ago there lived in north-western Durham, high up on the fells not far from Edmondbyers, an old lady, a reputed witch, who was said to possess this appendage. To her he is said to have offered a handsome sum for an ocular proof of this phenomenon, and, on her refusal, attempted to satisfy his curiosity by force. In the scuffle that ensued, the old woman clawed his face so unmercifully that he was obliged to account to his wife for his appearance by telling her that he had fallen over a precipice while searching for fossils.

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When the future historian of England undertakes the task of writing its history in connexion with the events of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries, the great achievements in engineering science during these two epochs must necessarily form a very important feature. Throughout the whole of the British empire we cannot find, in any part thereof, a quarter wherein the evidence of the progress made in the department of engineering science is more clearly apparent than in the North of England. We look around and see proofs of this on every hand, and ask ourselves whence comes this industrial progress? Where was its birth? and by what means was it accomplished? One general answer may very well summarize the reply to these three questions, namely, that all these visible proofs of activity in every branch of manufacture and in every department

of trade are due in the main to that marvellous outcome of human ingenuity and skill, the invention of the locomotive, with which the names of George Stephenson and William Hedley must for ever be associated. Reynolds, Colburn, and many other writers have proved Stephenson's indebtedness to Hedley, whose share in the invention was for long unjustly ignored. Mr. Mark Archer, in his book on the locomotive, has ably vindicated Hedley's claim, and proved that whilst Stephenson's engine was not completed until July, 1814, two of Hedley's locomotives were in use on the Wylam Railroad in May, 1813. It is, too, only within very recent years that the credit was given to Hedley of being the first to make the discovery that the weight of an engine was sufficient to give the amount of propulsion necessary to enable it to move and carry weight upon a smooth line. This he clearly demonstrated in 1812, as we find from the current literature of the period, the *Newcastle Chronicle* remarking of his experiments that he had "established and successfully carried out the principle that locomotion could be effected by adhesion or friction alone of the wheels upon the rails, thereby upsetting the preconceived ideas on the subject." Mr. Hedley was born at Newburn on the 13th of July, 1779, and, after a life of successful labour, died at Burnhopeside, near Lanchester, on January the 9th, 1843, in his 63rd year. He left four sons. The eldest, Oswald Dodd Hedley, died in 1882, in his 79th year. Thomas, the second son, will ever be remembered as the founder of the Newcastle Bishopric. The third son, William, was also a zealous Churchman. Under a somewhat gruff exterior there was concealed a kind heart and a depth of feeling which receives illustration in the following incident. A few years before his death, which occurred in 1888, a local clergyman went and asked him for a donation towards building a new church. The housekeeper received him, and asked him to sit down. Presently Mr. Hedley entered the room and gruffly asked him what he wanted. The clergyman stated his business, but Mr. Hedley seemingly paid little attention to his remarks, and left the room without speaking. Whilst pondering over the characteristic reception he had received, and when on the point of





Yours Oby  
Geo Hedley



rising to leave the house, Mr. Hedley re-appeared and placed in his hands a cheque for fifty pounds. The parson was more astonished than ever, and began to pour out his thanks, but he was stopped by Mr. Hedley, who impatiently exclaimed, "Now, are you not satisfied?" George Hedley, the youngest son, was also a liberal patron of the Church, having built St. Oswin's Church, Wylam, at his own expense. He took a great interest in agricultural pursuits, and watched over his rights with a jealous care. This phase of his character was illustrated a few years before his death, which occurred in 1886. A dispute arose respecting a piece of land forming the boundary of his Burnhopeside estate. Some of the timber thereon having been cut down by a working man, Mr. Hedley prosecuted him in one of the local courts, the result being that he established his claim to the land and obtained a conviction, but, extraordinary as it may appear, he paid the fine and costs imposed on the defendant. He was ever ready to assist the deserving and industrious, and even while discharging the duties of a magistrate in the Lanchester Petty Sessional district, instances of his generosity were frequent. After fining a man, rather than his wife and family should suffer the consequence of the offender's misconduct, frequently he paid the fine and costs out of his own pocket.



## CHAPTER XL.

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### SKETCHES.

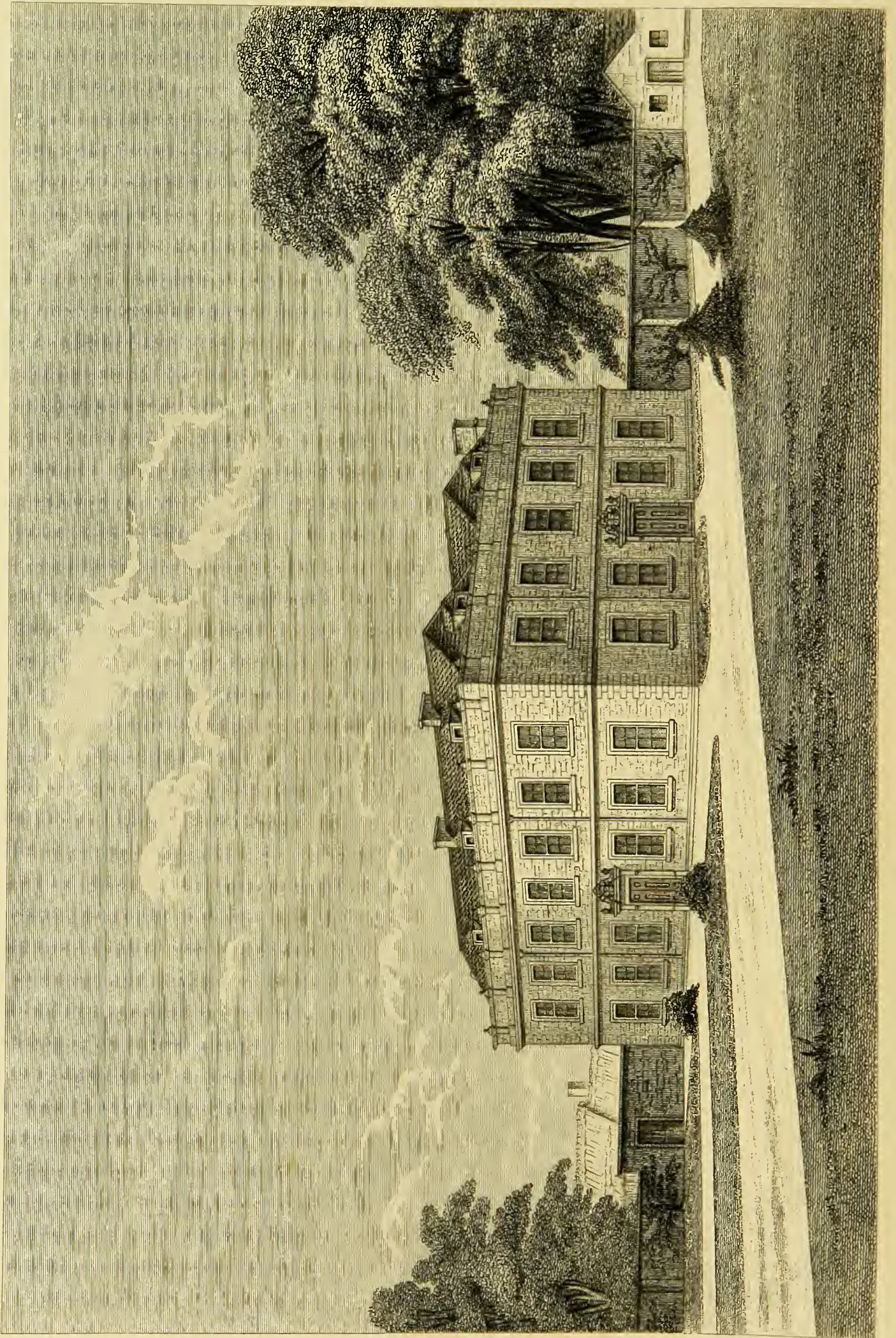
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Ushaw College.—Pontop.—Crookhall.—Dr. Lingard.—The Miners of Durham.—Pluck.—South Shields.—Marriage Fees.—Vegetarianism.—Monopoly of Pews.—The Police System.—Old Prisons.—John Lloyd Wharton.—Herodotus's Visit to Dunelm.

SOME of our prettiest and most interesting places are least known. The ordinary tourist rarely finds his way to Ushaw College, from the fact that it is in a manner inaccessible to him. Yet it is open to the public on Tuesdays and Thursdays, and few places are so rich in art treasures or possess more architectural attractions. These are fully described in a book which the Rev. Henry Gillow has written.<sup>1</sup> The College itself stands on a wooded hill 600 feet above the level of the sea, four miles to the west of the City of Durham, close up to the old abbey lands of Bearpark and Durham, the ancient domain of St. Cuthbert, and is visible for miles around. There is a noble chapel occupying the centre of the south front, which stretches east and west of it in a line close upon 900 feet long. Some idea of its extent may be gathered when it is stated that a string carried round the entire pile of buildings, but excluding those that cannot be reached by cloisters within, would include an area of eight acres. The place, in folk-etymology, derives its name from Yew Shaw, or the wood of Yews, which, tradition says, the Normans planted to commemorate their comrades who fell in battle with the English. Of this wood only one tree survives, and this is gnarled and hollowed by time. At the College Jubilee, in 1858, a second tree was planted to succeed the old one then fast decaying, and to perpetuate the tradition. Ushaw is in the Chapelry of Esh,

<sup>1</sup> "The Chapels at Ushaw, with an Historical Introduction."





and it is a curious fact that this place also derives its name from the tree called “æsc” by our Anglo-Saxon ancestors. In the neighbourhood, and in fact all over Durham, the ash tree is pronounced “esh,” and the name is so written in the earliest parish register; and there are much earlier forms in the Glossary to Boyle’s “Durham.”

Although Ushaw only began its existence at the commencement of this century, it may lay claim to antiquity, being the lineal descendant of Crook Hall and its ancestor the great College of Douay, which was founded by Cardinal Allen in 1568. When the College was seized by the army of the French Republic in 1793, a number of the professors and students contrived to escape to England and found shelter, first at the Mission House of Pontop Hall, and afterwards at Crook Hall, which became the temporary home of the College. Mgr. Eyre and Dr. Lingard were at the head of this small community, and during the fifteen years of its existence twenty-five priests were ordained for various missions in the North-country. Its *alumni* cherished its remembrance in spite of scant arrangement for their comfort within the house, and lack of interesting objects without. Bleak and wild as was the country around, its treeless, whin-clad surface, already invaded by many a murky coal-pit, suggested thoughts to the imaginative Lingard which took poetic form in the following imitation of Horace:—

Pontop! with thee what clime can vie?  
 Where joyous whins spontaneous grow;  
 Where not a tree obstructs the eye,  
 And muddy torrents sweetly flow.  
 Here let me live, here let me die,  
 Or part my days twixt Crook and thee;  
 And to thy coal pits then will I  
 My carcase leave a legacy.

It was at Crook Hall that the ecclesiastical glories of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers began to engage Dr. Lingard’s attention. It is not generally known that he had great difficulty in finding a publisher for his History of England, and it was by accident that he succeeded at last. The manuscript of the first volume had been placed in the hands of Mawman, of Ludgate Hill, and though his “Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church” had passed through two editions, yet the sale of that work having of

necessity been slow, the publisher looked sourly enough at the historical pages offered for his approval and purchase. It is only in rare instances, we fear, that publishers look beyond their noses. Immediate gain is their object, and at that time few of them were disposed to speculate. Hume's history had been a failure in the first instance ; what was to be hoped from the literary labours of a somewhat obscure, though no doubt very learned and painstaking, Roman Catholic priest? Such were Mawman's reflections when he laid aside the manuscript, little doubting but that, after due consideration, he should politely return it to the author. But Lord Holland happening to talk one day with Mawman over the counter, the publisher mentioned the manuscript which he had in his drawer. "History of England!" exclaimed his lordship, "I only know one man at the present time qualified to undertake such a work, and that is Dr. Lingard." "And that's my man!" cried Mawman, and soon advertised and brought out a work equally remarkable for the research and honesty of the writer, a work which has done more than any other to moderate the hostility of the public towards Catholics on historical grounds, and which fills up innumerable gaps in the annals of every other historian. Lingard's interest in the College at Ushaw was always the most lively, and as he was attached to it in life, so he would not be severed from it in death ; for, according to a special provision in his will, he now lies interred there—by the side of those who, in early life, had been sharers in his joys and trials. There is a striking portrait of him, by Lonsdale, in the hall of the College, to which he bequeathed it.

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The miners of Durham are a sympathetic body of men, and a good master has quite as much claim on their sympathies as one of their own class. This was shown when Sir George Elliot, Bart., was first returned for North Durham, and again when the miners of the Houghton-le-Spring Division returned Mr. Nicholas Wood. No name among the large employers of labour in Durham is more honoured than that of Londonderry. There are thousands of men in the county who first saw

the light in the comfortable, though old-fashioned, houses provided at the Londonderry collieries, between the City of Durham on the west, and Seaham on the east, where successive generations of their ancestors lived and died. People who know nothing about the early pit families of Durham talk of the improved condition of the mining population. This is no doubt true in the main, as it must be of all progressive sections of the community, but it seems to us that in many respects the men are worse off now than they were in the middle years of this century. Then the Londonderry family, the Lambtons, and indeed all the large employers of labour, exercised a paternal care over their workmen. Men rarely moved from place to place as they do now. Every reasonable comfort was within their reach. They had constant and certain employment, and their large families were born to them in one house as a rule, from which they were rarely, if ever, disturbed when age caused them to rest from their labours. While an off-hand job could be found about the pits for the aged hewer, and as long as he could walk backwards and forwards to it, he was kept on; and when Nature could no longer hold out, he and the aged partner of his life were allowed to enjoy undisturbed possession of the house which had been theirs in joy and sorrow, in weal and woe.<sup>1</sup>

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Englishmen admire pluck whenever and wherever it is exhibited. The man who will stand up single-handed and express the sentiments of his mind in a righteous, though unpopular cause, regardless of blows and a cross-fire of flour-balls and potatoes and rotten eggs, is just the sort of man that we should like to fight. He would not strike

<sup>1</sup> These notes were written during the contest for Mid-Durham, in 1890, when Mr. John Wilson was returned. Whilst being the nominee of the miners, Mr. Wilson commands the respect of the constituency at large, and he deservedly merits the confidence of his fellow-men. No one who has watched his career will deny him the credit of being an honourable man, and one who has been all along actuated by a sincere desire to benefit the important community with whom his lot is cast. His opponent, Mr. Adolphus Vane Tempest, had the advantage of birth, wealth, and position; but in other respects, setting aside party questions, the candidates came before the electorate with an equal claim for support.

below the belt, and would take no advantage of a fallen foe. We once saw the Rev. H. E. Fox, the vicar of St. Nicholas's Church, in Durham, in the position above described. He stood on a waggon in the open Market Place during a political election turmoil, and the plucky, nay heroic, manner in which he waved aloft the temperance banner until one potato larger than the rest laid him *hors-de-combat*, and necessitated his removal from the field more dead than alive, was sufficient to elicit the admiration of even his bitterest foes.

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It seems but yesterday that a start was made with the stupendous break-water at the mouth of the Tyne, and yet we have got our second teeth, and lost the vigour of youth, and our hair has changed its colour, since it was begun about forty years ago. South Shields has progressed much in the interval. Its main thoroughfare, King Street, has grown like a tree in full vigour ; and its branches now cover a wide area that was within comparatively recent times an ugly, barren hill-side. Forty years ago Shields was a small place. From an official document furnished to the Dean and Chapter of Durham by their resident agent at that time it appears that the population of the borough amounted to 28,974. This document was compiled by order of the Chapter, consequent on the Government Inspector of Schools having, as was alleged, libelled the town by saying that the juvenile population was " beset by much ignorance, and many moral evils, through the want of school accommodation." Old Dean Waddington waxed so wroth that he wrote to the Council of Education on the subject, protesting against the imputation, and asserting, on behalf of the inhabitants, that Shields was " a very industrious, intelligent, and well-conducted borough." According to the correspondence, there were ten public schools for the lower classes of all religious denominations, with a daily attendance of 2,209. The report is curious, as showing the great number of private schools within the borough. There were no fewer than thirty for the lower classes, with 1,271 children in daily attendance ; while 597 children of the middle classes were taught at eighteen schools.



It is a matter of common observation that fees have to be paid to the clergy in connexion with two of the most eventful epochs in our lives, namely, our coming into the world, and our going out of it. Some regard the former as the most unfortunate thing that ever happened to them (indeed, a Durham miner, with a bad wife, once remarked in our hearing that it would have been pounds into his pocket if he had never been born); while, with regard to the latter, most of us, if we had our choice in the matter, would rob the parson of his dues altogether. Next in importance to these events is, perhaps, our getting married, and, here again, the parson's aid is necessary, and has to be paid for. It is well, therefore, that the public should know of the place in this much be-feed country of ours where children may be baptized "free gratis and for nothing," and where they themselves may enter Hymen's gates on the same easy terms.<sup>1</sup> Wolsingham, the ancient town situated at the confluence of the Wear and Waskerley, and which derives its name from its having been the home or seat of the Wolsingars, a great Anglo-Saxon family, is the place where a free record is kept of those interesting events which periodically cause such a flutter in the breasts of the ladies, and where couples may be made happy, or otherwise, without fee or reward. The famous Cuthbert Hilton, who used to marry couples under Barnard Castle Bridge, after they had leapt over a broom-stick, could not have performed the ceremony cheaper than this.

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Aristotle tells us that Dionysius of Syracuse was so fond of wine that he remained in a state of intoxication for eighty days. This was certainly a long spree, and we must suppose that he got drunk every morning. There are many men who rarely go to bed sober. They drink their fill day by day, and thrive on it, and live to a good old age. It is well known that the man who gets drunk

<sup>1</sup> In 1889, the Rev. Chancellor Espin announced that no fees would be charged for weddings, baptisms, and churchings. "There seemed to be an impression abroad that the offices of the Church could only be obtained by cash payments, and they were hampered in their ministrations, because at private baptisms and christenings, and so forth, they were met with the question, 'What is your charge?'"

every night suffers less than another man whose excesses are only occasional. Like other people who wish to live as long as possible, we have tried many modes of living. A Newcastle gentleman whom we once met in the train discoursed so eloquently about vegetarianism, and drew such a gruesome picture of the evil effects of salt, that we were induced to enlist under his banner. During ten days we rung the changes on rice, rhubarb and cabbage and Brazil nuts. But the craving for something more substantial produced a perpetual nightmare, and obliged us to return to our former way of living. One friend suggested that supper was the cause of our perturbed slumber, and to bed we went fasting. But,

Who goes to bed supperless,  
All night tumbles and tosses.

And so it was. It is often the boast of teetotalers that they look better and feel better than those who partake of intoxicants ; but, after a fair trial of both systems, the conviction remains that temperance in all things is best, and most likely to prolong our years.

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The monopoly of pews in our parish churches used to give rise to much bad feeling, and was productive of many an unseemly incident, which too often led to prolonged and expensive litigation in the Ecclesiastical Courts of the old diocese of Durham. In the first half of last century one of the leading parishioners of Whickham was John Barras. He attempted to build a square pew in the body of the church, and his pretensions being resented by his neighbours, a long and costly law-suit ensued. The learned Dr. Thomlinson was then rector, and with a view of putting an end to the strife he permitted Barras to build a pew next his own, on the north side of the chancel. It was to be so formed as to be easily moved when there should be occasion to bury under it ; and as an acknowledgment for the favour Barras agreed to pay the rector a shilling every Whit Monday. This agreement, it may be added, is witnessed by William Stoddart, curate ; D. Fisher, school-master ; and George Dods, parish clerk. There was a most amusing pew squabble at Berwick in 1829. The parties to it were Mr. W. H. Thompkins, senior church-

warden of the parish, and Mrs. Sarah Wilkie, of Foulden House. Mr. Thompkins had been absent from the parish for many years, and on finding that his pew was appropriated by another parishioner, he applied to Mrs. Wilkie for permission to sit in that belonging to her. He was, he said, the more emboldened to prefer his request by the fact that Mrs. Wilkie only attended the church on high festivals. This evoked from the lady the following characteristic reply :—

Yesterday, I received a letter from a Mr. Thompkins, a person quite unknown to me, and with a request most extraordinary, to allow himself and family to take their seat in her pew in Berwick Church, which she considers a liberty not to be permitted either on Sundays or on festivals. The gentlemen and ladies from the country are people of consequence, and my friends and self are quite uncertain on what days we may attend church. I therefore desire that you will not take up seats in my pew, permission for which will not be granted.

Determined to obtain a sitting, the senior churchwarden appropriated one which he thought was vacant, but he had not been long there before the rightful owner and his son entered. Refusing to budge an inch, they seized him by the collar, shook their sticks, and swore at him (although it was Whit Sunday), and finally bundled him out. Of course, as was to be expected, the parties to this unseemly brawl were cited to appear in the Bishop's Court. In the end, Mr. Thompkins was left in possession of the field. But he seems to have acted most magnanimously in the matter, for he thus writes to the vanquished Mrs. Wilkie immediately after the battle :—

Madam,—Although I have had the pew in Berwick Church, which you lately occupied, allotted to myself, family, and servants, I beg leave to say that at any time you may feel inclined to attend divine service, you have my permission to do so in my pew.—I remain, madam, yours respectfully, W. H. Thompkins.

On this subject of pews, Mr. H. E. Taylor, The Hermitage, Whickham, favours us with the following notes from the papers of his grandfather :—

1821, Sep. 3.—Paid Mr. Fleck for pew No. 52 and two seats in No. 51 in Whickham Church, £7 11s. 6d.

1822, Mar. 29.—Paid A. Oliver and Son for making and fitting up a new family pew, No. 51 and 52 in Whickham Church, £8 os. 6d.

There are many similar transactions, such as my father purchasing the pew of my grandfather's executors, which finally reverted to myself. When the church was enlarged and re-seated some 25 years ago, I was content to accept in lieu of the old one a pew in another part of the church. I also possess some very curious receipts given

by the churchwardens for repairing our pews. These are all printed on parchment. On one side is a lithographed plan of the church, showing the pews all numbered, and on the reverse is a printed form of receipt for filling in and referring to the numbers on other side. Here is a copy of one of them :—

Whickham Vestry.

Recd. 17 day of March, 1825, of Mr. John Taylor the sum of Ten pounds two shillings for repairing pews No. 67 and 68 in St. Mary's Church, Whickham.

RALPH FENWICK, }  
G. W. T. SEATON, } Churchwardens.

What with purchasing and repairing of pews for use of family and servants about this time we seem to have paid about £34.

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The year 1892 may be said to mark an epoch in the police system of Durham, for at the beginning of it the head of the police, Colonel White, the oldest chief constable in England, retired on a pension, and towards the close of the year, Mr. Oliver, the senior superintendent of the county, retired after thirty-eight years' service. Colonel White served the county of Durham for the long period of forty-three years. Few men in an official capacity ever discharged their duties more efficiently or more conscientiously, and fewer still ever retired into private life so universally respected by their subordinates. He was always considerate to his men, and in the distribution of preferment never ignored the claims of those who, by their steady conduct, merited promotion. The manner in which the police perform their oftentimes unpleasant and arduous duties must command the admiration and meet with the approval of all respectable citizens and people possessing well-regulated minds. The position which Mr. Oliver held so long was a position of high responsibility, and the performance of his duties had a material effect upon the morals and character of a large proportion of the community. The efficient performance of a superintendent's duties involves inquiry, and judgment upon that inquiry, and this may be exercised to the advantage or disadvantage of the community. Again, the character and efficiency of his force must largely depend upon the insight as well as the rigour brought to bear upon the individual members of it. That the people placed full reliance in Mr. Oliver's judgment and impartiality was fully demonstrated on many occasions ; and the efficiency

of the force throughout the Consett and Lanchester divisions may be pointed to as the best and surest proof of his excellent discipline. While men ought not to seek the applause of their fellows, it is pardonable for them to endeavour to merit their esteem and good wishes. This is what Mr. Oliver did. He performed his duty fearlessly and without favour, and in retiring from the department over which he so long presided, he did so with the good wishes of all creeds and nationalities. As we mark the efficiency of the police system we can scarcely bring ourselves to believe that it is of comparatively recent growth. It was not until 1840 that a paid county police force was established, but for fifteen years after that it was optional with the justices whether they provided one or not. In 1856, however, an Act was passed making the establishment of a force compulsory in those places where the police system had not been already adopted. In the county of Durham the system had been on its trial in the interval, but it was not till some time after the compulsory Act mentioned above that the police became an independent, consolidated system. Consett possesses the best evidence of this in the minute book of the old Nuisance Removal Committee. This body was appointed in 1859, and in that year there is an entry of the head of the police, Superintendent Thompson, being appointed to the dual office of secretary to the committee and inspector of nuisances at a salary of £8 per annum !

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The accommodation afforded to prisoners, both in our gaols and lock-ups, has undergone a wonderful change since the days when John Howard made a pilgrimage through the English prisons. The gaol at Newcastle he found remarkably clean, the debtors being allowed luxuries which were not permitted in any other prison in England. At Durham, however, the prisoners were huddled together like wild beasts. In one dungeon six persons were chained to the stone floor, which was covered with a litter of straw almost worn to dust. It would be difficult to conceive a more wretched and miserable place than the old House of Correction at Durham as it existed within living

memory. Before the separate system was adopted, a couple of score of men and boys, from the returned transport to the innocent, although suspected, man, were thrust into one common room, without an officer to watch over them, and without employment.

The daily life of this den of infamy is curiously reflected in the "character book" of the present Venerable Archdeacon of Northumberland, who was chaplain of Durham Gaol nearly half-a-century ago, and whose early efforts as a prison reformer and philanthropist brought him under the notice of his diocesan. The prisoners were exceedingly communicative to the archdeacon, who used to jot down his experiences among them.<sup>1</sup> One prisoner said to him:—"I have been here eight weeks, and during that time there have been four fights, in one of which I fought with S——, each fight lasting about half-an-hour. We had our shirts off, and made as little noise as possible." The men, it seems, passed away most of their time in telling each other stories of what robberies they had committed, what gaols they had been in, and arranging for other robberies. They played cards made by themselves, gambled for their dinners, and held mock trials every day. This latter was a favourite pastime, the names of the officers of the court being put into a hat, and whoever drew out "chairman" was judge. The archdeacon witnessed one of those trials himself, when unobserved by the prisoners. A returned transport acted as judge, and the archdeacon saw him administer an oath upon the Testament, in the usual solemn manner, to a fellow prisoner, who acted the part of a policeman. The state of education of some of the prisoners at that time may be judged from the following entries in the book already mentioned:—"D. B., a pitman, aged 21 years, from Lanchester, when asked 'Who was the Saviour of the World?' answered, 'Adam, wasn't it?'" "R. R., a pitman, from Bishop Auckland, father dead, mother supported by prisoner; went into the pit when nine years old. Cannot say the Lord's Prayer, nor the Creed, nor the Commandments. Never was at school, nor at church,

<sup>1</sup> "The Prisons and Prisoners of Former Days," a paper contributed to the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*.

except at his father's funeral. Does not know the Saviour's name ; never said a prayer."

When Howard visited the Durham Debtors' Prison he found the inmates living on "boiley," which was the only nourishment some had had for a twelvemonth. But it is said that there is a companionship in misfortune, and it seems to have been this fellow-feeling which cheered the hearts of the insolvent debtors, and made life bearable within the walls of a dungeon. During Archdeacon Hamilton's chaplaincy, when a fresh victim was admitted, there was a custom known as "reading in a chum." The person so honoured was required to pay a fee of half-a-crown, and after the form of initiation had been read over, he was thus received into the fraternity :—

Welcome, welcome, brother debtor,  
 To this poor but merry place,  
 Where no bailiff, bum, or setter,  
 Dare to show his ugly face.  
 Ne'er repine at your confinement  
 From your children, home, or wife—  
 Wisdom lies in true resignation  
 Thro' the varied scenes of life.  
 Perhaps you may have bravely striven  
 Against the tide of adverse fate ;  
 Overwhelmed, at last you have been driven  
 Here, pursued by fiend-like hate.  
 Give not way to idle sorrow,  
 Drive away the spectre care ;  
 Bright yet shall dawn the morrow  
 For those who nobly scorn despair.  
 We're all brothers in distress,  
 Let not trifles cast you down ;  
 You've shares of our hearts and mess  
 When you've tipped us half-a-crown !

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It is a laudable desire to gain the goodwill of our neighbours. That Mr. John Lloyd Wharton, Chairman of the Durham Quarter Sessions and also of the Durham County Council, has succeeded in doing so was amply shown in 1891 by the manner in which his friends, political and non-political, rallied around him on the occasion of his portrait being presented to him. Mr. Wharton comes of a good stock, and those who know him most intimately love him the best. His name is synonymous with everything that is manly and good. No man carries his honours with more modesty, or values and guards more

the trusts that are reposed in him as a public man. The Whartons have been identified with Durham since the dawn of the seventeenth century, and it is not too much to say that during the past fifty years his has done more for the advancement of the city than any other family. Their name sheds a lustre on the civic and Parliamentary annals of the city. It was to Mr. Wharton's late uncle, William Lloyd Wharton, that the people are indebted for the beautiful park which, before the banks were made more attractive, was a source of pleasure and delight, not only to the citizens, but to the thousands that flocked to Durham to witness the "Wharton Fêtes." These were looked forward to with pleasurable anticipation by all classes, and the liberal prizes Mr. Wharton offered stimulated throughout the year the practice of those feats of strength and skill which so distinguish the national character. In fact, it was the Squire of Dryburn who always took the lead in public merry-making; and the pedestrian and equestrian contests, the swimming and punting matches, the pole leaping, the rifle shooting, and other things which he promoted, and in which rich and poor, old and young, shared his bountiful hospitality, will long keep his memory green. It was Mr. Wharton who established the Regatta in 1834, and it is also to him that the credit belongs of having first created in the city and neighbourhood a taste for what has now become a great national pastime and important arm of defence, namely, rifle shooting. Before any volunteer corps had been established in the district, he prepared an excellent rifle range at his own expense, erected a target, purchased some rifles, and organized a club. The Durham or City Rifle Corps (now called the Durham Light Infantry) was formed in 1860. Most of those citizen soldiers have passed away, but a few veterans still remain in and about the city to remind us of the early volunteer movement. Among these may be mentioned Canon Greenwell, Col. Monks, Mr. John Caldcleugh, J.P., Mr. Joseph Hutchinson, Councillor Holdsworth, J.P., Mr. John Tindale (Brancepeth), Mr. Thomas Ford (Shincliffe), Sergt.-Instructor Flack, Mr. G. D. Newby, Rev. Joseph Lawson (Brandon), Councillor Ellison, Mr. George Salkeld,



Mr. John Gibson, Mr. R. W. Kirkley, Mr. Thomas Sarsfield, Mr. Thomas Ramshaw, Mr. Mark Robinson, Mr. William Dodds, Mr. Silas Hall, Mr. Philip Robson, Mr. Robt. Pearson, and Mr. Thompson Smith. Out of the 117 members enrolled in 1860, only two are now in the ranks, namely, Col. Rowlandson and Quartermaster-Sergeant Davison.

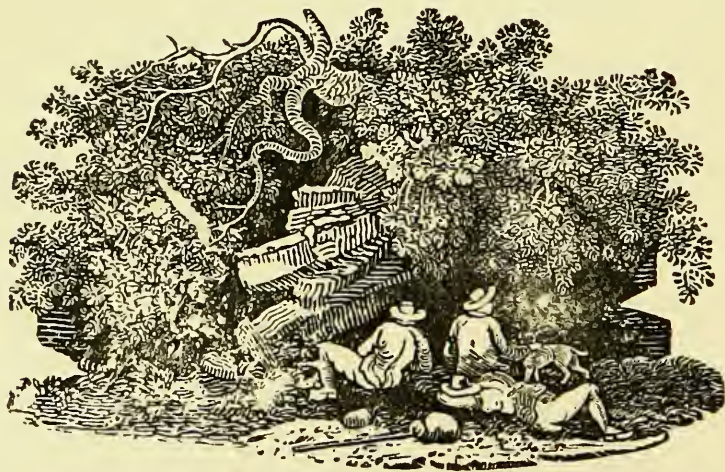
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Many historical discoveries have been made during the past twenty years, and the manners and customs of our ancestors have been additionally illustrated thereby. Of all the ancient historians Herodotus was the most celebrated, a love of the marvellous being, perhaps, his only drawback. His History is generally supposed to have been written in nine books, all of which are, no doubt, in the Chapter Library at Durham. The old records at this place have occupied the attention of successive generations of antiquaries, and something new is continually turning up. In gathering material for his great work, Herodotus visited many countries, and it was not long since discovered that he had been to Durham, and that he had devoted an extra book to describing the ancient capital and its people. We learn this interesting fact from a little book,<sup>1</sup> which is supposed to have been written by Benedict Cooperus. People are frequently heard to ask why the curfew bell does not ring on a Saturday night. According to all accounts, the old race of bell-ringers were an easy-going lot, fond of a quiet chat over the pipe and glass in the back parlour of the Red Lion near the College Gates, and we can well imagine how reluctantly curfew would be rung on a Saturday night. On one occasion the man who was appointed to ring the bell never returned, having, as Benedict Cooperus informs us, been carried off by one of the nether gods, and this so alarmed his brethren that not one could ever be induced thereafter to pull a rope on a Saturday night.

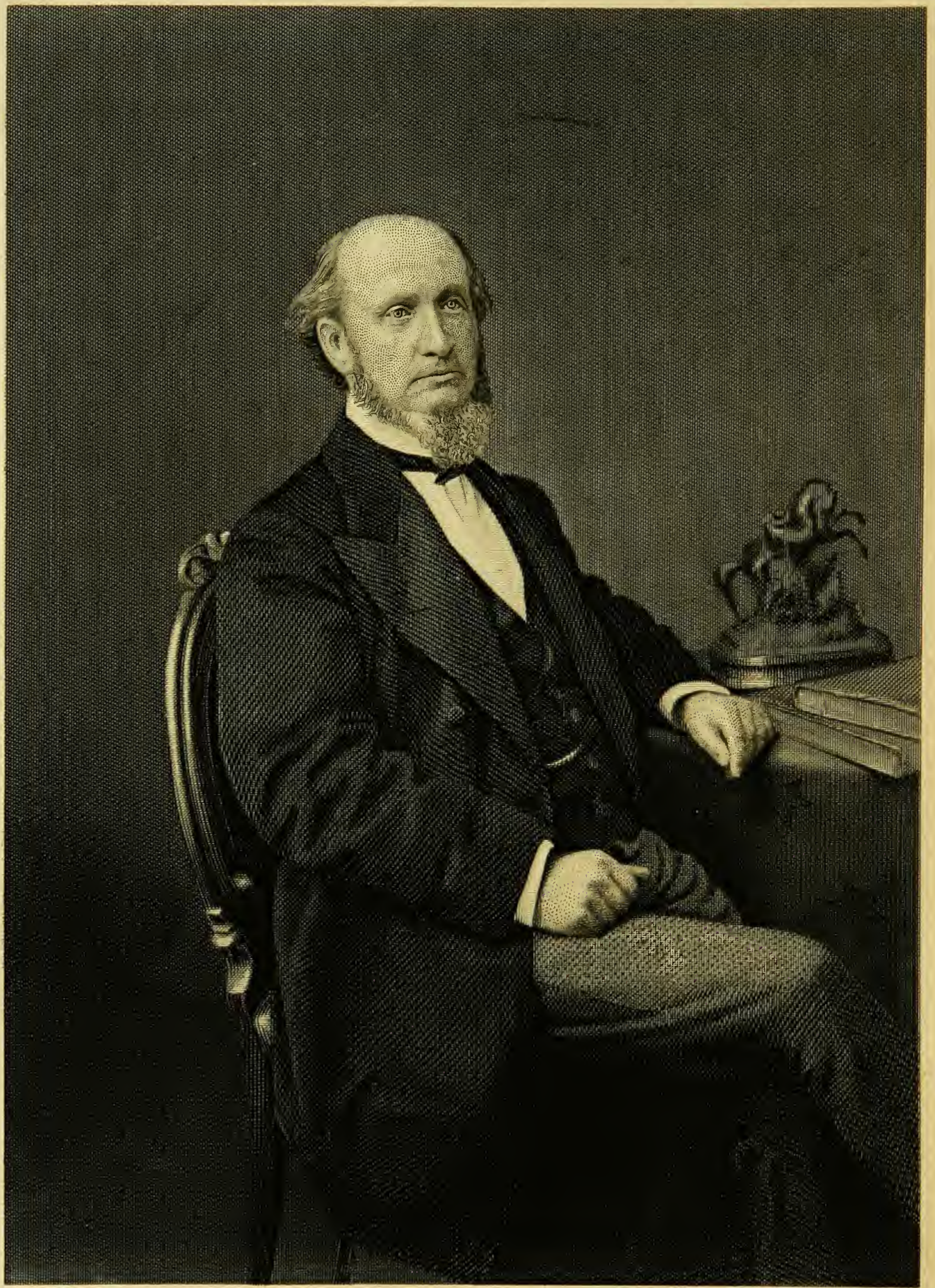
In another part of this curious record we are informed that the priests slept in the cloister garth, in the midst of which there was a fountain, where they performed their ablutions. During winter, however, when the water was

<sup>1</sup> "Herodotus's Visit to Dunelm," Book x. The Rev. Canon Cooper is the author of this humorous and clever little *brochure*.

cold, most of them preferred to remain unwashed. In the early records of this country the words "ad pilam" are generally supposed to mean the game of football, and the chronicle of Benedict Cooperus confirms this belief in a most curious way. "The youths of noble blood," he says, "obtain the skin of a pig, or other beast, and when the skin has been sewn up, in form like an olive fruit, but in size as great as a man's head, in such a way that water poured into it will not run out of it again, they retire to a plain, and there they fill the hide, not with water, nor with anything else but air. Now the hide, filled with air, is driven about by the feet of these young men, by some quickly, but by others more slowly; but of the young men those who are unable to strike the hide with their feet, strike not the hide, but the legs of him whosoever may chance to be nearest to them. But he crieth out, and, if possible, overthroweth him that struck him on the legs."







*Yours faithfully*  
*W. Jenkins.*

## CHAPTER XLI.

### SKETCHES.

Mr. William Jenkins.—Finchale.—Alderman James Fowler.—Thrift.—Romance of a Noble.—Sherburn Hospital.—Photography, the Moon and the Pyramids.—The Shaftos.—Mannish Attire of Women.—Courtship and Marriage.—A Bride's Outfit.—Thomas Charles Thompson.—Horseracing and Cockfighting.

MUCH has been written respecting the growth of Consett as an industrial centre, but little has been said about the man to whom in a great measure its prosperity is due. He has been at the helm of the huge ship more than a score of years; he was there when the craft yet creaked with the buffetings that it received in the sea of adversity in the decade between 1860-70; he was there when she literally "came in" with the wealth of a King Solomon's mine; and when the crash came that disabled and engulfed many a noble ship, the captain of the Consett leviathan ran before the wind and weathered the storm.

Born among the iron-bound mountains at Merthyr Tydvil in Glamorganshire, and blessed with a constitution hard as the rocks among which he first saw the light, and gifted with those traits of character which fit men to control the destinies of nations, communities, and men, Mr. William Jenkins received his early training in a quarter which, before his time and since, has proved a nursery for men destined to leave their mark in the annals of the steel and iron industries of this country. We refer to the Dowlais Iron Works. It was in the mills here that the late Mr. John Vaughan was employed previous to his removal to the North of England; and it was during his sojourn at Walker-on-Tyne that he formed a life-long friendship with Mr. Bolckow, out of which grew the well-known firm with which the names of both are indissolubly linked. From Dowlais also came the late Mr. Edward

Williams, of Middlesbrough, one of the ablest men of his time in the manufacture of iron and steel, and many other men of exceptional commercial talents and native worth, not the least illustrious of the group being the present manager of the Consett Works.

The opinion was current in commercial circles a quarter of a century ago that Consett, lacking the advantages of a sea-board or river frontage, would continue to be outpaced by the iron manufacturing firms on the north-east coast. Mr. Jenkins, who had been for the long period of 34 successive years at Dowlais, had heard of the struggles experienced at Consett. There was a general belief that the works were too isolated to be conducted with profit, an eminent authority having recorded his opinion that iron could not be successfully produced in the district, which, in his opinion, was adapted only for a coal-producing centre. Nothing daunted by the news of past failures, Mr. Jenkins was induced to pay a visit to the district, and, having carefully studied its natural resources and history, he was impressed with the idea that, with the co-operation of the directors and the combined courage of the official staff, there was a bright future in store for it. The result of this visit was that he decided to bid farewell to Dowlais and take the helm and direct affairs at Consett. What followed forms an interesting epoch in the rise and progress of iron and steel manufacture on the north-east coast of England.

The pivot upon which Mr. Jenkins's operations at the outset turned was the immediate increase of the output ; and to practical men the wisdom of such a step must be at once apparent. There are two or more methods of multiplying the resources of any commercial concern, namely, the introduction of new plant, or the turning to better account, at little outlay, of the machinery already in operation. Capital, and capital only, is required to carry out the former ; but to strike off the shackles of old and effete appliances and forge new links in touch with the spirit of modern progress, without saddling a firm with the payment of huge accounts, can only be accomplished by men gifted with exceptional talents. In those days the Consett Company, having had some bitter experiences of

what was to be lost and won in the seductive paths of speculation, was not prepared to give the rein to further efforts in this direction, and, knowing that, Mr. Jenkins wisely determined to make the most of the material at his command. His extensive knowledge of men and things enabled him to grasp the situation at a glance. He was not slow to perceive that by lightening the duties of the workmen their strength would be husbanded, and the labours of the day completed without putting their energies on the rack. Standing before flaming furnaces, and handling hot iron and heavy plates for twelve hours at a stretch, taxed to the uttermost the strength of the strongest. At Consett, as elsewhere, it was no uncommon occurrence for squads of men to leave the works hours before the prescribed number of rounds of heats had been registered, and it was to obviate such a state of things that Mr. Jenkins introduced numerous inexpensive improvements, all tending to render the duties of the workmen less arduous than before. The gain accruing from the new order of things was twofold—the men by the amount of labour performed, or number of hours worked, earning higher wages, and the company, by the increased output, securing a larger return of profits than under the old régime.

In many instances the most exhausting of the duties devolving on the ironworker were entirely removed by the introduction of steam power. No working man ever laid aside his coat to do harder work than turning hot plates in a rolling mill. After doing such work for an hour of a morning, the men were unequal to the duties of the day, and, observant to a degree, Mr. Jenkins perceived that the men could with advantage be relieved from the task, and the surplus steam made to perform the work. It was by proceeding on these lines that he succeeded, by the accumulative labour of years, to win for the Consett Company the foremost place among the steel and iron manufacturing firms of the world.

Having taken practical steps to make their labour less toilsome than before, he next set himself to the task of making the homes of the men more comfortable. Additional rooms were built on to a whole street of

cottages belonging to the company, and at a later stage of his management entire streets and terraces were built at Consett and Blackhill, the houses being of a class much superior to workmen's dwellings in north-western Durham. The honours showered on Mr. Jenkins in 1890, on the occasion of the completion of his twenty-one years' connexion with the works, indicate very pointedly that his good name and fame become deeper engraven in the hearts and minds of the people among whom his lot has been cast. Briefly expressed, the secret of his success at Consett lies in the harmonious blending of rare commercial talents with a broadness of soul rarely to be found among the leading members of great industrial concerns. With him the joint rights of the capitalist and the toiling workman have been inseparable, and he has hit the happy mean by satisfying the desires of the former while improving the mental and moral condition of the latter.

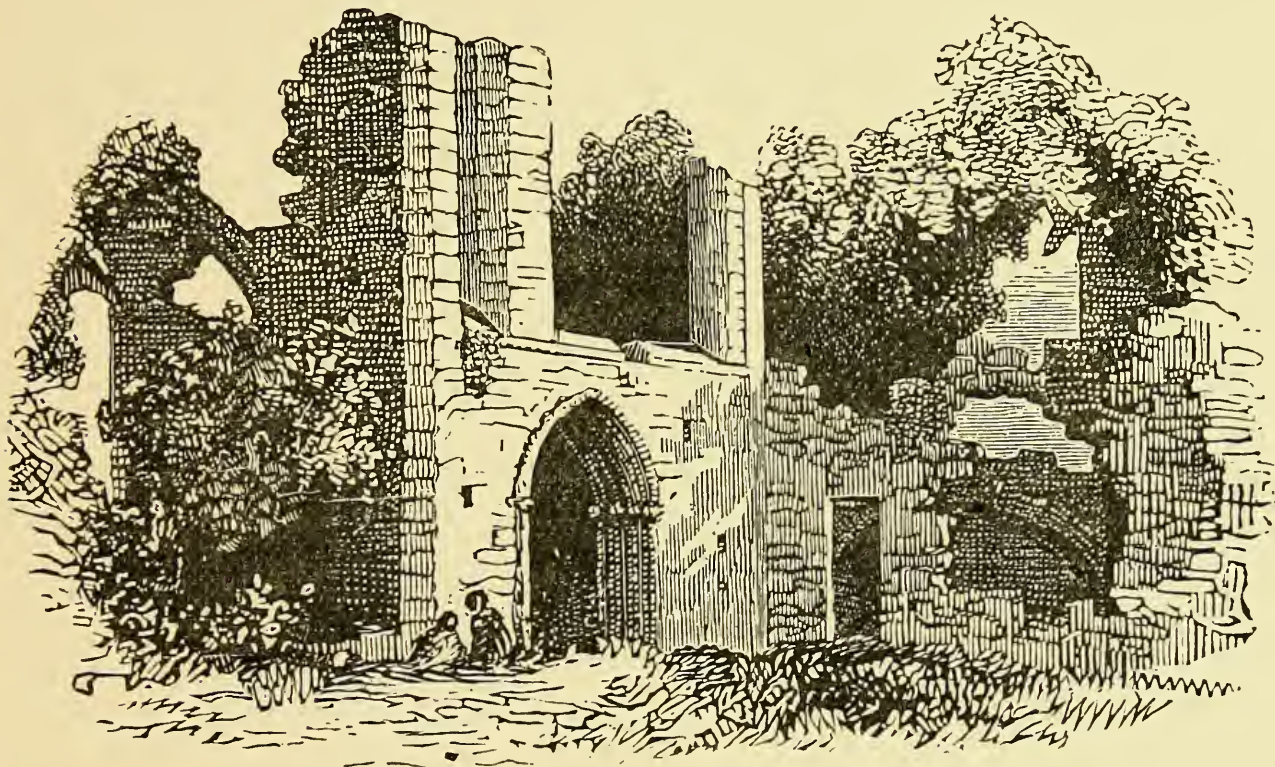
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For some time after the removal of the old wooden bridge which connected the Cocken and Finchale banks of the river Wear, a pilgrimage to the cell of St. Godric was well-nigh impossible. Bare-legged swains at times forded the river with fair burdens, and, when a broad back was not available, the ladies made light of crossing the Hellespont alone. However, a new foot-bridge now spans the stream, and lovers may visit their favourite shrine without experiencing any cooling influences on the way. It must have been at Finchale that many North-country maidens first cherished the romantic thoughts of love, and it must have been here, amid the gentle shades that deck the banks of the river, or 'neath the lofty rocks frowning o'er the foaming stream, that many of them were wooed and won. When Henry VIII. closed the gates of the convent on William Bennet, who is said to have been the last Prior of Finchale, he considered himself released from his monastic vows, and immediately took to himself a wife, Ann Thomson by name, and among the Mickleton manuscripts at Durham occurs the couplet—

The Prior of Finchale has got a fair wife,  
And every old monk will soon have the like.



Shortly after the Dissolution, Bennet became first prebendary of the fourth stall in Durham Cathedral. In 1571 he was vicar of Kelloe, which he resigned eight years later. His will proves him to have been rich in plate and furniture, and to have had his barns and granaries well plenished. His books, however, were valued at five



shillings only. He left three sons, Isaac, Robert, and John, and one daughter, Jane. Along with his stall in the Cathedral, he also held the vicarage of Aycliffe, and a great grandson of his is said to have been living here in 1717. With the example of Prior Bennet before them, it is not surprising that the nuns began to think of mating. They hailed the emancipation of the ecclesiastics with delight, as is shown by the following stanza, which accompanies the couplet already given :—

I'll be no more a nun, nun, nun,  
 I'll be no more a nun !  
     But I'll be a wife,  
     And lead a merry life,  
 And brew ale by the tun, tun, tun,  
 And brew good ale by the tun !

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Thirty years ago, Mr. Joseph Hatton, the novelist, was connected with the Durham press. During his brief sojourn in the North-country, he made himself familiar with the people living in the Dunelmian capital. His estimate of their character was an original, but scarcely a

just one. *Festina lente* (hasten slowly) is a maxim which is religiously observed by the citizens, but it is a libel, or rather a flight of rhetoric, allowable, perhaps, in a writer of fiction, to liken their movements to "those of an unfortunate spider which has, by mischance, put its feet into an ink-bottle or a jar of treacle." The annals of the city from the days of Sir John Duck, the poor butcher boy, show how good names have been made and fortunes built up by honest, plodding industry. Since Mr. Hatton's connexion with the place ceased, another generation of tradesmen has sprung up, but several of those who began the battle of life a quarter of a century before his time still remain, whose motto has been to labour and to wait, and to look back on a life well spent. What, for instance, would have become of the pitmen of Durham during the memorable strike of 1844 but for the spirit and enterprise of Mr. James Fowler, whose flour waggons, during five long, weary months, kept them and their families from starvation? The men resumed work without gaining their object, it is true, but the help that Mr. Fowler extended to them during the struggle was none the less praiseworthy on that account.

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The rector of Gateshead, the Rev. W. Moore Ede, who draws such life-like pictures of old age and dependence and poverty, ought to write a homily on thrift and the way to wealth. In the sunshine of life, and the plenty and abundance of our youthful years, we are not apt to think about the sombre shades of evening or the winter of our days—that evening demands the produce of the day, and that the declining year requires a supply from the superabundance of its summer. We fear that the rector of Gateshead will find it as difficult to make men provident as the teetotalers do to make them sober. Adversity is probably the best school that we can be taught in. Those who do not yet know the value of money will learn when they try to borrow it. There was a great deal of truth in the observation made to the Newcastle farmers, in 1889, respecting breeders selling their own stock.<sup>1</sup> "If you

<sup>1</sup> "How to Buy, Feed, and Sell Grazing Cattle," paper read by Mr. Joseph Robson, Middle Farm, Wall.

would have your business done, go ; if not, send," is a maxim as well worth remembering as that in the couplet—

He that by the plough would thrive,  
Himself must either hold or drive.

Mr. Ede's advice to the shopkeepers would, no doubt, be to "keep thy shop, and it will keep thee." Those who squander their money on the luxuries of life ought to take to heart the old adage:—"Who dainties love shall beggars prove." It was a favourite saying of the late Alderman Dodds that "fools make feasts, and wise men eat them"; and he used to rebuke the ladies who "bussed" out so extravagantly by saying:—"Silks and satins, scarlet and velvets, put out the kitchen fire." Nobody knows better than the Grand Old Man that little strokes fell great oaks, and if we would enjoy advanced age in easy cheerfulness it must be by plodding diligence, self-denial, and frugality.

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Here is a true story, which the courtesy of Mr. Watts, the rector of Witton Gilbert, near Durham, has enabled us to extract from the parish registers there, and from which some imaginative writer is at liberty to weave a highly interesting narrative, which might be called "The Romance of a Noble." In the year 1624, William Watson, a substantial yeoman, died at Witton Gilbert, and left a sum of ten pounds, which his brother Richard was to dispose of at his discretion. Thirty years previously, Richard had gone to Cambridge, his fellow-villagers lending him, at parting, a noble, or small gold coin of the value of six shillings and eightpence. This little kindness he always remembered with gratitude, and after his brother's death, having meanwhile gone to London to seek his fortune and prospered, he wrote a letter to the friends of his youth, in which he says:—"The testimony of your love which I received at my going to Cambridge I have employed these thirty years, and, being desirous to make some return of thankfulness, I have returned unto you your lent noble, with thirty-two nobles more, being the increase of it, twelve pounds in all, as an addition to my brother William his ten pounds." This sum of £22

was subsequently invested in land, the rent whereof has since then been equally divided between the church and the poor of Witton Gilbert parish. Not many charities in England can boast of such a romantic origin.

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The Master of Sherburn House, the Rev. H. A. Mitton, has compiled an interesting history of that old place. Originally founded by Bishop Pudsey for the reception of lepers of both sexes, its history for upwards of four centuries is associated with abuses of the most glaring description, master after master having pocketed its revenues long after leprosy had ceased to exist in this country. In 1857, three years after the death of the last of the old masters, the house was reconstituted, the management being entrusted to fifteen governors, and the entire property of the Hospital is now vested in this body. Prior to that time the masters paid the statutable allowances to the brethren, and pocketed the entire balance of the revenues, but under the new constitution the salary of all the officials was fixed, and provision was thus made for a considerable extension of the usefulness of the House. Thirty old men are now maintained out of part of its revenues, and a Hospital, built at a cost of £12,000, affords an asylum for a similar number of sick patients of both sexes. The Dispensary, also, was the outcome of the new scheme, and its present popularity may be gauged when it is mentioned that 4,000 tickets are annually distributed to poor people requiring medical aid.

It is scarcely possible to imagine a more peaceful or happy life than that passed within its walls. All their wants are anticipated and provided for. They receive lodging, food, clothing, and attendance, together with a money allowance of 4s. per week, which enables them to purchase the extra comforts which some of them enjoyed in more prosperous days. In the beautiful and carefully kept quadrangle, and in the wooded domain attached to the house, they wander at will, enjoying the intercourse of their fellows and talking over pleasant reminiscences and the events of the past. The neat and well-appointed little church at the far end of the quadrangle keeps them in mind

of the sacredness of the place, and there is God's acre across the road to remind them of the way of all flesh. In this calm retreat many attain a very advanced age, and for the most part pass away painlessly, through the slow decay of their faculties.

Some notable men become brethren of this place. A few years ago one of the inmates was a man named Livingstone, of whose father a romantic account may be given. One night two gentlemen were driving along the road in the neighbourhood of Houghton-le-Spring, and thought they heard a cry in the hedge. They alighted, and saw something lying in the hedge. "It's only a stone," said one, as he poked the thing with his stick. Thereupon the cry was repeated. "But it's a living stone," remarked the other, as he picked a child up. The identity of this child, a boy, could not be established, and it was adopted by the finder, who, remembering his involuntary exclamation, gave the child the name of Livingstone, by which name it was ever afterwards known. At the close of the year 1892, a man with quite a different history took shelter within its walls. Mr. Anthony Surtees, head woodman under the University of Durham, can give not only a clear account of his parentage, but he is able to trace his descent from some of the best yeoman blood in the North-country. The day before he entered Sherburn House he sold the clock which told his grandfather the hour. Coroner Graham paid £8 for it, and as the original price was probably not more than £3, and Mr. Surtees himself had had fifty years' use out of it, the family investment had not been a bad one. As an old chair was put up Mr. Surtees patted it affectionately. He had sat on it upwards of fifty years, and it had been in his family for a century and a half previously.

As we have said, the old man has good blood in his veins. He was born the same year that Wellington won Waterloo. His father, Cuthbert, married a daughter of Dr. Fewster, of Ebchester. Another brother, Dr. Surtees, married Jane, sister of General Sir Martin Hunter, who died in 1846, aged 90, and who was said to be the last survivor of the officers present at the battle of Bunker's Hill, on the 17th of June, 1775. His grandfather, John

Surtees, was bailiff under Greenwich Hospital. He was connected with Major Surtees, who commanded the Northumberland Militia during Lord George Gordon's riots. A local song in praise of this gallant regiment, the Northumberland Buffs, says :—

Full fifty thousand, stout and bold,  
Were assembled in this riot :  
Five hundred of Northumberland boys  
Made all these thousands quiet.

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We owe much to photography and the magic lantern. They have made us familiar with places and things that used to be far beyond our ken. At one time people knew little or nothing about the sun and moon, and the other celestial bodies. A comet was regarded with awe, and its coming associated with some pending calamity ; while the most that boys were taught respecting the moon was that it was inhabited by a naughty man who once gathered sticks on a Sunday, and whose lugubrious countenance did more, perhaps, than any other agency to keep the fourth commandment in remembrance. Among astronomers, the moon has always been an object of interest. The Rev. Temple Chevallier, who was the first observer at Durham University, used to say that she had given him more peeled shins and sore throats than all the other luminous orbs put together. It was Thales, we believe, that fell into a pit while watching an eclipse. No doubt he, too, experienced many other mishaps while groping about in the dark. Cosmology was a risky profession in the early days. When an astronomer got out of his reckoning and made a mistake he was quickly made to join the celestials. He stood in greater fear of his life than Rider Haggard's prophet in the story of " King Solomon's Mine." Hi and Ho of China were the first astronomers of whom we have any record. They lived in the reign of Chou-Kong, 2,169 years before Christ, and both were beheaded for getting on the spree, and failing to foretell an eclipse. As we have remarked, comets and changes in the celestial bodies were always looked upon as events of the most portentous kind. Isaiah and other sacred writers speak of eclipses as indicative of the wrath of the Almighty ; and Homer,

Pliny, Pindar, and many other ancient writers also make mention of them in a similar way. But since these days the moon has allowed herself to be sketched and photographed for our home amusement, and we have become as intimate with her as we have with things terrestrial. By the aid of photography and the magic lantern, stay-at-home people may now view the sights and wonders of the world, from the remains of ancient Rome to the pyramids of Egypt—those prodigies of human power, the admiration of ages past and to come. Let us look at one of those gigantic piles as Mr. Jevons described and illustrated it during a lecture at Durham in 1891. There is one entrance to it, and from that branches out many passages. One leads to an empty pit, another is intercepted by a well eighty feet deep, and is blocked by many obstacles, including several walls. A third passage is barred by a huge granite block, and the workmen find it easier to cut round this than through it. This stupendous monument, these winding passages and intervening obstacles, this mighty expenditure of labour during many many years, all are intended to cover and conceal the corpse of one man! At last a chamber is reached containing a sarcophagus, but the latter, *mirabile dictu*, contains no corpse! Where can it be? The place is tapped, and gives forth a hollow sound. Here, then, is the key to the grand secret. A hole is quickly made, revealing a staircase. Descending, the explorers—after winding through lofty halls and narrow passages—at last arrive at the actual sepulchral chamber, the abiding place of the royal mummy! Quite a thrill of interest runs through us as the magic lantern reflects the actual portrait of Rameses the Second—the very Pharaoh who so cruelly oppressed the children of Israel. His head is small, entirely out of proportion to his gigantic body, his forehead low and narrow, his nose prominent and hooked, his chin square and projecting. On the back of the head is found white hair two inches long, while the chin is covered with a growth of half an inch. Probably the attendants had not shaven their royal master during his final illness, or maybe it had grown after death!

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The marriage of Miss Edith Mary Duncombe Shafto to Captain Randolph, in 1891, was an epoch which will be remembered by the ladies of Durham, who flocked to the pretty little village of Brancepeth to witness the ceremony. Happy the bride on whom the sun shines. He did just show his face, which was regarded by the ladies as a lucky augury. We hope that it may be so, and that bride and bridegroom have a bright and blissful future before them. By their alliances with the Swinburnes, the Bertrams, the Riddells, the Brandlings, the Edens, and the Widdringtons, the Shaftos have some of the best blood of the North-country in their veins. The rank which the old lords of Shafto held on the Border is immortalized in song and tradition. They often took part in the hostile meetings between the Scotch and English wardens, and one of the war-cries of the latter used to be "A Schaftan and a Fenwick." The present rector of Brancepeth springs from the Mark Shafto who was mayor of Newcastle in 1548. His grandson of the same name was recorder of this city in 1648, and it was he who purchased Whitworth in 1652. Robert, his son, was also recorder, during the holding of which office he received the honour of knighthood. Sir Robert died in 1705, and was succeeded by his son Mark, of Whitworth, who was High Sheriff of Durham in 1709. Robert Shafto, his eldest son, was member of Parliament for the city of Durham in 1712, and also in 1727. Dying in 1729, his brother John was elected to his seat the same year. Robert, a son of John, represented the county between the years 1760-68. This is the Bobby Shafto for whom Miss Bellasis, the heiress of Brancepeth, conceived an all-consuming love, and of whom she sang thus admiringly and hopefully :—

Bobby Shafto's bright and fair,  
Combing down his yellow hair,  
He's my ain for ivvermair—  
Hey for Bobby Shafto !  
Bobby Shafto's gone to sea,  
Wi' silver buckles at his knee ;  
When he comes back he'll marry me—  
Bonny Bobby Shafto !

There are usually two sides to a question. Colonel Coulson and his supporters are alarmed at the mannish attire and sporting tendencies of the ladies, the truth of



which is patent and cannot be gainsaid. But what say the women in reply? Their mothers and grandmothers, it is true, stayed at home and made jam for the sick in the summer, and spun linen for themselves and yarn for the poor during winter, but that was a period when men married, and every woman could find a husband, even though it might be in the presence of the Gretna Green parson. Now, however, all the men are confirmed bachelors, and marrying either across the Border or elsewhere having gone out of fashion, it is not surprising that the spinsters should try to find other less exciting occupations than man-hunting. Marriage is one of the rights of human nature. Clearly, Government ought to step in and make it compulsory, or impose a heavy tax on bachelorhood. By turning back the leaves of the world's history a couple of thousand years, a precedent for so doing could be found, for the Romans imposed the marriage obligation on every citizen who had arrived at maturity. Later on in the world's history we find that those who persisted in contempt of matrimony had to pay a tax called a wife-tax. Some countries instituted a gradation of prizes for the encouragement of marriages, the reward being in proportion to the results. It was for the same purpose that Louis XIV. granted pensions to those who were happy enough to be able to boast of ten children. In the same sort of spirit may be taken the custom in this country of granting rewards to mothers of three children at a birth. It is not many years since the agricultural societies of our own counties of Northumberland and Durham awarded prizes for the bonniest family of bairns, just as the local poultry shows do now for the best and healthiest cleckin of chickens.

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Mr. Bates, of Heddon, possesses many curious letters respecting the courtship of Oley Douglas, son of a former owner of Aydon Castle and Matfen. Oley married Miss Harris, the daughter of a London merchant, and it was their daughter, Anne, who carried Matfen into the Blckett family by marrying Sir Edward, fourth baronet. The marriage of Oley Douglas and Miss Harris took place in 1717. The bills for the bride and bridegroom's outfit have been preserved. The wedding ring cost £5 5s., which is

a proof that the lovers of the eighteenth century were in the habit of tying the nuptial knot in a solid and substantial manner. The bridegroom's suit was made in London, and cost £6 12s. There was five and a half yards of cloth in it, which at 18s. per yard amounted to £4 14s. 6d. The material for the linings and pockets cost 5s. 6d., and the buttons and twist cost 2s., and the charge for making the suit was £1 10s. The bride's dress, or rather her *trousseau*, we should imagine, was also made in the Metropolis. We must admit that the items are quite unintelligible to us, but the ladies may understand the uses to which the bride put all the yards of lace, muslin, brocade, &c., set down in the bill. To begin with, there is an item of £14 10s. for five yards of looped lace at £2 18s. The next is a charge of £4 10s. for one and a half yards of what appears to be "grounded" lace, and there is a charge of £4 1s. for a further supply of looped lace. A yard and a quarter of cambric cost £1. The next item is £2 10s. for two and a half yards of lawn. Five and a quarter yards of muslin cost £5 15s. 6d. What could a lady want with twenty-eight yards of rich crimson flowered velvet? The total cost of this was £42, being at the rate of 30s. per yard. The last item is £17 10s. for three and a half yards of gold brocade. The total cost of the material alone was £91 16s. 6d., which seems to us to be a large expenditure for a lady's outfit in the early years of the reign of the First George.

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No man in the county of Durham was ever more universally or more deservedly respected and honoured than Thomas Charles Thompson, whose death occurred at East Grinstead in 1892. A harsh or uncharitable sentiment with regard to others never fell from his lips, and in his death we have lost a learned, generous, good man. In private life he was the most amiable of men, and in the political world he was esteemed and respected alike by his friends and opponents. By birth, education, and early associations, Mr. Thompson was warmly attached to everything connected with the county of Durham. He was a born student, and graduated with honours at Durham in 1839, being then only eighteen years old. The only other man who took classical

honours that year was the late Canon Dwarris. Durham was then in its infancy, only twenty-eight students having graduated there before Mr. Thompson did so. Among these were Francis Thompson, vicar of St. Giles', Durham; Henry Stoker, vicar of Pitlington; and Frederick Brewster Thompson, vicar of Benfieldside, all of whom are dead; though one of their fellow-students, Dr. Cundill, who was the first student of the University, is still living. The present Canon Greenwell graduated at Durham along with Mr. Thompson, as did also Meredith Brown and John Frederic Bigge, the former of whom is still living, we believe. The MS. day-books at the library of the University show that classical literature was the bent of Mr. Thompson's mind, and that Canon Greenwell was even then dabbling in archæology. Having read extensively and judiciously, Mr. Thompson's mind was a storehouse of information. He possessed a wonderfully retentive memory. An instance may be given. During the Durham City election in 1885, he wished to illustrate some remarks which he was about to make by a quotation from Homer, and called at the University Library to verify it. Being asked what edition he wanted he replied that he knew the whereabouts of the book he needed, having read it when a student, and at the same moment walked to the place where it was kept, and, after a brief search, took down from the shelf the volume which he had handled more than fifty years before.

Few men gave to the poor more liberally or unostentatiously. About thirty-five years ago he acquired the Sherburn Hall estate, and went to reside there. His going was signalized by an act which the writer witnessed. An old woman, a widow, was in arrear with her rent, and the bailiff's men seized her furniture and placed it on a cart, preparatory to removing it to Durham. It happened to be the day of Mr. Thompson's arrival in the village, and noticing the commotion he made inquiries. In the end he satisfied the landlord's claim, and the widow's furniture was restored to her. Mr. Thompson had then a commanding figure, with a fine presence. His pleasing manner and genial ways were best seen to advantage during an election contest. In the city of Durham, a

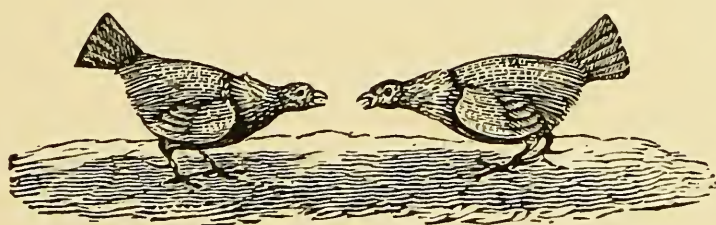
dozen years ago, one of the most popular men was the present member for Ripon, Mr. John Lloyd Wharton. There is much sentiment in this world of ours, and it is well known that many people are swayed by trifling things. During one of his contests with Mr. Thompson for the representation of the city, Mr. Wharton entered the house of a voter, with whom he exchanged the usual civilities. As the man was reputed to be a Conservative, he did not wish to appear importunate, and with his characteristic delicacy simply expressed the hope that he might receive his vote on the day of the election. A few minutes after Mr. Thompson entered. The lady of the house was then washing some clothes in the middle of the floor, and her arms up to her elbows were covered with soap lather. Advancing to her, Mr. Thompson, with one of his most agreeable smiles, said, "I always like to shake hands with the lady of the house first," and at the same moment, before the woman had time to remove the lather, he gave her hand a cordial grip. Mr. Granger, who witnessed the act, says that the lady smiled all over, and her husband was so delighted with this little mark of condescension that he recorded his vote for Mr. Thompson on the day of election.

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Horseracing and cockfighting were at one time inseparably connected. One gave a filip to the other, and both at Durham and Newcastle an adjournment took place to the cockpit as soon as the races were over. Occasionally there was a match or two after the usual programme had been run off. We can well imagine what interest would be centred in one that took place on the Newcastle Moor in 1730, between the grissel galloway belonging to Isaac Grieve, of Fryerside, gentleman, and the gray galloway owned by Anthony Tully, of Newcastle, merchant. The former carried "catch weight," while the latter carried ten stone, and the distance was "over the usual course of four miles." We cull these facts from the original articles of agreement, which further tell us that the stake money, £20, had been deposited in the hands of Thomas Hall, of Gibside, gentleman, but the document does not say which horse won the race.

Another old sporting agreement which we possess has been so nibbled by mice, and suffered so much from damp, that it is almost illegible. All that we can decipher is that somebody's gray gelding is to run somebody else's sorrel mare three heats of four miles each for a stake or wager of £10 for every heat, each horse to carry ten stone; and that a quarter of an hour is to elapse between the ending and beginning of each heat.

The modest but gifted author of "Stanhope Memorials of Bishop Butler," Mr. W. M. Egglestone, has contributed some interesting facts to the cockfighting literature of the North-country. He says that during last century, when it was in its glory, the pastime was patronized by all classes of the people. The sporting parson was there, and when he happened to be on the victorious side he sometimes caused the church bells to ring a merry peal. Indeed, Mr. Egglestone states that there existed in Alston not long ago a Prayer-book which had been won for its owner by a famous bird. We possess an early record of the pastime. It is endorsed "Articles for a Cock Match in Newcastle," but the beginning of the document is wanting. It is in the same handwriting as the articles of agreement between Grieve and Tully in 1730, and the match probably came off about the same time. The conditions of the agreement are interesting. Each side is to produce and weigh twenty-six cocks and five staggs, and those of an equal weight (or within an ounce of each other) are to be matched, the birds of highest weight to fight first. Each battle is to be for a guinea, the loser paying at the end of the battle; and whoever loses the major part of the battles is to pay to the winner the sum of £20. The cocks and staggs are not to exceed four pounds four ounces, nor be less than three pounds four ounces, "each bird to fight in the usual round silver spurrs," and all birds are to be set down with fair hackles.



## CHAPTER XLII.

### NOTES AND ANECDOTES.

Dean Waddington.—Mr. Henry Smith, of Esh Hall.—Sergeant Morland.—Mr. William Brignal.—Book Collectors.—Parrots.—A Loquacious Miner.—Light Butter.—Judge Manisty.—Curing a Drunken Wife.—Stammering.—The Duke of Cleveland.—The Changeableness of Human Life.—A Newcastle Shave.—Amateur Picture Cleaners.—The Marquess of Londonderry's "Irish Brigade."

WHILE the late author of "Verdant Green" was an undergraduate at Durham, he made many portraits of the dignitaries and people about the University and Cathedral, most of which we possess.<sup>1</sup> Not the least interesting is one of Dean Waddington, whose generosity and kindness of heart will be long remembered. The good old Dean, in his walks about the city, had ever a smile and a kindly greeting for those whom he knew. His vest pockets were usually filled with small change in silver, which he gave to the lads of the town with no niggardly hand; and he was always ready to help the poor citizens, whose appeals to him for aid were rarely made in vain. It is to be feared, however, that he more than once bestowed his charity on objects quite undeserving of his

<sup>1</sup> One of the best is a pen-and-ink sketch made in 1848, representing a group of students reading for the June examinations in the garden of University College. In the top group are John Bolland (buried in Jerusalem, if we mistake not), with his heels in the air; "Verdant Green," H. Collins, and H. Fynes Clinton (cousin of the Duke of Newcastle), the latter leaning on a sofa cushion and smoking. The bottom group includes Garth, F. M. St. John, and the present Bishop of Aberdeen and the Orkneys, the Right Rev. the Hon. A. G. Douglas. University life in Durham then was much more varied than it is now. The course was three years, and the undergraduates had more time for relaxation. Many of them hunted at least once a week; they kept dogs of every conceivable breed and shape; white rats and mice, and other vermin, found a home in the Castle Keep; and they amused themselves much in the way that "Verdant Green's" tormentors are said to have done. Altogether, Durham was very much different from what it is now.

sympathy, as the following circumstance will show. More than thirty years ago there lived in Gilesgate, within the precincts of the Church Lane, a married couple, whose improvident and worse habits caused them to be rather notorious in the neighbourhood. The wife was no stranger at the Deanery, and the husband was well known to the Dean personally. One morning the former presented herself at Dr. Waddington's house with the mournful news that her husband had died during the night, and that she had not the means to bury him, let alone to give him a decent funeral.

The sympathetic old Dean's heart was touched; but something in the woman's manner making him suspicious, he decided to visit her house in order that he might verify her story, and, if need be, render immediate help. He accordingly informed the woman that his business that afternoon carried him into Gilesgate, and that he would then call and see her. She left with professions of gratitude on her lips, but her mind must have been ill at ease, as the sequel will prove. As the day wore on, the familiar figure of the Dean was seen approaching. The bereaved woman met him at the door with all the marks of grief on her visage. The house itself presented the features usually to be found on such mournful occasions. In one corner stood the four-poled bed, and on it was the body of the recently departed one. Contrary to the widow's expectations, the Dean expressed a desire to see the face-cloth removed. The face was death-like in its repose, but there was a vermilion hue about the nose which the good Dean, in his wide experience, never remembered to have seen in a corpse before. He remarked on the unusual appearance, and suggested to the woman that it was possible that her husband was but sleeping off a debauch, and that he might not be dead after all. He was about to carry his investigations a little further, when the corpse gave a yawn and opened its eyes, as if in confirmation of the Dean's supposition, and to the apparent wonder of its weeping spouse.

Many men would have called in a policeman at once, but not so the Dean. The sight was so ludicrous that the death chamber rang with his laughter, and after he had

lectured the couple on their futile attempt to impose on him, he returned home, not, however, before he had given the woman the means for procuring both food and stimulants for her resuscitated spouse.

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The death of Mr. Henry Smith, of Esh Hall, in 1891, removed the last connecting link between the old Lanchester magistrates and the new. They were a painstaking lot of men, those old magistrates, and early in the seventies, when trade was brisk and many miners and iron-workers spent their earnings merrily if not wisely, it was not an unusual thing to find them administering justice by candlelight in the little room that was then used as a courthouse. In the chair sat the handsome, broad-shouldered fox-hunting Mr. Kearney, and on his right and left were grouped Mr. Taylor-Smith, another fox-hunting squire, Mr. John Greenwell, Mr. John Clavering, Mr. Henry Smith, and Mr. Talmadge, all of whom, alas! except the latter, now await judgment at another tribunal than their own. In one corner, on a bench, sat blind, gray-headed old Tinkler, one of the earliest members of the police force, whose eyes were deliberately and cruelly gouged out during his attempt to quell a public-house disturbance. Near him stood the clean-shaven, much-dreaded Morland, the chief of thief catchers in his day. It was his boast that only two men in his parish had escaped him, the parson and the schoolmaster. Albeit the terror of evil-doers, he was always on the best of terms with them. "Now, John," he would say to some poor mortal whom he was prosecuting for drunkenness, and who had denied the impeachment, "didn't I set you twice on your legs before you fell into the gutter? The fact is, John, you were mortallious," this latter favourite expression of his conveying the meaning that the defendant was utterly incapable.

Morland was the most methodical of policeman. At one court he brought up a regiment of drunk and disorderlies, at the next he had twenty or thirty pitch-and-toss cases, and at the succeeding court he would usher in a batch of delinquents for garden-breaking and such like offences. He would never confess to being over-matched but once,



and that was when he was appointed dog-catcher-in-chief to the county constabulary. His entry into a village was the signal for the barring-up of all unlicensed members of the canine species. "You have a dog here, ma'am," he would say to a poor woman who, having heard of his approach, had just secreted her husband's companion in the front room closet. On receiving an assurance to the contrary, he would emit a succession of howls that speedily found an echo. But he was once beaten on his own ground. Being told that a dog was kept by a man named Liddle, at his house in Delves Lane, not far from Consett, he went thither and found that the only dog about the place was a stone effigy of one fastened to a tree in the garden. Morland had suffered much in the discharge of his public duties. He had a broken nose, which was received in the capture of some sheep-stealing ruffians, and there was a peculiar twitching of the lid of one eye whenever he said anything strange or queer, which he very often did. There were frequent exchanges of civilities between him and the late Mr. William Brignal, solicitor. In cross-examining a witness, Mr. Brignal had the habit of slapping the palm of one hand with the fingers of the other, and closing his eyes as if dissecting each thought before it left the brain. "Don't wink at me, sir!" roared out the old lawyer to Morland, who was detailing his smartness in the capture of a thief. "Me wink, Mr. Brignal! How could you see me wink with your eyes closed?" "Are not cabbages much alike?" queried Mr. Brignal to Morland in a garden-breaking case. "Yes," replied that functionary, with one of his leers. "Then how do you identify those particular cabbages?" "Because," replied Morland, with a grin which completely absorbed the remains of his nasal appendage, "cabbages had been missed out of this particular garden before, and to put the matter beyond doubt I thrust a darning needle into each cabbage, and here is one," he added, triumphantly withdrawing a needle and holding it up before the astonished prisoner. "You see," he continued, "cabbages may be much alike, but all of them don't grow needles." This was not the only occasion that Morland had the best of him. Once he astonished the old lawyer by giving the

exact distance between two places. "And why did you take the trouble to measure it?" asked Mr. Brignal. "Because I thought some feyul of a solicitor would ask me," was the reply. He had the laughter of the court against him on another occasion, when his client's arm was said to have been permanently injured in an assault. The injured limb could not be raised beyond a certain point during Mr. Brignal's examination, but when his young friend Mr. Barnes, in apparent sympathy, asked the man how high he could lift it before the assault, he suddenly hoisted his arm and said, "Right up."

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Book collectors are thus classified by Isaac Disraeli:— "A bibliognoste is one knowing in title pages, colophons, and editions, the place and year when printed, the presses whence issued, and all the minutiae of a book. A bibliographe is a describer of books and other literary arrangements. A bibliomane is an indiscriminate accumulator who blunders as fast as he buys, cockbrained and purse-heavy. A bibliophile, or lover of books, is the only one of the class who reads them for his own pleasure. A bibliotaphe buries them under lock and key and frames them in glass cases." To which section of the preceding the late Mr. Robinson belonged, it would be hard to say. He was an enthusiastic book collector, and built up at Houghton-le-Spring, and latterly at Hardwick Hall, where he died, a library which, in its special collections, reminded us of those formed by the Brocketts and the Charnleys and the Bells of a past generation. This library was dispersed in Newcastle by Messrs. Mack in 1890, and attracted buyers from many parts of the world. There were many rare books and tracts, and, as might be expected, a goodly array of Bewickiana, the illustrations of upwards of 150 lots being attributed to the Bewick school of engravers. Mr. Robinson's specialty was local literature, and his collection embraced almost everything that has been issued from the printing presses of the two counties of Northumberland and Durham since the day when the royal printer, Robert Barker, set up shop at Newcastle. There were many civil war tracts, and several rare things from the Gateside press of Stephen

Bulkley. It was a five days' sale. The description of the lots may be said to be a bibliography of local literature. Every conceivable thing was there, from Thorburn's "Fox Chace at Shotley Bridge" to the once celebrated, but long defunct *Tyne Mercury's* account of the "mill" between Tom Dunn and Jem Wallace on Barlow Fell. There is a story that Mr. Robinson's father once took him on to the top of Houghton Hill, and pointed out to him the broad acres belonging to the paternal estate. "And they will all be thine some day, Tom," remarked the old gentleman; "what will thou do with them?" "Make them fly, father!" lisped the young squire. The books of another noted collector, Miss Julia Boyd, were dispersed by Messrs. Davison and Son, of Newcastle, in the year 1892. Miss Boyd was a lady with artistic and antiquarian tastes, and, having the wherewithal to gratify them, she converted her home into a museum. She was the daughter of Edward Fenwick Boyd, Esq., of Moor House, and was connected with the old Fenwicks and Andersons of Northumberland. After her father's demise she went abroad, and was travelling in New Zealand at the time of her death, which had a peculiar sadness about it, from the fact of its occurring ten days after that of her brother, Robert Fenwick Boyd.

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Many amusing stories have been told of the imitative propensity of the gray parrot. A South Shields working man owns one that is noted for its loquaciousness. He is pardonably proud of the bird, and has taught it to say some queer things. One evening, during the summer of 1891, he returned home accompanied by a friend. Both were in a jolly mood, and Poll was evidently expected to say some of her funniest things. She occupied her usual perch, but it was noticed that she did not salute her master in the usual way. "Speak, Poll!" he hiccuped, coaxingly. But Poll was in a taciturn mood, and not a word would she utter. At length, in a fit of ill-humour, the man, seizing her, said, "Speak, yor beggar, or aa'll twist yor neck roond," and at the same time threw the poor bird under the table. After the friend's departure, he bethought of the parrot, which had meanwhile made

her escape into the yard, where there were some young chickens. Four of these she had killed, and as the owner approached the spot where Poll was standing sentry over their dead bodies, she cried out, "Speak, yor beggar, or aa'll twist yor neck roond."

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A loquacious miner, well known in the county of Durham, was airing his eloquence before a select company in the "Lambton Arms," at Chester-le-Street. He contrasted the present condition of his fellows with their lot before the abolition of the yearly bond, noting the strides that had been made by them morally and intellectually, and, with pardonable pride, pointing to himself as an example of what education had achieved. Homer and Virgil were referred to as old friends, and the subtleties of Aristotle's ethics seemed as plain to him as the rules for the working of his colliery. Having expressed his readiness to answer questions or speak on any subject, a meek-looking individual, who had been sitting in an obscure part of the room, submitted to him the following poser:—"How would you direct a bow-legged man the straight road to Crook?" to which the pitmatic Demosthenes, not to be beaten, rejoined by asking him:—"Did you ever navigate a perambulator to the foot of Shincliffe Bank Top?"

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A bad excuse is better than none. So the farmer's wife evidently thought when she sought to excuse the short weight of her butter by saying that the water had run out of it. The practice of giving short weight is not new. When the markets were supervised by bailiffs, people were frequently fined for such offences as selling light butter, buying it up and selling it again in the same market, which was called regrating, or buying it before it was publicly offered and selling it at a higher price, which was termed forestalling the market. A strict look-out was kept at Bishop Auckland Market, and in connexion with this a good story is told of a Cockfield farmer who used to take butter there. He was what is known as a "wet hand," not in butter-making, but in the sense that Walpole would have used it, namely, in liquidating his wife's butter money.

One day, after the butter had been sold, he met a number of convivial spirits, whom he did not leave till his last penny was spent. Visions of what was in store for him haunted his mind in the homeward journey, but before he reached Cockfield he began to chuckle. The first thing that he did on entering the house was to throw the empty butter-basket behind the fire. "What's thou deein', thou feyul?" asked his astonished spouse. "We're ruined!" exclaimed her lord and master. "That ivver it should ha' come t' this," he continued with a groan of agony, "thou's ruined an' disgraced me wi' th' leet butter!" The woman was thunderstruck, and on being told that the whole basket had been forfeited because two pounds were found under weight, she thought of the anguish of mind that her poor husband must have suffered, and being under the impression that she was the innocent cause thereof, she began sympathizing with him in their supposed disgrace, and under this, and the soothing influence of a glass, his agitation of mind was gradually allayed.

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Judge Manisty, who died in January, 1890, was born at Edlingham Vicarage, of which his father was vicar, and having received his education at Durham Grammar School, he understood the character and peculiarities of the North-country pitmen better than most of his brother judges. Although he had the reputation of being somewhat irritable in temper, there were occasions when his lordship enjoyed a joke and could heartily participate in the amusement of the court. We remember his once taking in hand a young pitman whose answers had bewildered counsel on both sides. "Was anybody with you?" asked the judge of this witness. "Aye, there was." "Well, who?" said his lordship. "Why Bob Forster." "Who else?" queried the judge. "Tom Swiddler." "Anyone else?" asked his lordship. "Aye, Geordy Brown." "Anybody else?" "How mony he' yer getten doon?" asked the witness. "Why, Bob Forster, Tom Swiddler, and Geordy Brown. Now, was there anyone else?" "Yes," replied the witness. "Well, who?" repeated the judge. "John Temple," replied the witness. "Why,

that's yourself, is it not?" exclaimed his lordship, to which the witness naïvely replied, "Aye, sartinly!"

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It is difficult to cure a drunken wife. A poor man in the North-country is said to have been sorely afflicted in this respect. A friend at length suggested a remedy. When the craving came on, the good lady was well plied with her favourite beverage, and in time she became helpless. She was then carried into the cellar, where she was shrouded and placed in a coffin. As the effects of the drink wore off, the woman began to grope about with her hands, and as her fingers scratched the inside of her narrow prison she began to moan, fearing that the end had come. "Oh, where am I?" groaned the affrighted woman. "In Hades," came the low response. "Lord have mercy upon me!" penitently ejaculated the doomed lady, as she endeavoured to take a view of her surroundings by the dim light of a candle which was burning in the farthest corner of the cellar. It was some relief to her, however, when she found she was not alone in the horrible place, and as her faculties became brighter she ventured to ask her companion in misfortune how long he had inhabited the nether regions. The response, "Five years, and still in purgatory," caused her to utter another groan. She tried to raise her body from the coffin, but, care having been taken to fasten her down with cords, the attempt was futile, and her exertions only accelerated the desire that she felt for something to slake the raging thirst within her. "Oh, dear me!" she exclaimed to her invisible companion, "do come here and put your hand in my pocket. I have sixpence, and it will pay for a pot of whiskey between us!" This unfortunate woman must have been as incorrigible as the Houghton-le-Spring cobbler. The latter usually returned home from his carousals by the footpath leading through the churchyard. His spouse often lamented his weakness to an official of the parish, who determined to attempt a cure. Accordingly, one night when the cobbler got over the stile, and was staggering along the footpath, he tumbled into a big hole which had been prepared for him. He tried to get out of it in vain, and while he lay on his back

a figure in white bent over him, and in sepulchral accents said, "Mortal, what dost thou in my grave?" "What is thou doing out of it?" was the reply of the cobbler.

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Although stammering is a painful infirmity, it is productive of many amusing incidents. Here is one which came under our own observation in the City of Durham. A workman who stammered was repairing a house belonging to a gentleman whose son also had an impediment in his speech. Wanting a hammer, he told his son to ask the workman for the loan of his. Both stammerers were ignorant of the other's infirmity, and this led to a most painful scene between them. "Pl-pl-pl-please will you le-le-lend my fa-fa-fa-father your ha-ha-hammer?" jerked out the young man. "Te-te-te-tell th' fa-fa-fa-father t' ba-ba-ba-buy hi-hi-his awn ha-ha-ha-hammer," replied the person addressed, with a glare in his eyes which plainly indicated a desire to throw the tool at the young man's head. Each resented the supposed affront, and the situation was becoming really serious, when fortunately the owner of the house stepped up and offered an explanation. Both were exceedingly sorry, of course, and in his confusion the workman thus addressed the young man—"Wh-wh-why didn't th' te-te-te-tell me that thou st-tut-tuttered?"

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During a short stay in Teesdale a good story was told to us respecting the late Duke of Cleveland's Raby estate, and his Grace's concern for the comfort of his tenantry. Women, as we know, pay more attention to domestic comforts than their husbands, and there was one lady in particular who made the condition of her house a special grievance, and allowed her husband no rest on the subject. Time after time she threatened to approach the Duke's agent and give him a bit of her mind about what she called "the tumble-down state of t' aad house," and, but for her good man's repeated promise to mention the matter to Mr. Scarth at the next rent day, it is probable that the lady, who was known in the dale for the length of her tongue, would have carried her threat into effect. The Duke, as is well known, was of a reserved disposition, and

mixed little with his tenantry, to most of whom he was consequently unknown. One day, an elderly gentleman appeared at the farmstead, and, as he looked like a stranger, he was invited by the lady to walk in and partake of a glass of milk, which he did. Observing the gentleman's eye scanning the falling-off paper in the best parlour, she began pouring out her grievance into his ear. She complained bitterly of the landlordism that doomed her to live in a place where she said "t' aad Duke waddent put his pigs," and made many uncomplimentary allusions to the head of the noble house of Raby. Shortly after the gentleman left, the farmer himself returned from the fields, and, much to his wife's surprise, said that he had just met the Duke, who told him of his having called at the house. His Grace, however, had not said anything about the lecture that he had heard on the duties and responsibilities of landlords, nor of the estimate that had been formed of his own character by his tenant's wife. Within a week workmen were there pulling down the old house and outbuildings, and in their place is now one of the finest farmsteads on the Raby estate.

Shyness and unostentation were traits in the late Duke's character. He mixed little with the world, and for long was as little known in London as he was on his own estates. One day, shortly after his accession to the title, he was bidding for a piece of statuary in a London auction room. His Grace had made up his mind to buy the marble, and it was eventually knocked down to him at a high figure. The Duke's quiet but spirited bidding had attracted attention. There was much speculation as to who the shabby-looking gentleman with artistic tastes could be. The auctioneer evidently eyed him suspiciously, and a look of incredulity passed over his face when, in response to his query, the stranger called out "Cleveland" as the purchaser. "Cleveland! Cleveland! what Cleveland?" he asked, amid the titters of the company. "The Duke of Cleveland," was the quiet reply.

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It frequently happens that those who have been inseparable in life are not divided in death. The truth of this remark is occasionally verified in the obituary columns of



the newspapers. Mrs. Holmes, of Woodbine Cottage, Pity Me, near Durham, died on Monday, the 28th of December, 1891, aged 78, and two days afterwards her partner, who was two years her junior, also died, both being buried in St. Cuthbert's Churchyard. A parallel case occurred in 1814, when Hutchinson, the historian of Durham, and his wife were both buried in one grave. The former was 82 and the latter 78 years old. In December, 1891, a man named Parkinson and his wife were interred together at Marske, and at the same time the newspapers announced the simultaneous death of John and Annie Charlton at High Waskerley. The lot of many Novocastrians has been cast in far distant climes, and the announcements side by side from Australia at the close of the year 1891, that the youngest son of the late William Galloway, of Bensham Tower, was dead, and that Mr. Henry J. Procktor had got a Christmas box in the birth of a son, bring to our view the changeableness of human life, and forcibly illustrate the truth and applicability of Homer's lines on the rise and decay of successive generations of mankind.

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One day a Dunelmian chanced to be in Newcastle, and, wanting a shave, he entered the shop of a well-known Novocastrian for that purpose. The barber is not a disciple of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, and the task of operating on the chins of his customers was on this particular morning delegated to his apprentice, a young man who is gaining experience daily at the expense of others, and who fully realizes and appreciates the sentiment embodied in the maxim—

By trimming fools about the gill,  
A barber's 'prentice learns his skill.

After the scarifying was over, the visitor, having washed his smarting face, blew out his cheeks, the better to survey his injuries. Just at that moment the barber himself entered, and seeing the rueful and blown-out face reflected in a mirror opposite, he said, "What's the mator, sor?" "Matter," was the irate reply, given in the Durham vernacular, "Aw's only blaw'n out m' cheeks t' see if they'll haud in!"

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A few years ago, a couple of Durham painters went into the country to paint the house of an old lady, a widow. Both men were fond of whiskey, and they often lacked the wherewithal to get it. One morning, the craving for a dram of their favourite potation was unusually intense, and while the twain were devising ways and means to raise the wind, a bright thought flashed into the head of one of them. In the dining room was the portrait of the former master of the house. The old lady's attention was called to it, and she was told that washing the canvas with whiskey would not only remove the dirt, but would freshen and bring out the colours amazingly. She readily assented to their cleaning the picture, especially as no charge was to be made, and returned to the room with a bottle containing nearly a pint of the necessary lotion. A little soap and water soon removed the coating of dirt from the portrait, while the contents of the bottle went down the throats of the amateur picture cleaners. In due time the old lady was invited to look at the result of their skill. She was in ecstasies, and, as she viewed the likeness of her departed spouse, she exclaimed—"Only to think that I have kept that whiskey in the house six years. My poor husband was a great sufferer, and I used it over and over again on his sore legs, and he always said it eased him!"

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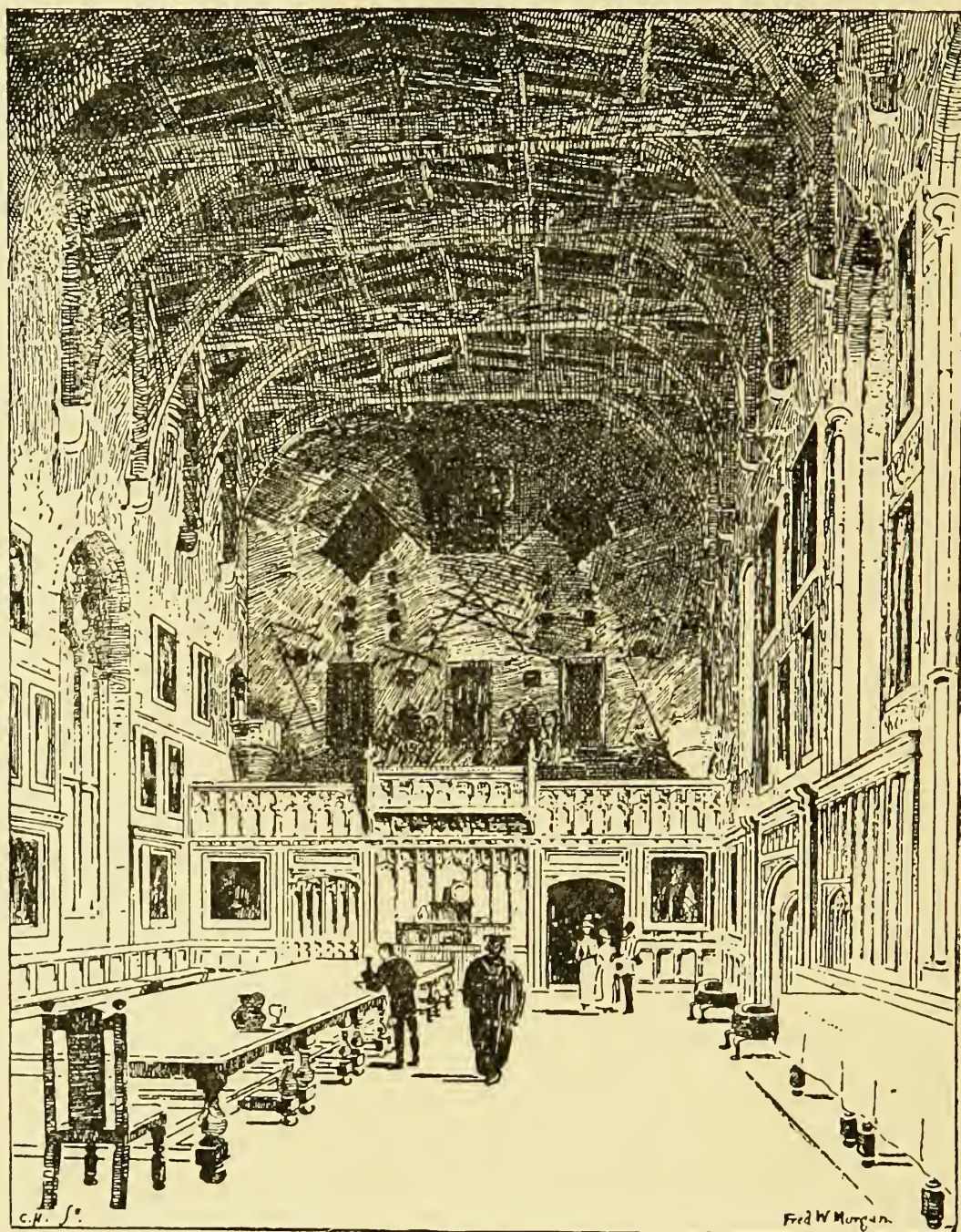
David Tweedie, of the 2nd Life Guards, who died at Durham in 1891, was as full of reminiscences of the army as an egg is full of meat. Owing probably to his connexion with Durham, he became a great favourite with Charles, the third Marquess of Londonderry and first Earl Vane, who was colonel of his regiment, and promoted him to the rank of corporal-major. On one occasion it was found necessary to recruit the ranks from Ireland, and fifty stalwart, hungry-looking young fellows were brought over. Tweedie christened them the "Irish Brigade," and they were, barring the Greek gipsies who visited England a few years ago, perhaps the most ragged troop of men that had set foot on the shores of old England since the day William landed with his freebooters. It was impossible to distinguish the top from the bottom of their coats, and sleeves from the body. Their breeches

were in turn used as coats, and the coats as breeches. The hats they wore were of all colours and shapes, the brims and crowns being mostly kept together by pieces of twine. One great big giant of a fellow, standing 6ft. 4in., created some amusement when brought before the Marquess. His ragged coat was a mixture of frieze and pieces of sheep skin, the whole being tied and kept together by pieces of cord. "What's your name?" asked the colonel. "O'Laurence, O'Terrence, O'Locklin, O'Brien, O'Flaherty, ——." "Halt!" shouted the Marquess, evidently impressed with the belief that the man had received all the names of the ancient kings of Munster, Leinster, Connaught, and Ulster at his baptism. Indeed he put his Milesian descent beyond a doubt when the Marquess asked him to what county he belonged. "County, yer honour," repeated Pat, with a scrape, "any county ya've a mind, yer honour; I belong to ivery county in Oireland."

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Most people are aware that the judges of Assize are always entertained at the Castle during their stay in the city of Durham. Among the Mickleton manuscripts, quoted by Mr. Boyle in his "Guide to Durham," is a curious account of the cost of entertaining them at the Summer Assizes in 1661. At the present time the judges dine in the Senate Room, but in the old palatinate days the repast was served in the Hall, where they had greater variety and fared more sumptuously. Among the things provided in 1661 was a fat ox, costing £11 5s., and there was mutton, veal, and other butcher meat, which cost £6 6s. 10d. There was venison from the park at Auckland, in addition, as well as Westphalia hams, neat's tongues, and cheeses, costing £2 4s. 9d. Mr. Grove, of Newcastle, charged £9 8s. for sweetmeats, "wett and dry," while Mr. Davison was paid £4 10s. 8d. for groceries. The bill of Mr. Tyzack, of Gateshead, for anchovies, olives, and capers, amounted to £1 7s. 10d. The malt consumed by the ducks and geese in the process of fattening for the legal stomach cost no less than 18s. 6d., and there is an additional payment of 15s. to the women who crammed them. There were sixteen geese,

three dozen turkeys, ten dozen chickens, nine pigs, and two and a half dozen ducks. Seven and a half stones of butter were used in lubricating the judges' throats; and they also swallowed, with the assistance of the neighbouring gentry, a tun of French wine, besides many dozen bottles of sack and other sweet wines. Meanwhile their



retainers refreshed themselves with ale and small beer at a cost of £4, and their horses ate oats and beans to the tune of £3 6s. 10d. The sum total of the entertainment was £141 14s. 2d., which would represent about £1,000 of our present money.

Our view of the Hall is from a drawing made by Mr. Fred. W. Morgan, and shows the new screen and gallery which were added in 1888 from designs by Mr. Hodgson Fowler.

Private theatricals were a favourite form of amusement in the last century. In the county of Northumberland, the Delavals were given to this diversion, and their entertainments were often patronized by Royalty. In a letter dated the 7th of March, 1751, Sir Thomas Clavering, of Axwell, writing from Bruton Street to a friend in Newcastle, says :—“ To-night the two young Mr. Delavals, of Seaton Delaval, act the play of ‘ Othello ’ for the entertainment of themselves and friends, and have given out an immense number of tickets. They act at Drury Lane House, and all the Royal Family are to be there except the King, who has been ill of a cold and does not care to stir out.” In this letter reference is made to the presentation of a petition for the making of the road from Newcastle to Carlisle, to both of which places Sir Thomas prophesied the benefit would be great. There is much interesting matter in many of Sir Thomas’s epistles to his friends about this time. We have heard a great deal from the Irish party about the closure and the naming of honourable members for contempt of the House, and using disrespectful language to the Speaker ; but if the same rules that existed in the Commons last century were enforced now, the members of the Irish party would frequently find themselves in the hands of the “ Black Rod.” Writing on the 12th of February, 1751, Sir Thomas remarks :—“ The public has been much engaged of late with the transactions in the House of Commons. Mr. Crowl was brought upon his knees to the Bar of the House for disrespectful words. A Mr. Murray now lies in Newgate for the same offence, but with this aggravation, that he refused to come on his knees. He’s debarred pen, ink, and paper, and nobody to see him but who are allowed by the House ; and for his last offence, for refusing to come upon his knees according to their sentence, a severe punishment will in all probability fall upon him, and he justly deserves it.” There is an account of a member who was once brought upon his knees at the Bar of the House. He had for some time stubbornly refused to perform the penance, and on getting up after doing it he brushed the dust off his knees with his hand, and exclaimed, “ It’s a dirty House after all ! ”

The letters written by the members of the Clavering family give us a quaint picture of fashionable life in the time of Queen Anne. The youngest daughter of John Clavering, Esq., of Chopwell, Ann, who married Henry, son of Sir Henry Liddell, and was sister to Lady Cowper, wife of the Lord Chancellor, kept the Axwell family well posted with the latest Court news, and her letters, which we possess, would form an interesting supplementary volume to Burton's "Reign of Queen Anne." Here is a choice morsel of scandal under date September 3rd, 1709:—

As to Domestick news, nothing spoke of but Lord Shaftsbury's wedding, which was of Monday, to a relation of his own—only £3,000 fortune, which has given Sir Jos. Crossley ye vapours. This wedding is a surprise to the world, that so spleenatick a man should marry. This, therefore, renders it evident that neither that nor vapours, nor any other melancholy, can secure one from thinking of that word Matrimony. We see one time or other all folks are caught in that snare. I'm also told ye Great Dutch — looses ground daily, that all is done that possibly can to make her throw up her key which the world says is design'd for Lady Hide. Pride and covetousness has been ye ruin of that Lady, and wou'd soon be seen were it not her husband. The town talks that the Duke and Duchess of Ormond are also come together again, and that he's discharged Lady Mary.

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"The County of Durham, its Castles, Churches, and Manor Houses," is the title of a book which was published in 1892. The author of it is Mr. J. R. Boyle, who is best known as the author of "Vestiges of Old Newcastle and Gateshead." The book contains ample evidence that when Mr. Boyle looks at an ancient pile, it is not with a dull architectural eye, but with a lively sense of its poetic charms, and a just appreciation of its historic claims. Although professing to be only a guide, it is in reality a most reliable, complete, and comprehensive history of the County of Durham, and every one of the 800 pages is brimful of interest.

The introduction of the manufacture of steel into the county is ascribed to the Germans, who settled at Shotley Bridge about the year 1690. Mr. Boyle points out that a much earlier date has been mistakenly assigned to the advent of the German sword-makers. But he errs in stating that the originator of the error was the late Mr. Thomas Spencer. Its origin is ludicrous enough, and

though misled by the gentleman who first perpetrated it, we were the first to discover the error. An entry in the Ebchester parish register reads as follows :—“ Elliner the daughter of Mathias Wrightson Cler was baptised 11th day of June, 1628.” In the first half of the present century, the Rev. John Ryan married Miss Oley, a descendant of one of the original settlers, and in the year 1841 he published an interesting little book, the “History of Shotley Spa,” in which he fixed the beginning of the seventeenth century as the date of the sword-makers’ coming, from the supposed fact of the name Oley being mentioned in the Ebchester Register under date 1628. He had seen the almost illegible entry in the old register book, “Mathias Wrightson Cler (clericus),” which he read as “Mathias Wrightson Oley,” and concluded that the Oleys and Wrightsons had either inter-married or were particular friends at the time. But, as a matter of fact, the father of the child was not Oley at all, but Wrightson clericus, the incumbent of Ebchester. Probably Mr. Boyle may thank us for placing the paternity of this curious error on the proper shoulders.



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