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The Monthly
Chronicle
of
North-Country
Lore and
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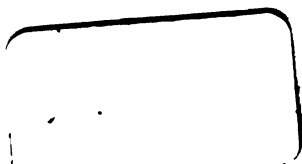
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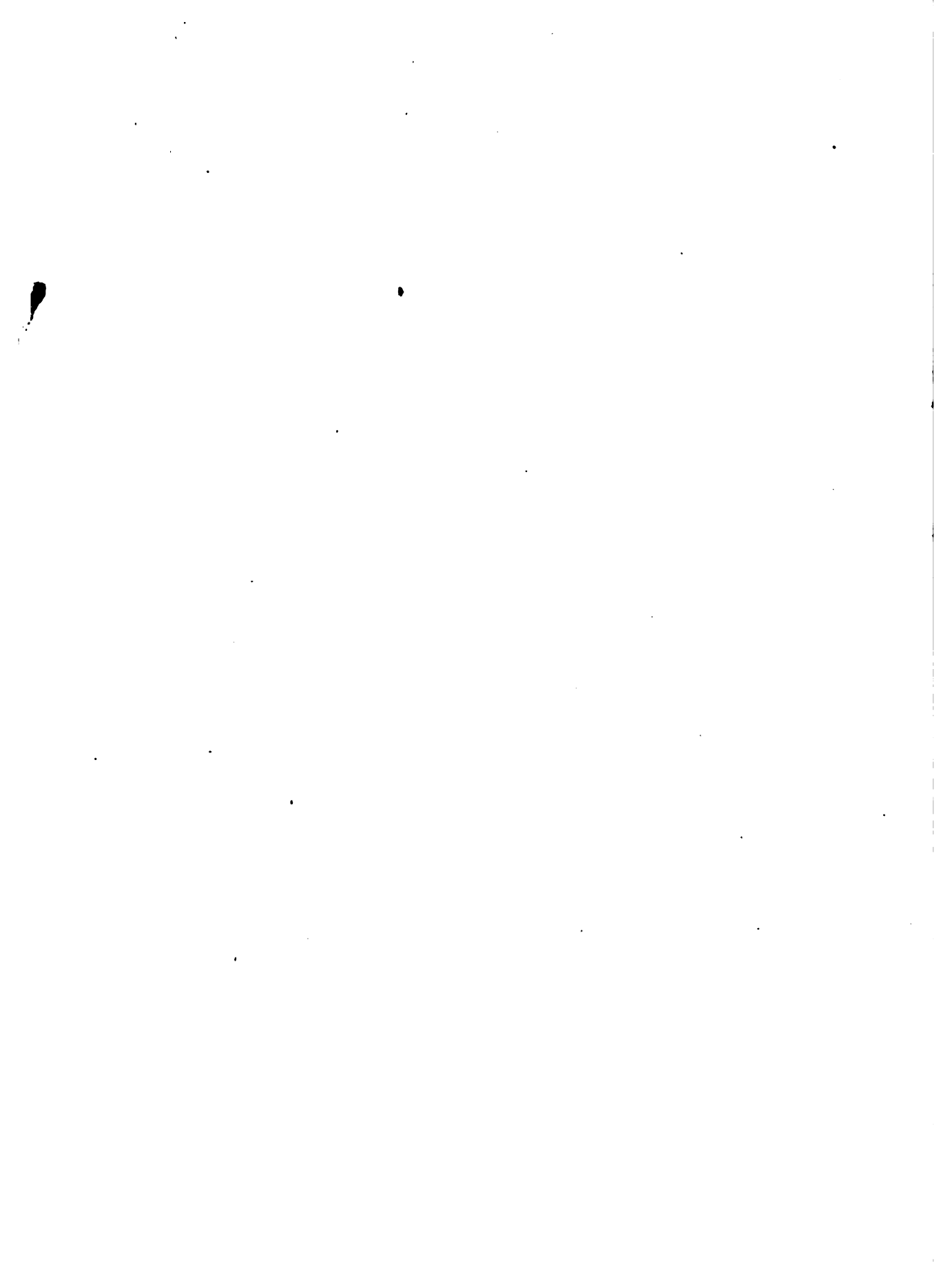
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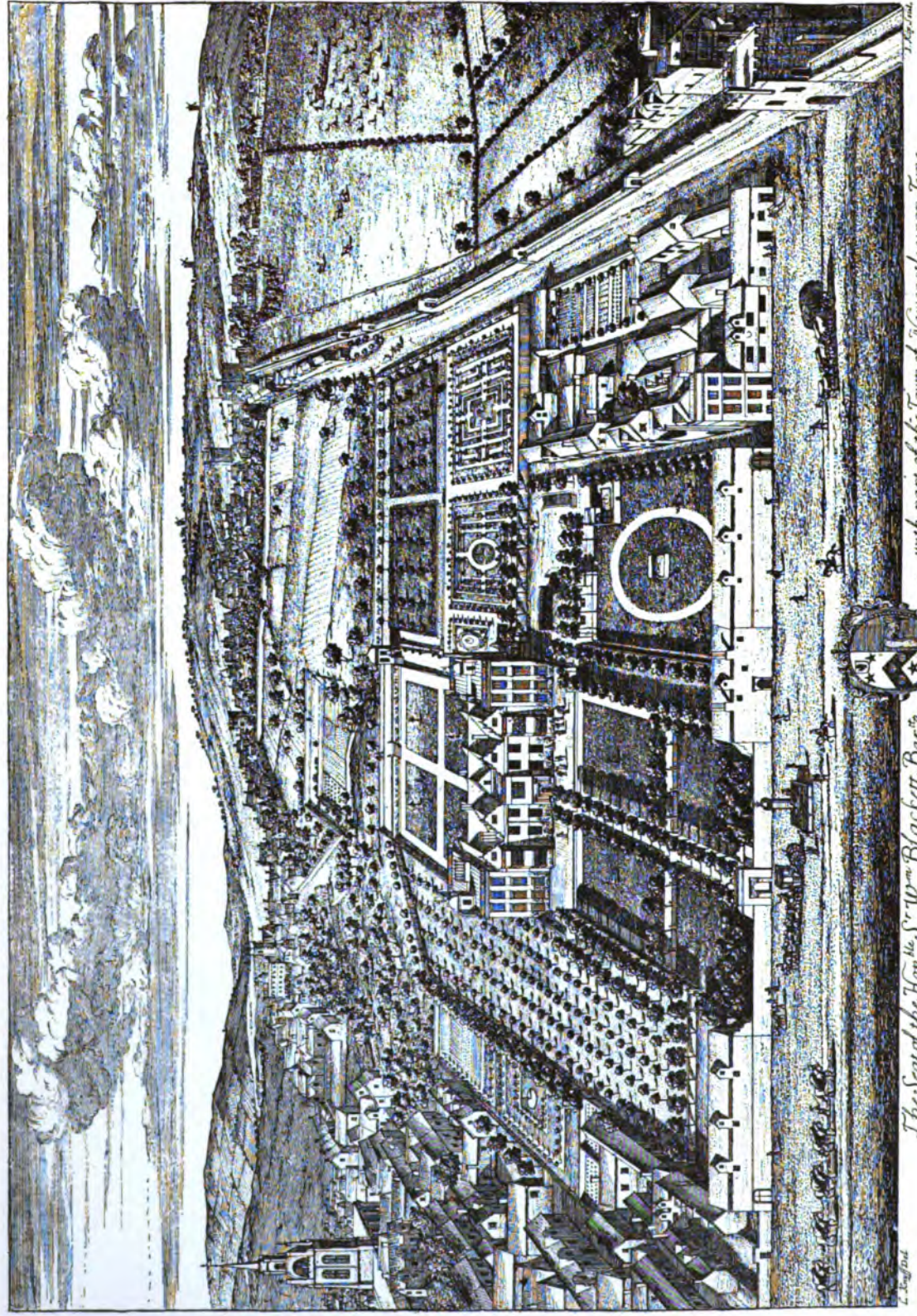








KIP'S VIEW OF ANDERSON PLACE, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, 1714.



The Seat of the Hon^{ble} Sr W^m Blackett Bart^l with part of the Town of Newcastle upon Tyne

[See page 82.]

L. Scud. del.

THE
MONTHLY
CHRONICLE
OF
NORTH-COUNTRY LORE AND LEGEND

II.

1888

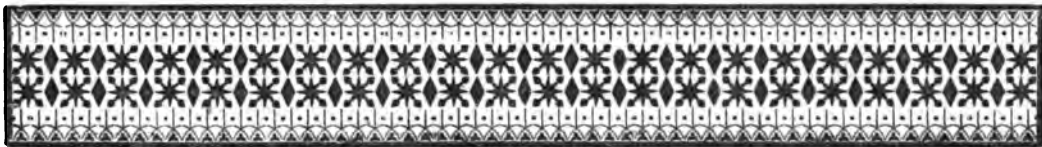
Printed and Published for Proprietors of the "Newcastle Weekly Chronicle" by
WALTER SCOTT, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,
AND 24 WARWICK LANE, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

1888.

B. 13.3
~~8433.17~~



Bright fund.



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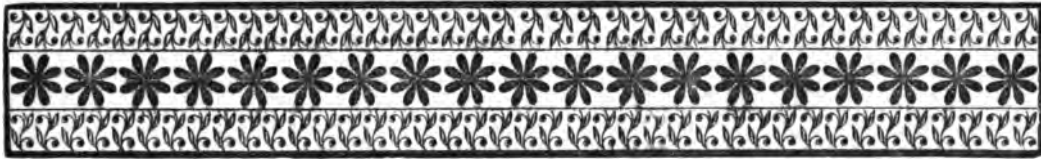
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The Monthly Chronicle

OF

NORTH-COUNTRY•LORE•AND•LEGEND

VOL. II.—No. 11.

JANUARY, 1888.

PRICE 6D.

George Cooper Abbes.

NOT a leaf nor even a chapter, but rather, so to speak, a volume, and almost an encyclopædia, of living unwritten local history, was lost on the morning of the 23th of March, 1878, when the Rev. George Cooper Abbes passed peacefully away from this world, at Cleadon Hall, half-way between Sunderland and South Shields, in his eightieth year. It is told of Robert Surtees, the historian of Durham, that he said on his death-bed it was hard to die in spring; and certainly Mr. Abbes, but for his patient and perfect resignation, might well have had the same natural

feeling, with the noisy rooks busy building above his head, and the primroses bursting forth in bloom at the foot of the trees surrounding his sheltered mansion, by far the best old house in the neighbourhood. A truer lover of nature, in all her phases, never existed than this excellent old worthy, who was well-known all the country round, not only for his amiable eccentricities, but for his inexhaustible store of knowledge in every department of natural history, his rare stock of anecdote and folk-lore, his readiness to communicate what he knew, and his general kindness and urbanity.



Cleadon,
residence of
late Rev. G. C. Abbes

George Cooper Abbes (who always spelt his name this way) was the eldest son of Mr. Bryan Abba, and grandson of the Rev. Cooper Abba, of Monkwearmouth, whom Hutchinson, in his "History of Durham," inserts in the list of curates of that parish, but who, says Surtees, had no other claim to that distinction than the circumstance of his gratuitously, and almost constantly, performing the duty, both regular and occasional, for the Rev. Mr. Wilkinson, who held the living, but was a perpetual absentee. The original family residence was the old "Red House," in Thomas Street, Monkwearmouth, not far from the Wheat Sheaf Inn. This house, which seems now going to wreck, was formerly the residence of some of the Hyltons, and the grandfather of the subject of our memoir, or perhaps rather his great-grandfather, is said to have been an intimate friend of the last of the Hyltons of that ilk, commonly called Baron Hylton. Mr. Abbes's father, Bryan Abba, went to live at Cleadon Hall in 1813. The estate had been purchased from an Italian gentleman named Dagnia, who had built the mansion-house and laid out the gardens and grounds. Previous to removing thither, Mr. Abba lived as tenant in more than one place in the County Palatine, and it was while he was temporarily occupying Walworth Castle, near Darlington, that his eldest son, George Cooper, first saw the light of day in the year 1798.

George Cooper's education began at a boarding-school for young boys, kept at the parsonage at Ovingham-on-Tyne by the vicar, the Rev. James Birkett. Here he was about a mile from Cherryburn, the birth-place of Thomas Bewick, with whom he afterwards became intimately acquainted. From Ovingham he went to the famous boarding school at Witton-le-Wear, under the Rev. George Newby, which, like the Grammar School at Houghton-le-Spring, ranked among the best and largest boarding schools in the North of England, the head-master and his five assistants having generally under their care from eighty to ninety pupils, the "hopefuls" of the lower gentry and upper middle-class of the county. Here he had, amongst others, for school-fellows, the late Mr. Ralph Park Philipson, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and Mr. Frederick Horn, barrister-at-law, of Sunderland. From Witton-le-Wear, Mr. Abbes proceeded and progressed to the still more famous classical school at Richmond, then kept by the Rev. James Tate, A.M., who, during the thirty-seven years he was master there, sent forth many of the most distinguished men of his day. On leaving Richmond, Mr. Abbes entered St. John's College, Cambridge, in which he took his Bachelor's degree in 1821.

Having resolved to enter the Church, he was ordained deacon in 1823, the examiner, we believe, having been the afterwards well-known Dr. Philpotts, then Rector of Stanhope, who tackled him stoutly on the subject of baptismal regeneration and other polemical problems. Mr. Abbes was shortly afterwards ordained priest

by the then Bishop of Durham, Dr. Shute Barrington. His first curacy was at Dalton-le-Dale, under the Rev. William Smoult Temple, A.M., of Durham, a son of the Simon Temple, from whom Temple-town, South Shields, took its name, and who lived in great style for some time at Hylton Castle. He became curate of Gateshead, in 1825, under the Rev. John Collinson, afterwards rector of Boldon, and father of Admiral Collinson, the Arctic explorer. Here he lodged in West Street, a few doors above the house occupied by Thomas Bewick and his daughters. Mr. Abbes was at Gateshead during the first visitation of the cholera, and distinguished himself throughout the awful affliction by great activity, zeal, and fearlessness. He did nothing by halves, and, having a high idea of the importance of his functions, laboured, in season and out of season, to bring consolation to the bereaved as well as to the dying. The extensive parish of Gateshead was then undivided, and, seeing Mr. Abbes was the only curate, his parochial labours, irrespective of the cholera, were by no means light. A succeeding rector, who kept three curates, once expressed his surprise to Mr. Abbes that Mr. Collinson got through the work with only a single one. "Sir," said Mr. Abbes, "you are mistaken; Mr. Collinson was another curate himself!" Mr. Abbes is stated in a clergy list to have been curate of Whitburn in 1836, but this is believed to be a mistake. Living in the parish close by, he often "took duty," as it is termed, for Mr. Baker, who had married the daughter of Mr. Collinson. He did the same thing occasionally for the Rev. Richard Wallis ("Guinea Dick") at Seaham, and, during an illness, for the Rev. Benjamin Kennicott at Monkwearmouth. Mr. Abbes always preached plain practical good sense, and had a great aversion to ever preaching unprepared. Another thing which he could not abide was reading the prayers and lessons for the day in the style of an auctioneer's clerk reciting the articles of sale. He always read deliberately, distinctly, and reverently, taking the utmost possible pains to make the service impressive. He was the private chaplain of the Earl of Beverley when heir-presumptive to the princely dukedom of Northumberland. He never had a benefice, though he had in his gift a small living, with a net income of £49 per annum, at a place called Ingleby Arnecliff, between Stokesley and Thirsk, in the North Riding of Yorkshire. It was a perpetual curacy, and Mr. Abbes, who had a small estate there, was the patron and lay impropiator, but seldom, we believe, paid it a visit.

The truth was that hardly any preferment would have tempted him to leave Cleadon, which was within a walking distance (often walked) from both Dalton-le-Dale and Gateshead. Newcastle was another attraction, as it always is to those who have lived in or near it, or have mixed much with its people. Few men were better known at the library of the Lit. and Phil. in Westgate





GEORGE COOPER ABBES.

See "*Monthly Chronicle*," 1888, page 4.

From a Sketch by W. B. SCOTT.

Street, where he was sure of meeting literary friends. He was, as might be taken for granted, no mean classical scholar; but no ode of Horace ever pleased him half so much as some of our racy local songs, amongst which "Swalwell Hopping," "Cappy," and "Spottee" were special favourites. All Mr. Abbes's friends and acquaintances were more or less scientific, or artistic, or literary. He was on intimate terms with Thomas Bewick, of whom he was a great admirer, as was likewise his younger brother, Mr. Cooper Abbe, clerk to the Sunderland magistrates, who was a keen dog fancier, and qualified to give the great artist hints as to dog portraiture, if, indeed, he had needed them. Mr. Abbes was also a great friend of Dr. Charlton, Dr. Bruce, Dr. Headlam, Dr. Brady, Mr. John Hancock, Mr. Joshua Alder, Mr. T. M. Richardson, Mr. William Bell Scott, Mr. Robert White, Mr. James Clephan—in fact, all the Newcastle and Tyneside notabilities. He was a competent geologist, and predicted the failure of an attempt made some thirty years ago to drain Boldon Flats by sinking down to a fissure in the limestone. He had a perfect repertory of plant lore, and could tell the virtues of every herb that grew in the neighbourhood.

The grounds in front of the Hall he had suffered to return almost to a state of nature, like those of Squire Waterton, the celebrated Yorkshire naturalist, the captor of the live cayman, with whom we believe he was well acquainted. It was, therefore, a favourite resort and breeding-place for the birds, including many rare species, such as the golden oriole, the siskin, and others not elsewhere seen or heard in the neighbourhood. They found an asylum there, such as was to be had nowhere else perhaps in the county. In fine weather Mr. Abbes would take his breakfast out of doors, with quite a company of feathered friends round him; and in winter time he regularly fed the birds, like Uncle Toby's disciples, so that some of those which would otherwise have migrated southward in the cold weather remained with him the whole year. Most of them were, indeed, about as tame as chickens. When a hawk was hovering in the air, they would flee to him for protection, and remain close beside him till the danger was passed. He knew all their haunts and habits, and could discourse lucidly about them. In the lower part of the grounds, surrounded and overhung by a dense thicket, there was a large pond abounding with water lilies, in which at one time there was a number of water hens; but some idle fellows from the neighbouring colliery robbed him of these. A like shameful trespass was committed by some of the navvies employed on the construction of the Tyne Piers. One time, a bird found its way through a broken pane (of which, by the by, there was generally a good number in the upper rooms), and built its nest on the mantel-piece. He would on no account allow it to be interfered with. As for the swallows, their nests were innumerable, and they came

back to them regularly year after year, so that many generations of the hirundine race were nurtured under his guardianship. Mr. Abbes made a point of never missing the meeting of the Tyneside Naturalists' Field Club, when held at Marsden, which was always one of his favourite resorts, and where in the last two or three years he met with congenial society, not only from Newcastle, but from Shields, Sunderland, and further afield.

When visited at home, he was generally to be seen walking about his grounds with a rake in his hand, to clear away whatever was out of place, or with a long pole instead of a staff, which he used for various purposes best known to himself. He would point out with some natural pride two larch trees, which he said had been brought from Italy by Mr. Dagnia, and were the first that were planted in this part of the country. Entering the house, you found it quite a museum, with curiosities of all kinds quite indescribable; and the floors of some of the rooms upstairs were literally carpeted with heaps of papers and pamphlets, which, if collected and bound in volumes, would have been invaluable to the local historian, but which, we understand, were, after Mr. Abbes's death, put into sacks and sent to the paper mill. One of the rooms was fitted up with furniture brought from Hylton Castle, a reminiscence of the old barons. Mr. Abbes used to tell that the two "Babbies," as they were styled, which now adorn Roker Park, were brought over by his ancestors, with ten more, from Germany, and set up to adorn the entrance of their house in Monkwearmouth. Mr. Abbes's knowledge of men and things was wonderful. On scarcely any subject could he be said to be absolutely devoid of information. Besides, he loved to talk, and no man could talk better or be better worth hearing. When discussing geological subjects, he always contrived to steer clear of Moses. Once when asked by a pert young gentleman if he did not think the six days of creation must have been very much longer than our days, he replied:—"Well, sir, you have the story as I have it. I wasn't there when the world was made, and neither my father nor my grandfather was. You can consult the good old book for yourself." He had no patience with pretentious humbug, but was very tolerant of modest mediocrity. An earnest inquirer could scarcely go wrong to him; but he took no interest in theological hair-splitting, and avoided all points of controversy through his natural good manners.

Many stories are told of what may perhaps be called the eccentric ways of Mr. Abbes. Thus it is said that he was so much absorbed in study at times that he even forgot the day of the week. One Sunday morning, according to popular report, he inquired in Bridge Street, Sunderland, why the shops were closed! One of Mr. Abbes's weaknesses was an insurmountable dislike to have his portrait taken, and when Sir

Walter Calverley Trevelyan asked him to sit for a painting now at Wallington—one of a series of historical pieces by Mr. W. B. Scott—he only consented on the understanding that the artist should not make a portrait, but only a general resemblance. Mr. Scott, however, made an exact and admirable likeness of him, in the character of “St. Cuthbert refusing the Bishopric of Lindisfarne.” It is from a charming sketch of this portrait, kindly furnished us by the artist himself, that our engraving is taken.

Cleaddon Hall, in Mr. Abbes's time, had all the appearance of a haunted house. So completely were the trees and shrubs allowed to have their own way that the front door was almost blocked up. Mr. Abbes once told a friend that some of the trees had spoiled his peaches. “But,” said he, “one can always buy peaches; not so with trees.” Mr. H. C. Abba, the present proprietor, nephew of the genial old naturalist, has of course much reduced the redundancy of nature. The hall at present (as may be seen from the accompanying sketch, for which we are greatly indebted to Mr. Robert Blair) has a pleasant and picturesque aspect.

The Toad in a Hole.

GERMS of life, visible and invisible to the naked eye, wander through space. They float in the atmosphere of our planet, drift in its tides, and fill its stagnant pools. Percolating water bears along with it these beginnings of animated life; and there is no recess of the earth beyond their reach. Not your dull toad alone finds himself, on the threshold of his career, inhabiting strange quarters, dark and deep; no crevice or cranny of the globe but has its occupants of various kinds; although to him alone, by popular belief, is it especially assigned to be the tenant for centuries of solid blocks of stone. All other creatures have their term. They begin and cease to be, their brief lives bounded by a mortal span. But he, privileged beyond the rest, may live for ages without food or fuel, an alien from the outer air! “Rooted and slumbering through a dream of life,” cycles of time are his, only ending in his fatal discovery. In his living tomb, dark and profound, he is safe. But ever and anon the toad—the “toad in a hole”—comes to the surface in the newspapers, like the floating island of Derwentwater, and is paragrafed and perishes. Some may have the hardihood to deny that he was ever immured in the heart of the rock from which he is said to have been set free, but these are a minority. It is vain to contend with the majority; vain to argue that if accessible to the air he must breathe and die, for that life is but the beginning of death; while, on the other hand, it is impossible for him to exist in suspended animation for centuries, and return to active life when the walls of his dungeon are rent asunder. The advocates of the “toad in a hole” will

point to the cavity here, the crawler there, and triumphantly ask you to get over these two facts if you can. He offers you a nut to crack, and defies you to the teeth, confident that your grinders will never meet over the problem. “For an elucidation of the history of toads buried for ages, as conjectured, in stones, or in the heart of giant trees,” (we quote the *National Cyclopaedia*), “see Dr. Buckland in *Zoological Journal*, vol. v. His experiments prove that under utter deprivation of air and food the toad soon perishes.” Yet despite this proof, some new edition of the old story is ever having its currency and credence. The toad continues to be dislodged from his hole, and transferred to paper and print, as the years roll on; and so long as the world is in love with wonders, he and his orifice in the rock will have their day. We have had the curiosity to make a note of his appearances for a considerable course of time; and here at our elbow we have both toad and frog, who are close cousins, embedded in sandstone and marble; in coal and chalk; in the stones of ancient buildings; in trees, and tar, and potatoes! The schoolboy, exhibiting his knowledge of natural history, rattles out the rhyme:—

In fir tar is, in oak none is;
In mud eels is, in clay none is.

But your toad is in everything. He is ubiquitous. Everywhere he is turning up. The only question is as to his turning out. He makes his appearance on a hundred unexpected occasions; but was he the living inhabitant of every hole in tree or stone which claims to have harboured him for untold generations? That venerable antiquary, Abraham de la Pryme, whose *Diary* forms one of the volumes of the *Surtees Society*, carries us back to a Sunday in 1697 (May 23), when he was at Brigg, and met “a very ingenious countryman,” who told him that “a while ago he himself saw a huge ash tree cut in two, in the very heart of which was a toad, which dy'd as soon as it got out. There was no place for it to get in. All was as firm about it as could be. I have heard,” adds the Yorkshire diarist, “of a great many toads that have been found so likewise.” And others have been hearing the same, from the days of the Stadtholder to own. That the “ingenious countryman” saw the prisoner in his tomb may very well have been; and the bystanders may have fancied the poor toad to have died in the moment of his liberation; but it is not in the course of nature that he should have lived till the sawyer came to set him free; and the naturalist may be left to more than doubt. Taking possession of the hole in his youth, the toad grew bigger while his doorway diminished; and he was gradually grown in.

The “toad in a hole” belongs, like the Sea Serpent, to the romance of nature. There is no knowing where or when his house will open. No magician has more strange or unexpected surprises than the toad. He springs up in the most unlooked-for places. As the conjuror amazes

his audience by discovering some borrowed coin or trinket enclosed in box within box, the hermit toad has been found in hole within hole. When enterprise was on foot among the magnesian cliffs of the coast of the County Palatine, and cutting operations were in progress in "Spottee's Hole," renowned in northern song, "a small round hole was reached, and out hopped a fine lively toad, looking as though he had lived on the fat of the land, instead of occupying a barren inheritance in the middle of a limestone rock." There had the hermit dwelt,

Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
joint tenant with "Spottee," the one all unconscious of the near presence of the other; the occupier of the smaller tenement much quieter, moreover, than the restless hero of the Bishopric Garland!

In this age of steam, when railways are made in all directions, and villages transformed into towns, the toad has less secure possession of his retreats than in former times. The "navy," drawing long furrows on the face of mother earth—"delving his parallels" with pick and spade—displaces a multitude of living things, the secluded toad suffering his full share of this summary eviction. The quarryman bores into the massive walls and floors of the sphere on which we are whirling round the sun, and prepares his shot. The charge is fired; the rock flies in pieces; and the scored toad scampers from the wreck, if we may use a verb so active to express his hastened crawl. The instant inference is drawn that the genius of gunpowder has freed the fugitive from his ancient abode in the shattered mass; his hole discoverable, with a little ingenuity, among the fragments lying all round about.

The toad is not a very lively-looking animal, yet how great the activity which he gives to the imagination! Where'er he takes his walks abroad, thoughts of his "hole" pursue him; and it is apt to be supposed that he has escaped from "central gloom." On a spring morning in a year long gone, he was met on the Town Moor, with a rumour at his heels that he had just been exhumed from solid clay. Fortunately, a careful inquirer was at hand, and he was traced back to a very different haunt. He had been discovered by some workmen in a drain about a dozen years old, "very large, and apparently in first-rate condition, so that," as a Newcastle journal observed at the time, "it evidently had been within the influence of the elements of life."

Yes; toad or trencherman, "the elements of life" must reach the table, or there will soon be an end of the one or the other. Yet the world was excited, some twenty years ago, by the story of a toad that had spent fifty or sixty centuries buried in a rock! "The means whereby we live" were wanting, and still his life had been prolonged. "A toad 6,000 years old!" was the newspaper heading of the amazing chronicle. The animal had been "embedded in a block of magnesian limestone stratum, at a depth of twenty-five feet from the surface of the earth."

Cut out of its ancient bed by a wedge, the mass was being reduced in size by a workman, "when a pick split open the cavity in which the toad had been incarcerated." "Full of vivacity" was this Rip Van Winkle of the rock, and, "appeared, when first discovered, desirous to perform the process of respiration, but evidently experienced some difficulty, and the only sign of success consisted of a 'barking' noise, which it continued invariably to make on being touched."

The discovery having been made in April, the wags did not fail to circulate the joke that the toad had come to light when the month was young. Never was any member of its race the subject of greater attention. It was paragraphed in all directions; it was photographed; it was lodged in an aquarium at the Hartlepool Museum, and the observed of all observers. Three months long it had a succession of visitors, till at the close of the month of June it died, not without suspicion of foul play, on the day of a railway trip from Newcastle. It then became the subject of verse in the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*. The first toad, perchance, that had ever been photographed, it was probably the first also to have its epitaph written. Within three days of its death there appeared an

EPITAPH ON "THE TOAD."

Here lies a toad which lived and grewed
Deep in a Permian bed,
All in the dark, before the ark
Was floating overhead.
A workman hit the rock; it split;
And from his ancient night
The hermit toad now crawled abroad,
And saw at last the light.
This lonely soul had kept his hole
Six thousand years, they say;
Or more or less; they cannot guess
His lifetime to a day.
But sure this toad must well have knowed
The times before the Flood;
So old the stone around him grown,
Where he'd ne'er air nor food.
Long ages used to be refused
Meat, drink, and candlelight,
How well he could have stoutly stood
A stubborn jury fight!
Kept in the dark, without a spark
Of light, or air one breath,
His living tomb had nought of gloom,
Nor fear of life or death.
But when his night gave place to light,
And an aquarium cool
He for his hot old quarters got,
At briny Hartlepool;
And poor old toad, who'd never knowed
What "company" was before,
Must lionize before all eyes,
He found this world a bore.
Three months of sight, and air, and light
Destroyed the vital spark
Of him who'd borne, without one morn,
Six thousand years of dark.
Farewell, poor toad! thy weary load
Of sun and moon shine o'er,
Nought harms thee now: the hammer's blow
Shall break thy sleep no more.

MORAL.

Don't rudely move old friends you love,
If you'd prolong their days:
Humans, like toads, can't stand inroads
Upon their lifelong ways.

The popular mind places no limits to the existence of toads in the bosom of the earth. The Deluge is not older than the "oldest inhabitants" of the rocks. Before the largest island of the seas was discovered by civilized man, there were numbers of them immured in its subterranean chambers; and since it received its name of Australia, toads have come to light under circumstances which seem to countenance the common belief. One of our paragraphs tells us of frogs that have been found in the gold diggings. In the "Golden Horn" claim of Geelong, two hundred feet down, they were met with in blue stone; but not one of them could rival the frog discovered in the country which "whips creation." There, some years ago, the toad stories of the Old World were decisively trumped; for not only was "a frog knocked out of an envelope of stone, where he had been quietly inurned for hundreds of years," but "an ancient Aztec coin was knocked out of the frog!" There was a likeness and legend on the piece, and it would have been interesting and instructive if they could have been identified; but, unhappily, no one could say whose image it was, or what the inscription!

Prior to this marvellous American coinage, forming a fact at once for the naturalist and numismatist, there had occurred a remarkable surprise on the shores of the Tyne. In a cask which had been six months in bond was discovered a large toad immersed in Archangel tar; and "it was supposed that it had existed as found for nine months." So addicted is this animal to make its way into strange, out-of-the-way places! No hollow would be left in the barrel by this hapless member of the intrusive family, to mark the spot of its long sojourn. Others of its kind, whose story immures them in marble or other monumental material, have abiding beds—nests in the rock—to which appeal can be made in maintenance of the fact. Such, for example, is the case of the Northumbrian toad commemorated in county history. The tale is told by Wallis and Hutchinson. It is quoted in Gough's Camden (1789):—"In one of the ground rooms of Chillingham Castle is a marble chimneypiece, in sawing which was found a live toad. The nidus in which he lay has been since plastered over. The other part, with the same mark, makes a chimneypiece at Horton." Hutchinson, moralising on the marvel, exclaims, "How incomprehensible is the existence of this animal!—shut up in the bosom of a mountain, cased in a rock of marble, perhaps a hundred feet from the surface; living without air, or such only as should pervade the veins of this stone; existing without other diet than the dews which might pass through the texture of marble; deprived of animal consolations, without light, without liberty, without an associate of its kind. If deposited here when the matter

which enclosed it was soft, and before it gained its consistency as marble, how many years ought we to number in its life; for multitudes of years must have passed to reduce any soft substance, in a course of nature, to the state of this stone? One may ask, why did it not perish in the universal wreck of animal existence? and at what age of the world were these mountains of marble first formed? The inquiry leads to a maze of perplexity; like the ingenious Mr. Brydon's inspection of the strata of Etnæan lava, all adopted chronology sinks in the view; and years are extended on the age of creation beyond everything but Chinese calculation."

Nothing is too wonderful to be told of the toad. It has even been affirmed of him, after his discovery in some hole, that he had no mouth! But, breathing through his coat when he chooses—skin and lungs acting in harmonious concert—he can afford to keep his mouth close shut. Let no unwary fly, however, come too near. The threshold of a spider's parlour is a less perilous spot. The lips swiftly part; the victim is whisked within them; and the sly toad seems to have no mouth as before.

One more story about him and we have done. We have seen in what singular places he is to be found. Weird and "uncanny" in his aspect, his attitude is characteristically described in Milton's well-known line,

Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve.

People are ready to receive any story that is told of him, and wide acceptance has been given to the strange supposition that he can live for ages hermetically sealed in the rocky framework of the hills! Gravely was related in a court of law, in the last century, a tale of a toad which revives our youthful recollections of the "Arabian Nights." It has the sparkle of our old friend of the Wonderful Lamp. Surely Aladdin discovered not in his cave anything more dazzling than "the toad in the hole" in Building Hill! In Garbutt's History of Sunderland the author adverts to the trial that took place in the last century, in the course of which one of the witnesses, a woman, having stated that her father went to the hill at night, and saw a "Waugh," proceeded to say that when a man of the name of Coward was "digging this rock about ninety years before, he found in a cavity, several fathoms from the surface, a large toad alive, with a nob in its head as big as an egg, full of diamonds, and thereby got a great deal of money!" This discovery carries us back to the preceding century, beyond the day when the Yorkshire antiquary was making his note of the "ingenious countryman" and the "huge ash tree," and recalls the belief that existed in the world in Shakespeare's time—an article of popular faith immortalised by his alchemy in lines of gold:—

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in its head.

Not a solitary gem, however, but a whole cluster, shone in the forehead of the toad whose prison-house was broken

open by the Fortunatus of Building Hill! The romance fitly closes our article. It forms a brilliant chapter in the history of "The Toad in a Hole"—a history which well exemplifies the nimbleness of the human mind in jumping from solid facts to conclusions which they will not carry, and which must necessarily give way.

JAMES OLFPHAN.

Sir Guy the Seeker.



ALL who have travelled by land or sea, road or rail, between Newcastle and Berwick are likely to have seen Dunstanborough Castle. It stands on a conical eminence, close to the sea, about six and a half miles north-east of Alnwick. It must have been a noble structure once, but nothing now remains of it above ground except the out-works on the west and south sides, which, with the stupendous sea-cliffs on the verge of which it is built, enclose a square area of about nine acres. When beheld from the sea, it is a very striking object, and it is not less interesting when closely examined. The whinstone rocks on the north side rise in a columnar form, "black and horrible," many feet sheer; and on the east side, where the castle wall has been undermined and carried away by the sea, they are still more rugged. The waves make fierce assaults in stormy weather against the foot of the cliffs, particularly in one place called the Rumbling Churn, a perpendicular gully or chasm in the rocks, sixty feet long and forty feet deep, which has a very awful appearance when viewed from the walls of the eastern tower, which is still standing.

Dunstanborough was probably a British stronghold, and afterwards a Roman castellum. The Angles and Danes doubtless occupied it when they held Northumberland, and it seems to have had its name from them. But it is not mentioned in history till the early part of the fourteenth century (A.D. 1315), when it was rebuilt by Thomas Earl of Lancaster, general of the Confederate Army against Edward II., and the most opulent and powerful subject in Europe in his time. In his family it remained, with one short break after his death, till the year 1492, when Edward IV., fighting against Queen Margaret and her Lancastrian adherents, took it by storm after three days' assault, dismantled it, and as much as possible battered it into ruins, in which state it has ever since continued. It appears by the escheats of Queen Elizabeth to have been in the possession of the Crown in her reign. James I. granted it to the Greys of Wark, but it is now the property of the Earl of Tankerville.

Tradition has not failed to people Dunstanborough with beings shadowy and terrific. Lewis, whose misdirected genius produced the "Monk," and who, by the publication of his "Tales of Wonder," first brought the

high talents of Sir Walter Scott into notice, has versified one of these legends in his tale of "Sir Guy the Seeker," which he wrote while staying at Howick, the Seat of Earl Grey, in the near neighbourhood. Mr. James Service, of Chatton, published in 1820 a poem on the same subject, called "The Wandering Knight of Dunstanborough." A third version, which has not, however, been printed, so far as we know, was written by Robert Owen, formerly of North Shields. And, fourthly, in the "Metrical Legends" there is a poem by William Gill Thompson, called "The Coral Wreath, or the Spell-Bound Knight," in which the author has freed the fair captive of Dunstanborough, still left enchanted in the other ballads. Lewis's version—of which, we must confess, we do not think very much, though it is perhaps the best of the four—has been often reprinted, and has also been translated into the German, Danish, and other languages.

Plainly told, the legend is this:—A beautiful captive dame lies enchanted in a crystal tomb, in a vast subterranean hall. It is somewhere under the castle ruins, but no one can tell exactly where. She is bound by the spell of the potent wizard Merlin, and can be disenchanted only by some valiant Christian knight, whose task it shall be to penetrate into that dreadful place—to brave the supernatural beings he will encounter there, such as fiery serpents, dragons, ban-dogs, lions, phantoms, and incarnate fiends—and to cut the worse than gordian knot of the poor lady's destiny by means of the Damascus blade, with its handle crusted over with rare jewels, and the horn of ivory, silver-mounted, which he will find hanging in the hall, and of which he must make very good use.

Sir Guy, who had shed Paynim blood on the vine-clad hills of Andalusia in the wars against the Moors, was travelling in these parts one winter night, when he was overtaken by a dreadful storm in the neighbourhood of Dunstanborough. Hurrying towards the castle, which loomed through the darkness in ruined pageantry on its lofty sea-girt mound, he made his courser fly up the hill, hoping to find some shelter. But he sought it long in vain. Each portal was fast barred, and proof against his efforts. At length, however, he descried a porch, close beside a lonely yew tree which threw its baleful branches around the place. Binding his Barbary steed to the trunk of this tree, he took refuge under the doorway, laid aside his casque, shook the rain from its plume, and waited in mournful mood for two mortal hours, expecting the tempest to cease. When lo! at the midnight hour, which spirits call their own, the door was suddenly burst open by a thunderbolt, revealing the innermost recesses of the mysterious vault, which he was invited to enter by a grizzly-bearded old giant enveloped in flames. "With beckoning hand, which flamed like a brand," this hellish apparition led the way, and Sir Guy followed, as in honour bound. Ever close in front and on all sides there were sights and sounds unearthly or terrific; but nothing could daunt the brave adventurer. He pushed on till he

reached the place where the enchanted lady lay, in a lofty crystal tomb, between two giant skeleton kings, one of whom held a falchion in his right hand, and the other held a horn in his.

A form more fair than that prisoner's ne'er
Since the days of Eve was known;
Every glance that flew from her eyes of blue
Was worth an Emperor's throne;
And one sweet kiss from her roseate lips
Would have melted a heart of stone.

Pity, love, and rage almost robbed Sir Guy of his reason. There was no way of bursting that crystal wall but breaking the enchanter's spell, and no way of breaking that but using the sword and trumpet aright. It was left to his own option which to use first, and unfortunately, as in all such cases, he decided wrong. He seized the trumpet and blew a loud note, when suddenly the lights were extinguished. The cries of defiance he had heard before were changed to those of derision, and voices came from all sides of the vault, mocking the craven who called for aid when his own right hand should have achieved the adventure. A blue and dank vapour, "whose poisonous breath seemed the kiss of death," diffused through the air. The knight sank senseless; and when morning dawned, and Sir Guy awoke, he found himself lying in the porch, with his limbs stiff as with rheumatism, and his horse still tethered to the yew tree.

But still in his heart he felt the dart
Which shot from the captive's eyes,

and with his mental eye he still saw the huge chests of gold and silver, which, together with the lady's hand, would have been his guerdon had he freed her from Merlin's spell. So he sprang from the ground, and began to run hither and thither among the ruins, peeping into

each nook and cranny with an anxious eye. But though he wandered about hour after hour, day after day, week after week, month after month, and year after year, never again could he find the winding stair up which he climbed to see the enchanted lady. For to no one is it given to have a second chance of winning that lady's hand and the wealth that will go along with it.

Far from being overcome with his ill success, however, or abandoning his vain pursuit in despair, Sir Guy continued, as long as he lived, to wander up and down the ruined castle.

The earliest ray of dawning day
Beheld his search begun;
The evening star mounted her car,
Nor yet his search was done.

And when he died and was buried in the nearest churchyard, his ghost still continued to walk the earth.

So still he seeks, and aye he seeks,
And seeks, and seeks in vain;
And still he repeats to all he meets,
"Could I find the sword again!"
Which words he follows with a groan,
As if his heart would break;
And oh! that groan has so strange a tone,
It makes all hearers quake.
The villagers round know well its sound,
And when they hear it poured,
"Hark, hark!" they cry, "the seeker Guy
Groans for the wizard's sword!"

There is not an old crone in the parish of Embleton that has ever heard tell of the lady being disenchanting, as William Gill Thompson fancifully represents her to have been. So that, if she was ever there at all, she is most likely there still. No boy about Dunstanborough likes to go near the castle after nightfall, for he might happen to see Guy. "He never meddles wi' onnybody," he will say, "but aa wad rather not hev his company."



DUNSTANBOROUGH CASTLE.

Cockle Park Tower.



COCKLE PARK TOWER stands about three or four miles north from Morpeth, on the right hand side of the great North Road.

It was formerly a mansion or manor-house of the Bertrams, barons of Mitford, who held it in the time of Edward I. as a dependency of the barony of Bothal, in which parish it is situated. It was built according to the fashion of most of the ancient capital dwellings in the county of Northumberland, that is, with a reduit or permanent fort, to which the tenants on the estate might retire for safety, and under which they might drive their flocks and herds upon a sudden invasion of Scots or mosstroopers.

Groce, in his account of the place, says:—"These robbers (the mosstroopers) lurked about the large uncultivated heaths between the two countries, and indifferently made incursions into either; taking shelter in England when they had plundered the Scots, and flying into Scotland with their booty taken from the English; by which means they carried on their depredations with impunity;

the mutual animosity of the two nations not suffering to see it was their common interest to destroy such abandoned miscreants. The usual object was cattle; not but that they sometimes carried off men, women, and children, from whom they often exacted considerable sums for ransom. On account of the first, that is, the frequent incursions of the Scots, persons inhabiting within twelve miles of Scotland were, by Act of Parliament, permitted to keep in their houses cross-bows, hand-guns, hacbutts, and demi-hakes; and against the second, divers laws were enacted in the reign of James I., when an Act passed for the abolishing of hostilities between the English and the Scots, both being then subjects of the same king. Notwithstanding these, the mosstroopers, taking advantage of the confusion previous to the Civil War, again grew formidable, insomuch that in the 14th of Charles I. an Act of Parliament was passed purposely for their suppression, wherein they are described as lewd, disorderly, and lawless persons, being thieves and robbers, bred and residing in the counties of Northumberland and Cumberland, taking advantage of large waste grounds, heaths, and mosses. By another Act, which was to remain in force for five years, from Michaelmas,



COCKLE PARK TOWER, NORTHUMBERLAND.

1662, the justices of these two counties were authorised to levy sums of money within their respective jurisdictions— that raised in Northumberland not to exceed £500 per annum, nor in Cumberland £200—with which money they were to hire thirty able men for Northumberland and twelve for Cumberland, who were to search for and apprehend these robbers, and bring them to justice. To guard against these and other incursions, persons were stationed on high towers or other eminences, who, by blowing a horn, alarmed the country, and gave notice of the coming enemy. By this service, called *cornage*, they held certain lands; as it seems, occasionally received pecuniary stipends; a tax or imposition for *cornage* being formerly payable out of many estates in this or other bordering counties.”

Standing on an eminence—the *Cock Law*—the building seen in our sketch was eminently fitted to serve the purpose of a watch tower. In *Speed's* map, it is called *Cockley Tower*, and is surrounded by a park. It has now rather a naked appearance, having no plantations round it; but it has long been useful as a sea mark. Our view shows the north and east fronts. The outside dimensions of the east front are about 78 feet, of the north 54. The oldest part of the structure is the tower, which projects about 9 feet from the other apartments, and has round corbelled turrets at the north-east and north-west corners; the corbels are also continued between the turrets, where they have supported a machicolated parapet, used for pouring boiling lead, pitch, hot water, &c., upon the assailants. The south-east corner of the tower contains a circular stone staircase, bearing the arms of *Ogle* quartering *Bertram*, with the usual crest and supporters of the *Lords Ogle*, which show that no part of the present building is older than 1461, in which year *Sir Robert Ogle* was advanced to the dignity of the peerage.

“*William of Cookperce*” was one of the *Border English* knights appointed in 1241 to sit with twelve *Scottish* knights, to make laws for the regulation of the marches between the two kingdoms; and the *Lawson* copy of the aid granted to *Henry III.* to knight his eldest son makes “*Cockeloke*” one of the manors of the *Bothal* barony. But the catalogue of fortresses in *Northumberland* made in the beginning of the reign of *Henry VI.* notices no tower or fortalice as existing here at that time. “On my visit here in 1810,” says *Mr. Hodgson*, “I was told that *Mr. Brown*, agent to the *Duke of Portland*, and brother to the celebrated *Capability Brown*, had heard an account that the southern part of the building had, some five hundred years ago, been destroyed by fire. Such an event may have occurred, but tradition is a great amplifier of time. Traces of arches of windows are certainly observable above the entrance, where some considerable repairs or enlargement of the building have been made. I was also at the same time assured by the farmer of the

place, who resided in the tower, and was an intelligent and observant person, that the building had formerly extended further to the south, as strong underground foundations still testify; but a stone which he showed us, bearing the arms of *Ogle* quartering *Bertram*, proved that the building in which it had been placed could not be older than the time of the marriage of *Sir Robert de Ogle* and *Helen Bertram*, the heiress of *Bothal*, about the year 1360, though it might be much more recent. The windows (one above another for three stories on the east side), as given by *Grose*, were square-headed, and divided into four lights with mullions, and having transoms of stone, in the same way that the mullions of six lights, now walled up, are on the west front. They are of the style of the sixteenth century, in the forty-third year of which *Sir Robert Ogle*, *Lord Ogle*, among other possessions, by will settled *Cockell Park* and *Tower* upon his wife *Jeyne*, with remainder after her death to her son *Outhbert* for life. Prior to that time they had been in the occupancy of the *Lady Anne Ogle*, mother of this *Sir Robert*, who was slain at the battle of *Ancrem Moor* a few days after making his will.” The present windows of the south and east sides were put in about the year 1780. A projection on the west side of the tower, which had small windows in it, fell in 1828, when the opening thus occasioned was filled up in a line with the rest of the wall; and the mantel-piece of one of the two curious old chimneys formerly in the tower, and cleverly decorated with dentils and mouldings, was inserted high up in the gap, on the outside, by way of curiosity and ornament.

Regular occupancy as a farm-house has preserved this edifice from the fate that has befallen many of its kind—that is, from falling to ruin. For, being no longer needed for defence, these *Border towers*, so characteristic of the rude and troublous times in which they were raised, are now mere picturesque objects in a peaceful landscape, where their existence only serves to bring the past in striking contrast with the present, and to heighten the gratitude of the dwellers in the *Border lands* for the peace and security they now enjoy. “In such houses,” said *Lord Monboddo* to *Dr. Johnson*, when they were standing before his wild-looking tower in *Scotland*, “our ancestors lived, and truly were better men than we.” “No,” said the doctor, “we are as strong as they, and a great deal wiser.”

The manor passed, as we have intimated, from the *Bertrams* to the *Ogles* in the reign of *Edward III.*, when *Robert Bertram*, Governor of *Newcastle* and Sheriff of *Northumberland*, died without male issue, and his daughter and heiress, *Helen*, married *Sir Robert Ogle*, and transferred her barony of *Bothal* and its dependencies to her husband's family. His son, also *Robert*, afterwards settled it upon his younger son *John*, whom he surnamed *Bertram*, being desirous that his estate should go in that name, and his

posterity enjoyed it till his male issue failed in Cuthbert, Lord Ogle, whereupon Catherine, his daughter and heiress, who had married Sir Charles Cavendish, Knight, brought it into the possession of the family of the Earl of Oxford, through the marriage of the Lady Margaret Cavendish, daughter and heiress of Henry Cavendish, who was the son and heir of William, first Duke of Newcastle, to Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford, founder of the Harleian Library, who died in 1741, when the baronial honours and estates, including Cocklaw Park, devolved on the Portland family, by the marriage of the only daughter and heiress of this pair to William, third Duke of Portland.

The Cockle Park Tragedy.

Cockle Park was the scene of a dreadful parricide in 1845. On the 9th of December in that year, a man named Robert Joicey, sixty-seven years of age, died suddenly in one of the cottages attached to the farm; and, in consequence of suspicious circumstances, his son Ralph, who lived with him, was soon after apprehended and charged with his murder.

The deceased, who had been a shepherd on the neighbouring farm of Tritlington, occupied by Mr. Davidson, removed from that place in the month of May preceding, together with his wife Isabella, his son, who had got a situation as hind at Cockle Park, and a young woman named Euphemia Johnson, who was engaged to serve as bondager. Euphemia stayed only a short time, and then Ann Richardson came and stayed till Martinmas. The old man's daughter Margaret came home in August, so that after that there were five of a family. They all lived in one room, and, putting feminine delicacy out of the question, they seem to have been a quarrelsome lot. There was likewise a good deal of illness in the house. Old Joicey, who had now no regular employment, was ill in the summer with pains in the arms and pricking in his fingers; and his wife also was often unwell. In October, they were both attended by Dr. Arthur Hedley, of Felton, who at sundry times supplied them with medicine, that had been left till it could be forwarded at a public-house called the Portland Arms, on the road between Morpeth and Felton, and about two miles from Cockle Park. On one occasion, about the latter end of November, the old shepherd went to see the doctor at his own house, and brought home a box of pills and some powders, which he took. The pills were a compound of aloes, jalap, rhubarb, ginger, soap, Epsom salts, and carbonate of magnesia; the powders were common effervescing powders.

On the afternoon of Monday, the 1st of December, a neighbour named Isabella Brown, wife of Thomas Brown, labourer, brought in a light parcel about the size of an ounce of tea, and it was found to contain, when opened, two unequally sized powders, the larger one of a slate

colour, the smaller of a snuff colour. She said she had got it from a lad named John Mitchinson, to whom it had been handed by the people at the public-house. These people stated that it had been left there by a man in a fustian coat, with a plaid wrapped round him, whom they did not know in the dark, as he walked briskly away, but who had told them it was for old Joicey from Dr. Hedley.

Thinking all was right, Joicey mixed the larger powder with gin, drank it off, and went to bed. This was about nine o'clock. His wife followed him a few minutes after, and found him apparently fast asleep. She fell asleep likewise. But about half-past ten o'clock, she was awakened by her husband making, as she afterwards expressed it, "a great work." He was, in fact, groaning and writhing in pain. On asking him what was the matter, he said he was sick, and instantly began to vomit. He vomited a good deal, and continued doing so till about four in the morning, when the paroxysm abated for a while. The second powder—the snuff-coloured one—was not taken, as the other had made him so ill. Joicey told his wife she might burn it if she had a mind, so she put it into the fire.

On the Tuesday morning, the old man still continuing dreadfully sick and ill, Mrs. Joicey desired her son Ralph, who was going in company with another hind to Newton-on-the-Moor, to call on Dr. Hedley as he went through Felton, and tell him what had happened. Ralph promised to do so, and when he came back in the afternoon he brought a dozen powders, one of which was to be taken every four hours.

On the Sunday night, the old man being in great agony, Dr. Hedley was sent for express (Ralph being the messenger) by Mr. Dickinson, the Duke of Portland's bailiff, who had heard from Walter Weallans, the farm steward, how ill the patient was. Dr. Hedley came about midnight, and at once went to see Joicey in company with Weallans and Dickinson. The patient told him that he had never been well since he had taken one of the powders that had come from the Portland Arms. Dr. Hedley was much astonished at this, for he had never sent any powders. He thought at the time that the old man was suffering from metallic or irritant poison; but how he had taken it, or by whom it had been administered, he had, of course, no idea.

A paper was slipped into his hand, however, by some one in the house, and he handed it to Mr. Dickinson to keep, as he was a constable. Another was brought to the bailiff next day by a lad named John Thompson, who had found it in the pocket of an old overcoat belonging to young Joicey that was hanging up in the stable. These papers turned out to be in the young man's handwriting. One of them read as follows:—

Ralph Joicey is the man that did the deed, and bought the Arsenic on Creton (Creighton) the Chemist,

and there was jallop in amongst it; there was no one auquent (acquainted) with it but my self. It was bought about two months since for the purpus, and there is sum lung (lying) in abus between Casey Park road end and the turn of the hellem bank, on the west side of the road in a buss near the helm turn in a bleu paper.

Next day, Monday, old Joicey grew worse. Remedies had no effect, and he died about eleven o'clock at night. Ralph was present at the time, and seemed very much affected.

The father and son, it was notorious, had long been on bad terms. Ralph had on several occasions been heard to say that his father was an out-of-the-way man; that he wished to God he was gone from the place a corpse; that he should not shed a tear. A great noise of voices was often heard in the cottage. Sometimes it was the old couple that had a row. At other times old Joicey and his daughter fought. During the month of October, Dr. Hedley, called in to attend Mrs. Joicey, asked her if she had taken anything to make her unwell. Then Ralph spoke up, and said the cause of her illness was bad treatment she had suffered from her husband. The daughter said the same thing. The old man repelled the charge; but the wife shook her fist and said he was not speaking the truth.

On Saturday, the 13th December, five days after old Joicey's death, Mr. Weallans was sent for to the cottage. Ralph and his sister Margaret were there. Ralph told him he had sent for him to confess. "Confess what?" said Mr. Weallans. "I did the deed!" was the reply. "What deed?" asked the other. "I poisoned my father," was the rejoinder. Ralph went on to say there was no other person guilty but himself. Asked what was his motive, he replied that he was so much irritated by the old man almost pushing him into the fire one night that he made up his mind to go to Morpeth and purchase some stuff to settle him. Having got some arsenic and jalap at the shop of a chemist in Morpeth named Creighton, he went straight through the fields to the Portland Arms Inn, and gave it to a young woman there to be sent at the first opportunity to Cockle Park, after which he came home by Tritlington. He also told Weallans there was part of the stuff in a thorn bush on the west side of the road, near the Helm-on-the-Hill turn. Weallans having told him he would be under the necessity of telling Mr. Dickinson, who was a constable, what he had just confessed to him, Ralph said he would leave the place, but he would like to take his clothes with him.

No means having been taken to stop the self-condemned murderer, he absconded that night, and made his way to Newcastle. There he was apprehended at three o'clock next morning, in his brother's house in Hutton's Court, Pilgrim Street. On the road to Morpeth gaol, the prisoner recapitulated what he had told Mr. Weallans, adding that he got no peace, for he

thought he saw his father wherever he was. The constable searched his prisoner, and found a couple of razors in a case, £3 13s. 6d. in money, and a paper on which was written "To Carlisle—to Liverpool—and then to New York."

On February 26, 1846, Ralph Joicey was tried and convicted before Mr. Justice Coleridge. The facts we have summarised and thrown into narrative form came out in evidence, as did many more particulars not material to the case. We may mention, however, that just about a week after old Joicey died, Thomas Brown, another of the hinds at Cockle Park, having been to Newton for lime, made a search on his way back on the west side of the turnpike road, near the Helm-on-the-Hill turn, and there, in a thorn bush at the dyke side, he found a parcel containing some powder, as indicated in the scrap of writing quoted above. The powder was handed to an analytical chemist, by whom it was pronounced to be a mixture of arsenic and jalap. The contents of the murdered man's stomach had also been analysed, and symptoms of arsenical poisoning detected.

The sentence of death having been duly pronounced upon him, Ralph Joicey was executed at Morpeth on the 18th of March, 1846.

Thomas Bewick.



THOMAS BEWICK was born on the 10th, 11th, or 12th of August, 1753, at Cherryburn, in the county of Northumberland, but on the south side of the Tyne, about twelve miles west of Newcastle. His father rented a small land-sale colliery at Mickley Bank, in the neighbourhood of his dwelling, and it is said that, when a boy, the future wood-engraver sometimes worked in the pit. When little more than an infant, he was sent to Mickley school, not so much, he tells us in his "Autobiography," with a view to his education, as to keep him out of harm's way. At a proper age he was sent as day-scholar to a school kept by the Rev. Christopher Gregson, at Ovingham, on the opposite side of the Tyne. The parsonage-house in which Mr. Gregson lived is pleasantly situated on the edge of a sloping bank immediately above the river; and many reminiscences of the place are to be found in Bewick's cuts. The gate at the entrance is introduced, with trifling variations, in three or four different subjects; and a person acquainted with the neighbourhood will easily recognise in his tailpieces several other local sketches of a similar kind. He was very fond of introducing his native cottage into his vignettes. That cottage, however, has been sadly transformed. William and Mary Howitt paid a visit to Cherryburn about thirty-five years ago, accompanied by the artist's daughter, Miss Bewick, who died only the other

year; and William, some years afterwards, contributed a long and interesting account of their pilgrimage to the weekly journal he then conducted. His account of Bewick's birth-place, as it then appeared, is as follows:—

It is a single house, standing on the south side of the Tyne, and at some distance from the river. A little rustic lane leads you up to it, and you find it occupying a rather elevated situation, commanding a pleasant view over the vale of the Tyne. The house is now a modest farmhouse, still occupied by Ralph Bewick, a nephew of the artist's; and, as Miss Bewick observed on approaching the dwelling, "May the descendants of the present possessor continue there in all time to come!" The house, in the state in which it was when Thomas Bewick passed his boyhood in it, was as humble a rural nest as any son of genius ever issued from. 'Twas a thatched cottage, containing three apartments and a dairy or milk-house on the ground floor, and a chamber above. The east end of this house was lately pulled down, and the rest is now converted into stables. The new house is a pleasant and commodious one, and the inhabitants seem to possess all the simple virtues and hospitality of the Bewicks. They spread their country cakes before us, and were glad to talk of their celebrated kinsman. They have a portrait of him in his youth hanging in their parlour. Below the house on the descending slope, lies the old garden, shrouded with trees, and a little stream running at its bottom. One felt sure that this was just the spot to attract the boyish fancy of Bewick, and, indeed, there we found a trace of his hand which marked his attachment to it, and no doubt the connection which it held in his memory with some of the pleasantest hours and sweetest affections of his youthful existence. It was the gravestone of his father and mother—one of those heavy, round-headed, and carved stones that you see so often in his designs. By some accident this stone had been broken, and his filial piety led him to erect a more modern and enlarged one to his parents, on the left hand of the path leading to the porch in the churchyard of Ovingham, when, instead of suffering it to be destroyed, he had it brought and put down here. It had a singular look in the rustic garden, but it spoke strongly of the man. He could not suffer any thing to be destroyed that had been connected with the history of life and death in his own family circle. He was fond of recording the dates of family events on his vignettes; and the curious observers, who have wondered what such a date, carved as it were on a rock or rude stone, meant, would find, if they could have the matter traced out, that it marked the passing of some domestic event of deep interest to him. Thus in the Fables, at page 162, this inscription in a vignette, "Died 20 Feb. 1785," is the date of his mother's death; and at page 176, "Died 15 Nov. 1785," is that of the decease of his father. It is equally interesting to know that the words at page 152 of the same volume, "O God of infinite wisdom, justice, and mercy, I thank thee," were those with which, he told his family, he was accustomed to preface his petitions to the Great Disposer of events, and that they and the Lord's Prayer comprised the substance of his prayers, and seemed to him more comprehensive than human wisdom could introduce into other language, however long and wordy.

Mr. Howitt crossed the Tyne by the ferry at Eltringham, where Bewick used to cross it when he went to Mr. Gregson's school; and as the visitors approached the village of Ovingham, Miss Bewick pointed out to them the scenes which had been introduced in her father's designs, and related anecdotes

connected with the characters of his old acquaintances or others that had been made to figure in his works:—

There was the old soldier who used to tell him of his wars, and so often of the battle of Minden, that he went by the name of "The Old Soldier of Minden." On one occasion of Bewick visiting Ovingham, the old man was



THOMAS BEWICK.

dead; and as he approached the village he saw the broad hat and old veteran's coat, that had so often covered the worn limbs of his old friend, then hoisted on a pole as a scarecrow, and thus they show in one of his tailpieces. There was the drunkard that made a vow never to enter a public-house again, but used to call at the door and drink as he sat on his horse. These, and the houses where others had lived, were pointed out to us. As we drew near the village, it was like looking at one of Bewick's own scenes. It stands beautifully on the steep bank of the Tyne. Gardens clothe the banks to the water's edge, and lofty trees add the richness of their shrouding foliage to the spot. In the river you see willow islands, and those snatches of shore scenery that

are so delightful in his *Natural History*. The sandpiper and kingfisher go by with their peculiar cries; and here and there a solitary angler sits as naturally on the sedgy bank as if Bewick himself had fixed him there. The village is just such a place as you wish and expect it—quiet, old-fashioned, and retired, consisting principally of the parsonage, a few farm houses and labourers' cottages. The church is large for a village, and built in form of a cathedral. Wherever you turn, you recognise objects that have filled the imagination and employed the brain of Bewick. Those old, heavy, and leaning headstones—it was certainly on them that the boys in rush caps and wooden swords rode, acting dragoons. That gate of the parsonage you have seen before. The very churchyard is the one which is so beautifully and solemnly depicted in the silence of a moonlight night.

Bewick's school acquirements did not extend far beyond English reading, writing, and arithmetic. He tells us that as soon as he reached fractions, decimals, &c., he was put to learn Latin; and in this he was for some time complimented by his master for the great progress he had made; but, adds he, "As I never knew for what purpose I had to learn it, and was wearied out with getting off long tasks, I rather flagged in this department of my education, and the margins of my books and every space of spare and blank paper became filled with various devices or scenes I had met with; and these were accompanied with wretched rhymes explanatory of them. As soon as I filled all the blank spaces in my books, I had recourse, at all spare times, to the gravestones and the floor of the church porch with a bit of chalk, to give vent to this propensity of mind of figuring whatever I had seen. At that time I had never heard of the word 'drawing,' nor did I know of any other paintings besides the king's arms in the church, and the signs in Ovingham of the Black Bull, the White Horse, the Salmon, and the Hounds and Hare. I always thought I could make a far better hunting scene than the latter; the others were beyond my hand. I remember once of my master overlooking me while I was very busy with my chalk in the porch, and of his putting me very greatly to the blush by ridiculing and calling me a conjuror. My father, also, found a deal of fault for 'mispending my time in such idle pursuits,' but my propensity for drawing was so rooted that nothing could deter me from persevering in it; and many of my evenings at home were spent in filling the flags of the floor and the hearth stone with my chalky designs. After I had long scorched my face in this way, a friend, in compassion, furnished me with some paper upon which to execute my designs. Here I had more scope. Pen and ink, and the juice of the bramble-berry, made a grand change. These were succeeded by a camel-hair pencil and shells and colours; and, thus supplied, I became completely set up; but of patterns or drawings I had none. The beasts and birds which enlivened the beautiful scenery of woods and wilds surrounding my native hamlet, furnished me with an endless supply of subjects. I now, in the estimation of my

rustic neighbours, became an eminent painter, and the walls of their houses were ornamented with an abundance of very rude productions, *at a very cheap rate*. These chiefly consisted of particular hunting scenes, in which the portraits of the hunters, the horses, and of every dog in the pack, were, in their opinion, *as well as my own*, faithfully delineated. But while I was proceeding in this way, I was at the same time deeply engaged in matters nearly allied to this propensity for drawing; for I early became acquainted, not only with the history and the character of the domestic animals, but also with those that roamed at large."

Bewick goes on to relate his experiences in the fox-hunting field—his vermin-hunting excursions—his diversions during the winter months—his scraping acquaintance with all kinds of beasts and birds, wild and tame, common and rare—his pleasant varied avocations each season of the year—his imitations, in boyish zest, of the wild savages to be read of in "*Robinson Crusoe*"—his breaking-in vicious and runaway horses—the severe floggings he got at school for drawing instead of declining and conjugating—his card-playing in company, for which he was taken to task by a bigoted old woman, who called the cards the "*devil's books*"—his falling in love with Miss Betty Gregson, his master's daughter—his becoming a bee-fancier and wasp-destroyer—his walks about the neighbourhood, drinking in knowledge from the fountain-head. His account of the fell-side neighbours is extremely graphic, but too long to quote. Such capital pen and ink portraits as those he gives of Anthony Liddell, Thomas Forster, John Chapman, John Newton (the Laird of the Neuk), John Cowie, and Ben Garlic, are not to be met with every day in our literature.

As Bewick's taste for drawing seemed to his father to be incurable, it was determined to place him as an apprentice with Mr. Ralph Beilby, an engraver living in Newcastle, to whom, on the 1st of October, 1767, he was bound for a term of seven years. His father said to him at parting—"Now, Thomas, thou art going to lead a different life to what thou hast led here: thou art going from a constant fresh air and activity to the closeness of a town and a sedentary occupation; thou must be up in the morning and get a run." And Thomas followed faithfully, for it chimed exactly with his own bent, his father's injunction. Every morning, rain or shine, often without his hat, and his bushy head of black hair ruffling in the wind, he would be seen scampering up the street towards the country; and the opposite neighbours would cry, "There goes Beilby's fond lad." These morning excursions he kept up during his life.

Mr. Beilby was not a wood engraver; and his business in the copper-plate line was of a kind which did not allow of much scope for the display of artistic talents. He engraved copper-plates for books when any by chance were

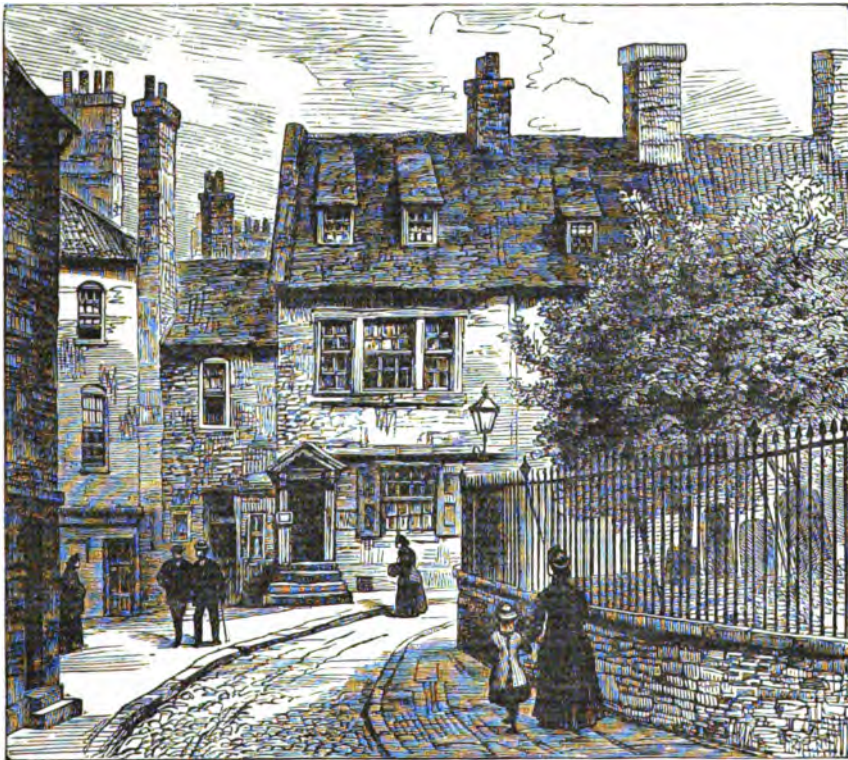
offered to him; and he also executed brass plates for doors, with the names of the owners filled up, after the manner of the old "niellos," with black sealing-wax.

Bewick's attention appears to have been first directed to wood-engraving in consequence of his master having been employed by Dr. Charles Hutton, then a schoolmaster in Newcastle, to engrave on wood the diagrams for his "Treatise on Mensuration." The printing of this work was commenced in 1768, and was completed in 1770. The engraving of the diagrams was committed to Bewick, who is said to have invented a graver with a fine groove at the point, which enabled him to cut the outlines by a single operation. Bewick, during his apprenticeship, paid ninepence a week for his lodgings in Newcastle, and usually received a brown loaf every week from Cherryburn. On the expiration of his apprenticeship, he returned to his father's house at Cherryburn, but still continued to work for Mr. Beilby. About this time he seems to have formed the resolution of applying himself exclusively in future to wood engraving; and with this view he appears to have executed several cuts as specimens of his ability. In 1775 he received a premium from the Society for the Encouragement of Arts and Manufactures for a cut of the "Huntsman and the Old Hound,"

which he probably engraved when living at Cherryburn, after leaving Mr. Beilby. It was first printed in an edition of Gay's "Fables," published by T. Saint, Newcastle, 1779.

In 1776, when on a visit to some of his relatives in Cumberland, he availed himself of the opportunity of visiting the Lakes; and in after-life he used frequently to speak in terms of admiration of the beauty of the white-washed, slate-covered cottages on the banks of some of the lakes. His tour was made on foot, with a stick in his hand and a wallet on his back; and it has been supposed that in a tailpiece (to be found at page 177 of the first volume of his "British Birds," first edition, 1797), he has introduced a sketch of himself in his travelling costume, drinking out of what he himself would have called the *fiipe* of his hat. In the same year he went to London, where he arrived on the 1st of October. But, after a sojourn of a twelvemonth, he returned to Newcastle, and entered into partnership with his former master, Ralph Beilby.

Bewick did not like London; and he always advised his former pupils and North-Country friends to leave the "province covered with houses" as soon as they could, and return to the country, there to enjoy the beauties of



BEWICK'S WORKSHOP, ST. NICHOLAS' CHURCHYARD, NEWCASTLE.

nature, fresh air, and content. In a letter to Christopher Gregson, he thus expresses his opinion of London life:—"Ever since you paid your last visit to the North, I have often been thinking upon you, and wishing that you would lap up and leave the metropolis, to enjoy the fruits of your hard-earned industry on the banks of the Tyne, where you are so much respected, both on your own account and on that of those that are gone. Indeed, I wonder how you can think of turmouling yourself to the end of the chapter, and let the opportunity slip of contemplating at your ease the beauties of nature, so bountifully spread out to enlighten, to captivate, and cheer the heart of man. For my part, I am still of the same mind that I was in when in London, and that is, I would rather be herding sheep on Mickley Bank Top than remain in London, although for doing so I was to be made the Premier of England."

After his return from London to Newcastle, Bewick applied himself chiefly to engraving on wood, and he evidently improved in the art as his talents were exercised. Thus the cuts in his "Select Fables," 1784, are much inferior to those in "Gay's Fables" in 1799. The animals are better drawn and engraved; the sketches of landscape in the background are more natural; and the engraving of the foliage of the trees and bushes is not unfrequently scarce inferior to that of his most mature productions. Such an attention to nature in this respect is not to be found in any woodcuts of an earlier date. In the best cuts of the time of Durer and Holbein, the foliage is generally neglected; the artists of that period merely gave general forms of trees without

ever attending to that which contributes so much to their beauty—the particulars of minute details and individual peculiarities. The merit of introducing this great improvement, and of depicting the birds and beasts in their natural forms and with characteristic expression, is undoubtedly due to Bewick. His illustrations to the "History of Quadrupeds," and to the "History of British Birds, comprising the Land Birds," all exhibit an accuracy of observation, a brilliancy of conception, and a correctness of execution, which few subsequent masters of the art of wood engraving have reached, and none on the whole surpassed. As for the vignettes and tailpieces with which the volumes are profusely adorned, we scarcely expect ever to see anything equal to them from any other hand. "Many of these happy little embellishments," says an able critic, "are connected with the manners and habits of the animals near which they are placed; others, again, merely exhibit the fancies and dry humour of the artist, his particular notions of men and things partaking both of the droll and pathetic, as, for instance, a ragged, half-starved sheep, picking at a besom; a troop of Savoyards, weary and footsore, tugging a poor bear to the next fair; a broken-down soldier, trudging with stern patience through the slant rain storm; a poor travelling woman, looking wistfully at a mutilated mile stone; a blind old beggar, whose faithful dog stops short with warning whine on the broken plank that should have crossed the swollen brook; youngsters flying their kites; a disappointed sportsman, who, by shooting a magpie, has lost a woodcock; a horse vainly



CHERRYBURN.

endeavouring to reach the water; a bull roaring near a stile which he cannot surmount; a poor mendicant attacked by a rich man's mastiff; and so forth,—all delineatory of scenes true to nature."

Through perfecting this hitherto, comparatively speaking, neglected art, Bewick did more perhaps towards elevating the popular taste in this country for cheap illustrated literature than any other person. Before he gave a new life, vigour, and beauty to it, wood engraving was all but extinct, having ceased to be used for the embellishment of books, and being chiefly retained for the rude ornament of the most wretched songs, and the imprint of ships, the gallows, or a man running away with knob-stick and bundle, in newspapers. Bewick saw all that it was capable of, and introduced it into works of taste, the best known and most perfect specimens of which are his own *Natural Histories*. The whole public were astonished and charmed with the effect. George III., who was, according to Peter Pindar, filled with amazement at the way that the apples could have got into the dumpling, was, if possible, still more amazed at the engravings of Bewick. When they told him they were done on wood, he declared that he would not believe it till he saw the blocks.

Bewick's "Autobiography" abounds with beautifully suggestive passages on almost every topic that concerns humanity; for, like that oft-quoted cosmopolitan character in our old tormentor Terence, he considered nothing human alien to him. It is a book that every young man ought to read; it does equally high-honour to its author's head and heart. Our readers, we think, after perusing

the following passage, will be inclined to believe, with us, that Bewick might have been a sweet poet had he not been a great engraver:—"In all the varied ways by which men of talent are befitted to enlighten, to charm, and to embellish society, as they advance through life—if they entertain the true feeling that every production they behold is created, not by chance, but by design—



OVINGHAM CHURCH.

they will find an increasing and endless pleasure in the exhaustless stores which nature has provided to attract the attention and promote the happiness of her votaries during the time of their sojourning here. The painter need not roam very far from his home, in any part of our beautiful isles, to meet with plenty of charming scenes from which to copy nature, either on an extended or a limited scale, and in which he may give full scope to his genius and to his pencil, either in animate or inanimate subjects. His search will be crowned with success in the romantic ravine, the placid holme, the hollow dell, or amongst the pendant foliage of the richly ornamented dene, or by the sides of burns which roar or dash along, or run murmuring from pool to pool through the pebbly beds; all this bordered perhaps by a background of ivy-covered hollow oaks (thus clothed as if to hide their age),—of elms, willows, and birch, which seemed kindly to offer shelter to an undergrowth of hazel, whins, broom, juniper, and heathers, with the wild rose, the woodbine, and the bramble, and beset with clumps of ferns and foxglove; while the edges of the mossy braes are covered with a profusion of wild flowers, 'born to blush unseen,' which peep out amongst the creeping groundlings—the bleaberry, the wild strawberry, the harebell, and the violet. How often have I, in my angling excursions, loitered upon such sunny braes, lost in ecstacy, and wishing I could impart to others the pleasures I felt on such occasions; but they must see them with their own eyes to feel as I felt."

In the summer of 1828. Bewick revisited London, but he found it as little to his taste as ever, and soon came home again. He was then evidently in a declining state of health, and he had lost much of his former energy of mind. Nothing could be a greater proof of this than his declining to alight for the purpose of visiting the collection of animals in the gardens of the Zoological Society, when his friend William Bulmer drove him, almost on purpose, to the Regent's Park. On his return to Newcastle, however, he appeared for a short time to enjoy his usual health and spirits. On the Saturday preceding his death, he took the block of "The Old Horse waiting for Death" to the printers, and had it proved. On the following Monday he became unwell, and after a few days' illness he ceased to exist. He died at his house on the Windmill Hills (now West Street), Gateshead, on the 8th of November, 1828, aged seventy-five.

The great engraver was buried at Ovingham. There he lies beside his wife, and his brother John, who died before he had acquired the fame to which he would have arrived, but not before he had proved that he possessed much of the genius that had so widely spread the name of his surviving brother. A square plot of ground adjoining the west end of the church is enclosed with handsome iron palisades. The graves of the deceased are covered with flat stones, and on the church wall above stand, side by side, these inscrip-

tions:—"In memory of John Bewick, engraver, who died December 5, 1795, aged 35 years. His ingenuity as an artist was excelled only by his conduct as a man." "The burial-place of Thomas Bewick, engraver, of Newcastle. Isabella, his wife, died 1st February, 1826, aged 72 years. Thomas Bewick died 8th of November, 1828, aged 75 years."

Our engraving of Ovingham Church is copied from a charming sketch by Birket Forster, which appeared some years ago in the Transactions of the Natural History Society of Newcastle. For permission to reproduce John Bewick's drawing of Cherryburn we are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Ward and Sons, Newcastle, the owners of the copyright of Thomas Bewick's Autobiography.

Revison the Highwayman.

By Lieut.-Colonel J. R. Campbell.



OF the lives of those scoundrels who in bygone times were the terror of travellers, and were facetiously termed "knights of the road," few strike one as so remarkable as that of William Nevison, whose real name is supposed to have been John Brace, or Bracy. More than one of the strange incidents in his career have been falsely associated with Richard Turpin by writers of fiction—that is to say, if we are to take the histories of the two men as given in the old book, "Lives of the Most Notorious Highwaymen, Robbers, and Murderers," as at all approaching the truth.

William Nevison was born of well-to-do parents at Pomfret, in Yorkshire, in the year 1639, and kept at school till he was thirteen, at which early age his criminal career may be said to have commenced. He thus received the rudiments of a decent education, for he was a boy of considerable talent. But he appears to have been innately vicious, and to have from childhood exhibited the ruling passion which accompanied him through life; his constant aim being to enrich himself at the expense of other people—not excepting his own father.

William commenced his depredations by stealing one of his father's silver spoons; but he was found out, and his parent, not liking to flog the boy himself, requested the schoolmaster to do so. Probably the punishment was tolerably severe. At any rate it kindled in the boy's mind a keen desire to be revenged on his elders, and he spent a sleepless night in brooding over his plan. The schoolmaster had a favourite pony, which was kept in a paddock, and William's scheme was to injure the poor teacher by taking away this pony. He therefore rose early in the morning, moved quietly into his father's

closet, stole his keys, and, having supplied himself with cash to the amount of £10, and a saddle and bridle, which he took from his father's stable, he hastened to the paddock, saddled and bridled the pony, and then rode off at full speed towards London. History does not say what halts he made on the road, but, at all events, he reached the capital at last, after—for fear of detection—cutting the throat of the poor animal a mile or two short of his destination. This act was, perhaps, the most cruel of all he ever committed as a youth. In London he changed his name, and there succeeded in obtaining employment with a brewer. Although compelled for a while to be industrious, in order to obtain the necessaries of life, William's mind was always on the stretch to invent some more expeditious mode of acquiring money than the simple one of waiting for his annual pay; accordingly, he often attempted to rob his master, albeit for a long time without success. One evening, however, the brewer's clerk was drunk and asleep in the office, when William, who had been watching him, found an opportunity of robbing him of his keys, with which he opened the deaks and helped himself to about £200. Then, without waiting to discover who would be blamed for the theft when the fact became known, he sailed for Holland. He was now, probably, verging into a young man, although the story of his life from which I extract the present account (given in the book I have mentioned) is generally silent as to dates.

Change of climate had no effect in changing William's nature. Through his instigation, the daughter of a respectable citizen robbed her father of a large sum of money and a quantity of jewels, and eloped with the Englishman. They were, however, pursued, taken, and committed to prison; and Nevison would certainly, then and there, have finished a short but villainous career had he not managed, somehow or other, to effect an escape. With no small difficulty he crossed into Flanders, and there enlisted into a regiment of English volunteers, under the command of the Duke of York. As a soldier he behaved himself well, and even acquired some money which might be called his own; but his restless disposition and craving for wealth did not permit him to remain long with the army. He deserted, went over to England, purchased a horse and other *highway necessaries*, and commenced his depredations in a systematic form. His success as a highwayman was uncommon; every day he found means to replenish his coffers and to nourish his extravagance. Nor would he unite with any other rascal who—from selfish motives—might feel disposed to participate in William's lucrative employment.

One day Nevison (who also went by the name of Johnson), while scouring about in search of a prize, met two countrymen, who informed him that it was very dangerous for him to proceed on his way, for that the road was beset by highwaymen, three of whom had plundered them, about half a mile off—taking from them £40.

"Turn back with me," replied William, "and, my life to a farthing, I'll make the rascals return you your money." This they consented to do, and all three rode in company until they came in sight of one of the thieves. Then Nevison ordered the countrymen to halt where they were, while he rode up to the man. "Sir," said he to him, "by your garb and the colour of your horse you should be a man I'm looking after; and, if so, my business is to tell you that you've borrowed forty pounds of two of my friends, which they desire me to demand of you, and which, before we part, you must restore." "How!" cried the robber, "forty pounds! Why, the fellow must be mad!" "So mad," replied Nevison, "that if you refuse you shall die." And he thereupon drew a pistol and clapped it to the rascal's breast. Seeing that Nevison had also hold of his horse's rein, and that he could not get at either sword or pistol of his own, the thief was obliged to yield, and own that his life was at Nevison's mercy. "I don't want your life," replied Nevison, "but only the money you took from my friends." The thief was obliged to disgorge his share of the robbery; the rest of the money, he said, was with his two companions, who were further down the road. Nevison made the fellow dismount, and, taking away his pistols, left him in charge of the countrymen, who by this time had come up, while he (Nevison), mounting the captive's horse and leaving his own with the men, galloped after the other scoundrels. He soon came up with them, for they, mistaking him at first for their companion, stopped as soon as they saw him approach. It was in the middle of a common, and, possibly, after dark. Nevison quickly undeceived them respecting who he was, and told them that their comrade had sent him for the ransom of his life; adding that, if they refused to stump up, he meant to have a little dispute with them at sword and pistol. On hearing this, one of the robbers fired at Nevison, but, missing his aim, received William's bullet through the shoulder, which disabled him. Our highwayman was then on the point of shooting the other; but he called for quarter, and the affair ended in their both delivering up their money on Nevison's promising to send them their comrade. He took from them £150, rode back to the countrymen, and released their prisoner; telling them, while he restored to them their £40, to be more careful of it in future, and not to show themselves such cowards as they had been by surrendering a large sum on such easy terms.

Lawless as he was, there appears to have been some good points in Nevison's character, which were wanting in most men of his profession—notably in Dick Turpin. He was always tender with the fair sex, and bountiful to the poor. He was a true loyalist, in so far as he would never levy a contribution from a royalist.

Several remarkable highway robberies, committed by Nevison, are recorded in his history, and there were, doubtless, a host of others of lesser importance of which we have no account. One day (or, perhaps, rather one

night), he stopped the carriage of a rich Jewish money-lender, and compelled him to hand him over sixty pieces of gold. But, such a paltry sum not satisfying William, he frightened the Jew into drawing a bill upon sight for £500 on a lawyer, and then—leaving his victim on the road—galloped off to London and got the bill cashed before any advice of the robbery reached the Jew's friend. Some time afterwards he robbed a rich grazier of £450—a huge sum in those days; and then, apparently contented with the great success he had had, Mr. Nevison made up his mind to “retire from business.” Singular as it may appear, he actually carried out this resolution—at least for a time. He returned home, and was joyfully received by his father, who, it may be hoped, had not heard of all his son's exploits during the seven or eight years he had been absent from the parental roof; indeed, he had long been accounted dead. Nevison remained with his father until the old man's death, living soberly and honestly, as if no act of infamy had ever sullied his reputation. Upon the death of his father, however, he returned to his former courses, and in a short time his name was a terror to every traveller on the road. To such an extent did he carry his plans, that carriers and drovers willingly agreed to leave certain sums, at such places as he chose to appoint, to prevent their being stripped by him of all they possessed.

It seems strange, when we consider how many gentlemen of courage, and well armed, were, up to the beginning of the present century, stopped by highwaymen, that so few of these scoundrels were paid off with lead instead of gold. But it is a fact that, as a rule, they ended their unusually short lives, not by the pistol, but by the rope. Still there have been exceptional cases where the robber has met his match, and the following is one. A certain nobleman, whom I shall call Lord A. (as I forget his real name), was wont to declare that no highwayman should ever rob *him*; and it would appear that this bit of bravado got to the ears of the robbing fraternity. For, as the story goes, one night, as his lordship was travelling in a carriage, a highwayman rode up and thrust a pistol through the window before Lord A. could seize one of his own—albeit he had a brace close to his hand. Demanding his money or his life, the rascal added, sneeringly, “I think, my lord, you've declared that no highwayman should ever rob you?” “True,” replied the nobleman, looking steadily through the window, “nor should I let you rob me now, *were it not for that dark figure behind you.*” Now, there was really no such thing as a “dark figure,” but the words staggered the villain, and he involuntarily turned and glanced behind him. It was but for a moment, but that moment was enough; Lord A. raised his pistol, fired, and shot his assailant dead.

To return, however, to Nevison. Continuing his evil courses, he was at last apprehended, thrown into Leicester Gaol, put in irons, and strictly guarded. But

the management of a prison in those days was very different from what it is now, and, in spite of all the precautions taken to prevent his escape, he did escape, and in the following ingenious manner. William had certain trusty friends, and one day two or three of them were allowed to pay him a visit. One of these gentlemen was (or professed to be) a doctor; and he, after seeing William, gave out to the prison authorities that their captive had got the plague, and that if he were not removed to a larger room, where he might enjoy fresh air, he would not only perish himself, but communicate the disease to all the inmates of the gaol. This frightened the gaoler's wife immensely. Thanks to her, William was removed to a larger apartment, into which she prohibited her husband from ever entering. The prisoner and his friends had, therefore, a good opportunity of concocting their plans, and carrying out a most remarkable scheme. The “doctor” came twice or thrice a day to see his patient, and after a time declared the case hopeless. At last a painter was brought in, who painted William's body all over with spots, similar to those produced by the real plague; and a few days later—having first given his friend a sleeping draught—the “doctor” informed the gaoler that poor William was dead. There was a sort of inquest on the body, but the coroner's jury durst not approach it, so great was the fear of infection. The verdict was that the prisoner had died of the plague. On this his trusty friends at once demanded his body, and had it carried out of the gaol in a coffin. You may be sure William did not remain long in the coffin after they had got it out of sight of the prison walls.

The coffin adventure only rendered Nevison more callous and daring in vice than ever. Once more a highwayman, he renewed his depredations with increased vigour, informing the carriers and drovers who had been in the habit of paying him blackmail before his incarceration that he must now increase their “rents,” in order to refund his expenses in gaol, and his loss of time. It was at first supposed that it was Nevison's ghost who carried on the same pranks that he had done during his lifetime; but the gaoler began to doubt there being any truth in such an idea, and finally offered £20 reward to any one who should restore him his late prisoner.

Resolved to visit the capital, Nevison set out on a journey thither. On the road he met a company of canting beggars, pilgrims, and other idle vagabonds; and for some time he continued in their company. The life they led struck him as being such a merry one that, at last, he suggested their receiving him as a member of their “honourable fraternity,” on which their leader, after applauding his resolution, addressed him as follows:—“Do not we come into the world arrant beggars, without a rag upon us? And do we not all go out of the world like beggars, saving a sheet over us? Shall we, then, be ashamed to walk up and down the world, like beggars,

with old blankets pinned about us? No, no, that would be a shame to us, indeed. Have we not the whole kingdom to walk in at our pleasure? Are we afraid at the approach of quarter day? Do we walk in fear of sheriffs, bailiffs, and catchpoles? Whoever knew an arrant beggar arrested for debt? Is not our meat dressed in every man's kitchen? Does not every man's cellar afford us beer, and the best men's purses keep a penny for us to spend?"

Having by these words, as he thought, fully decided William to become a beggar, he communicated to his company their new friend's intention, at which there was universal joy. The first question put to Nevison was whether he had any *loure* in his *bung*; but he, not being well up in their slang, could not make out what they meant, until they kindly informed him they meant *money* in his *purse*. He told them he had but eighteenpence, which he would bestow on them willingly. This sum was then voted to be spent in a booze to celebrate his initiation. He was then ordered to kneel down, and while on his knees was baptised with a *gag* of *booze* (i.e., a quart of drink), which was poured over his head by one of the chiefs. "I do, by virtue of this sovereign liquor, instal thee in the *Roage*," said the chief, "and make thee a free denizen of our ragged regiment. Henceforth, it shall be lawful for thee to cant, only observing these rules:—First, that thou art not to wander up and down all countries, but to keep to that quarter that is allotted thee; and, secondly, thou art to give away to any of us that have borne all the offices of the wallet before; and, upon holding up a finger, to avoid any town or country village where thou seest we are foraging for victuals for our army that marches along with us. Observing these two rules, we take thee under our protection, and constitute thee a brother of our numerous society."

The leader having ended his oration, Nevison rose up, and was congratulated by the company, who, in the words of the historian, hung about him like so many dogs about a bear, making such a hideous noise that their chief was obliged to command silence while he addressed William again, as follows:—"Now that thou art entered into our fraternity, thou must not scruple to act any villainies, whether it be to cut a purse, steal a cloak-bag or portmanteau, *convey* all manner of things, whether they be chickens, sucking-pigs, ducks, geese, or hens; or to steal a shirt from the hedge; for he that will be a *quier cove* (i.e., a professed rogue) must observe these rules"—quite unnecessary advice to have given William, one would think, had he but told them who he was. "And because thou art but a novice in begging," continued the chief, "and understandest not the mysteries of the canting language, thou shalt have a wife to be thy companion, from whom thou mayest receive instruction." Thereupon the chief singled out, as a bride for Nevison, a girl of about seventeen years of age. The

idea tickled William immensely, and the two were married by the *patrico* or gipsy priest, after the following simple manner. They took a hen, and, having cut off its head, laid the dead body on the ground, Nevison being placed on one side of it and his bride on the other. This done, the *patrico*, standing by, with a loud voice, bade them live together till death did them part. Then the happy pair shook hands and kissed one another, and, the solemn ceremony being over, every one gave way to joy. Night approaching, and all the money spent, the crowd of vagabonds made for a barn not far off, where, after broaching a barrel of beer, they went to sleep. Let the reader now compare this incident of Nevison among the canting beggars with that recorded by Harrison Ainsworth of his hero Dick Turpin, in "Rookwood" (book iii. chap. 5), which resembles it so closely that we are bound to consider the author's idea to have been taken from Nevison's life.

We left Nevison in the barn. When all the other rogues were asleep, he quietly slipped out, took a horse, and posted directly away. But, coming to London, he found there was too much noise about him to permit of his tarrying there; so he returned into the country, and fell to his old pranks again. But his crimes soon became so notorious that, at last, a reward was offered to any who would apprehend him. This induced many men to waylay him, especially two brothers named Fletcher, one of whom our highwayman shot dead. Nevison, however, could not—at all events did not—long escape the fate he had done so much to deserve. He was ultimately taken by a Captain Hardcastle, for a paltry public-house robbery at Milford, near York, and sent to York Gaol, where, on the 15th March, 1684, he was tried, convicted, and finally executed on a gallows near Micklegate Bar, aged forty-five.

In a short account of this remarkable highwayman, given in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* of March 7th, 1885, the following passage occurs:—"The main point of interest about the man (William Nevison) now-a-days is that he was in reality the person who performed the feat traditionally attributed to Dick Turpin; that, namely, of riding from London to York in one day. The date cannot be precisely fixed; but it was probably in the summer of 1675. He had committed a robbery in London, just before dawn, and was recognised. He made for the North at once. By sunset—say fifteen hours later—he entered York, having ridden the one mare two hundred measured miles. There he was captured and brought to trial, when it was proved that he had been seen in the bowling green at York on the evening of the same day that the robbery had been committed in London; and both judge and jury accepted this as a sufficient *alibi*, with the result that he was acquitted." But in the "Lives of the Highwaymen" no mention is made of Nevison's having performed the feat,

although it is therein stated that Turpin could not have done so. Turpin was tried but once, and then hanged.

The Ride to York.

According to Defoe, the merit of riding from London to York must be denied to Nevison as well as Turpin. The name of the highwayman was Nicks. Defoe's "Tour Through Great Britain" relates the account thus:—

From Gravesend we see nothing remarkable on the road but Gad's Hill, a noted place for robbing of seamen after they have received their pay at Chatham. Here it was that famous robbery was committed in the year 1676. It was about four o'clock in the morning when a gentleman was robbed by one Nicks, on a bay mare, just on the declining part of the hill, on the West side, for he swore to the spot and to the man. Mr. Nicks, who robbed him, came away to Gravesend, was stopped by the difficulty of the boat, and of the passage, near an hour; which was a great discouragement to him, but was a kind of bait to his horse. From thence he rode across the county of Essex, through Tilbury, Horndon, and Biterecay to Chelmsford; here he stopped about half-an-hour to refresh his horse, and give him some balls; from thence to Braintree, Bocking, Wethersfield; then over the downs to Cambridge, and from thence, keeping still the cross roads, he went by Fenny Stanton to Godmanchester and Huntingdon, where he baited himself and his mare about an hour. Then, holding on the North Road, and keeping a full larger gallop most of the way, he came to York the same afternoon, put off his boots and riding cloaths, and went dressed as if he had been an inhabitant of the place, not a traveller, to the bowling-green, where, among other gentlemen, was the Lord Mayor of the city; he, singling out his lordship, studied to do something particular that the mayor might remember him by, and accordingly lays some odd bet with him concerning the bowls then running, which should cause the Mayor to remember it the more particularly, and takes occasion to ask his lordship what o'clock it was; who, pulling out his watch, told him the hour, which was a quarter before, or a quarter after eight, at night. Some other circumstances, it seems, he carefully brought into their discourse which should make the Lord Mayor remember the day of the month exactly, as well as the hour of the day. Upon a prosecution which happened afterwards for this robbery, the whole merit of the case turned upon this single point. The person robbed swore as above to the man, to the place, and to the time, in which the fact was committed, namely, that he was robbed on Gad's Hill in Kent, on such a day, and at such a time of the day, and on such a part of the hill, and that the prisoner at the bar was the man that robbed him. Nicks, the prisoner, denied the facts, called several persons to his reputation, alleged that he was as far off as Yorkshire at that time, and that particularly, the day whereon the prosecution swore he was robbed, he was at bowles on the Public Green in the City of York; and to support this he produced the Lord Mayor of York to testify that he was so, and that the Mayor acted so and so with him there as above. This was so positive and so well attested, that the jury acquitted him on a bare supposition that it was impossible the man could be at two places so remote on one and the same day. There are more particulars related of this story, such as I do not take upon me to affirm; namely, that King Charles II. prevailed on him, on assurance of pardon and that he should not be brought into any further trouble about it, to confess the truth to him privately, and that he own'd to his Majesty that he committed the robbery, and how he rode upon the journey after it, and that upon this the king gave him the name or title of Swift Nicks instead of Nicks.

No doubt Mr. Harrison Ainsworth in his novel of "Rookwood" was indebted to Defoe—another proof of Mr. John Foster's statement about how much successful novelists owe to Daniel Defoe. NISBET, London.

Hexham Town and Abbey.



EVERY visitor to Hexham, with the least grain of archæological sentiment, remarks the quaint and antique character of many of the buildings of that town. The view of the Market Place which is taken from Thomas Allom's "Westmoreland, Cumberland, Durham, and Northumberland," published by Fisher in 1833, in twenty-six quarto parts, price two guineas, shows the east side of that square, with a massive old stone building in front, now called the Moot Hall. Very little appears to be really known of the history of this ancient building. Mr. C. C. Hodges, however, thinks it gets its modern name from the fact that it was used for holding all courts pertaining to the Regality of Hexham.

The ancient house seen to the right of the square tower was called the Manor House. On the front of it, says Hutchinson, writing in 1779, "are three coats of armour in plaster-work; opinions are various as to what they denominate: the most probable is, that the dexter arms is that of the Dean and Chapter of York; the centre the cross of St. Andrew, to whom the church was dedicated; and the sinister one, being one of the *arma cantantia*, or rebuses, anciently adopted, comprehending the name of some great Churchman." "Beneath these," adds Hutchinson, "is a legend divided into three portions, which I read MA—NE—RIA—; perhaps importing the Manor House, and probably was the mansion of some of the bishops of York."

At the right hand side of Allom's plate is seen what used to be considered "a convenient piazza," covered with blue slate, the back part of which was divided into movable stalls for the butchers, while other parts served to accommodate the butter and poultry markets. This piazza was built for the use of the town by Sir Walter Calverley Blakett, Bart. It was raised against some irregular buildings, and the ruins of St. Mary's Church, of which, says Wright, "few vestiges remain." In front of the shambles, that is the piazza, stood the Pant, an octangular pillar, ornamented at the top with a small globe, and with a large oblong stone trough for the surplus water to flow into. The water was conveyed to this "fluent fountain," as Hutchinson calls it, by lead pipes, from a copious well about a quarter of a mile to the southward, and it issued from the mouths of two uncouth human figures, over which was a plate of copper, with the following inscription:—"Ex Dono Roberti Allgood Armigeri Anno D.M. 1703." Hexham Market Place has been much changed since Allom made his drawing of it. The picturesque houses then adjoining the gateway have given place to modern stone buildings; while the characteristic pant is gone.

Besides the ancient tower seen in Allom's view, another equally ancient edifice is figured on the next page. Mr.

Hodgson thinks this old building is the *Turris de Hexham* mentioned in the list of castles in 1460; and for the special purpose of an exploratory tower, its position on the brow of a hill overlooking the valley of the Tyne towards Corbridge and Newcastle was sufficiently commanding. Its walls are nine feet thick, a striking external feature being the boldly projecting corbels, which must originally have supported a platform or gallery extending round the whole of the building. Access to it was obtained through the fine old gateway, prominent in Allom's view—the Hall Gate—beneath which, as



Sydney Gibson says, "the ecclesiastical lords of Hexham, their noble visitors, and many a person of historic fame, must have passed."

Both the tower seen in the Market Place and that depicted in our smaller engraving are believed to have formed part of the ancient fortifications of Hexham. "A careful examination of the site and surroundings of these two curious buildings," says Mr. Hodges, "leads us to the conclusion that they once were in connection with and surrounded by a wall, and the space within this wall, answering to that now known as the Hall Gate, would be a bailey like those of the larger castles."

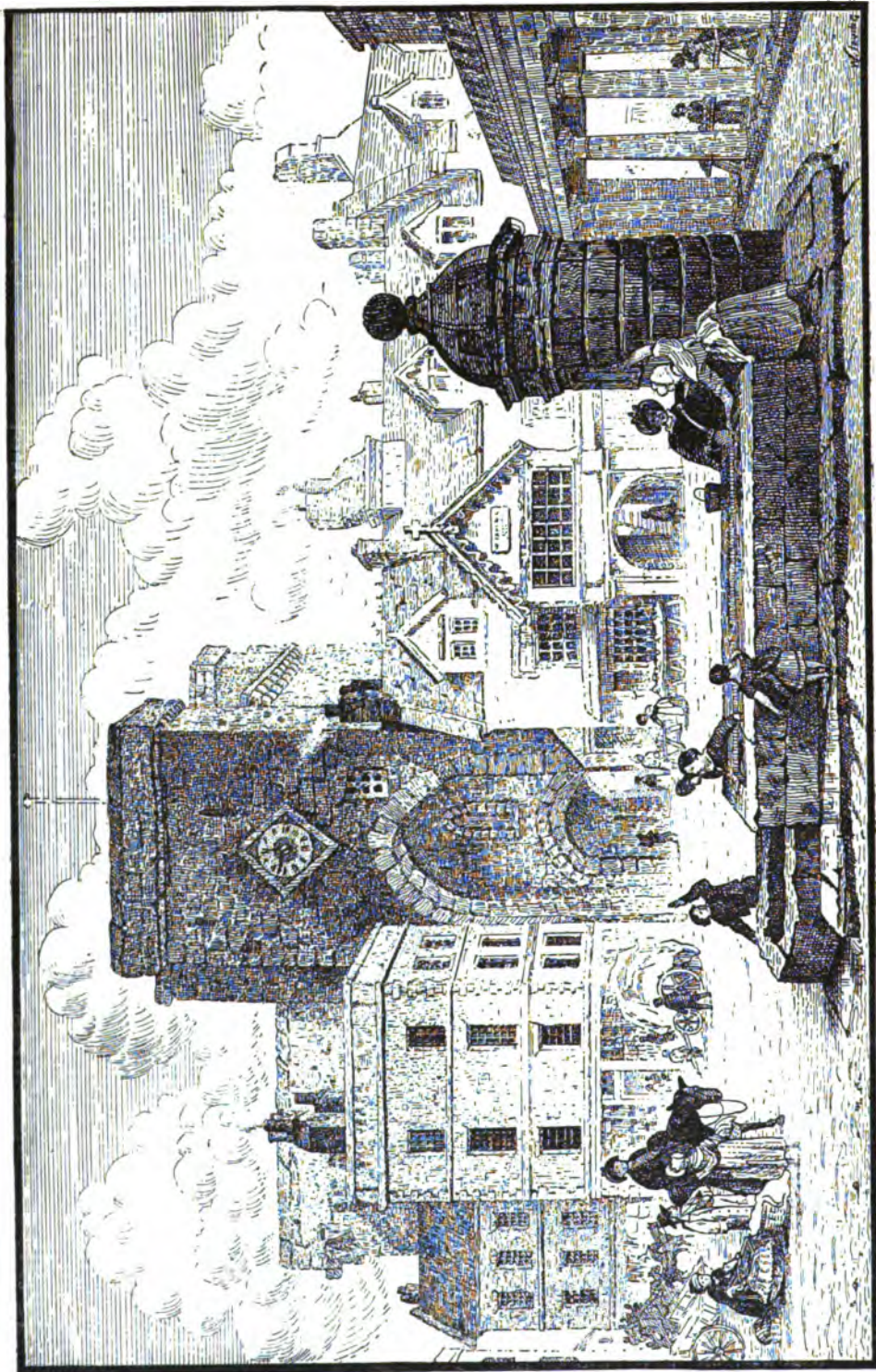
Concerning the Manor Office, a curious discovery was made some years ago. Certain repairs and alterations were in progress in the old building, when, in the uppermost apartment, there was brought to light a wooden mantel-piece on which was carved (rudely but intelligibly) a statement relative to the reasons why the tower was built, and the uses to which it was to be put. This inscription, as deciphered by the late Mr. Ralph Carr Ellison, is supposed to convey something like the following story:—As the general history of Hexham informs us, the monastery was plundered by the Scots, and a great portion of it burned to the ground. There was a kindred monastery in Yorkshire, at a place called Kirby Wiske, the monks of which, moved with a profound com-

passion for their afflicted Hexham brethren, sent efficient help in the shape of artificers and materials for building a tower which would be a place of refuge for them if they should ever be threatened with a similar disaster. The tower was duly built, and must have, in some sense, answered its purpose, as one hears no more of any hostile attempt to disturb the monastery by any freebooting raid from the North. The old mantel-piece which is presumed to convey this information was afterwards removed to Newcastle, where it was deposited in the head offices of Mr. W. B. Beaumont, the Lord of the Manor of Hexham.

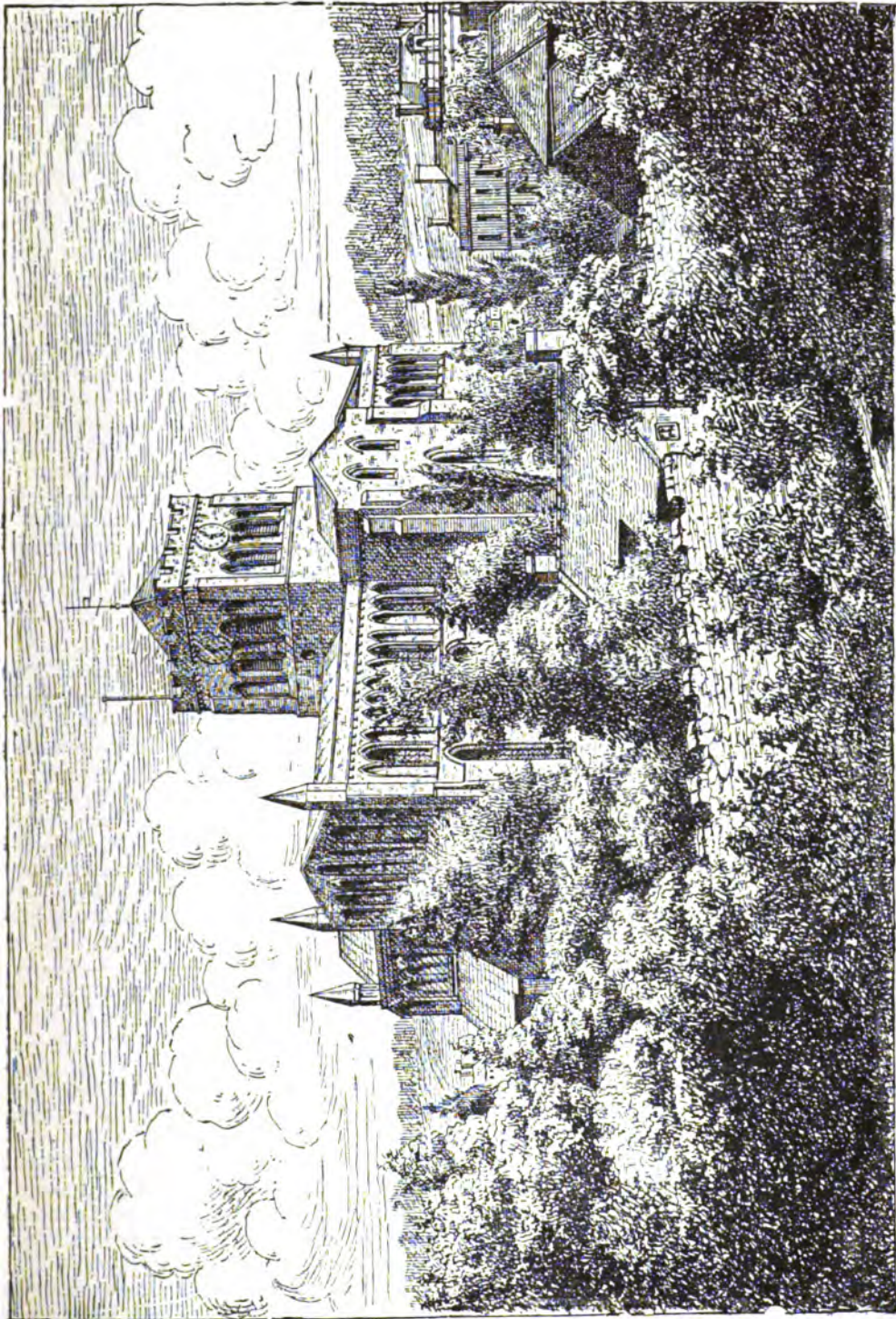
Our limited space precludes us from dealing with Hexham Abbey in that full and complete manner which so interesting a remnant of the grandeur and glory of past ages would well merit. It is said by an able archæologist to form "the very text-book of the Early English period of Gothic architecture, as it comprises every distinctive feature that makes the style, combining a simplicity and grandeur of effect not excelled by any other edifice in the kingdom." We shall avail ourselves, for brevity's sake, of what Dr. Bruce says about it in his admirable *Wallet Book of the Roman Wall* :—

About the year 674 Bishop Wilfred built a church here. In 680 Hexham was raised to the dignity of an episcopal see, an honour which it retained, under a succession of twelve bishops, until A.D. 821. The only portion of Wilfred's building that remains is the crypt; the church itself seems to have been laid in ruins by the Danes in 867, in which state it long continued. The present church is an exceedingly beautiful specimen of the Early English style. It was probably erected at the close of the twelfth or beginning of the thirteenth century. The nave was destroyed during an incursion of the Scots in 1296, and it has never been rebuilt.* The chancel has recently been repaired and refitted with considerable care. The eastern termination has been entirely rebuilt. The Lady Chapel, which was of late decorated work, being in an exceedingly dilapidated condition, has been removed. This church had the privilege of sanctuary. The Saxon *frid-stool*, or seat of safety, is preserved in the church. One of the peculiar features of the church, and one which is coeval with the building, is a massive staircase at the end of the south transept. It leads to a platform which has three doorways, one going up to the bell-tower, another taking to the scriptorium over the chapter-house (the same as at Furness Abbey), and another leading to the relic and plate closet over the groined passage proceeding from the cloisters to the south side of the chancel. Mr. Longstaffe has thrown out the idea, which is exceedingly probable, that in this part of the church persons claiming the right of sanctuary were accommodated. The chancel is the earliest part of the church, and is exceedingly light and elegant. The rood-screen, which is of the later perpendicular style, will attract attention. It is covered with paintings, amongst them being several of the subjects of "The Dance of Death." In the church are preserved, though not in their original situation, the shrine of Prior Rowland Lechman, who ruled the convent between 1477 and 1499, and the tomb of Robert Ogle, who died in 1410. In the north transept is a cross-legged effigy, which is probably that of Gilbert de Umfreville, who died in 1307. Beside this effigy are two others of nearly the same date. One is that of a

* Other authorities contend, however, that there is no evidence of the destruction of the nave. Mr. Hodges, indeed, maintains that indications, both apparent and documentary, go to show that this portion of the church was never completed.



HEXHAM MARKET PLACE.



HEXHAM ABBEY.

lady with a wimple. The other is the figure of a knight, who, from his heraldic bearings—three garbs on a fess—is supposed to be one of the family of Aydon.

The original church, dedicated to St. Andrew, was erected by masons brought by St. Wilfred from Rome. Richard, Prior of Hexham, gives the following account of it, derived, of course, from older authorities, it having been in ruins in his time (A.D. 1143):—

He began the edifice by making crypts, and subterraneous oratories, and winding passages through all parts of its foundations. The pillars that supported the walls were finely polished, squares and of various other shapes, and the three galleries were of immense height and length. These, and the capitals of their columns, and the bow of the sanctuary, he decorated with histories and images, carved in relief on the stone, and with pictures coloured with great taste. The body of the church was surrounded with wings and porticos, to which winding staircases were contrived with the most astonishing art. These staircases also led to long walking-galleries, and various winding passages so contrived that a very great multitude of people might be within them, unperceived by any person on the ground floor of the church. Oratories, too, as secret as they were beautiful, were made in all parts of it, and in which were altars of the Virgin, of Michael, St. John the Baptist, and all the Apostles, Confessors, and Virgins. Certain towers and block houses remain unto this day, specimens of the inimitable excellence of the architecture of this structure. The reliques, the religious persons, the ministers, the great library, the vestments, and utensils of the church were too numerous and magnificent for the poverty of our language to describe. The atrium of the cathedral was girt with a stone wall of great thickness and strength, and a stone aqueduct conveyed a stream of water through the town to all the offices. The magnitude of this place is apparent from the extent of its ruins. It excelled, in the excellence of its architecture, all the buildings in England; and in truth there was nothing like it, at that time, to be found on this side of the Alps.

This magnificent edifice is said to have been the third stone church erected in England, and the first that was constructed with chancel and aisles. The Rev. H. H. Bishop, in his "Pictorial Architecture of the British Isles," after mentioning that Wilfred built it "according to the Roman fashion," and brought books, pictures, music, vestments, practice, and ritual from Rome, states that "in the crypt are many stones taken from the Roman station near at hand, and one which may still be seen forming the roof of a bend in one of the narrow passages has a strange interest. Once it was inscribed with the names of Caracalla and Geta, who, when their father Septimus Severus died at York in 211, became joint emperors of Rome. But Caracalla murdered Geta, and ordered that all traces of his memory should be effaced from one end of the empire to the other. And the name of Geta has been chipped out."

Down till a comparatively recent time, Hexham Abbey, as restored in the Middle Ages, was shamefully concealed and disfigured by a crowd of wretched buildings that had been suffered to nestle ignobly round it. Even pig-styes and other such erections were set up against its venerable walls. Happily, a better taste has sprung up within recent years, and these abominations of desolation have been swept away.

The Battle of Hexham.



AFTER the bloody battle of Towton, in which the Lancastrians suffered a total defeat at the hands of the Yorkists, the poor demented king, Henry the Sixth, and his clever, energetic, high-spirited, truly Amazonian queen, Margaret of Anjou, accompanied by the chiefs of their party, six in number, fled northward from York with great precipitation, first to Newcastle, then to Berwick, and subsequently into Scotland. Here they were received by the Scottish regency, and by the queen-dowager, Mary of Gueldres, in the most friendly manner, partly, perhaps, on account of the close blood-connection between the fugitive royal pair and the Scottish royal family, and partly, doubtless, because Henry had agreed to give up to the King of the Scots the town and castle of Berwick, which the English had held without any considerable interruption for the space of one hundred and twenty-eight years. The refugees managed to raise a considerable number of volunteers in Scotland, with the assistance of George Douglas, Earl of Angus, whom they had attached to their interest by the promise of a grant of English land and an English dukedom.

The volunteers were chiefly Borderers, to whom a raid into the South Country always offered a pleasant prospect, but whose usual habit it was to fight, like Hal of the Wynd, for their own hands, and who were not much to be depended on if they had an opportunity of slipping away home with a rich booty. So Queen Margaret sailed across to France, and did her best to induce Louis XI., her kinsman, to send over some more reliable military aid. But the French monarch contented himself with giving the Seneschal of Normandy, the Sieur Pierre de Brézé—an active soldier of fortune, newly returned from the Holy Land, who had incurred his displeasure somehow or other, and was then lying in prison—permission to enter into the service of the exiled Queen's father, René, titular King of Sicily and Jerusalem, and Duke of Maine and Anjou, with the view of proceeding to England with such men as he could enlist. These recruits were principally from the broken mercenary bands of "Clippers" and "Flayers," who had, a few years before, inflicted great sufferings on the French people, seizing castles and towns, and plundering and laying waste the country at their pleasure.

After a hard passage the French general landed on the coast of Northumberland with about five hundred men at arms. He marched directly upon Alnwick, of which he got possession without a fight. The castles of Dunstanborough and Bamborough also fell into the Lancastrians' hands, and Henry, returning from Scotland and rejoining his heroic wife, held his shadowy court, in which he was now, as he had long been, only a

puppet, for some time at Alnwick. He had with him the queen's chief adviser, Henry Duke of Somerset, who had commanded in the unfortunate battle of Towton, the Earl of Pembroke, the Earl of Kyme (Tailbois), Sir John Fortescue, Chief Justice of England, the Lords Hungerford, De Ros, and Molins, Humphrey de Neville, and several lords and knights of France. But the Yorkists soon collected their strength, under Sir Ralph Grey of Heaton and Chillingham, High Sheriff of Northumberland, Lord Hastings, and Sir John Howard. It seems to have been considered too great a risk to run to suffer Henry and Margaret, and their young son Prince Edward, to be shut up in Alnwick. The Sieur de Brézé, therefore, together with Lord Hungerford, was entrusted with the keeping of that castle, with a garrison of three hundred men. The Duke of Somerset, the Earl of Pembroke, Lord Ros, and Sir Ralph Percy had the keeping of the castle of Bamborough, with a garrison of like number. Some others of less note kept the castle of Dunstanborough, with one hundred and twenty men. And the king and queen, with the Prince of Wales, retired to Berwick.

The siege of Alnwick, which was first undertaken, afforded the Earl of Angus an opportunity to exert himself in the service of his royal patrons. Having been appointed warden of the Scottish East March, he collected a numerous body of horse, and advanced with them very suddenly into the neighbourhood of the beleaguered fortress. Brézé, on learning his near approach, bravely sallied out with his handful of Frenchmen, and, meeting with no opposition from the besiegers, who are said, indeed, to have previously come to a secret understanding with the Scottish leader, retreated undisturbed across the Tweed. The castle was entered by King Edward's men—Robert Lord Ogle and others, knights and squires of the county—on the 30th of July, 1462.

Finding that the succours which had come from France were too inconsiderable to encourage the men of the North to join her in sufficient numbers, Margaret sailed over again to that country, in the spring of 1463, from the port of Kirkcudbright, with a convoy of four Scottish ships. Having obtained the loan of twelve thousand crowns from the Duke of Bretagne, she next procured from King Louis a further advance of twenty thousand livres, and a contingent of two thousand men, on a promise of the surrender of Calais as soon as Henry should be restored to his throne. With these troops she set sail once more for the North-East Coast of England, and landed in October at Tynemouth, with the intention of going to Newcastle; but being denied admission there, and not being strong enough to force her way, she sailed northwards, and landed near Bamborough, in the belief that the population would rise to assist her, and that she would be immediately joined by the Scottish auxiliaries. She was greatly disappointed, however, as comparatively

few Northumbrians welcomed her arrival or responded to her call to arms. Alnwick Castle, indeed, fell into her hands, either on account of the scarcity of provisions, or the treachery, as some alleged, of Sir Ralph Grey, who had been made governor of the place after the French left it in the preceding summer.

Hearing of these events, King Edward set out from London on the last day of November (St. Edward's Day), and hastened past York and Newcastle to the scene of action with a numerous army. On his approach, Queen Margaret found it necessary again to take refuge in Scotland. For this purpose she went on board the little fleet that had brought her from France, and Pierre de Brézé accompanied her with some part of his forces, leaving Lord Hungerford and his own son to keep Alnwick Castle. But, a violent tempest suddenly arising, the queen, not without danger, escaped into the port of Berwick; while Brézé was driven ashore at Holy Island, where his ships were burnt, and four or five hundred of his men were either made prisoners or killed. Brézé himself escaped in a fishing boat, which conveyed him to the queen at Berwick.

Edward, on arriving in Northumberland, finding no enemy in the field, caused siege to be laid at once to the three castles held by his enemies. The reduction of Alnwick was entrusted to the Earl of Warwick, better known as "the Kingmaker," the Earl of Kent, Lord Powis, Lord Cromwell, and Baron Greystock; that of Bamborough to the Earl of Worcester, the Earl of Arundel, Lord Ogle, and Lord Montague (Sir John Neville), Warwick's brother; and that of Dunstanborough to Lord Hastings, Lord Wenlock, and other lords—the forces under them amounting, according to Stowe's "Chronicle," to upwards of twenty thousand men. Bamborough was surrendered on Christmas Eve, and the Duke of Somerset, who had held it for Henry, but seems now to have despaired of his cause, submitted to the conqueror's mercy, and was pardoned and taken into favour, while the Earl of Pembroke, Lord Ros, and Sir Ralph Percy made their escape, or were suffered to retire into Scotland; Dunstanborough (wherein were Sir Richard Tunstal and others, with only a weak garrison) was yielded three days after; and Alnwick was taken on the 6th of January, Brézé having attempted in vain to relieve it at the head of some of his own countrymen and a considerable number of Scots.

The chronology of these events is, it must be confessed, very much embarrassed by the inconsistent accounts of the English and Scottish chroniclers, both as to persons and dates; but the above narrative is the best that can be compiled, from a diligent comparison of the chief authorities.

Once more in the following spring (1464) Margaret renewed her efforts. The ruling party in Scotland had by this time, however, concluded a fifteen years' truce with King Edward, one of the conditions being that Scot-

land should give no further assistance or countenance to Henry or his family. The Earl of Angus, in whom Margaret had placed something like implicit trust, and the queen-mother, who had been her fast friend throughout, were now both dead. Still, through the interest which she had cultivated with several of the Scottish chieftains, and the hopes entertained by the lawless Borderers of obtaining booty, owing to the license accorded to them of almost indiscriminate plundering, she was able again to enter Northumberland at the head of a numerous army—raw and undisciplined, it is true, but unexceptionably brave. She left her son Prince Edward behind at Berwick for a while, but soon afterwards sent for him, as well as for his father, now weaker than ever in both mind and body—in fact, “almost an innocent,” “too simple for a saint,” as Pope Julius afterwards said of him—in order that their presence with the army might encourage her motley followers. The traitor Sir Ralph Grey, as Edward’s party deemed him, managed to surprise the castle of Bamborough, which, as well as that of Alnwick, was in the keeping of Sir John Astley, and, having garrisoned it with Scotchmen, held it for the queen. The Duke of Somerset, animated by the accounts he received of Margaret’s numbers and successes, deserted Edward, and joined her, with some followers. Edward, alarmed by these and other defections, marched to York himself, accompanying his chief nobility and a large army. But before he got any further north, the tables had been turned on the Borders by the vigour and bravery of Lord Montague, whom Edward had, in the preceding summer, appointed warden of the Eastern March. Montague had got considerable reinforcements from the interior of the kingdom, and accordingly, though not in a position to stem the first brunt of the tumultuous inroad, he felt himself strong enough to hold the invaders in check by following them closely on their march, and watching for an opportunity to strike.

On the 15th day of April, 1464, Montague encountered a detachment of the Lancastrians under Sir Ralph Percy, with the Lords Hungerford and Ros, at a place called Hedgley Moor, not far from the little village of Bewick, on the high road between Morpeth and Wooler. Hungerford and Ros on this occasion, being apparently seized by panic, deserted Percy, who, with very different spirit, counting it disgraceful to flee, fell fighting like a lion on the field of battle, several of his faithful attendants sharing his fate. In memory of his fall there was erected, about sixty paces eastward from the road, a cross, still standing, called Percy’s Cross, bearing rude sculptures on its four sides of the armorial ensigns of the Percy and Lucy families, both of which were represented by the Northumbrian heru; and at no great distance westward is a gap called Percy’s Leap, across which Sir Ralph’s horse is said to have sprung during the engagement.

Montague was so encouraged by his success that, though further reinforcements were on their march to join him, he yet ventured with his own troops alone to attack the main body of the Lancastrians. He found the enemy encamped, “with all their power of people,” French, Scots, and Northumbrians, five thousand strong, on a piece of level ground on the south side of the Devil’s Water, between Dukesfield and the Linnels, and about three miles south-east of Hexham. After a short but bloody engagement, victory declared for him. The day (15th May, 1464) ended in the total rout of the Lancastrians, and their annihilation in the North as an organized force. Henry owed his immediate escape to the swiftness of his horse. He wandered about for twelve months among the moors of Lancashire, getting shelter and protection from some devoted followers; but he was caught at last and consigned to the Tower of London, where he remained for six years, a neglected and despised prisoner, till liberated for a little while, in 1470, by the redoubtable king-maker Warwick—the man who may truly be said to have deprived the poor king of his crown, but who now, having quarrelled with Edward, sought to reinstate the silly old man on the throne.

The queen and the young prince took refuge in the adjoining forest. Hume, copying Monstrelet, tells us she was “beset, during the darkness of the night, by robbers, who, either ignorant or regardless of her quality, despoiled her of her rings and jewels, and treated her with the utmost indignity.” “The partition of this rich booty,” the historian adds, “raised a quarrel among the robbers; and while their attention was thus engaged, she took the opportunity of making her escape with her son into the thickest of the forest, where she wandered for some time, overspent with hunger and fatigue, and sunk with terror and affliction. While in this wretched condition she saw a robber approach with his naked sword; and, finding that she had no means of escape, she suddenly embraced the resolution of trusting entirely for protection to his faith and generosity. She advanced towards him, and, presenting to him the young prince, called out to him, ‘Here, my friend, I commit to your care the safety of your king’s son.’ The man, whose humanity and generous spirit had been obscured, not entirely lost, by his vicious course of life, was struck with the singularity of the event, was charmed with the confidence reposed in him, and vowed not only to abstain from all injury against the princess, but to devote himself entirely to her service.” By this man’s means, Margaret dwelt for some time hid in a wretched cave, which lies in an extremely secluded situation, beneath the southern bank of the little river that runs past Dilston Castle, exactly opposite to the Black Hill farm-house. She was at last conducted to the sea coast, whence she made her escape to Sluys, in Flanders. From the Low Countries she passed to the court of her aged father at Aix, in Provence, where she

lived several years in privacy and retirement, before returning to England to create new troubles.

The Northumbrian cave in which she lay concealed still retains the name of the Queen's Cave. The roof is



Queen's Cave.

supported by a pillar of rude masonry. According to tradition, the pillar forms part of a wall which divided the cave into apartments, for the accommodation of the devoted lady and her luckless son, the titular Prince of Wales, who was so cruelly murdered by King Edward and his myrmidons after the battle of Tewkesbury in 1471. According to a survey made in 1822, the cave does not exceed thirty-one feet in its greatest length and fourteen feet in breadth, while the height will scarcely allow of a person standing upright. In connection with Margaret, besides the cave, there is a small runner between Hexham and the Devil's Water, where it is said her horse fell, and which is still called "the Queen's Letch."

The battle of Hexham decided the long struggle between the rival houses of York and Lancaster, so far as the North of England was concerned.

Lord Somerset, the Lancastrian general, was taken prisoner, and decapitated at Hexham. The Lords Ros, Molins, Hungerford, Findern, and two others unnamed, were also captured, tried by a drumhead court-martial, and beheaded on the Sandhill at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, their bodies being deposited in the burying grounds attached to the convents of the Augustine and Grey Friars. The Earls of Kyme, Grey, Neville, and Richard

of Dunstable, with many others, managed to escape; but the Earl of Kyme was taken in Reedsdale a long time afterwards, and was executed at Newcastle. Humphrey Neville remained in hiding up Derwentwater, then a very wild district, for the space of five years, but was eventually taken in Holderness, and beheaded at York. Sir Ralph Grey, who had held Bamborough to the last against King Edward's besieging force, was carried captive to Doncaster, and there deprived of the honour of knighthood. The gilt spurs were hewed from his feet by the master cook, his sword and all the armour he had on were broken and taken from him, and then he, too, was beheaded.

Such of the Lancastrians as escaped from the battlefield endured misery in every shape and hue till death relieved them, or they could make their way to the Continent. As an example of how they fared when in the latter case, Philip de Comines says:—"I have seen the Duke of Exeter on foot and bare-legged after the Duke of Burgundy's train, begging his bread for God's sake: but he uttered not his name."

Two days after the Battle of Hexham, Lord Montague was, in reward for his great services, created Earl of Northumberland, and received a grant of the forfeited estates of the Percy family.

Emerson, the Mathematician.



URWORTH, about three miles from Darlington, has the honour of having given birth to the greatest mathematician of his time, William Emerson. This truly original genius was born on the 14th of May, 1701. His father, Dudley Emerson, possessed a small estate in the parish, bringing in some sixty or seventy pounds a year, and he also kept a school, being "a tolerable master of the mathematics." The boy received at the old man's hands the elements of a good English and commercial education, and was enabled to make some little acquaintance with the Greek and Roman classics through the assistance of the curate of the place, who lodged in his father's house. But so far from being attached to his books, or exhibiting any symptoms of those superior faculties which he afterwards exerted with so much energy, he was more than ordinarily careless and inattentive to the acquisition of knowledge, his only delight being rough boyish sports and pastimes.

When about twenty years of age, his mind became alive to the beauties of science. He placed himself under the ablest masters he could find in Newcastle, and afterwards in York. And after studying in these towns for some time with considerable ardour, he returned to his native place, where he continued to pursue his studies under his father's directions, and likewise assisted him in teaching. At his father's death, he attempted to continue the

school; but it did not flourish under his management, and he soon gave himself up to an uninterrupted pursuit of his mathematical studies, contenting himself, so far as income went, with his small paternal inheritance.

In the thirty-second year of his age, he married a niece of the rector of the parish, Dr. John Johnson, who was a very great man in his way, being not only rector "in his own right" (whatever that may mean), but likewise vicar of Mansfield, prebendary of Durham, domestic chaplain to Caroline Princess of Wales, and Justice of the Peace for the County of Durham and the North Riding of Yorkshire. From this period we must date the commencement of Emerson's public career as a mathematician, for what he had previously done was merely for his own amusement. An incident connected with his marriage brought into prominence his hitherto latent genius, which would probably otherwise have never shown itself to the world, or led him to the composition of those works which have made his name famous. It was this: Dr. Johnson had promised to give his niece, who lived with him, five hundred pounds as a marriage portion, and, some few months after the wedding had taken place, Emerson took an opportunity to remind the worthy man of his promise. The doctor did not recollect, or did not choose to recollect, anything of the matter, and treated the mathematician with contempt. Emerson, whose patrimony, though not large, was equal to his wants, would easily have got over the pecuniary disappointment, but this contemptuous treatment stung him to the very soul. He immediately returned home, packed up his wife's clothes, and sent them off to the doctor in a wheelbarrow, saying he would scorn to be beholden to such a fellow for a single rag, and swearing at the same time that he would prove himself to be the better man of the two.

Emerson had acquired a great relish for mathematical science, which he would willingly have cultivated for its own sake, but which he had now an additional stimulus to pursue and master. With the deep fervour of a religious devotee, he set himself to conquer the whole circle of the exact sciences; and, after having carefully planned, digested, revised, and completed the work to his own satisfaction, he published, in the forty-second year of his age, his book on the Doctrine of Fluxions. The work, it is true, did not meet with immediate encouragement, coming, as it did, from an unknown hand. And most probably Emerson would have been deterred by its want of success from publishing any more, if a gentleman of the name of Montague had not happened to discern its merits, in consequence of which he procured its author the patronage of Mr. John Nourse, bookseller and optician, who, being himself skilled in the more abstruse branches of mathematics, immediately engaged Emerson to compile a regular course of them for the use of students.

Accordingly, Emerson made a journey to London in

the summer of 1763, to settle and fulfil this agreement, which was carried out faithfully on both sides. He continued afterwards to go up to the metropolis at short intervals with a contribution to a mathematical journal, or a treatise on some branch of his favourite study, which he had most studiously elaborated in his retirement at Hurworth, and which, as the sheets came from the press, he most laboriously corrected in some obscure lodging. His works, which were long considered to be the best extant upon the subjects of which they treat, constitute a series of thirteen volumes, intitled, "Cyclomathesis; or, an Easy Introduction to the Several Branches of the Mathematics." The first volume appeared, as we have said, in 1743; the twelfth and last, in 1776.

Most of these treatises, which were illustrated with numerous plates, went through several editions, some of which are now very scarce. The best known is the "Mechanica," although it by no means so well represents the range and accuracy of the author's attainments as his "Method of Increments," his "Doctrine of Fluxions," and some others of his numerous contributions to the mathematical sciences. By the strictly scientific manner in which he established the principles and demonstrated the truth of the method of Fluxions invented by Newton, he added another firm and durable support to the noble edifice of the Newtonian philosophy; and though that method is now superseded by the method of integrals and differentials, Emerson's great merit as an exponent and interpreter of it remains intact. His "Trigonometry," likewise, abounds in curious theorems, and in useful practical deductions from them, though it must be confessed the whole is unfortunately delivered in so awkward a mode of notation as to render the reading of the book tiresome.

Besides his great serial work, Emerson wrote many fugitive pieces in the *Lady's Diary*, *Miscellanea Curiosa Mathematica*, and other periodical works, sometimes under the signature Merones, formed by a transposition of the letters of his name, and sometimes under the still more whimsical one of "Philofluentimectandalgegeomas-tralongo." "Merones" remained "an unknown correspondent" for many years; but some ingenious person at last discovered his identity with Emerson, through transposing the letters. In a poem on "The Old Elm at Hurworth," in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1750, we are told how—

Beneath the shelter of the silent elm,
His native elm (to sapience still a friend)—
Merones loves, and meditates beneath
The verdure of the leaves.

"See there," adds the rhymster—

How silently he sits! and, lost in thought!
Weighs in his mind some great design! Revolves
He now his subtle Fluxions? or displays
By truest signs the Sphere's Projection wide?
Wide as thy sphere, Merones, be thy fame!

Emerson's devotion to the philosophy of Sir Isaac Newton was so uncommonly strong, that every im-

pugner of that great man was treated by him as "dull, blind, bigoted, prejudiced, or mad"; for the fire and impetuosity of his temper betrayed him, when provoked by such "nincompoops," into language far distant from the strictness of mathematical demonstration.

Well skilled in the science of music, the doctrine of sounds, the various musical scales, diatonic, harmonic, major and minor, ascending and descending, ancient and modern, he was yet only an indifferent musician, though he had a most profound acquaintance with the construction and properties of musical instruments, from the sackbut and psaltery, the harp and the bagpipes, to the violin, the pianoforte, and the organ. He often tried to practise the effect of his mathematical speculations by constructing a variety of instruments, mathematical, mechanical, and musical, upon a small scale. A spinning wheel which he made for his wife is represented in his *Book of Mechanics*.

It is pretty certain that if any reward or recompense had been offered to Emerson for his scientific labours, he would not have accepted it, unless it came to him in his own way. Thus he did not wish to be admitted a member of the Royal Society, "because," he said, "it was a d—d hard thing that a man should burn so many farthing candles as he had done, and then have to pay so much a year for the honour of F.R.S. after his name; d—n them, and their F.R.S. too!"

The writer of the Memoir which was prefixed to his "*Mechanics*," published in 1825, says:—

In person, Emerson was something below the common stature, but firm, compact, well made, active, and strong. He had a good, open, expressive countenance, a ruddy complexion, a keen and penetrating eye, and an ardour and eagerness of look indicative of the texture of his mind. His dress was very simple and plain, or what by the generality of people has been called grotesque or shabby. A very few hats served him through the whole course of his life; and when he purchased one (or, indeed, any other article of dress), it was a matter of perfect indifference to him whether the form and fashion of it was that of the day, or of half a century before. One of these hats, of immense superficies, had, in length of time, lost its elasticity, and the brim of it began to droop in such a manner as to prevent him from viewing the objects before him in a direct line. This was not to be endured by an optician; he, therefore, took a pair of shears, and cut it close round to the body of the hat, leaving a little to the front, which he dexterously rounded into the shape of a jockey's cap. His wigs were made of brown or dirty flaxen-coloured hair, which at first appeared bushy and tortuous behind, but grew pendulous through age, till at length it became quite straight, having, probably, never undergone the operation of the comb; and, either through the original mal-conformities of the wig, or from a custom he had of frequently inserting his hand behind it, his hind-head and wig never came into any close contact. His coat, or more properly jacket, which he constantly wore without any waistcoat, was of a drab colour. His linen came not from Holland or Hibernia, but was spun and bleached by his wife, and woven at Hurworth, being calculated more for warmth and duration than for show. He had a singular custom of frequently wearing, especially in cold weather, his shirt with the wrong side before, and buttoned behind the neck. But this was not an affectation of singularity; he had a reason for it; he seldom buttoned more than two or three of the buttons of his jacket, one or two at the bottom, and sometimes one at the top, leaving all the

rest open. In wind, rain, or snow, therefore, he must have found the aperture at the breast inconvenient if his shirt had been put on in the usual manner. His breeches had an antique appearance, the lappet before not being supported by two buttons placed on a line parallel to the horizon, but by buttons placed in a line perpendicular to it. In cold weather he used to wear, when he grew old, what he called shin-covers. Now, these shin-covers were made of old sacking, tied with a string above the knee, and depending before the shins down to the shoe; they were useful in preserving his legs from being burnt when he sat too near the fire (which old people are apt to do); and if they had their use, he was not solicitous about the figure or appearance they might make.

This singularity of dress, together with his character for profound learning, and knowledge more than human, caused him to be considered by the ignorant and illiterate people in the neighbourhood as a wise or cunning man, or conjurer. It is related that, by virtue of a magic spell, he pinned a fellow to the top of his pear or cherry tree, who had got up with a design to steal his fruit, and compelled him to sit there a whole Sunday forenoon, in full view of the congregation going to and returning from church. That he did compel a man to sit for some time in the tree was a fact; not, however, by virtue of any magic spell, but by standing at the bottom of the tree with a hatchet in his hand, and swearing that he would hag (i.e., hew) his legs off if he came down. This opinion of his skill in the black art was of service in defending his property from such depredations; and therefore it would have been impolitic to discourage it; but he was apt to lose his patience when he was applied to for the recovery of stolen goods, or to investigate the secrets of futurity. A woman came one day to him to inquire about her husband who had gone six years before to the West Indies or America, and had not been heard of since. She requested, therefore, to be informed whether he was dead or living, as a man in the neighbourhood had made proposals of marriage to her. It was with much difficulty the supposed prophet repressed his growing fury till the conclusion of the tale; when, hastily rising from his tripod, or three-footed stool, on which he usually sat, in terms more energetic than ever issued from the shrine of Delphi, he gave this plain and unequivocal response—"D— thee for a b—h! Thy husband's gone to hell, and thou may go after him!" The woman went away, well pleased and satisfied with the answer she had got, thinking she might now listen to the proposals of her lover with a clear conscience. Emerson was by some people looked upon as an atheist, but he was as much an atheist as he was a magician.

The diet of Emerson was as simple and plain as his dress; and his meals gave little interruption to his studies, employments, or amusements. During his days of close application he seldom sat down to eat; but would take a piece of cold pie or meat of any kind in his hand, and, retiring with it to his place of study, would satisfy his appetite for knowledge and food at the same time. He catered for himself, and, when his stock of necessaries ran low, he would sling a wallet obliquely across his shoulders, and on the Monday set forward for the market at Darlington. Having provided the necessary articles, he did not always make directly homewards; for if he found good ale and company to his mind, he would sit down contented in a public-house the remainder of the day, and sometimes did not arrive at home until late on Tuesday, or even Wednesday, during which time he remained talking and disputing upon various topics—mechanics, politics, or religion; varying the scene occasionally with a beefsteak, a mutton chop, or a pan of hot cockles.

The last time he made an excursion to Darlington with his wallet, our philosopher made a figure truly conspicuous. This was the only time he ever rode thither, and he was then mounted upon a quadruped whose intrinsic value, independent of the skin, might be fairly estimated at half-a-crown. Being preceded and led by a boy, hired for that purpose, he crawled in slow and solemn state, at the rate of a mile and a half in an hour, till in due time he arrived at Darlington, and was con-

ducted, in the same state, to the great entertainment of the spectators, through the streets to the inn where he wished to refresh himself and beast. What idea Emerson himself entertained of the velocity with which the animal could move appears from this, that when a neighbour of his from Hurworth asked him, towards the evening, if he was going home, "D—n thee," said he: "what dost thou want with my going home?" "Only," said the man, "because I should be glad of your company." "Thou fool, thou!" rejoined the other, "thou'lt be at home long enough before me, man. Thou walks, and I ride!"

He was very fond of angling; and whilst he thus amused himself, he would stand up to his middle in water for several hours together. When he wrote his "Treatise on Navigation," he constructed a small vessel, in which he and some young friends embarked on the river Tees; but the whole crew got swamped so often, that Emerson, smiling, and alluding to his book, said, "They must not do as I do, but as I say."

During the greater part of his life, Emerson enjoyed strong and uninterrupted health; but as advancing years stole upon him, he suffered most excruciatingly from stone and gravel. In the agony attendant upon such a painful malady, he would crawl round the floor upon his hands and knees; sometimes praying, and at other times uttering his usual expletives, and, during his intervals of ease, devoutly wishing that the mechanism of the human frame had been so contrived that the "soul might have shaken off its rags of mortality without such a clatter-clatter."

The following anecdote is among the many curious stories current about the eccentric mathematician:—

John Hunter was a common bricklayer, residing in Hurworth; he first became the pupil, and afterwards the friend, of Emerson, from whom, by constant association, he acquired the same brusqueness of manner which characterised his master. One day, as John Hunter was engaged in repairing the roof of Emerson's house, and the philosopher was serving him below with lime and mortar, a post-chaise drew up to the door, from which stepped out two gentlemen, who inquired if the great Mr. Emerson lived there. "Great or little, I am the man," was the answer. They stared a little, bowed, and informed him that they were a deputation from the University of Cambridge, and had brought a difficult problem which they inquired if he could solve. Casting his eye upon it for a moment, he called to his pupil on the top of the ladder, "John Hunter, come down, and do thou answer this." The mathematical mason descended from his elevation, and, after a few minutes of silent calculation, produced the answer, written with a piece of chalk upon the crown of his hat. This Emerson was about to hand, unlooked at, to the collegians, but, a little offended, they requested him at all events to revise it, on which he glanced at it for an instant, and then pronounced it quite correct. The collegians not readily understanding Hunter's solution of their problem, Emerson, impatient at their dulness, testily told them to "take the hat home with them, and return it when they had discovered the explanation."

Thomas Carlyle has left behind him a characteristic account of the mathematician. The fragment appears in a book published in 1887—the Life of Anne Gilchrist. "A strange character," writes Carlyle, "living in the country on £70 a year; his wife spinning with her distaff while her husband wrote; and, his treatise written, he would come up to London to sell it. Got bald; could not bear the idea of wearing other people's hair, so made a wig of flax and clapped it on his head. Burnt his shins with sitting close to the fire; contrived some kind of shield, which he called *skin-covers*! The Duke of Manchester took Emerson up; got him to come and live with him; offered him a seat in his carriage. Emerson

asked what did the duke want with that whim-wham? He would walk. The country people thought him a sooth-sayer. An old woman came to ask what had become of her husband (long gone away), she wishful, perhaps, to be free. 'He has been in hell these three years past.' Emerson was a freethinker, who looked on his neighbour the parson as a humbug. He seems to have defended himself in silence the best way he could against the noisy clamour and unreal stuff going on around; retreating to his mechanics and fluxions, which he knew to be real."

Emerson died on the 28th of May, 1782, in the 81st year of his age, his wife surviving him nearly two years. He was buried in Hurworth churchyard, where a monument was raised to his memory, with an inscription upon it in Hebrew and Latin, for the benefit of the few and the puzzlement of the many. In English it would read as follows:—"As it happeneth to the fool, so it happeneth even to me: and why was I then more wise? That which lies buried and neglected under your feet was once William Emerson, a man of primitive simplicity, the utmost integrity, the rarest genius, a consummate mathematician. If you have read his writings, to what intent speaks this stone? If you have not read them, read them, that you may know."

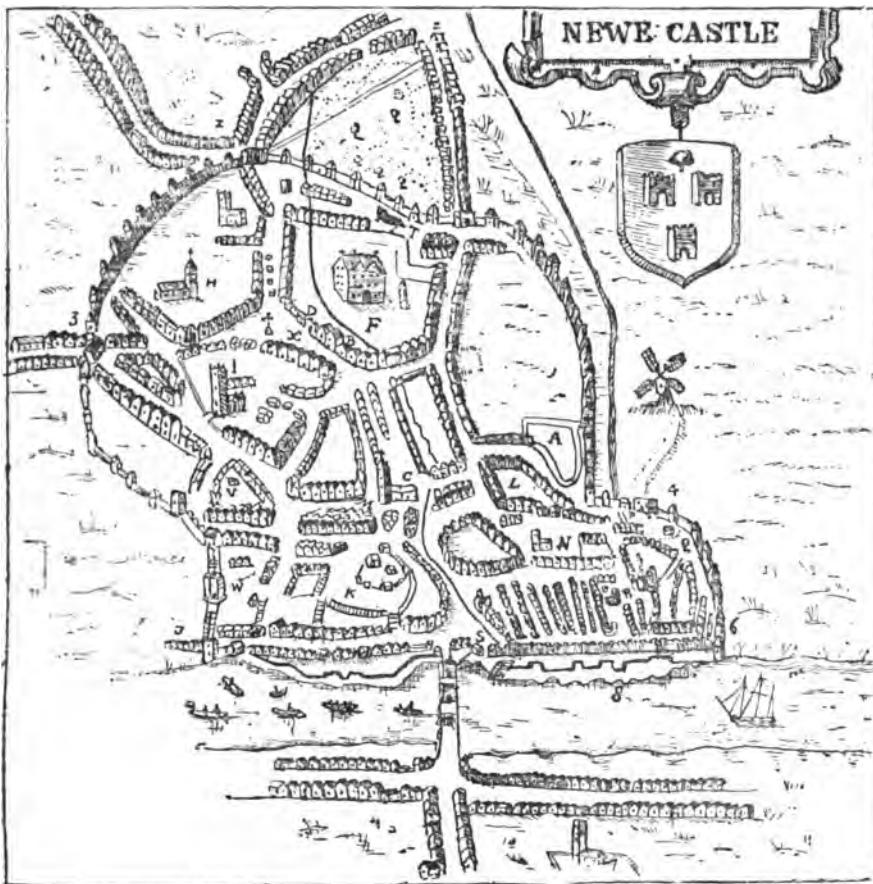


Some time before his death, Emerson had been persuaded, with much difficulty, by his friend Dr. Cloudesley, of Darlington, to sit for his portrait, which was taken by an artist named Sykes. This portrait is now in the possession of Mr. Scott Surtees, of Dinsdale, who bought it at a sale in Darlington. It is from a photograph of Mr. Surtees's picture that our own sketch is copied.

Speed's Plan of Newcastle.

JOHN SPEED, in his "Theatre of Great Britaine," published in 1610, gives the earliest extant plan of Newcastle-on-Tyne. We produce a fac-simile copy of it, transferred from the corner of the plan that accompanies the Rev. John Brand's standard history of the town. It bears to have been "described by William Matthew," who is mentioned, Brand informs us, in an inquisition taken in the 18th year of James I. into the condition of the old Castle of that date. The limited extent of the town in those days will be seen at a glance. It had scarcely as yet begun to extend beyond the walls, which had served it so well as a defence during the long Border war times. The first locality shown on the plan is the

King's Manor, so called because the house of the Austin Friars, after the dissolution, was reserved for the King's use, for his council in the Northern Parts: hence the Manor Chare, leading from Pilgrim Street to Jesus' Hospital, and from thence to the head of the Broad Chare. The King's Lodgings most likely refers to the Knight's house on the right bank of the Lork Burn, in which King James I. was entertained at the town's expense for the best part of a week, during his progress southwards to take possession of the throne of England, on which occasion he was delighted "with the manner and beauty of the place, the bridge and key, being one of the fayreste in all the North parts," and in token of his satisfaction released all the prisoners in the gaol, "except for treason, murder, and papistrie," giving sums of money withal for the release of many that lay there for



SPEED'S PLAN OF NEWCASTLE IN 1610.

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|--------------------|------------------|-------------------|------------------|------------------|
| A—KING'S MANER. | I—SAINT JOHN'S. | O—TRINITY HOUSE. | T—ALMOSE HOUSES | 3—WEST GATE. |
| B—KING'S LODGINGS. | K—HIGH CASTLE. | P—PANDON HALL. | V—WEST SPITTLE. | 4—PANDON YATE. |
| C—GRAMMER SCHOOL. | L—ALMES HOUSES. | Q—THE WALL KNOLL. | W—WHITE FRIERS. | 6—SANDGATE YATE. |
| D—THE MANNER. | M—SAINT NICHOLAS | R—THE STONE HILL. | X—SCOTTISH INNE. | 7—CLOSE GATE. |
| E—NEWEHOUSE. | N—ALHALLOWS. | S—THE MAISEN DEEU | Z—NEWE YATE. | 8—THE KEY. |
| H—BLACK FRIERS. | | | | |

debt. The Grammar School, marked C on the plan, was situated on the north-east side of St. Nicholas's Church-yard, on a site which, as Brand periphrastically informs us, afterwards "experienced the fate of Baal's temple of old." The Manner, marked D, stood adjacent to the King's Lodgings, almost opposite to the White Cross in Newgate Street, near the entrance to Low Friar Street, and just before coming to a row of houses which stood nearly in the middle of the street, anciently stiled the Cockbour or Cokstole Bothes, and afterwards the Hucksters' Booths, where the inmates of the religious houses and the other people in this part of the town were supplied with provisions. The Newe House (F), situated in a fine "plesaunce" on the left bank of the burn, was built in 1580 by Robert Anderson, merchant, out of the offices, and nearly upon the site, of the old Franciscan priory. It was selected for the head-quarters of General Leven, during the captivity of Charles I. at Newcastle. After several mutations of fortune, and sundry architectural increments, it was christened by its possessor, Major Anderson, Anderson Place, and under that name it existed for a good while. It afterwards became the seat of Sir Walter Blackett, and fine engravings of it when so occupied exist. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. i., page 337.) But it was demolished about fifty years ago to make way for new streets. The priory of the Black Friars, or Dominicans, marked H, occupied, with the surrounding garden grounds, most of the space just inside the town wall between the Westgate and the head of Newgate Street; and the principal entrance to it seems to have been from the latter street. St. John's Church, the High Castle, St. Nicholas's, All Hallows, and the several gates, viz., Newe Gate, West Gate, Pandon Yate, Sandgate Yate, and Close Gate, need no particular mention here. The "Almes Houses" shown on the plan consisted of several small thatched cottages, inhabited by poor religious women, not far from the King's Manor, on the west side of Pilgrim Street. They were founded about the middle of the sixteenth century by Christopher Brigham, merchant, Sheriff and twice Mayor. Pandon Hall stood inside the corner of the town wall, near the place where the wall crossed Pandon Burn. Gray, in his "Chorographia," tells us that after the departure of the Romans, the Kings of Northumberland kept their residence there, and that "it was a safe bulwarke, having the Picts' Wall on the north side, and the river of Tine on the south." The Wall Knowle, or Knoll, so called, says Bourne, from the Roman Wall going along it, still retains its old name. Brand defines it as "a street that winds up a high hill from the ancient Fisher Gate." The house or priory of St. Michael de Wall Knoll, marked O on the plan, was acquired by the Corporation of the Trinity House in 1582, and some vestiges of the old buildings, doorways, &c., still remained when Brand wrote in 1789. The Stone Hill, or Stoney Hill, was the old name of the

extension of the Cowgate to the foot of the Manor Chare. It was likewise called Duck Hill. The Maison de Dieu, Maison Dieu, or "House of God," stood on the south side of the Sandhill. It was founded about the beginning of the reign of Henry IV. by Roger Thornton, "a most opulent merchant, representative in Parliament, and great benefactor to the town," which, if tradition is correct, he entered as a young adventurer, "with a hap and a ha'penny and a lamb skin." It is the only public place or building on the Sandhill that is marked on the plan as existing in 1610. The Lork Burn, represented as passing on the east side, has long since been arched over and built upon. The West Spittle, or Spital, stood in Westgate Street, nearly opposite to St. John's Church. The original house of the Carmelite or White Friars, marked W, was in the Wall Knoll; but the rebuilding of the town wall having encroached on a part of the ground, they were permitted to move to the house of the Friars of the Sac, or of "The Penance of Jesus Christ," which stood near the foot of Westgate Street, in the place indicated by the letter V. The Scottish or Scotch Inn stood in Newgate Street, directly opposite to an old inn called the Turk's Head. Bourne describes it as an "ancient building, with a large gate," which had formerly been a piece of stately workmanship. It was the place where anciently the kings, nobility, and gentry of Scotland lodged, in time of truce or league with England. Finally, the Key or Quay, at the time this plan was executed, was bounded on the south side by the town wall, which, in this place, was perforated by a great number of small gates, called water-gates, which were ordered to be locked up every night, all except one or two, which were strictly watched till morning, for the masters and seamen to go to and from their ships.

The Streets of Newcastle.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE ancient town and county of Newcastle-upon-Tyne is interwoven with the political, ecclesiastical, military, and social records of the country. Shaven priests have chanted their psalms in its streets; grim soldiers have bivouacked in its impromptu barracks; kings are associated with its history, sometimes as conquerors, sometimes as captives; scholarly men have in quiet pursued their labour in seclusion at one period; fierce mobs have rejoiced, after their fashion at another, the while the red wine ran like water through its gutters. Truly, a wonderful microcosm is this good old town and county of ours. Now, its history is written in its streets; and yet it is not too much to say that many

of its inhabitants know comparatively little about them. It may not be amiss, then, for us to survey, with the mind's eye, and with the aid of patient historians of the past, some of the more interesting highways and by-ways whose pavements we so often unthinkingly tread.

We shall find much to interest, something to amuse, not a little to appal, in the record we propose. Old traditional forms may seem to start again into shadowy life. Roger Thornton, for instance, Newcastle's great benefactor in the middle ages, cannot be forgotten as we wander up and down the Westgate or study the busy life of the Sandhill. Eldon, Stowell, and Collingwood will revisit us again. Friars of all colours, black, white, and grey, will return to the scene of their former labours. The ancestors of our county families of to-day will look proudly on the quaint old shops and warehouses where they laid, by honest toil and skill, the foundations of their families' prosperity. In the mind's eye we shall note honest sportsmen carrying along our ancient streets the heads of foxes slain within one or other of the four great parishes of Newcastle, to nail them to the church-door, and receive for so doing a shilling a head. We shall discover that the great ones of the past were very human; that Bishop could wrangle with Mayor, and Mayor with the Queen's Justice of Assize; and that even the sacred person of the Town Clerk could not escape buffets at times. We shall note, moreover, that in the olden days kind hearts beat under sober coats, as well as under the gay trappings of others in authority. Unfortunately, we shall find also that the charities founded by these benevolent ones have, in some cases, been swept away for good and all. We shall wend our way in the company of pilgrims to the shrine of the Virgin at Jesmond, and anon watch a melancholy procession set forth with a criminal from the Castle, by way of the Back Row, to the West Gate, there to be unceremoniously done to death. Another grim procession shall we note from time to time on its way to the Town Moor, and so giving cause for the ugly name of Gallows' Gate. Again, we shall find that our citizens of old were not averse to hard blows, and that their Mayors had enough to do to keep them in good order. We shall peep, too, into the books of the incorporated companies, and remark their quaint devices for the due ordering of trade. As we stand on the site of our ancient markets, we shall note how Acts of Parliament sought to regulate their prices in the days of old, and how unavailing all such interference was.

Especially shall we observe how certain districts of Newcastle scarce known to ears (and noses) polite were of brave reputation in the olden time. In the neighbourhood of Pandon was the burial place of the Northumbrian kings, "an acre sown with royal seed." Royalty had its temporary abode in this district when going to and from Scotland. Charles I. was for nine

months a prisoner in Pilgrim Street, whence he unsuccessfully endeavoured to make his escape, and where at last he was given up to the Scots for £400,000, whilst playing at chess. Oliver Cromwell dined at Katy's Coffee-House on the Sandhill, when going to or returning from Scotland. James II.'s statue was unceremoniously kicked into the Tyne on the arrival of William of Orange, while the coronation of George IV. was celebrated by a drunken saturnalia. We shall see, too, how the town has been gradually changed in character—by water (as at the time of the great flood in 1771); by fire (as in 1854); by the enterprise of builders; by corporate negligence; and by the advance of civilization.

In fine, it is impossible to wander through the streets of Newcastle without coming upon suggestive contrasts of the past and present. Here the Britons have congregated to stem the tide of invasion, and to receive the blessing of the Druids. Saxons and Danes have contended here. The polished Romans have left their impress here, deeply marked. The cannon of Newcastle has thundered against the legions of the Solemn League and Covenant; and fierce was the fight between the combatants. Those times are past and gone now; yet still we may not unprofitably consider from month to month, as we propose to do,

The memories and things of fame,
That do renown this city.

The Newcastle and Carlisle Railway.

GREAT interest was excited in Newcastle and throughout the adjoining district on Monday, March 9, 1835, by the opening of the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway. The morning proved uncommonly fine, and at an early hour numerous groups of persons were seen bending their steps in the direction of Blaydon, from which place the procession was announced to start at ten o'clock. Private carriages, coaches, and various other conveyances were put in requisition to convey the railway tourists, and the new Scotswood Road presented a gay and lively scene, which had not been equalled since the opening of that useful approach to the town. Numerous flags, with inscriptions of "Prosperity to the Railway" and other appropriate mottoes, gave gaiety and animation to the scene. At Blaydon, a large concourse of persons lined the roads and fields near the railway, and a great number of the most respectable and influential inhabitants of Newcastle assembled to witness the auspicious commencement of this great undertaking. Tickets of admission had been previously given to the shareholders and their friends for the accommodation of nearly seven hundred persons. The river poured forth its

tribute of respect to the railway, bearing on its surface the stately barge of the Corporation, with the Mayor (J. L. Hood, Esq.) and a numerous party of friends. At a quarter before eleven, the first train of carriages left Blaydon, drawn by the Rapid locomotive engine, and it was followed by the Comet engine, leading the second train, at six minutes before eleven. Both engines were made in Newcastle, the former by Messrs. Stephenson and Co., and the latter by Messrs. Hawthorn. The procession proceeded towards Hexham, at an average rate of from twelve to fourteen miles an hour; but, the arrangements for

supplying water being incomplete, some delay necessarily occurred. An immense assemblage of people welcomed the procession at Hexham. The visitors who had travelled on the railway were invited to partake of a cold collation provided at the Black Bull, White Hart, and Grey Bull, where the well-supplied tables presented an ample feast to upwards of six hundred guests. At twenty minutes past three, the procession left Hexham, and returned to Blaydon, one uninterrupted trip of seventeen miles, in one hour and ten minutes, without any material accident occurring to lessen the enjoyment of the day.

Men of Mark 'Twirt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford.

AUTHOR OF "A HISTORY OF NEWCASTLE AND GATESHEAD," &c.

Mary Astell,

POLEMICAL WRITER.

IN the seventeenth century there lived in Newcastle a family named Astell. Little note is taken of them in local history, but we know from parish records that they were persons of substance. One of the name, Thomas, was vicar of Haltwhistle in 1626, when Thomas Harriman, "clerk," who had called him "ass and fool," was brought before the High Commission Court at Durham on a charge of keeping an alehouse and being addicted to drinking. "Here lies John Astell, Esquire, and Mary his wife; she died the 17th day of March, 1633 [4], aged 73; he, the 22nd May, 1658, aged 95," is the translation of an inscription in St. John's Church, Newcastle, which was the family burying-place. And beside or above it is a rhyming epitaph to the memory of William Astell, Under-Sheriff of the town, a noted royalist, who died on the 14th September, 1658:—

Stay, reader, stay, who wouldst but canst not buy
Choice books, come read the church's library,
Which like Sybelline leaves here scattered lies
Perus'd, alas, here by men's feet that lies
In single sheets, then neatly to be bound
By God's own hand, when the last trump shall sound;
Amongst the rest glance on this marble leaf,
'Tis Astell's title page, and therefore brief.

Here lie the reliques of a man,
But who was truly Christian,
Whose sounder judgment frantic zeal
Never hurried on her wheel
Of giddy error; whose heart bled
When rebel feet cut off their head,
And great good Shepherd humbly lay
To his mad flock a bleeding prey.
Who cheerfully sustained the loss
Of all for his great Master's cross.
Triumphant Charles he's gone to see
For militant praise heav'n's victory.

Another member of the family, Ralph Astell, was a Master of Arts, and occurs as curate of St. Nicholas',

Newcastle, in 1667. Brand, quoting from Bishop Cosin's register, states that he was "suspended for bad behaviour" in 1677, and Longstaffe supplies, from the church books of Gateshead for the year before, an ominous line:—"One pint of sack when Mr. Astell preached, 1s. 2d." His burial is recorded in St. John's register, under date December 5, 1679; where also are entries of the interment of "Thomas Astell, gent.," March 5, 1674-75, "Mr. John Astell," August 6, 1676, "Peter Astell, gent.," March 21, 1678-79, "Mrs. Mary Astell," October 10, 1684, and lastly, "Mr. Peter Astell, from the Side," January 2, 1710-11.

Into this family, "about the year 1668," Mary Astell was born. Her father, "a merchant at Newcastle-upon-Tyne," gave her a good education, and "an uncle, a clergyman of the Church of England, perceiving her aptitude for learning, instructed her himself in philosophy, mathematics, and logic, and to these acquisitions she afterwards added the Latin language." Brand suggests that the benevolent uncle was Ralph, the curate of St. Nicholas'; upon which it is to be remarked that if he were her tutor, and the date of her birth is even approximately given, she must have been a precocious child, for he died when she was about eleven years old. It is stated, further, that she left Newcastle and went to London when she was twenty, "about the time of the Revolution," and for the rest of her life she resided there.

Every biographical book of reference contains some account of the life, the labours, and the character of Mary Astell, for this young Newcastle girl rose to be a famous literary woman—a writer whose trenchant pen left its mark upon current controversies, and brought her into friendship or conflict with the leading wits, divines, and philosophers of her day.

Her first publication was an anonymous treatise entitled "A Serious Proposal to the Ladies for the Advancement of their True and Greatest Interests." It made its appearance in 1694, and was followed, in 1697, by a supplementary pamphlet containing proposals "for the improvement of their minds." Dedicated to the Princess of Denmark, afterwards Queen Anne, these essays developed a scheme for establishing a college in which women were to be educated, weaned from the frivolities of the sex, and preserved from the dangers of the world. It is probable the scheme would have been launched if Bishop Burnet had not interfered. That distinguished prelate thought he saw the germs of a nunnery in the proposed institution, and his disapproval marred the project; the ungenerous satire of the *Tatler* killed it outright. The town approved, doubted, sneered, and dismissed the subject.

While the "Serious Proposal" was being discussed, Mary Astell entered into a friendly controversy with a clergyman, the Rev. John Norris, rector of Bemerton, and in 1695 their correspondence was published under the title of "Letters concerning the Love of God, between the author of 'Proposals to the Ladies' and Mr. John Norris, wherein his late discourse, shewing that the love of God ought to be entire and exclusive of all other love, is cleared and justified." Her next pamphlet was a humorous effusion in defence of her sex—"A Letter to a Lady, Written by a Lady." In 1700, smarting under a more serious disappointment than Bishop Burnet had given her—the failure of a matrimonial engagement with a clergyman—she issued "An Essay in Defence of the Female Sex; being Reflections on Marriage." Attracted by Dr. D'Avenant's "Moderation a Virtue," she wrote a quarto pamphlet on "Moderation Truly Stated; or, the Occasional Conformist Justified from the Imputation of Hypocrisy," and as her arguments were considered to be unduly hard upon Dissenters, she followed them up in 1704 by issuing "A Fair Way with the Dissenters and their Patrons; not written by Mr. L—g, or any other furious Jacobite, whether Clergyman or Layman, but by a Moderate Person and Dutiful Subject to the Queen." Her loyalty and conformity were further exemplified the same year in "An Impartial Inquiry into the Causes of Rebellion and Civil War in this Kingdom, in an Examination of Dr. Kenrick's Sermon, January, 1703-4."

Replying to an attack by Lady Masham upon the correspondence with Mr. Norris, Mary Astell issued in 1705 the book by which she is best known—"The Christian Religion as professed by a Daughter of the Church of England." Whatsoever may be the defects or demerits of this elaborate work, it was generally admitted that the argumentative skill of the writer was very remarkable. There seems to have been an impression that learned ladies were not the real authors of the works issued in their name. Locke was supposed to have indited Lady Masham's treatise, and Mary Astell

attacked his philosophy in her book as if she believed the rumour. She in turn was suspected of deriving literary assistance from Bishop Atterbury; indeed "The Christian Religion," &c., was in several quarters attributed to his pen. Lord Stanhope wrote to him, "I am informed that you have put out in print a mighty ingenious pamphlet, but that you have been pleased to father it upon one Mrs. Astell, a family friend and witty companion of your wife." The suspicion was amusing, because, just before, the bishop, wincing under her criticisms, had written to a friend no very flattering account of the lady.

In 1706 Mrs. Astell published "Six Familiar Essays upon Marriage, Crosses in Love, Sickness, Death, Loyalty, and Friendship." She also wrote against Tillotson's sermon on the "Eternity of Hell's Torments," and a "Vindication of the Royal Martyr." To her pen is attributed "Barthelmy Fair, or an Inquiry after Wit" (issued originally in 1709, and republished in 1722 with the words "Barthelmy Fair" omitted), as well as other pamphlets and essays, but as she generally published anonymously it is not always easy to identify them.

In her later years she suffered from a cancer in the breast. An operation was performed, but she did not recover. "As she perceived her dissolution draw near, she gave orders for her coffin and shroud to be placed near her bed as a memento of her approaching fate. Occupied entirely by her devotions for some days previous to her death, she refused to admit to her chamber even her most intimate friends, lest they should discompose the serenity of her mind." She died on the 11th of May, 1731, and was buried at Chelsea.

Henry Atherton,

TOWN'S PHYSICIAN.

August, 1592, Paid to John Colson, surgynte, for his accustomed fee for helping to cure the mamed poore folks—granted by Mr. Maior, 40s.

February, 1593-94, Paide for the borde wages of a boy which was cutt of the stone, 4s.; paide for a strakin short [strait jacket] to him, and for sewing ytt, 16d.

April, 1594, Paide for the relief of the boy, &c., 2s. 6d.; paide and geven him to spend att his departing out of the towne, 4d.

October, 1594, Paide to a woman sargint in parte payment of 5s. for helinge 1 Anne Grensworlle of a disease, com: 2s. 10d.

These extracts from the records of the Corporation of Newcastle show that before the days of infirmaries and dispensaries the sick and suffering poor received medical and surgical assistance at the public expense. The Mayor seems to have been the municipal almoner, and his dispensing powers were elastic and comprehensive. When he commanded or "granted" a payment out of the Corporate treasury his faithful brethren honoured his bill and set down to his credit in their books of account both the sum expended and the act which prompted the expenditure.

Within no long time after the date of the entries above quoted the Mayor and burgesses found it necessary to

bestow medical charity in more systematic fashion. They added to the number of their salaried officials a "Town's Physician," whose duty it was to prescribe for the poor, and, possibly, supply them with medicine. An entry in their books, dated 1599, seems to point to the first person who held the office. "Paide to Mr. Robert Smithe, phisition, for one quarter fee due at Candlemas last, £5." He is not designated by the title which subsequent physicians bore, but he evidently was in receipt of payment for services continuously rendered in a medical capacity. About the next entry, however, there can be no doubt. "1632, Paid Mr. Henderson [Henryson] the townes phisition, his ½ yeares stipend due at lady-day, £20."

Turning now to Brand's "History of Newcastle," we find a regular succession of official doctors serving under the Corporation down to the beginning of the eighteenth century, when the office merged into that of Town's Surgeon. On the death of Henryson, Samuel Rand, M.D., received the appointment. Dr. Rand was a son of James Rand, A.M., vicar of Norton, and when the Civil War broke out he took so decided a stand against the Royalists that the Corporation deprived him of his office. His displacement occurred in 1643, and the following year the House of Commons bestowed upon him the Mastership of Greatham Hospital, describing him in their journals as "a person that hath approved himself a constant friend to the cause, and suffered great losses by the enemy." He was re-admitted to be Town's Physician in 1652, but died a few months later, and was buried at Gateshead, leaving a claim upon the Corporation for arrears of salary, amounting to £320, which his nephew, William Hilton, tried to enforce.

After a lapse of six years, in 1660, Dr. George Tunstall was appointed, and held the office till 1664. Dr. Richard Luck succeeded him, and on the 17th August, 1682, the appointment was given to Dr. Henry Atherton, who had been educated at Christ's College, Cambridge, and (in 1673) incorporated at Oxford.

Dr. Atherton was a Cornishman, who, after a brief professional career at Truro, had settled in Newcastle, and added to the practice of physic the observance of great devotion to Church and King. At the time of his appointment he had written a volume of directions for a religious life, which was published in the early part of the year following, under the title of "The Christian Physician, by H. A., M.D." It was "printed by T. James for William Leach, at the Crown in Cornhill," and was issued as a small octavo in two parts, containing in all 387 pages.

Like many other learned and official personages throughout the country, Dr. Atherton could not be reconciled to the Revolution of 1688. The Vicar of Newcastle, John March, set him an ill example. It was not until the Corporation threatened to withhold his salary that Mr. March was induced to pray publicly for King

William and Queen Mary by name. But, although the vicar yielded to financial pressure, the doctor was not to be won over. He and his wife continued firm in their opposition to the new order of things. They indulged in language respecting it which, in November, 1693, brought them into the King's Bench, where their exuberant loyalty to King James was punished by a heavy fine.

The doctor's pen was busy in another direction at this time. Morton, in his "Pyretologia Pars Altera," published an account of a case of small-pox, contributed by Dr. Atherton, under date Newcastle-upon-Tyne, November 22, 1693—the month of his conviction in the King's Bench.

At Christmas, 1697, Dr. Atherton presented to the Church of All Saints a piece of communion plate, described in the inventory as the lesser flagon. Bourne, who was educated at Christ's College, Cambridge, under Dr. Atherton's son Thomas, describes the doctor as "a man very knowing in his profession, and of great piety and religion." He adds that after the doctor's death the place of town's physician was disposed of "to such a number of surgeons to attend the poor as the Mayor, for the time being, thinks proper." Other historians also mention Dr. Atherton as the last person who held the office. Yet Brand informs us that he was succeeded by "Dr. Robert Grey, who must have died before March 31st, 1701, when a motion was made in the Common Council to appoint either Dr. Thomas Davison or Dr. Richard Huntley to succeed him, but without effect, for the Corporation never appointed another." A reference to the register of burials at St. Nicholas' shows how all this came about. On the 22nd January, 1699-1700, appears the entry "Mr. Henry Atherton, Dr. of Phisick and Phision of Newcastle-on-Tyne," and on the 11th March following, "Mr. Robert Grey, a practr. of Phisick and Phisition of the town—St. John's." Technically, therefore, Brand is right, and Bourne wrong. Dr. Atherton was not the last town's physician, but his successor held office for so short a time that without any material derogation from historical accuracy he may be excluded from the enumeration.

George Clayton Atkinson,

NATURALIST AND METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVER.

The art of seeing is God's gift, but its true education is active, self-helping life, grappling with nature herself, not merely with printed books about her.—*Charles Kingsley.*

Prominent among the younger men who founded the Natural History Society of Newcastle was George Clayton Atkinson. He was the eldest son of Matthew Atkinson, of the Temple Sowerby family; his mother was a Littledale, of Whitehaven; and he was born in Westgate Street, Newcastle, on the 5th of April, 1808. At Carr's Hill, in the outer suburbs of Gateshead, his father's permanent residence, and at Ovingham Vicarage, where Bewick, the engraver, had been educated half a

century earlier, his boyhood was spent. From Ovingham he was sent to St. Bee's School, and having at the Charter House completed his education he returned to Tyneside, at about the age of sixteen, to qualify himself for the more serious business of life.

From a child Mr. Atkinson had been a student of nature. His chief pleasure as a boy had been to ramble with a younger brother through the woods and pastures of the Tyne, collecting birds' eggs, insects, and whatsoever was new, curious, or interesting to an inquiring mind. As he grew up to manhood, the study of nature and natural phenomena became his principal recreation. In the development of his taste in this direction he was assisted by the personal friendship of Thomas Bewick. The venerable engraver taught the young man how to observe, and how to turn to practical account the knowledge acquired in his observations. "I used to be with him two or three times a week," wrote Mr. Atkinson, "and always met with the same cordial welcome or kind reproval for not coming more frequently." The year before he died, Bewick indulged his friend with a little bit of pleasantry which is too good to be omitted. "When I was with him one morning, after some conversation on indifferent subjects, he said 'Are you a collector of relics, Mr. Atkinson?' Scarcely knowing to what this tended, I answered in the affirmative. 'Should you like to possess one of me?' I expressed the high satisfaction I should experience in a memorial of him, and he took from the drawer of the table he was engraving at a small packet of paper, which, on being unfolded, displayed—a tooth! The paper contained the following inscription:—"I departed from the place—from the place I held in the service of Thomas Bewick, after being there upwards of 74 years, on the 20th November, 1827." On the back was written—"Bewick's tooth. November, 1827."

In July, 1829, the year after Bewick's death, a circular was issued suggesting the formation of a Natural History Society in Newcastle. To that document were appended the names of Mr. Atkinson and most of the leaders in science and literature upon Tyneside. The appeal met with a hearty response, the society was founded, and Mr. Atkinson was elected a member of the committee of management, and an honorary curator of the ornithological department. At a meeting on the 15th June, 1830, Mr. Atkinson read a paper—the sixteenth of the series—selecting for his theme "The Life and Works of the late Thomas Bewick."

While the Natural History Society was shaping into form, a process of re-organisation was taking place in a well-known manufacturing establishment on the Tyne. Started at Lemington and Sugley in 1797, the Tyne Iron Company had become one of the largest concerns of its kind in the district. Mr. Atkinson, senior, was a partner; the managing owner, Mr. Charles Bulmer, lived at Deckham Hall, adjoining Carr's Hill; and there was

much friendship between the two households. When, therefore, it became advisable to settle Mr. Atkinson in business, his father purchased for him a share in the great firm at Lemington. The arrangement was in every respect satisfactory. It provided Mr. Atkinson with moderate occupation, and did not divert his mind from its natural bent towards scientific research and exploration. In 1831, the year after he entered into the partnership, he went on a tour to the Hebrides and St. Kilda, accompanied by his brothers, Richard and Isaac, and Edward Train, the artist. The following year, with William Hewitson and Edward James, he visited the Shetlands: in 1833, with William Isaac Cookson and Mr. Proctor, he explored the Lewis, the Faroe Islands, and Iceland. Of these pleasurable expeditions he wrote copious accounts, some of which are illustrated by Train, and others by the elder Richardson. One result of them is seen in the Transactions of the Natural History Society and the Catalogue of the Museum. In the former appears "A Notice of the Island of St. Kilda, by Mr. G. C. Atkinson, read January 16, 1832"; in the latter, entries of various gifts are attached to his name, all testifying to his enterprise and zeal in the department of research which he had chosen.

In 1833, on his return from Iceland, Mr. Atkinson was induced to enter into the rough-and-tumble life of the municipality of Newcastle. It was at an unusually stormy Michaelmas meeting of the burgesses in that year that he was elected to the Shrievalty, beating his opponent, Mr. (afterwards Sir) John Fife, by a substantial majority. He soon found that studious habits and scholarly tastes had nothing in common with the noisy declamation of a Town Council. Into the Reformed Corporation, begun two years later, he did not venture.

Some time before his marriage, which occurred in 1840, Mr. Atkinson settled at West Denton Cottage, overlooking the Tyne, and within easy distance of Lemington and Newcastle. There and at Wylam Hall, to which he afterwards removed, he conducted a series of observations of rainfall, snowfall, and temperature, which were maintained with great patience and care for five-and-thirty years. The records of these observations appear, with other notes from his pen, in the Transactions of the Tyneside Naturalists' Field Club, of which organisation, from its inception in 1846, he was an active member, and, in his turn, president.

One branch of natural history to which Mr. Atkinson devoted the later years of his manhood was the practice of arboriculture. He knew the trees of the four Northern Counties well, and took an especial interest in "the monarchs of the forest." All the trees of the district remarkable for their size or other peculiarities he had photographed, and by an instrument of his own devising, that could be carried in the pocket, calculated their altitudes. He studied also the timber-producing qualities of trees, was skilful in the art of ornamental turning, and

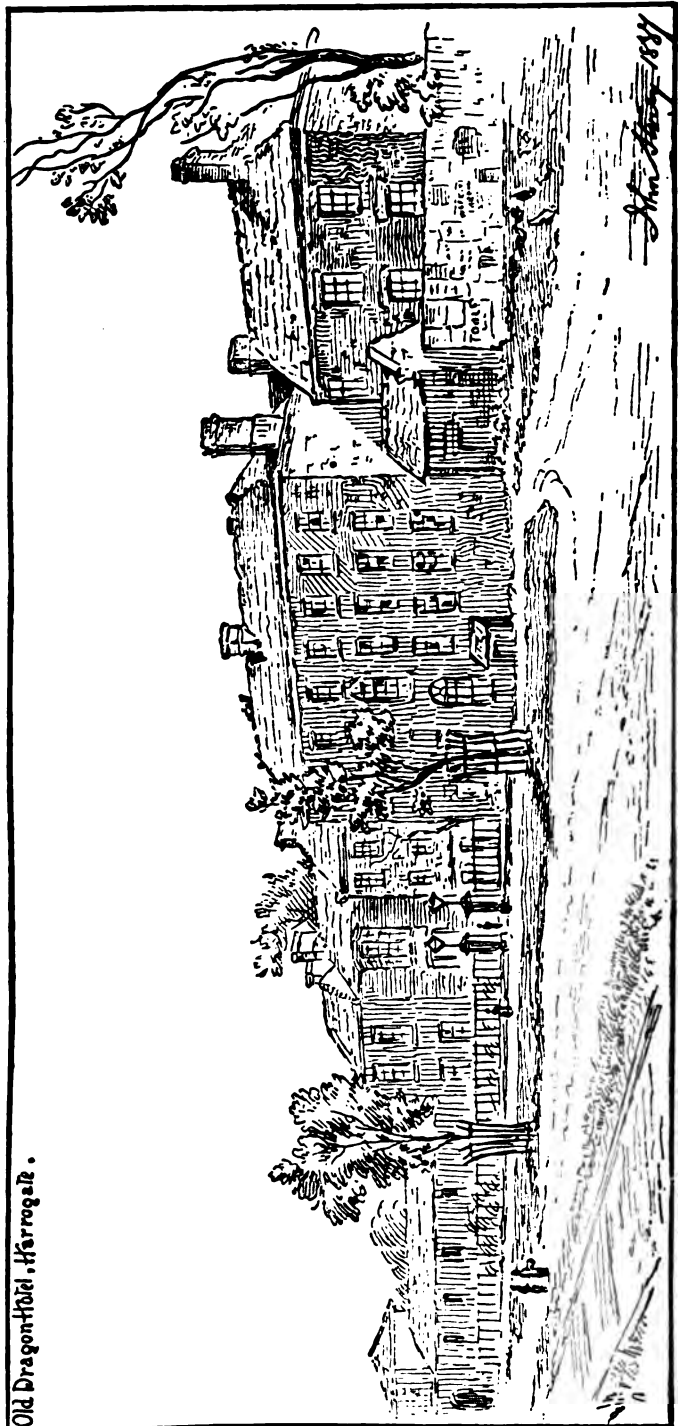
invented various improvements in the mechanism and adjuncts of that ancient and valuable machine, the turner's lathe. Nor did he neglect the art of metallurgy, with which, as an ironmaster, his industrial interests were closely identified. In this department of science he invented a ball and socket joint for the tuyeres of blast furnaces, which had previously been coupled with leather hose.

Mr. Atkinson was a magistrate of the borough of Newcastle, and a justice of the peace for the County of Northumberland. He became a director of the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway Company in 1845, and so remained until the absorption of that line into the general system of the North-Eastern Railway Company, in July, 1862. He was also for some years a member of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries, though he took no active part in the proceedings of that body.

In 1874, Mr. Atkinson removed from Wylam Hall, which he had occupied for twenty years, and came to reside in Windsor Terrace, Newcastle. There, on the 14th April, 1877, he died, and was buried in Jesmond Cemetery.

The Old Dragon, Harrogate.

IN the *Weekly Chronicle* of October 22 and 23, 1887, there appeared extracts from the "Autobiography and Reminiscences" of Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A. It was therein stated that the Frith family removed in 1826 from the little village of Aldfield, in Yorkshire, to Harrogate, where the father of the artist became landlord of an ancient rambling inn called The Dragon. It was in this inn that Mr. Frith, as a boy, made a copy of an engraving of a dog which earned him sixpence, the promise of a similar reward for another effort, and his start in life as an artist. The father, a blunt Yorkshire worthy, but with sufficient artistic taste to appreciate the drama, had a fondness for collecting engravings. Pleased with his son's drawing of the dog, the innkeeper was inspired with the idea that young Frith might make his way in the



Old Dragon-Hotel, Harrogate.

world through the art which he himself so much esteemed. The worthy parent lost no time in acting on this impression, and at the age of sixteen, accordingly, the lad found himself as a pupil in a London art school, on the first rung of the ladder which he was destined to climb to the summit. Interested in the story as related in the *Weekly Chronicle*, Mr. John Storey, who happened to be staying at Harrogate, went out and made the sketch which, by the kindness of the artist, we are enabled to present to our readers. The hotel has now the appearance of an old tumbledown dwelling, and the guests are principally rats, which hold high festival in the roomy cellars. Though now a perfect wreck, the grounds covered with weeds and brambles so that one can scarcely walk in them, The Dragon was once the head hotel in Harrogate, containing ninety bed-rooms and thirty sitting-rooms, with ball-room, kitchens, cellars, outbuildings, and stables. The autobiography of the Rev. Alexander Carlyle, minister of Inveresk, contains an interesting account of the company he met at the Old Dragon a century ago.

The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stokoe.

IT is intended, under this title, to continue to introduce to our readers a succession of the best and most sterling of the songs and ballads of the Border Counties, each accompanied with the original melody, in the hope that the addition of the latter feature will be an improvement which will materially add to the interest of the lyrics.

The legendary, the historical, or the domestic ballad, the strains that enliven our festivals, the love ditties of youth, the humorous song of the district, will each in due season receive attention; and as the material at command is extensive, and in some instances unique, no pains will be spared to make the series worthy of permanent preservation.

The following ballads, with music, appeared in the first volume of the *Monthly Chronicle*:—"D'ye ken John Peel?" "Hawick Common Riding Song," "The Keel Row," "Cappy's the Dog," "Jemmy Joneson's Whurry," "Elsie Marley," and "The Sword Dancers' Interlude."

THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS.

The Twelve Days of Christmas, extending from Christmas to Epiphany, were usually, in olden times, the days of the whole year wherein to make merry, and to frater-

nize in mirth and good fellowship, as the old song, "Drive the Cold Winter Away," has it:—

When Christmas-tide comes in like a bride,
With holly and ivy clad,
Twelve days in the year much mirth and good cheer
In every household is had.
The country guise is then to devise
Some gambols of Christmas play,
Wherein the young men do the best that they can
To drive the cold winter away.

Songs relating to festivals and customs possess a special interest not adequately measured by their poetical pretensions; and such good old carols as the "Twelve Days of Christmas," although now banished to the nursery, were formerly great favourites, and were played as forfeit games, each player in turn having to repeat the gifts of a day, incurring a forfeit for every mistake.

The music of the first and last verses only are given, and it will be observed that each verse not only celebrates the gifts of each day, which are accumulative, and requires a good memory on the part of those who make their first attempt in it as a forfeit game. The tune for each gift is the same in all repetitions, so that the last verse contains the whole of the music.

The first day of Christmas my
true love sent to me A
partridge on a pear tree.

The first day of Christmas, my true love sent to me
A partridge on a pear tree.

The second day of Christmas, my true love sent to me
Two turtle doves, and a partridge on a pear tree.

The third day of Christmas, my true love sent to me
Three French hens, two turtle doves, and
A partridge on a pear tree.

The fourth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me
Four colly birds, three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and a partridge on a pear tree.

The fifth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me
Five gold rings, four colly birds, three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and a partridge on a pear tree.

The sixth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me
Six geese a-laying, five gold rings,
Four colly birds, three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and a partridge on a pear tree.

The seventh day of Christmas, my true love sent to me
Seven swans a-swimming, six geese a-laying,
Five gold rings, four colly birds, three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and a partridge on a pear tree.

The eighth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me
Eight maids a-milking, seven swans a-swimming,
Six geese a-laying, five gold rings,
Four colly birds, three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and a partridge on a pear tree.

The ninth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me
 Nine drummers drumming, eight maids a-milking,
 Seven swans a-swimming, six geese a-laying,
 Five gold rings, four colly birds, three French hens,
 Two turtle doves, and a partridge on a pear tree.

The tenth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me
 Ten pipers piping, nine drummers drumming,
 Eight maids a-milking, seven swans a-swimming,
 Six geese a-laying, five gold rings,
 Four colly birds, three French hens,
 Two turtle doves, and a partridge on a pear tree.

The eleventh day of Christmas, my true love sent to me
 Eleven ladies dancing, ten pipers piping,
 Nine drummers drumming, eight maids a-milking,
 Seven swans a-swimming, six geese a-laying,
 Five gold rings, four colly birds, three French hens,
 Two turtle doves, and a partridge on a pear tree.

The twelfth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me
 Twelve lords a-leaping, eleven ladies dancing,
 Ten pipers playing, nine drummers drumming,
 Eight maids a-milking, seven swans a-swimming,
 Six geese a-laying, five gold rings,
 Four colly birds, three French hens,
 Two turtle doves, and a partridge on a pear tree.

The twelfth day of Christ - mas, my
 true love sent to me Twelve lords a
 leap - ing, Ele - ven la - dies danc - ing,
 Ten pi - pers pi - ping, Nine drum - mers
 drum - ming, Eight maids a - milk - ing,
 sev - en swans a - swim - ming, Six geese a
 lay - ing, Five gold rings, Four col - ly
 birds, Three French hens, Two tur - tle
 doves, and a par - tridge on a pear tree.

This old carol was early in the century a favourite New Year's pastime in the North of England, but has almost died out of memory. Our copy of the music was originally collected by the late Mr. John Bell, of Gateshead, about eighty years ago.

Notes and Commentaries.

COCKFIGHTING: "A WELSH MAIN."

What was called "a Welsh main" was a sort of grand match by which two sets of cocks were gradually brought down, by "the survival of the fittest," to a couple. Sixteen pairs of cocks were pitted against each other. The sixteen victors next fought against each other, then the eight victors, next the four conquerors fought, and lastly the two remaining birds were pitted against each other, and the surviving bird carried away the prize. In the Newcastle papers about a century ago, such disgusting contests are regularly recorded as a matter of course. Mr. Heavisides, in his "History of Stockton," says:—"In the beginning of the present century, when I resided at Darlington, there were two cock-pits at that place, one at the Hole-in-the-Wall Inn, and the other at the Talbot, then the head hotel. The latter pit was very commodious, with tiers of seats all round, which used to be well attended by Sir Harry Vane, Lord Boynton, and other sporting gentlemen. The meetings at these pits were generally held for four days; three days for battles at £10 each, and the fourth day for a battle royal or Welsh main for £100. During these four days about one hundred and thirty noble birds were murdered, amidst the horrid oaths and imprecations of those who were called gentlemen. It is well the Legislature put a stop to a practice so cruel and revolting."

CHARLES ROSS, Newcastle.

MR. RUSKIN AT WALLINGTON.

The last chapter of the second volume of Mr. Ruskin's autobiography is entitled "Otterburn." But no account of that place occurs in the text. There is, however, a reference to Wallington and Sir Walter and Lady Trevelyan, to whom Mr. Ruskin seems to have paid a visit about 1849-50. It may be mentioned that Paulina, Lady Trevelyan—Mr. Ruskin's Pauline—was a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Jermyn, and a lady of many accomplishments. She was married to Sir Walter in 1835, and died in Switzerland on May 12, 1866. Here is what the great critic has to say about Wallington:—

I have no memory, and no notion, when I first saw Pauline, Lady Trevelyan; but she became at once a mistress-friend in whom I wholly trusted (not that I ever took her advice!), and the happiness of her own life was certainly increased by my books and me. Sir Walter, being a thorough botanist, and interested in pure science generally, did not hunt, but was benevolently useful, as a landlord should be, in his county. I had no interests in county business at that time; but used to have happy agricultural or floral chats with Sir Walter, and entirely admired his unambitious, yet dignified stability of rural, and celestial, life, there amidst the Northumbrian winds.

Wallington is in the old Percy country, the broad descent of main valley leading down by Otterburn from the Cheviots. An ugly house enough it was; square set, and somewhat bare walled, looking down a slope of rough wide field to a burn, the Wansbeck, neither bright nor rapid, but with a ledge or two of sandstone to drip over,

or lean against in pools; bits of crag in the distance, worth driving to, for sight of the sweeps of moor round them, and breaths of breeze from Carter Fell.

There were no children of its own in Wallington, but Lady Trevelyan's little niece, Constance Hilliard, nine years old when I first saw her there, glittered about the place in an extremely quaint and witty way; and took to me a little, like her aunt. Afterwards her mother and she, in their little rectory home at Cowley (near Hillingdon), became important among my feminine friendships, and gave me, of such petting and teasing as women are good for, sometimes more than enough.

A., Newcastle.

JOHN MARTIN.

Mr. W. P. Frith, the eminent artist, mentions, in his recently published *Recollections*, John Martin as among the frequent visitors to Mr. Sass's. Martin, whose portrait was given on page 433 of the *Monthly Chronicle* for 1887, was, he says, "certainly one of the most beautiful human beings I ever beheld."

RITA, Newcastle.

HIGHEST HABITATIONS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

"The Ordnance Survey of the County of Durham," sheet 30, shows "Manorgill House," Teesdale, as close upon 2,000 feet above mean water at Liverpool. Indeed, the 2,000 feet line seems to touch the house as represented on the sheet or map. There are other elevated houses in this locality—for instance, "Grasshill House," which is only a very few feet below the 2,000 feet line. I live in one myself which is 1,809·2 feet above sea level, and there are several others shown on this sheet higher than the old hostelry at Kirkstone Pass.

RALPH FEATHERSTONE RACE, Ashgillhead.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

MARIE STUART.

Scene: Bazaar and Exhibition at Stockton. Two women examining a doll ticketed, "dressed in the style of Marie Stuart." No. 1 loq.: "Mary Stuart? It'll be hor 'at's dressed the doll. Aa wonder whor she leaves?" No. 2, confidently: "She leaves beside the cemetery!"

A SKUNK.

A rather heated debate between two workmen occurred the other day in a manufactory on Tyneside. In the course of it one accused the other of some very mean action, and called him "a skunk." "Whaat's a skunk? Aa'll back ye divvent knaa whaat it means," said his opponent. "Aa knaa aa divvent," retorted the other, "but whativver it is, yor it!"

SHEEP AND SHEPHERD.

Not far from Barrington, Northumberland, there lived a Primitive Methodist minister. At that colliery

the men were not allowed to walk on the engine plane. One day the back-overman came upon our worthy minister walking on the forbidden plane, when the official exclaimed, "By gox! aa divvent wondor at the sheep when aa've caught the shepherd!"

THE NAVY'S FEET.

One Sunday morning, a farmer was walking down towards the Bridge of Aln, on the Alnwick and Cornhill Railway, when he saw a navy coming out of a hut with his boots on the wrong feet. The farmer addressed the navy thus: "Aa say, ma man, you've got yor buits on the wrang feet." The navy looked down, saw matters were not right, and exclaimed: "Hang'd if aa knaa, but them's the only blooming feet aa've got!"

UNCLE TOBY'S PICTURE.

On Saturday evening, November 19th, 1887, when the demand for the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* was so great, owing to the presentation of a coloured picture of Uncle Toby and His Little Friends, a gentleman entered the shop of a newsagent in Newcastle and asked the man in charge whether he had any Uncle Toby pictures left. "Noa, sor," answered the shopman; "if we had, they wad aall hev been selt, tee!"

THE KEELMAN AND THE FRENCHMAN.

A keelman, having moored alongside a French lugger, wanted a rasher of bacon cooked for breakfast, but, having no cooking utensils on board, he tried to borrow the Frenchman's gridiron in the following manner:—"Parley-voo, Francey; canny man, will ye len' us yor gridiron?" The Frenchman replied to the first query:—"Oui, oui," to which the keelman retorted: "Whe, whe, ye frog-eating beggor? wey, me, me!"

THE METEOR.

Not a hundred miles from the Blue Bridge, Seaham Harbour, in a certain cabin, a number of trimmers were discussing a meteor that had lately been seen, when one of their number asked, "Whaatan a meter was't? Was't a gas meter, or whaat?"

THE NEXT WORLD.

In a workshop, not one hundred miles from Gateshead, some men were giving their opinions about the next world. One terminated the conversation by saying, "Well, lada, if the next warld is ne better than this, aa'll not gan!"

THE SOW AND THE THIRTEEN FIGS.

A young North-Country farmer had occasion to call upon a neighbour with a message from his father. On his arrival he found the family at dinner, and the young fellow, having stated his business, had then to answer the usual string of questions as to how they were all at home, how the crops were looking, and so forth. The old gentleman, who, though well-known to be wealthy, was reputed to be very stingy, omitted to ask his visitor to join them at table, so he sat talking till his budget was about exhausted. "Then ye hev nowt mair to tell us, Jack?" queried the

old farmer. "As think not, except it be the aad soo's piggd," answered the young man. "Hes't a good litter, then?" was the next question. "Thorteen; but the warst on't is, it hes oney twelve tita." "Aye," laughed the old gentleman: "whaat dis the thorteenth yen de then?" "Oh! just what aa's deain noo—sits and leuks on!"

"A HEAVY LOSS."

A worthy little man living within the proverbial fifty miles of Newcastle had, as is often the case with small men, a wife of gigantic proportions. The latter died recently, and the bereaved survivor, in reply to the condolences of a sympathetic friend, exclaimed: "Aye, binny, it's bin a heavy loss," and proudly added in the next breath, "She weighed sixteen stane!"

North-Country Obituaries.

On the 2nd of November, 1887, after a long and painful illness, Mr. Henry Scholesfield, merchant and shipowner, of Newcastle, died at the Ben Rhydding Hydropathic Establishment. Since 1862, he had freely identified himself with several local movements of a social and philanthropic character. In January, 1881, he entered the City Council as one of the representatives of St. Nicholas's Ward, but in November, 1886, he was compelled to resign his seat on account of continued ill-health. The deceased gentleman, who was also a zealous advocate of temperance, was seventy years of age.

On the same day, Mr. George Eli Mellor, builder, died suddenly at Stockton. Mr. Mellor was, on the 19th of April, 1887, elected a member of the Town Council of the borough, but at the annual election on the 1st November last, he was unsuccessful in his candidature. During the contest he was seized with the illness which resulted in his death.

Mr. George Ridley, who sat as one of the members of Parliament for Newcastle from February, 1856, to November, 1860, at which latter date he was appointed a Copyhold Commissioner, died at his residence in London, on the 4th of November. The deceased gentleman, who was uncle of Sir Mathew White Ridley, was sixty-nine years of age.

Dr. William Carr, an apprentice of the late Sir John Fife, and a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, England, who had long carried on practice in Newcastle, died in that city on the 7th of November, in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

On the 9th of November, Dr. John Carrick Murray, a physician formerly well known in Newcastle, and a son-in-law of Dr. G. N. Clark, of that city, died at Stranraer, whither he had removed. The deceased gentleman was fifty-four years of age.

The death was announced, on the 10th of November, of Mr. John Wood, a native of Longbenton, in Northumberland, the event having taken place at Newcastle, New South Wales, to which he had emigrated in 1854, and with the progress of which he had for many years been associated.

On the 14th of November was announced the death, which had taken place some days previously, near Darlington, of Mr. John T. Dixon, who was agent for several

estates on North Tyne and at Newbiggin-by-the-Sea, and whose advice was often sought by all grades of agriculturists.

Captain Henry Bell, of Woolsington, brother of the late Mr. Matthew Bell, who was so well known as a member of Parliament for Northumberland, and as colonel of the Northumberland Yeomanry, now the Northumberland Hussars, died at his seat at Woolsington, on the 17th of November, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. Captain Bell served in the 29th and 36th Regiments, and had seen some active service in India.

Mr. Joseph Young, who joined the Newcastle police force in 1836, when the old watch was in existence, and who was one of the oldest police officers in Northumberland, died on the 18th of November. The deceased was seventy-six years of age.

On the 21st of November, was received the announcement of the death, which had taken place at Launceston, Tasmania, on the 5th of October, of Mr. John Dorrian, journalist, formerly of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Commencing his professional career in Jarrow, he subsequently secured an appointment on the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*. After a short sojourn in London, whither he



had removed for the benefit of his health, he returned to Newcastle, and became assistant-editor of the *Weekly Chronicle*. This position he held until the month of October, 1886, when, owing to continued illness, he emigrated to Australia. He readily succeeded in obtaining professional employment, but the expectation that the change would result in restored health was, unhappily, doomed to be disappointed. The deceased gentleman, who was only thirty-one years of age, was an accomplished journalist and a sincere and steadfast friend.

On the 24th of November, at the age of fifty-two, died

Mr. William Turner Moor, formerly cabinet-maker and builder in Newcastle. The deceased gentleman was named after the Rev. William Turner, minister of the Unitarian congregation in Hanover Square, who was an intimate friend of Mr. Moor's father.

Mr. George Smith Boggon, with one exception the oldest inhabitant of Seaham Harbour, and who had been employed under the Londonderry family during the whole period of his residence there, died on the 25th of November, at the age of seventy-eight years.

Captain Holmes, of the Allendale Company of the 1st V.B.N.F., and one of the first who joined the volunteer movement in 1859, died at Allendale Town on the 26th of November, in the seventieth year of his age.

On the 29th of November it was announced that Mr. Burt, M.P., had received a letter conveying intelligence of the death of Mr. Joseph Fairbairn, of Streator, U.S. The deceased left the neighbourhood of Bedlington for America about sixteen years ago. He lately became manager of a mine in Streator, and it was by an explosion of gas that the injuries which resulted in his death were caused. Mr. Fairbairn took a prominent part in the Northumberland Miners' Union in its earlier days.

On the 25th of November, and in the eighty-first year of his age, Mr. John Ridley, inventor of the reaping-machine usually associated with his name, died at Belsize Park, London. The deceased gentleman, who was a native of Boldon, near South Shields, became a settler in South Australia shortly after the founding of that colony. Returning to this country about thirty years ago, he took up his residence at Stagshaw Hall, near Hexham.

On the 30th of November, there were buried at Eastington Churchyard, the remains of Mr. Joseph Raine, farmer, of North Pierpool, near Haswell, believed to be the last survivor of those who were in some way personally associated with the visit of Lord Byron to Seaham Hall and his marriage with Miss Milbanke.

On the 3rd of December was announced the death of Mr. John Stobbs, who, a few days previously, had been found dead in bed, at his residence in London, at the age of seventy-five. He was the author of several well-known Tyneside songs, such as "Tynemouth Abbey," the "Bells of St. Nicholas' Tower," etc.

On the 6th of December, at a little over ninety years of age, died Mr. John Peel, son of the huntsman of the same name immortalised in the hunting song, "D'ye ken John Peel?" which, with the music, was published in the *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. i., p. 184. The deceased gentleman, who was familiarly known as "Young John Peel," died at Ruthwaite, Cumberland.

The death was announced, on the 7th of December, at the age of sixty-one, of Mr. Henry Charles Silvertop, of Minsteracres, who in 1859 was High Sheriff of Northumberland.

Mrs. Ellis, widow of Mr. Mark Ellis, mother of Mr. J. Baxter Ellis, Sheriff of Newcastle, and sister of the late Mr. Joseph Barker, theologian and politician, died at Bramley, near Leeds, on the 7th December, in the seventy-eighth year of her age.

Mr. Henry Watson, J.P., and head of the firm of Messrs. Watson and Sons, brassfounders and engineers, High Bridge, Newcastle, died on the 12th of December. The deceased gentleman, who was seventy-one years of age, was an active supporter of the Infirmary and other philanthropic institutions.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

NOVEMBER, 1887.

1.—The foundation stone of a new church to be dedicated to All Saints, was laid at Harton Colliery, by the Ven. H. Watkins, D.D., Archdeacon of Durham.

—The trial of Police-Constable Endacott at the Central Criminal Court, on the charge of perjury in connection with the arrest of Miss Cass, formerly of Stockton, ended in a verdict of acquittal.

—In Newcastle, for the first time, the annual municipal elections took place under the new arrangement which necessitated the retirement of one member from each of the sixteen wards into which the borough had recently been divided. There were contests in West All Saints', St. Nicholas', Westgate South, and Heaton Wards, the gentlemen returned in each case being Mr. W. Smith, Mr. B. J. Sutherland, Mr. Harkus, and Mr. H. Waller. The newly-created borough of West Hartlepool had its first municipal election. There were contests in all the six wards into which the town was divided, each returning three members, and the election was carried out on a political basis.

2.—At Durham Assizes, James Crane, 24, for brutally outraging a little girl at Gateshead, was sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude. In the same court, Peter Gradon, a constable in the Durham County Constabulary, was sentenced to five years' penal servitude for forgery.

3.—John Anderson, miner, for an outrage on his daughter at Bishop Auckland, was sentenced by Lord Chief-Justice Coleridge, at Durham Assizes, to penal servitude for life. On the same occasion, William M'Nally, 36, labourer, was sent to penal servitude for ten years, for the manslaughter of Margaret Louigi, at Hartlepool.

—Commander Hugh C. D. Ryder, R.N., was appointed to the command of the Wellesey Training Ship in the Tyne.

—An analysis of a bridal cake, from eating of which several persons had been seized with illness at Jarrow, indicated the existence of arsenic in the icing.

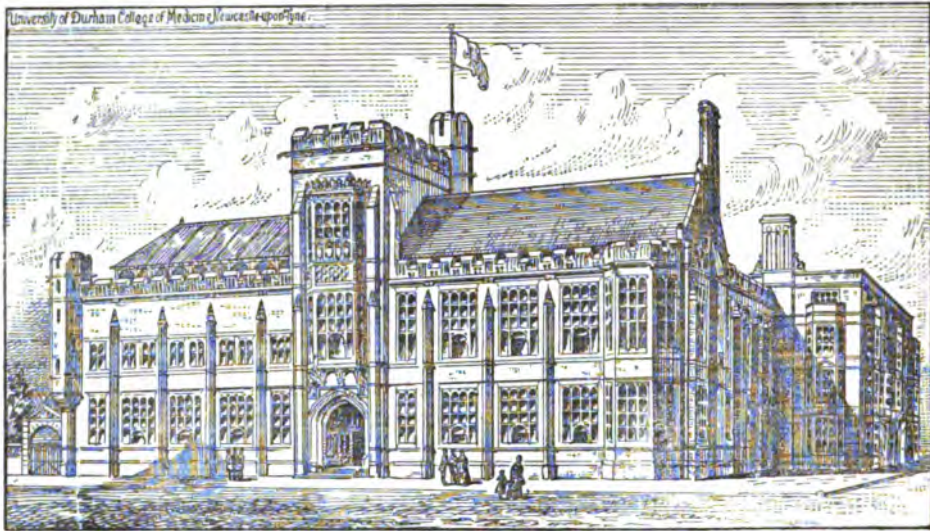
—At the Durham Assizes, Mary Ann Scrafton, 46, widow, and Eliza Foxall, 26, married woman, were charged with conspiracy to murder Henry Foxall, barman, at Bishopwearmouth, and husband of the latter-named prisoner, by poisoning him, between May and September last. It was proved that Scrafton, who was a fortune-teller at Hartlepool, had supplied Mrs. Foxall with poison, which she had administered to her husband. The jury, on the second day of the trial, found both prisoners guilty of administering poison with intent to do grievous bodily harm, but recommended them to mercy. In consequence, however, of an objection raised to the validity of the indictment, sentence was postponed pending the consideration of the point.

—Patrick Gourkin, 39, glass-cutter, was sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude at Durham Assizes, for an outrage upon his daughter, at Gateshead. John James M'Ewen, 35, bank-manager, was on the same occasion sentenced to ten years' penal servitude for embezzlement at Jarrow.

5.—The foundation stone of a new building for the Durham College of Medicine, designed by Messrs. Dunn

and Hansom, and situated in Bath Road, Newcastle, was laid by the Duke of Northumberland, in presence of a large number of distinguished scientists,

fellow-workman, named Patrick Logan, was seriously injured, by a fall of stone in the Busby Main Seam of Tanfield Lea Colliery.



medical and otherwise, and of representatives of civic and other bodies in the district.

—The tenth series of People's Concerts was commenced in the Town Hall, Newcastle.

—About 160 members of the Newcastle police force were entertained to a knife-and-fork tea, by Sir Benjamin Browne, Mayor, the remaining men being similarly treated on the 8th.

—The Newcastle cow market was transferred from Newgate Street to Marlborough Crescent.

—A Fine Art Exhibition was opened in the Borough Hall, Stockton, by the Marquis of Londonderry, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

—Lord Chief-Justice Coleridge, at Durham Assizes, sentenced Peter Toner, 36, bricklayer, to ten years' penal servitude for the manslaughter of his wife, Catherine Toner, at Felling, on the 9th of October, 1887.

6.—A body of Socialists, in compliance with a manifesto previously issued, attended service at St. Nicholas' Cathedral, Newcastle, for the purpose of calling attention to the condition of the unemployed. A large police force was present, but the proceedings were orderly. In the afternoon a meeting was held in the Bigg Market, when some exciting speeches were delivered.

7.—The Hon. and Rev. F. R. Grey, rector of Morpeth, was presented by his parishioners with an illuminated address and a cheque for £286, and Lady Elizabeth Grey, his wife, was presented with a gold bracelet, on the attainment of Mr. Grey's jubilee as a priest.

—Dr. F. R. Lees, of Leeds, delivered the first of a series of temperance lectures in Newcastle, in reply to a paper by Dr. W. Murray, on "The Danger of Regular Habits."

8.—Nicholas Carr, 23 years old, was killed, while a

9.—The annual election of Mayors and other civic officials took place throughout the district, the following being the results in the boroughs of Northumberland and Durham:—Newcastle, Mayor, William Davies Stephens, Sheriff, Joseph Baxter Ellis; Morpeth, George Young; Tynemouth, George Dodds; Berwick, Alderman Darling; Gateshead, George Davidson; Hartlepool, Alderman Richardson; West Hartlepool (first election) William Gray, J.P.; Stockton, J. Kindler; Durham, Alderman Blckett; Darlington, T. T. Sedgwick; Sunderland, Edwin Richardson; South Shields, George Scott; Jarrow, Alderman John Price. At South Shields, the election was decided by the casting vote of the retiring Mayor, 14 votes each having been recorded for Mr. Scott and Mr. Mabane.

13.—A series of festival services was commenced in St. Nicholas' Cathedral, Newcastle, in celebration of the dedication of the new reredos and the completion of the east end of the church. Mr. Percy Westmacott, of the Elswick Works, had generously given £4,000 to pay for the reredos, sedilia, and screens. Mr. Robert J. Johnson was the architect. Sermons were preached morning and evening by the Archbishop of York (Dr. Thomson); and, it being Corporation Sunday, the Mayor (Mr. W. D. Stephens) and members of the City Council attended on the former occasion in their official capacity. The collection taken on behalf of the medical charities amounted to £169 7s. 9d.; the sum realized in the evening, £45 4s., being in aid of the Restoration Fund. The services were continued altogether over eight days, the other preachers being the Bishop of Carlisle; the Bishop of Southwell; the Dean of York; the Bishop of Chester; the Bishop of Manchester; the Bishop of Sodor and Man; the Bishop of Durham; and the Bishop of Newcastle. The total collections on behalf of the Restoration Fund amounted to £370 8s. 5d., the sum required being £3,000.

13.—A small party of men, under the direction of the local branch of the Social Democratic Federation, again attended the morning service in St. Nicholas' Cathedral; and a meeting, similar to that which took place on the previous Sunday, was held in the afternoon in the Big Market.

15.—A plumber, named Peter Dixon, was knocked down and killed by an engine on the High Level Bridge, Newcastle.

—A fire, by which stock and property estimated at about £20,000, were destroyed, occurred in Pandon, Newcastle. It broke out in the fish-curing establishment of Mr. Tripp, and extended to Councillor T. Richardson's flour warehouse as well as to Mr. George Harle's stores beneath the warehouses. Two firemen were seriously injured.

18.—At a meeting of the Newcastle Board of Guardians, an estimate was submitted showing the total number of persons out of employment in the city to be about 1,200, and it was decided to institute a fund upon the lines adopted the previous winter by the Board and its officers.

—Mr. John Hammond, station-master at Chevington, on the North-Eastern Railway, was accidentally killed by a passing train, while he was crossing the line at that place.

—About this time, 120 trees, presented as jubilee gifts, were planted in the grounds of St. George's Church, Cullercoats.

—The drapery establishment of Todd Brothers, Darlington, was destroyed by fire, the damage being estimated at £6,000.

—A superbly executed chromo-lithograph of Uncle Toby and his Little Friends was issued as a gratis supplement to the *Weekly Chronicle* of to-day. It was found impossible to fully supply the demand, which was far in excess of what had been anticipated; and in many cases copies were sold at considerably enhanced prices by street vendors. To-day, too, the Big Book of the Dicky Bird Society, containing the names of all the children who had been enrolled as members of that great organization, was exhibited at the Art Gallery, where it attracted a large amount of attention.

—A Rotterdam steamer, the *W. A. Scholten*, was sunk by collision with another vessel, supposed to be the *Rosa Mary*, of Hartlepool, off Dover. There were on board the unfortunate steamer 214 persons, comprising crew and passengers, of whom 89 were saved by the steamer *Ebro*, of Sunderland. Three male passengers, named respectively Appleby, Stepney, and Robson, from Newcastle, were among the rescued.

—At a delegate meeting of the Northumberland Miners' Association, it was decided to rescind the late decision of the county with respect to the salaries of Messrs. Burt and Fenwick. (See vol. i., Sept 6, page 386, and Sept. 23, page 430.) It was also resolved to give notice to terminate the sliding scale at the end of the year.

20.—Damage to the extent of £2,000 was done by a stack-fire on the farm of the Coxlodge Colliery Company.

—William Quinn, fish curer, died at the Infirmary from the effects of injuries received through falling from the window of a house in Dog Bank, Newcastle, during an altercation with a woman named Hannah Gleeson, who was much injured at the same time.

22.—By a fire which occurred at his office in Church Way, North Shields, Mr. Henry Bailie Thompson, borough rate collector, aged 74 years, lost his life.

—An empty foy boat, bearing the name of William Dowe, of South Shields, was picked up off the Tyne; and three men, named Donkin, Sadler, and M'Gee, had been drowned.

—Lord Northbrook addressed a political meeting at Durham, and the following evening he spoke at Bishop Auckland.

23.—On this and the following day, an adjourned National Conference of Miners was held in Newcastle, under the presidency of Mr. Thomas Burt, M.P. On the latter day a resolution was adopted, recognising the "unanimity of the districts represented" on the subject of the Edinburgh resolutions with regard to the restriction of output; but, inasmuch as South Wales and Durham were not present to take joint action with them, it was agreed to appoint a committee to seek the co-operation of those two important centres. It was further decided that negotiations should, in the meantime, be opened with the employers of the various counties asking that the alterations proposed in the Edinburgh resolutions should come into operation on January 1. The president expressed his strong opinion that restriction was unsound in principle, and impracticable.

24.—The coroner's jury which inquired into the deaths of eight men killed by the Walker Colliery explosion decided that the explosion was the result of pure accident.

25.—Formation of a Tyneside Geographical Society, with Mr. F. W. Dendy as chairman, and Mr. George Smithson as secretary.

28.—The temperance party of Tynemouth presented a tea and coffee service to Mr. George Dodds, to commemorate his election as Mayor of the borough.

—Mr. Auberger Herbert delivered a lecture in Newcastle, on "Individualism," following it up by a series of similar lectures in other parts of the district.

—At a meeting held in Newcastle, presided over by Mr. J. C. Stevenson, M.P., and addressed by Mr. Acland, M.P., it was resolved that an association representing the manufacturing industries and educational institutions in the locality, and others interested in the question, be formed to co-operate with the National Association for the Promotion of Technical Education.

—At a town's meeting held in Gateshead, to consider the condition of the unemployed, a resolution was adopted calling on the Council and the Board of Guardians to commence certain works.

29.—A reunion of temperance reformers of fifty years' standing was held in the Central Hall, Newcastle. In the afternoon, there was a conference, during the first portion of which Dr. Rutherford presided, the chair being afterwards taken by Alderman Hindmarsh, of Gateshead. Mr. George Dodds and Alderman Barkas were among the speakers. A "jubilee demonstration" was held in the evening, under the presidency of Mr. Dodds. There were present at the conference 32 who had been total abstinents for 51 years, 8 for 53, 2 for 55, 4 for 58, 2 for 60, 1 for 62, and 1 for 63 years. There were, besides, 120 who had been teetotalers from 5 to 49 years.

DECEMBER.

2.—The foundation and corner stones of the Gateshead Children's Hospital were laid by Mr. W. H. James,

M.P., Mrs. Davidson, the Hon. Mrs. Pearson, Mrs. Joicey, and Mrs. Robinson.

3.—The Auckland District Jubilee Bridge across the river Wear was opened by the Bishop of Durham.

6.—The domestic chapel built at Benwell Tower, the residence of the Bishop of Newcastle, was opened by the Bishop of Lincoln.

7.—A new bridge over the river Tweed, at Norham, erected at a cost of £10,000, was opened by Mr. John Craster, chairman of the Tweed Bridges Trustees.

10.—A six-days' bicycle contest in Newcastle ended in Battensby, of Blyth, having accomplished 792 miles 3 laps, and Young, of Glasgow, one lap less.

12.—A new tombstone over the grave of John Cunningham, the pastoral poet, in St. John's Churchyard, Newcastle, to replace the worn-out memorial originally erected by Mr. Thomas Slack, founder of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, to which the poet was a frequent contributor, was unveiled by Dr. Thomas Hodgkin. The expense of the stone had been defrayed by public subscription, the



movement having been initiated by Mr. John Robinson, assisted by Mr. Wm. Lyall, of the Literary and Philosophical Society. An address was also delivered by the Rev. Dr. J. C. Bruce, and letters of apology for absence were read from Sir M. W. Ridley, M.P., and Mr. Joseph Cowen. Memorial trees were afterwards planted round the poet's grave by Dr. Hodgkin, Dr. Bruce, the Sheriff of Newcastle (Mr. J. Baxter Ellis), and Councillor William Smith.

—A Liberal conference in the afternoon, and a public meeting at night, were held at Sunderland, both gatherings being addressed by Sir George Otto Trevelyan, M.P.

General Occurrences.

NOVEMBER.

10.—A warrant having been issued by the Government for the arrest of Mr. Pyne, M.P., that gentleman fortified himself in his castle at Lisfinny, Ireland, and there defied the authorities for several weeks.

12.—Four Anarchists, named Parsons, Engel, Spies, and Fischer, were hanged at Chicago, U.S. Another condemned Anarchist, named Lingg, committed suicide in his cell a few days previously by exploding a fulminating shell in his mouth.

13.—On this day, two French aeronauts, MM. L'Hoeste and Mango, 28 and 20 years of age respectively, ascended in a balloon from Paris. After successfully descending and landing a passenger at Quilleboeuf, near Honfleur, one hundred and fourteen miles from Paris, they re-started at noon, crossing over Tancarville and Cape d'Autifer, north of Havre. At one they were passed by the steamer *Georgette*, forty-two miles from Dieppe, and at half-past four were sighted somewhere off the Isle of Wight by the steamer *Prince Leopold*, from Newcastle for Lisbon, since which time they have not been seen.

—Serious riots occurred in London. Sir Charles Warren, the Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, having issued an order prohibiting the holding of meetings in Trafalgar Square, a large body of police was placed on duty in the neighbourhood. An attempt was, nevertheless, made to hold a meeting at one o'clock p.m., the ostensible purpose being to protest against the imprisonment of Mr. O'Brien, M.P. The police interfered, and some desperate fighting took place. Shortly after four o'clock p.m., bodies of the 1st Life Guards and Grenadier Guards put in an appearance and cleared the square. Many persons were arrested, including Mr. Cunningham Grahame, M.P., and John Burns, a well-known Socialist. Conflicts with the police took place in other parts of London.

14.—Alarming reports of the condition of the Crown Prince of Germany were received about this time. His Imperial Highness's complaint being cancer in the throat, much concern was felt throughout Europe.

17.—Valentine Baker Pasha died at Tel-el-Kebir of fever, aged 62 years.

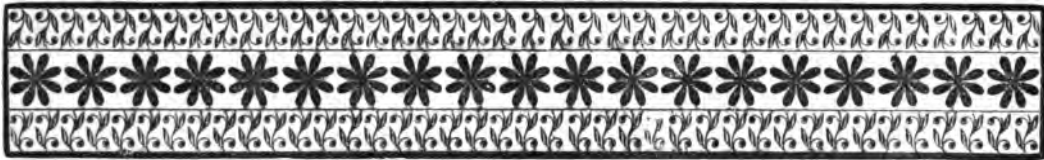
22.—Intelligence was received that the menagerie of Mr. P. T. Barnum, the American showman, had been destroyed by fire at Bridgeport, Connecticut. Three elephants, all the lions, tigers, and other quadrupeds, all the trained animals, stallions, ponies, &c., and a large number of monkeys and cats, perished in the flames. The loss was estimated at 700,000 dollars.

DECEMBER.

2.—The Lord Mayor of Dublin was committed to prison for publishing in the *Nation*, of which he is proprietor, reports of meetings of suppressed branches of the National League.

—M. Jules Grévy, President of the French Republic, announced his resignation. The same day the National Assembly proceeded to the election of a new President. M. Sadi Carnot, grandson of the "organizer of victory," was chosen by a large majority.

10.—A desperate attempt was made by a man named Aubertin to assassinate M. Jules Ferry in the lobby of the French Chamber. Aubertin fired three shots from a revolver. One of the bullets missed; the others struck M. Ferry, but only produced contused wounds.



The Monthly Chronicle

OF

NORTH-COUNTRY•LORE•AND•LEGEND

VOL. II.—No. 12.

FEBRUARY, 1888.

PRICE 6D.

John Forster: A Sketch.

By Wm. Lockey Harle.

THE sketch which is here reprinted was contributed to the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* by the late Mr. Alderman Harle on the occasion of John Forster's death in 1876.

William Lockey Harle was born in the city of York, although his parents really belonged to Stockton. He received his education in the latter town, where his father held an important position in the Excise. His scholastic education finished, young Harle was sent to Newcastle. There, under the eminent solicitor, Mr. John Adamson, he served his articles, and was admitted to practice as an attorney in 1833. There were at that time many grievances to redress and many abuses to rectify, and the able and eloquent young solicitor with both tongue and pen advocated Parliamentary reform, municipal reform, the abolition of the Corn Laws, &c., with a zeal and energy which soon made him famous. He was an admirable speaker, clear and forcible, and with a most pleasing delivery. In November, 1841, he was first elected to the Town Council for St. Nicholas' Ward. He kept his position until 1853, when he was defeated; and it was not until May, 1857, that he regained a seat for his old ward. In the November following he was superseded by the late Mr. John Harrison; but in the following year he contested All Saints' East Ward, which was perhaps the most memorable and exciting municipal election that ever occurred in Newcastle. Great numbers of personations were proved against his opponent (Mr. David Burn), and the result was that Mr. Harle gained the seat. He was elected Sheriff in 1864, and alderman in 1868. Few more energetic and hard-working

members than Mr. Harle have ever occupied a place in the Council Chamber. Socially, he was a most pleasant and agreeable companion, while his literary attainments, as his sketch of John Forster shows, were of no mean order. Mr. Harle pub-



lished, in 1854, a volume entitled "A Career in the Commons," being a series of letters to a young member of Parliament on "the conduct and principles necessary to constitute him an enlightened and efficient representative." Moreover, he was a frequent contributor to the

local literature of his day. Mr. Harle, who had deeply endeared himself to a wide circle of friends, died at his residence, Victoria Square, Newcastle, on the 18th of January, 1868, at the age of sixty-seven years.

MR. HARLE'S PAPER.

Biographer, historian, essayist, critic, journalist, John Forster accomplished, in some respects, more than any other man of his time. He died in London, on February 1, 1876, labouring for fame at the age of 65 as earnestly as he had laboured in Green Court, Newcastle, at 16. Knowing him, as I did, personally, and familiar as I am with the salient points of his surprising career, it is worth while for the sake of every earnest and ambitious student to throw light on the mode by which an obscure Newcastle boy became the friend, guide, and adviser of the most brilliant men of his time—of poets, historians, novelists, orators, statesmen, artists, and actors.

John Forster owed everything as regards formation of character to the town of Newcastle. He was trained in classics at the Grammar School by the Rev. Edward Moises, and in mathematics by a very able teacher—Mr. Henry Atkinson. No aspiring youth could anywhere obtain more accomplished tutors. Mr. Moises was very proud of Forster. I remember in the summer of 1826, as a small boy, visiting Mr. Moises at his house in Jesmond Bank. His whole conversation turned that summer night, as he sat in his garden, on the merits of the youth Forster, and the witty speeches of Mr. Wentworth Beaumont during the long election at Alnwick.

John Forster's father was a butcher, and his uncle John Forster, usually termed "Gentleman John," was also a butcher. The uncle was a bachelor. I remember him, a tall, florid man, with a stick, and quick, fussy step; easy, natural, pleasant manners, and of course possessed of great reliance on the future eminence of his sparkling nephew, John. The uncle spared no expense in procuring the best tuition for his favourite. The boy John had a brother, Christopher, a merchant, and two sisters, Jane and Elizabeth. They were all Unitarians, and members of Mr. Turner's congregation in Hanover Square. All John Forster's relatives are dead. I knew Christopher and the two sisters. John, in after life, assisted them; but they were all very much afraid of him, and spoke of him as a "star that dwelt apart."

Newcastle, between 1825 and 1830, had considerable mental activity among her young men. The new library in Westgate Street (the Lit. and Phil.) had been recently opened. It was the fashion for young men to read and cultivate literature and the arts. Politics had no attraction. Newcastle entertained no relish for town elections. The Freemen were satisfied with a Ridley and an Ellison to represent them; and it was difficult to decide whether the politics of the

place were "blue, black, white, or brown." There was a good theatre. Richardson, Parker, Carmichael, Good, Balmer, and Bewick formed an artistic body of no mean order; and Thomas Doubleday was writing dramas and elegant essays in *Blackwood's Magazine*. He was not known then as a politician, and he cultivated general literature with considerable success. The newspapers were dull, and cost sevenpence each. The *Courant* advertised for everybody, but gave opinions upon nothing. The *Chronicle* was grave and decorous. The *Tyne Mercury* had political leaders, local articles, and general criticism; but all were heavy and dull, and nobody read them. The Editor of the *Mercury*, Mr. W. A. Mitchell, was a Grand Vizier at the Blue Bell, at the head of the Side, every evening, and smoked and discussed the topics of the day with great solemnity. A shilling magazine was also published monthly by Mr. Mitchell, and into this humble repository much of the juvenile literature of the town found its way.

Before the Forsters removed to Green Court, they resided opposite to the old Dispensary in High Friar Street. The late Mr. Francis Bennett, the eminent surgeon in Gateshead, served his apprenticeship under Mr. Wilkie at this Dispensary, and as a youth became acquainted with his opposite neighbour, John Forster. It was at Mr. Bennett's house in Gateshead that I subsequently became acquainted with Forster. Mr. George Burnett, of Gallowgate, one of the founders of the eminent manufacturing firm of Hugh Lee Pattinson and Company at the Felling, was also an early friend of Forster, and a warm admirer of his vigour and talent.

Newcastle, as I have described it, saw Forster a boy at the Grammar School in the Spital; and I fancy he must have been about 17 or 18 when I first heard of him as an aspirant for literary distinction. I was passing under the portico of the old Theatre in Mosley Street, when I noticed on the poster, in the usual black wooden frame hanging on the wall, an intimation that a new drama in two acts, entitled "Charles at Tunbridge, or the Cavalier of Wildinghurst," written by a gentleman of Newcastle, would be acted that evening. My curiosity was excited, and I found on inquiry that the "gentleman of Newcastle" who wrote the play was young John Forster—the favourite of Mr. Moises at the Grammar School—an intense student of Byron and Scott—an enthusiastic antiquary and collector of ballad poetry, and always seen with a book under his arm. I cannot say whether the play was successful. I did not see it, but I remember the title as well as if I had noticed it on the poster last Monday. I knew also the leading theatrical critic of that day. He was an assistant to Mr. Lead-bitter, a chemist, in what was then termed Middle Street. His criticisms were clever and sparkling, and were published in the *Durham Chronicle*, then edited by

poor Veitch. This dramatic critic and hero of the pestle had a great admiration for Forster, and assisted in nurturing that taste for the drama which characterised Forster through life.

The uncle—"Gentleman John"—was advised to send his promising nephew to Cambridge; and to Cambridge young Forster accordingly went. A University education was an important matter in those days. Newcastle butchers were not the people to waste their money over Oxford and Cambridge. An exception was made, however, in favour of Forster; and it was anticipated that, after the careful training of Mr. Moises and Mr. Atkinson, he would acquire additional laurels on the Cam. Such was not the case. He was a very short time at Cambridge. Whether his uncle's finances were unequal to the demand made upon them, or the people at the University were unsuited to Forster, or he unsuited to them, I do not know; but he soon withdrew from Cambridge, and went to London, and there he commenced that career which became so remarkably successful.

Brougham and Campbell (the poet) had succeeded in establishing a university in Gower Street, more on Scotch principles than on those of Oxford and Cambridge; and soon after 1828 many young men crowded to this London University, especially to the law class, of which Mr. Amos was the first professor. In November, 1828, Forster wrote "Remarks on Two of the Annuals," and sent them to Mr. Mitchell for publication in the *Newcastle Magazine*. They are dated from London, and appeared in January, 1829. In his notice to "Readers and Correspondents" for that month, Mr. Mitchell, the editor, alluding to Forster's contribution, says:—"Our London correspondent, who communicates the review of two of the annuals, hints something about carelessness in his composition, in consequence of the short time occupied in preparing the article. We do not think our readers will agree with him. They would rather attribute the apology to his modesty than to any other cause." This, I should say, is one of the earliest—if not the earliest—appearances of Forster in print. The writing is not particularly good; and, as the work of a youth in his teens, the confident tone of the criticism, and the modes in which censure and praise are alike distributed, are really entertaining. Forster also studied in the chambers of Mr. Chitty, the eminent special pleader; but neither Mr. Chitty in private, nor Professor Amos in public at the London University, appears to have charmed John Forster with the aspect of legal study.

Chief Justice Whiteside, of the Irish Queen's Bench, was at the London University with John Forster. They were much alike in many respects. Both were devoted to literature—both were fond of acting—and both were frequent speakers in the University Debating Society. Whiteside, however, read more law than

Forster, and obtained a prize for a special examination on Coke's Reports. Forster was considered the better declaimer of the two; and if he had continued the cultivation of public speaking he would have won additional lustre, both in Parliament and at the Bar. Whiteside returned to Ireland, and after a stormy career settled down as Chief-Justice of the Queen's Bench. As an interesting historical fact, I may mention that Whiteside, in the December number of the *Newcastle Magazine*, 1829, published a sketch of Mr. Peter Burrows, of the Irish Bar; and Forster, doubtless, obtained this contribution from the future Lord Chief-Justice of Ireland for his friend, Wm. Andrew Mitchell, of the *Newcastle Magazine*.

It is clear that at this time Forster had decided on a literary course of life. He was young, bold, and energetic; and he determined to write a book and connect himself with the periodical press. Wherever young men are gathered together, there is a tendency to contribute to a magazine, especially if a publisher can be found to introduce the juvenile efforts to the world. The London University had its magazine, and to this Forster copiously contributed. Mr. Taylor, the University bookseller, published this little work; and it was as good as such crude and rash speculations usually are. It died very early; and at the end of 1832 Forster had ceased all connection with the University, and had become the theatrical and literary critic both of the *Examiner* and of the daily *True Sun*.

The latter, an evening paper, may be said to have been the offspring of the great Reform Bill, and of the intense political excitement around that great measure. It was a sevenpenny journal, overflowing with talent. In the drama and literature of the *True Sun* Forster reigned supreme. Mr. John Bell, a man of great force of character, told me some years after the *True Sun* had ceased to exist that Forster dealt with the theatres and books in a great measure as he pleased. Mr. Bell was the political economist of the paper, and wrote leaders. Mr. J. C. Symons was the editor, and both Mr. Daniel Whittle Harvey and the Unitarian minister, Mr. W. J. Fox, were connected with this journal. Mr. Albany Fonblanque was editor of the *Examiner*. Political writing wholly occupied his attention, and Forster thus became possessor of the literary and dramatic authority of the great weekly *Examiner*, the reputation of which had been created by the brothers John and Leigh Hunt.

Certain men of genius—authors and actors—were then gradually rising into fame. Forster, with the *True Sun* in one hand and the *Examiner* in the other, was equal to the occasion. He became a "ruler in Israel," and held the power of aiding or retarding these men by the vigour of his criticism. Edmund Kean died utterly exhausted in 1833. Forster attended his funeral. Macready was ambitious of holding the sceptre that had been wielded by

Kean. Forster on all occasions, in the *True Sun* and *Examiner*, vigorously supported Macready. Bulwer, the author of "Pelham," "The Disowned," and "Eugene Aram," was rising into celebrity; and Forster gave him great encouragement in his literary progress. Bulwer was a member of Parliament with a high social position. He was the leader, too, of a powerful dramatic party opposed to the monopoly of the two great patent theatres—Drury Lane and Covent Garden. Young Forster, with the daily and weekly press at his command, became the centre of a little solar system, round which several unquestionable stars gladly revolved. Macready, Bulwer, Leigh Hunt, Sergeant Talfourd, Maclise, Sheridan Knowles, W. J. Fox, were all persons who recognized and acknowledged the influence of Forster. Charles Dickens at this time was in obscurity. He was reporting for the *Morning Chronicle*, and wrote occasionally those slight sketches which appeared in the monthly magazines and elsewhere over the signature of "Boz." I have personally at this time (1876) the means of knowing the influence of the young gentleman from Newcastle in the literary circles of London.

Mr. Charles Atkinson, a young man who had received an excellent education under the father of Dr. Bruce, commenced business in Newcastle as a tailor. He disliked the pursuit, and became literary in his tastes. He wrote in two volumes an historical novel, as was then the fashion, after Walter Scott. This work, "Derwentwater, a Tale of the Year 1715," found a London publisher, and Atkinson determined to devote himself to literature as a livelihood. He engaged a room at Kenton for the sake of solitude, and commenced the composition of another novel. This was published in three volumes under the title of "Otterburn," and was also, as its title indicated, of the historical class. He went to London in 1832, to follow the example of John Forster, and obtain an engagement on the periodical press. I was one of those who advised him to confer with Forster. He did so. Forster kindly seconded his aspirations, and gave him a letter of introduction to Leigh Hunt, with a view to an appointment on the *Times* as a Parliamentary reporter. Atkinson, poor fellow! had acquired shorthand, and was accustomed to tax his friends to read to him sermons and speeches in the exercise of his new art. I saw Leigh Hunt's letter to Atkinson. It spoke most kindly of Forster, and expressed the writer's sorrow that he saw his old friend so seldom. Armed with Leigh Hunt's introduction, Atkinson saw Mr. Barnes, the manager of the *Times*, and was at once placed on the Parliamentary reporting staff of the great morning journal. Atkinson went into the gallery of the House of Commons in the middle of O'Connell's great harangue at the opening of the reformed Parliament in 1835 on the "bloody, brutal, and unconstitutional" address to the king. Atkinson, it may be imagined, was in a

great fright. At that time the work of each reporter of a debate in the *Times* was marked the next morning. Atkinson's portion of O'Connell was either imperfect or incorrect. He never went into the gallery again. He reported minor matters, and became a very humble brother of the great literary guild. He wrote a drama on the Polish question, and urged me to compose two songs for his play, as he had not the rhyming faculty. But, alas! the play was never performed and my songs were never sung. An affection of the eyes overtook this industrious and worthy man. His literary schemes failed. Forster gave him employment in a subordinate capacity on the *Examiner*. After I left London, news came to the North that the author of "Otterburn" had been found lifeless in a field at Teddington. The boots of the deceased contained the name of a kind and considerate donor who had been at Mr. Bruce's school with Atkinson; and thus the identity of the dead was traced. Atkinson—a most worthy, blameless, and assiduous follower of literature of the same rank of life as Forster in Newcastle—unlike that remarkable young man, failed in the great arena of the London press. Such are the vicissitudes of literary exertion!

Dr. Dionysius Lardner—who had been a Lecturer on Natural Philosophy at the London University—planned a cyclopædia in monthly volumes which should comprise science, history, biography, and treatises on the useful arts. It seemed to be an imitation of "Constable's Miscellany" and "Murray's Family Library." Walter Scott undertook to write a history of Scotland, and Thomas Moore a history of Ireland. John Forster, scarcely out of his teens, undertook the lives of eminent British statesmen connected with the Commonwealth. Godwin, D'Israeli the elder, and Lord Nugent had previously laboured in the quarry of Charles I., Cromwell, and the Commonwealth; but Forster's volumes were the most successful regarding the era in question, and certainly constituted the most popular portion of Lardner's scheme. Forster in after years enlarged the life of Sir John Eliot; but the Statesmen of the Commonwealth, as they appeared in Lardner, are still read, while Scott and Moore's respective histories are utterly forgotten.

At this period Forster had secured elegant chambers on the ground floor of 59, Lincoln's Inn Fields. These chambers were expensively furnished, and his collection of books was enormous. The "Lives of the Statesmen," the *Examiner*, and the *True Sun* had placed him on a pedestal of great importance in the eyes of literature and art in London. No critic assisted Macready more in realising fame than John Forster. He not merely wrote up Macready, but ridiculed all other rivals near Macready's throne. Forest, the American tragedian, was mercilessly flayed by Forster in the *Examiner*. Forster's own

style of speaking in private became an imitation of the tones and inflections of Macready. I met Forster at dinner at the house of an old friend in Gateshead about this time. Forster had nothing of the pale and thoughtful aspect of the intense student. He was bluff, broad-chested, with large features, and bushy light



hair. His voice was strong and emphatic; his information copious and interesting upon almost every topic. A young lady entered the room, whom he had known in her girlhood. "Is this Mary?" said he, in the tone and style of Macready as Virginius, the Roman father; "why, you're a woman now!" in a mode that intensely amused the lady, and convulsed the host and myself. Most of the London actors were indeed afraid of Forster's authority as a critic. Mr. Ternan related to me a quotation from Shakespeare by poor Elton, the actor—drowned at the wreck of the Forfarshire—who had been rudely handled by Forster:

This butcher's cur is venom mouthed, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him.

One little romance occurred in the early days of John Forster. He was engaged, I believe, to L. E. L.—Letitia Elizabeth Landon—the contemporary of Mrs. Hemans, and the beautiful lady minstrel of the *Literary Gazette*. Miss Landon was very popular in her day; and her "Troubadour" and "Golden Violet" were read everywhere by the young and enthusiastic. The cause of the separation of L. E. L. and John Forster was never clearly ascertained. She married Mr. McLean, the Governor of Cape Coast Castle—the well-known deadly settlement in Africa. She went there with her husband, and soon after her arrival was found on the floor of her apartment poisoned with prussic acid. She took prussic acid, it appeared, occasionally, as a medicine; but whether

finally she swallowed an overdose, or was wilfully poisoned by a black woman, is one of those tragic mysteries that will never in this world be fully unfolded.

Soon after Charles Dickens rose into fame as the humourist of his day, he became the fast friend of John Forster. That friendship continued through life. The practical, sound sense of Forster, and his experienced critical acumen, were of immense service to Dickens. We know from the "Life of Dickens," as written by Forster, how largely the novelist drew on the wisdom of the arch-critic of the *Examiner*. Forster advised on the construction of the stories, negotiated terms with publishers, and in fact in every point of importance Dickens appeared to rely on the judgment and experience of his friend.

In the midst of his growing reputation, John Forster invited me to spend a day with him in Lincoln's Inn Fields. We breakfasted together, and the rest of the morning was devoted to conversation and books. The extent of his reading and his knowledge of the literary men of his time utterly astonished me. He showed me a Shakespeare, presented to him by Coleridge the poet, with MS. marginal notes of the poet and philosopher. He showed me the proof sheets of the novel of "Crichton," which the author, Mr. Ainsworth, had sent to him, and there was a note, I remember, to the preface which expressed the author's pleasure and satisfaction that he was happily a contemporary of John Forster. I saw, too, the proof sheets of the "Duchess de la Valliere," by Bulwer, a gorgeous play, which Forster said had been re-written in a fortnight by the distinguished author to meet some structural objections which had been made by John Forster. While Forster and I were inspecting a grand full-length portrait of Macready as Macbeth by Maclise, Mr. Albany Fonblanque entered the room. I was introduced by John Forster; but the great political light of the *Examiner*—a tall, thin, delicate man—was obliged to leave us to keep another appointment.

John Forster was called to the Bar by the Inner Temple in January, 1843. I offered him business as a barrister in my professional capacity. He declined all connection with law excepting the name of barrister. In a note couched in the most courteous and friendly terms, he expressed his thanks for my attention; but he added that it was not his intention to practise at the Bar, and he considered it wrong to deprive those gentlemen of fees who made the law their livelihood. Lord Chancellor Cranworth appointed Forster secretary to the Lunacy Commission at a salary of £800 per annum, and eventually he succeeded to a commissionership at the same Board with a salary of £1,500 per annum. These appointments were not laborious or exacting, and left Forster ample leisure, after he had retired from journalism, to cultivate his literary inclinations. He married Mrs. Colborne—the

widow of Mr. Henry Colborne, the well-known publisher—and it was understood that this lady was possessed of a considerable fortune. John Forster, in the latter years of his life, occupied the Palace Gate House, Kensington—a most agreeable place; and there, in the enjoyment of the society of the most accomplished men of his time, he was largely courted and admired.

There is little to add touching the intercourse of John Forster with his native town during the last twenty years of his life. As a Commissioner in Lunacy he came and went—he visited officially the asylums at Dunston Lodge, Coxlodge, and Morpeth; but nothing was known of him in Newcastle, and all his early friends appeared to have passed away. When Dickens and his party acted "Not so Bad as we Seem," as written by Bulwer for the benefit of the Guild of Literature and Art, Forster did not accompany the troupe of amateur performers to Newcastle. He had played John Hardman in the piece in London and Manchester; but he did not appear in the large Assembly Room of Newcastle. Mrs. Dickens, I remember, called on Miss Forster in the Shieldfield; and this was all that occurred to connect John Forster with the visit to Newcastle by the brilliant literary party that lavished their histrionic talent for an object in principle so praiseworthy and so noble.

The career and the writings of Forster are woven forever with the history of great names. Opinions may differ as to the quality of Forster's work; but his name must go down to posterity in association with Dickens, Walter Savage Landor, Goldsmith, and Bulwer Lytton. He made himself a part of their intellectual struggles. In the cases of Dickens and Landor, their biographies, as written by Forster, prove how much those great men relied on his guidance and opinions. In an artistic sense—as a specimen of finished literature—the "Life of Goldsmith" is, I think, Forster's finest effort. The prevailing excellence of his books is their fulness of detail. He always seemed to exhaust his topic, even at the expense of symmetry and due proportion. His style cannot be said to equal the facile clearness of Southey or Macaulay, or the rich flow of his friend J. A. Froude. He seems occasionally cumbrous in manner; but an earnest student in search of information respecting the period can nowhere find it so complete as in the Lives of Eliot, Cromwell, and Defoe. The "History of the Grand Remonstrance" is a masterpiece of historical research. To me, however, it seems John Forster was greatest as a periodical critic on literature and art between 1830 and 1850. The criticisms themselves may be forgotten; but the bad taste he ridiculed, and the genius in others he elevated, improved, and cherished, proved the power of his position and the value of his labour.

He sleeps now near his favourite sister Elizabeth in the vault at Kensal Green. Two of the greatest living historians, Carlyle and Froude, followed him to the grave. Lord Lytton, the son of his early friend Bulwer, formed

a part, also, of the melancholy train; but the most touching incident at the funeral was the presence of some of the children of Charles Dickens. John Forster had known them as children while they played round the knee of their illustrious father; and it was grateful, tender, and fitting that both boys and girls should witness the closing scene of that father's friend. My humble wreath is woven and placed with reverence on the tomb; and long after that wreath shall fade and be forgotten, Newcastle will remember among her most distinguished sons the biographer of Dickens, the friend of Bulwer, and the profound historian of the Commonwealth of England.

MR. GILMORE'S NOTE.

An interesting note in the handwriting of the late Mr. J. T. Gilmore, photographer, formerly well-known as a public man in Newcastle, may be seen in a copy of John Forster's "Life of Goldsmith," belonging to the library of the Literary and Philosophical Society. The writer was related to the Forster family. It may be added that the promise held out in the last sentence was never fulfilled. Mr. Gilmore's note runs as follows:—

The author of this book (Mr. Forster) was born in a little yellow coloured house, standing immediately behind the residence of John Clayton (Town Clerk), in Fenkle Street, which was pulled down by R. Grainger to make way for Clayton Street. Thence the family removed to Low Friar Street, an old-fashioned O. G. gabled house, upon the site of which there now stands a soap and candle factory. From this house they went to one in Green Court (now a public-house, which stands back to back with David Donkin's ironworks), and from it to a house still standing in the lane behind Pandon House, and the last of that block as you leave Buxton Street to go to Sallyport. Here his father, Robert Forster, butcher, died. His brother (Christopher Forster, of the firm of Slack and Forster, Quayside) died very suddenly here also; and the remainder of those at home—viz., his mother (a gem of a woman, although the daughter of a Gallowgate cow-keeper), his sister Jane (who was the first victim of cholera in 1853), and his uncle (commonly called Gentleman John, butcher)—removed to a little house in Shieldfield, where they all died, leaving the author in London, and his sister Elizabeth in service as a governess. The minute history of all their trials, troubles, and successes shall one day appear, but not yet, by
G.

The Volunteer Movement in the North.

THE birthplace of the Volunteer movement—in the provinces at least—was North Shields. The First Northumberland was embodied, as near as I can remember, twenty-seven years ago, when several hundreds of young men were enrolled. The late Mr. Edward Potter, of Cramlington, was the commanding officer, and under him served Colonel Pilter and others who are still officers of the Tynemouth Volunteers. Mr. W. J. Millen, who was well known in Newcastle thirty-five years ago as a recruiting officer, was the first drill instructor. The cottage in Percy Square,

Tynemouth, where he still resides, was the first armoury, and the ball-room of the old George Tavern, in King Street, was the first drill hall. I well remember my initial military instruction there. It was truly soldiering under difficulties, and a very different affair from the present Volunteer regime. The Government of the day gave little or no assistance, only supplying a very stinted number of cartridges per man. We were looked upon by many as a lot of enthusiasts, and were sneered at and shouted at through the streets as "noodles." It was some time before we were provided with rifles, and in the meantime we were drilled with old muskets, ship blunderbusses, fowling-pieces, or, indeed, anything in the shape of a gun that could be obtained. My own "arm" was a Cossack's carbine which my father got at the capture of Sebastopol, and which had once been a "flint and steel" firelock. We were expected to pay for our own drill, our clothes, and our practising ammunition. I purchased a pair of bullet moulds, and made my own cartridges. I was one of about a dozen who first fired at the butt at the rifle

range in Spittal Dene (north of Tynemouth Park). To make the range longer, part of the mound which formed the mill-dam of the corn-mills of the monks of Tynemouth was cut away. Some time after its formation, it was resolved to divide the corps into two—the rifles and the artillery. The latter was the favourite branch, and has continued strong and efficient to the present day, possessing a splendid drill-hall at the north end of the town. The "rifles" soon ceased to exist. The First Northumberland was present at the great review at Edinburgh, and, as the premier and oldest corps, its officers were the first presented to her Majesty. Some years ago it was proposed to merge it into a corps at Newcastle, of which it was to be a division, and which I believe is now known as the First Northumberland. But the original "First" indignantly refused, and would, I believe, have been dissolved had the arrangement been carried out. The War Office yielded to the pressure brought against it, and the corps is now known as the Tynemouth Volunteers.

J. G. MACDONALD, North Shields.

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford.

AUTHOR OF "A HISTORY OF NEWCASTLE AND GATESHEAD," &c.

Henry Atkinson,

MATHEMATICIAN AND ESSAYIST.

MR. ROBERT WHITE, in a paper from which the following sketch is chiefly taken, cites Woodburn in Redesdale as a place that, in the beginning of the century, was associated with the early life of more mathematicians than almost any other country village in the United Kingdom. Edward Riddle, who was headmaster successively of the Trinity House School in Newcastle, and the Mathematical School at Greenwich, and author of a well-known work on navigation; William Rutherford and Stephen Fenwick, of the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich; Thomas Burn, John Riddle, Cuthbert and Henry Atkinson, all men of mark in "the science of number and quantity" (though Burn and John Riddle died young), were either natives of, or spent their youthful days in, that happy valley, immortalised by Scott in "Rokeby,"

Where Rede upon his margin sees
Sweet Woodburn's cottages and trees.

About seven miles south-east of Woodburn is the village of Great Bavington, and there, on the 28th of June, 1781, Henry Atkinson was born. His father, Cuthbert Atkinson, was one of those famous Northumbrian schoolmasters—hard-headed, intellectual men—whose genius for

figures led them to victory through many a bewildering problem in the Diaries and other publications of their day. Henry was a precocious boy, and his progress in study was such that when he was thirteen his father considered him capable of teaching. He, therefore, opened a school at West Woodburn, and carried it on in conjunction with the establishment at Bavington, father and son taking charge alternately of both places. The arrangement continued for three years, and then, Bavington being abandoned, a new school was opened at West Belsay, the alternate superintendence remaining as before. In 1802, Henry and his sister Mary commenced a school at Stamfordham, which they carried on with varying success for six years. On the 13th November, 1808, resigning his country pupils to his father, Henry Atkinson settled in Newcastle.

The change was a fortunate one. Residence in Newcastle gave him access to books and to men; there was no teacher in the town distinguished by mathematical acquirements; a clear course was before him, and he made good use of his opportunities. Elected a member of the Literary and Philosophical Society in June, 1809, Mr. Atkinson gave early proof of his attainments by contributing to their proceedings in August following a paper entitled "A New Method of

Extracting the Roots of Equations of the Higher Orders." During the next year he prepared and read to his fellow-members an elaborate essay "On the Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites, and on the Mode of determining the Longitude by these Means." In 1811 he read two papers—1st, an ingenious proof of two curious properties of square numbers, and, 2nd, a demonstration that no sensible error can arise in the theory of Falling Bodies from assuming Gravity as an uniformly accelerating Force. During the five years following he contributed essays "On the Comet of 1811," "On Proportion," "On the Difference between the Followers of Newton and Leibnitz concerning the Measure of Forces," "On the Possibility, and, if possible, on the Consequences of the Lunar Origin of Meteoric Stones," and "On the Nature and Connexion of Cause and Effect." Diverging into metaphysics, he produced in 1818 an "Essay on Truth." In 1819 he explained "a new mode of investigating Equations which obtain among the Times, Distances, and Anomalies of Comets moving around the Sun as their Centre of Attraction in Parabolic Orbits"; and in 1820, turning his attention to Political Economy, he read "An Essay on the Effects produced on the Different Classes of Society by an Increase or Decrease in the Price of Corn."

His marriage with Isabella Riddle, sister of Edward Riddle, the mathematician (in December, 1822), and the increasing pressure of school duties and private tuition, absorbed most of his time for the next three years; but in 1824 he produced papers "On the Utility and Probable Accuracy of the Method of Determining the Sun's Parallax by Observations on the Planet Mars near his Opposition," and "On the True Principles of Calculating the Refractive Powers of the Atmosphere." His pen rested again for a while, and then (1826) he wrote a long paper "On Suspension Bridges, and on the Possibility of the Proposed Bridge between North and South Shields," and contributed to the newly-formed Mechanics' Institute of Newcastle, which he had helped to establish, a paper "On the Strength and Elasticity of Iron." During the spring of 1827, he delivered in the room of the Literary and Philosophical Society a course of nine lectures on Astronomy, which in the summer he condensed and read to the members of the Mechanics' Institute. The two papers produced in 1824 (on the Sun's Parallax, and on the Refractive Powers of the Atmosphere) he presented in an enlarged form to the Royal Astronomical Society, and they appear in the Transactions of the Society, vol. ii., pages 27 and 137.

Soon after his settlement in Newcastle, Mr. Atkinson began to contribute to the mathematical department of the Ladies' and Gentlemen's Diaries. From 1810 to 1823 he answered nearly all the questions proposed in the Ladies' Diary, and three times received prizes for his solutions. In 1819 he received the Gentlemen's Diary prize. Occasionally he contributed, also, to the mathematical column of the *Newcastle Magazine*. For the use

of his pupils he published a set of copy books, on the cover of which were minute directions about holding the pen, and other details calculated to produce plain and legible penmanship.

Towards the close of the year 1827, Mr. Atkinson's health gave way, and he died of lung disease on the 31st of January, 1829. His remains were interred in the north-west corner of St. Andrew's churchyard, where a tombstone preserves his memory as "an eminent mathematician and successful schoolmaster," whose "excellent natural talents and extensive scientific attainments are known and highly appreciated by the learned throughout Europe."

Charles Attwood,

THE RADICAL IRONMASTER.

The career of Charles Attwood belongs for the most part to the county of Durham. He was neither a native, nor for long an inhabitant, of the district which the Tweed shuts off from Scotland, and the Tyne separates from the rest of England. But he was so near a neighbour, and took so active a part in the commercial and political life of Tyneside, that he cannot fairly be excluded from our list. A man of rare ability, indomitable energy, and unconquerable will, he helped at a critical period to fight what was called "freedom's battle" in Newcastle. And although with increasing years his reforming zeal abated, and the sympathies of his early manhood were chilled by disappointment and soured by distrust, he retained to the last an active interest in all public movements that tended to promote local enterprise and encourage local endeavour.

Son of an ironmaster in Shropshire, where he was born in the year 1791, Charles Attwood came, at the age of twenty, to Gateshead, and obtained a share in a small manufactory of window glass. In three years he had bought out his partners, and was a glass maker on his own account, with a large stock of new ideas to work upon, and sufficient capital to carry him safely through it. He patented one of his inventions, and had good prospects of success, for it enabled him to give a transparency to glass which it had not previously possessed. Three years of assiduous labour, however, were consumed in perfecting the process, and before he could make any profit he was involved in a lawsuit. When the case was decided in his favour, after nine years' litigation, he found that the persons from whom he should have recovered his costs were mere men of straw; so he moved along quietly until his patent rights had expired, after which the principle was taken up by others, such as Mr. Chance, of Birmingham, and Mr. Hartley, of Sunderland, in whose hands it was worked out with highly profitable results.

Deprived of the first fruits of his enterprise in the glass trade, Mr. Attwood turned his attention to the business which his father and grandfather had followed before

him. Railway development was creating a demand for iron, and at the same time facilitating its manufacture and distribution. With the Barings, of London, at his back, Mr. Attwood obtained a lease of the ironstone underlying the wide-spreading manors of Wolsingham and Stanhope, erected blastfurnaces at Tow Law, and commenced life afresh as an ironmaster. In this department of industry he was as successful as in the production of glass he had been unfortunate. Under his management the Weardale Iron and Coal Company, as the firm was called, rose to be one of the greatest manufacturing concerns in the district. Ironstone mines and lead mines; collieries and quarries;

furnaces, forges, and rolling mills; industrial populations at Tow Law, Stanhope, and Tudhoe—all these owe their origin, their development, and their prosperity, to the restless energy and the inventive skill of Charles Attwood.

Busy as he was with schemes of commercial and manufacturing advancement, Mr. Attwood, from the outset of his career, was an active politician. Into the agitation which preceded the Reform Bill of 1832, he threw himself energetically. He was a member of both the Birmingham and the North of England Political Unions. With his brother Thomas he helped to rouse the Midlands; with Fife and Doubleday, Headlam and Larkin, he led



Chas Attwood

the van in Newcastle. He presided at the meeting in the Music Hall at which the Northern Political Union was launched, pledged himself "to support the friends of the people," and "to employ all legal means in procuring the reform of monstrous and mischievous abuses, whether in our civil or ecclesiastical establishments." Of this organisation he was made treasurer, and very soon it had branches all over the Northern Counties. When the House of Lords, in October, 1831, rejected the Reform Bill, the Northern Political Union became the most potent political force in the district, and Mr. Attwood was its inspiring genius. Ten days after the Lords had "defied the country," the Northern Political Union met and defied them. Only once before had such a demonstration been seen in the streets of Newcastle. Mr. Attwood was drawn in his carriage from his house at Whickham to the rendezvous in Westgate Street, and proceeded to the Town Moor, accompanied by 50,000 people. Over that vast assemblage he presided, expressing in bold and vigorous language sentiments which Eneas Mackenzie, John Fife, W. A. Mitchell, Thomas Hepburn, W. H. Brockett, and Charles Larkin in equally vigorous tones supported.

When Parliament re-assembled and the Reform Bill was again introduced, the Northern, imitating the example of the Birmingham, Union passed a resolution which practically affirmed the right of the people to refuse payment of taxes until the bill became law, Mr. Attwood declaring that "if the aristocracy will withhold from the people their rights, we wash our hands of it; but the people are determined to be free." In May, 1832, the famous Spital meeting was held, a meeting memorable for the impassioned speech of Mr. Larkin, in which King William IV. was reminded of the fate of Louis XVI., and Queen Adelaide was warned that a fairer head than hers had rolled upon the scaffold. Mr. Attwood rebuked his colleague for indulging in language which he thought likely to injure their cause, but the meeting was probably more in harmony with the orator than with his critic. Next month the Reform Bill became law. Fife and the Whigs were satisfied; Attwood, Doubleday, and Larkin accepted it as an instalment only of greater reforms to come. Hence arose dissensions and the breaking up of the Union. Fife resigned, and, in a manifesto which he issued to his late colleagues, he put Mr. Attwood in the forefront of the offenders whose conduct had led to his resignation. "Mr. Attwood," he wrote, "required from me a declaration that I would not at any future time attempt to make the Union the tool of the Whigs; I appealed to my character and conduct against so insulting a suspicion, but without hesitation gave my pledge. In return I required from Mr. Attwood a declaration that he would never attempt to make the Union the tool of Cobbett; he appealed to his character and conduct, but refused his pledge."

The Parliamentary elections followed. Sir M. W.

Ridley and Mr. John Hodgson (afterwards Mr. Hodgson Hinde), were the candidates for Newcastle. They had been returned without opposition the previous year, and now it appeared to the Radicals that the representation was to be divided between the two old parties, and that they were to have no share in the victory. To prevent this combination from succeeding, they presented a well-signed requisition to Mr. Attwood, and on Saturday, the 8th December, only three days before the nomination, he consented to stand. That evening he issued his address to "the Worthy and Independent Free Burgesses and Inhabitant Householders of Newcastle-upon-Tyne," announcing himself in favour of household suffrage and the ballot, and the following, among other, reforms:—

I am for expunging from the statute book that infamous enactment, the Septennial Act, and for reverting to, at least, Triennial Parliaments

I am for a real abolition, or extinction of the Tithe Tax, which is not, at present, a tax upon the landlords, as has been deceptively pretended, but a tax on bread.

I am eternally hostile to the Corn Laws as another bread-tax; a tax the most inhuman and execrable that the genius of fiscal tyranny has ever yet invented, and existing in the present case without so much as a pretence of public use, inasmuch as it goes not into the public treasury, but into the pockets of the owners of the soil, in plunder of the people generally, and to the actual starvation of the poor.

I am a decided reformer of Corporations, generally, and though at present unacquainted with details, I am sufficiently aware that the Corporation of this town is in need of it as much as any.

Mr. Attwood's friends mustered in the Music Hall on the Monday evening, and on the following day they marched down in long procession to the hustings. There the show of hands was in his favour, and great were their rejoicings. They met again on the Wednesday evening exchanged congratulations, and made exultant speeches. They covered the walls with handbills headed "Attwood for ever," and even indulged in a little mural humour such as—

Independent Electors of Newcastle! Haste to the Poll, and show the SON of HODGE what you WOOD be ATT!

But all their enthusiasm was unavailing. The poll opened on Thursday morning, December 13th, and at noon the figures were—Ridley, 900; Hodgson, 743; Attwood, 467. When night fell the position was not much better, and, although at an early hour next morning "the enemies of corruption who have not polled" were told that they must "rally round the standard to-day—Attwood and Liberty!" the close of the poll showed that Sir M. W. Ridley had received 2,105, Mr. Hodgson 1,678, and Mr. Attwood 1,092 votes.

A defeat so decisive had not been expected. Mr. Attwood and his friends believed that the enthusiasm of the crowd was the voice of the electorate, and like many other politicians, both before and after, were deceived and disappointed. The rejected candidate issued a valedictory

dictory address, in which he threw all the blame upon the Whigs. Thus he began :—

The cause of your independence, the cause of public principle, the cause of integrity and liberty, has been, for a time, defeated by the return of Mr. Hodgson to the House of Commons. In opposition to your wishes, in defiance of your feelings, in open and outrageous insult to the freedom of election, all whom influence could persuade, or intimidation force, or interest compel, have been made to swell the ranks of the few internally and conscientiously opposed to your desires, till the heterogeneous torrent became of magnitude sufficient to drown the expression of the public voice.

It is not merely to Tory corruptionists and corporation speculators that you, gentlemen, and your unrepresented fellow-townsmen are indebted for your late defeat, . . . assisted as they have been by threatening or cajoling parsons, by intimidating tyrant-masters, and Puritans whose canting cadences distil so suitably from lying lips. No, gentlemen, it is the false reformers whose apostate voices have determined the victory in favour of corruption and of mock reform. You owe it truly to those recreant Whigs—that renegade faction—who have found their way to power by favour of the people under a parti-coloured garb of Liberal professions, which they are now afraid that you may force them to redeem. It is the deed and device of this inebriate Cabal of double-dealing Patriots, to have mocked your intention of sending to the House of Commons a Representative scarce worthy of yourselves it may be, but one at any rate whose boast it is that he is as far unlike to them as Fortitude, Intellect, and Honour are opposed to Meanness, Incapacity, and False Pretences.

Although defeated, the Radical party were by no means despondent. They considered that, under the circumstances, Mr. Attwood had made a respectable fight, and they determined to relieve their feelings by entertaining him at a public banquet. Four hundred persons and more sat down to dinner, and the proceedings were as enthusiastic as if the participants had been celebrating a victory rather than a defeat.

From this time forward Mr. Attwood's participation in public affairs was less conspicuous. He devoted himself to the development of his undertakings in Weardale, and Tyneside saw little of him. But when the Russian war was raging his voice was heard in Newcastle once more. The *Northern Tribune* for September, 1854, tells us that "his speech, denouncing 'the traitor Aberdeen,' and unveiling the drivelling and fatal policy of the Coalition, has sounded through the land, and its thoroughly English sentiments have been echoed by all true patriots from 'canny Newcastle' to Land's End." Those of us who heard him on that occasion for the first time remember well the flouts, the jibes, the sneers, and the bitter sarcasm in which he indulged, the bold and defiant attitude which he assumed, and the uproarious applause with which his fiery invective was received. He had become a disciple of David Urquhart then, and, under the inspiration of that remarkable personage, he occasionally afterwards "took up his parable" against the Government and its administration of foreign affairs. In February, 1863, he addressed a meeting in the Music Hall on behalf of Poland, then in insurrection, and this was probably his last public appearance in Newcastle. He took part in the South

Durham election of 1865, and after that he was heard no more. On the 25th of February, 1875, at his beautiful home near Wolsingham, in his 85th year, he passed away, and on the 3rd of March four of his old servants carried his remains to their resting-place in Wolsingham churchyard.

Mr. Attwood's portrait is copied from an engraving kindly lent by Mr. C. W. Wawn, of Hollywood House, Wolsingham.

The Northumbrian Burr.

STRONG in its individuality, the Northumberland dialect is marked off from its neighbours. "The northern limits of 'the burr,'" says Dr. Murray ("Dialects of the Southern Counties of Scotland," p. 86, 87), "are very sharply defined, there being no transitional sound between it and the Scotch *r*. From Carham eastwards the boundary follows the Tweed, which it leaves, however, to include the town and liberties of Berwick, which in this, as in other respects, now adheres to the southern in preference to its own side of the Tweed. Along the line of the Cheviots, the Scotch *r* has driven the *burr* a few miles back, perhaps because many of the farmers and shepherds are of Scottish origin. In the vale of the Reed we suddenly enter the *chroup* country in the neighbourhood of Otterburn (Otohr-bohrn)." Continuing Dr. Murray's line, we follow the *burr* down North Tyne, crossing to its western limit just about a mile beyond Bardon Mill. Turning eastward, we follow it a little to the south of Hexham, from which the line may be drawn to Lanchester, and continued through Northern Durham, skirting Chester-le-Street, north-eastward by Washington, on to Jarrow, passing to the west of North Shields, and so to seaward. Within this boundary line we have the distinctly-marked dialect of Northumberland. South Shields, Sunderland, and south-westward by the Tees Valley are marked off by their own peculiarity of dialect, which grows more pronounced as we advance southward, widening out from the coast, westward, by the valley of the Tees. In South Durham, as we leave the more mixed population of the large coast towns, the dialect assumes the strong Danish peculiarity which changes the article *the* into a simple *t'*—"t'top o' t' hill," for the top of the hill, &c. Wedged, as it were, between this peculiarity of speech and that characteristic of Northumberland, is the dialect of Weardale, markedly differing from that of Northumberland, but distinct from that of Teesdale on the other side—yet, in the upper part of Weardale, passing into the *t'* peculiarity of its neighbour dale. To follow again Dr. Murray, we will quote from his summary, p. 89:—"At the political division of the Northan-hymbra-land, between

England and Scotland, the 'Inglis of the Northin lede' was still written as one language from Doncaster to Aberdeen. It is still most typically represented within the ancient limits of Bernicia—the Forth, the Solway, and the Tyne—the language south of the Tyne having been greatly affected by the Norse of the Denalagu, and, in later times by the literary Midland English, while that of the West and North-East of Scotland has been modified by the Gaelic and Cymric dialects which slowly receded before it."

The "harrying, garrying" sound—as it is called in John de Trevisa—has at all times been apparent to the stranger, and the Northumberland burr has attracted attention more than any other peculiarity of the folk-speech because it is a strange sound, and, therefore, striking to an outsider, just as the Scottish and German *ch*, and the Welsh *ll*, appear to be the marked because unfamiliar sounds. We have references to this guttural from an early period. In 1553, in Thomas Wilson's "Arte of Rhetorique," "This man barks out his Northern English" is the description given of Northumbrian speech. In the "Travels in the Counties of Durham and Northumberland," published 1727, and attributed to Daniel Defoe, the writer says—"I must not quit Northumberland without taking notice, that the natives of this country, of the ancient original race or families, are distinguished by a *Shibboleth* upon their tongues, namely, a difficulty in pronouncing the letter *r*, which they cannot deliver from their tongues without a hollow jarring in the throat, by which they are plainly known, as a foreigner is, in pronouncing the *th*: this they call the Northumberland *r*, and the natives value themselves upon that imperfection, because, forsooth, it shows the antiquity of their blood." Under the name of Stephen Oliver, the Younger, Wm. Andw. Chatto published, in 1835, a valuable little book with the title of "Rambles in Northumberland and on the Scottish Border." It is full of appreciation and keen observation of the county and its peculiarities, and the writer tells us—"The dialect of the people of Newcastle, and Northumberland generally, is distinguished by the broad pronunciation of the letter *r*, which they utter *more gracioso*, with a full aspiration." This concurrent testimony shows how the stranger is affected by the sound of the folk-speech of Northumberland. Let it be stated, however, that there is no "difficulty" experienced by the Northumberland man in pronouncing the letter; there is vigour and emphasis, as if it rolled behind his tongue like a sweet morsel, or were ground out with "harrying and garrying," rather than trolled out, as the Scotchman does it, with a tip-tongue-trill, but there is no hesitancy or effort.

Political events in past ages gradually pent up Northumbrians within the limits of the present county. Driven in upon themselves, in such compact isolation, we should expect to find the idiosyncrasies of the people strongly marked. And such is the present-day fact,

no way more noticeable than in the folk-speech, with its sharply defined line following along a mark which is an actual historical division, overlapping on part of its southern border the northern part of the county of Durham. Within this circle of demarcation, amid some considerable variations in other modes of speech, one habit is constant and invariable, and that is the burr. It might, therefore, be naturally inferred that this peculiarity was an original racial inheritance in these parts, not a later acquisition or affectation. It does not exist in Deira or in other parts where the strongest impregnation of the Dane is apparent, so that its origin cannot be from that quarter. Dr. Murray (p. 86) has described the sound as an exaggeration of the *r*—"produced by a gentle and almost inappreciable tremor of the tongue, into a rough vibration of the soft palate. The sound is more advanced than the Arabic *grhain*, and in a softer form is common in French and German."

The subject of the guttural sound of the letter *r* has been exhaustively treated by Professor Moritz Trautmann, in "Anglia" (Max Niemeyer, Halle, 1880, vol. iij., page 211, *et. seq.*). His conclusions are so important in their bearing upon the pronunciation of our Northumberland words, that a somewhat lengthened reference to them is desirable. Professor Trautmann describes the ways in which the letter *r* is sounded. There is what Dr. Murray calls "the tip-tongue-trill"—familiar to us as the peculiarity of the Scotchman or the North Tynedale man. Then there is the "tongue *r*"—which we hear in the ordinary speech of Englishmen, except in one small area. "This small area is a part of Northumberland, the town of Newcastle, and neighbourhood. Here," continues Professor Trautmann, "universally the tonsil *r* is spoken, which we hear nowadays so much in Germany. Englishmen call the *r* of Newcastle and neighbourhood the Northumberland burr, and hold it rightly as a disagreeable provincialism."

Some authors have supposed this burr to be of remote antiquity; as, for instance, Mr. John Richard Green, who describes St. Cuthbert speaking with "the rough Northumbrian burr." ("Short History of English People," 1876, p. 25.) And M. Rapp ascribes the tonsil *r*—or burr—to the Anglo Saxons. ("Versuch einer Physiologie der Sprache," 1836-41, ii., 146, preface.) Other authors have maintained the same opinion, but Prof. Trautmann shows the fallacies on which such an assumption has been based, and demonstrates that the old Northumbrian *r* was a labial *r*, and not the burr as we know it. "Even for later periods," he adds, "the Northumbrian burr cannot be insisted upon; to me at least it is unintelligible upon what data one is to base the proof of its existence. I believe that the Northumbrian burr is of rather young years, and I am confirmed in this view by the fact that the tonsil *r*—the burr—in France and Germany has sprung up in recent times." Professor Trautmann goes on to prove the exact date of

the introduction of the burr to Parisian society. It began a few decades before 1670 as a *coterie* speech with the "*Précieuses*" of the court. "This people, which covered their healthy hair with artificial hair, and stuck up their healthy skin with plasters,—the *Précieuses*, who set themselves to the task—'*de vulgarizer la langue*'—acted exactly in the spirit of their times when they spoke, not simply and naturally, but with the greatest possible affectation. It was particularly characteristic of the *Précieuse* that he should burr" (*schnarrte*). Professor Trautmann goes on to show the rapid spread of the burr, which had become the manner of fashionable society. To imitate it was the outward mark of the gentility of the period. "The *Précieuses*, who were all atwist, had a pleasure in making the false *r* the right one, and to speak different from other people." (Trautmann, p. 216.) About the middle of the seventeenth century the existence of numerous "*ruelles*"—that is *coterie*s of *Précieuses*—imported the burr to most of the large French towns. "It has so much extended that now-a-days not a single born Parisian can be found to speak the tongue *r*. If at present a Parisian were to speak the tongue *r*, it would be considered intolerably '*prétentieux*'; and the singing masters of the French capital have great trouble in teaching their scholars the tongue *r*." (Trautmann, p. 217.)

The burr thus established in the capital and the chief towns of France was imported to Germany, where its spread became wide during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and where, according to Professor Trautmann's elaborate investigations, it seems likely to spread yet more extensively and more rapidly. After thus following the course of the burr on the Continent, Professor Trautmann returns to our Northumbrian burr, and asks, "When does it occur first? I am not capable," he adds, "of giving a positive answer to this question; the example of Germany and France makes the supposition possible that it is not old yet. Samuel Johnson has not the word burr in its particular significance at the date of his dictionary. And what do we know about the manner of the genesis of this peculiarity? Is it original, or has it come from without? There I must refrain even from supposition."

Referring to these investigations by Professor Trautmann, Dr. Murray (whose "New English Dictionary" is the great work of the century) writes at page 376 of "The Anglia":—"The tradition is that the Northumbrian burr began as a personal defect of the celebrated Hotspur, was imitated by his companions, and by the Earldom as a whole." Dr. Murray is of opinion, after considering the investigation of Professor Trautmann as to the origin and spread of the burr in France and Germany, that the traditional origin in Northumberland becomes possible and even probable. And this conclusion seems to be borne out by a passage in the second part of Shakespeare's

"Henry IV." (act ii., scene 3). Lady Percy is there made to say of the dead Hotspur:—

He was, indeed, the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.
He had no legs that practis'd not his gait;
And speaking thick, which Nature made his blemish,
Became the accents of the valiant;
For those that could speak low, and tardily,
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
To seem like him: So that, in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashioned others.

RD. OLIVER HESLOP.

The Forged Assignats.

THE following paragraph from "Ten Thousand Wonderful Things," for the authenticity of which Mr. F. F. King, M.A., makes himself responsible, shows the extraordinary method adopted by the National Assembly of France, during the first Revolution, for raising money:—

In the year of 1789, at the commencement of the great Revolution in France, Talleyrand proposed in the National Assembly a confiscation of all Church property to the service of the State. The Abbé Maury opposed this project with great vehemence, but, being supported by Mirabeau, it received the sanction of the Assembly by an immense majority on the 2nd November. The salaries fixed for the priesthood were small, and, moreover, were not sufficiently guaranteed; whence originated much misery to all classes of priests, from the archbishops down to the humble curés; and, as monastic institutions were treated in the same way, monks and nuns were suddenly placed in precarious circumstances regarding the means of subsistence. Here, however, an unexpected difficulty sprang up; the National Assembly were willing to sell church property, but buyers were wanting; conscience, prudence, and poverty combined to lessen the number of those willing to purchase, and thus the urgent claims of the treasury could not be satisfied. Applications for loans were not responded to; taxes had been extinguished; voluntary donations had dwindled almost to nothing; and 400,000,000 of livres were necessary for the vast claims of the year 1790. The municipalities of Paris and other cities sought to ameliorate the state of affairs by subscribing for a certain amount of Church property, endeavouring to find private purchasers for it, and paying the receipts into the national exchequer. This, however, being but a very partial cure for the enormity of the evils, the National Assembly fell upon the expedient of creating state-paper, or bank-notes, to have a forced currency throughout the kingdom. Such was the birth of the memorable assignat. Four hundred millions of this paper were put in circulation, and a decree was passed that Church property to that amount should be held answerable for the assignat.

It was at this period that forged assignats were imported into France from England, in the hope that they would be confused with the genuine assignats of the French Government.
K. R., Newcastle.

That forged French assignats were printed in England during the French Revolution is no mere tradition, but an historical fact; the more the pity, for, though every-

thing is supposed to be fair in love and war, the stratagem was not a very creditable one to those concerned in it. The forgeries, it is said, were made at the instance of the Government of Mr. Pitt. Cobbett, in his "Paper against Gold," quotes the following law case from "Espinasse's Reports," Mich. Term, 36 Geo. III., 1795:—

Strongitharm against Lakyn. Case on a Promissory Note.—Mingay and Marryatt for the plaintiff; Erskine and Law for the defendant. The acceptance and endorsement having been proved, Erskine, for the defendant, stated his defence to be that the note was given for the purpose of paying the plaintiff, an engraver, for the engraving of copper plates upon which *French assignats* were to be forged, and contended that, as the consideration of the note was a fraud, it contaminated the whole transaction, and rendered the note not recoverable by law. Caslon, an indorser of the note, called as a witness, proved that the defendant, having it in contemplation to strike off impressions of a considerable quantity of assignats to be issued abroad, applied to him for the purpose of recommending an engraver, representing to him that they were for the Duke of York's army. He applied to Strongitharm, who at first declined the business totally, but, being assured by the witness that it was sanctioned by Government, at length undertook the work.

This is, perhaps, as much as it is essential to quote, unless we add to it one significant sentence from Lord Kenyon's summing up:—"Whether the issuing of these assignats, for the purpose of distressing the enemy, was lawful in carrying on the war, he was not prepared to say."

In addition to the evidence furnished by this trial, we have, in *Notes and Queries* for 1858, the following from Sir W. C. Trevelyan:—"The paper for the assignats was manufactured at Haughton Paper Mill (built in 1788), a few miles from Hexham, in a very picturesque part of Northumberland. The transaction was managed for Mr. Pitt by Mr. (afterwards Alderman) Magnay, whose family was and is connected with that part of the country. One of the moulds in which the paper was made is still in the possession of the proprietor of the mill, in whose family some of the assignats were also long preserved, but they have now been lost. The assignats were probably printed in London. The mill is still standing, but it is not at present in operation."

Another authority whom it will be well to quote from at some length, seeing that he gives not only the *raison d'être* of the forgery, but explains in his usual lucid way the precise meaning of the word "assignat," is Thomas Doubleday, who in his "Financial History of England" tells us—

The grand reliance of the Minister [Pitt] was upon the notoriously desperate state of the French finances, and the consequent destitute condition of their armies, if armies they could be called, which consisted of hasty levies of undisciplined volunteers, unprovided with the commonest necessaries for a campaign, and marching in the snow destitute of shoes and stockings. The truth certainly was that, in the judgment of all men, the money affairs of the French Convention were, at that period, quite desperate. Finding it impossible amidst the vicissitudes of the times to collect any sufficient amount of taxes in metallic or real

money, the Revolutionary Government, after the seizure of the property of the Church and the emigrant noblesse, issued a paper money secured upon these now "national domains," and styled "assignats," because to the holders of this paper was assigned a certain lien upon these immense estates. This, abstractly considered, forms a better security for a paper currency than the world had ever before, or has ever since, seen, without any exception whatsoever; but when the Austrian and Prussian veterans prepared to cross the French frontiers, even this security began to lose its credit rapidly; and when England at length joined the ill-omened confederation, that decline was vastly accelerated. In the meantime the necessity of increased preparation, and the rise in prices which the increased issue and growing depreciation of the paper caused, hurried on the whole towards the final catastrophe of panic and total discredit, which Pitt at last contrived to render complete. When he joined the war, Pitt had predetermined to complete the discredit of the assignats by forging and distributing the forgeries over France; which he did. The consequence was that the assignats became "waste paper," and they may to this hour [1847] be seen pasted against the walls of cottages in France, as memorials of the time when they fell. This act of Pitt has been confidently denied; and it has been asserted that, if done, it was not with the knowledge of the heads of the Government. Both denial and assertion are, however, false. In consequence of a fraudulent dishonour of a bill of exchange, the whole was divulged in a court of law; and the paper of which the forgeries were made is now known to have been manufactured, by direct order of Government, at Langley Paper Mill, situate near the city of Durham, a site chosen, probably, for this purpose on account of its remoteness from the seat of government; and indeed the whole transaction was worthy of the genius of the Minister who was singularly destitute of military notions, excepting in so far as they were intertwined with the grand question of "ways and means." The blowing up of the French currency of "assignats" was the first and last of Mr. Pitt's triumphs.

It will be noticed that Mr. Doubleday declares the paper to have been made at Langley Paper Mills. Another authority says it was made at Dartford, near London. The Government order may have been divided amongst the three mills mentioned—Haughton, Langley, and Dartford. From Sir Walter Trevelyan's communication, Haughton at least appears to have had a share. Wherever the real spot may have been, this is certain, that popular tradition in our neighbourhood has little or no hesitation in assigning the credit, or discredit, of the manufacture of the paper to the owner of the North Tyne Paper Mill. JOHN OXBERRY, JUN., Felling-on-Tyne.

The paper mill on North Tyne was occupied some time by the undersigned, and the owner of the mill, Mr. Smith, of Haughton Castle, had the mould in his possession from which the paper was made. On two occasions Mr. Smith brought it to the mill, to have a few sheets made to give to his friends. Of course it was only blank paper, with the French wire mark in it. The notes were sent to a midland town to be printed. The object the Government had in view was to get them circulated in France, so as to depreciate the value of French paper, and also to pay the expenses of our army. It apparently had the desired effect, for the French paper money came down to one-fourth of its

nominal value, as stated in the House of Commons by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, November 30, 1794.

T. FORDYCE, Newcastle.

It should be added that another story ascribes the forged assignats to the royalist refugees who were then residing in England. EDITOR.

Robin of Risingham.

RISINGHAM, "fast by the river Reed," is an ancient Roman station, formerly called *Habitancum*. It was the first station north of Hadrian's Great Wall, from which it was about twelve miles distant, and stood on the Watling Street, about the same distance from *Bremennum*, now Rowchester, on the direct road into North Britain, through a pass in the Cheviot Hills. The place is not mentioned in Antonine's Itinerary, or in the *Notitia*; yet it must have been occupied by the Romans about the time of the Emperor Lucius Aurelius Antoninus, otherwise named Commodus, the unworthy son of the philosopher, Marcus Aurelius, who was poisoned by his favourite mistress, *Martia*, in the year 193. This is evident from inscriptions and coins found on the site of the station and in its near neighbourhood.

In the year 1607 two stone altars were washed out of the river bank during a flood. They were dedicated to the god *Mogon*, or *Magon*, of the *Cadeni*, or *Gadeni*, the British tribe who occupied the country on both sides of the fells, and from whom the rivers *Jed* and *Caddon* are supposed to take their names. *Mogon*, or *Magon*, is believed to have been the young hunter god of the Celts, likewise the sun god, worshipped by the Pagan Irish under the denomination of *Mogán*, the Young Hero, and *Maon*, the Hero; and by the Cambro-Britons styled *Mabon*—the Celtic *Apollo*. In *Camden's* time the inhabitants of the place had a tradition that *Magon* was a great giant who defended the station a long while against some *Soldan* or Pagan prince; but there is no trace now remaining of any such legend.

The modern name *Risingham* is synonymous with the German *Riesenheim*—"the habitation of giants." About half a mile distant from *Risingham*, upon an eminence covered with scattered birch trees and fragments of sandstone rock, Sir *Walter Scott*, in his historical romance of "*Rokeby*," tells us how, upon—

The moated mound of *Risingham*
Where *Reed* upon her margin sees
Sweet *Woodburn's* cottages and trees,
Some ancient sculptor's art has shown
An outlaw's image on the stone;
Unmatch'd in strength, a giant he,
With quiver'd back, and kirtled knee.

Ask how he died, that hunter bold,
The tameless monarch of the wold,
And age and infancy can tell,
By brother's treachery he fell,

This refers to a remarkable figure, in high relief, called *Robin of Risingham*, *Reedsdale*, or *Redesdale*, cut upon the face of a huge piece of rock, that has fallen from the cliff above, on the side of the hill, a few yards to the west of the *Watling Street*, near a place called the *Park Head*. It originally represented a hunter, with his bow



raised in one hand, and in the other what seemed to casual observers to be a hare. He had a quiver at his back, and was dressed in a long coat, toga, kilt, or kirtle—for so it was differently denominated, according to the different ideas with which antiquaries regarded it. This coat, however, unlike the Highland kilt, came down to the knees, and was bound round the figure with a girdle or belt, buckled in front. On his head he wore what some called a helmet and others a Phrygian bonnet. Dr. *Horsley*, who, as *Scott's* says, "saw all monuments of antiquity with Roman eyes," inclined to think *Robin* represented the Emperor *Commodus* as the Roman *Hercules* triumphant and victorious, and that it must have been sculptured about the time when that prince assumed the name *Britannicus* after the disturbances in Britain had been quelled by his lieutenant *Pertinax*. *Horsley* likewise fancied that the square stone beside the principal figure was an altar, and that what he carried in his right hand was a club; while the quiver and arrows on his left

shoulder, and the bow in his left hand, agreed with the character given of Commodus by Herodian, who describes him as the most comely man of his age, a perfect athlete, and a most excellent archer, who had slain not only stags and fallow deer (*elephantas kai dorkadas*) and wild bulls, but also lions and panthers, attacking them in front and aiming only at the heart, and never needing to use a second arrow. The historian likewise tells us that he ordered himself to be called Hercules, the son of Jupiter, and, laying aside the habits of Roman princes, dressed himself in a lion's skin and carried a club in his hand, making himself a public laughing stock, and ordering statues to be set up to himself in this guise all over the city of Rome, which ridiculous adulation, we may conclude, most likely extended to the provinces, and even as far as the high lands of the Gadani. At any rate, there is little reason to doubt that Robin of Risingham dates from the Roman era, though the rudeness of the figure seems to indicate that it was executed by a native artist.

Warburton, in his map of Northumberland, published previous to 1727, appears to have been the first to give an engraving of the figure, to which he subjoins the following brief notice:—"This antick figure I find cut on a rock in Risingham, in Reedsdale, called the Soldier's Stone." The stone was five-sided, six feet on the base, eight feet high, five feet on the two sides to the right of the middle of its front, seven feet on the uppermost side to the left, and four on the lower, and about six

feet in thickness. The figure itself was about four feet high, and had a panel above it about twenty-nine inches long and twenty broad, as if intended for an inscription. In Horsley's time the figure was still perfect, but the only part of it which now remains is from the waist downwards, that portion of the stone which contained the trunk and head having been broken off about the beginning of this century. In the dedicatory epistle to "Ivanhoe," Scott informs Dr. Dryasdust that "a sulky churlish boor" had entirely destroyed Robin, whose fame, it seems, had attracted more visitants than was consistent with the growth of the heather upon a moor worth a shilling an acre. The yeoman who perpetrated this vandalism, to prevent learned or inquisitive strangers from passing over a few yards of his ground to visit Robin, was one John Shanks, of Whitston House.

The popular tradition in Sir Walter Scott's time was that the figure represents a giant who lived at Risingham, and who had a brother of like stature at Woodburn. They subsisted by hunting. One of them, however, finding the game growing scarce, saw no remedy but to get rid of his brother, and accordingly poisoned him. The story went on to say that the monument was engraved to perpetuate the memory of the murdered man, who, like Nimrod, was a mighty hunter.

Descending to modern times, we find several personages distinguished by the name of Robin of Reedsdale. One of the Umfravilles, Lord Prudhoe, Robert with the Beard, on whom the Conqueror bestowed the Forest of



Reedsdale, and the castles of Otterburn and Harbottle, &c., to be held for ever by the service of defending the country against thieves and wolves, was popularly known as Robin of Reedsdale. So, some centuries afterwards, was a man named Robert Hillyard, who, in the time of Edward IV., was a friend and follower of the king-making Earl of Warwick.

Our sketches are taken—the smaller one from Hutchinson's "View of Northumberland," and the larger from Dr. Bruce's "Roman Wall."

Lord Byron at Seaham.

ALL the world knows that the marriage of Lord Byron and Miss Milbanke was a very unhappy one. He was the spoiled child of fame and fortune; she the spoiled child of her own family. His weakness was to be thought strong; hers to be prim and prudish. It was written of them, long after their union had been broken up for ever:—"He morbidly exaggerated his vices, and she her virtues; his monomania lay in being an impossible sinner, and hers an impossible saint. In the decorous world's eye, he was the faulty, and she the faultless monster of romantic fiction. He in his mad moods did his best to blacken his own reputation, while her self-delusions invariably tended to foster the fond persuasion that the strict pharisaical principles in which her mother had brought her up obliged her to suppress her natural feelings, whenever these would have prompted her to comply with the world's fashions."

While leading a thoughtless, dissipated life, too common among those of his age and rank, Byron's inner life was distressingly lonely. He was as conscious as any one could be that the path he was treading was the road to ruin; and, in a passage in his journal, speaking in admiration of some lady whose name he left blank, he wrote—"A wife would be the salvation of me." Under this conviction, which not only himself, but all his real friends entertained of the prudence of his taking timely refuge in matrimony from those perplexities (to call them by the gentlest name) which form the sequel of all less regular ties, he began to turn his thoughts seriously to marriage, at least, says Moore, as seriously as his thoughts were ever capable of being so turned. But ever and again new entanglements, in which his heart was the willing dupe of his fancy and vanity, came to engross for a time the young poet, and still as the usual penalties of such illicit pursuits followed, he found himself once more sighing for the sober yoke of wedlock as some security against their recurrence. Two or three women of rank at different times formed the subject of his confused matrimonial dreams.

The lot at length fell on Anne Isabella, only child of Sir Ralph Milbanke, of Halmaby, county York, and of the Hon. Judith Noel, daughter of Sir Edward Noel, Viscount Wentworth. The first time Byron saw his future wife was at Lady Melbourne's in London. He told Captain Medwin long afterwards that in going upstairs on that occasion he stumbled, and remarked to Moore, who accompanied him, that it was a bad omen. On entering the room, he observed a young lady, more simply dressed than the rest



of the assembly, sitting alone upon a sofa. He took her for a humble companion, and asked quietly if he was right in his conjecture. "She is a great heiress," said his friend, in a whisper, that became lower as he proceeded; "you had better marry her and repair the old place, Newstead." There was something piquant, and what we term pretty, about Miss Milbanke. Her features were small and feminine, though not regular. She had the fairest skin imaginable. Her figure was perfect for her height, and there was a simplicity, a retired modesty, about her, which was very characteristic. She interested the young poet-peer exceedingly. It is unnecessary to detail the progress of their acquaintance. He became daily more attached to her, and ended in making her a proposal of marriage, which, however, was not accepted, though every assurance of friendship and regard accompanied the refusal, and a wish was even expressed that they should continue to write to each other. A correspondence, somewhat singular between two young persons of different sexes, consequently ensued, but love was not the subject of it.

Meanwhile, a person unnamed, but said to have been Sheridan, who had for some time stood high in Byron's confidence, observing how cheerless and unsettled was the state both of his mind and prospects—his family estates being heavily mortgaged, and his matutinal reflections, intensified by headaches, very distressing—advised him strenuously to get married. After much discussion, he consented. The next point for consideration was—Who was to be the object of his choice? While his friend mentioned one lady, he himself named Miss Milbanke. To this, however, his adviser strongly objected, remarking that Miss Milbanke, though niece to Lady Melbourne, cousin to Lady Cowper, and heir-presumptive to old Lord Wentworth, had at present no fortune; that his embarrassed affairs would not allow him to marry without one; that she was, moreover, a learned lady, which would not at all suit him. In consequence of these representations, he agreed—half in jest, half in earnest—that his friend should write a proposal for him to another lady named, which was accordingly done; and one morning shortly afterwards, as they were once more sitting together, an answer from her arrived, containing a refusal. "You see," said Lord Byron, "that after all, Miss Milbanke is to be the person;—I will write to her." He accordingly wrote on the moment, and, as soon as he had finished, his friend, remonstrating still strongly against his choice, took up the letter, but, on reading it over, observed, "Well, really, this is a very pretty letter; it is a pity it should not go. I never read a prettier one." "Then it *shall* go," said Lord Byron; and, so saying, he sealed and sent off on the instant what proved to be the fiat of his destiny.

This time he was accepted, and there could be no drawing back, whatever misgivings he might have as to

the sequel. On the day the answer arrived he was sitting at dinner, when his gardener came in and presented him with his mother's marriage ring, which she had lost many years before, and which the gardener had just found in digging up the mould under her window. Almost at the same moment the letter from Miss Milbanke was handed in, and Lord Byron exclaimed, "If it contains a consent, I will be married with this very ring!" It did contain a very flattering acceptance, and the omen was hailed as a happy one, though his mother's experience would not have borne that out.

Contemplating his approaching union, Byron wrote:—"I must, of course, reform thoroughly; and, seriously, if I can contribute to her happiness, I shall secure my own. She is so good a person that—that, in short, I wish I was a better." Again:—"I certainly did not address Miss Milbanke with mercenary views, but it is likely she may prove a considerable part. All her father can give, or leave her, he will; and from her childless uncle, Lord Wentworth, whose barony, it is supposed, will devolve on Lady Milbanke (his sister), she has expectations. But these will depend upon his own disposition, which seems very partial towards her. She is an only child, and Sir Ralph's estates, though dipped (?) by electioneering, are considerable. Part of them are settled on her; but whether that will be dowered now I do not know—though from what has been intimated to me, it probably will. The lawyers will settle this among them."

Byron had the satisfaction of being told that Miss Milbanke had refused six suitors in the meantime, which certainly was a salve for his lordship's not unnatural vanity; for he had now given to the world the first two cantos of "Childe Harold," "The Giaour," "The Bride of Abydos," and "The Corsair," and had gained for himself the very highest name among the poets of the day. In due course he received Sir Ralph's invitation to proceed to Seaham, the worthy baronet's seat in North Durham, in his capacity as an accepted lover. Somehow or other he had still misgivings. Though Miss Milbanke had "great expectations," she was possessed at the time of but little money, while the poet stood in need of a great deal. He declared that his head was in a state of confusion; only, having made the venture, he was willing to take the risk; and so his "mind was made up—positively fixed, determined." "Of course," continued he, "I am very much in love, and as silly as all single gentlemen must be in that sentimental situation." Adverting to his approaching marriage, "it should have been two years earlier," said he, "and if it had, it would have saved a deal of trouble. But, as it is, I wish it were well over, for I hate bustle, and there is no marrying without some; and, then, one must not marry in a black coat, and I hate a blue one."

The affianced couple were now only waiting lawyers,

and settlements, and other formalities, all necessary when the parties to be made one have worldly wealth, or the prospect of it, either on the one side or the other. At this time Byron wrote of Miss Milbanke:—"She is a very superior woman, and very little spoiled, which is strange in an heiress—a girl of twenty—a peeress that is to be, in her own right—an only child, and a *savante*, who has always had her own way. She is a poetess—a mathematician—a metaphysician, and yet, withal, very kind, generous, and gentle, with very little pretension. Any other head would be turned with half her acquisitions and a tenth of her advantages." There need be little doubt that this high-flown praise was somewhat deserved in the young lady's case. Byron, on another occasion, long afterwards, said "there never was a better, or even a brighter, a kinder, or a more amiable being." Miss Milbanke herself unquestionably dreamed, and was taught perhaps by her mother to expect, that she would wean Byron from his evil courses, and convert him into a good Christian, or at least a reputable member of society, and a staunch adherent of the Established Church, like her father.

A walk is still pointed out in Seaham Dene which the bridegroom expectant used to frequent, probably to court the Muses. It is a very retired spot, and is still known as "Byron's Walk." The only thing he wrote, so far as we know, while waiting for the tying of the nuptial knot, was the piece commencing—"When some brisk youth, a tenant of a stall"—referring to Joseph Blackett, an unfortunate child of genius, dubbed by Byron "Cobbler Joe," whose last days were soothed by the generous attention of the Milbanke family, and whose orphan daughter, whom he styled "the shoemaking Sappho," Miss Milbanke used to visit in what she sentimentally styled the "Cottage of Friendship."

The marriage was performed by special license, on the 2nd of January, 1815, in the drawing-room of Seaham Hall. No sooner was the ceremony over than the happy pair set out for Halnaby, Sir Ralph's country seat in Yorkshire. Lord Byron long afterwards told Captain Medwin he was surprised at the arrangements for the journey, and somewhat out of humour to find a lady's maid stuck between him and his bride. "But it was rather too early," added he, "to assume the husband; so I was forced to submit, but it was not with a very good grace. Put yourself," he went on to say, "in a similar situation, and tell me if I had not some reason to be in the sulks. I have been accused of saying, on getting into the carriage, that I had married Lady Byron out of spite, and because she had refused me twice. Though I was for a moment vexed at her prudery, or whatever you may choose to call it, if I had made so uncavalier, not to say brutal, a speech, I am convinced Lady Byron would instantly have left the carriage to me and the maid (I mean the lady's). She had spirit enough to have done

so, and would properly have resented the affront." This seems to be the true version of the affair. But we are likewise told that, when the newly wedded pair were on the point of setting off for Halnaby, Lord Byron said to his bride, to the horror of the lady's confidential attendant, who pronounced it to be a bad omen—"Miss Milbanke, are you ready?" And of evil omen, it truly was, though a mere natural misadventure.

We are told in Mrs. Beecher Stowe's wholly unreliable narrative of a hideous confession made by his lordship, as soon as the carriage doors were shut, and of its terrible effect upon the poor lady. Miss Milbanke's former lady's maid, Mrs. Minns, who had the close confidence of her mistress during the long period of ten years, who had quitted her service only some months before on the occasion of her own marriage, and who had been asked to return and fulfil once more the duties of lady's maid, at least during the honeymoon, preceded Lord and Lady Byron to prepare for their reception at Halnaby Hall. She was present when they arrived at that mansion in the afternoon of the day, and saw them alight from the carriage. At that moment, according to Mrs. Minns's testimony, Lady Byron was as buoyant and cheerful as a bride should be, and kindly and gaily responded to the greetings of welcome which poured upon her from the pretty numerous group of servants and tenants of the Milbanke family who had assembled about the entrance to the mansion. And Lord Byron's confidential servant, Fletcher, who was the only other person that accompanied the newly married pair from Seaham to Halnaby, but who, of course, sat upon the box, not inside, informed Mrs. Minns that a similar scene had occurred at Darlington, at the hotel where they changed horses.

The happiness of Lady Byron, however, was of brief duration. Even during the short three weeks they spent at Halnaby, the irregularities of her husband occasioned her the greatest distress, and it is said she even contemplated returning to her father. Mrs. Minns was her constant companion and confidante during this painful period, and she did not believe that her ladyship concealed a thought from her. With laudable reticence, the old lady, when interviewed by a correspondent of the *Newcastle Chronicle* in her eighty-fifth year, absolutely refused to disclose the particulars of Lord Byron's misconduct at the time. She gave Lady Byron, she said, a solemn promise not to do so; but language, adds the interviewer, would be wanting to express the indignation with which she repudiated the gross explanation which Mrs. Stowe has given of the matter. So serious, however, did Mrs. Minns consider the conduct of Lord Byron, that she recommended her mistress to confide all the circumstances to her father—"a calm, kind, and most excellent parent"—and take his advice as to her future course. At one time Mrs. Minns thought Lady Byron

had resolved to follow her counsel, and impart her wrongs to Sir Ralph Milbanke; but, on arriving at Seaham Hall, her ladyship strictly enjoined Mrs. Minns to preserve absolute silence on the subject—a course which she followed herself, so that when, six weeks later, she and Lord Byron left Seaham for London, not a word had escaped her to disturb her parent's tranquillity as to their daughter's domestic happiness. Lord Byron, conversing with Captain Medwin, allowed that his honeymoon was not all sunshine.

On the 2nd February, Byron wrote as follows to Moore:—"I have been transferred to my father-in-law's domicile, with my lady and my lady's maid, &c., &c., &c., and the treacle moon is over, and I am awake, and find myself married. My spouse and I agree to—and in—admiration, Swift says 'no wise man ever married;' but, for a fool, I think it the most ambrosial of all future states. I still think one ought to marry upon *lease*; but am very sure I should renew mine at the expiration, though next term were for ninety and nine years."

It was after their return to Seaham, that the humdrum sort of life they were expected to lead there tried Lord Byron's mercurial temper beyond endurance, and rendered him more than ever perversely rebellious against conventional restraint. He wrote to a correspondent:—"Upon this dreary coast, we have nothing but country meetings and shipwrecks; and I have this day dined upon fish, which probably dined upon the crews of several colliers lost in the late gales. My papa, Sir Ralpho, has recently made a speech at a Durham tax meeting; and not only at Durham, but here, several times since, after dinner. He is now, I believe, speaking it to himself (I left him in the middle) over various decanters, which can neither interrupt him nor let him fall asleep, as might possibly have been the case with some of his audience." And he adds in a postscript:—"I must go to tea—damn tea."

In another letter he says:—"What an odd situation and friendship is ours!—without one spark of love on either side, and produced by circumstances which in general lead to coldness on one side, and aversion on the other."

A great quarrel occurred in the sixth week of their marriage. During a jealous mood, superinduced by her husband's actual or imagined infidelities, Lady Byron fearfully resented a hasty remark of his. "I deeply regret to know," he said, "that my beloved Mary Chaworth was very unhappy in her marriage. Ah, it might have been different had we married!" Upon hearing this remark, Lady Byron instantly arose, and in great anger uttered the fatal words, "Mary Chaworth rejected you for your deformity, as I did once, and it had been better if I had still rejected a man with a devil's foot." And with these words she left the apartment. To Lord Byron, sensitive as the quivering

aspens leaf upon that very fact of his deformity—his "curse of life," as he once said to Trelawney—the words were as daggers. From that moment there ceased all marital intercourse between the newly-wedded pair. Both kept their own apartments, and communed only with their own friends, brooding over their respective wrongs; and thenceforward, though the forms of outward decency might be observed before strangers, a fixed determination to part, at least for a time, perhaps for ever, was entertained by each.

But into the particulars of their actual separation, which took place in London, on the 15th of January, 1816, we have no intention to enter here. Their married life had lasted only one year and thirteen days.

The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stokoe.

JOCK O' THE SYDE.



ACCORDING to Sir Walter Scott, "the subject of this ballad, being a common event in the troublesome and disorderly times of the Borders, became a favourite theme of the ballad-makers." Several poems on the rescue of prisoners have been written, the incidents of which nearly resemble each other, and, indeed, some verses are common to two or three of the ballads.

The story rests solely upon tradition. Jock o' the Syde seems to have been nephew to the Laird of Mangerton, cousin to the Laird's Jock, one of his deliverers, and probably brother to Chrystie of the Syde, mentioned in the list of Border Clans, 1597. Like the Laird's Jock, he is also commemorated by Sir Richard Maitland in his poem against the thieves of Liddesdale.

He is weel kend, Johne of the Syde,
A greater thief did never ryde:
He nevir tyris
For to brek byris;
Our muir and myris,
Ouir gude ane guide, &c.

Jock o' the Syde appears to have assisted the Earl of Westmoreland in his escape, after his unfortunate insurrection with the Earl of Northumberland, in the twelfth year of Elizabeth. "The two rebellious rebels went into Liddesdale, in Scotland, yesternight, where Martin Ellwood (Elliot) and others that have given pledges to the Regent of Scotland, did raise their forces against them, being conducted by Black Ormeston, an outlaw of Scotland, that was a principal murderer of the King of Scots, where the fight was offered and both parties alighted from their horses; and, in the end, Ellwood said to Ormeston, he would be sorry to enter deadly feud with him by bloodshed; but he would charge

him and the rest before the Regent for keeping of the rebels; and if he did not put them out of the country the next day, he would doe his worst again them; whereupon the two earls were driven to leave Liddesdale, and to fly to one of the Armstrongs, a Scott upon the batable (debateable) land on the Borders, between Liddesdale and England. The same day the Liddesdale men stole the horses of the Countess of Northumberland, and of her two women, and ten others of their company; so as, the earls being gone, the Lady of Northumberland was left there on foot, at John of the Side's house, a cottage not to be compared to many a dog kennel in England. At their departing from her, they went not above fifty horse, and the Earl of Westmoreland, to be the more unknown, changed his coat of plate and sword with John o' the Side, and departed like a Scottish borderer." (Advertisements from Hexham, 22d December, 1560, in the *Cabala*, p. 160.)

The present ballad, and two others entitled "Dick o' the Cow" and "Hobbie Noble," were first published in 1784 in the *Hawick Museum*, a provincial miscellany, to which they were communicated by John Elliott, Esq., of Reidheugh, a gentleman well skilled in the antiquities of the Western Borders. They are connected with each other, and appear to have been written by the same author.

The tune given in Sir Walter Scott's "Minstrelsy" to "Dick o' the Cow" was a very poor one, and wholly unfitted for use to this ballad. Robert Chambers published in 1843 "Twelve Romantic Scottish Ballads," with the original airs, where this ballad is given, but the melody is little better than that of the "Minstrelsy." The tune given below is the one to which the ballad was invariably sung in Liddesdale, and is much the best of the three. It was taken down by the late Mr. James Telfer, of Saughtree, in Liddesdale, and sent by him, with several other border tunes, to the Antiquarian Society at Newcastle in 1857.

Now Lid-des-dale has rid-den a raid, But I
wat they had bet-ter ha'e staid at hame, For
Mich-ael o' Winfield he is dead And
Jock o' the Syde is pris-on-er ta'en, And
Jock o' the Syde is pris-on-er ta'en.

For Mangerton House Lady Downie has gane,
Her coats she has kilted up to her knees,
And down the water wi' speed she rins,
While tears in spates* fa' fast frae her e'e.

Then up and spak our gude auld lord—
"What news, what news, sister Downie, to me?"
"Bad news, bad news, my Lord Mangerton;
Michael is killed, and they has ta'en my son Johnnie!"

"Ne'er fear, sister Downie," quo' Mangerton;
"I havé yokes of ousen, eighty and three;
My barns, my byres, and my faulds a' weel filled,
I'll part wi' them a' ere Johnnie shall die.

"Three men I'll send to set him free,
A' harneist wi' the best o' steil;
The English louns may hear, and drie
The weight o' their braid-swords to feel."

"The Laird's Jock ane, the Laird's Wat twa;
O! Hobbie Noble thou ane maun be!
Thy coat is blue thou hast been true,
Since England banish'd thee to me."

Now Hobbie was an English man,
In Bewcastle-dale was bred and born:
But his misdeeds they were sae great
They banish'd him ne'er to return.

Lord Mangerton them orders gave—
"Your horses the wrang way maun be shod;
Like gentlemen ye maunna seim,
But look like cern-cadger† ga'en the road.

"Your armour gude ye maunna shaw,
Not yet appear like men o' weir;
As country lads be a' arrayed
Wi' branks and brechann‡ on each mare."

Sae now their horses are the wrang way shod
And Hobbie has mounted his gray sae fine;
Jock his lively bay, Wat's on his white horse behind,
And on they rode for the water o' Tyne.

At the Cholerford they a' light down
And there wi' the help of the light o' the moon;
A tree they cut, wi' fifteen nogs on each side
To climb up the wa' of Newcastle toun.

But when they cam' to Newcastle toun,
And were alighted at the wa',
They fand their tree three ells ower laigh,||
They fand their stick baith short and sma'.

Then up and spak' the Laird's ain Jock—
"There's naething for't; the gates we maun force."
But when they cam' the gates untill,
A proud porter withstood baith man and horse.

His neck in twa the Armstrongs wrang;
Wi' fute or hand he ne'er played pa!
His life and his keys at anes they ha'e ta'en,
And cast his body ahind the wa'.

Now suin they reach Newcastle jail
And to the prisoner thus they call:
"Sleeps thou, wakes thou, Jock o' the Syde,
Or art thou weary of thy thrall?"

* Torrents.

† Corn carriers—corn was carried in sacks laid over the horse's back in front of the rider.

‡ The leather collar and the wooden staves called "branks" to which the harness is attached.

|| Low.

Jock answers thus, wi' dulefu' tone ;
 "Aft, aft I wake—I seldom sleep ;
 But wha's this ken's my name aae weel,
 And thus to mese§ my wae doe seik !"

Then out and spak' the gude Laird's Jock,
 "Now fear ye na, my billie," quo' he ;
 "For here are the Laird's Jock, and the Laird's Wat,
 And Hobbie Noble, come to set thee free."

"Now haud thy tongue, my gude Laird's Jock,
 For ever, alas ! this canna be ;
 For if a' Liddesdale were here the night,
 The morn's the day that I maun die."

"Full fifteen stane o' Spanish iron,
 They hae laid a' right sair on me,
 Wi' locks and keys I am fast bound,
 Into this dungeon dark and drearie."

"Fear ye nae that," quo' the Laird's Jock,
 "A faint heart ne'er wan a fair ladye ;
 Work thou within, we'll work without,
 And I'll be sworn we'll set thee free."

The first strang door that they cam' at,
 They loosed it without a key ;
 The next chained door that they cam' at,
 They garr'd it a' to flinders flee.

The prisoner now upon his back
 The Laird's Jock's gotten up fu' hie ;
 And down the stairs, him, airns, and a',
 Wi' nae sma' speid and joy, brings he.

"Now Jock, my man," quo' Hobbie Noble,
 "Some o' his weight ye may lay on me,"
 "I wat weel, no," quo' the Laird's ain Jock,
 "I count him lighter than a flee."

Sae out at the gates they a' are gane,
 The prisoner's set on horseback hie ;
 And now wi' speid they've ta'en the gate,
 While ilk ane jokes fu' wantonlie.

"O Jock ! sae winsomely's ye ride,
 With baith your feet upon ae side ;
 Sae weel ye're harneist, and sae trig—
 In troth ye sit like ony bride."

The night, tho' wat, they didna mind,
 But hied them on fu' merrillie ;
 Until they cam' to Cholerford brae,
 Where the water ran like mountains hie.

But when they cam' to Cholerford,
 There they met wi' an auld man ;
 Says—"Honest man, will the water ride ?
 Tell us in haste if that you can."

"I wat weel no," quo' the gude auld man,
 "I hae lived here thretty years and thrie,
 And I ne'er yet saw the Tyne sae big,
 Nor running anes sae like a sea."

Then out and spak' the Laird's saft Wat,
 The greatest coward in the companie—
 "Now halt, now halt ! we needna try't,
 The day is come we a' maun die."

"Puir faint-hearted thief !" cried the Laird's ain Jock,
 "There'll nae man die but him that's fey ;
 I'll guide you a' right safely thro' ;
 Lift ye the prisoner on shint me."

Wi' that the water they hae ta'en ;
 By ane's and twa's they a' swam thro' ;
 "Here are we a' safe," quo' the Laird's Jock,
 "And puir faint Wat, what think ye noo ?"

They scarce the other brae had won,
 When twenty men they saw pursue :
 Frae Newcastle toun they had been sent,
 A' English lads baith stout and true.

But when the land-sergeant the water saw,
 "It winna ride, my lads," quo' he ;
 Then cried aloud—"The prisoner take,
 But leave the fetters, I pray, to me."

"I wat weel no," quo' the Laird's ain Jock.
 "I'll keep them a' ; shoon to my mare they'll be ;
 My gude bay mare—for I am sure,
 She has brought them all right dear frae thee."

Sae now they are on to Liddesdale
 E'en as fast as they cou'd them hie ;
 The prisoner's brought to's ain fireside,
 And there o's airns they mak' him free.

"Now Jock, my billie," quo' all the three,
 "The day is comed thou was to dee,
 But thou's as weel at thy ain fireside
 Now sitting I think 'twixt thee and me."

They hae garred fill up ae punch bowl,
 And after it they maun hae anither ;
 And thus the night they a' hae spent
 Just as they'd been brither and brither.

Brinkburn Priory.

BRINKBURN PRIORY is delightfully situated on a small peninsula formed by the river Coquet, about four miles south-east of Rothbury. The learned antiquaries, Hutchinson and Grose, were both struck with admiration on viewing its ruins. Thus the former says—"This is the most melancholy and deep solitude, chosen for a religious edifice, I ever yet visited." The latter, while observing that the building, upon the whole, except about the doors, which had circular arches richly adorned with a variety of Saxon ornaments, is remarkably plain, goes on to say that "it has a sober and solemn majesty not always found in buildings more highly decorated." Grose adds that perhaps it may owe part of this to its romantic situation, which is "the most proper in the world for retirement and meditation."

The walls of the priory are washed by the clear waters of the meandering Coquet ; the steep grassy bank behind it recedes just sufficiently to leave a level space large enough to accommodate the buildings ; and the opposite shore of the river is bounded by a semi-circular and lofty ridge of shaggy rocks, mantled with ivy, and beautifully overhung by a variety of fine trees, shrubs, ferns, and other plants. The only approach is by a slant path, cut out of the rock, on the west side, or by following the bed of the river on the east. The visitor does not get a glimpse of the place till he comes within a few yards of the door of the church, which forms part of the old monastic pile. The priory, affording one of the finest examples extant of what is known as the later transitional style of architecture, between the Saxon and the Gothic, prevalent in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries,

was restored, so far as such a venerable relic of antiquity could be fittingly and tastefully restored, through the pious munificence of its proprietor, about thirty years ago.

Hidden as the priory is at present, it was even more so in ancient times, a dense forest having overspread the whole neighbourhood, so that not a turret could be seen by the passer-by. There is a tradition that, once upon a time—the date is uncertain—a party of Scottish borderers, laden with the spoils of a successful foray, were on their way home by the Devil's Causeway, which crosses the Coquet a little below the priory. It was the intention of the marauders to make a raid on the monks, who were always understood to be well provided with this world's goods, although they had, of course, taken the usual vow of poverty. They entered the forest in search of the secluded pile; but, being unable to find it, they returned to the road, and so proceeded on their way towards merry Teviotdale. The monks, who had heard of the raiders' approach, naturally felt overjoyed at their discomfiture. So the great bell of the priory was rung to assemble the brethren to offer up thanks for their deliverance. But, unfortunately for the monks, the Scots had proceeded only a short distance from the spot, when the sound of the bell struck their ears, revealing the situation of the pious retreat. The band soon penetrated the thicket, broke into the priory, and put the monks to flight. Every corner of the building was searched, and every valuable taken. The Scots then fired the place, and the flames consumed everything but the solid walls. On the retirement of the incendiaries, the monks hastened from their hiding-places; but they found the destruction so far complete that they had no place left in which to lay their heads. Thus they had to be beholden to their kindly tenants for board and lodging, till such time as the priory could be at least partially restored through the liberality of the faithful. So runs the story.

At the time of the suppression of the monasteries in England, Brinkburn Priory was inhabited by ten black canons, or canons regular of the order of St. Augustin; and its annual revenues were then valued at £68 19s 1d. according to Dugdale, and £77 according to Speed. In the fourth year of King Edward VI. it was granted to George, Earl of Warwick, who disposed of it shortly afterwards to George Fenwick, a Commissioner of Enclosures for the Middle Marches. The last male descendant of this gentleman was another George Fenwick, whose daughter and heiress Elizabeth married Roger Fenwick, of Stanton, and one of her descendants, William Fenwick, of Bywell, was its proprietor in 1776, when Hutchinson wrote his "View of Northumberland." Mr. Fenwick sold the Brinkburn estate to a Mr. Hetherington, of London, from whom it descended to his brother, John Hetherington, of Brampton, Cumberland, and afterwards to Major Hodgson, of Moorhouse Hall, in the same county, who sold it to William Grey, of Backworth. In the year

1828 it had become the property of Dixon Dixon, of Unthank Hall, who occasionally resided in the ancient mansion which is shown in our view, standing near the south-west angle of the church. This mansion is said by some to have been built in the time of Queen Elizabeth out of part of the remains of the monastic buildings. Others aver, however, that it is of greater antiquity, having been, they say, perhaps as old as the monastery itself, probably the private residence of the prior, who had, for his conveniency, a subterraneous communication between it and the priory. If so, it is possible that the whole cluster of buildings on the river bank suffered in one conflagration at the time of the Border raid, and that this house was rebuilt afterwards from the ruins of the others, even as it is not unlikely that the priory itself was built, at least partly, from the ruins of still more ancient edifices, dating back to the Roman period. The prior's residence, if such it was, was again rapidly falling into ruin, when Mr. Hetherington began a complete repair, which was finished by Major Hodgson Cadogan. It is now the residence of Mr. C. Hodgson Cadogan, J.P.

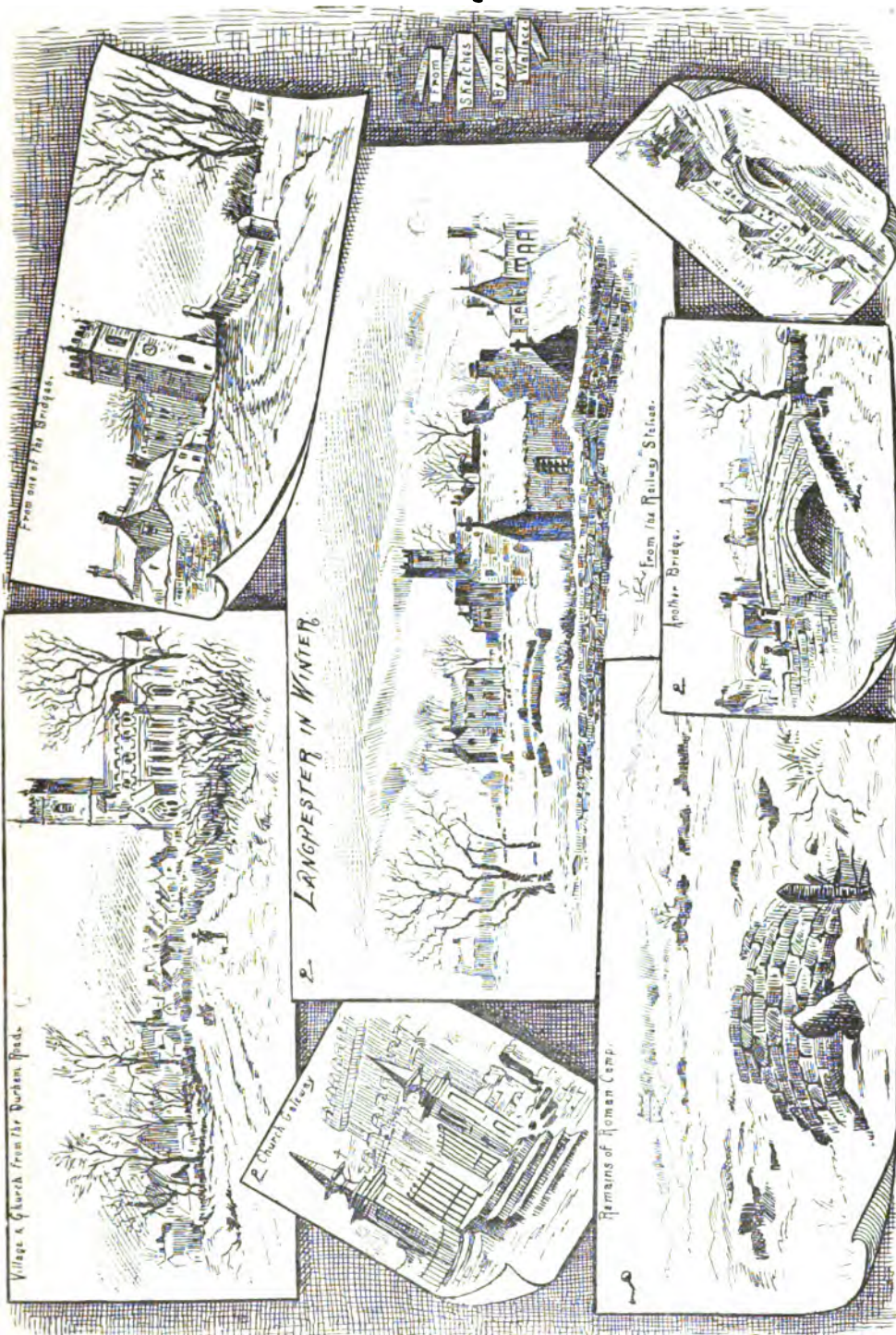
The Brinkburn bells, tradition says, were sent to Durham after the suppression of the monastery. They are believed to have been possessed of great power combined with sweetness; but they cannot have been of any great size, since we are told they were despatched on their way to their new destination in the charge of some trusty men on horseback, and that they were lost in the attempt to ford the river Font, when in high flood, and only recovered miraculously afterwards through the prayers of certain holy men. But we are afraid there is some anachronism in this tale. Wallis, in his "History of Northumberland," affirms, indeed, that the Brinkburn bells found their way to Durham; James Hardy, a good authority, tells us it is a saying in Coquetdale to this day that they are still to be heard there; while Mr. Wilson, in the fourth volume of the "Proceedings of the Berkshire Naturalists' Club," states positively that a fragment of one of the lost bells was found some years ago buried at the root of a tree on the opposite side of the river from Brinkburn. How much or how little truth there may be in these contradictory stories we cannot tell.

The view which we have copied from Allom shows the priory as it appeared from the north in 1832. The original sketch was drawn by the late Mr. John Dobson for Mr. Allom, who published his work in 1833. Grose gives a fine copperplate view of the priory, as seen by him in 1776; Hutchinson has a small plate, drawn by Bailey; and there is likewise a view, taken from the opposite side of the river, in Richardson's "Local Historian's Table Book." As we have said, the priory was restored some thirty years ago; but lovers of the picturesque will probably prefer its appearance in the ruined state as seen by Mr. Dobson.



From a Sketch by J. P. H. S. S.

Brimbury Priory, 1832.



SOUTH
 ST. JOHN'S
 ST. JOHN'S
 ST. JOHN'S

From one of the Bridges.

LANGRESTER IN WINTER.

Village & Church from the Durham Road.

Church spire.

View from the Railway Station.

Another Bridge.

Remains of Roman Camp.

Remains of Roman Camp.

Views of Lanchester.

LANCHESTER is situated about six miles north-west from the city of Durham. The locality abounds in subjects alike interesting to the antiquary and the architect. Great part of the village or town, as well as the present church, is composed of the pagan masonry of a neighbouring Roman station, so that, so far as the materials of construction are concerned, Lanchester may, says Surtees, claim precedence even of Jarrow.

The church of All Saints was first built during the Norman period, but was shortly after destroyed, or nearly so; for the chancel-arch is alleged to be the only portion of it now remaining in its proper position. The columns of the porch, and the arch of a zigzagged doorway now forming the canopy of an ancient monumental effigy of Anstell, Dean of Lanchester, belonged to the Norman building; but the present church is bodily of the Early English style, with additions or insertions of a later date—the side windows being of the Decorated period. A door on the north of the chancel, leading to the vestry, has a sculpture of the Virgin, adored by angels, with the devil prostrate beneath her chair. Till the time of Anthony Bek the church was rectorial, but he, in 1283, erected Lanchester into a collegiate church, consisting of a dean and seven prebendaries. Some of the founder's statutes are remarkable, such as this:—"None of the vicars shall brawle or chide in the quier or without, but let them keep silent; not mormoringe, gainsaing, or contending with one another; neither yett laughing, gleeing, staring, nor casting vagabonde eyes towards the people remaining in the church. Let the vicars read and also sing alowde, distinctly, with full voice, and without ever skipping or cutting the wordes, making a good pause in the mydest of every verse, beginninge and endinge altogether, not protractinge nor drawinge the last syllable too longe; not hastily running it over, much less interminglinge any strange, variable, profane, or dishonest speeches."

The Roman station occupies a lofty site half a mile to the west of the village, on a tongue of land formed by the junction of the Brownney and the Smallhope Beck. On three sides the ground falls from the camp; on the west only is it commanded by a high moorland hill, whose prospect ranges from the Cheviots to the chain of the Cleveland and Hambleton hills. The station forms a parallelogram of a hundred and eighty-three yards from north to south, and one hundred and forty-three yards from east to west, and includes an area of about eighty acres. The wall or rampart is still in some places almost perfect, and is nowhere totally destroyed. Whatever the depredations the spot may have formerly suffered, it is now preserved with

care. The vallum has been probably nearly twelve feet in height. The outside is perpendicular, built of ashlar work in regular courses, the stones being about nine feet deep and twelve long; the interior is also of ashlar work, formed of thin stones, laid tier above tier, slanting, and covering each other featherwise. The thickness of the vallum at the present surface is eight feet, but diminishes gradually by parallel steps to about four feet at the summit. It has a deep fosse on the west, and on the other sides the advantage of the sloping hill. The angles of the walls appear to have been guarded by round towers, and, like every Roman camp, there have been entrances in the middle of each side. Vestiges of the Prætorium may be still traced over the north gate. The area of the station presents to a common observer a level close of eight acres, enclosed by a mouldering rampart. Watling Street is still visible near Lanchester. The great highway may be traced through Porter's Vale, over the high grounds towards Ebchester, and from thence to the Tyne.

The drawings which accompany this article were made by Mr. John Wallace in the winter of 1886-7. In the centre is a general view of the village from the railway station. Above are two drawings of the church; at the left is a sketch of the church gateway; and below are shown part of the Roman camp, and two of the bridges in the village.

John Gully, Pugilist and Legislator.

JOHAN GULLY was born at Wick, in Gloucestershire, where his parents kept the Crown Inn, on the 21st of August, 1783. When he was still but a little lad, the family removed to Bristol. John was brought up to his father's business, that of a butcher, but the old man died before he was out of his teens. On his attaining his majority, his mother, who had been carrying on a shop in the meantime, got him to relieve her of her charge. The business, however, which in his father's time had been good, had latterly been far from prosperous, owing to bad bargains, bad debts, and miscellaneous losses: so that the young man was under the necessity, in the very first year after starting for himself, to take lodgings in the King's Bench Prison. "Here," says one of his biographers, "he was in a fine open situation, where he found room enough to exert his muscles in the active amusement of rackets." Bristol had long been celebrated, like its rival city Bath, for keen and spirited boxing matches. Gully had been one of the local notabilities in the sport, and this circumstance procured him the "honour," while detained in safe custody for what we believe were rather his father and mother's debts than his own, of a visit from Henry Pearce, "the Game Chicken," at that time champion

boxer of England, and a Bristolian like himself. Gully had a set of Broughtonian muffers to while away his time with; and to fill up the chasm in the afternoon's amusement the host and guest must have a "set-to." Good humour prevailed, as it always should; but Gully did not fail to give the Chicken a few severe hits. In short, he became proud of his success, and immediately took it into his head that it was perhaps not impossible to beat the champion. Mr. Fletcher Reid, of Shepperton, a great patron of the prize-ring, soon got scent of the budding pugilist. "Gully," said he, "shall fight the Chicken." His debts were accordingly discharged by the "Corinthians," or fashionable patrons of the P.R., and he was taken to Virginia Water, about two miles beyond Egham, to be put into training.

Gully was firm and athletic in build. His height was nearly six feet; his weight we do not find stated in the books. In point of muscular development, he hardly seemed framed and fitted for fighting; but he had an infinite amount of pluck and perfect confidence in himself. Pearce's friends backed the champion for six hundred guineas to four hundred. After some interruptions and disappointments, the fight came off on the 8th of October, 1805, at Hailsham, a small village in Sussex, between Brighton and Lewes. At that time, be it remembered, the brutal pastime was as fashionable as racing or pigeon-shooting is now. The number of spectators was immense, the Downs being covered with equestrians and pedestrians, persons of royal and aristocratic rank being in full force. The Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV., often referred to witnessing this combat. Gully was seconded by Tom Jones and Dick Whale; Pearce had Clarke and Joe Ward for his attendants. During the fight, the odds rose from 3 to 1 on the Chicken to 10 to 2, and then fell to 6 to 4. After a contest of one hour and seventeen minutes, during which there were sixty-four rounds, Gully yielded the palm to Pearce. Both combatants were dreadfully battered, being hardly able to see out of either eye. Soon after Gully had given in, Pearce came up to him, shook hands with him, and said—"You are a good fellow! I'm hard put to it to stand. You are the only man that ever stood up to me." This was, as Pearce afterwards said in private conversation, the severest battle he ever fought. Gully showed all the tactics of a good general, backed by weight, strength, youth, and resolution. "He must," said the Chicken, in his rough but figurative language, "be a sharp chap, and get up early, as beats John Gully, I can tell you."

When Pearce was impelled by severe bodily illness to abdicate the position of champion, John Gully was regarded by the "fancy" as his legitimate successor. He does not, however, seem to have publicly desired the title, which was nevertheless freely conceded to him. At any rate, he had become a "distinguished favourite." His fame stood so high that upwards of

two years elapsed from the time of his fight with the Chicken before any one had the temerity to call on him to defend his title to the championship. At length he entered the lists with one Gregson, a boxer who had been picked out by his friends in Lancashire as likely to lower the crest of the Bristol butcher. Gregson's size was considerably in his favour, he being nearly six feet two inches high, and of prodigious strength. Moreover, he had signalised himself in several pugilistic affairs. The fight took place on the 14th October, 1807, in a valley called Six Mile Bottom, on the Newmarket Road. A vast number of people thronged from every direction to witness it. Gully was seconded by Tom Cribb, afterwards champion of England, Crossley acting as bottle-holder. Richmond was Gregson's mentor, and Harry Lee his bottle-holder. The odds at first were 6 to 4 in favour of Gully, but rose after the second round to 100 to 20. After the eighth round, the odds changed in favour of Gregson, and after the twenty-third they rose to 8 to 1 in his favour. Subsequently, the betting became even. At length the combatants met like two inebriated men, helpless and almost incapable of holding up their hands either to stop or hit; and every round finished by both rolling down together. But, in the thirty-sixth round, Gully struck a blow which, although feeble, was sufficiently strong to prevent Gregson rising again to time. The defeated Lancastrian lay for some minutes, incapable of either moving or speaking; but Gully, even then, elated with victory, leaped for joy. It would have been hard to say which was the more disfigured.

Notwithstanding that Gregson was so severely beaten that he was forced to call in medical aid, he still felt some confidence that in the event of another battle he would prove victorious. His friends gave him all encouragement, and he sent Gully a challenge, which was forwarded to him at Norwich, where he was staying. After some correspondence, "the big fight for the championship," and £250 a-side, was fixed to take place; and, in spite of very active preventive means taken by the county magistrates, it was fought on May 10, 1808, in Sir John Sebright's Park, in Hertfordshire, about seventeen miles from Ashley Common, the place originally chosen. Almost the whole extent of the park was covered with onlookers. The good people around, when they saw the strangers invading them, fancied the French had landed, and called out the volunteers. Both men fought in silk stockings, without shoes, and with white breeches. Captain Barclay, the celebrated pedestrian, was appointed umpire. Gregson fell like a log at the close of the first round, and the odds were 6 to 4 on Gully. At the sixth round they were 2 to 1. But the combat was not decided till the twenty-eighth round, after which Gregson was too much exhausted to be brought to the mark in time. The

battle lasted one hour and a quarter. Gregson was dreadfully battered and bruised, while Gully was in comparatively good condition. Before putting on his outer clothes he advanced to the ropes and addressed the referee and leading patrons of the ring to the effect that, being now in business in a tavern in Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, he was in hopes that he should have enjoyed peace unchallenged; that he had not intended to fight again, nor would he have done so in this instance had he not considered himself bound in honour to accept Gregson's challenge; that he had fought with a partially disabled left arm; and that Gregson surely would not urge him to another combat. Gully then dressed himself, and was taken to town in Lord Barrymore's barouche. The following morning he was facetiously answering questions respecting the fight and serving his numerous customers at the Plough in Carey Street. Mr. James Silk Buckingham, in his autobiography, thus describes his visit to him:—"In him we saw a tall, handsome young man, his head fearfully battered, many cuts in his face, and both eyes recovering from intense blackness, but full of gaiety and spirits at his last triumph; he wore a little white apron before him, and served the visitors with whatever drink they required, while his young wife, an exceedingly pretty woman, though of the St. Giles's style of beauty, assisted in the most smiling and gracious manner."

The following month (June, 1808), Gully and Cribb took a joint benefit at the Tennis Court. Here the former repeated his declaration of retirement from the ring. During his short career as a pugilist, he had earned a niche in the temple of pancratic fame; for though his battles were not so numerous as those of many other professors have been, they were contested with an amount of science rarely equalled, perhaps never excelled, since Dares and Entellus fought at the funeral games of Anchises, as Virgil tells us.

After a few years passed in the occupation of a London tavern-keeper, in which he earned general respect, Gully was so fortunate in turf speculations, and so well served by sound judgment in racing matters, that he became the purchaser of Hare Park, in Hertfordshire, and afterwards of Ackworth Park, in Yorkshire. Here he associated with the first circles of the country on terms of intimacy and friendship. Naturally acute, observant, intelligent, plastic, kindly, and good-humoured, though having had a very poor education to commence with, he succeeded, according to all accounts, in uniting the easy manners of a well-bred gentleman to the modest deportment which befitted his early associations and pursuits. No man could be more above vain pretence, or less shy at any allusions to his career as a pugilist. It was his habit, on the contrary, to enter freely into many entertaining portions of his history, answering all questions with perfect good nature. He had permanent

lodgings at Newmarket, well and tastily furnished, and dispensed his hospitality to his friends with no sparing hand, "passing the claret and alicing the pines," as the famous sportsman "Sylvanus" writes, "as if he had been foaled at Knowley or Bretby."

In the course of a few years, Mr. Gully became known throughout the kingdom as a spirited breeder and race-horse proprietor. He began in a small way, but smiling Fortune soon put it in his power to launch forth on a great scale. Appointed principal betting agent and adviser to the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., he made a deal of money by betting on commission for various noblemen and gentlemen connected with Newmarket. He was the owner of some of the finest race-horses of the day; and the extreme readiness and good humour with which, at Doncaster, in 1829, he paid losses to the amount of £40,000 upon his celebrated horse Mameluke, raised him high amongst the most honourable members of the turf.

On referring to the *Racing Calendar*, we find that he won the following great races:—

THE DERBY.

1846. With Pyrrhus the First, ridden by S. Day.
1854. With Andover, ridden by A. Day.

THE OAKS.

1846. With Mendicant, ridden by S. Day.

DONCASTER ST. LEGER.

1832. With Margrave, ridden by J. Robinson.

NEWMARKET TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.

1854. With Hermit, ridden by A. Day.

Thus he won the two great events at Epsom and the Newmarket races in one year. His nett winnings in 1854, in stakes alone, exclusive of any sums for running second or third, we find set down at £10,590. In the same season, Mr. Heward won £17,594; Lord Derby, £14,151; the Duke of Bedford, £7,185; Mr. J. Osborne, £4,306; Lord Chesterfield, £3,640; Messrs. Saxon and Barber, £3,582; Lord Eglinton, £2,720; Lord Wilton, £1,675; Baron Rothschild, £1,540; Lord Lonsdale, £805; Lord Glasgow, £775; Lord Caledon, £367; and the Duke of Rutland, £270. Mr. Gully was also confederate, we have heard, with Mr. Robert Ridsdale, who won the Derby in 1832 with St. Giles, and that of 1839 with Bloomsbury.

Mr. Gully was elected to the first Reformed Parliament in 1832, being returned to the House of Commons as representative of the Earl of Mexborough and Mr. Monckton-Milnes's pocket borough of Pontefract. He took his seat on the Liberal side of the House, and was a warm supporter of Joseph Hume in his life-long war against wasteful public expenditure. His speeches, however, were neither numerous nor brilliant. The most that could be said of him was that, like Tom Sayers on the stage, he acted moderately and sensibly. His letters during this period, however, are said to express in vigorous and excellent language his views of men and measures in those stirring days. Mr. Buckingham, whom we have

already quoted, speaks of him about this time as follows:—

In 1832, or thereabouts, Lord Milton, heir to the Earldom of Fitzwilliam, came of age, and, according to the custom of that princely family, a grand entertainment was given at Wortley House, near Rotherham, in Yorkshire. As I was at that time one of the members for the newly-enfranchised borough of Sheffield, I received an invitation as a matter of course, and went with my colleague to share in the Fitzwilliam hospitalities. The scene was one of the most splendid I had ever witnessed. Among the groups, however, that passed from room to room in the general promenade, there was one that attracted universal attention. It was formed of three persons; the central one a fine, athletic, yet well-formed and graceful figure, and resting on either arm two of the loveliest women of all the assembled multitude, about 18 or 20 years of age, dressed in pale green velvet, without ornaments of any kind, but with such exquisite figures, beautiful features, blooming complexions, bright eyes, rich and abundant hair, as might make either a worthy representative of the Venus of Cnidus. They were so little known that the question was perpetually whispered, "Who are they?—who can they be?" At length it was discovered that they were Mr. Gully, the *ci-devant* prize-fighter, and his two daughters! He was then member for Pontefract, had acquired a large fortune, and most honourably, it was believed, on the turf, being an excellent judge of horses—had purchased a large estate, and was living in a style of great elegance at Ackworth Park, near Pontefract, respected by all his neighbours.

It is said that his return to Parliament arose from a bet that he made with a certain noble lord, the latter laying a wager of several thousands that Mr. Gully could not get a seat in the House of Commons. The wager was accepted, and, of course, won. Mr. Gully occupies a prominent place in Sir George Hayter's historical picture of the meeting of the First Reformed Parliament in 1833.

It is as a spirited colliery owner and venturesome sinker of new pits that we have now to regard him. Unlike his quondam friends, Messrs. Beardsworth and Ridsdale, whose career ended in bankruptcy and ruin, after each had had an unprecedented run of success on the turf, Mr. Gully, with more sedate prudence, gradually withdrew from all directly gambling pursuits, and invested a good portion of his winnings in the coal works of the North, as well as in land. Henceforth his lilac jacket was seldom seen on the race course. Some time after the Hetton Company was formed to work the coal in that now famous Durham royalty, Mr. Gully bought a number of shares in the concern at a comparatively low price. The original speculation was a hazardous one, as previous to that time it was a common opinion among geologists that the quality of the coal under the Permian strata was so deteriorated as not to be worth working. The leading spirits in the concern were Captain Archibald Cochrane, of Eppleton Hall, a younger brother of the celebrated Lord Cochrane, afterwards Earl of Dundonald; Arthur Mowbray, of Bishopwearmouth, son of the old Mr. Mowbray, banker, whose daughter Lord Cochrane had married; Mr. Baker, of Elemore; and subsequently Mr. Nicholas Wood, who went to Hetton to manage the colliery in 1844. "We will see whether we

cannot make Wallsend coals," said Captain Cochrane, and he did so; for the sanguine speculators by-and-by obtained a higher price in the London market than the original Wallsend brought. We have seen it stated that Mr. Gully got his Hetton shares, of which he had a considerable number, as the result of a bet. Whether this be true or not we cannot say, but we know that he retained them for several years, till they had risen to a high premium. He then joined Sir William Chaytor, Mr. Thomas Wood, Mr. John Burrell, and others, and sank the Thornley Collieries. This was about the year 1838. He maintained his connection with the new concern until the pits were sold to a limited liability company. He also held an interest, with Messrs. Wood and Burrell, in the Trimdon Collieries; but he sold it to Mr. Thomas Wood, having previously bought the Wingate Grange estate and collieries, in the year 1862. These he continued to hold as sole proprietor to the day of his death.

Mr. Gully lived in Hampshire immediately preceding his purchase of Wingate, having some few years before disposed of his fine estate of Ackworth Park, near Pontefract, to his old friend, Mr. Kenny Hill. But he now removed to Cocken Hall, near Durham, where he stayed about a year and a half. Then the infirmities of old age induced him to change his residence to the adjoining Cathedral City, where he died on the 9th of March, 1863, in the 80th year of his age. He was buried at Ackworth Hall, near Pontefract, on the 14th of the same month.

Mr. Gully was twice married, and had in all twenty-four children—twelve by each wife.

The Streets of Newcastle.

Pilgrim Street.

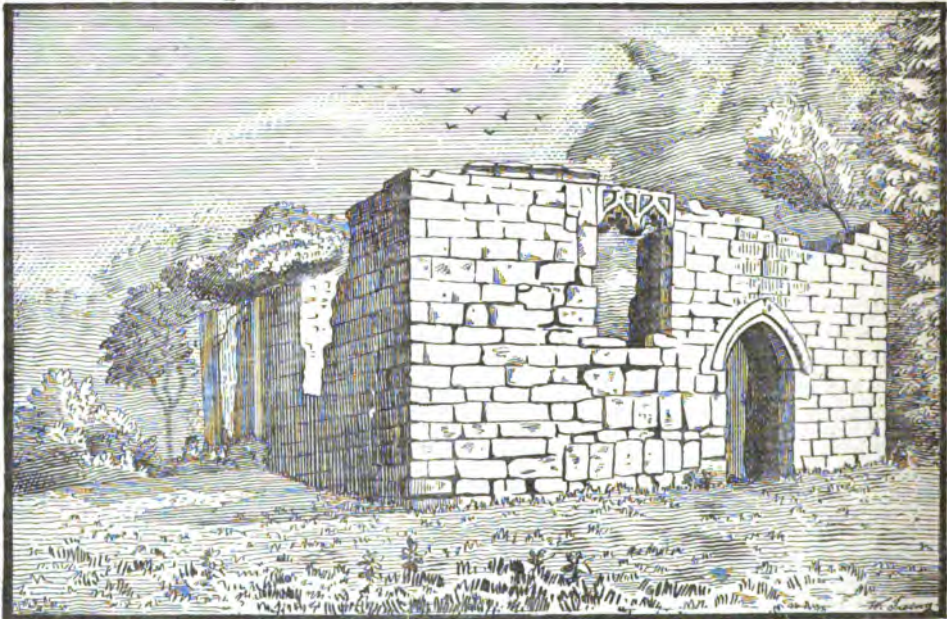
SIR, said Dr. Johnson, "let us take a walk down Fleet Street." We propose to our readers a walk up Pilgrim Street. We shall find "much matter" as we journey up the gentle hill, "the longest and fairest street in the town," according to William Gray, whose "*Chorographia*" was printed in 1649.

This street, still one of the most interesting in the town, derives its name from the pilgrims who lodged in it when on their way from all parts of the kingdom to worship at Our Lady's Chapel at Jesmond. The founders of the chapel are unknown, but we know that it was in existence in 1351, for then we find Sir Alexander de Hilton and Matilda, his wife, presenting the chaplainship to Sir William de Heighington, who shortly after resigned it, believing he had no right or title to it. In Edward VI.'s time, the Corporation obtained possession of the chapel, and forthwith sold it to Sir John Brandling. In olden days, pilgrims trooped to it from all parts of the kingdom. Such pilgrimages were popular in

the early middle ages. For illustration, we may point to the will of William Ecopp, Rector of Heslarton, Yorkshire, who, amongst other things, bequeathed provision for a pilgrim, or pilgrims, to set out immediately after his burial to various shrines, at each of which 4d. was to be offered. The list of places is too long to be quoted in its entirety; but the extent of ground to be covered may be imagined when we find that Canterbury, London, Lincoln, Lancaster, Scarborough, York, "Blessed Mary of Jesmond," Carlisle,

are only at its foot, with the church of All Hallows, or All Saints, on our right.

With curious eyes must successive pilgrims have gazed on the church, which in the thirteenth century looked down on the stately buildings of the Austin (or Augustine) Friars, the burying-place of the Northumbrian kings, and afterwards "the king's manor house." The ancient church first finds mention in 1286. From a painting of it still preserved in the vestry, we can gather an idea of its appearance,



JESMOND CHAPEL.

and Galloway, figure therein. (See Mr. R. Welford's interesting "Newcastle and Gateshead in the 14th and 15th Centuries," vol. i., p. 364.) Bourne gravely tells us that the reason the pilgrims took this road was because there was a house of call ready to respond to their wants. "There was an inn in this street which the pilgrims were wont to call at, which occasioned their constant coming up this street, and so it got its name, as the inn did that of Pilgrim's Inn." Brand fancies that there were more pilgrim's inns than one; for, in 1564, mention is made of the execution of one Partrage for coining false money in "the greate innes in Pilgrim Street." There was, says an old manuscript quoted by Hodgson, a place of sanctuary near the Pilgrim's Inn; and, according to Bale's "Life of Hugh of Newcastle," a famous Franciscan, pilgrims visited also certain relics of St. Francis, preserved in the Grey Friars' Convent near the head of the street. At present, though, we

which, sooth to say, cannot have been imposing. It was low and very broad, 166 feet by 77, and of Decorated English architecture. The tower was high, and out of proportion to the rest of the church. But as it bore the storms of five centuries, and could not even then be loosened without the aid of gunpowder, its strength was unquestionable. No true Novocastrian can regard with indifference the church of All Hallows, for with it are bound up memories of some of Newcastle's greatest names. Roger Thornton, Sir Matthew White Ridley, Lord Eldon, Lord Stowell, the Ravensworths, the Collingwoods, Ellison, Brandling, Clavering, W. Blackett, and other persons and families of note are all associated with this ancient (though now restored) parish church. How is this? The present vicar, the Rev. A. S. Wardroper, in his lecture on "All Saints, the Old and the New," gives the answer. "In their day, merchants and their families

lived where they worked. The wealthy part of the community lived, many of them, in Pilgrim Street. This may be inferred on examining the staircases in Stewart's Court, or the one over the Eldon Room; the chimney-pieces and oak balustrades in the largest common lodging house; the quaint work on ceilings of rooms over the Bake House Entry; besides the crests over doorways and gateposts in Clayton's Court, Painter Heugh, and Akenside Hill, in addition to the armorial bearings on the tombstones in the churchyard." John Wesley generally worshipped in All Hallows when in Newcastle; and in his journal he records that he found more communicants therein than anywhere else in England, save London and Bristol. The sacramental cup handed to him is the same now in use at All Saints' in the office of Holy Communion. There were seven chantries in All Hallows, adorned with precious stones and other gifts. There were also portraits of benefactors on stained glass. The civil wars swept away all these. In 1780, the old



ALL HALLOWS CHURCH.

building became shaky; in 1785, its south pillars gave way; in July, 1786, service was celebrated in it for the last time. A new church was resolved upon, and David Stephenson was chosen as architect. The body of the new building was opened in 1789, but the spire was not finished until 1796.

A foolhardy feat signalised the completion of the spire. One John Burdikin, a private in the Cheshire Militia, stood on his head on the round stone at the top of the steeple, and remained in that inverted position for some time, 195 feet above the ground. The man was afterwards a barber in Gateshead. His son, a bricklayer, did the same thing in 1816, when some repairs were in hand. Truly, they did not "set their lives upon a pin's fee."

The new church of All Saints' has been condemned by some as unchurchlike; even Mackenzie has a fling at it as "certainly a neat, smart, modern structure, but totally devoid of that solemn religious grandeur which distinguishes the ancient Gothic churches." Others agree with Thomas Sopwith—no bad authority—in regarding it as "the most splendid architectural ornament in this town, equally conspicuous for the convenience and novelty of its interior arrangements, as for the variety and splendour of its decorations."

The spire of the church was severely shaken in May, 1884, by a wind-storm which elsewhere left its mark behind it. Divine service was being celebrated in church at the time, which was Sunday morning; and it is a rather curious fact that a very considerable crowd gathered outside to watch the oscillations of the imperilled spire, which seemed likely to topple down at any moment on the devoted heads of the kneeling worshippers beneath it. The service, however, was carried on to its conclusion in seemly and reverent fashion; but the very next day the work of restoration was taken in hand in good earnest. The shattered stones were taken down (some of them are preserved in the church ground now, and are no uninteresting objects); and in time the spire was restored, stronger than ever. By way of commemorating this work, a stone was placed at the summit, bearing this inscription: "This spire was restored and partly rebuilt, June, 1884. Rev. A. S. Wardroper, vicar; Collingwood F. Jackson, Peter Carr, Thomas Stamp Alder, Thomas Morgan, churchwardens."

The churchyard has of late years been prettily and becomingly laid out as a flower garden, at the expense of Mr. R. S. Donkin, now member for Tynemouth. Mr. John Hall has also proved himself a generous friend to the church, presenting it with its clock, and also with a pair of lamps. The latter were formally handed over to the churchwardens by Mr. Joseph Cowen, then member for Newcastle, who delivered an address from the church steps on the occasion, as did also Archdeacon Watkins, who was senior curate at the handsome salary of five shillings a year.

Opposite to the west stairs of the church, Elizabeth Nykson, widow, founded an almshouse about the beginning of the sixteenth century, for the use of the poor of the parish, "on condition of an annual dirge and soul mass being performed in that church." Four women, who lived in it, were allowed 20s. a year for coals. In Bourne's time (the beginning of the eighteenth century), the poor inmates had eight chaldrons of coal and 12s. a year; but the house was then "going fast to ruin."

We now pass Silver Street on our right, leaving it and

all the other offshoots of our main road alone for the present, and opposite Painter Heugh are face to face with the fine old house with which Lord Eldon's name is still associated. John Scott, afterwards Lord Eldon, intended occupying this house, as he at one time expected to be Recorder of Newcastle. Things becoming brighter for him in London, he gave up the idea, and turned over the house to his brother Henry. It must then have been a mansion, indeed; for even in its decadence there are remnants of its ancient beauty.

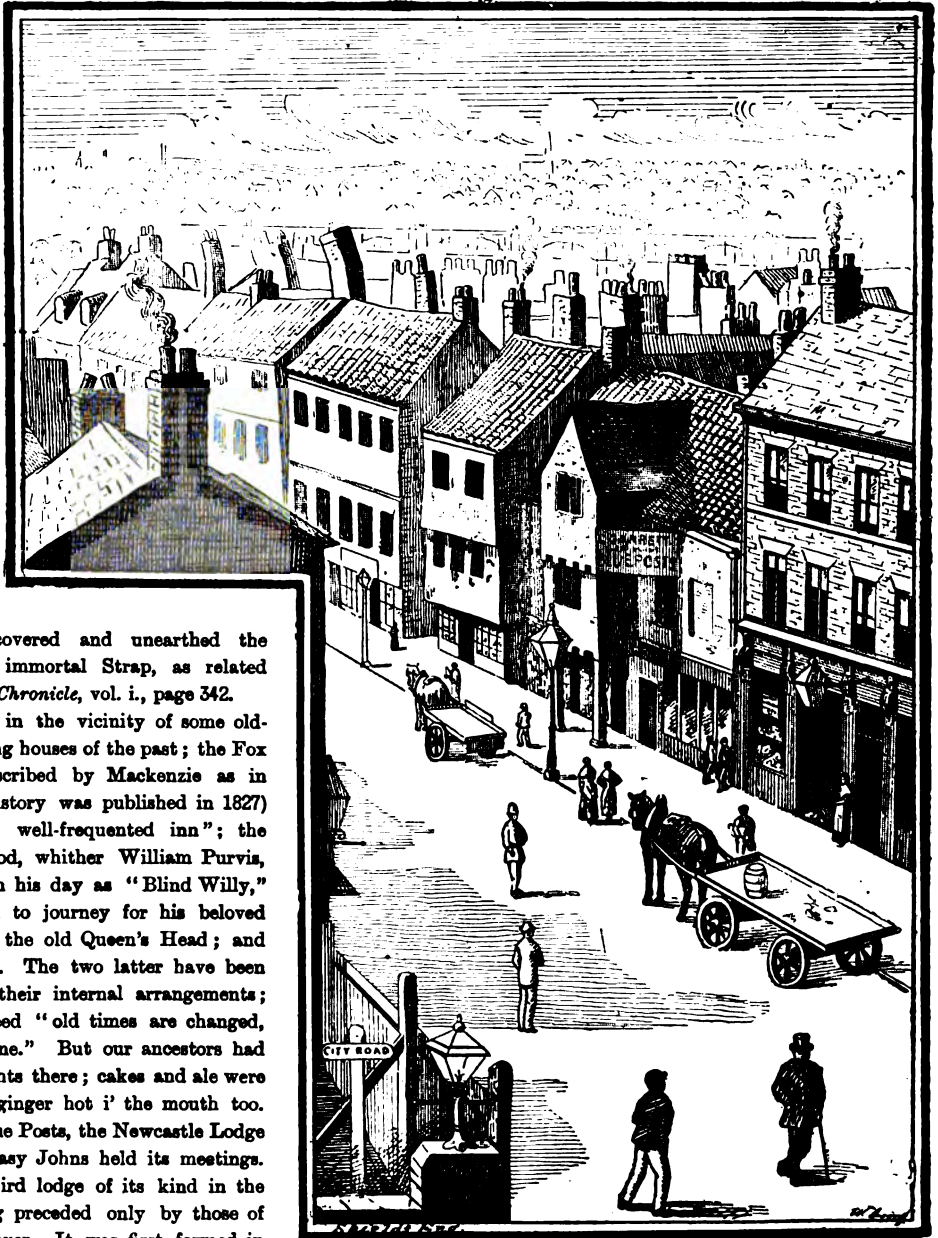
Note on our left hand that quaint little barber's shop with its projecting pole. Well, that is, as the notice in the window proclaims, "ye oldeste shaving shop in ye citye." But it has an interest independent of this fact, for here it was that Tobias

Smollett discovered and unearthed the original of his immortal Strap, as related in the *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. i., page 342.

We are now in the vicinity of some old-fashioned posting houses of the past; the Fox and Lamb, described by Mackenzie as in his day (his history was published in 1827) "a respectable, well-frequented inn"; the old Robin Hood, whither William Purvis, better known in his day as "Blind Willy," was accustomed to journey for his beloved "bonny beer"; the old Queen's Head; and the Blue Posts. The two latter have been modernised in their internal arrangements; with them indeed "old times are changed, old manners gone." But our ancestors had their jovial nights there; cakes and ale were plentiful, and ginger hot i' the mouth too. Thus, at the Blue Posts, the Newcastle Lodge of Free and Easy Johns held its meetings. It was the third lodge of its kind in the kingdom, being preceded only by those of London and Dover. It was first formed in 1778, and could soon boast of more than a

thousand members. The association was formed merely for convivial purposes; but there was a ceremony of initiation, a grip, a pass-word, and so forth. In August, 1784, Charles Brandling, then one of the members for the borough, presented the lodge with a large silver goblet, on which his arms were engraved, with a suitable inscription.

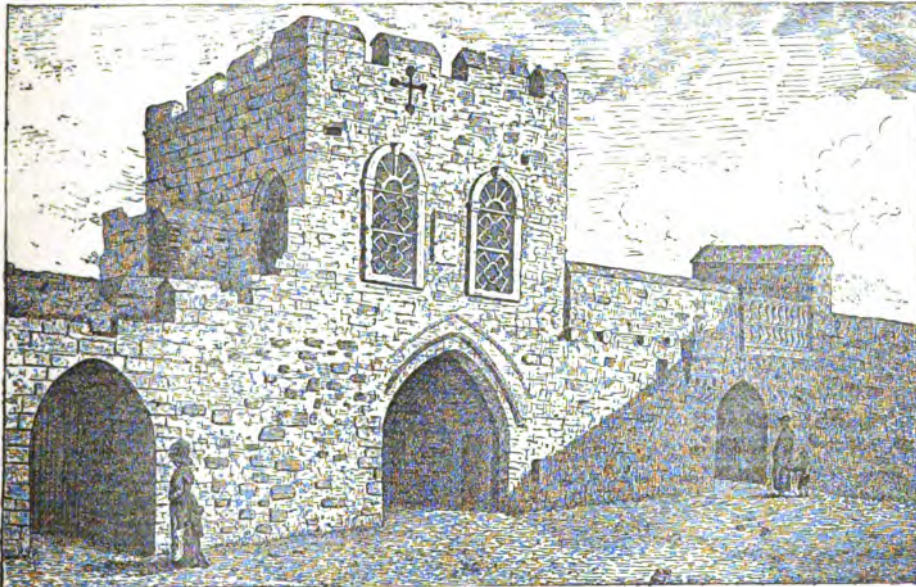
We now pass the new City Road, Mosley Street,



PILGRIM STREET.

and the Arcade—the latter associated with the grim tragedy of 1830, for which Archibald Bolam received transportation for life, being found guilty of the manslaughter of the bank-clerk, Millie, under circumstances which excited profound attention at the time, and suggested the gravest doubts as to the moral character of the murderer; for so he was generally regarded. And next we come to Pilgrim Street with its clean face on; its rags and tatters we have now pretty well turned our backs on. On our left hand is the George Inn—in Mackenzie's time, "a travellers' house, and often used for bankrupt meetings." A little above is the Queen's Head Inn, at one time the chief posting-house in the town, now the Liberal Club. Riders and out-riders, in their showy dresses, have often rested

Mayor of Bordeaux, who was the first to hoist the White Flag in France, arrived here on his way to visit his relative, John Clavering of Callaly. "The populace," again says Mackenzie just quoted above, "assembled before the Queen's Head, and congratulated this Bourbonist with repeated huzzas on the defeat of Bonaparte at Waterloo." Two years later, in October, 1817, a gathering of a different character took place, John George Lambton in the chair, when a superb service of plate was presented to Sir Humphrey Davy, "for his invaluable discovery of the safety lamp," by "a numerous company of gentlemen connected with the coal trade." This meeting, let us remark in passing, did not pass without its counteracting gathering; for, in January, 1818, "a respectable party of gentlemen dined at the



PILGRIM STREET GATE.

carriages of four and sometimes of six horses here; royalty has feasted herein, and men of mark in the scientific world have here assembled to do honour to kindred worth. Thus in August, 1819, Prince Leopold and his suite arrived here, and in the evening visited the Northumberland Glass House. On the next day, which chanced to be the Assize Sunday, he attended divine service at St. Nicholas' Church, accompanied by Sir William Scott (Lord Stowell), after which he partook of a collation at the Mansion House, and then set off for Alnwick Castle, to dine with the Duke of Northumberland. "The public," we are told, "showed him much respect, and he was saluted by the guns of the Castle." In 1815, there was another royalist demonstration of its kind in front of this same inn. In the June of that year, Count Lynch,

Assembly Rooms, Newcastle, C. J. Brandling, Esq., in the chair, on the occasion of presenting a piece of plate to Mr. George Stephenson, for the service rendered to science and humanity by the invention of his safety-lamp."

Nearly opposite the Queen's Head is the Friends' Meeting House, a neat, plain, substantial building, bearing on its frontage the date 1698, and presenting a clean and comfortable appearance worthy of "the people of God called Quakers," as they are designated in a Durham Quarter Sessions document issued in 1689. The passer-by, though, must not suppose that the present building is identical with that of 1698. Not so; that was pulled down in 1805, and the present one built. It was considerably enlarged in 1812.

Further up the street, on the same side as the Friends'

Meeting House, are the offices of the Board of Guardians, once the town house of the Peareths of Urpeth.

We come next to the New Police Court. At the head of the steps from the principal door is a very fine stained glass window of Justice, blind, and scales in hand. On the left hand, on entering from Pilgrim Street, is the Chief-Constable's private office; behind is the office for the detective department, containing some curious illustrations of the tools of those with whom the detectives are at chronic war; and then the office proper, where unfortunates in the hands of the law are "run in," and forthwith duly charged and caged. Away from this room are the cells, where persons apprehended may be temporarily lodged for the night. In the upper part of the building are resting rooms for the policemen, where they may read the newspapers, indulge in innocent games, and practise the latest breaks and cannons in the noble art of billiards. The sculptured figures on the exterior of the building were executed in Edinburgh.

On the same side as the Police Court is the Conservative Club, previously the residence of Mr. George Hare Philipson (who died there), father of Mr. John Philipson, the head of the well-known coachbuilding firm of Atkinson and Philipson, and of Dr. G. H. Philipson, the eminent physician. The house, a comfortable and substantial one, was originally built by Dr. Askew, who practised in his profession for nearly fifty years in Newcastle with the greatest approbation and success.

By the side of the Conservative Club is the entrance to the celebrated works of Messrs. Atkinson and Philipson, a striking evidence in their way of Newcastle skill, energy, and enterprise. The Atkinsons of the firm have long been dead. Mr. John Philipson is now the sole proprietor. The concern was founded in 1794. Mr. Philipson takes a generous and enthusiastic interest in his business; but it would convey a wrong impression of him altogether to suppose that he has no interest in anything else. On the contrary, long before the City and London Guilds and Gresham College took the subject up, technical education was made a great feature in these works. Hence the establishment has aptly been described as a training school for coachbuilders. A volume on "Harness as It has Been, as It Is, and as It Should Be," is from Mr. Philipson's pen. It met with a very favourable reception when first published. In it war is declared, root and branch, against the bearing rein, as an instrument of torture for that noble but often ill-used animal, the horse.

Nearly opposite to the present Conservative Club stood the once celebrated Anderson Place. The building was erected almost on the site of the Franciscan Priory. The Franciscans were divided into two parties—the Conventuals and the Observants. Our Newcastle

Franciscans were of the latter persuasion. According to Leland, their house stood by Pandon Gate; "it is a very faire thing." Mackenzie maintains that this is an obvious mistake, for this reason:—"The site of this monastery must have been somewhere in Major Anderson's grounds, adjoining the High Friar Chare, which must have conducted to it. The Milburn MS. says it stood near Pilgrim Street Gate." He goes on to point out that Brand found, built up in the wall of a house adjoining this site, the fragments of a gravestone, with a sword marked on it. Now, this house stood in Pilgrim Street, at the corner of High Friar Lane. This, then, seems to settle the Observant site pretty clearly. Besides that, we have the testimony of an old Pilgrim Street standard. On, or nearly upon, it was a brave mansion built by Robert Anderson, merchant, in 1580. In 1610 it was called the Newe House. Somewhat later it became the headquarters of General Leven during the captivity of Charles I. in Newcastle. There is a popular tradition that the king attempted to escape from this house by the passage of the Lort Burn, a stream which then ran down on the east side of the Sandhill, and that he managed to get as far as the middle of the Side, when he was caught in an attempt to force an iron gate communicating with the sewer. A ship was said to have been in readiness to transport him beyond sea. William Murray projected the scheme, and communicated it to Sir Robert Murray. Somehow the secret became known; and thereafter the king was guarded by soldiers within and without his chamber, who annoyed him much by their continual smoking. He shared his royal father's antipathies in that respect. The house passed in 1815 to Sir William Blackett, of Matfen, from Sir Francis Anderson. In 1785 it was sold to George Anderson, a wealthy architect, and thence it passed to Major Anderson. A princely house was this Anderson Place, according to Gray; whilst Bourne dilates on its walks and grass plots, its images and trees, its shady avenues and curious and well-painted ceilings. (For a view of Anderson Place, see the *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. i., page 337.)

But now we approach the goal of our sauntering; for here before us, at the head of the street, stood the once formidable Pilgrim Gate, "remarkably strong, clumsy, and gloomy." In the troublous times of old, it was, doubtless, a valuable means of defence when hostile foes threatened the beleaguered town. But when more peaceful days followed, when the mail-clad soldier no longer clanked through the now peaceful street, it by degrees dawned on the inhabitants that this once valued defence had degenerated into naught better than a public nuisance. Such ideas, however, do not take root in a day or a year. It was felt that the arch was so low as to obstruct the passage of waggons, and that it interfered

with the free circulation of the air in the town. But the day of its doom was still distant, even when these opinions more and more made way. The Joiners' Company had their hall above the gate; wherefore it behoved its worshipful members in 1716 to repair and beautify it, and the old relic of former days obtained respite. In 1771 another attempt was made to reconcile its preservation with the demands of the time; convenient foot-passages were opened out on each side. But these expedients did not answer their purpose, and in 1802 the whole gate was levelled to the ground. A cannon-ball was found in the wall on the occasion of the demolition. It was supposed to have been fired during the siege of Newcastle in 1644, when the gate was nobly defended.

Our sketch of Pilgrim Street Gate (page 81) is taken from the engraving which appeared in the first volume of Brand's "History of Newcastle."

Murder of Nicholas Fairles.

The Last Gibbet in England.

ONE day in the month of September, 1856, what was stated to be the last gibbet erected in England was demolished by the workmen who were employed in constructing Tyne Dock for the North-Eastern Railway Company, upon Jarrow Slake, near the high end of South Shields.

The person who was gibbeted on Jarrow Slake was one William Jobling, a pitman, thirty years of age, who had been convicted at the Durham Midsummer Assizes in 1832 of being concerned with another pitman, named James Armstrong, in the murder of Mr. Nicholas Fairles, a well-known magistrate of South Shields, on the 11th June in that year. Armstrong absconded immediately after the deed was done, and was never heard of again, though it was shrewdly suspected that many of his fellow-workmen knew quite well where he was.

The murder of Mr. Fairles arose out of the pitmen's strike of 1832, which lasted for several months, and bred very bitter feelings between masters and men. Many hundreds of families were turned out of their cottages, and forced to camp in the lanes and by the road sides for months. The collieries had to be protected by military and special constables, notwithstanding which outrages upon non-union men took place almost every night. At one of the great meetings of the strikers, held in the spring, the Marquis of Londonderry attended on horseback, with the view of inducing them to return to work. He took the precaution, however, to have a company of soldiers placed in ambush in a neighbouring hollow—a measure which the pitmen deemed an indirect but real insult. And so determined were the unionists that the

man who held the head of the marquis's horse while his lordship was addressing the meeting had a loaded pistol concealed up his sleeve for the purpose of blowing out his brains in case he should call out the soldiers. Fortunately, the marquis thought better of it than to require this perilous aid, and so he was allowed to ride off the field unharmed. But all were not so lucky as Lord Londonderry; for, during the continuance of the strike, no less than three murders were committed by the pitmen, and poor old Mr. Fairles, who had made himself obnoxious through his zeal, as a county magistrate, in endeavouring to maintain the law, fell a victim to the enmity of the miners.

About five o'clock on the afternoon of the day above named, as Mr. Fairles was quietly riding round Jarrow Slake from his own house at Shields to Jarrow Colliery, he was accosted by two pitmen, under pretence of asking charity. One of them took hold of his hand, the other seized him by the leg and dragged him off his horse. Then one of them gave him a violent blow on the head with a brick, which completely stunned him. Not content with this, the ruffians felled, kicked, and beat him so unmercifully that they left him on the road in an almost lifeless state. The affair having bene observed from a house that stood only a short distance away, assistance was immediately sent to Mr. Fairles; but from the dreadful nature of the wounds he had received, particularly on his skull, he expired, after lying ten days, on the 21st June. Jobling was arrested on the evening of the outrage, on Shields Sands, where he made a desperate resistance to his capture. But Armstrong, as we have said, was never caught. The following advertisement, signed by Lord Melbourne, was issued from Whitehall on June 16:—

FOUR HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD.

Whereas it hath been humbly represented to the King, that, on the evening of Monday, the 11th day of June instant, between the hours of five and six, a most daring and brutal assault was committed by two men on the person of Nicholas Fairles, Esq., a Magistrate for the County of Durham, on the King's Highway, near to the Toll Bar, on the Slake side, in the Township of Westoe, in the said County, whilst he was riding on a Pony, from the Barnes Colliery towards Jarrow Colliery, in discharge of his Magisterial Duties, and that the Injuries which he has received have placed his Life in serious danger:

His Majesty, for the better apprehending and bringing to Justice the Persons concerned in the Felony before mentioned, is hereby pleased to promise His most Gracious Pardon to any one of them (except the Persons who actually committed the said Assault) who shall discover his Accomplice or Accomplices therein, so that he, she, or they may be apprehended and convicted thereof.

And, as a further Encouragement, a Reward of **THREE HUNDRED POUNDS** is hereby offered to any Person (except as aforesaid) who shall discover the Offender or Offenders, so that he, she, or they may be apprehended and convicted of the said Offence, such Reward to be paid by the Right Honourable the Lords Commissioners of his Majesty's Treasury.

And whereas Ralph Armstrong, a well-known Pitman, late in the employment of Jarrow Colliery, stands charged (together with another Person named William

Jobling, now committed for trial at the ensuing Assizes for this County) for having committed the said Assault: A further Reward of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS is hereby offered for the Apprehension of the said Ralph Armstrong, which Reward will be paid by the Vestry of St. Hilda's Church, South Shields, on such Apprehension and Commitment.

The said Ralph Armstrong is about 44 years of age, 5 feet 9 inches high, stout made, dark Complexion, blue Eyes, large Mouth, large turned-up Nose, and brown Hair. MELBOURNE.

A coroner's inquest was held on the body of Mr. Fairles, at Mr. Oyston's inn, South Shields, and after a patient investigation, in which Dr. Winterbottom, of Westoe, Dr. Brown, of Sunderland, and Messrs. W. K. and J. Eddowes, surgeons, of South Shields, were examined, together with several persons who had witnessed the furious assault, the jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against Jobling and Armstrong.

It having been announced by a mourning placard that the funeral of Mr. Fairles would take place on Wednesday, the 27th of June, all the principal inhabitants of South Shields and the neighbourhood expressed their wish to take part in the procession. On the morning of the appointed day, the flag on the steeple of St. Hilda's Church and the flags of the several ships in the harbour were hoisted half-mast high, and most of the shops in the town were closed. The Mayor of Newcastle (Archibald Reed, Esq.), accompanied by Mr. Surtees, the Sheriff, and Mr. Alderman Sorsbie, the Chairman of the County Durham Quarter Sessions; the Rev. Thomas Baker, Rector of Whitburn; the Rev. John Collinson, Rector of Gateshead; the Rev. Nathaniel John Hollingsworth, Rector of Boldon; Bryan Abbs and William Loraine, Esqs., magistrates; James Edgcome, Esq., Collector of the Customs at Newcastle; together with the churchwardens, vestrymen, and a large number of respectable householders, joined the family of the deceased in following his remains to the grave. The pall was borne by the Rev. Robert Green, of Newcastle; Lieutenant-Colonel Craster; Cuthbert Young, Jeremiah Archer, Christopher Bainbridge, John Straker, Henry Major, and John Hedley, Esqs. The funeral service was performed in a very impressive manner by the Rev. James Carr, Perpetual Curate of South Shields, and several members of the Choral Society assisted. The coffin was made out of a tree, cut down for the purpose, which had been planted when Mr. Fairles came of age. It bore the following unostentatious inscription:—
"Nicholas Fairles, died 21 June, 1832, aged 71 years."

William Jobling, having been duly tried and found guilty of the murder, was sentenced to be hanged at Durham on Friday, the 3rd of August, his body to be afterwards hung in chains near the scene of the murder. This was in accordance with a statute which had lately been enacted, reviving the old law that condemned a murderer to the gibbet. Jobling was the only person, we believe, gibbeted under that Act, which was soon afterwards repealed. Subsequent to his condemna-

tion, he acknowledged the justice of his sentence, though he denied having been the principal in the fatal transaction which led to his ignominious death. His step was firm as he mounted the scaffold; but his power of articulation failed him, and he was in consequence unable to address the spectators, as he had stated it to be his intention to do. Jobling could neither read nor write; but he had got a friend to transcribe some scraps from books which had been read to him in the gaol, and these he wished to scatter among the crowd. This, however, he was dissuaded from doing. Just as the fatal bolt was about to be withdrawn somebody near the scaffold cried out, "Farewell, Jobling!" and he instantly turned his face in the direction whence the voice proceeded. The action displaced the cord, and consequently protracted his sufferings, which continued for some minutes. After hanging an hour, the body was cut down and conveyed into the gaol, where it remained until the gibbet was ready. It was a very wet day, consequently the crowd was not so numerous as had been anticipated. Fifty of the 8th Hussars mounted, and fifty of the 15th Regiment of Foot, were drawn up in front of the drop, where they remained until the body was cut down. A portion of these regiments had marched from Newcastle to Durham for the purpose, as well as to escort the body to Jarrow Slake. The clothes were taken off the corpse, which was then covered with pitch, and the clothes replaced.

On Monday morning, August the 6th, at seven o'clock, the body was taken from Durham in a small four-wheeled waggon, drawn by two horses, escorted by a troop of hussars and two companies of infantry, Mr. T. Griffith, the under-sheriff; Mr. Frusher, the gaoler; officers of the gaol, bailiffs, &c. The procession proceeded by way of Chester-le-Street, Picketree, over the Black Fell to White Mare Pool, and thence by the South Shields turnpike road to Jarrow Slake, where it arrived at half-past one o'clock. The spectators were not numerous, and there were but few pitmen amongst them, on account, it was supposed, of a meeting the men were holding that day on Boldon Fell. On the arrival of the cavalcade at the Slake, it was joined by Messrs. Bryan Abbs and William Loraine, magistrates for the county. The soldiers were then drawn up, and formed two sides of a square, the cavalry on the right and the infantry on the left. The body was cased in flat bars of iron of 2½ inches in breadth. The feet were placed in stirrups, from which a bar of iron went up each side of the head, and ended in a ring by which the corpse was suspended. A bar from the collar went down the breast, and another down the back. There were also bars on the inside of the legs which communicated with the above, and cross bars at the ankles, the knees, the thighs, the bowels, the breast, and the shoulders. The hands were hung by the sides, and covered with pitch. The face was pitched and covered with a piece of white cloth. Being then laid on a hand-

barrow, the body was conveyed at low water across the sludge to the gibbet, which was fixed nearly opposite the spot where the murder was committed, and about a hundred yards within the Slake from high water mark. The gibbet, which was fixed in a stone $1\frac{1}{2}$ tons weight sunk in the mud, was formed of a square piece of fir timber, twenty-one feet long, and a top piece projecting about three feet, with strong bars of iron up each side, to prevent its being sawn down. At high water the tide covered the gibbet about four or five feet, leaving sixteen or seventeen feet visible. The body having been hoisted up and secured, a police guard was placed near the spot, and remained there for some time.

But during a very dark night, between the 31st of August and the 1st of September, and therefore little more than three weeks after the gibbeting, Jobling's body was secretly removed by some persons unknown. It was well understood, however, that the removal was effected by a small party of the unfortunate man's brother pitmen from Jarrow or St. Hilda's. What became of the body was never really known, though the impression at the time was that it was either taken out to sea or buried under the walls of the old monastery at Jarrow.

The gibbet on Jarrow Slake was not the last that remained after 1856 to disfigure the land. An account of another gibbet, known as Winter's Stob, part of which is still standing on Rimside Moor, was given in the *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. i., page 186. But the gibbet on Jarrow Slake was the last thing of the kind erected in England.

The Tradition of Too Much Salmon.

A STORY of the latter end of the eighteenth century, bearing the title of "The Thing which Hath been Shall be," appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* for April, 1875. Turning over its leaves, we came to a passage inviting us to an echo of the author's words, "The thing which hath been shall be." Here, on the other side of the Atlantic, was the tradition that for generations has been associated with Newcastle-upon-Tyne. "Salmon in those days," we read in this *New England* story, "were far more plentiful than shad now; and I have heard that farm servants, hired for the season, made it a clause in their agreements that they should not be fed on that unctuous fish more than four days in a week!"

Two days in a week, if we rightly remember, is the traditionary limitation of the Newcastle apprentice; though the lads of other rivers may have submitted to

one or two days more. Doubtless various lines were drawn by the juveniles of our country: for the stand against too much salmon is not peculiar to the Tyne. The Fishery Commissioners, who went to and fro in the island, some years ago, prosecuting their inquiries, met with the salmon story everywhere, but the indentures nowhere. And so with ourselves. We have heard and read of the Newcastle apprentices times without number, but never once have we been able to catch sight of a copy of the contract, or to meet with any fortunate antiquary who had.

"Too much of a good thing," is a proverb that may apply to salmon as to other delicacies; but the royal fish has ever been in great and general request in our own as in other districts. The priory of Finchale had its salmon fishery in the days of Cœur de Lion; and that thorn in the side of the monks, Philip de Pictavia, broke down the weir. In subsequent episcopates salmon flourished in the stream as of yore, and were eagerly caught and gladly consumed. At the great Whitsuntide festival of 1347, in the cathedral city, the banquet on the board comprised twelve fresh and thirty salted salmon, the cost of the former being 5s. 6d., and of the latter 7s. 6d. Upwards of 50 dozen were bought of the prior of Finchale in 1531; and in little more than six weeks of 1532, 175 salmon were cooked in the convent kitchen. Durham was a good customer of the fisheries of the Wear and other rivers. Salmon, fresh and salted, were consumed in great numbers; and various other kinds of fish besides. Here, we suspect, is to be found the clue to the resistance of unlimited salmon. When fish entered in larger proportions than at present into the diet of the people, and society was much more dependent on cured or salted food, it is probable enough that apprentices and others strove for protection, by hard and fast lines, against too many returns, not of the "unctuous fish," but of the salted commodity; the cured captives, perchance, not being always kippered salmon, but often the dry "stock fish," so common on the tables of our forefathers.

Very plentiful were salmon in our northern rivers in the olden time. Scanty was then the population as compared with modern numbers; roads were bad; steamships and steam-coaches had not come; and great "takes," and small, must chiefly be consumed in the district. Even in modern times catches have been abundant. Over 2,400 were taken in one of the days of 1755 above Tyne Bridge. In 1760, when a salmon was caught in the Tyne weighing 54lbs., shoals were secured so vast that the price fell to three farthings a pound. The number exposed for sale in Newcastle market on a summer's day of 177, exceeded 4,000; and two or three years earlier (in 1768), the largest salmon of the Tyne on record was made prisoner, weighing 57lbs. In the present century there have been hauls as great as in former times. In the year when steam traffic first began on the Tyne, Berwick market had 10,000 salmon for sale on a day in

August; and, now that the paddle and the screw circumnavigate the globe, and the iron horse has a highway between the Atlantic and Pacific shores, our waters still retain their fulness. But there is no longer any chance of a salmon on the Sandhill at three farthings a pound. Customers are vastly more numerous; captives, as they leave the net, are whisked away by steam; and the youths of Newcastle are no longer in peril of a surfeit of salmon.

We have returned to the ancient tradition of the Tyne, prompted by the reminiscences of the Amercian writer, who makes us aware that the good Old English story has a footing in New England. "The thing that hath been shall be." Probable enough it is, as we are now disposed to think, that another legend of the Old Country, which sets our sires a-making of their wills before starting on a journey, may also have crossed the seas. It is a Tale of our Grandfathers; as it was also a tale of theirs. It is a story of the far past, never told of the near present. It recedes as you pursue it, and cannot be run down. You hear it related of the old coaching days. In the time of the stage coaches, it retreats to the period of the bridle roads; and so back it goes, as elusive as the salmon proviso of the apprentices' indentures. You track it into the eighteenth century, and chase it with your handful of salt into the seventeenth; and still the tale retires. Pepys heard of it with surprise in the reign of Charles II. It was told to him in the pleasant May time of 1669. He had been annoyed in the early morning by a freak of Mrs. P., who was off at day-dawn in her coach with the maid, "to gather May dew." But he dined in the afternoon with Lord Crewe, and was happy. There was "a stranger, a country gentleman," at table, with whom he got into conversation; and he learnt from him "what he had heard his father say, that in his time it was so rare for a country gentleman to come to London, that when he did come he used to make his will before he set out."

So, we see, the custom belonged to older days than those of the Restoration; and if we ascend to the time of Charles I., we find Sir John Oglander lamenting, about the year 1647, over the changes which had come over his beloved Isle of Wight since he was young. when people were so little given to going from home that "men made their wills when they went to London, thinking it like an East Indian voyage." Thus do we reach the reign of James or Elizabeth, and need not despair of becoming within hearing of some remoter sigh over departed days, wafting us to our travelling ancestors and their wills still higher up the stream of history.

"The thing that hath been shall be." The myths and the marvels of the morning time, the good old stories and legends, the tales of our grandfathers and of theirs, shall for ever be a human heritage.

JAMES CLEPHAN.

Hylton and the Hyltons.



LESS than a hundred yards from the old turnpike road from Monkwearmouth to Gateshead stands Hylton Castle, for more than six centuries the home of one of the oldest, richest, most powerful, and best allied families in the county of Durham. The Hyltons had a fabulous genealogy, extending back to the times of Athelstan, and a genuine pedigree which commenced in the reign of Henry II. The origin of the family is unknown. There is, however, a legend that, whilst the Saxon lord of Hylton was far away in Eastern lands making love to a Syrian maid, his daughter, left

In her gloomy hall by the woodland wild,
was wooed and won by a Danish knight, who first came to her in the disguise of a raven. Fair Edith, "in her saddest mood," had climbed to the battlements of her ancestral home—

A gentle breath comes from the vale,
A sound of life is on the gale;
And see—a raven on the wing
Circling around in airy ring,
Hovering about in doubtful flight—
Where, where will the carrier of Odin alight?
The raven has lit on the flagstaff high
That tops the dungeon tower,
And he has caught fair Edith's eye,
And gently, coyly, venturing nigh,
He flutters round her bower.
For he trusted the soft and maiden grace
That shone in that sweet young Saxon face;
And now he has perched on her willow wand,
And tries to smooth his raven note,
And sleeks his glossy raven coat,
To court the maiden's hand.
And now, caressing and caressed,
The raven is lodged in Edith's breast.
'Tis innocence and youth that makes
In Edith's fancy such mistakes;
But that maiden kiss hath holy power,
O'er planet and sigillary hour!
The elvish spell hath lost its charms,
And the Danish knight is in Edith's arms:
And Harold, at his bride's request,
His barbarous gods foreswore—
Freya, and Woden, and Balder, and Thor.
And Jarrow, with tapers burning bright,
Hailed her gallant proselyte.

The story is pretty, and may have led the last baron of Hylton to adopt the raven as his badge, and with gigantic representations in wood of Odin's messenger to mantle the east and west doors of his mansion. In history, however, we first meet with the Hyltons in the year 1157, when Romanus, "the Knight of Heltun," agreed with the prior and convent of St. Cuthbert, at Durham, that he and his heirs might have a priest appointed to his chapel at Hylton. The ruined chapel, a few yards north of the castle, can scarcely have any portion which is older than the present castle itself, of the date and builder whereof I shall speak presently, unless it be a few courses of masonry in the east wall of the chancel, which have certainly a Norman look about them, and may well

be believed to have been raised at the will of that ancient knight, Romanus.

One William de Hylton, almost certainly the grandson of Romanus, about 1198 married one Beneta, daughter and heiress of Germanus Tison, the great-grandson of Gilbert Tison, who is described as the great standard-bearer to William the Conqueror.

William's son and heir, Alexander, was one of a number of English nobles, who in 1241, "took leave of their friends, and, commending themselves to the prayers of religious men, set out in great pomp on their way towards Jerusalem." From this expedition, there is every reason to believe, Alexander de Hylton never returned.

In 1264, Robert de Hylton was one of the knights of the county of Durham who were present at the battle of Lewes. He took part with the barons against the king, and with the rest of the insurgents forfeited his estates. They were all, however, permitted to redeem their confiscated property. His son, also Robert, was summoned to the Parliaments of 1295, 1296, and 1297.

The present castle was built either by William de Hylton, who died in 1435, or by his son Robert, who died in 1447. It is first mentioned in the inquisition taken after the death of the latter, and is therein spoken of as "a house, built of stone, called the yatehouse."

In the account rolls of the masters of the cell of Monkwearmouth we have frequent notices of gifts bequeathed to that church as "mortuaries" by the barons of Hylton. The mortuary banner, standard, and coat armour of Baron William Hylton, who died in 1505 or 1506, were removed a few years later from Wearmouth to grace the walls of the Cathedral of Durham. Here they remained until July, 1513, when they were lent by the prior to the then baron, another William, who, in the following October, fought in his sire's armour, and beneath his sire's banner, on the field of Flodden.

This latter William's son, Sir Thomas Hylton, joined in the famed Pilgrimage of Grace in 1536. In the reign of Philip and Mary he was Governor of Tynemouth Castle. In 1558, a complaint was made against him that he had illegally detained a vessel from Flanders laden with salt, and that he was in the habit of taking such wares out of ships passing Tynemouth on their way to Newcastle as he was wishful to possess or dispose of to his own advantage.

Sir Thomas Hylton died in 1561, and was succeeded in the Hylton estates by his brother William. Sir Thomas had patronised a certain Dr. Bulleyn, an eminent physician of that day. Whilst Bulleyn was in London, Sir Thomas died, and his brother accused the doctor of having poisoned him. Bulleyn was arraigned before the Duke of Norfolk, but was honourably acquitted.

The misanthrope of the family, however, was one Henry Hylton, who died in 1641. By his will he

left the whole of his paternal estate for ninety-nine years to the Lord Mayor and four senior aldermen of London, in trust, that they should pay thereout £24 per annum to each of 38 parishes, £28 a year to the Mayor of Durham, £50 a year to the Vicar of Monkwearmouth, an annuity of £100 to his brother Robert Hylton, and £50 a year to his brother John. The residue he leaves to the city of London, charging them to bind yearly five children of his own kindred to some honest trade. They were to raise £4,000 out of Hylton rents, the interest whereof was to be employed in apprenticing orphans born in the manors of Ford, Biddick, and Barmston. After 99 years, his estates and the first-mentioned £4,000 were to go to his heir-at-law, "provided he be not such a one as shall claim to be the issue of the testator's own body." There were legacies to his servants and to the family of Shelley of Michell Grove, in Sussex. He then appoints Lady Jane Shelley his executrix, and desires to be buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, "under a fair tomb, like the tomb of Dr. Dunn," to erect which he leaves £1,000. For thirty years before his death he had been separated from his wife, and a scarce tract of the period states that the charitable bequests of his will were made in order "to merit pardon for thirty years' vicious life led with the Lady Shelley." It is needless to say that Hylton's paramour never raised the tomb for which his morbid vanity craved.

Thus encumbered, the estates of the Hyltons, during three generations, only enabled their owners to maintain the dignity of unostentatious country gentlemen. During this period the greatest prudence was manifested in the management of the various properties, with the result that in 1739 the estate and its possessors emerged from the difficulties under which they had struggled for a century. But the last Hylton, a bachelor, was then the owner, and he by will left the home of his ancestors and all other of his possessions, to his sister's son, Sir Richard Musgrave, on the condition of his taking the Hylton name. The last baron died in 1746, and was buried in the chapel at Hylton. In 1750 Sir Richard Musgrave obtained an Act of Parliament enabling him to sell the estates by auction. These estates covered 5,600 acres, and the annual rental was estimated at a little over £3,000. The Hyltons, it is said, owned almost all the land which could be seen from the battlements of their own castle.

It only now remains to describe the castle and the ruined chapel. The architectural features of the former indicate that its erection took place shortly before the middle of the fifteenth century. It is described in 1447 date as "the gatehouse," though there is evidence to show that the rest of the castle buildings stood north and south of a courtyard before its grand west front. Hylton castle is noted for its heraldry. Besides the royal arms of England as borne from the reign of Henry V. to that of Elizabeth,

we have on the west front the banner of the Hyltons beneath a ledge of canopied work, and the shields of the many noble families with which the Hyltons were allied. On the east front is a fine sculptured roebuck, at one time the Hylton badge. Beneath is the Hylton shield under a helmet, over which is the later Hylton crest, a head of Moses in profile, horned with triple rays. Of the origin or meaning of this extraordinary heraldic bearing I can offer no suggestion.

The west front is surmounted by four octagonal turrets with machicolations on every side. There is a round turret at each end of the east front. The central oblong tower of the east front rises a story higher than the rest of the building, and has a floor on the level of the leads,

barons of Hylton, their wives and their children, found rest. Their retainers were consigned to the graveyard outside. The chancel vault is now broken open, and the bones of the Hyltons have been scattered, no one caring whither. A thigh bone, said to have been that of the last baron, is preserved in the castle, (now the property and residence of Colonel Briggs), and the whereabouts of some other osseous reliques is known.

J. R. BOYLE.

The Cauld Lad of Hylton.

Hylton Castle has long had the reputation of being haunted by a bar-guest or local spirit, of the same genus



which we may conveniently call the guard room. Each turret has independent access from the roof. The octagonal turrets are even provided for defence against an enemy who might have climbed to the battlements.

The portion of the chapel which remains is only the chancel of the original structure, and was probably built by Sir William Hylton, who died in 1457. Its two transepts are additions of Tudor date. Each is of two stories, though the dividing floors are gone. The upper stories were reached through doorways in the east wall, now closed with masonry. The western extremity now is the ancient chancel arch, walled up in the last baron's days, with a doorway altogether of his time beneath, and portions of what was probably the nave's western window clumsily utilized above. Within the walls of this now ruined and abandoned—though episcopally consecrated—edifice, the mortal part of many of the

as used formerly to haunt almost every old feudal residence in the kingdom. The goblin was seldom seen, but was heard nightly by the servants, who got so accustomed to him that they were not the least frightened. If the kitchen had been left in perfect order on their retiring to rest, they would hear him amusing himself by hurling the pewter about in all directions, and throwing everything into confusion. But if, on the contrary, the apartment had been left in disarray (a practice which the maids found it both prudent and convenient to adopt), the indefatigable goblin set about arranging everything with the greatest precision, so that what was "confusion worse confounded" the night before, was in "apple-pie order" on the following morning. But though the Cau'd Lad's pranks seem to have been at all times perfectly harmless, they at length became wearisome to the servants, who determined to banish him from

the castle by the usual means employed in such cases, that is, not by priestly exorcism, but by leaving, for his express use, some article of clothing, or some toothsome delicacy to tempt his palate. The *Cau'd Lad* somehow got an inkling of their intentions, and was frequently heard to recite, in the dead of the night, in fancied security, the following consolatory stanzas:—

Wae's me, wae's me,
The acorn is not yet
Fallen from the tree
That's to grow the wood
That's to make the cradle
That's to rock the bairn
That's to grow a man
That's to *lay* me.

However, the goblin reckoned without his host; for the usual means of banishment were provided, viz., a green cloak and a hood, which were laid before the kitchen fire. At the dead hour of midnight the sprite glided gently in, stood by the smouldering embers, and surveyed the garments provided for him very attentively, then tried them on, and appeared delighted with their graceful cut, frisking about the room, and cutting sundry somersaults and gambadoes; until at length, on hearing the first crow of the cock, twitching his green mantle tightly round him, he disappeared with the appropriate valediction of

Here's a cloak and here's a hood,
The *Cau'd Lad* o' Hylton will do no more good!

But long after this, although he never returned to disarrange the pewter or set the house in order, yet his voice was often heard at midnight singing a melancholy melody:—

Here's a cloak and here's a hood,
The *Cau'd Lad* o' Hylton will do no more good!

The genuine brownie is supposed to be an unembodied spirit, that has never borne the human form; but the *Cau'd Lad* has, through the common process of myth-development, been identified with the apparition of an unfortunate domestic who was slain by one of the barons of Hylton in a moment of passion or intemperance. This baron, having ordered his horse to be ready on a particular occasion, and it not being brought out in time to soothe his ruffled impatience, proceeded to the stable, where he found the boy fast asleep and the horse unsaddled. Seizing a hay-fork, he struck the lad a blow which proved mortal. Horrified at what he had done, he covered the body with straw till night, and then threw it into a pond, where, many years afterwards, in the last baron's time, the skeleton of a boy was discovered, which was held to be a confirmation of the tale. This pond was afterwards drained, and a cottage was built on the site.

Perhaps this story, which was communicated to Robert Surtees, the compiler of the "History of Durham," by Mr. J. B. Taylor, may have had its origin in the fact recorded of a coroner's inquest having been held, on the 3rd July, 1609, on the body of Roger Skelton, who was killed with the point of a scythe, accidentally, by Robert Hylton, of Hylton, for which that gentleman obtained a free pardon on the 6th of September following.

The ballad of "The *Cau'd Lad* o' Hylton"—a quite modern production—tells how the murdered lad, Roger Skelton, used to pace o' nights round the castle hall, with his head literally in his hand, singing, "soft and low,"



Hylton Castle, East Front.

notwithstanding the severance of the larynx from the lungs, the following prophetic words of dread :—

Hylton's line dishonoured falls ;
Lay with the dust proud Hylton's walls.
Murder blots the household sword ;
Strip the lands from Hylton's lord, etc., etc.

If we are to believe Surtees's informant, however, the Cau'd Lad held full possession of the house several years after the death of the last Baron Hylton, and was not finally exorcised until the beginning of this century by the hospitality of the late Mr. Simon Temple, a wealthy coalowner, from whom Templetown, at the high end of South Shields, takes its name, who for some years occupied the castle, which, but for his interposition, would have been demolished, it having been condemned to be taken down for the sake of the materials.

If the ballad-writer speaks truth, the Cau'd Lad did not confine his pranks wholly to the castle. He tells us in a note that the goblin sometimes took a fancy to row people across the Wear at night, in the ferry boat stationed near. He would take them over half way, and then of a sudden disappear, leaving the passengers, though they might be women and children, to shift for themselves ; then, after some time, he would make his re-appearance, and after rowing them up and down the river a mile or two, would land them on the same side they started from, always making them, however, pay their fare, though what he could do with the money no man could tell. In pursuing this sort of mischievous amusement, the Cau'd Lad seems to have displayed rather the characteristics of the Scottish kelpie than the brownie, only that he does not seem ever to have gone the length of drowning the passengers he deceived, as the kelpie would at least have tried to do. Another freak of his was to sit astride a beer barrel in the cellar to guard the precious liquor. When John, the butler, went down to tap a cask, he often averred that he had found him there. But this latter circumstance is probably borrowed from similar tales told of the familiar spirits in various parts of Scotland and Ireland.

Another supernatural visitant is reported to have appeared in the castle shortly before the death of the last baron. When that dignitary was one night entertaining a large company, a greyhound, which nobody had previously seen, rushed into the dining-room, and, neglecting those present, fawned upon the baron, who saw round its neck a collar of gold, inscribed with magical characters, which he alone could read, and which were found to purport that his father, who had been dead twenty-five years, had sent the dog to him to announce his approaching death, and also the speedy downfall of the Hylton family, after a series of twenty descents, stretching through five centuries. The dog disappeared before morning as unaccountably as it came ; but the event soon proved the truth of the dismal warning.

The Uncle Toby Picture.

THE picture of Uncle Toby and his Little Friends, which is given away with the February Part of the *Monthly Chronicle*, was originally prepared for gratuitous distribution with the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*. Owing to the immense and totally unexpected demand for that paper on the date the work was issued, it was found impossible to meet the wants of the public. With the view of furnishing another opportunity of obtaining the picture, it was resolved to re-issue it with the *Monthly Chronicle*. The picture represents a group that appeared at two great children's demonstrations which took place in the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, on July 26 and 29, 1886. An account of that demonstration, and of the Dicky Bird Society which Uncle Toby established in 1876, has been printed in the *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. i., page 443. As regards the artistic merits of the picture, the subjoined testimonies from eminent members of the Royal Academy may be accepted as conclusive.

SIR J. E. MILLAIS, R.A.

Birmam Hall, Birmam, N.B., Dec. 24, 1887.

Sir J. Everett Millais presents his compliments to the Editor of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, and returns him many thanks for sending him the beautiful illustration of the Dicky Bird Society. The delicacy and colouring are quite exquisite.

SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A.

Vanbrugh Park, Blackheath, Dec. 29, 1887.

Dear Sir,—I beg to thank you for sending me copies of the *Weekly Chronicle* and the coloured picture.

The Supplement gives much curious and valuable matter ; a vast quantity of most varied and amusing reading.

The picture is a most excellent specimen of the art of colour printing, in parts very admirable, especially where the colour is broken and varied in tint and tone, as in green back of chair, the bird, and other parts.

Indeed, on looking again carefully over the entire work, I see that the faces are expressive and varied, and very natural, the drawing careful and good all through.

The only shadow of a shade of fault I see is that it is throughout rather too clean for nature.—Yours truly,

JOHN GILBERT.

MR. W. P. FRITH, R.A.

Mr. W. P. Frith, the eminent artist, writing to the Editor of the *Weekly Chronicle*, says that the picture of Uncle Toby is "a very remarkable example of colour printing." "The picture," he adds, "is so well drawn and so full of individual character as to contrast, much to its advantage, with similar productions that have come under my notice. I sincerely congratulate you and your subscribers upon it." The same great authority writes in a second letter :—"I shall only be too glad to bear public witness to the excellence of your chromo-lithograph. It is certainly one of the very best things of the kind I ever saw."

PROFESSOR HODGSON, R.A.

Mr. J. E. Hodgson, R.A., Professor of Painting in the Royal Academy, writing of the Uncle Toby Picture, says :—"The chromo is the best I have seen."

Notes and Commentaries.

A TALE OF THE PRESS GANG.

A correspondent of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* lately asked for "information relating to a seaman who met his death by the press gang in April, 1804." John Babington Stodart, the seaman in question, was my mother's brother. On his arrival from sea he came up to Newcastle to see his relatives one Sunday. The press gang was lying in wait for him. My uncle took to the water to swim to Gateshead. The press gang threatened to shoot anyone who should attempt to go to his assistance, and when he neared the opposite shore he was himself shot in the head by the press gang. I have heard my mother say that it was the last time the press gang durst appear in Newcastle, the populace being so incensed against them. I subjoin some lines which were written by an unknown person and put up at the end of the street, namely, the Wall Knoll, where the family, consisting of a widowed mother and her two daughters, resided:—

Oh! how he fled,
But death the lovely victim led,
Hard followed by a murdering crew
Of bloody ruffians not a few.
Well might the echo "Murder!" cry aloud—
When fast pursued by a murdering crowd,
A crew that justice ought to hang,
Bloody Moody and his gang.
Ye weeping friends, dry up your tears;
The youth is freed from warlike fears,
His soul is lifted up on high,
Though in the dust his body lie.

I am in possession of several of the victim's letters, showing the incessant trouble and dread of the press gang, and sometimes relating an escape from them; also various family letters relative to his melancholy death, showing how much he was respected.

ELIZA HUTCHINSON, Cliff Cottage, Jarrow.

MONUMENT AT KIRKLEY HALL.

A monument at Kirkley Hall, Northumberland, erected by Newton Ogle, Dean of Winchester, in commemoration of the landing of William of Orange, bears the following inscription:—

VINDICATE LIBERTATIS PUBLICÆ
ANNO CENTESIMO
SALUTIS MDCCLXXXVIII
NEWTON OGLE
P

J. O., Newcastle.

A REMARKABLE TREE.

A remarkable ash tree was cut down in the park of Bradley Hall, near Wylam, a short time ago. The bole end was 14 feet in length, 6 feet in diameter, and contained 242 cubic feet of timber. Altogether the tree measured nearly 600 cubic feet of timber, two of the limbs each containing 40 cubic feet. The tree had to be cut

down because it covered an area of nearly an acre, and was extending to a building in which valuable prize cattle were housed. It was feared that during the winter storms it might cause great damage by being blown down. Two men were employed a couple of days in felling this veteran of the park.

JOHN MCKAY, Newcastle.

GEORGE CLAYTON ATKINSON.

A biographical sketch of this gentleman appeared in the present volume of the *Monthly Chronicle*, page 38.



GEORGE CLAYTON ATKINSON

The portrait now presented to the reader is copied from a photograph kindly lent by Mr. Atkinson's son, Mr. Matthew Hutton Atkinson, of Windsor Terrace, Newcastle. EDITOR.

SPEED'S PLAN OF NEWCASTLE.

There are two errors in the article on Speed's Plan of Newcastle (*Monthly Chronicle*, vol. ii., page 34), which it would be as well to correct. Anderson Place was the seat of Sir Walter Blackett before it came into the possession of Major Anderson. The Priory at the Wall Knoll does not appear ever to have been the property of the Trinity House. A., Newcastle.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

"AAD NANNY."

A few years ago, in a village in the neighbourhood of Penser, a funeral party were assembled to pay the last tribute of respect to the remains of an old lady who had

been known by the name of "Aad Nanny." Among those present was a young man who (after all present had taken a last look at the well-remembered face) was engaged in screwing on the lid of the coffin. During this operation, he was observed by those present to be vainly endeavouring to suppress a fit of laughter. This excited the indignation of the mourners, who asked him the reason for such an unseemly proceeding at so solemn a time. He replied:—"Aa really cannot help't. Aa wes just thinking o' the time when aa wes a lad, an' used te plague aad Nanny, an' she tell'd us then that when she deed she wad haant us, an' aa've just thowt that she cannot haant us noo because aa've screwed hor doon ower tight!"

A HOT RESIDENCE.

Some years ago there resided, at a short distance from Newcastle, an elderly colliery viewer, who was kind at heart, although gruff in manner. On one occasion he was much perplexed, owing to want of proper accommodation for his workpeople. A miner's wife made bold to approach him and ask what she was to do for a house. The characteristic reply was, "Go to blazes!" The poor woman at once walked away. A minute afterwards another miner's wife accosted him on the same matter. He at once replied, "See yon woman, away yonder" (pointing to the one he had previously dismissed); "get one next door to her." The poor woman, quite pleased, ran after the first applicant, and made the inquiry, "Whor are ye te put up? He says aa's te get a hoose next te ye." "Wey, woman!" replied the other, "he says aa've te gan te blazes!"

THE LESSON OF MARTYRDOM.

While Foxe's "Book of Martyrs" was being examined in a Sunderland household on a certain Sunday, a little boy overheard his father explaining to his elder brothers that the punishments shown in the ghastly pictures were inflicted because of the martyrs reading the Bible, which was then a prohibited book. At night little Johnny was heard saying to his sister, "Aa waddent larn te read the Bible for onnything. If aa de, aa'll be sure te get cut te pieces!"

A GOOD COOK.

A Tyneside maiden, on applying for the first time for a situation as maid-of-all-work, was asked by her prospective mistress if she could cook. With a look of astonishment she promptly replied: "Aa shud think se! Aa wonder whe kuiks ma fethor's reed har'n and tetties!"

MARRIED IN SECTIONS.

A would be happy couple, travelling from a colliery district, called at a register office with a view to wedlock. "Dis Mistor Registor leeve here, sor?" inquired the enamoured swain. Being answered in the affirmative, he continued, "Aa want te knaa whaat ye chaarge for myeking two foak intiv one, sor?" The cost of a special licence was explained to him. "Had thy hand, mar-

row," he exclaimed; "thoo sees aa's come 'specially te get wed, but aa find, on tyeking stock, that aa's half a croon short. Mebbies ye cud manish to marry us as far as the brass gans!"

BODY-SNATCHING.

Many years ago two body-snatchers were plying their vocation one dark winter morning. A baker was passing close to the churchyard with his basket on his shoulder, when suddenly a corpse was dropped from the top of the wall. With a yell of terror, he dropped his basket and ran at his utmost speed. The body-snatcher, thinking it was a veritable resuscitation of the corpse, said to his mate: "Hey, Bill, we'll hev te hev another; that yen's bolted!"

BAD MEAT.

"Are ye in want of a lad, sor?" said a young farm labourer to a farmer at a Newcastle hiring. "I am not," replied the latter, "but why are you leaving Farmer N.? I'm sure he is a good master?" "The maistor is all reet," said the lad, "it's the meat that's bad. Six months sin', we had an aad coo deed, an we eat hor. Then the aad soo deed, and we eat hor. Yesterday the maistor's mother deed, and aa runn'd away!"

AN AWFUL TWIST.

At a mining village within a hundred miles of Sunderland, there lived a pitman by name Geordy. One morning—being in the fore shift—he found that he had overslept himself, and that it would only be by the utmost expedition he would reach the mine in proper time. In his haste he managed to get his breeches on back to front, and in this trim proceeded "in by" to his cavel. He had not worked long, however, until by some over-exertion or accident he gave his side a severe wrench, so much so that he had to lie down. His "marrow" went to see what was the matter. "Hello! Geordy," said he, "whaat's the mator, man?" "Oh, man, aa've gi'en mysel a rare twist," he replied. His "marrow," seeing the position of his breeches, exclaimed: "Twist! Geordy, by gum, aa think thoo hes; wey, thoo's twisted reet round!"

QUALIFICATIONS FOR A TOWN COUNCILLOR.

A certain candidate for the Council recently went into a house within the usual hundred miles of the Close, Newcastle. He found the free and independent elector in a very bad temper, nor could he move him by the most flattering words. At last the elector's son caught the eye of the office-seeker. Here was his opportunity to get at his man's feelings, so he remarked:—"A very fine boy, that of yours, Mr. Brown." Mr. Brown admitted the soft impeachment in a very gruff manner. "What might you be going to make of him?" ingratiatingly pursued our friend. Mr. Brown growled out that he was going to make him a councillor. "A councillor! Why?" "Wey," said Mr. Brown, with a grunt, "when he was

three years aad, he cud guzzle like a shork ; when he was five, he fit like a lion wiv onnything an' ivvorything ; an' noo he's sivin he lees maist aaful, and the way he corses an' sweors wad change the colour o' yor watch chain !"

North-Country Obituaries.

Mr. Bertram Paget Ord, of Gateshead, died very suddenly on the 14th of December, 1887. He was well known in local commercial circles. For upwards of twenty years, the deceased had been cashier and chief clerk in the office of the Washington Chemical Company. Mr. Ord, who was fifty years of age, was also a prominent Freemason.

At the age of fifty-four, on the same day, died Mr. Robert Carverhill, of the firm of Messrs. Chapman and Carverhill, Gloucester Foundry, Newcastle.

On the 14th of December, there also died, in his sixty-fourth year, Mr. John Lowry, senior partner in the firm of Messrs. John and William Lowry, builders and contractors, Corporation Street, Newcastle. The deceased had, in conjunction with his brother, carried on business in the town for forty years.

Mr. John Patterson, widely known as a workman, a trade unionist, and a Radical politician, died at Choppington Colliery, on the 14th of December, in the seventy-third year of his age.

On the 15th of December, Mr. William Lawther, an ardent Liberal in politics, and an active member of the Northumberland Colliery Enginemen's Association, died at Choppington Colliery.

On the 16th of December, the funeral took place in Jesmond Cemetery of Mr. William Robson Lund, who had carried on business for many years as a grocer in Moseley Street, Newcastle, but had latterly been living in retirement. The deceased, who was one of the oldest tradesmen of the old school, was aged seventy-one years.

The Rev. Thomas Natrass, a native Weardale, died very suddenly in the Wesleyan Chapel, Bowden, on the 18th of December.

On the same day died Mr. John A. Wiggins, landlord of the Express Inn, Newcastle, and well known for his genuine interest in the musical affairs of the neighbourhood.

Mr. George A. Middlemiss, a well-known architect and auctioneer, expired at his residence, Ashbrooke Tower, Sunderland, on the 20th of December, in his seventy-third year. The deceased gentleman, who was for several years a member of the Town Council, designed some of the principal buildings in Sunderland, among them being the Theatre Royal, in Bedford Street.

Mr. John Caldwell, retired shipowner, and at one time a well-known figure on the Quayside of Newcastle, died at Inverness, on the 21st of December, in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

On the 23rd of December, the death was announced, at the age of between eighty and ninety years, of John Pybus, an eccentric character in Sunderland, better known as "Jack the Sweep." The deceased, according to a Sunderland correspondent of the *Weekly Chronicle*, was the son of Jane Jameson, who was hung on New-

castle Moor for the murder of her mother—a deed brutally accomplished, in a drunken fury, by means of a red-hot poker. Jack was the sole witness, and by his evidence his mother was condemned to death.

The death was announced, on the 24th of December, of the Rev. E. L. Pincott, M.A., vicar of Bolam, and formerly chaplain of Brinkburn Priory, the rev. gentleman being in the fiftieth year of his age.

On Christmas Day, Mr. William Smith, blacksmith, and the first maker of the street-sweeping machines and road-scrapers, which have since been improved upon and used in nearly all parts of the world, died at Barnard Castle, at the age of seventy-five years.

Mr. William Cairns Hardy, architect, Morpeth, died from rheumatic fever, on the 27th of December, at the early age of twenty-four years.

On the same day occurred the death of the Rev. Henry Oakley, for twenty-one years Congregational minister at Chester-le-Street.

On the 28th December, Mr. S. B. Coxon, mining engineer, formerly connected with this district, during his



residence at Usworth Hall, died at West Kensington, London. The deceased gentleman was an intimate friend of Sir George Elliot, M.P., to whose mining property in Nova Scotia he had paid several professional visits ; and he was similarly consulted by Lord Aberdare with regard to that nobleman's collieries in South Wales. For a considerable time past, however, Mr. Coxon had retired from the more active pursuit of his profession.

Mr. David Kaye, builder, and a member of the Jarrow Town Council, since November, 1883, died in that town, on the 30th of December, aged forty-nine years.

Mr. George Scott Wallace, who had settled at Seaham Harbour as one of the early tradesmen, and commenced business as a cooper about forty years ago, died on the 2nd of January, 1888, in the sixty-second year of his age.

On the 2nd of January, the remains of Mr. Robert Potts, one of the oldest tradesmen in the Felling, where he had been in business as a clothier for many years prior to his retirement, were interred at Heworth. The deceased, who had held seats at different times on the Local Board, the Board of Guardians, and the School Board, was sixty-seven years of age.

Intelligence was received in Sunderland on the 3rd of January, that Mrs. Webb, formerly of that town, had died on the previous day at Harrogate. The deceased lady was a sister of Mr. Christopher Webster, of Pallion Hall, and was once well known in Sunderland as the wife of the famous Rector Gray.

On the 3rd of January, Mr. Christopher Boak, for many years chief in command of the local Coastguard, first in the city of Dublin, afterwards at Craster, and finally at Holy Island, died at Rothbury, of which village he was a native. The deceased gentleman, who was a cousin of Mr. Samuel Donkin, late of Bywell Felton, was eighty-six years of age.

Mr. C. Macnally, formerly well known as a schoolmaster, died suddenly in Durham, on the 3rd of January, at the age of sixty-six years.

On the same day, died, also at the age of sixty-six, Mr. Robinson Mitchell, of Cockermouth, who was the first to introduce cattle auction marts into the North of England.

At the age of fifty-five years, Mr. John William Brown, Provincial Grand Tyler of Freemasons for Durham, died at Sunderland on the 5th of January.

On the 6th of January, the body of Mr. Archibald McNeill, a London journalist, and formerly on the staff of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, was found on the shore at Boulogne. The deceased gentleman, who had gone over to France on professional business, had been missing since the 20th of December, 1887. Foul play was suspected.

Mr. Wilkinson Rowell, engineer to the Marquis of Londonderry's collieries, died at New Seaham, on the 7th of January, in the sixty-second year of his age.

On the same day died Mr. John Oldroyd, contractor, an alderman and justice of the peace for South Shields. The deceased gentleman was about seventy years of age.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

DECEMBER, 1887.

13.—Mr. Richard S. Wilson, grocer, was accidentally drowned while endeavouring to go on board a vessel in the North Dock, Monkwearmouth.

14.—After three days of intense suffering from symptoms consistent with the presence of hydrophobia, Mr. A. T. Rogers, B.A., tutor with Mr. J. H. Bramwell, of the Bow School, North Bailey, Durham, died at that address. Mr. Rogers, who was a native of the South of England, had, during his holiday in August last, rescued a little boy from an attack by a collie dog, and in doing so had been several times bitten in the hand.

15.—Mr. George Noble Clark, after a connection of forty years with the Newcastle Savings' Bank, retired from the treasurership of that institution; Mr. Henry

Cooke, barrister, and son of a former treasurer, being appointed his successor.

—It was announced, under this date, by advertisement, that the Home Secretary had granted a draft license to Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Company, Limited, of the Elswick Works, for a factory for making up quick-firing gun ammunition for her Majesty's Government.

16.—Lord Herschell, ex-Lord Chancellor, presided at the annual dinner of the Newcastle Liberal Club, and in the evening addressed a political meeting in the Town Hall.

17.—There being no cases for disposal at the Newcastle Police Court, the Mayor (Mr. W. D. Stephens) and other city magistrates were each presented with a pair of white gloves.

—A new lifeboat, the gift of the cyclists of Great Britain, was launched at Hartlepool.

—A new co-operative store, erected at a cost of £3,000, was opened at Consett.

20.—The new church of All Saints, erected at Eppleton, Hetton Downs, at a cost of about £3,000, was consecrated by the Bishop of Durham.

—It was intimated, by telegram from Sir J. W. Pease, M.P., that the man Joseph Turnbull, convicted of the murder, in March, 1873, of Martin Hagan, at Willington, but whose sentence of death was subsequently commuted to penal servitude for life, would be released on the usual license. The man was liberated accordingly from Portland prison, on the 22nd inst., and next day he arrived quietly at his old home at Willington.

21.—Several trees were planted at Houghton-le-Spring, in celebration of the jubilee of the Queen.

22.—About 1,200 school children were entertained to tea by Sir George Elliot, in celebration of the fifty years which had elapsed since he worked as a viewer at Wearmouth Colliery.

—Messrs. Howard and Wyndham's fifth annual pantomime, entitled "The Babes in the Wood," was produced at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle.

23.—A branch association of military gentlemen was formed in Newcastle, for finding employment for old soldiers.

—The jurors' awards in connection with the Royal Jubilee Exhibition at Newcastle were issued, there being 34 gold, 214 silver, and 208 bronze medals.

—A hulk named the Providence, outward bound from Newcastle Quayside, with petroleum for Middlesbrough, was leaving Shields harbour in tow of the Tyne tug, the Flying Scotchman, and was just off the pier end, when the oil was seen to be in flames. The crew, consisting of two men, saved themselves by their boat, and the hulk was shortly afterwards burnt to the water's edge.

—The sixteenth annual dinner of the North of England Commercial Travellers' Association was held in Newcastle, under the presidency of Mr. Gainsford Bruce, Q.C.

—A report was published as to the testing, at Sir W. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co.'s proof range at Silloth, of the largest gun ever mounted on a disappearing carriage. The gun and its carriage had been manufactured at Elswick for the Government of Victoria.

24.—A beautiful model of a carriage, the workmanship of Messrs. David Bell and R. Mills, an address, and a piece of plate were presented to Mr. John Philipson, J.P., of the firm of Messrs. Atkinson and Philipson, coach-builders, Newcastle, in recognition of his services as

chairman of the division devoted to "Sundry Industries" at the late Exhibition.

—The half-yearly conference of the delegates of the Durham Miners' Political Association was held in the Miners' Hall, Durham, Mr. J. Hogg, Hetton, being re-elected president.

The first performance took place, in presence of a large audience, at the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, of Mr. Augustus Harris's Christmas pantomime, entitled "The Fair One with the Golden Locks," written by Mr. William Younge.

—It was announced in the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* that it had been decided to utilize a "blower" of gas which had for some time been flowing to waste at one of the gas collieries in the county of Durham, the intention being to convey the gas to the boilers and use it for firing purposes. In 1840, a company was formed to supply gas from the Wallsend Colliery for lighting local towns, and in November of that year an attempt was made to light "Carville Station on the Newcastle and North Shields Railway"; but owing to the impurity of the gas the experiment proved a failure.

25.—About a thousand street arabs were entertained to breakfast in the Town Hall, Newcastle, by the Sheriff (Mr. J. Baxter Ellis) and Councillor Hepworth.

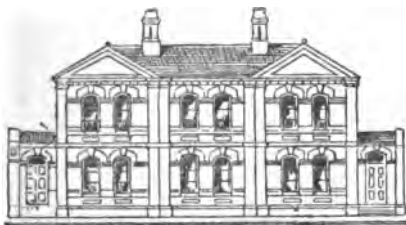
26.—A fine art and industrial exhibition was opened by Earl Percy in the Assembly Rooms, Alnwick, in aid of the building fund of the St. Andrew's Mission Hall and Institute. The exhibition, which closed on the 7th of January following, realised a profit of about £200.

27.—John Merrils, aged ten years, and James Gordon, a boy about the same age, were drowned while testing the bearing capacity for skating of an ice-covered brick-pond at Jarrow.

—In the *Evening Chronicle*, it was announced that the award of Mr. Jacob Wilson, as umpire in the case of the Newcastle Post Office authorities and the property owners in Westgate Road, Newcastle, had been issued, the result being that, for the 1,324 square yards of ground required for the contemplated extension of the Post Office, there had been awarded a sum of £27,340.

28.—A scheme of commercial education in connection with the Grammar School was adopted by the Schools and Charities Committee of the Newcastle Corporation.

—The Thomas Knight Memorial Hospital, erected at a cost of £2,000, and possessing an endowment of £6,000



Thomas Knight Hospital, Blyth

bequeathed by Mrs. Knight, widow of Mr. Thomas Knight, was opened at Blyth by Lady Ridley.

—Michael Warriner, 29 years of age, died in Newcastle Infirmary from the effect of injuries received by the explosion of a paraffin lamp at Byker, on the 19th of the same month.

28.—A singular explosion of gas took place in the open thoroughfare of Percy Street, Newcastle, the force being such as to blow up about two yards of the road, and to lift up the carriage-way to the extent of nearly ten yards. On the 2nd of January, 1888, another explosion near the same spot, and supposed to have been caused, as before, by the dropping of a lighted match into a leaking portion of the main, took place. The accident was not so serious as on the previous occasion, but the report greatly alarmed the show-proprietors and the many pleasure-seekers assembled at the hoppings.

29.—The first of the series of medals awarded to exhibitors at the Newcastle Exhibition was issued, as manufactured by Messrs. Reid and Sons, Grey Street. On the front of the medal was a very tasteful design of the Newcastle coat-of-arms, while on the reverse were cleverly depicted views of the High Level Bridge, the Castle, and other prominent surroundings.

—The first tree was planted in a new park for Spenny-moor, by Mr. T. M. Reay, of Whitworth House.

—The top-stone of the tower of the new Town Hall, Middlesbrough, was laid by the Mayor of that town, Mr. T. Sanderson.

—The Tyne Improvement Commissioners, on the recommendation of their engineer, Mr. P. J. Messent, resolved to carry the North Pier at the mouth of the Tyne to a total length of 2,955 feet, and the South Pier to a final length of 5,153 feet, the width between the ends of the piers being 1,300 feet.

30.—A collision took place on the Jarrow and Pontop Railway, near Monkton, between some waggons and a horse and cart, with the result that the cart was smashed to pieces, and the horse killed, while half a-dozen waggons were thrown off the line and dashed to atoms. The fireman, Nathaniel Holme, who was riding on the front part of the foremost waggon, sustained a compound fracture of both legs, one of which had to be amputated. Peter Collins, the owner of the horse and cart with which the trucks came into collision, was afterwards apprehended on a charge of stealing coals on the Pontop and Jarrow Railway. The fireman, Holme, died from the effects of his injuries, in the Memorial Hospital, Jarrow, on the 4th of January, and on the 6th, the coroner's jury returned a verdict of manslaughter against Collins.

30.—Mrs. Robert Lamb was severely injured by the collapse of a portion of a railway embankment and the consequent fall of her horse, while she was hunting with Mr. Fred. Lamb's hounds at Washington Hall.

31.—A new lifeboat arrived at Seaham Harbour from the Royal National Lifeboat Institution.

—A fire, causing damage to the extent of upwards of £200, broke out in the pumping engine-house of the Tees Hetton Coal Company at Evenwood, the building being completely destroyed.

—A skiff race over the Tyne championship course was rowed between Charles Carr, of Newcastle, and W. G. East, of Putney, the stakes being £50 a-side. The young Tyneside sculler took the lead almost from the outset, and ultimately passed the winning point at Scotswood Suspension Bridge by fully a dozen lengths.

JANUARY, 1888.

1.—In Newcastle and district, the New Year, which fell upon a Sunday, was ushered in amid the customary

demonstrations; but the usual watch-night service in St. Nicholas' Cathedral was, on this occasion, dispensed with. The Mayor (Mr. W. D. Stephens) entertained a large number of poor children to a free breakfast in the Bath Lane Hall.

—The Rev. Walter Walsh entered on the pastorate of the Rye Hill Baptist Church, Newcastle.

—St. George's Parochial Hall, Osborne Road, Newcastle, was opened by the Bishop of Newcastle.

—In connection with the jubilee of Pope Leo XIII., special services were held in all the Catholic churches of the diocese of Hexham and Newcastle.

2.—The first cargo of petroleum oil in bulk which has been brought to the Tyne arrived at South Shields by the s.s. Petrolia.

—Thomas Spence, aged 22 years, son of Mr. R. Spence, greengrocer, was drowned by falling from the back of a horse which he had taken into the sea to wash at Seaham Harbour. On the same day, a man was drowned by falling into the river Wear from the Lambton Drops at Sunderland.

—A largely attended united temperance demonstration was held in the Town Hall, Newcastle, under the auspices of the Newcastle Temperance Society, Central Hall Blue Ribbon Army, United Kingdom Alliance, and the Newcastle Temperance Federation, the chair being occupied by the Mayor of Newcastle, Mr. W. D. Stephens.

—The Rev. W. C. Fraser, of Selkirk, entered upon duty as new minister of the Caledonian Church, Argyle Street, Newcastle.

3.—A letter was received from Lord Camperdown, enclosing £25 as his subscription to the Crawford memorial. His lordship also announced his desire to present to the town of Sunderland the silver medal commemorative of the heroic deed at the battle of Camperdown, which was presented by his fellow-townsmen to Jack Crawford in March, 1798, but which since 1860 had been in possession of Lord Duncan's descendants among other memorials of the memorable action. The full story of Jack Crawford and of the gallant exploit which has rendered him famous was told in the first number of the *Monthly Chronicle* (March, 1887, page 8), and in that sketch the suggestion of a monument to his memory at Sunderland had its origin.

—A Local Government Board Inquiry was held at Gosforth in reference to a proposed Provisional Order to include in the South Gosforth Local Government District all that part of the township of South Gosforth which is at present included in the Rural Sanitary District of the Castle Ward Union.

—Mr. W. E. Knollys, one of the inspectors of the Local Government Board, opened an inquiry in the Guardians' Board Room, Pilgrim Street, Newcastle, into certain matters connected with, and arising out of, the recently reported outbreak of scarlet fever in the Workhouse. The hearing of evidence was completed on the 5th, and the inquiry was formally closed on the 7th inst.

4.—At a meeting of the Hedworth, Monkton, and Jarrow School Board, Mr. J. R. Carr-Ellison announced, by letter, his intention to give in advance £10 for three years (£30) for establishing a scholarship to be called the "Carr-Ellison Scholarship."

6.—About 900 persons, chiefly young people, were shown over the Natural History Museum at Barras Bridge, Newcastle, Alderman Barkas, F.G.S., acting as guide to the party.

7.—The final official lists of the collections on behalf of the Newcastle Hospital Fund for 1887 were issued, the total sum realised being £3,516 15s. 7d.

8.—The steamer Shoreham, of Newcastle and London, was run into by another vessel off the Kentish Knock, and seven of the crew were drowned.

General Occurrences.

DECEMBER, 1887.

13.—Moscow University closed in consequence of riots by the students.

15.—Sentence of three months' imprisonment passed on the director of the Paris Opera Comique, where a fire occurred causing the deaths of 300 persons. He was also ordered to pay compensation to the extent of £2,300.

16.—Panic on the Vienna Bourse in consequence of war rumours.

20.—The Rev. A. H. Mackonochie was found dead in Scotland.

—An immense raft of logs was being towed from Canada to New York, when it went to pieces in a gale. The dimensions were as follows:—Length, 560 feet; breadth, 65 feet; depth, 38 feet. Number of logs, 27,000.

—Advices received at Bombay from Afghanistan announced that the Boundary Commission had settled the new line of frontier between Russia and Afghanistan up the river Murghab.

27.—Mr. Gladstone was snowballed by a crowd at Dover, while on his way to the Continent.

29.—The Grand Theatre, High Street, Islington, London, was burnt to the ground. No lives were lost.

31.—A powder magazine exploded at Amoy, China. Fifty soldiers and one hundred civilians were blown to atoms.

JANUARY, 1888.

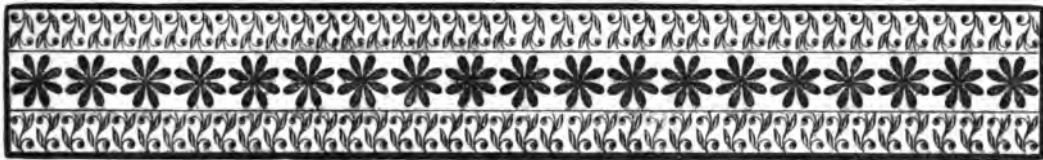
1.—A solemn public mass in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of Pope Leo was held at Rome.

4.—Severe gale on the Irish coast, causing numerous shipwrecks and much loss of life.

6.—Parliamentary election at Winchester, owing to the death of Colonel Tottenham. Result: Moss (C.), 1,364; Vanderbyl (L.), 849. At the last election the figures were as follows:—Tottenham (C.), 1,119; Groves (H.R.), 783.

7.—Reports of a terrible disaster in China in November were received about this time. The river Hwang Ho burst its banks about 300 miles from the coast, entirely deserting its former bed. It poured its floods upon a thickly populated plain, and forced an entirely new road to the sea. Fifteen hundred villages were submerged, and millions of lives were said to have been lost.

9.—Serious outbreak amongst the crofters of Lewis, Scotland. A raid was made upon a sheep farm for the purpose of clearing the entire stock off it. The raiders came into conflict with a military force stationed on the island, and several men on both sides were injured



The Monthly Chronicle

OF

NORTH-COUNTRY•LORE•AND•LEGEND

VOL. II.—No. 13.

MARCH, 1888.

PRICE 6D.

Crowley's Crew.

Incessant, day and night, each crater roars
Like the volcano on Sicilian shores;
Their fiery wombs each molten maas combine,
Thence, lava-like, the boiling torrents shine;
Down the trenched sand the liquid metal holds,
Shoots showers of stars and fills the hollow moulds.

SUCH is the description that an old local historian applies to an institution which was famous and important once, but has fallen into desuetude now, and lives only as a cherished but ever-fading retrospect in the traditions of a village. About the beginning of the present century foundries and smelting furnaces would not be the matter-of-course things they seem at present, and one can quite sympathise with the poet whose imagination bodied forth, with so much prodigality of metaphor, the above-

quoted lines. The works deemed worthy of such distinguished mention were those of Messrs. Crowley, Millington, and Co., at Winstan and Swalwell, then one of the most important industries of the district, and perhaps the most important as a steel and iron manufactory.

As the foundation of the factory dates about two hundred years back, local history is reticent respecting the details of that event. All we can gather is that its birth was attributable to the commercial enterprise of one Ambrose Crowley. This fact in itself, however, is a most interesting one, inasmuch as Ambrose Crowley was one of the most notable figures in the commercial world of his time. Commencing life as an anvil-maker at



Dudley, in Staffordshire, he gradually acquired wealth, and in 1680 or 1682 we find him at Sunderland, engaged in founding there a factory for the fabrication of various kinds of iron utensils. But he did not find the banks of the Wear suitable, and about 1690 he transferred his "Cyclopean colony," as it was called, to Winlaton. It would seem that in the new situation the works thrived and were extended, for in 1697 there is found in the *Postboy* (No. 510) the following advertisement indicating that the ordinary sources of supply were not sufficient to meet the demand for hands at the Winlaton establishment:—

MR. CROWLEY, at The Doublet, in Thames Street, London, Ironmonger, doth hereby give notice, that at his Works at Winlaton, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne, any good workman that can make the following Goods shall have constant Employment and their Wages every week punctually paid (viz.), Augers, Bedscraws, Box and Sad-Irons, Chains, Edge-Tools, Files, Hammers, Hinges, Haws for the Plantations, Locks, especially Ho-Locks, Nails, Patten Rings, and almost all other sorts of Smith's Ware.

Crowley resided in London, and grew rapidly in wealth and position; but whether this was entirely attributable to the revenue accruing from the Winlaton factory we cannot discover. His importance as a merchant was crowned by the distinction of knighthood, which was conferred upon him on the 1st of January, 1706, and in the following year we read of Sir Ambrose Crowley as enjoying the triple honours of Sheriff of London, Alderman of the City, and Member of Parliament for Andover. His admission to the ranks of the titled and fashionable class was not unnoticed by the wits of the time, who found in his humble extraction a fruitful, though to them not very creditable, theme for the exercise of their powers of travesty. It is believed that Sir Ambrose is immortalised under the name of Sir John Anvil in No. 299 of the "*Spectator*," a contribution attributed to Addison.* If this be so, and there were really any foundation of truth for the satirical portrait drawn by the writer, one might see a justification for the raillery of the *beaux esprits*; but it is difficult to reconcile the administrative genius which conceived the constitution of the Winlaton community and the commercial eminence that culminated in knighthood, with the social and domestic inanity ridiculed by the "*Spectator*." With reference to Sir Ambrose, it is only necessary to add that he died in 1713, leaving estates and £200,000, besides his factory.

Sir Ambrose died, but his works at Winlaton went on and were the means of making his name a household word in the northern district for nearly another century and a half. From "a few deserted cottages" they in the course of time transformed Winlaton into a

populous and well-to-do trading centre, rivalling in importance and excelling in substance many of the large towns. In comfort, education, and intelligence the workmen were far ahead of the labouring population of the time. Under the system instituted by Sir Ambrose Crowley they could scarcely have been otherwise. They were governed by a code of laws which established a community of interests between master and men, and bound the whole of the employees together by a kind of family tie. While every person was subjected to defined and strictly enforced regulations, individual freedom remained unrestricted, and a spirit of bold independence was fostered amongst the men which distinguished them singly and collectively from all others. One of the notable peculiarities of the factory was the registration of the workpeople. Every man employed upon the place had not only his name entered upon the register, but also his age, religion, height, complexion, place of birth, and last place of residence. But this was not all. Whether or not he indulged in the use of what is by very much courtesy called the "fragrant weed" was also noted down, but whether any pains and penalties were attachable to smoking we are unable to state. Neither was personal history neglected in this curious chronicle. Many strange incidents are recorded opposite the names of the employees, women as well as men, for work was found for females on the premises. One case may be quoted showing that modern accomplishments were not entirely unknown even in the early part of last century. Anne Partridge, of Dudley, we are told, came and sojourned three weeks, during which time "she got into all the debt she could, then ran away—an arrant rogue." This deeply-interesting volume, we regret to say, along with other valuable business documents of the firm, was cast into a furnace and destroyed in 1862 at the command of the then proprietor, when he resolved to obliterate the principles which up to his time had ruled the prices and contracts, in order that he might dictate the terms of labour according to his own interests and will. As we have already indicated, the factory was governed by an elaborate code of laws, which exerted a power beyond the mere details of business, and superseded the law of the country in regard to matters which are now dealt with in County Courts and at Petty Sessions. The conduct of the business of the firm was confided to what was called the "Committee of Survey." This body consisted of the head agent and the two surveyors, and their duties were to read all letters and issue directions respecting the work to be done in the different departments. This committee conducted the correspondence of the firm, and all letters were headed "Committee of Survey," followed by the number of the week. Dates on correspondence were regulated not according to our present system based

* Sir John Anvil "began the world with a small parcel of rusty iron; and being gifted in the acquisition of wealth, was knighted in his 36th year, and being intent on making a family (with a dash of good blood in their veins) married a woman of fashion, who changed his name to Enville, and confined her husband to the cockpit when she had visitors of quality."

upon the Gregorian calendar, but by the number of weeks which had elapsed since the factory was established. Thus, the last bundle of letters sent out by the firm under its primitive constitution were dated "Week 9,234." Next to the "Committee of Survey" stood "The Council," which was composed of the officials already named, with the addition of the cashier, the ware-keeper, and the iron-keeper. They met every Thursday at ten o'clock, and their duties were to deal with complaints about the work and questions or disputes connected with wages. "Crowley's Court" was the chief tribunal of the factory. It bore the character of both a criminal and civil authority, and dealt with the delinquencies, disputes, and debts of the workmen. Infractions of the factory laws and breaches of social order were here punished, quarrels were adjusted, and civil claims heard and adjudicated upon. If a tradesman wished to recover a debt due from any of the men, he brought the matter before "Crowley's Court," and if he established his claim, an order was made for a fixed sum to be deducted periodically from the man's wages towards the liquidation of the debt. In like manner bastardy claims were settled. Legal rights were thus cheaply and promptly secured, and circumlocutory and extortionate processes of the regular law courts were avoided. With rare exceptions, the orders made and the penalties inflicted by the court were thoroughly effective. The men had either to submit to them or sacrifice the constant and well-paid employment afforded at the factory; and, in those times of restricted trade, the first alternative was the more acceptable of the two.

The social arrangements of the factory were conceived in the same benevolent and intelligent spirit. Ample provision was made for the sustentation of those who were sick or otherwise incapacitated for work. A rate of 9d. in the pound earned by each employee was levied, and the product of this tax served to feed, house, and clothe the aged or permanently disabled, and to provide an allowance for such as were thrown off work by illness. The pensioners were known as "Crowley's Poor," and they wore a badge on the left arm on which the words "Crowley's Poor" were moulded. About the beginning of the present century, however, during a time of intense depression in trade, the workmen were reduced to an impoverished condition, and, being unable, in many cases, to provide for their own individual wants, they were compelled to desert the system under which "Crowley's Poor" were maintained. The workhouse then became the only resort of the infirm, until, in 1826, a Blacksmiths' Friendly Society was formed, and it supplied the place of the ancient institution. It is almost superfluous to remark that the education of the young was not neglected. A schoolroom, which served also for the purposes of a church, was part of the scheme of the founder of the factory. The minister's stipend was provided out

of the wages of the workpeople, an amount being deducted from the earnings of each person at the rate of 2½d. in the pound. Originally the firm gave £10 annually towards this object, but afterwards an arrangement was made by which £20 remained for the support of the school after the clergyman's salary had been paid. It is worthy of note that the first chaplain of the factory was the Rev. Edward Lodge, who became afterwards headmaster of the Newcastle Grammar School. A gallery in Ryton Church was also reserved for "Crowley's Crew" exclusively. In 1819, the workmen established, at Winlaton, a library containing 3,000 volumes.

Freemasonry in the North probably owes a great deal to "Crowley's Crew." It is a matter of conjecture whether Sir Ambrose introduced it or whether it was a pre-existing institution; but, at any rate, it became active after the establishment of the works. Here the Lodge of Industry (No. 48), certainly the most ancient in the North, and probably the oldest in the provinces, was founded. Its records attest its vigorous condition at the beginning of last century, and show that it was in connection with working Masonry, and, moreover, that it possessed from the earliest times many peculiar privileges of the craft. Rather more than a century ago one of the ancestors of the late Mr. Joseph Laycock, of Low Gosforth Hall, was master of the lodge, and since 1720 the succession of masters has continued to the present day. The Lodge of Industry has been removed from Swalwell to Gatehead.

Thus far we have been occupied with the pretty portion of the picture. The laws by which the factory was governed, the institutions which grew up under their auspices, and the intelligent spirit in which laws were enforced and the institutions conducted, were, no doubt, admirable; yet the actual character of the men was scarcely in consonance with the theoretical excellence of their government. "Crowley's Crew," we are told, "were the terror of the country." Be it understood, however, they were not a party of predatory picaroons. Although their ideas about the rights of property were very much in advance of the time, they were not accustomed to put them into unjust operation. But the men were a compact and independent body. Endowed, too, according to the requirements of their craft, with the highest average of physical capacity, and holding ideas upon political and social rights which many even in our own day would call revolutionary, they had nothing to fear from other bodies of workmen, and were an object of dread to the surrounding squirearchy. There were no rural police in those days, and by Crowley's Crew the Game Laws and other legal restrictions whose justice was debatable, were over-ridden with impunity, although not without rough encounters occasionally. There are many instances on record where the sturdy

Winlaton blacksmiths consulted convenience to the detriment of equity. For instance, when provisions became very dear, they were wont to take possession of the market carts as they passed through the village on the way to Newcastle, and there and then dispose of the goods at what they considered reasonable prices. They were honourable enough to return the unlucky proprietor the proceeds of the sale, and he, accepting it with the best grace possible, would probably return home, mentally resolving to choose a safer, even if a more circuitous, route when next he went to town. An incident of a kindred character, but showing more emphatically the reckless boldness of Crowley's Crew occurred about the close of last century. Butcher meat, and, indeed, meat of every kind, had risen to a very high price. There was not, apparently, a corresponding increase in wages, and the Winlaton people began to feel the pinch of want. Accordingly, a meeting was convened, and, acting upon resolutions there passed, a formidable body of men marched in martial array to Newcastle. Proceeding straight to the market on the Sandhill, they took summary possession of the stalls and market carts, and with a haughty disregard of the cost of production, import duties, and retailers' profits, assumed the functions of salesmen. The rightful owners of the goods were astounded and terrified by the audacity of the act. The whole town was in a turmoil. What was to be done? To combine and attempt to recapture their property was a course which the traders dare not adopt unless they were inclined to risk broken bones along with the loss of property. Besides, the sudden reduction of prices had, as a matter of course, brought the blacksmiths a host of grateful allies. Only one resource was left to the upholders of the law. The military would have to be called out. The military were called out, and they came. People held their breath in awe, dreading a fearful and sanguinary conflict. But the blacksmiths were no less deficient in diplomacy than in daring. Their leader mounted an extemporised platform and addressed the military. Unfortunately history contains no report of that speech. Its effect, however, was electric. From dangerous opponents it changed the soldiers to cordial confederates, and they who had come to punish the marauders stayed to share in the pillage. Instead of restoring the illegally-seized goods to the rightful owners, they became ready purchasers of the cheapened provisions. The common amusements of the men were in conformity with the rugged and reckless spirit indicated above. Cock-fighting and bull-baiting were favourite recreations, and these were varied by boxing encounters on Barlow Fell. In the latter accomplishment the Winlaton men were eminent, and they have reckoned among their body some of the pluckiest and cleverest pugilists that ever "tapped the claret." Their love of sport was very keen, but they did

not combine with it the knavery and malice which appertains too often to that propensity.

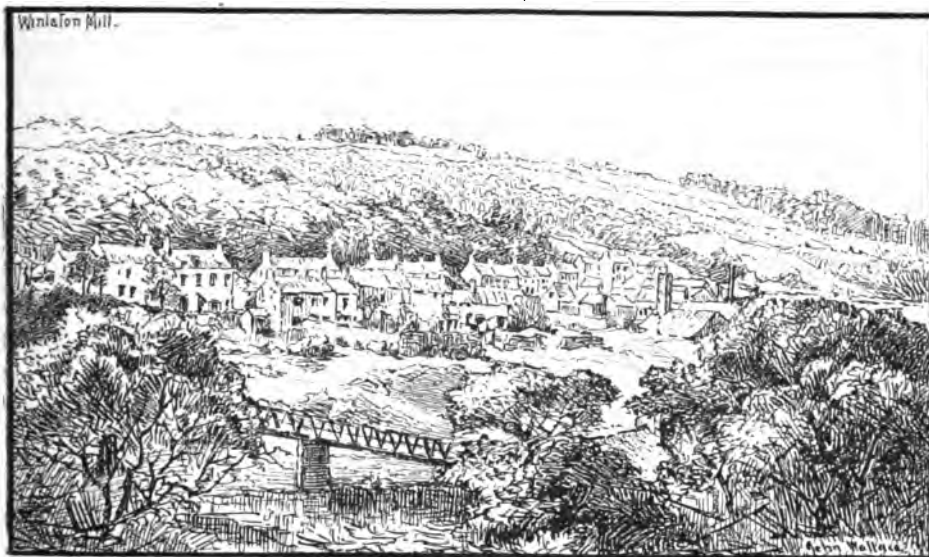
Having learned so much of the character of these men, the reader will readily apprehend that they played a conspicuous part in periods of political excitement. They were the leaders both of thought and action in every agitation for political rights. Pronounced and outspoken democrats, they were a perpetual source of alarm to the powerful Toryism of the time, and they took care to aggravate this feeling by exerting the utmost energy to arouse and foment the wrath of the people against the governing classes. In the agitation for annual Parliaments and universal suffrage which shook the country after the downfall of Napoleon and the restoration of European peace, they played a prominent part in local demonstrations. The first great meeting in this locality was held in the Parade Ground, Percy Street, on the 11th of October, 1819. It was computed that there were 80,000 persons present on that occasion, and conspicuous amongst them all were Crowley's Crew. They had mustered in great force, and they wore white hats lined with green underneath the turned up rims—green and white being the old Newcastle Radical colours. The meeting voted a series of resolutions in which reform was recommended, and "the outrage at Manchester" was denounced, after which the people dispersed in the best of order. The richer classes, however, were much alarmed by the demonstration, and as showing the extent to which the Winlaton men contributed in frightening them we may quote a letter sent on the 17th of October to Viscount Sidmouth, the Home Secretary, by the Mayor of Newcastle. The Mayor wrote:—"It is impossible to contemplate the meeting of the 11th inst. without awe, more especially if my information is correct, that 700 of them were prepared with arms (concealed) to resist the civil power. These men came from a village about three miles from this town; and there is strong reason to suspect that arms are manufactured there: they are chiefly forgers." The Mayor's information was quite correct. Crowley's men—for it was to them he referred—had taken stern precautions to provide against another Peterloo. Not only did they make pikes in large numbers at Winlaton, but they also manufactured an ingenious instrument for the purpose of embarrassing cavalry movements. This was a four-pronged instrument which, however it might be thrown upon the ground, would have one sharp point sticking up, and as this would penetrate the feet of horses cavalry were rendered almost ineffective. These, together with pikes, were supplied to the agitators in order that they might be enabled to resist the interference to which the authorities were sometimes inclined to subject them. During the whole of the Reform agitation, and also in the Chartist movement, Crowley's men were very active, and from their ranks were supplied

some of the ablest and boldest of the leaders. At election times Crowley's Crew were the devoted champions of the popular candidate, and in the warlike scenes which often occurred under the old system of election they were held in considerable respect by the governing classes. The influence of these men must have been very strong. Their perfect organization and the power which it put into their hands could not fail to extort the admiration of the labouring population which surrounded them.

With the advance of the present century and the growth of trade competition, the prosperity of the old-fashioned works at Winlaton and Swalwell began to wither. Enjoying almost a monopoly of Government contracts, along with their widely-spread trade fame, they experienced a most successful career for about a century and a half. During the greater portion of that time their chief products were the articles enumerated in the advertisement already quoted, supplemented by others invented as time went on. About the year 1810, they introduced the process of steel manufacture discovered by Benjamin Huntsman, of Attercliffe, and for many years after Crowley's "German Blister" could not be surpassed, large quantities of it being sent even to Sheffield. This industry constituted the prop of the concern for a long time. As showing the magnitude of the works in the zenith of their fame, it may be mentioned that upwards of a thousand different articles were made in them. Here the whole of the hardware outfit of Franklin's and also of Ross's expedition was manufactured, and the English

navy was likewise supplied with most of its necessaries of a similar kind. Towards the middle of the century, however, the prosperity of the firm began to wane. Younger firms, more advantageously placed, and characterised by all the energy and enterprise of youth, were competing successfully against them. The old factory was founded to a great extent upon monopolies and ancient privileges, and as these one by one were torn from beneath it, it sank. Enervated by long repose, it could not at once recover spirit and activity enough to keep abreast of its young rivals, who were braced for every emergency. Therefore, it passed gradually out of sight, out of repute, and out of memory. In its last struggles it robbed the workmen of their privileges in the manner we have adverted to above; but that did not afford it even a temporary halt in its descent, and ultimately the concern was wound up in 1872.

The firm in later years was known as that of "Crowley, Millington, and Co." Sir Ambrose Crowley's son, John, succeeded him as proprietor. Upon the death of the latter, his widow, Theodosia, succeeded to the ownership, and she took into partnership her London agent, Isaiah Millington, whose name was thenceforth incorporated with the firm. Mr. Millington survived till 1806, when he died at Greenwich at the age of 81; but Theodosia, with whom the name of Crowley became extinct, died in 1782, devising the bulk of her property to the Earl of Ashburnham, her son-in-law, and to his son and daughters, her then only surviving grandchildren.



The North-Country Garland of Song.

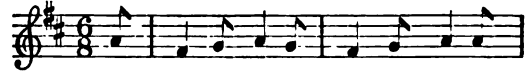
By John Stokoe.

SWALWELL HOPPING.

THE scenes described in this song are now unknown. A few gingerbread and fruit stalls form all that remains of the glories, such as they were, of Swalwell Hopping; but the song itself is worthy of a place in our collection as being descriptive of the customs of a century ago.

John Selkirk, the writer of "Swalwell Hopping," "Bob Cranky's 'Size Sunday,'" and "Newcastle Fair," local songs highly popular in their day, was born in Gateshead about the year 1783. His father was a hair-dresser in the Close, Newcastle. Of Selkirk's early life little is known, excepting that he was for some time a clerk in the office of Messrs Straker and Boyd, during which period, in all probability, he wrote the songs to which his name is attached in John Bell's "Rhymes of the Northern Bards," published in 1812. He afterwards removed to London, where he carried on business as a merchant, in which he appears to have been unsuccessful, as he returned to Newcastle about the year 1830 in very reduced circumstances. Little more is known about him from that date until about May, 1843, when he applied to Mr. Andrew Heslop, joiner, of St. Anne's Street, Newcastle, for leave to lie at night in his workshop amongst the shavings. This poor request was granted, and shelter, such as it was, he had there until his death; the neighbours occasionally relieving him with food. Mr. David Hamilton Wilson, an official of the Poor Law Guardians, kindly sought him out, and offered him parish relief. This he respectfully but firmly declined; but about a month after Mr. Wilson's visit, Selkirk sent to him for the loan of a sovereign, promising repayment out of the proceeds of some property in Cannon Street, Gateshead, in which he had an interest. The money was immediately sent to him. Thereafter until the night of his death little is known of his doings. He was left by Mr. Heslop in his shop as usual about five o'clock on the evening of November 11th, 1843. Sometime afterwards he appears to have gone with a tin can to the Tyne for water. This was the last seen of him alive. Shortly before eight o'clock he was found in the river drowned. At the inquest which was held his brother James attended and identified the body, but could give no information as to the circumstances of his death, there having apparently been little intercourse between them. Selkirk at the time of his death was in his 60th year. His remains were interred in the Ballast Hills Burial Ground.

The tune to which this ballad is sung is the Irish air of "Paddy's Wedding," a well known and favourite jig tune.



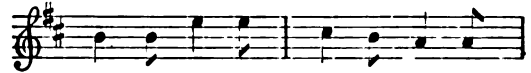
Lads! myek a ring, an' hear huz sing The



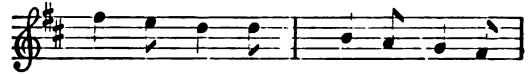
sport we had at Swal - well, O; Wor



mer - ry play o' the Hop - pin' day, Ho' way,



mar - rows, an' aw'll tell ye, O. The



sun shines warm on Whick - ham Bank, Let's



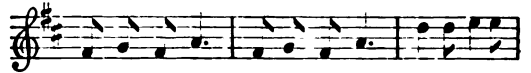
all lie doon at Dol - ly's, O, An'



hear 'boot mon - ny a fun - ny prank, Play'd



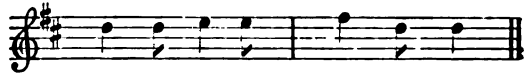
by the lads at Crow - ley's, O - -



Fal the dal la, Fal the dal la, Fal the dal the



di-dee, O. Fal the dal la, Fal the dal la,



Fal the dal the di - dee, O.

There was Sam, O zoons,
Wiv his pantaloons,
An' gravat up ower his gobby, O;
An' Willie, thou
Wi' the jacket blue
Thou was the varry Bobby, O.
There was knack-knes'd Mat, wiv's purple suit,
An' hopper hipp'd Dick, a' yellow, O;
Greet Tom was there, w' Hepple's awd coat,
An' buck-shin Bob frae Stella, O.

When we wor drest
It was confest
We shem'd the cheps frae Newcassel, O ;
So away we set,
To wor toon gyet,
To jeer them a' as they pass'd us, O ;
We shooted some and some dung doon,
Lobstropius fellows we kicked them, O ;
Some culls went hyem, some crush'd to toon,
Some gat aboot by Whickham, O.

The spree cam' on—
The hat was won
By carrot-pow'd Jenny's Jackey, O ;
What a feyce, begok !
Had muckle-mouth'd Jock,
When he twined his jaws for the baoccy, O.
The kilted lasses fell tid pell mell
Wi' Tally-i-o the Grinder, O :
The smock was gi'en to slavinger Nell—
Ye'd dropped had ye been behind her, O.

Wor dance began
Wi' buck-tyuth'd Nan,
An' Geordy, thou'd Jen Collin, O ;
While the merry black,
Wi' monny a crack,
Set the tamboureen a-rolling, O
Like wor forge hammer we bet sae true
An' shuk Raw's hoose se soundly, O ;
Tuff canna cum up wi' Crowley's crew,
Nor thump the tune se roundly, O.

Then Gyetshead Jack
Wiv's bloody back
Wad dance wi' goggle-eyed Mally, O ;
But up cam Nick
And gav him a kick
An' a canny bit kind o' fally, O.
That day a' Hawks's blacks may rue,
They got monny a varry sair clanker, O.
Can they de owse wi' Crowley's crew
Frev a needle tiv an anchor, O ?

What's that to say
To the bonny fray
We had wi' skipper Robin, O ;
The keel bullies a'
Byeth greet an' sma'
Myed a beggarly tide o' the hoppin', O.
Gleed Will cried "Ma-a !"* up lap aad Frank
An' Robin that married his dowter, O ;
We hammer'd their ribs like an anchor shank,
They fand it six weeks efter, O.

Bald-pyot Joan Carr
Wad hev a bit spar
To help his marrows away wid, O ;
But, poor aad fellow,
He'd gotten ower mellow,
So we doon'd byeth him an' Davy, O.
Then Petticoat Robin jump'd up agyen,
Wiv's gully to marcykree huz, O ;
Bat Winton Dan laid him flat wiv a styen,
Hurrah ! for Crowley's crew, boys, O.

Their hash was sattled,
So off they rattled,
An' we jigged it up se hearty, O ;
Wi' monny a shiver,
An' lowp se cliver,
Can Newcastle turn out sic a party, O ?
When quite dyun ower, the fiddlers went,
We staggered ahint, se murry, O ;
An' throo' wor toon, till fairly spent,
Roared "Crowley's crew an' glory, O."

The Birth of Middlesbrough.

MIDDLESBROUGH, the progress of which has been most extraordinary, was begun half a century ago. Houses existed on the site at a much earlier date, and in 1801 the population numbered twenty-five souls; but as a place of any importance it owes its origin to the invention of the locomotive. George Stephenson's steam-engine made it possible to reach Middlesbrough from the South Durham coal-field at a comparatively small cost, and so Middlesbrough became a port for the shipment of coals. It was Mr. Joseph Pease, the first Quaker member of Parliament, son of Mr. Edward Pease, the first promoter of railways, who conceived the idea of making marshy, agricultural Middlesbrough a coal-shipping port. Mr. Pease was a colliery owner, and he desired to take his coals to Middlesbrough, owing to the inadequate facilities for exporting at Stockton, where the Tees was so shallow that it was only with difficulty that small ships could get to it. The first public railway in the world was opened on September 27, 1825, and on May 23, 1828, Parliamentary sanction was obtained to a bill for the construction of a line between Stockton and Middlesbrough, including a bridge across the Tees at the former town. The length of the line, which was opened in 1830, was about four miles. In 1829, Joseph Pease, T. Richardson (of Overend, Gurney, and Co.'s Bank), H. Birkbeck, S. Martin, Edward Pease, jun., and F. Gibson, all members of the Society of Friends, purchased 500 acres of land at Middlesbrough, from William Chilton, a well-to-do farmer, the price paid being less than £1 an acre. The gentlemen acquiring the land had no use for so large a quantity; they merely required a strip of the riverside for shipping purposes; but Chilton would only part with the whole of the estate. Consequently, the six Quakers, who styled themselves the Middlesbrough Owners, obtained possession of land which, in a few years, was destined to become the site of a busy town. When Messrs. Pease and Partners purchased Middlesbrough, the population consisted of 25 persons. But the construction of the railway and the erection of coal-shipping staiths brought a number of people to the place. Huts were quickly run up for the shelter of navvies and the men employed at the wharf or staiths, and in 1831 the number of souls at Middlesbrough reached 131. The first ship loaded was the Sunnyside, and she took in her cargo in December, 1830. This was the commencement of commercial life in Middlesbrough. The little sketch of Middlesbrough as it appeared in 1832, copied from a picture of the period, shows what may be called rather a settlement than a town. Those who are familiar with the place believe that the picture represents the site of Stockton Street, North Street, and West

* The cry of "Ma-a" to a keelman gave great offence, from its allusion to a predatory transaction about the year 1710, when considerable losses were sustained by the farmers on the banks of the Tyne from the mysterious disappearance of a large number of lambs that were accidentally traced to the keelmen. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. 1, page 470.)

Street. It was not till some years after 1832 that the iron trade was established in Middlesbrough; it was not till 1850 that the first ironstone was worked in Cleveland, with the exception of workings near Whitby; and it was not till 1858 that the first iron ship was built at Middlesbrough. A new dock of great magnitude was completed in 1842, and there are several staiths, communicating with a platform and the railway, by which vessels

West and Middle Marches. Under the protection of their castles, the people of this neighbourhood so strongly resisted the Act of Parliament made in Henry VII.'s time to incorporate them with the county of Northumberland, that in 1550 it was reported to Government that the sheriffs of the county had often to ride to attack offenders at Thirlwall, Blenkinsopp, and other places on the South Tyne; "for both they



MIDDLESBROUGH IN 1832.

can be loaded and unloaded independent of the fluctuations of the tide. There are also extensive shipbuilding yards and factories, and the whole place may be regarded as one of the marvels of industrial enterprise in the North.

White Lady of Blenkinsopp.

THE hoary fragments of the old castle of Blenkinsopp—the little blind man's den—stand on a knoll on the south side of the River Tippalt, about half-way between Haltwhistle and Greenhead, in the midst of a country naturally cold and naked, though its immediate surroundings are not devoid of sylvan beauty.

It was the seat of the ancient family of Blenkinsopp, and is supposed to have been built in 1339, when Thomas de Blenkinsopp had a license to fortify his mansion on the Borders of Scotland. It occurs as the residence of John de Blenkinsope in the list of Border castles about the year 1416; and in 1488 its proprietor of the same name, and his son Gerard, committed the custody of it to Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, who at that time was Warden of the

and the people of North Tindale always claimed and used their old liberties, and were, therefore, more obedient to the keeper of Tindale, or the Lord Warden, than to the sheriffs of Northumberland." In 1542, the castle is described as a tower of the inheritance of John Blenkinsope, damaged in the roof and not in good repair. History is thereafter silent as to the building until 1727, in which year it came into the possession of the Coulsons of Jesmond by the marriage of William Coulson with Jane Blenkinsopp, the heiress to the estate. In 1785, the names of the two families were blended, and John Blenkinsopp Coulson left the estates to his nephew, Colonel John Blenkinsopp Coulson, who built for his residence Blenkinsopp Hall, adjoining. Colonel Coulson was called the "heather chieftain," from having ridden to Morpeth at the head of the voters of South Tynedale, during the fiercely-contested election of 1826, with a sprig of heather in his hat. He died in 1863, and was succeeded by his son, Captain John Blenkinsopp Coulson, who married the eldest daughter of the seventh Lord Byron, representative of the celebrated poet. Captain Coulson died in 1868; but the name and fame of the family are still worthily upheld by Colonel William Lisle Blenkinsopp Coulson, now of Jesmond Manor House, the old residence of his ancestors. Our view of the castle, with the modern residence attached to it, is reproduced from a photograph, taken

by Mr. J. P. Gibson, the well-known landscape photographer of Hexham.

Like almost all the old Northumbrian castles and peels, Blenkinsopp has the reputation of being haunted. A gloomy vault under the castle is said to have buried in it a large chest of gold, hidden in the troublous times: some say by a lady whose spirit cannot rest so long as it is there, and who used formerly to appear—though not, that we have heard, for the last four or five decades—clothed in white from head to foot, and so was known as "The White Lady."

About the beginning of this century, several of the least ruinous apartments in the castle were still occupied by a hind on the estate and some cotters. Indeed, two or three of them continued to be so down to the year 1820 or thereabouts. The visits of the White Lady seem to have been unfrequent latterly, and for some considerable time they had ceased. One night, however, shortly after retiring to rest, the hind and his wife (so the story goes) were alarmed on hearing loud and reiterated screams coming from an adjoining room, in which one of the children, a boy of about eight

years of age, had been laid to sleep. On hastily rushing in to see what was the matter, they found the boy sitting trembling on his pillow, terror-struck and bathed in perspiration. "The White Lady! the White Lady!" he screamed, as soon as he saw them. "What lady?" cried the astonished parents, looking round the room; "there is no lady here." "She is gone," replied the boy, "and she looked so angry at me because I would not go with her. She was a fine lady, and she sat down on my bedside and wrung her hands and cried sore. Then she kissed me and asked me to go with her, and she would make me a rich man, as she had buried a large box of gold, many hundred years since, down in the vault; and she would give it to me, as she could not rest so long as it was there. When I told her I durst not go, she said she would carry me, and she was lifting me up when I cried out and frightened her away." The hind and his wife, both very sensible people, concluded that the child had been dreaming, and at length succeeded in quieting him and getting him to sleep. But for three successive nights they were disturbed in the same manner, the boy



repeating the same story with little variation, so that they were forced to let him sleep in the same apartment with themselves, when the apparition no longer visited him. The effect upon the boy's mind, however, was such that nothing ever afterwards would induce him to enter into any part of the old castle alone, even in daylight.

The legend of the White Lady is not one of those that unsophisticated country people willingly let die; and the belief that treasure lies hidden under the grim old ruin, waiting to be disinterred, is probably still entertained by not a few. Indeed, there is hardly a place of the kind, either in this country or any other, regarding which some such impression does not exist. (See Layard on the subject.)

About fifty years since, we are told, a strange lady arrived at the village of Greenhead, and took up her quarters at the inn there. She told the landlady, in confidence, that she had had a wonderful dream, to the effect that a large chest of gold lay buried in the vault of Blenkinsopp Castle, and that she was to be the person to find it. She stayed several weeks, awaiting the return of the owner of the property to ask leave to search; but she either got tired of waiting, or could not obtain permission, and so she went away without accomplishing her purpose, and the hidden treasure, if there be such a thing there, remains for some more fortunate person to bring to the light of day.

Tradition accounts for the alleged hiding of the gold in the following way:—One of the castellans in the middle ages, named Bryan de Blenkinsopp, familiarly Bryan Blenship, was as avaricious as he was bold, daring, and lawless. He was once heard to say, when taunted with being a fusty old bachelor, that he would never marry until he met with a lady possessed of a chest of gold heavier than ten of his strongest men could carry into his castle; and fate, it seems, had ordained that he would keep his word. For, going to the wars abroad, whether to the Holy Land to fight against the Saracens, or to Hungary to oppose the Turks, we cannot tell, and staying away several years, he met with a lady in some far country who came up to his expectations, courted her, married her, and brought her home, together with a chest of gold which it took twelve strong men to lift. Bryan Blenship was now the richest man in the North of England; but it soon transpired that his riches had not brought him happiness, but the reverse. He and his lady quarrelled continually—a fact which could not long be concealed; and one day when the unhappy couple had had a more serious difference than usual, Sir Bryan was heard to utter threats, in reply to his wife's bitter reproaches, which seemed to indicate that he meant to get rid of her as soon as he could without any more formality or fuss than if they had merely been

“handfasted,” that is, pledged to each other for a year and a day. The lady muttered something in return, which could not be distinctly heard by the servants, and so the affair, for the nonce, seemed to end. But a very short time afterwards—possibly the next night—the indignant, ill-used lady got the foreign men-servants who had accompanied her to the castle to take up the precious chest and bury it deep in some secret place out of her miserly husband's reach, where it lies to this day. Accounts differ as to what followed. Some say Sir Bryan disappeared shortly after he discovered his loss; others say the lady disappeared first; but it is affirmed that they both disappeared in a mysterious manner, and that neither of them was ever afterwards seen. It was, moreover, sagely hinted that the lady was “something uncanny,” in plain terms, an imp of darkness, sent with her wealth to ensnare Sir Bryan's greedy soul. At any rate folks were sure that she was an infidel, for she never went to church, and used on Sundays to sing hymns to Mahoun, or some other false god, in an unknown tongue in her own room.

The late Mr. William Pattison, of Bishopwearmouth, who tells the tale somewhat differently in Richardson's “Table Book,” mentions that a few years before he wrote the vaults of the keep of the castle were ordered by the occupier of the neighbouring farm to be cleared out for the purpose of wintering cattle in.

On removing the rubbish, a small door-way was discovered on a level with the bottom of the keep. On clearing out the entrance, the workmen were surprised by the appearance of a large swarm of meat flies, and the place itself smelt damp and noisome. The news soon spread that the entrance to the “Lady's Vault” had been discovered, and people flocked in great numbers to see it. Of the whole number assembled, however, but one man was found willing to enter. He described the passage as narrow and not sufficiently high to admit of a man walking upright. He walked in a straightforward direction for a few yards, then descended a flight of steps, after which he again proceeded in a straightforward course until he came to a doorway; the door itself had fallen to pieces, the bolt was rusting in its fastening, and the hinges clung to the post with palsied grasp. At this juncture the passage took a sudden turn, and a lengthened flight of precipitous steps presented themselves. Opening his lantern and turning the light, he peered down the stairs into the thick darkness, but, encountering thick, noxious vapours, his candle was extinguished, and he was obliged to grope his way back to his companions. He made another attempt, but never descended the second flight of stairs; and so little curiosity had their employer about the matter that he ordered it to be closed up, and the contents of the vault remain undiscovered to this day.

When Mr. Pattison saw the place some time after this adventure, the hole had been partially opened by some boys, who were amusing themselves with tossing stones therein, and listening to the hollow echoes as they rolled in the depths of the mysterious cavern, which matter-of-fact people may reasonably suspect was nothing more nor less than the castle draw-well.

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

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was given to him in the local school, and as soon as he was able to work his parents sent him down the pit to increase the family earnings, which at that period were none too plentiful. His intelligent looks and inquiring ways took the fancy of the master corver of the colliery,

ad," &c.

er underground, he was "brought to taught the art of making corves— s in which, before the days 4, coals were brought out of always a "curious" boy—fond of 1, and as he rose to manhood a taste ew upon him. When the weather 3 was spent at Prestwick Car, a ear Ponteland, which has long since There he fished, and shot water id having taught himself the art of 10 mounted them in cases, which he elf, and soon gathered together an ble collection. There also he met and received from that eminent encouragement in his pursuits.

1 natural history had the effect of Thomas Atthey's ideas of obtaining led to be near some populous centre books, and yet be in the country 1ature. Kenton fulfilled both these ne arrived when there was no room

He removed to Wideopen, a ham- th Road, near the upper end of 15 residing there when a situation hester was offered to him, and he is collection of birds and curiosities rated to the metropolis of cotton, f life anew.

Mr. Atthey returned to the North, short time in Newcastle, went to 3 opened a grocer's shop. He had tural history while in Lancashire, xsil remains there, improved the m observation by attentive read- ided himself with a microscope, stigate deeply and systematically 'orms of vegetable and animal life him. Among the many objects scrutiny was the vast family of s which includes structures rang- any feet in length to submerged eye. Those who notice in ponds

and ditches a moss-like growth of a brownish colour will see nothing very striking or attractive. But to Thomas Atthey these muddy stains were full of interest. He knew them as a group of organised beings endowed with curious powers of

motion, and he set himself the task of searching out the mystery of their production and the manner of their existence. Prestwick Car, over which he fished and shot in his younger days, now afforded him another field for his observations, and the varieties of freshwater algae to be found there became the object of his study. To the diatomaceæ and desmidiaceæ, those beautiful forms of microscopic plants which have such a charm for the student and the collector, he devoted himself very closely, and gathered together specimens of nearly all the species, both freshwater and marine, to be found in this neighbourhood. Eminent co-workers in the boundless fields of microscopical research were attracted by these discoveries of the Cramlington grocer. They encouraged him in his studies, exchanged specimens, and consulted him in cases of doubt and difficulty. A form which he discovered on Cresswell Sands was made into a new genus, and named after himself *Attheya*, by his friend, Mr. Tuffen West.

It was, however, in the fauna of the coal measures that Mr. Atthey was destined to win his greatest triumphs. He was one day at Newsham Colliery, near Blyth, and with his usual acuteness of observation, saw upon the pit heap a piece of shale covered with coprolitic incrustations, which he judged to be the remains of fish. He secured the specimen, sent it to a friend for analysis, and was gratified to find that his conjectures were correct. Thenceforward the shale of Newsham pit became the one absorbing object of his investigations. It proved to be an unrivalled storehouse of fossil remains. To secure specimens, he sought the co-operation of the owners, the officers, and the miners of the colliery. The officials gave directions that the shale should be deposited at a particular spot where Mr. Atthey could always depend upon finding it, and some of the men brought him now and then specimens from below, which they thought likely to gratify him. Thus, in a few years, with infinite care and patience, he unfolded the life history of fish and amphibian which the coal measures had concealed, and opened out a comparatively new world to the admiration of mankind.

In the sunset of life, Mr. Atthey removed his business from Cramlington to a house on the eastern outskirts of his native parish of Gosforth—one of a short row which faces the road leading from Gosforth Colliery to Long Benton. There, while his family looked after the shop, he pursued his palæontological studies. With increasing years his interest in them seemed to grow, rather than to diminish. Day by day, and year by year, he devoted himself to his labour of love, until he had accumulated cabinets full of specimens, and his modest dwelling had become an object of interest to great geologists, eminent anatomists, and leading men in kindred branches of scientific research. At one time he had in his "study," as he called it, as many as three thousand objects mounted for the microscope. They were all of his own

preparing, for very early in life, as has been already noted, he taught himself not only how to observe and secure, but how to preserve and exhibit. "I never saw a specimen prepared," he used to tell his visitors, "but I sent to London for one, and although it was a bad one, I saw how the thing was done, and did it." He "did it" so well that when some special mounting was required for the Museum at Kew Gardens, the authorities there could think of no man in the kingdom better qualified to undertake the work than Thomas Atthey, and he performed it to their entire satisfaction. The Linnean Society honoured him and honoured themselves by enrolling his name in the list of their associates.

Devoted to his pursuits, and proud of the collections which he had made, Mr. Atthey could seldom be persuaded to part with his treasures. He would exchange, but never cared to sell, and he went on accumulating until his little room would scarcely hold his fossil trophies. Such a policy may appear selfish, but it is sound. It is to his propensity for keeping his treasures that the North of England is indebted for their preservation. In the Natural History Museum of Newcastle, by the liberality of Lady Armstrong, the marvellous collections of this self-taught naturalist, suitably arranged and classified, find an appropriate home.

If Mr. Atthey had been as ready with pen and pencil as he was in picking the skeleton of a fish from its coaly environments, the world would have known more about him. But like Dick of Thurso, Edwards of Banff, and scores of other workers in the by-paths of science, he was of a retiring disposition, and had no literary aspirations. Fortunately he was favoured with the advice of competent friends, who assisted him to make his researches and discoveries known through the medium of the Natural History Society of Newcastle. Among them were the brothers Albany and John Hancock, Dr. Embleton, Mr. J. W. Kirkby, and Mr. Richard Howse. The papers which he contributed to the transactions of that society were mostly written in conjunction with Mr. Albany Hancock, to whose pencil also is due the beautiful plates which illustrate them. After the death of Mr. Hancock, the illustrations are from the pencil of Mr. Wm. Dinning.

After a protracted illness, brought on by his self-imposed labours, Mr. Atthey died at his house, near Gosforth Colliery, on Wednesday, the 14th of April, 1880, and a few days later was buried in Gosforth Churchyard. Within view of his modest grave are monuments of departed worthies, and spike-topped vaults that hold the historic dead. Many of those who are thus honoured were good men and true, and it is well that their names should be kept in remembrance. Yet it may be questioned whether any of them were able to say, with the same confidence as Thomas Atthey said: "I have seen scarcely any life more pleasant than my own, and no pursuits so gratifying, so ennobling."

Charles Avison,

MUSICAL COMPOSER.

Down to the end of last century the history of musical composition in Newcastle centred around the names of Charles Avison and his pupil William Shield. They were the only Tyneside musicians who had written standard music—the only local composers whose work was known beyond the limits of the Northern Counties. Shield was in some sense “native, and to the manner born,” for he was the son of a singing master at Swallowwell. Avison could not claim a local origin, for it is said that he first saw the light in the western part of the county of Cumberland. But the days of his manhood were spent and the fame of his genius was won in Newcastle. While Shield displayed his gifts in Scarborough, in London, and other places, Avison remained in the town of his adoption, and, saving the accident of birth, was essentially a Newcastle man.

Charles Avison was born, as we learn from his tombstone, in 1710. About his parentage, boyhood, and youth history is mute. It is believed that he studied the theory and practice of music in Italy, and it is known that after his return he became a pupil of Geminiani, who had settled in England about the year 1714. Wheresoever he may have received instruction, he was, at an early age, an accomplished musician. In 1736 an organist was wanted for St. John's Church, Newcastle, and on the 12th of July in that year he was elected to the office. He was only twenty-six years of age; but his mastery over the “king of instruments” and his devotion to his art were so evident that, three months after his appointment, he was selected to succeed Thomas Powell as organist at St. Nicholas'—to occupy, in fact, the leading position among the musicians in the town.

As soon as he had settled down to his duties at St. Nicholas', Mr. Avison took the lead in organising a series of subscription concerts—the first that had been given in Newcastle. They were held in the Assembly Rooms in the Groat Market, commencing soon after Michaelmas, 1736, and continuing through the winter. The following year there was a concert in the Race Week, another on the Wednesday in the Assize Week (the latter for Mr. Avison's benefit), and the subscription concerts were repeated. In 1738, he had again a benefit concert in the Assize Week, and took upon himself the sole liability of the subscription concerts. Next year the concerts were renewed with increased success. They were continued under the management of Mr. Avison until his death, and afterwards by his sons.

When thus engaged in fostering a love of music among the inhabitants of Newcastle, Mr. Avison published a series of concertos for the violin. For one of them he wrote some prefatory observations on the art of playing, but the design extended itself into a dissertation upon music and musical composition, which was too long for

his purpose. By the advice of friends he withheld the part which related to the performance of full music, and in 1752 published the rest in a volume entitled “An Essay on Musical Expression.”

The partiality which the essay exhibited for French and Italian music provoked a reply from an anonymous writer, who was afterwards identified as Dr. Hayes, Professor of Music at Oxford. Dr. Hayes wrote with needless asperity, accusing Avison of ignorance respecting established rules of musical composition, of neglecting the old masters, of depreciating Handel, and of dependence upon abler pens for his style, and no small part of his matter. Avison answered his critic in a similar strain of sarcasm and abuse, and, in 1753, issued a second edition of the Essay, including his reply to Dr. Hayes, and “A Letter to the Author concerning the Music of the Ancients,” which it is now known was written by Dr. Jortin.

Mr. Avison's admiration for Marcello induced him to issue proposals for publishing, by subscription, selections from the fifty psalms which that eminent composer had set to music. In the Essay he describes these productions as containing “the truest idea of that noble simplicity which probably was the grand characteristic of the ancient music.” His design was to publish such specimens of Marcello's work as would illustrate “the various styles in musical expression.” For example—the grand, including the sublime, the joyous, and the learned; the beautiful, including the cheerful, the serene, and the pastoral; the pathetic, including the devout, the plaintive, and the sorrowful. The work was to contain one hundred folio plates, and the price was to be £1 5s., “to be paid on delivery of the book.” It does not appear that the public shared Mr. Avison's enthusiasm for Marcello. The psalms were published afterwards, but it was Dr. Garth, of Durham, who undertook the responsibility, and Avison assisted him.

With his own compositions he was more fortunate. The concertos, of which he issued five sets, containing 45 pieces, were favourably received, as were also two sets of sonatas to be played upon the harpsichord and two violins, a combination which was comparatively new to English musicians at that time. For some years after his death the concertos continued to be performed in Newcastle. They are described as light and elegant—the style being avowedly founded on that of Geminiani—but lacking force and originality, though there were not wanting admirers who contended that their expressive mixture of harmony and grace entitled them to rank among the best modern compositions of their class, and their author to a high position among English composers. Such, however, is the rapidity of change in musical taste that not one of them survives. All that has been handed down to us of the many compositions which Avison's genius put forth is the vigorous air known as “Miriam's Song,” or “Sound the Loud Timbrel,” which is some-

times used as a concluding voluntary, and, until recently, appeared in most books of psalmody.



Among his contemporaries Avison was held in great esteem. A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for May, 1808, describes him as "an ingenious, polite, and cultivated man, who, having been in Italy, was more partial to the compositions of Geminiani and Marcello than to those of Handel," and adopted and imitated Rameau's harpsichord concertos in preference to those for the organ by "the great Saxon Timotheus who despotically reigned in England." Being "an agreeable, well-informed, and gentleman-like man of the world, he directed the musical opinions of his circle to his own taste, and, in some instances, prejudices." Dr. Brown, who became vicar of Newcastle in 1761; Dr. Jortin ecclesiastical historian; and Mason, the poet, were among his warmest friends. Giardini, who was regarded as one of the best violinists of the day, came to Newcastle and performed at one of his benefits. His old master, Geminiani, cherished a deep affection for him, which was heartily reciprocated. One of the last things which Avison did before death was to send a letter to the *Literary Register* for December, 1769, "On Viewing a Portrait of the late Celebrated Geminiani," in which, apostrophising the picture and contrasting politics and music, he wrote:—

While contending nations alarm the world abroad, and interior commotions at home, I peruse thy pacific page, and wonder where the powers of music are fled not to harmonise the passions of men; yet still the dulcet strains will live in congenial souls, to smooth the path of life which Providence has given to hours of harmony.

Geminiani, on his part, sounded the praises of his pupil. When discussing the merits of Handel, he used to say, "Charley Avison shall make a better piece of music in a month's time." In extreme old age, just before he went to Ireland to die, he came to Newcastle, paid Avison a visit at his house in Green Court, near St. Andrew's Church, and was so delighted with the performance upon the harpsichord of Avison's eldest son, Edward, then thirteen years of age, that he took him in his arms, and turning to the father, said, "My friend, I love all your productions. You are my heir; this boy will be yours; take care of him! To raise up geniuses like him is the only way to perpetuate music."

Dr. John Gregory, the well-known Scottish physician and miscellaneous writer, introduces Avison's character into his "Comparative View of the State and Faculties of Man with those of the Animal World." The author of the scurrilous "Will of a certain Northern Vicar" also brings in the composer's honoured name, but only to besmirch it with his wretched satire. Lastly, in our own time, Robert Browning, in "Parleyings with Certain People of Importance," uses Avison's career to illustrate

a theory that, while all other arts are fixed, and proceed by well-established rules, the ideal of music changes from age to age. The poet reprints a grand march of Avison's, which at the time was considered very fine, but is now forgotten, and blends with it some stirring lines, commencing—

Fife, trump, drum, sound! and singers then
Marching say, "Pym, the man of men!"
Up heads your proudest—out throats your loudest—
Somerset's Pym.

What remains to be told of Charles Avison is a mere record of deaths and burials. On the 14th of October, 1766, he lost his wife, and buried her at his parish church of St. Andrew. Four years later, in May, 1770, he was laid beside her, leaving a daughter and two sons to preserve his name. Edward, the eldest son, succeeded his father at St. Nicholas', and as manager of the Subscription Concerts. Being converted to Methodism by the preaching of John Wesley, he became, in 1772, one of the trustees of the "Orphan House" which Mr. Wesley erected outside Pilgrim Street Gate, and in 1776, at the age of 29, he died. After an interval of 13 years, during which Matthias Hawdon presided at the organ in St. Nicholas', Avison's second son Charles (who had been for a time organist at St. John's, first as his father's deputy, and afterwards on his own account) received the appointment. He held it until 1793, when he also died, and the musical genius of the family appears to have expired with him. Upon two monuments in St. Andrew's Church are recorded the deaths, ages, and other particulars, of Avison and his children. His race appears to have ended with a third Charles, his grandson, who died February 19, 1816, aged 25 years.

Sir George Baker,

RECORDEE OF NEWCASTLE.

One of the "gallant defenders" of Newcastle, during the Civil War, was George, second son of Oswald Baker of the city of Durham. He was baptised on the 18th May, 1596, at the Church of St. Mary-le-Bow in that city—the church in which his father and his mother, Mary Heron, had been married four years before. In May, 1808, Oswald Baker died, and, within six months of her bereavement, his widow married again, selecting as her second spouse William Smith, councillor-at-law, one of the seneschals of the Bishop of Durham, and Clerk of the Bishop's Court of Chancery. Mr. Smith proved to be a kind and watchful stepfather. He superintended George Baker's education, directed his studies towards the lucrative profession which he himself followed, and made a good sound lawyer of him. At the proper time the young man was called to the bar, and soon afterwards made a fortunate marriage. On the 5th February, 1621-22, he was united at Lamesley Church to Elizabeth, daughter of Alderman Thomas Liddell, of Ravensworth Castle.

Mr. Baker had not been long married when Mr.

Smith retired from the Chancery clerkship in his favour, and the obliging bishop gave him the appointment. In 1631, Mr. Smith died, and Mr. Baker, with his share of his father's fortune, his wife's dowry, his stepfather's legacy, and his clerkship, was able to acquire landed estate. The vill of Crook in the parish of Lanchester, formerly belonging to the descendants of Roger Thornton, was offered to him by its owner—one of the Shaftoes—and he purchased it. Thither he removed his household, and founded the family known in local history as the Bakers of Crook Hall.

Sometime between the capture of Newcastle in 1640, and the siege of the town in 1644, Mr. Baker was elected Recorder of Newcastle. Local history is silent as to the date. But we know that on Sept. 8, 1643, he received the honorary freedom of the Corporation. He was then "Sir George Baker, Knight, Recorder of Newcastle," the title having been bestowed upon him, it is supposed, by the Earl of Newcastle, who, on the 29th June, 1642, was appointed Governor of the town.

While the town was beleaguered, Sir George was the chief adviser of the municipal authorities. At the end of the eighth week of the siege, when the Earl of Leven summoned the garrison to surrender, he was appointed, with Sir John Marley and Sir Nicholas Cole, to treat with the invaders. They did not succeed, and, as we know, the town was stormed and taken on Oct. 19.

The subsequent career of Sir George Baker is not traceable. On the 20th November, 1644—a month after the surrender—the House of Commons ordered that he and twenty-seven other leading Royalists in Newcastle should be sent up to London in custody; on the 5th December he was formally displaced from his office, and Edward Wright, of Gray's Inn, appointed to succeed him; on the 13th of the same month he was committed to Southwark Compter. We hear no more of him till the Restoration, when he and others, who had been deprived of their freedom of Newcastle, received a renewal of their privileges; nor afterwards, until 1667, when he died in obscurity at Hull, and was buried in the great church there.

The Streets of Newcastle.

The Offshoots of Pilgrim Street.

WE may once more take the Church of All Hallows as our starting point on our present expedition. And first, our attention is attracted (if that be not the wrong word) to Silver Street, which runs parallel with the church and graveyard from Pilgrim Street to the Stockbridge. This street, as anybody may see for himself who looks at its houses, was once the residence of substantial citizens, and amenable to good influences. But, first, wherefore Silver Street? Well, if we may trust the title deed of an

attorney who resided there, many of the Jews who lived at the Jew Gate (another name in old writings for this same street), near the church, traded in silver plate and silver ware. Silver Street has also been called in ancient times All-Hallowgate and Templegate, by reason of its communicating with the parish church.

The most notable name associated with Silver Street is that of Henry Bourne, appointed curate of All Saints in 1722, and one of the historians of Newcastle. In this street it was that he had his residence, and wrote his well-known book. He was a native of Newcastle, and a tailor's son. After only an ordinary education, he was bound apprentice to a glazier in the Side, in which humble situation he manifested a marvellous aptitude in acquiring knowledge. Some friends, noticing his aptitude, obtained his release from his indentures, and he was again sent to school, and thence to Christ's College, Cambridge, where he was admitted as sizar in 1719 or 1720. In due time he took his B.A. and M.A. degrees, and returned to Newcastle, where he wrote "Antiquitates Vulgares," which became very scarce and sold at a high price. It was accordingly re-published, with additions. In 1727 he wrote a "Treatise on the Collects, Epistles, and Gospels," which induced the parishioners in the following year to found a lecture for instruction in the rubrics and liturgy, which foundation was most appropriately settled upon him. His great work, however, was his "History of Newcastle," published in 1736—three years after his death—by subscription, for the benefit of his young children, Henry and Eleanor.

Other families of repute lived in Silver Street in former days, amongst them the Claphams. This family gave to Newcastle a few years ago a sheriff, Henry Clapham, whose unexpected death in his year of office, and when engaged in maturing that most admirable institution, the Clapham Home, was the subject of much marked regret and general sympathy.

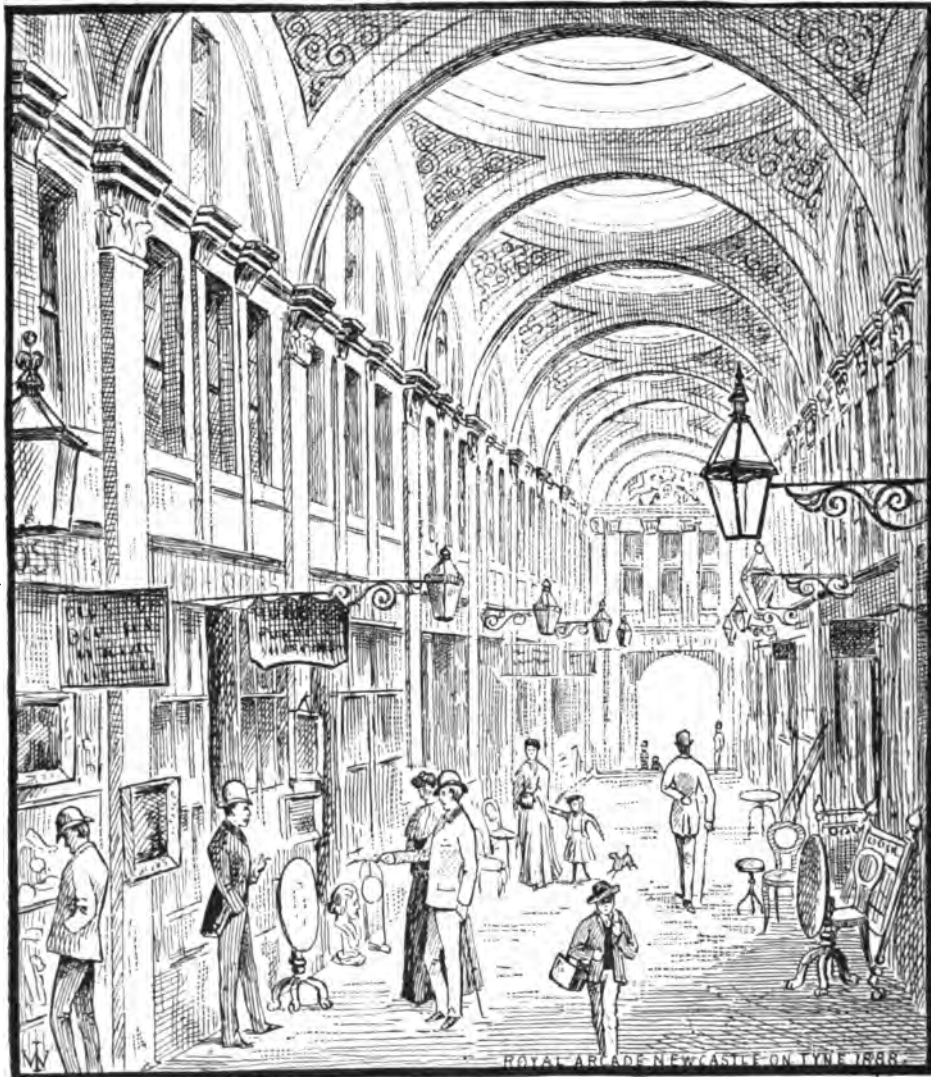
If we remember rightly, a very different character once dignified Silver Street with his presence—"Jack the Beadle." Some thirty years or so ago Newcastle in general, and All Saints in particular, were horrified at the discovery that the graves in the churchyard had been systematically violated for the sake of the lead of the coffins. The thief turned out to be the parish beadle. Of course he was apprehended. Intense was the feeling against him. Had the populace got hold of him, they would have rent him almost limb from limb. In due time he was tried in the Guildhall, before Mr. Justice Keating, for his ghoulish work, and, being found guilty, was sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour. The street lads of the period kept the matter before the public mind for some time in their own way, by the following doggerel, suggested by a comic song then popular:—

If you want to rob the deed,
Gan to Jack the Beadle;
He's the man that stole the lead,
Pop goes the weasel.

It may be news to some that there was also at one time a place of worship in Silver Street. The members of St. James's Chapel (Scotch Presbyterian then) had their meeting-house here. Its trustees had deeds of conveyance from the time of Edward VI. The building was at first a malting-house, but was converted into a chapel in 1744. In 1825, the trustees resolved to build a new chapel on the south side of Blackett Street, towards the east, which was accordingly done. Curious are the metamorphoses of time. The Silver Street St. James's was at first a malting-house; the Blackett Street St. James's is now a restaurant. Whilst the Rev. James Shields was minister of the Silver Street Chapel (1765-1785), a Mr. George Fife, one of the members of the congregation,

gave £10, the interest of which was to be paid for ever to the minister for the time being. The donor left the chapel in 1779, and accordingly offered to present the £10 to Mr. Shields, who declined it on the ground that it would be an act of dishonesty both to the congregation and to the succeeding ministers. "No account of this gift can now be obtained," says Mackenzie quietly. When the St. James's congregation migrated from Silver Street, the Primitive Methodists purchased the premises for £305. This congregation has also left Silver Street, which can only now call the Church of England Mission Room its own, as devoted to the cause of social and moral reform.

Higher up on the opposite side of Pilgrim Street is the



ROYAL ARCADE NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE 1888.

Painter Heugh, leading down to Dean Street, and containing some houses which must have been of no mean reputation in their day. It is now given up to small hucksters, and the houses are let in tenements to a very humble class. The peculiar name of this bank is accounted for by Bourne thus: "Painter" is a rope by which boats are moored, and "Hugh" is a steep hill or bank; and of course his theory is that boats were fastened by painters to this hill, when the tide flowed up the Dean (or Dene) to the Low Bridge, before the river was embanked by the Quay. A little higher up again, on the same side, is the Low Bridge, which also leads into Dean Street; and a continuation on the other side of this street leads into St. Nicholas' Churchyard. The thoroughfare derives its name from the fact that a bridge (once called the Nether Dene Bridge) formerly at this point crossed the Lort or Lork Burn. The structure, which was pulled down in 1788, had a high and ancient arch, by some supposed to be of Roman architecture. Brand, however, says in a note: "There was preserved in the town's hutch, among other writings preserved there, A.D. 1565, a grant by one King Richard for the building of Nether Dene Bridge." Bourne adds that "formerly the river ebbed and flowed above this bridge, and the boats came under it with the wares and commodities of the merchants." Like the Painter Heugh, the Low Bridge is now given up to small shopkeepers and humble tenants.

On the opposite side of Pilgrim Street (further north), is the Arcade, a modern structure, which at the time of its opening was pronounced to be one of the most elegant of its sort in the kingdom. Its foundation was laid in June, 1831. Mr. Grainger had already taken in hand Eldon Square and the Leazes Terrace. He meant the Arcade to be of a more public character, and planned it with that object in view. It cost £40,000. The late Mr. John Dobson was the architect. Here the General Post Office was located, and the traffic was very considerable. Now it is given up to old curiosity shops, furniture brokers, and the like. The Savings Bank in the Arcade was the scene of a tragedy on December 7, 1838, when Archibald Bolam killed Joseph Millie. On the 4th of March in the following year the manlayer was transported for life.

Bell's Court, higher up on the same side, is a convenient thoroughfare to Carloli Square, or Croft, to use the old word. Not much else about it is noteworthy, but it may be interesting to some to know that here the last of the sedan chairs (so popular with our grandmothers) were to be hired. Wellington Place is a little higher up. It is now given up to business premises. Here at one time lived Mr. Bainbridge, whose daughter Sir John Fife married. The place was built by Joseph Bainbridge for his own occupation. In 1839, it was utilised for teaching the blind, thus becoming the nucleus of the present Blind Asylum.

We come now to the High Bridge, which is on our left

hand side in walking up Pilgrim Street. It was also called the Upper Dean Bridge. This thoroughfare was of greater importance in our forefathers' time than it is to-day; but, as it runs from Pilgrim Street to the Bigg Market, bisecting Grey Street in so doing, it is still found a convenient short cut by business men. Between Pilgrim and Grey Streets the High Bridge is occupied by bootmakers and cheese merchants, French polishers shaving saloons, and similar establishments; there is also a co-operative printing business established here. The Cordwainers' Company had their hall in the High Bridge. This company had a sturdy sense of independence. Its members placed in their hall a large board to inform all time to come that "oppression's iron hand ought ever to be legally resisted." This was done in 1773, when at the assizes an important dispute between the magistrates and the burgesses respecting the Town Moor and Leazes was compromised. The victory—for so the arrangement was regarded—was with the popular cause; and great were the rejoicings in consequence. Houses were illuminated; and the legal champion of the burgesses, Serjeant Glynn, was conveyed to his lodgings in the Forth in great triumph.

Nearly opposite the High Bridge is Worswick Street, named after a popular Catholic priest, the Rev. James Worswick. St. Andrew's Roman Catholic Chapel, situated below the new Police Courts, is the present representative of another place of worship which formerly stood in the same neighbourhood. Of this we give a small engraving, for which we have to thank Mr. R. J. McKenzie. The premises for the latter structure



were bought by Mr. Worswick, in 1797, from Mr. Richard Keenlyside, surgeon, whose property and residence they were. The building was opened for divine service in February, 1798. Solemn high mass was celebrated, for the first time in Newcastle, it was understood, since the Reformation. In the choir were the Rev. John Yates, of Esh, subsequently Vicar-General; the Rev. John Bell, author of the "Wanderings of the Human Intellect" (Newcastle, 1814); the Rev.

Basil Barrett, author of the "Life of Cardinal Ximenes" (Newcastle, 1813); and many others. All of them had been at one time prisoners in France. Some French emigrant clergymen also assisted in the service. The major portion of the expenses in connection with the building of this chapel was generously borne by Father Worwick. Amongst the other subscribers were Sir John Lawson, Bart., Yorkshire (£80); John Silvertop, Minsteracres (£80); Thomas Riddell, Swinburne Castle (£100); John Errington, Beaufront (£50); and Bishop Gibson (£100). Some able men have officiated in Worwick Street Chapel, notably the late Father Aylward, regarded as a scholar of wide reading and cultured taste; Father Rodolph Suffield, now a Unitarian preacher in the South of England; and Father Williams, now holding high office in the South also.

The only other offshoot of Pilgrim Street calling for a word is Hood Street. Its principal building, the Central Hall, once Salem Chapel, associated with the name of Joseph Barker, is the head-quarters of the Temperance Reformers, among whom the present Mayor (Mr. W. D. Stephens) is a leading and genial light. Above it, nearer the Pilgrim Street end, Sir John Fife had his house at one time. Subsequently, the late Dr. Newton (a man of mark in his day) resided in the same locality.

Hazlitt the Highwayman.

GATESHEAD FELL, as the name implies, was once a wild common, over a portion of which lay the road between Durham and Newcastle. The loneliness of the bleak moorland was quite enough to invest it with terror to travellers a hundred years ago, and occasionally there were incidents that served greatly to enhance the evil repute of the locality. One of these incidents occurred in 1770, when a highwayman named Hazlitt perpetrated the crime for which he suffered the extreme penalty of the law.

The man's real name was Hudson. According to his own account, he had been a clerk in the employment of Mr. Samuel Bamford, Philip Lane, London; but, having lost his situation, he bethought himself that he might better his fortunes by a visit to the North, whither he betook himself by sea towards the end of July in the above-named year. Arriving at Shields, he would appear to have cast about him for some mode of replenishing his exchequer, but without much success. At the expiration of about a week, matters growing desperate with him, he invested his remaining cash in the hire of a horse. We conclude that he paid in advance, for the Shields job-masters must have altered exceedingly if any one of the faculty was ever so accommodating and considerate as to lend an animal on speculation to a gentleman so much out-at-elbows as Hazlitt was. Possibly he left his boots

and greatcoat as a deposit, for he was minus these articles of apparel when he arrived on Gateshead Fell. But the borrowed beast, according to one authority, was such a sorry jade that even the coat and boots of a man in great impecuniosity might be considered *quid pro quo*. Another account, however, is preserved in the MS. autobiography of the late Mr. Doubleday, who says that his father purchased the horse, and that it was not only a very powerful and spirited animal, such as it behoved a highway robber to have, but had, moreover, been taught sundry curious tricks likely to serve its master at a pinch. This version assumes or implies that Hazlitt was a professional robber, and there is little to show to the contrary, except the excitement he laboured under when actually making his felonious demands, as will presently appear.

A well-to-do lady, name unknown, had been to Durham in a postchaise on private business, and was returning to the neighbourhood of Newcastle, in the dusk of the summer night, when her progress was suddenly interrupted. On looking out of the window, she discovered, to her horror, that a real flesh and blood highwayman was menacing the postilion with a pistol. This menace taking due effect, the robber opened the door of the chaise, presented the weapon at the lady's head, and demanded her purse, watch, and whatever other portable property she had about her. The robber was trembling from head to foot, and this circumstance no doubt greatly abated the good lady's alarm. At any rate she found her tongue, and made good use of it. She explained to him that she had no such matter as a watch in her possession, and that, having been to Durham on affairs which required her to spend rather than to receive money, it so happened that she had no surplus, save half a guinea and some halfpence. The robber grimly secured the gold and gallantly returned the coppers. He was slightly incredulous about the watch, but at last agreed to take her assurance on the subject, and so left her.

The robbed lady proceeded on her homeward journey, not much the worse for the attack, but with all the caution of her sex in full play. After going some distance, she met the mail-bag carrier. It was not until a somewhat later period that mails were carried by coach, and in this instance the postman was on horseback. The lady stopped the mail agent to apprise him of the peril awaiting him, and urged him either to turn back or to provide himself with some means of protection. Turn back he would not; but, in deference to the lady's admonition, he inquired at the toll-house for a pistol. Not getting what he wanted, he boldly made up his mind to go forward at all risks. Presently he came up with a man on horseback, whom, from his appearance, he took for a rustic making homewards after the labours of the field. To this simple peasant he opened his troubled mind so far as to tell of the dreadful highwayman lurking about, and to confess his regret that he was unarmed. The wayfarers

beguiled the night watch with desultory talk through the space of a couple of miles or so, when the weary peasant suddenly, but with gentle voice, intimated to his fellow-traveller that he must have the bags. The postman thought it an excellent joke; but when his friend produced a pistol, and commanded him to dismount and throw the mail down on the road, he felt that he had been labouring under some mistake. He did as he was told, not daring to look behind him, for this had been strictly forbidden on pain of immediate death. With his bulky spoil the shivering thief retired to a lonely spot, and there examined the bills, letters, &c., selecting such as he thought convertible into money. An hour or two later he made a third experiment—this time on a post-chaise belonging to Mr. Nelson, of Newcastle, but found it empty and the postilion not worth plundering. Then he must have gone on to Newcastle instead of returning to Shields, for on the following day he was arrested in the former town, and in his possession were found many of the more valuable contents of the mail.

The Durham Assizes occurring within a week, no time was lost in bringing Hudson, *alias* Hazlitt, to trial. On being arraigned before Baron Perrott for the highway robbery of the lady in the chaise, he pleaded guilty; but at the instance of the judge he withdrew that plea, and put himself upon his country by the plea of not guilty. He was, however, convicted after the evidence had been fully given. He was next arraigned for robbing the mail. To this he boldly pleaded not guilty; but, after two hours' trial, the outrage was clearly brought home to him, and, according to the barbarous usage of the time, he was condemned to death. His own version of the affair, given on his examination before the magistrates, was that it was a confederate, named Hewitt, who had perpetrated the mail robbery, and that they had shared the plunder between them. But in the interval before the trial Sir John Fielding had been communicated with, and that zealous magistrate had discovered that Hewitt was in London at the time the offence was committed. The judge, on passing sentence, expressed his belief that the prisoner was the man who had, two months before, robbed his lordship himself while travelling in the neighbourhood of London. Hazlitt was left for execution, but sentence was stayed until the judge had left the circuit. After his condemnation, he sent to Baron Perrott a £20 bank note, together with a bill at sight for £12 or £14. These had been skilfully concealed about his person, and their surrender completed the recovery of the valuables stolen from the mail, so that all were satisfied he could have had no accomplice. He also informed the judge that the other contents of the mail, together with the bags, were in a certain cornfield, where, accordingly, they were searched for and found. After this disclosure and penitential restitution, the unhappy man appeared to become more resigned to his fate. The day for his execution was fixed for Tuesday, the 18th of September, and

on the morning of that day he was hanged near Durham. After hanging the usual time, his body was taken down from the gallows and conveyed to Gateshead Fell, where a gibbet had been erected close to the scene of his crimes. It was there hung in chains. Several robberies with violence are recorded to have occurred in the immediate neighbourhood of the gibbet while yet the body was in the early stages of its sickening decay. The evil deed and worse fate of the wretched robber were long commemorated in the name of Hazlitt's Well.

Body-Snatchers.



ALF a century and more ago, people were being every now and then horrified by tales of bodies of the newly-buried dead having been stolen at night out of their graves—stolen by vile miscreants whose object it was to make money by selling them to the doctors for anatomical purposes, and who were commonly known as Resurrectionists or Body-Snatchers. These fellows usually travelled about, it was said, in gigs, so that, in country places, every stranger using that mode of conveyance was looked upon with suspicion. It was not a new thing, indeed, but new to that generation. For, during the long French war, professors, schools, and students of anatomy had as plentiful a supply of subjects as they could well desire from the bloody continental battlefields. But, after the general peace, this supply was, of course, cut off, and they had to resort to body-snatching in default of legitimate purchase, the number of bodies obtainable by fair means being quite insufficient for the wants of science, and the strong prejudices of the time preventing the friends of deceased persons from even suffering *post-mortem* examinations to be made.

Parties of young students, therefore, were alleged to go forth to suburban graveyards on nocturnal expeditions, furnished with shovels, ropes, sacks, &c., having hired a gig, and probably preconcerted arrangements with the gravedigger. Lecturers on anatomy employed mercenary agents, who undertook to procure what they wanted at a certain price. Loose characters took up the trade on adventure, and carried such bodies as they were able to snatch to the nearest medical college, by which they often realised handsome sums. Neither, if all tales were true, did they confine their robberies to the dead, for they were sorely belied if they did not occasionally seize and carry off the living as well. Common report said they used to supply themselves with pitch plasters, which they would clap on the mouths of such unfortunate wretches as encountered them in lonely places, and either were taken

unawares or could not defend themselves. There was at last scarcely a gravedigger in the kingdom who was not more or less generally suspected of being an accomplice with the violators of the tomb, if not himself an actual body-snatcher. And to the common terrors of death, which are to the majority of mankind great enough, was added the terrible dread of being dragged at midnight out of one's coffin, thrust into a sack, thrown into the bottom of a gig, and sold to the doctors.

Never, perhaps, was the public mind more violently excited than it was from this cause. Every suspicious-looking person observed near a churchyard was at once set down for a resurrectionist. In most parishes meetings were held to devise measures to stop outrages. The male parishioners, armed with guns, took watch by turns. Watch-houses were built for their accommodation. The walls of the cemeteries, like those of flower gardens and orchards, were raised to keep out robbers, and fenced at the top with broken glass, iron spikes, or sharp palisading. A heavy iron frame, box, or safe, made for the purpose, was laid on each grave, immediately after interment, so as to ensure the dead lying there undisturbed. But even this precaution was believed to be insufficient, as the rascals devised instruments wherewith they could still reach the coffin, lay hold of the corpse, and drag it out. And then, to prevent the robbery from being found out, they spread sheets on the ground, and laid the earth and sods upon them till they had effected their purpose, after which they re-made the grave with more or less neatness.

A case of this kind which occurred in Sunderland made a great sensation at the time. On Monday, the 29th of December, 1823, Captain Hedley, of Burleigh Street, whose daughter, aged ten years, had been buried on Christmas Eve, wishing to remove her body to another part of the churchyard, found the coffin empty. Further examination being made, it was discovered that the body of an infant, two years old, which had been buried at the same time, near the same spot, had also been removed. Suspicion immediately attached to two strangers, whose frequent visits to the churchyard, particularly at funeral times, had been observed; and one of them was apprehended that afternoon. It was with difficulty he was got through the streets to the police court room, for the mob which gathered, eager to take the law into its own hands, would have stoned him to death; and it was not till he was threatened with being handed over to the infuriated populace for summary punishment that he would acknowledge where he lodged. On his at length doing so, the constables proceeded thither, and secured his accomplice too. Hedley's daughter's corpse was found in a corner of the room, covered with straw, but carefully packed up, and addressed to Mr. James Jamieson, Leith Street, Edinburgh. On another part of the package the address was Mr. Alex. Anderson, Leith Street, Edinburgh. A number of human teeth, and

some memoranda of the men's daily expenditure, were also found in the room. It appeared from these that they had been about a month in Sunderland, and had during that time paid for six boxes, several mats, and a quantity of oakum and twine; and as the body of Mrs. Corner, aged forty-two, was the only one missing from the churchyard, in addition to the two already mentioned, it was presumed that their nightly visitations had not been confined to Sunderland, but had been extended into the country round, particularly as one considerable item of their expenditure was cartage. On the Tuesday morning they were brought before the magistrates, and committed to Durham Gaol. One of them represented himself to be Thomas Thompson, of Dundee, and the other John Weatherley, of Renfrew—both names, there was reason to believe, fictitious. Tried at the Durham Sessions in the ensuing week, they were sentenced to three months imprisonment, and ordered to pay a fine of sixpence each. The lenity of this punishment caused much surprise, and simply increased the popular alarm.

Sunderland Churchyard was suitable hunting ground for the body-snatchers, because it was not overlooked by any dwelling-houses, and was close to the Town Moor. Besides, it was more than whispered that one of the parish officials was an active co-agent in such affairs. Further, one of the bellringers, a pipemaker to trade, but who kept a public-house, had the reputation of being a regular body-snatcher. Under such circumstances the plan began to be generally adopted of interring the dead in coffins secured by iron bars. It was likewise very common to fill up the grave with straw, weighted down with a long heavy plank, secured by strong wooden stakes. As additional security, the friends of buried persons used to watch all night with lanterns, both in Sunderland Churchyard and the Gill Cemetery, where they might have been seen from the road making their melancholy and weary round.

One Sunderland resurrectionist was caught in his own trap. He had got a body, said to be that of a young woman, put it into a sack, fastened a rope round the middle, and carried it to the churchyard wall, in order to drop it over. The wall was only about three feet high on the inside, but fully twice as high on the Moor side. So when the man had lifted the body on to the cope-stone, and was getting over the wall himself, the rope somehow slipped over his head, and he fell and hung suspended on the side towards the Moor, while his sack, unfortunately for him, fell back towards the churchyard. He was found thus by one of the watchers going his rounds. The body-snatcher was still alive when he was cut down, but soon afterwards died. His memory still survives among old Sunderland folks as "Half-Hanged Jack."

Mr. James Thomson has told in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* a story he heard from the son of an old sexton at the Border village of Cornhill. One morning early in

December, about 1830, Jamie Marchall, the sexton in question, was roused from sleep by a loud knocking at the cottage door, and a voice that he seemed to recognise called out "Get up, Jamie! For God's sake, be quick, man!" When the blacksmith opened the door he saw the son of a well-known farmer lately deceased. The young man was at the time studying medicine in the University of Edinburgh. Before he uttered a word, Marchall noticed that his arm was through the bridle-rein of a horse, from whose side the steam rose in clouds, whilst the young man's face was haggard and pale. The sexton's impression was that the young man had lost his reason; and the visitor's first word seemed to convey this idea, for he called out, "Get your spade and mattock, and come with me to the churchyard quickly." The blacksmith took his tools in silence, and followed, not daring to remonstrate. On the way, the young man exclaimed, "I'll be satisfied soon whether it is him or not. Think, Jamie, of having your ain father laid out on the dissecting board for you to cut up. I had the knife in my hand when I saw it was my father. But I'll be satisfied before I sleep. I left the hall, and have ridden here, Jamie, to satisfy myself." When his father's grave was reached, he took a spade, and helped the bewildered sexton to open it. The coffin having been reached, he called, "Break the lid with your mattock, and put in your hand." Marchall did as he was ordered, and put his hand inside. "Is he there, Jamie?" was the anxious inquiry. "Aye, aye, he's a' right. Naebody's fashed him, Robert; ye ha'e been mista'en," was the sexton's reassuring reply.

In the month of February, 1824, two resurrection men were apprehended in Manchester, with no fewer than six bodies, recently disinterred, in their possession. The prisoners, who were men of a tolerably respectable appearance and good address, were sentenced at the ensuing Quarter Sessions to a short term of imprisonment. The packages which contained the bodies were directed to different persons in London.

Many still recollect how dreadful a sensation was caused all over the kingdom by the foul atrocities of Burke and Hare in Edinburgh, and by a wretch named Bishop in London. We mention them here solely in connection with our topic. But Burke, it was said, worked some time at Sunderland as a labourer while the piers were building. Hare, it was understood, made his way to Newcastle, where his identity was lost through his changing his name. A foolish surmise at the time of the Burnopfield murder revived sundry old myths about him, which died away when their baselessness was demonstrated.

Helen Macdonald, Burke's paramour and accomplice, had two almost equally infamous forerunners in Edinburgh. In the year 1751, Helen Torrence, residenter, and Jean Waldie, wife of a stabler's servant, were tried at the instance of the King's Advocate for

stealing and murdering John Dallas, a boy of about eight or nine years of age, son of John Dallas, chairman. One of them decoyed Dallas's wife into a neighbouring house to drink, while the second conspirator stole away the boy, who was ill, and murdered him by suffocation. The women received from some surgeon-apprentices two shillings and tenpence for their trouble. Found guilty and sentenced to death, they were hanged in the Grass Market of Edinburgh, on the 18th of March, 1752, "both acknowledging their sins, and mentioning uncleanness and drunkenness in particular."

Twenty-four years after this, so necessary was the trade of body-snatching considered for the purpose of science, that it was carried out in London without the smallest attempt at concealment. The *Gentleman's Magazine* in March, 1776, says:—"The remains of more than twenty dead bodies were discovered in a shed in Tottenham Court Road, supposed to have been deposited there by teachers to the surgeons, of whom there is one, it is said, in the Borough, who makes an open profession of dealing in dead bodies, and is well-known by the name of 'The Resurrectionist.'"

Mr. John Gusthart, writing to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* in January, 1888, describes some of the means that were formerly adopted to protect the dead. We make the following extracts from his communication:—

There are few persons living who can relate personal experience of the excitement caused by the discovery of the Burke and Hare tragedies; but many there are who can recall the fireside stories of a grandmother about living victims being seized for the dissecting-room, or of churchyard burglars who pilfered the "narrow house" and dragged its tenant from the last resting-place to be sold to the faculty for gold.

Who can think of this without horror? One, indeed, may be disposed to ask, "Did such men live?" Truly, they lived and acted, and the police force of the time was unable to cope with them. The only means of defence against such deeds lay with the people themselves, who organized "Watch Clubs," the conditions of membership being a pledge to do duty by watching in any churchyard where a member was buried, for one or more nights, as necessity required. I know that these organizations were not defunct forty-four years ago, for I was then appointed substitute for a member to watch, in Cornhill Churchyard, the bodies of two men, named Logan and Tindal, who were accidentally killed near Pallinsburn, on their return from Wooler fair.

So far as I remember, the watch-house, provided for concealment and shelter, was without comforts, except a fire-grate and coals. Two men were considered a staff, and each was provided with a blunderbuss, powder, and shot, kettle and frying-pan being common to both. My companion, Johnson by name, was much my senior, and, of course, my leader. We were instructed to visit the grave with a dark lantern at intervals during the night, and I can say we did our duty—as two lovers at the trysting-place, punctual to the moment sworn. Nothing disturbed the tranquillity of the churchyard that night but the howling winds, upon which a blunderbuss has no effect; consequently our weapons were never used.

Tradition has furnished me with some strange facts in my own family history of these sad times, and on a recent visit to Lowick I had ocular demonstration of the truth of what I had been told in my childhood. My first duty on New Year's Day, 1888, was to pay the last tribute of respect to a dear uncle, and on my way to the chamber of death I had to pass the churchyard, where I felt sure the grave would be ready to

receive him. Knowing that my ancestors for many generations slept there, I resolved to take notes of their respective ages and dates of death from the tombstones before the *cortège* arrived. I was surprised to find two men at work preparing the grave. On looking into the grave I perceived the sextons were guarding against a fall. Some soil had then fallen, and had laid bare about ten inches of an iron bar some three inches wide, which the sexton was striking with his spade, trying to disconnect it from a wooden spile which interfered with his progress. The spile was crumbling to dust, but the iron hoop on the top showed that it had been about three-and-a-half inches in diameter. Now the whole affair would have been a puzzle to me if I had never heard my grandmother's stories about Burke and Hare. To defeat the intentions of midnight prowlers my father had laid iron bars around the top and along the sides of the coffin to prevent it being broken and the body drawn out. Besides, spiles were driven into the ground to the level of the coffin lid, and an iron bar laid over all was made fast to the spiles to prevent the coffin from being lifted entire. We must not doubt the necessity for these precautions. The sensible men of the time would certainly be the best judges, and such things go far to prove that the bonds of family affection were strong, even in death.

Pigg's Folly.

THE hamlet of the Three Mile Bridge, situated on the Morpeth road, is so called because of its supposed distance from Newcastle. Associated with this village is the memory of "Pigg's Folly."

One John Pigg was town's surveyor for Newcastle, and road surveyor for the county of Northumberland. It was said he was well known to both Charles II. and the Duke of York; and his eccentricities gave him a more than ordinary notoriety among the folks of Newcastle. The writer of the "Life of Ambrose Barnes" has the following concerning him:—"He usually wore a high-crowned hat, a strait coat, and would never ride, but walk't the pace of any horse, hundreds of miles on oot, with a quarter-staff fenced with an iron fork at one end. He would not only go to prison when he needed not, but conceitedly chused the vilest part of the prison for his apartment, where he continued a long while when he might have had his liberty whenever he pleased. But as much of Heaven's favourite as this visionary fancy'd himself, everybody knew him to be cursedly covetous, and the end he made answered the disgrace he had thrown upon sufferings for religion, this Pig dying in his stye in circumstances not unlike those who lay hands on themselves, or die crazy and distracted."

Alderman Hornby, also, Mr. Welford tells us in his "History of Gosforth," girded at John Pigg, Hornby adding that "his name and peculiarities were the theme of conversation so late as the middle of last century." Mackenzie, however, says that "being a Puritan was sufficient to entitle him to the scoffs of the profane and the hatred of bigots of a different class."

It appears that Pigg was in the habit of walking every

morning from his house in Newcastle to Three Mile Bridge, where he raised a column as a token of gratitude for the health and pleasure that he derived from his daily promenade. This column he inscribed with moral lessons for the benefit of all who travelled along the road. It was a square stone pillar, twelve and a half feet high, and stood within the hamlet, "between the forge and the joiner's shop." The pillar bore three sun-dials, and, in addition to being covered with scraps of holy writ, had this inscription at the foot in praise of wisdom:—

Who would not love thee while they may
Enjoy thee walking? For thy way
Is pleasure and delight; let such
As see thee choose thee, prize thee much.

At that time, says Mr. Welford, the turnpike road, after crossing the Ouseburn, turned abruptly to the left, passed through the hamlet, came out again near a sand-bank, crossed over to the grounds of Low Gosforth, and ran inside the present plantations to the north-west end of High Gosforth. "Pigg's Folly" was a notable object, therefore, in a crooked corner, and attracted much attention until the year 1829, when the road was straightened, and the stone was broken up and used for making the wall of the adjoining garden.

John Pigg seems to have been regarded by his neighbours as a fool; but his charity should outweigh his eccentricity. He left a will, dated October 27, 1688, by which document he bequeathed "three dwelling-houses and appurtenances, situate in Pilgrim Street, nearly opposite Major Anderson's gates, with his estates in Northumberland and Durham, to certain merchants, in trust for charitable purposes." The poor people who were to benefit by the legacy were, in the terms of his will, to be "only such as fear God, and are of the Protestant religion, and have not cast themselves into poverty by their idleness, nor reduced themselves to beggary by their own riotous prodigality; but are by age, sickness, or decrepitude disabled from work, or where men have children too numerous for their work to maintain; for I have always observed if men will not be idle they need not want." A Parochial Return of Charitable Donations made to Parliament in 1787-8 reported that John Pigg "left the produce of his real and personal estates (except £5 per annum to the minister of Earsdon, and £5 to the overseers of the highways of the County of Northumberland, and such sum or sums of money to his niece, Ann Rea, as his trustees should think proper) to such poor in the Counties of Durham, Northumberland, and Newcastle, upon-Tyne, and in such proportions, as the trustees of his will should think fit. By a decree of Chancery, part of his lands in Earsdon, and one-third of his personal estate, were awarded to Ann Rea, and the remainder to the uses of his will." The proceeds have been devoted for many years past to the assistance of the funds of the Newcastle Infirmary. According to the Abstract of Accounts of the Infirmary, for the year beginning January and ending

December 31st, 1886, John Figg's property produced in the period included between the two dates no less a sum than £449 17s.

Hulne Priory.

HULNE PRIORY, near Alnwick, if we might believe tradition, had a romantic origin. "Among the British Barons," says Grose, "who went to the Holy Wars in the reign of Henry III. were William de Vescy, Lord of Alnwick, and Richard Gray, two eminent chieftains in the Christian army. Led by curiosity or devotion, they went to visit the Friars of Mount Carmel, and there unexpectedly found a countryman of their own, one Ralph Fresborn, a Northumberland man, who had distinguished himself in a former crusade, and, in consequence of a vow, had afterwards taken upon him the monastic profession in that solitude. When Vescy and Gray returned to England, they strongly importuned the superior of the Carmelites to let their countryman accompany them; which was at length granted upon condition that they would found a monastery for Carmelites in their own country. Soon after their return, Fresborn, mindful of their engagement, began to look out for a place for their convent. After examining all the circumjacent solitudes, he at length fixed on the present spot, induced, it is said, by the great resemblance which the adjoining hill bore to Mount Carmel; and, indeed, whoever looks into Maundrel's travels will find that the draught of that mountain bears a strange likeness to this before us."

This legend is too attractive to be altogether discarded. Though historically discrepant, it may have some foundation in fact, and that part of it which relates to Fresborn may be substantially true. But William de Vescy, the Lord of Alnwick, does not appear in any crusade. One crusade there was in his time, led by Frederick II. of Germany, about 1238, but Englishmen do not seem to have joined it. A William de Vescy, who took part in the defence of Northumberland against the inroad of William the Lion, and who, probably, was an illegitimate son of the first William de Vescy, accompanied Richard I. in the crusade of 1191; and John de Vescy was a distinguished crusader under Prince Edward in 1270. Neither of these dates, however, corresponds with the time when the priory was founded.

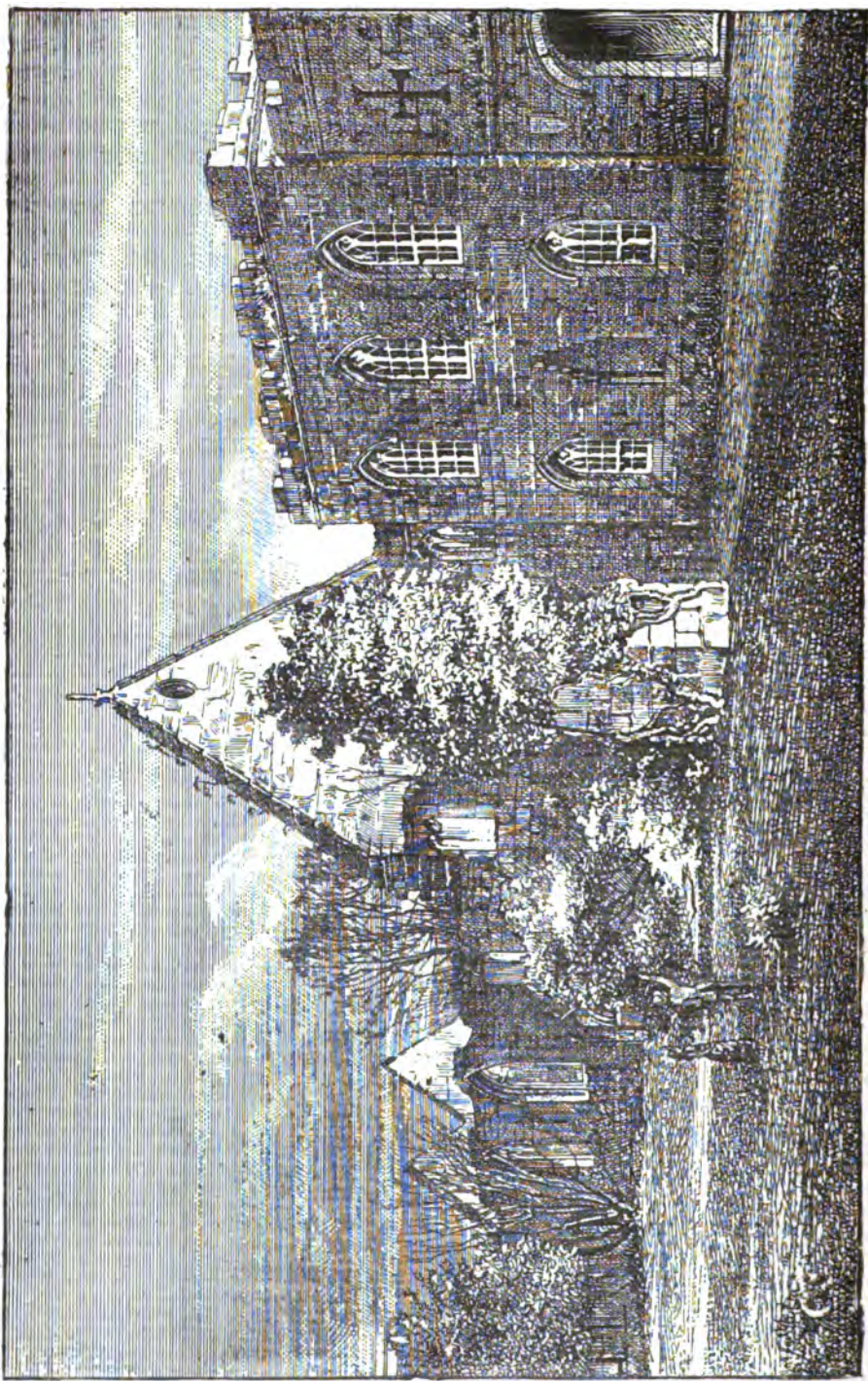
Fuller tells a different and Mr. George Tate, the historian of Alnwick, thinks a truer story. Ralph Fresborn, he says, who was born in Northumberland, where he possessed a large estate, and who had been bred a soldier and scholar, accompanied Richard, the Earl of Cornwall, to the Holy Land, and there became acquainted with the friars living on Mount Carmel. Pitying their condition, and impressed with their piety

and morals, he brought them over with him into England, and built them a house at Hulne, in a place not unlike Mount Carmel in Syria; for Carmel had a hill with the river Kishon running under it, and a forest beside it.

The brethren, who for more than three centuries dwelt in their secluded home at Hulne, belonged to the order of Carmelite Friars, who derived their name from Mount Carmel, in Palestine, where they were first established in 1122, by Albert, Patriarch of Jerusalem, but from whence they were driven about 1238 by the Saracens. They were also called White Friars from the colour of their vestments, consisting of a white cloak and hood, beneath which was a coat with a scapulary; but persecution for a while obliged them to wear parti-coloured garments, till, after the lapse of half a century, they resumed their original colour. Their rules and discipline were rigorous; they chose wild solitudes for their homes; each friar had a coffin in his cell, and he slept on straw, rising in winter at five and in summer at six o'clock, and every morning he dug a shovelful of earth for his grave; on his knees he crept to his devotions; he maintained long silence, kept himself much in his cell, continued long at his prayers, ate but twice a day, never tasted animal food, and endured frequent fasts. Innocent IV. so far relaxed these rules as to permit the friars to taste flesh meat. The order was never numerous; only forty houses belonged to it in England and Wales.

Little indeed do we know of the old history of the priory beyond its endowments. The lordly abbots of Alnwick adjoining oppressed their humble neighbour by appropriating the wax and oblations which rightly belonged to Hulne; but this grievance was remedied by a deed made by the abbot in 1355. Ralph Fresborn was the first prior of Hulne; and he rose to be provincial of the Carmelite order, a dignity enjoyed by him during fourteen years. While at Hulne, he wrote learned epistles, pious exhortations, and other books relating to the worship of God. He died in 1254, and was buried within the priory. Some time after, Ralph Alcman, who was the principal ruler of all the Carmelites, and a man distinguished for his learning and purity of manners, lived for four years in the solitudes of Hulne, and wrote there some of his works; he died in 1277. Robert de Populton, who was prior in 1364, seems to have had literary tastes, for he gave several books to the library of the convent. He died at Warkworth Castle in 1368, and was buried in the priory. Another Northumbrian, Robert Lesbury, was provincial of the order in 1519.

After the dissolution of the monasteries, Henry VIII. demised to Robert Elleker, knight, for the term of twenty-one years, the site of the house or late priory, vulgarly called "lez Blake freres de Hull Parke," with the land and pasturage and tenements belonging to it, excepting the great trees and woods. In the 6th of Elizabeth they were granted to William Rivet; and in



HULNE PRIORY.



CHIBBURN.

this record the title also is, "the house of late priory of friars preachers commonly called the Black Friars of Hull Park." It is strange that in both documents the name Black Friars is given, when their proper name from the colour of their habits was White Friars. In the same year these possessions were purchased of Anthony Rone, auditor, and Mr. Richard Ashstone, Queen's receiver, by Thomas, seventh Earl of Northumberland; but on his attainder they were given by the Queen to Sir John Forster. In 1618 they were in the occupation of John Salkeld, gentleman, who must have become proprietor of part, at least, of the Hulne property, for his name appears in connection with the priory in lists of freeholders for the years 1628 and 1663. Subsequently, however, the priory was purchased by the Percy family, to whom the whole of its property now belongs.

Ancient Remains at Chibburn.

LOW CHIBBURN is a farmstead about a mile north-east of Widdrington, Northumberland, and two or three miles distant from the Widdrington Station of the North-Eastern Railway. The commandery of the Knights Hospitallers, the remains of which are still seen at Chibburn, was a very strong building, surrounded by a moat, which could easily be filled with water in times of danger by the diversion of the rivulet which passes it. Sixty years ago the walls of the chapel were still entire and covered with a thatched roof. The once sacred building was then used as a barn by the tenant, Mr. Robert Latimer, who occupied the ancient house adjoining, approached from the north by a strong arched gateway, and surrounded by a thick wall. "The building," says one authority, "formed a hollow square, entered by a single gateway. On the west was the principal dwelling-house (still almost perfect). This was one of two storeys, with the windows on the upper floor projecting upon corbels, the better to attack the assailants beneath. On the south was the chapel of St. John, of excellent ashlar work; an upper floor extended half its length eastwards. The place was used in later times as a dowager-house of the Widdringtons. It is now divided into cottages." Our sketch, taken from a water-colour drawing by Mr. Robert Wood, of Newcastle, shows its present condition.

The history of the knights who once occupied this place is exceedingly interesting. They were a military-religious order, first known as Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, afterwards as Knights of Rhodes, and subsequently as Knights of Malta. About the middle of the 11th century, some merchants of Amalfi, in Italy, trading to the Levant, obtained leave of the Caliph of Egypt to build an hospital at Jerusalem, for the recep-

tion of the pilgrims who came from Europe to visit the Holy Sepulchre. They were at first simple men-nurses, but afterwards formed themselves into a military body, whose constitution was confirmed by the Pope, and the members, by the advice of their first superior, not only took vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience to the Church, but likewise added to their obligations those of fighting against the infidels and defending the Holy Sepulchre. During the first crusade, under Geoffrey of Bouillon, they gave material aid to the sick and wounded, and their ranks were recruited by persons of noble birth and weighty influence. On the conquest of Jerusalem by Saladin, the Hospitallers retired to Margat in Phoenicia, whence the progress of the infidel arms drove them first to Acre, and afterwards to Limisso, where the King of Cyprus assigned them a residence. In the year 1370, the knights, under their grand master, Foulkes de Villaret, in conjunction with a party of crusaders from Italy, captured Rhodes and seven adjacent islands from the Greek and Saracen pirates, by whom they were then occupied, and they carried on from thence, for about two hundred years, a not unsuccessful war against the Turks. In 1523, however, they were compelled to surrender Rhodes to Sultan Solymán. After they had found temporary refuge, first in Crete and subsequently in Italy, the Emperor Charles V. made over to them, in full sovereignty, the island of Malta. But after the Reformation, a moral degeneracy seems to have overspread the order, and it rapidly declined in political importance. By their statutes, the brethren consisted of three classes—knights, chaplains, and serving brothers, these last being fighting squires who followed the knights in their expeditions. The order was divided into eight languages—Provence, Auvergne, France, Italy, Arragon, England, Germany, and Castile. Each nation possessed several Grand Priors, under which were a number of commauderies, each under the government of an eminent knight, whose duty it was to instruct the neophytes in their duties, and to lead them into action when need required.

The chief establishment in England was the Priory at Clerkenwell, whose head had a seat in the Upper House of Parliament, and was styled First Baron of England. St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, and St. John's Wood, relics of their possessions, perpetuate their memory in the metropolis. The order was suppressed in England in 1540, restored in 1557, and again suppressed in 1559. The lands then belonging to it were at the same time confiscated, as they likewise were at the Reformation in such of the Continental States as threw off the Papal yoke. Malta continued under the dominion of the knights till the year 1798, when, through the treachery of some French members of the order, and the cowardice of the grand-master D'Hompech, the island was surrendered to the French, and the order as a sovereign body became extinct.

The brethren at first wore a long black habit with a

pointed hood, adorned with a cross of white silk, of the form called Maltese, on the left breast, as also a golden cross in the middle of the breast. In their military capacity they wore red surcoats with the silver cross before and behind. The badge worn by all the knights is a Maltese cross enamelled white and edged with gold; it is suspended by a black ribbon, and the embellishments attached to it differ in the different countries where the order still exists.

The name of the order has of late years been given in England to a philanthropic movement of a valuable character. The society known as the St. John's Ambulance Association was instituted in 1834, its objects then being to provide convalescent patients of hospitals with nourishing diet. More recently the organization has been extended under the name of the National Society for the Aid of the Sick and Wounded in War, and has thus been the means of founding ambulance corps, cottage hospitals, and convalescent homes.

Meg Merrilies.

MEG MERRILIES is a master-piece of the great Magician of the North. The very conception of the character is copyright, although, by frank admission on the part of the great genius who created it, features, clothing, habits, and incidents have been borrowed from real persons to trick out the original picture. To add one lineament to a fancy portrait so complete and startling would savour of presumption. It would be like touching up Titian or modifying Michael Angelo. As a work of art and offspring of genius, the gipsy of "Guy Mannering" may be criticised, analysed, and illustrated. A reproduction is only possible by faithful transcription. But as Sir Walter acknowledged, and as many people suspected before his acknowledgment, there was a fair substratum of fact under the glowing fiction. Some critics asserted that they had discovered the original of the portrait in Flora Marshall, consort royal of Willie, the King of the Western Lowland Gipsies. She was one of seventeen wives to whom in succession the vigorous King William was married. He lived to the age of 120, notwithstanding the wild and exposed life he led. Of Flora it is told that while her husband was being tried for some of his numerous crimes, the watchful wife, true to the instincts of her race, and mindful of her duties as Queen of the Gipsies, was stealing the hood from the robe of the presiding judge. But, romantic as were the character and career of Flora, she is not the real Meg Merrilies.

In the first volume of *Blackwood's Magazine* appeared an article from the pen of Sir Walter Scott, while as yet he was unknown as the author of *Waverley*, on the subject of Meg's original, and as Sir Walter embodied this

article in the preface of the last edition of his works published in his life-time, it must be accepted as the veritable account of the genesis of Meg Merrilies. But in the same article was comprised a contribution from another writer, which shows how readily the picture of fiction brought to mind the family of gipsies out of which Scott had concocted or created his famous gipsy witch. The writer says:—"The late Madge Gordon was, we believe, a grand-daughter of the celebrated Jean Gordon, and was said to have much resembled her in appearance. The following account of her is extracted from the letter of a friend, who for many years enjoyed frequent and favourable opportunities of observing the characteristic peculiarities of the Yetholm tribes:—"Madge Gordon was descended from the Faas by the mother's side, and was married to a Young. She was a remarkable personage—of a very commanding presence and high stature, being nearly six feet high. She had a large aquiline nose, penetrating eyes, even in her old age, bushy hair that hung around her shoulders from beneath a gipsy bonnet of straw, a short cloak of a peculiar fashion, and a long staff nearly as tall as herself. I remember her well—every week she paid my father a visit for her awmous, when I was a little boy, and I looked upon Madge with no common degree of awe and terror. When she spoke vehemently (for she made loud complaints), she used to strike her staff upon the floor and throw herself into an attitude which it was impossible to regard with indifference. She used to say that she could bring from the remotest parts of the island friends to revenge her quarrels, while she sat motionless in her cottage; and she frequently boasted that there was a time when she was of still more considerable importance, for there were at her wedding fifty saddled asses, and unsaddled asses without number. If Jean Gordon was the prototype of the character of Meg Merrilies, I imagine Madge must have sat to the unknown author as the representative of her person." The former part of this supposition was correct; how far the latter was so may be doubted. The real substance of which the gipsy in "Guy Mannering" was the expanded and gigantic shadow, was the older of the two mentioned.

No better account of Jean Gordon exists than the one already alluded to, as proceeding from the pen that portrayed Meg Merrilies, and published in the first volume of *Blackwood's Magazine*, which is as follows:—"My father remembered old Jean Gordon of Yetholm, who had great sway among her tribe. She was quite a Meg Merrilies, and possessed the savage virtue of fidelity in the same perfection. Having been hospitably received at the farmhouse of Lochside, near Yetholm, she had carefully abstained from committing any depredations on the farmer's property. But her sons, nine in number, had not, it seems, the same delicacy, and stole a brood sow from their kind entertainer. Jean was mortified at this ungrateful conduct, and so much ashamed of it, that she

absented herself from Lochside for several years. It happened in course of time that in consequence of some temporary necessity, the goodman of Lochside was obliged to go to Newcastle to raise some money to pay his rent. He succeeded in his purpose, but returning through the Cheviots he was benighted and lost his way. A light glimmering through the window of a large waste barn, which survived the farm-house to which it had once belonged, guided him to a place of shelter, and when he knocked at the door it was opened by Jean Gordon. Her remarkable figure—for she was nearly six feet high—rendered it impossible to mistake her for a moment, though he had not seen her for years; and to meet with such a character in so solitary a place, and probably at no great distance from her clan, was a grievous surprise to the poor man, whose rent (to lose which would have been ruin) was about his person. Jean set up a loud shout of joyful recognition—‘Eh, sirs! the winsome gudeman of Lochside! Light down, light down; for ye mauna gang forward the night, and a friend’s house sse near.’ The farmer was obliged to dismount and accept of the gipey’s offer of supper and a bed. There was plenty of meat in the barn, however it might be come by, and preparations were going on for a plentiful repast, which the farmer, to the great increase of his anxiety, observed was calculated for ten or twelve persons of the same description, probably, with his landlady. Jean left him in no doubt on the subject. She brought to his recollection the story of the stolen sow, and mentioned how much pain and vexation it had given her. Like other philosophers, she remarked that the world grew worse daily; and like other parents, that the bairns got out of her guiding, and neglected the old gipsy regulations, which commanded them to respect, in their deprecations, the property of their benefactors. The end of all this was, an inquiry what money the farmer had about him, and an urgent request, or command, that he would make her his purse-keeper, since the bairns, as she called her sons, would be soon home. The poor farmer made a virtue of necessity, told his story, and surrendered his gold to Jean’s custody. She made him put a few shillings in his pocket, observing it would excite suspicion should he be found travelling altogether penniless. This arrangement being made, the farmer lay down on a sort of shakedown as the Scotch call it, or bedclothes disposed upon some straw, but, as will easily be believed, slept not. About midnight the gang returned, with various articles of plunder, and talked over their exploits in language which made the farmer tremble. They were not long in discovering they had a guest, and demanded of Jean who she had got there. ‘E’en the winsome gudeman of Lochside, puir body,’ replied Jean; ‘he’s been at Newcastle seeking siller to pay his rent, honest man, but de’il be-lickit he’s been able to gother in, and sse he’s gaun e’en hame wi’ a toom purse and a sair heart.’ ‘That may be, Jean,’ replied one of the banditti, ‘but we mun rip his pouch a bit, and see if the tale be true or no.’ Jean set

up her throat in exclamations against this breach of hospitality, but without producing any change in their determination. The farmer soon heard their stifled whispers and light steps by his bedside, and understood they were rummaging his clothes. When they found the money which the providence of Jean Gordon had made him retain, they held a consultation if they should take it or no, but the smallness of the booty and the vehemence of Jean’s remonstrances determined them in the negative. They caroused, and went to rest. As soon as the day dawned, Jean roused her guest, produced his horse, which she had accommodated behind the *hallan*, and guided him for some miles till he was on the high road to Lochside. She then restored his whole property, nor could his earnest entreaties prevail upon her to accept so much as a single guinea. I have heard the old people at Jedburgh say that all Jean’s sons were condemned to die there on the same day. It is said the jury were equally divided, but that a friend to justice who had slept during the whole discussion, waked suddenly, and gave his vote for condemnation, in the emphatic words, ‘Hang them a’!’ Unanimity is not required in a Scottish jury, so the verdict of guilty was returned. Jean was present, and only said, ‘The Lord help the innocent in a day like this.’ Her own death was accompanied with circumstances of brutal outrage, of which poor Jean was in many respects wholly undeserving. She had, among other demerits, or merits, as the reader may choose to rank it, that of being a staunch Jacobite. She chanced to be at Carlisle on a fair or market day, soon after the year 1746, where she gave vent to her political partiality, to the great offence of the rabble of that city. Being zealous in their loyalty when there was no danger, in proportion to the tameness with which they had surrendered to the Highlanders in 1745, the mob inflicted upon poor Jean Gordon no slighter penalty than that of ducking her to death in the Eden. It was an operation of some time, for Jean was a stout woman, and, struggling with her murderers, often got her head above water; and, while she had voice left, continued to exclaim, at such intervals, ‘Charlie yet! Charlie yet!’ When a child, and among the scenes which she frequented, I have often heard these stories, and cried piteously for poor Jean Gordon.”

According to Robert Chambers, in his interesting work entitled “Illustrations of the Author of Waverley,” published in 1822, Jean was married to Patrick Faa, a gipsy chief, by whom she had three daughters, as well as the nine sons alluded to above, nearly all of whom died at the hands of the common hangman. In 1714 one of the “bonnie lads,” Alexander, was murdered by another gipsy, Robert Johnston, who escaped, but after ten years was brought to trial for the crime. He was sentenced to be executed, but escaped from prison. But the gipsies were on his track. Jean, according to tradition, followed him like a bloodhound through Holland and Ireland. In

the latter country she laid hands on him and brought him back to Jedburgh, where she had the satisfaction of seeing him hanged on the Gallowahill. Some short time after the execution, Jean being at Sourhope, a sheep farm on Bowmont Water, the goodman said to her, "Weel, Jean, ye hae gotten Rob Johnston hanged at last, and out of the way?" "Ay, gudeman," replied the gipsy, lifting up her apron as she spoke, "and a' that fu' o' gowd has'na done't,"—an incident and speech that tallies pretty closely with the conduct of Meg Merrilies in the novel when she uses the expression "poke fu' o' jewels."

There is yet another candidate for the honour of being the prototype of Meg Merrilies. This was Margaret Carrick, mother of Meg Teasdale. The latter presided over a public-house near to Gililand Spa, known then and still as Mumps' (or Beggars') Ha'. All visitors to the Spa for many years past have had pointed out to them the old house in which Sir Walter Scott localised the



MUMPS' HALL.

incident of Dandie Dinmont telling Meg Merrilies of the death of Ellangowan. It well deserved to be selected as a scene in so tragic a novel. The wood engraving which accompanies this article, and for the loan of which we are greatly indebted to the Rev. Dr. Bruce, represents the back of the house as it stood a few years ago.

The Meg of the lonely wayside hostelry was a cruel thief, who used (so the story goes) to drug travellers, and, having murdered and robbed them, throw their bodies into a deep tarn or pond a little way from the house. It was said that, in consequence of the presence of so large a mass of decaying human bones, the surface of the accursed pool was covered with a blue, phosphorescent light, visible to the affrighted wayfarer after nightfall.

A somewhat different account to this will be found in

the earlier editions of Dr. Bruce's celebrated work on the Roman Wall, published in 1851:—

In the immediate neighbourhood of Rose Hill is Mumps' Hall, formerly the residence of the Meg Merrilies of Sir Walter Scott.

"Mumps' Hall," says Hodgson, "according to tradition, was once a public-house, kept by a notorious person of the name of Meg Teasdale, who drugged to death such of her guests as had money. In 'Guy Mannering' she glares in the horrid character of Meg Merrilies. But certainly all this tradition is deeply coloured with unpardonable slander against the ancient and respectable family of the Teasdales of Mumps' Hall."

Sir Walter Scott was in early life an occasional resident at Gililand. The broad, flat stone is pointed out, a little above the Shaws Hotel, on which tradition asserts he was standing when he declared to the subsequent Lady Scott the emotions that agitated his bosom. He had therefore the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the district and its traditions.

The small thatched cottage, opposite the road leading from the railway station, is usually pointed out as the residence of Meg; but it is not the one that was occupied by her. She lived in the larger building beyond, round which the road bends at a right angle. The front of the house is modernized, but the back of it still retains the character of a Border fortress. My information on this and other subjects respecting her has been derived from an individual residing in the district, whose mother knew Meg well, and visited her upon her death-bed. Although the heroine of Mumps' Hall was cast in a mould somewhat suited to the state of the district at that time, she was not the fiend-like woman that she is generally represented. One murder, however, the tradition of the country lays to her charge. A pedlar having called upon Meg's brother, who kept a school at Long Byers (midway between Rose Hill and Greenhead), accidentally presented to him a box filled with guineas instead of his snuff-box. The traveller was requested to convey a note to Mumps' Hall, which he did, but was not seen alive afterwards. Suspicion arising, the house was searched, and the body found concealed among hay in the barn; but the parties who made the discovery durst not reveal it, for fear of injury to themselves and families. About six weeks after, the body was found lying upon the moors. My informant added to his narrative—"probably the laws were not so active in those days as at the present, for these things could not escape now."

When Meg was upon her death-bed, the curiosity of the neighbourhood was excited, and many of her cronies visited her, in hopes of hearing her disburden her conscience respecting the death of the pedlar. They were, however, disappointed; for whenever she attempted to speak upon the subject, some one of the family, who always took care to be present, placed a hand upon her mouth.

Upper Denton Church is hard by. It is evidently a very ancient building, and possibly exhibits some Saxon work. It is one of the smallest churches in England, and is as damp and mouldy as felons' dungeons used to be. Meg and several of the members of her family lie in the churchyard. Four tombstones, ranged in a row, mark their resting-places.

In Scott's notes to "Guy Mannering" will be found an account of a real Dandie Dinmont—known as Fighting Charlie of Liddesdale. The tale given there is substantially as follows:—Charlie had been to Stagshawbank Fair, where Meg's spies had spotted him as likely to be money-laden when homeward bound. While tarrying at the old ale-house, Mumps' Ha', Meg adroitly

drew the charges from his pistols, substituting tow. Charlie lingered over his stoup of ale till nightfall, and then set forth across the Waste of Bewcastle. Being a wary borderer, he suspected his pistols might have been tampered with, and on trying them found his suspicions correct. He drew the tow and re-loaded. In a short time he found himself hemmed in by robbers. He put spurs to his horse and presented his pistol. "Damn your pistol—I care not a curse for it," said the foremost robber. "Aye, lad," replied Charlie, "but, mind, *the tow's out now.*" It is scarcely needful to say that the robbers decamped.

The prime mover of these reputed outrages is said to have died a natural death (Sir Walter says some of the family suffered hanging), and was buried at the age of 98 in Upper Denton Churchyard, with the following epitaph on her tombstone:—

What I was once fame may relate,
What I am now is each one's fate.
What I shall be none can explain,
Till he that called me call again.

The Fighting Fifth.

NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS is the new territorial name bestowed on the troops connected with our northern county. "The Old and Bold," or the Fifth Regiment of Foot, whose head-quarters are now in Newcastle, was raised during the reign of Charles II., in 1674, for service in Holland, where for some years it followed the fortunes of the Prince of Orange. Later on the Fifth was engaged in the defence of Gibraltar during one of its sieges. At this battle the fire was so hot that it is related no fewer than 70 cannon and 30 mortars burst in the batteries. The regiment acquired great fame in the action at Groebenstein, and in the woods of Wilhelmsthal: the Grenadiers of France, the Royal Grenadiers, the regiment of Aquitaine, and other corps—being the flower of the French Infantry—after one fire surrendered to the Fifth.

Throughout the whole of our unfortunate contest with America, it was the lot of the Fifth to stand principally engaged. In no instance was it more conspicuous for gallantry than in the action of Charlestown—commonly called Bunker's Hill. During that unhappy but well-fought day, Captain George Harris (afterwards the conqueror of Mysore) was severely wounded in the head whilst he led on the grenadiers. On that occasion, Lord Francis Rawdon, who was lieutenant of the company, kept up the spirit of intrepidity that had been displayed by his disabled captain, and retired with the remnant of his brave followers after having received two shots through his cap.

Then came the campaign in the Peninsula. The year 1811 witnessed the combat at El Bodon, an incident which deserved and enjoyed the rare credit of the special praise of Lord Wellington. The Duke was generally very chary of expressions of admiration; he held to the doctrine that praise, if too lavishly administered, becomes a matter of indifference to its objects. His expressed approbation, therefore, was the more valuable for its rarity, and hence when he said that the action of El Bodon offered a memorable example of what could be done by steady discipline and confidence, he paid the troops engaged the highest compliment they could receive. The facts of the case are simply these:—The 5th and 77th Regiments of the line were employed during the blockade of Ciudad Rodrigo, prior to the siege in 1812, on the heights near the village of El Bodon. They were associated with the 11th Light Dragoons, a Portuguese regiment of Cacadores, and some Portuguese artillery. This small force was suddenly attacked by a cloud of French cavalry and fourteen battalions of infantry with six guns; the Portuguese guns were captured in the fray, the Fifth gallantly recovered them, and when the Fifth and Seventy-Seventh were assailed by the cavalry, they *charged and overthrew the horsemen!* Could any infantry in the world have accomplished more?

The assault of Badajoz, in which also the Fifth Regiment was engaged, took place at 10 p.m. on April 6th, 1812, and perhaps the annals of war scarcely furnish a more striking example of daring attack and earnest resistance. The following extract from the stirring narrative of Napier is worth recording:—"Still swarming round the remaining ladders, these undaunted veterans strove who should first climb, until, all being overturned, the French shouted victory, and the British, baffled but untamed, fell back a few paces and took shelter under the rugged edge of the hill. Here, when the broken ranks were somewhat reformed, the heroic Colonel Ridge, springing forward, called with a stentorian voice on his men to follow, and, seizing a ladder, once more raised it against the castle; yet to the right of the former attack, where the wall was lower and an embrasure offered some facility, a second ladder was soon placed by the Grenadier officer, Canch, and the next moment he and Ridge were on the ramparts. The shouting troops pressed after them; the garrison, amazed and in a manner surprised, were driven fighting through the double gate into the town, and the castle was won. A reinforcement sent from the French reserve then came up, a sharp action followed, both sides fired through the gate, and the enemy retired; but Ridge fell, and no man died that night with more glory—yet many died, and there was much glory."

The "Fighting Fifth" contributed to the restoration of the empire in India during the Mutiny, as the following incident will show:—In August, 1857, two companies under the command of Captain F. W. L'Estrange, with

three guns under Major V. Eyre, of the Bengal Artillery, defeated a large force of the rebels, and effected the relief of Arrah. In September, the head-quarters of the regiment marched from Allahabad under Major E. Simmons, joined Major-General Havelock's force, and was present in the engagements at Pundoo Nuddee, Mungulnar, and Alum Bagh. It was also present at the storming of Lucknow and the first relief of the Residency's garrison, and was afterwards engaged in the defence of the new position taken up outside the Residency. On the approach of Sir Colin Campbell with his relieving force, the Fifth took a prominent part in the storm and capture of the enemy's posts at the King's Stables, Engine House, and other places. It afterwards became part of Sir James Outram's force at the Alum Bagh, and was constantly employed in repelling harassing attacks of the rebels, and in many successful sorties, until March, 1858, when it was engaged in the final assault and capture of Lucknow under Sir Colin Campbell.

With reference to the battle of Arrah, fought in August, 1857, here is a letter from Captain L'Estrange to the Assistant Adjutant-General, Dinapore:—"I have the honour to report that on the arrival of the detachment Fifth Fusiliers (160 men) under my command at Buxar, I found that our services were required to co-operate with Major Eyre, Bengal Artillery, to march on Arrah, where we understood some 2,000 or 3,000 of the mutineers had assembled. On the following evening the force, consisting of 3 guns, 154 men, with Captain Scott, Ensigns Lewis, Oldfield, and Mason, all of the Fifth Fusiliers, under my command, and 12 mounted volunteers of the Railway and Engineer Department, the whole under command of Major Eyre, left Buxar *en route* for Arrah. We came on the enemy on the morning of the 2nd August. We found that they had assembled in immense force, and the woods for miles round seemed to be swarming with rebel Sepoys. Major Eyre immediately fired some rounds of shell among the enemy who were in front, and sent a skirmishing party, under the command of Captain Scott, to drive the rebels out of the woods. In consequence of an extensive swamp on the left of the road, our skirmishers were delayed for a short time, but at length reached the woods under a very heavy fire from the mutineers. Our skirmishers soon cleared the woods on the right and left of the road, during which time the right skirmishing party sustained a severe cross fire, and three men of the Fifth were wounded; our whole force then gained the open country, but with the loss of a considerable quantity of baggage. The enemy had surrounded us on all sides, and, our main body being within the enemy's rifle range, the drivers left the elephants and baggage carts and made off into the woods. A mile further on we found that the Beebeegunge bridge had been completely destroyed by the rebels, who had there concentrated their forces, and were determined to dispute our further advance. Finding that

the reconstruction of the bridge in face of such a large force of the enemy was impossible, and that the river could not be forded, we made a flank movement so as to gain the railway embankment on our right, and thus proceeded direct to Arrah. The enemy immediately left their position behind Beebeegunge bridge, and proceeded in a parallel direction with us: they kept up their fire on us, but the ground being favourable for our skirmishers, who were judiciously led by Captain Scott, no great difficulty was experienced by our force until we arrived to within 300 yards of the railway embankment. The ground here being very much broken, and as we were unable to get the guns on to the railway line, the rebels clearly saw the difficulties we had to encounter, and made certain of our complete destruction. Notwithstanding Major Eyre having opened on the enemy with shot and shell, and although our skirmishers made excellent practice with their Enfields, still no impression could be made on the rebels, who advanced in large numbers, and came rushing on to the mouths of the guns. In the wood on our left an immense body of the rebels had assembled, and poured a tremendous fire upon our line, the left of which with two guns occupied a slope, and the right was close up to the railway bank under shelter of some brick kilns and other sort of cover; our line was then about 400 yards in length, and the enemy came pouring down on us in large numbers. At this time we were in imminent danger, when Major Eyre ordered us to charge the enemy. This movement was perfectly successful, and, our line advancing at the charge, the mutineers fled from the woods, from whence emerging Major Eyre opened on them with grape, and the enemy cleared off in all directions. One officer and eight men were wounded during the operations of the day, which commenced at about 6 a.m., and lasted until about 3 p.m."

It cannot be thought superfluous to make an observation relative to the apparent contradiction which is manifested between the actual situation in the line of the Fifth Regiment with regard to the Sixth, the latter, from the date of its establishment, appearing to be an older regiment. The same singular circumstance attends the Fourth, or King's Own, which, in point of original formation, is junior to the Fifth. These seeming contradictions are accounted for in the following manner:—When the regiments in question were first raised, they were not placed upon the British establishment, but sent by Charles II. for the service of the States-General. On the abdication of King James II. and the subsequent election of William, Prince of Orange, the Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth were numbered and taken into the line according to the periods at which they landed from Holland. Thus, for instance, the Fourth, which had originally been raised after the Fifth, arrived in England before that corps, and took precedence. The Sixth, which had been levied before the Fifth, returned to its native country at a later period

than either, and was consequently placed according to that date.

The Fifth bears on its colours:—St. George and the Dragon, with the motto: “*Quo Fata Vocant*”; the rose and crown; the king’s crest; and the following distinctions:—Wilhelmthal, Roleia, Vimiera, Corunna, Busaco, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, Salamanca, Vittoria, Nivelle, Orthes, Toulouse, Peninsula, Lucknow.

N. L., Hexham.

Views in North Northumberland.

A LONG the new line of railway which was lately opened between Alnwick and Cornhill are some of the finest scenes in the county of Northumberland, together with places of great historic interest. A few of these are represented in the accompanying sketches.

The first is a view from Clayport Bank of the quaint old town of Alnwick, which, sloping gradually upward from the southern bank of the Aln, forms the centre

“wick” or village on the Aln, or “bright” river, to the close of the fifteenth century, the tempests of Border warfare were always sweeping around it. The capture of William the Lion, the death of Malcolm Canmore, the march of the English armies northward and of the Scottish armies southward, the fight and pursuit of notable moss-troopers, the ruins of smouldering villages, the movements of troops in the civil wars, Yorkists and Lancastrians, Royalists and Roundheads—these were the spectacles witnessed by the ancient burghers of Alnwick. Besieged at one time and burned at another, in spite of its towers and walls and guardian-like castle, what wonder that the growth of the town was somewhat hindered! Alnwick, within recent years, has overstepped its ancient boundaries very considerably. Much, however, remains to recall the past: the grim-looking gateway tower, blocking up the principal thoroughfare, the plain-fronted and strongly-built old houses, with their quaint inscriptions and sculptured badges, the characteristic hostleries of the old-fashioned coaching days, fragments of weathered masonry, the venerable church of Michael’s with its curious watch-turret, and, above all, the “palace-castle” with its unaltered barbican, its



ALNWICK.

of a beautiful North-Country landscape. Its history, bound up in a measure with that of the baronial home of the Percies, is a record of strife and bloodshed. From the time when a few heather-thatched hovels with clay-daubed walls, clustering together beneath the stockaded burgh of the Saxon chief, became known as the

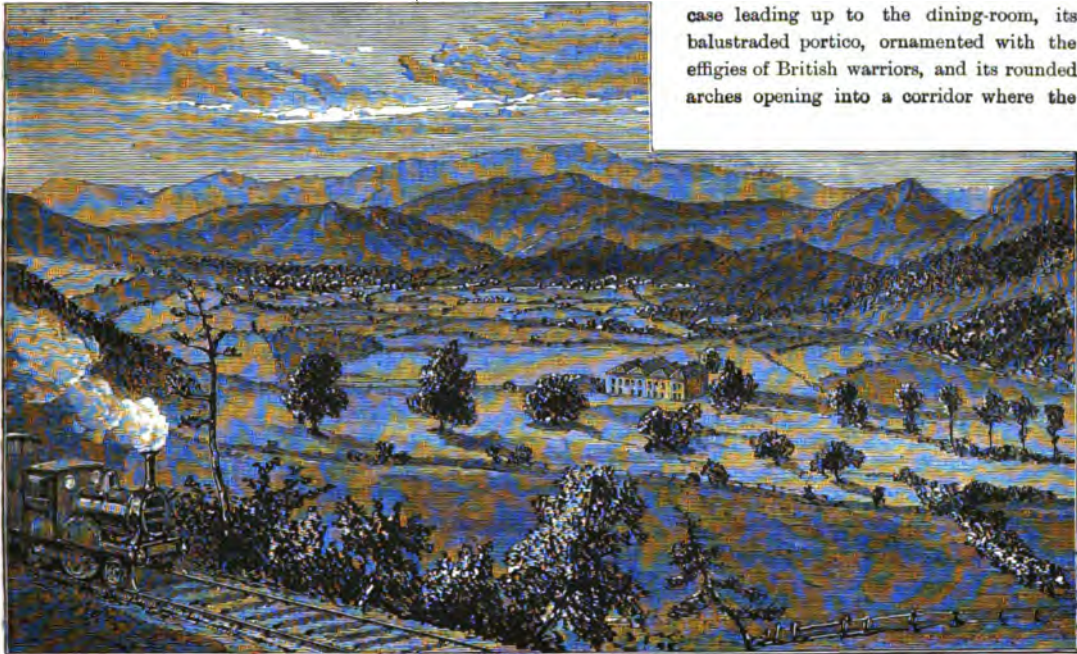
mural towers and shell-formed keep, more picturesque, it may be, though not more imposing than the solid rectangular keeps of Bamborough and Newcastle.

The prospect seen from the railway about half a mile from Edlingham Station is represented in our second sketch. The mansion-house in the foreground, which

stands on an elevation of three hundred feet, is Lemington Hall, the property of Mr. W. J. Pawson, of Shawdon. Its east wing is an ancient peel tower referred to in the Survey of 1460 as the "turrus de Lematon"—a building 53 feet square, having walls about 6

the son of Hardicanute, who had been sold as a slave to a certain widow at Whittingham, was redeemed and made king of Northumbria in the thirteenth year of King Alfred's reign.

Our third sketch gives a view of the spacious courtyard of Chillingham Castle, with its stone staircase leading up to the dining-room, its balustraded portico, ornamented with the effigies of British warriors, and its rounded arches opening into a corridor where the



VALE OF WHITTINGHAM.

feet 6 inches thick. Beneath it stretches the richly-cultivated vale of Whittingham, a scene of idyllic beauty, shut in on the north by Titlington Mount and Jenny Lantern Hill, with Glanton Pike and the pastoral hills of Fawdon and Ryle, and on the south by the Thrunton and Callaley Craggs, and the heathery uplands of Rimside Moor. Fields of waving cereals, meadows, and pastures all dotted with cattle and sheep; villages, hamlets, and farmsteads, with country houses and patches of woodland—these are the details of the outspread picture. The little rural capital of the vale, nestling amid trees and gardens on the lovely banks of the Aln, possesses two objects of the greatest antiquarian interest—the Saxon church and the mediæval peel tower. According to Roger de Hoveden, Cuthred,

celebrated "toad-stone" is now deposited. This castellated mansion, designed by Inigo Jones at a time



CHILLINGHAM

when the Italian style of domestic architecture had somewhat superseded the Elizabethan, is quadrangular in form, consisting of four ancient Border towers, connected by more modern buildings and surmounted

of the ancient castle are two grim towers, one of which stands by itself a little to the south-west (see *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. i., p. 455), and supports on its walls a tower-like superstructure for raising the flagstaff above



FORD CASTLE.

by embrasured parapets. The narrow baronial prison, with the dark dungeon underneath its floor, may yet be seen. Chillingham, of which some account has already been given in the *Monthly Chronicle* (vol. i., p. 272), was formerly held by the family of the Greys, until, by the marriage of the heiress, daughter of Ford Lord Grey, with Lord Ossulston, it became a possession of the Tankervilles. The surroundings are very beautiful: the mossy little dell at one side, watered by the Chillingham burn, the splendid gardens and shrubberies at the other, the magnificent carriage-drive with its avenue of lofty limes, and the far-famed park, two thousand acres in extent, undulating upwards to the summit of Ros Castle, with its feeding-grounds for the wild cattle and its pinewood clumps and plantations.

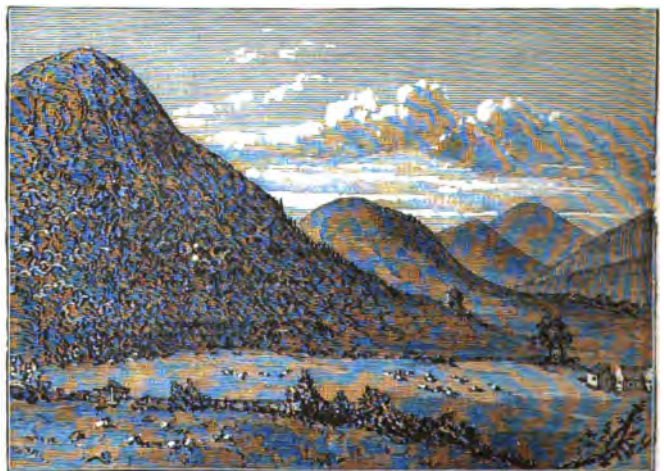
Chillingham was an imitation of Ford Castle, the earliest example between the Tees and the Tweed of a quadrangular building with a square tower at each corner. Our fourth sketch is a view of the north and west fronts of this famous border stronghold. Burnt down by the Scottish King James IV. a short time before the battle of Flodden, Ford was partially restored a few years after, and re-built it in 1761-4. The only remnants

the generally flat skyline of the building. The other is at the north-west corner of the mansion, and contains in its uppermost storey the chamber where King James is said to have slept on the night before Flodden. The tradition, however, is a very doubtful one. The view from the window of the valley of the Till and the pine-clad heights of Flodden, with the high, green Cheviots in the background, is remarkably fine. In the basement of the tower, on the north, the artist has represented the small trefoil-headed slit which admits the light into the "dungeon"—a vaulted chamber of fourteenth century construction, probably the most

interesting feature of the castle. A sweeter little village than Ford, which is close to the gates of the castle, could hardly be imagined outside of Arcadia. There is

Nought around but images of rest,
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between.

The cosy-looking, red-tiled cottages, half hidden in foliage and flowering tendrils, are approached through the prettiest and trimmest of gardens, while the model little school-room is not only cheerful and attractive on the



THE CHEVIOTS.

outside, but rendered equally so in the inside by the frescoes of the Marchioness of Waterford illustrative of the "lives of good children."

Our fifth and last sketch is a view from the Akeld and Kirknewton road of Yeavinger Bell and the Glendale hills—the northernmost heights of the Cheviot range. They are chiefly of porphyry, conical in shape and connected with each other by rounded ridges, or separated by deep, short valleys and glens. The summit of Yeavinger Bell is surrounded by the fortifications of the ancient Britons, whose circular dwellings may still be traced on the lower slopes of the hill. Beneath it, at old Yeavinger, is a cottage containing some ancient masonry, which is supposed to be a remnant of King Edwin's palace of Ad-Gebrin, where Paulinus abode when catechising and baptising the inhabitants of Glendale. A large upright stone in the centre of a field to the south-west commemorates the battle of Getering, where the Scots were defeated in 1415 by Sir Robert de Umfraville. Coupland Castle is on the other side of the valley.

W. W. TOMLINSON.

Old Tyne Vessels.

THE Register Book of Shipping for the year 1811-2 has the following entries, the date of the entries being 76 years ago, and long prior to any controversies as to the age of the various vessels named :—

AMPHITRITE, brig, 221 tons; Captain Stephenson, owner Elder, built at Shields 1776, crew 15, single deck with beams; new bottom, new deck and upper works 1802, also new bottom and damages repaired 1807. Class E 1, in London transport service.

BETSEY CAINS, ship, 176 tons; Captain N. Carden, owners captain and others, built at King's yard, 1690, crew 12; rebuilt 1722, raised and thoroughly repaired 1802, some repairs 1807, four twelve carronades. Class A 1, surveyed 1810, in Plymouth transport service.

BROTHERLY LOVE, 198 tons; Captain Kirby, owner D. Heady, built at Ipswich 1764, crew 15, single deck with beams; damages repaired 1807 and 1808, large repairs 1811, four three-pounders, surveyed 1811. Class 1-1, in Shields and London trade.

FREE LOVE, ship, 329 tons; Captain Thompson, owner J. Carbin, built at Whitby 1785, single deck with beams; new top sides and thoroughly repaired 1809, 16 crew, eight nine-pounders, surveyed 1810. Class E 1, in London transport service.

Taking another of Lloyd's Annual Registers of Shipping, that for 1849, a date mid-way between the one already quoted and the present time, I find the following entry :—

AMPHITRITE, snow, 305 tons; Captain Armstrong, built at Newcastle, 1776, owner Laing, North Shields, voyages Shields and London; part doubled 1820, part 1848, lengthened 1820, large repairs 1844, new deck and large repairs 1849. Class A 1, surveyed January, 1849.

The difference in the tonnage of the Amphitrite in the years 1811 and 1849 is accounted for by her being lengthened in 1820, and the operation of the new Measurement Act which came into force on January 1st, 1836. It is

evident from the quotations given that, if the whole series of Lloyd's Annual Registers for the past century be inspected, much of the history of "old Tyne vessels" can be obtained.

Whilst on the subject of old ships it may be interesting to note that built in the same year as the Brotherly Love was the ship Truelove, an old whaler of Hull which was only condemned and broken up about eight or nine years ago. She was built at Philadelphia in the year 1764. She made her first trip to the Arctic regions in 1784, and went to Davis Straits as recently as 1866. She had made over 70 voyages to the Arctic seas. In 1873, when 109 years old, she visited Philadelphia, the port of her birth, and was enthusiastically received by its citizens, who presented a centenary flag suitably inscribed. Another old ship running in the early part of this century was the Volunteer, built at Whitby in 1756, and sailing from that port to the Greenland seas. Tradition says she was an old transport. Being sold, she was employed in the Greenland trade for about half a century, sailing during that time from Hull and Whitby.

J. S. Y., Hull.

Henry Russell: "Man the Lifeboat."

WRITING in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* on Oct. 22nd, 1887, Robin Goodfellow mentioned that an old concert programme had been placed in his hands. This programme announced performances in the Music Hall, Newcastle, by Mr. Henry Russell, the most popular composer and vocalist we have ever had



Mr. Henry Russell.

in England. Mr. Russell gave two concerts in the hall named on the 1st and 2nd of December, 1845.

It was stated in the announcement that half of the receipts would be given for the benefit of the Infirmary. Tickets were to be had of Mr. Richardson, of 44, Grey Street. A note at the foot of the programme informed the public that a separate and commodious entrance to the reserved seats had been made through the Clarendon Hotel, Grainger Street. This hotel was situated near the Monument. The building became afterwards the Union Club, and is now the business premises of Mr. John Moses. The Northumberland Hall was at one time the "long room" of the Clarendon. It adjoins the Music Hall, which has become the Gaiety Theatre, and to which there was formerly an entrance from the hotel. Among the famous songs Mr. Russell was announced to sing in 1845 were:—"Life on the Ocean Wave," "The Old Arm Chair," "The Gambler's Wife," "The Maniac," and "Some Love to Roam." Robin Goodfellow added that Mr. Russell was still in the land of the living, though advanced in years, having been born at Sheerness in 1816. The paragraph in the *Weekly Chronicle* attracted the notice of Mr. Russell himself, who subsequently wrote the following letter, from which it will be seen that his celebrated song, "Man the Lifeboat," was composed at Tynemouth:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—I have read with much interest your note on a very early performance of mine at Newcastle, a city of which I preserve some of the happiest recollections of my life. I do not know that I ever gave an entertainment in any town in the United Kingdom in which my efforts to entertain the public met with more generous and (I may add) more intellectual appreciation. It gives me pleasure to think that your reference to my name should be coupled with an act illustrative of the sincere good wishes I have ever felt towards the large-hearted people of the North.

It may interest your numerous readers to know that one of my compositions, "Man the Lifeboat," which I am happy in my old age to know has proved of material advantage to the noble mission of life saving, was written at Tynemouth, and this single song, I may venture to think, inspired as it was in a neighbourhood in which the lifeboat had its first being, establishes a link between Newcastle, its district, and myself, the perpetuation of which, as I may gather from your friendly reference, is likely to be enduring.

I am much interested in the changes which you indicate. I very well recollect the old building in which I gave my entertainment. Long years elapsed before I revisited your city, and the manifold transformations of time were forcibly illustrated to me by the spectacle of handsome streets replacing the old narrow ways which I recollect, and I would particularly instance the magnificent bridge of Robert Stephenson, which had no existence in the days to which your note refers.

Your reference has recalled so much to me that you must forgive me for thanking you for accentuating one of the most pleasant of my agreeable recollections.—I am, &c.,

HENRY RUSSELL.

St. Lawrence-on-Sea, Ramsgate, Oct. 27, 1887.

The words of the celebrated song, "Man the Lifeboat," which were written by Mrs. Crawford, may appropriately be appended:—

Man the lifeboat, man the lifeboat,
Help! or yon ship is lost;
Man the lifeboat, man the lifeboat,
See how she's tempest toss'd.

No human power, in such an hour,
The gallant bark can save,
Her mainmast gone, and hurrying on,
She seeks her watery grave.
Man the lifeboat, man the lifeboat,
See the dreaded signal flies;
Ha! she's struck, and from the rock
Despairing shouts arise.

And one there stands and wrings his hands,
Amidst the tempest wild,
For on the beach he cannot reach,
He sees his wife and child.
Life-saving ark! yon doomed bark
Immortal souls doth bear;
Not gems, nor gold, nor wealth untold,
But men, brave men, are there.
Oh! speed the lifeboat, speed the lifeboat,
Oh! God, their efforts crown;
She dashes on, the ship is gone
Full forty fathoms down.

Ah, see! the crew are struggling now
Amidst the billows' roar;
They're in the boat! they're all afloat!
Hurrah! they've gained the shore.
Bless the lifeboat, bless the lifeboat!
Oh! God, thou'lt hear our prayer.
Bless the lifeboat, bless the lifeboat!
No longer we'll despair.

Northumbrian Saints.

By Richard Welford.

ST. ALCHMUND,

SEVENTH BISHOP OF HEXHAM.



CCA, fifth Bishop of Hexham, was buried, as we have seen (*Monthly Chronicle*, vol. i., p. 76), in September, 740. His successor,

Frethbert, governed the church twenty-two years and was followed by Alchmund, who was consecrated on the 24th April, 767. Alchmund, who is described as "a man of eminent holiness; a prelate of many and surprising virtues," ruled the bishopric for thirteen years, and, dying on the 7th of September, 781, was buried near Acca, at the east end of the parish church.

Seven bishops had now presided over the see of Hexham—Wilfrid, Eata, Tymberth, John, Acca, Frethbert, and Alchmund—and of these seven, Eata, Acca, Frethbert, and Alchmund had been buried in or near "that stately shrine which was without a peer on this side of the Alps." In after years they were canonised, and their bones were taken up and reverently preserved as relics. The story of the discovery of Alchmund's remains is a curious one. Early in the eleventh century, Alured, sacrist of Durham, endeavoured to concentrate the relics of Northern saints within his own monastery. He collected the bones of Boisil from Melrose, Oswin from Tynemouth, and Bede from Jarrow, besides those of other saints from Tynningham and Coldingham. While he was thus engaged, a person of note in Hexham

dreamed that a magnificent being stood before him, glittering with light, who bade him go to Alured and desire him to remove his remains to a more honourable position in the church. The sleeper inquired who it was that addressed him. The visionary personage replied that he was Alchmund, and, describing his burial place, vanished. Alured, informed of this dream, went to Hexham, found Alchmund's bones, and laid them for the night in the porch. His zeal, however, outran his discretion. He had quietly removed one of Alchmund's fingers to carry away to Durham, and the saint resented the mutilation. When, next day, the bearers attempted to remove the coffin, they found the burden too heavy for them. All their efforts failed, and at eventide they had made no progress. Then, when all Hexham was sleeping, Alchmund appeared again to the dreamer, showed his fingerless hand, and demanded that his bones should be buried entire. Next morning Alured was informed of the vision, restored the purloined finger, and, with hymns and canticles, and other suitable services, the body was interred.

In 1154 there was a solemn translation of the relics of Alchmund and other bishops who had been buried at Hexham. The bones were put into three coffers bearing leaden plates inscribed with the names of the prelates, and set up close to the high altar in a suitable receptacle richly adorned with sculpture and colour. There they remained till, on the 8th April, 1296, the Scots came and plundered Hexham. The marauders burnt the church and convent, tore open the coffers, stole the gems and precious metals, and threw the rest of the contents into the flames. So perished the bones of Alchmund, the dust of Acca, and all the relics which had made Hexham famous among the shrines of Northumberland.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW,

PRIEST, MONK, AND HERMIT OF FARNE.

Bartholomew, the hermit of Farne, was born at Whitby, towards the middle of the twelfth century. In youth he went to Norway, where, resisting importunities to marry, he put himself under the tuition of a priest; and, having himself been raised to the priesthood, he returned to England, and officiated at a church in Northumberland. Thence he made his way to Durham, entered the monastery, and became a monk under the name of Bartholomew, by which name he was afterwards known. While there he dreamed that St. Cuthbert appeared to him, and bade him go to the Island of Farne and live the life of a hermit. He left the monastery in the first week of Advent, 1151, and took up his permanent abode upon the solitary rock to which St. Aidan loved to retire, and upon which St. Cuthbert died.

Sailors from Norway and Denmark occasionally sought shelter in the creek or haven of his island, and fishermen from the coast would not unfrequently land there to pray

in St. Cuthbert's oratory. Bartholomew took the opportunity to instruct them and minister to their wants as best he could from his own little store. Once, when the storm was prolonged, he had his cow killed to feed them. The fame and odour of his sanctity spread, and men of all ranks, the high born and the lowly, came sin-burdened and contrite from all parts to confess to him, and be absolved and directed by him. A strong familiarity, too, sprung up between the anchorite and the sea fowl—the cormorant, the bittern, the eider duck, the puffin, and the gull.

When he had been five years at Farne he was joined by Thomas, Prior of Durham. There was some friction between the two at first, and Bartholomew went back to the cathedral city which Thomas had left. But all difficulties were smoothed over, and he returned to the island and lived in harmony with his colleague until the ex-prior's death left him once more alone.

After spending 42 years at Farne the weakness of old age fell upon Bartholomew. On Ascension Day, 1193, he fell ill. His brethren from Lindisfarne visited him and attended to his simple wants. For the last seven weeks of his life he neither ate nor drank; he rarely spoke, but was rapt in prayer and contemplation. It was his express wish to be buried where he had fought and fallen. No one was near when he departed. Close by, a coffin of stone was found, which he had prepared for himself. In this his body was reverently laid, and deposited, with many tears, on the south side of St. Cuthbert's Chapel, and close to St. Cuthbert's Fountain.

ST. BEDE,

“THE VENERABLE.”

About the year 673, when the Government of England was a Heptarchy, when Adeodatus, the God-given, was Pope, and when Egfrid was king and Wilfrid bishop of Northumbria, there was born, within the territory of the monastery of St. Peter at Wearmouth, a child who was destined to become a great man, and to be known all the world over as the Venerable Bede. The abbot of the monastery was Benedict Biscop, who had founded the establishment, and was labouring to extend its privileges northward to the banks of the Tyne. To him, and to the brethren under his rule, the boy, when seven years old, was entrusted—dedicated by his kinsfolk at that early age to the service of the altar and the discipline of the cloister.

By the time Bede was eleven or twelve years old, the indefatigable abbot had succeeded in extending his monastery to Jarrow. Twenty-two of the brethren, including Bede, were sent to the new foundation, and there, with Ceolfrid as abbot, they built up the monastery of St. Paul. Thenceforward the organization was known as the monastery of St. Peter and St. Paul at Wearmouth and Jarrow. Very soon after their arrival on the

banks of the Tyne a pestilence swept away the monks until there remained only Ceolfrid and Bede, and these two, the abbot and the postulant, kept up the celebration of the Divine office until the vacant stalls began to be re-occupied.

Eagerly availing himself of the literary treasures with which the zeal and enterprise of the founder had endowed the united monastery, Bede spent his tranquil youth in the acquisition of learning. An apt scholar, he quickly attained proficiency in chanting, acquired a knowledge of theology, and made fair progress in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. Abbot Ceolfrid rewarded his pious diligence by recommending him to the favour of his diocesan, John, Bishop of Hexham, better known in history by his after name of St. John of Beverley. When he was nineteen years old, Bishop John admitted him to deacon's orders—a high, if not unprecedented honour, for the rules of the Church prescribed twenty-five years as the minimum age at which the office of deacon might be conferred upon the qualified novice. Eleven years were devoted to meditative study in his sequestered home at Jarrow, and then Abbot Ceolfrid presented him once more to the appreciation of the bishop, and he was ordained priest. With his admission into the second order of the ministry his life-work began. Bede the monk became Bede the author,—a writer of books for the instruction of his brethren, books which have won the admiration of mankind, and given him an imperishable fame.

The writings of Bede comprise about forty separate treatises; but it is chiefly upon one of them, "The Ecclesiastical History of our Island and Nation," that his fame rests. Lingard tells us that upon its completion this history was received with universal applause; "by succeeding generations it was piously preserved as a memorial of the virtue of their ancestors; and by Alfred the Great was translated into Saxon for the instruction of his more illiterate countrymen. That it is a faithful record of the times has never been doubted; and if to some critics the credulity of the writer with respect to miracles appear a blemish, yet his candour, sincerity, and piety must please and edify every reader."

Bede's tranquil life on the Tyne, entirely devoted as it was to his official duties and his literary labours of love, affords no material for a biography adequate to his reputation and his place in history. We know him only by his writings, though the late Bishop Bewick, in the "Biographical Series" of the Catholic Truth Society, quoting from "a very old and very good authority," gives a pleasant description of his personal appearance. According to this authority, he was of goodly stature and grave deportment, having a handsome face and pleasing countenance, in which severity was blended with a certain charm of sweetness—a man of fluent speech gifted

with a fine tenor voice, &c. And then the good bishop draws a picture of him as he may have been seen standing at the altar, saying mass, sitting in his stall in choir chanting the divine office, pacing the cloisters, walking in the gardens and shrubberies by the side of the little river Don, strolling on the sands of the Slake when the tide was out, or occasionally sailing with his fellow monks up and down the Tyne in one of the coracles or fishing boats of the monastery.

But, if there is no proper record of the life of the great ecclesiastical historian, we have a narrative of his closing scene which shows the beautiful simplicity of his character, his unaffected piety, and his earnest devotion to the work whereunto he was called, in terms of moving pathos. It was written by Cuthbert, one of his pupils, to a fellow reader named Cuthwin. After describing the progress of the malady with which the dying monk was afflicted, during the fortnight before Ascension Day [May 26], 735, when he died, the writer proceeds:—

The Tuesday before the Ascension of our Lord came he began to suffer still more in his breath, and a small swelling appeared in his feet; but he passed all that day and dictated cheerfully, and now and then among other things said, "Go on quickly, I know not how long I shall hold out, and whether my Maker will not soon take me away." But to us he seemed very well to know the time of his departure. And when the morning appeared, that is Wednesday, he ordered us to write with all speed what he had begun; and this done we walked till the third hour with the relics of saints, according to the custom of that day. There was one of us with him who said to him, "Most dear master, there is still one chapter [of St. John's Gospel] wanting; do you think it troublesome to be asked any more questions?" He answered, "It is no trouble. Take your pen and make ready, and write fast." Which he did, but at the ninth hour he said to me, "I have some little articles of value in my chest, such as pepper, napkins, and incense: run quickly and bring the priests of our monastery to me, that I may distribute among them the gifts which God has bestowed on me. The rich in this world are bent on giving gold and silver, and other precious things. But I, in charity, will joyfully give my brothers what God has given unto me." * * * Having said much more he passed the day joyfully till the evening; and the boy above mentioned said, "Dear master, there is yet one sentence not written." He answered, "Write quickly." Soon after the boy said, "The sentence is now written." He replied, "It is well; you have said the truth. It is ended. Receive my head into your hands, for it is a great satisfaction to me to sit facing my holy place where I was wont to pray, that I may also sitting call upon my Father." And thus on the pavement of his little cell, singing "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost," when he had named the Holy Ghost he breathed his last, and so departed to the heavenly kingdom.

The remains of Bede were buried under the south porch of the conventual church at Jarrow, within sight of the humble cell in which he had yielded up his spirit. They were afterwards removed to a more honourable place within the sacred edifice, and for a long time were the object of great veneration. Pilgrims from great distances, and the faithful throughout the Northern Counties, visited Jarrow to pray, to see the chair in which Bede was accustomed to sit, and to view the stone upon which,

in the intervals between the hours of regular discipline, he loved to meditate.

Two centuries and a half after the death of Bede the church at Durham was founded, and during the episcopate of Eadmund, second bishop of that see, the priest Alured, already mentioned in connection with St. Alchmund, was collecting the remains of saints for the enrichment of St. Cuthbert's shrine. It was his custom every year to go on a pilgrimage to Jarrow with some of his brethren, and to return with them. On one of these occasions, having spent some days in the church in solitude, praying and watching, he returned to Durham in the early morning alone, and without the knowledge of his companions. Thenceforward he visited Jarrow no more. When he was asked by his friends where were the bones of Bede, he would reply, "No one can answer that question so well as I. You may be assured, my brethren, beyond all doubt that the same-chest which holds the hallowed body of our father Cuthbert also contains the bones of Bede our reverend teacher and brother." And so it proved, for, after all those at Jarrow who could have reclaimed them had departed, the relics were found in the coffin of St. Cuthbert, where Alured had secreted them.

At a later time, when that munificent prelate Hugh Pudsey occupied the throne of the Northern See, the bones of St. Bede (for he had been canonised in the meantime) were deposited in a shrine of gold and silver which stood within St. Cuthbert's feretory. In 1370 the shrine was removed to the Galilee, where the Reformation found and destroyed it. The bones, or such of them as remained (for portions of St. Bede's relics were widely dispersed), were buried by order of the king's commissioners beneath the site of their previous exaltation, and the large table monument which we see in the Galilee was placed over them. Upon that monument was cut in the year 1831 an inscription, the penultimate word of which is said to have been supplied by an angel, while the old monk, who was trying to compose it, exhausted by his effort to fill up the hiatus, was sound asleep:—

HAC SUNT IN FOSSA, BEDE VENERABILIS OSSA.

Denton Chare, Newcastle.

DENTON CHARE was the principal thoroughfare from Westgate Road into St. Nicholas' Square, Newcastle, before Collingwood Street was constructed. Persons now living remember the chare as a brisk place of business. Many of the houses now present a very different aspect to what they did some half century ago; indeed some of them have been wholly, or in great part, rebuilt. When certain changes contemplated by the Corporation, the Post Office authorities, and the North-Eastern

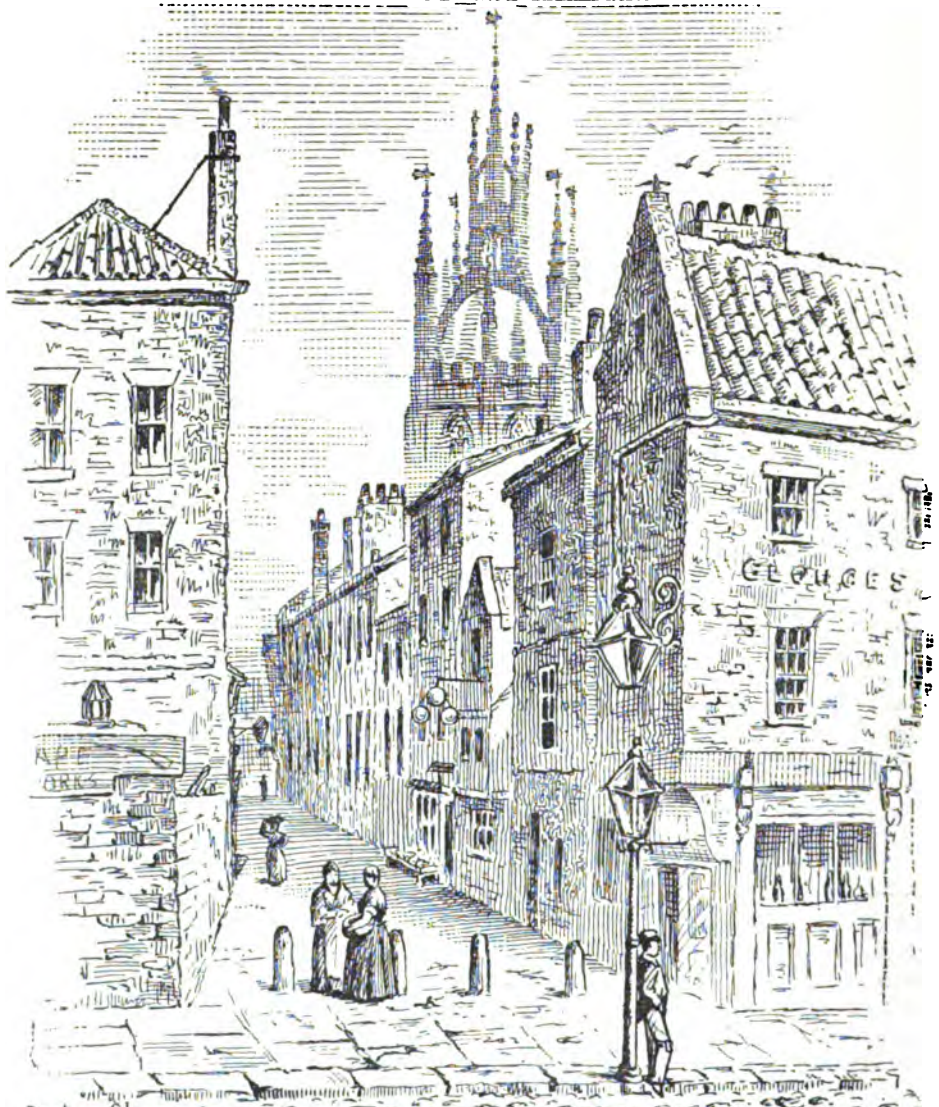
Railway Company are carried into effect, the appearance of this part of Newcastle will be again considerably modified. A few particulars about some of the old houses and the persons who occupied them some years ago, may not, therefore, be uninteresting.

The house now occupied by Mr. Pape, the gunmaker, though not facing Denton Chare, may be considered as once forming a part of it. It was formerly in the occupancy of Dr. Fife, Sir John Fife's father, and afterwards of another medical practitioner, the late Alderman Gregson. The next house was occupied by Tilly, a cabinetmaker; then came the register office kept by one Fairbairn; and following that was the shop of Turnbull, an old man who made violins. Above were the back bedrooms of the Turf Hotel. Further along there was a very old building in which two men carried on the business of "hecklers." One of them was called Tom Grierson, who made some addition to his income by acting as check-taker at the theatre in Moseley Street. "Heckling" was the dressing of the tow or lint for spinning and weaving. The "heckle" was a wooden block with steel spikes about six inches in length, and very sharp at the point. The tow was lashed upon the spikes, and then drawn rapidly away from them, by which means all the knots and impurities were removed from the tow or lint. Manual labour in this trade has been superseded to a great extent by machinery. It is believed that the last persons who carried on the trade of "hecklers" in Newcastle were two brothers of the name of Preston, whose shop was near to the Head of the Side.

The neighbour of the "hecklers" was a coffin-maker named Younger, who had a wooden leg. He dabbled in medicine to some extent, and enjoyed the reputation of being a more trustworthy man than the ordinary run of quack doctors. Not being a qualified practitioner himself, he was determined that one of his sons, who exhibited a similar taste for the curative art, should not labour under his disadvantages: so he spared no expense in his education, and the son was duly qualified. A man named Routledge, a tallow chandler, occupied the house next to Younger, and his neighbour was a fruiterer and provision dealer, called Hopper. Buddle, a grocer, was the tenant of the end shop on the north side. The shop at the opposite corner was occupied by two brothers named Brown. William Brown, one of the brothers, afterwards took the Turf Hotel, remaining there for many years. Two or three shops intervened between Brown's shop and the Cock Inn, one of them a noted pie shop, which many elderly local gentlemen may still remember, for it was patronised by almost all the boys of the town. The house is now in a ruinous condition. The Cock was a very old inn and posting house. Thomas Heron, the landlord, took great pride in his horses, and it was one of the sights on a Sunday to watch the

departure of the Tynemouth coach, to which were harnessed four beautiful steeds. A coach left the Cock for Morpeth Cattle Market on Tuesdays. Heron's eldest daughter married one of the Ogles of Northumberland. This old hostelry was much frequented by pitmen, who assembled here to arrange the cock "mains." It was also a house of call for operative masons. On his road from Benwell to the Cock, Billy Oliver, as related in the local song, went "alang biv Denton Chare."

Next to the Cock was one of the principal fruiterer's shops in the town, kept by a man named Turnbull. Then there were two or three private dwelling-houses. In one of them lived a constable named Usher, who afterwards became Chief-Constable of Gateshead. What is now the Gloucester Inn at the west end of Denton Chare was formerly a clothier's shop. Some sixty years ago it was occupied by Messrs. Laidler and Dunn, who carried



Denton Chare,
Newcastle-on-Tyne.

G. Platt.

on a lucrative business. The Duke of Gloucester, when passing through Newcastle, tarried for a short time at the Turf Hotel. Some buttons had come off his royal highness's coat, and a waiter was despatched to the establishment of Laidler and Dunn, who replaced them. Shortly after this event the words "Tailors to the Duke of Gloucester" appeared in large letters on their sign, and the firm was not a little proud of the distinction. When the house became an inn, it followed as a natural sequence that the name selected for the sign was that of the Duke of Gloucester. Laidler, the head of the clothing firm, built a residence on Arthur's Hill, and called it "Gloucester House," but it was popularly known as "Cabbage Hall," in sly allusion to the owner's trade. The business afterwards came into the hands of Hutton and Rhind, and is now represented by Hutton and Sons, of Moseley Street, Newcastle.

An old local resident informs us that on the night of the "Battle of the Forth" he was in Denton Chare. The greater part of the inhabitants were standing about discussing the great topic of the day, when someone fired a pistol in the chare, causing great commotion among the dwellers of that otherwise peaceful locality. A moment afterwards a mounted Dragoon, with drawn sword, dashed into the chare, and scattered the people right and left, clearing the thoroughfare in "the twinkling of an eye." No one was hurt, but much indignation was expressed against the person who had discharged the firearm.

The Back Row, Newcastle.

THE locality known as the Back Row has for more than half a century borne an evil reputation in Newcastle. It is situated in what at one time was a fashionable part of the town, and many of the houses still retain evidences of former importance. In late years the large residences have been let out in tenements, the result being that the occupants are of a mixed class, and, in many cases, of dubious character. But in consequence of certain contemplated improvements by the North-Eastern Railway Company, the Corporation, and the Post Office, the whole of the houses in the Back Row are now being pulled down.

Two of the most distinguished of our citizens once resided in the Back Row. Here it was that the Rev. John Brand, the historian of Newcastle, served his time with Anthony Wheatley, cordwainer. Here, too, was the school of Charles Hutton, who, at the time, described himself simply as "writing-master and teacher of mathematics," but who afterwards became professor in the Military College, Woolwich, from which position he retired with a pension of £500 per annum.

The accompanying sketch shows part of the south side of the street, looking towards the old Castle.



Notes and Commentaries.

MR. LOCKEY HARLE.

The little sketch of Mr. Lockey Harle which appeared in vol. ii. of the *Monthly Chronicle*, page 49, was scarcely lengthy enough to do full justice to his great abilities, especially as a speaker. Mr. Harle's exceedingly pleasing delivery, and his command of well-chosen language, made it a treat to listen to him. He was especially happy when addressing young men of the working class. I have heard him more than once say that a steady, industrious, capable workman was pretty sure of constant employment, and able (if willing) to lay by a store for old age. It was his belief that England was the best country in the world for the working man. Mr. Harle died on the 18th January, 1878—not 1868, as was inadvertently stated.

W. W.

THE ROMAN REMAINS AT LANCHESTER.

Concerning the remains of the Roman Station at Lanchester, described on page 74, vol. ii., of the *Monthly Chronicle*, Surtees states in his "History of Durham," published in 1820, that the late proprietor of the farm at Hollingside recollected the site of the station, which occupied eight acres (not eighty, as previously stated), when it was covered with fallen pillars, and when the towers of the wall were still visible. The stone employed in building the station was brought from a hill about a mile to the east of Lanchester. The ruins supplied materials for the church at Lanchester, the village, the farm-houses, and the stone fences of the neighbouring enclosures. It is said the masons preferred the lettered or sculptured stones for "throughs," and frequently placed them in walls with their faces inwards. The station was, in fact, the general quarry of hewn stone for the whole district.

S.

APPRENTICES AND SALMON.

It is remarkable that no direct evidence exists, no indenture with the stipulation intercalated, limiting the number of days weekly on which Newcastle apprentices might be obliged to eat salmon. Otherwise surely such evidence would have reached Mr. Clephan. However, I do not see how we can set aside the clear statement of our worthy townsman, Thomas Bewick (Memoir, 1862, p. 222):—"From about the year 1760 to '67, when a boy, I was frequently sent by my parents to purchase a salmon from the fishers of the 'strike' at Eltringham ford. At that time I never paid more, and often less, than three-halfpence per pound. * * * Before, or perhaps about this time, there had always been an article inserted in every indenture in Newcastle, that the apprentice was not to be obliged to eat salmon above twice a week, and the like bargain was made upon hiring ordinary servants." I may say there is no reference to salmon in the indenture

of apprenticeship of my great-grandfather, apprenticed in Newburn in 1740, which I have before me.

D. OLIVER, Kew.

A VICAR'S WILL.

On a fly leaf of my copy of the "Parochial History and Antiquities of Stockton-upon-Tees," by the Rev. John Brewster, there is in MS. the following copy of a will, said to be that of the Rev. John Skelly, who was vicar of Stockton from 1742 to 1772, and who died at Alnwick. While at Stockton, he put a stop to the inhuman custom of throwing at cocks on Shrove Tuesday. Here is the will:—

What, Morgan dead! Upon my life,
We have another chance, my wife;
And as, my dear, they die so soon,
I'll make my will this afternoon:
To four good men give each a daughter,
To Dr. Riddal my cask of porter;
My hat and wig won't do for beaux,
But very well to fright the crows:
My gown and band to some old parson,
My tything book to good friend Lawson,
My boots and spurs put up by lot.
Who gets your snuffy coat? A Scot,
For there he'll forage for a year;
So let it not be brushed, my dear.
My shoes to John, I've but two pair.
To old Will Wright pray give my mare.
I'll keep this will in case I live;
I may perhaps have more to give,
Which shall be added when I've time,
And can compose another rhyme;
Sign'd, sealed, published, witness three,
My wife, my daughter Bess, and me.

W., Durham.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

A VALENTINE'S DRESS.

Not many miles from Chester-le-Street, two young men were about to send a valentine to a young woman, when one asked the other if he knew her address, to which his friend replied, "Aye, as believe she sometimes weers a black yen!"

MUTINEERS.

Some young women, in the vicinity of Shotton Colliery, were discussing the events of a mutiny that had occurred on board a man of war, when one of them, less informed than the rest, asked, "Wey, whaat countrymen de ye call the mutineers?" "Divvent ye knaa, Sally?" replied another; "them's sailors!"

BILLY STRETCHER.

About five and thirty years since Jarrow could boast of rather an eccentric general dealer, and it was a common by-word that Billy Stretcher had everything to sell. Some pitmen, lounging about the Short Row, made a bet that Billy hadn't a case for a wheelbarrow that was standing by. So to Billy they went with the barrow. On stating their demand, Billy coolly wheeled the article into his warehouse, locked the door, and, turning

round to his customers, said, "That's a case for it, binnies; that's a case for it." There was no getting over Billy in any shape. He saw a customer helping himself to some eggs that stood on the counter, and took no notice. Just, however, as the customer was leaving, Billy gave him a clap or two on the pocket as he whispered, "Gude neet, gude neet, hinny; ye'll sune gi'es a caall agyen!"

HAIR-BRUSHING MACHINE.

One day a miner was passing down a street in Houghton-le-Spring, when he chanced to look into a barber's shop, where the barber was brushing a customer's hair with a machine. Never having seen the operation before, the miner called out to his mate, "Aa say, Geordy, cum here, man. Here's the barber cutting a chep's hair wiv a buzzom!"

THE NEW HUSBAND AND THE OLD ONE.

A Newcastle widow, after the death of her first husband, took to herself another mate, who in due course hung up his hat in the widow's house. Among the pictures which adorned the walls was an oil painting of the "late lamented." One day the new husband, who was sitting on the sofa underneath the portrait, struck his head against the massive frame. Rubbing the part which had been struck, and looking up at the picture which had caused the temporary pain, he addressed it thus, "Oh! aa'll suen hev thoo up in the garret!"

A VIOLINIST'S ADMIRER.

One Saturday night, a successful penny concert was given at Cullercoats, at which there was a large audience, principally fisherfolk. Amongst the performers was the well-known local violinist, Mr. J. H. Beers. After the concert, an old fisherman was asked by a gentleman how he had enjoyed the performance. This was his reply:—"Forst class, mistor. The fiddlin' o' that chep was the clivvorest aa ivvor hard; it wes worth paying a penny te hear him aleyn!"

North-Country Obituaries.

Dr. Peter Henry M'Laren, a medical practitioner at Bedlington, died on the 8th of January, from the effects of an ordinary dose of chloral, which he had taken to procure sleep, as he had a heavy day's work to undertake on the following day.

On the 10th of January, Mrs. Waddilove, of Beacon Grange, Hexham, wife of Vice-Admiral Charles D. Waddilove, died at the Admiralty House, Sheerness. The deceased lady, who had given birth to a son on New Year's Day, was a daughter of Mrs. Blackett-Ord, of Whitfield Hall.

The Right Rev. Dr. Ryan, Rector of Stanhope, Wear-dale, died there, after a long illness, on the 11th of January. Dr. Ryan, who was formerly Bishop of the Mauritius, and afterwards Vicar of Bradford, was about seventy-two years of age.

On the 13th of January was announced the death, in his eighty-third year, of George Davidson, printer, Castle-gate, Berwick, who had witnessed the jubilees of George III. and Queen Victoria, in that town, of which he was a freeman.

The Rev. Charles Henry Ford, J.P., Vicar of Bishop-ton, near Stockton, died at that place on the 16th of January. He was between fifty and sixty years of age, and had held the living since 1858. The deceased gentleman was chairman of the justices of Stockton Petty Sessonal Division.

Mr. Robert Cropton, an old Sunderland shipowner, died on the 16th January, at his residence, Park Place East, Sunderland, in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

Dr. R. G. Gammage, a medical gentleman who formerly resided and practised in Sunderland, died at Northampton, his native town, on the 7th of January.



The deceased was one of the leaders in the Chartist movement, and in company with Mr. Ernest Jones and others visited the principal towns and cities in the United Kingdom, lecturing on the points of the People's Charter. He subsequently published a history of the agitation, and he lately furnished a narrative of his personal reminiscences to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*. The deceased gentleman, who was sixty-five years of age, had studied medicine in Newcastle.

On the same day, the death occurred at the Royal Infirmary, Newcastle, of Nurse M'Intyre, better known as Nurse Ellen, who for nearly a quarter of a century had been engaged as nurse, principally in the Magdalen Ward of that institution. The deceased lady, whose remains were removed to Leith for interment, was seventy-four years of age.

On the same day, Dr. James Scott, one of the oldest medical practitioners in Newcastle, died at his residence, Westmoreland Road, in that city. The deceased gentleman, who was a native of Govan, near Glasgow, was sixty-one years of age.

Mr. John Thompson, one of the most prominent agriculturists on the Borders, and a very successful breeder

and exhibitor, died at Baillieknowe, near Kelso, on the 16th of January.

Mr. Christopher Stephenson, head agent for the Earl of Carlisle's estates, and a member of a well-known Tyne-side family of farmers, died on the 17th of January, at his residence, Four Gablea, near Naworth Castle, Cumberland.

On the 18th of January, at the age of forty-nine years, died Mr. Alfred T. Gorrings, a son of Mr. Gorrings who for many years was proprietor of the Shakspeare Hotel, Newcastle. The deceased was one of a band of Tyne-side young men who joined Garibaldi's army in the struggle for the liberation of Italy in 1860.

Mr. John Bell, of Rushpool Hall, Saltburn-by-the-Sea, died suddenly, of heart disease, at Algiers, on the 21st of January. The deceased gentleman commenced his commercial career at Walker Iron Works, belonging to



Mr. John Bell.

the firm in which his father, Ald. Thomas Bell, formerly of Newcastle, was a partner. Soon after this he joined the house of Bell Brothers, then recently founded by his brother, Sir Isaac Lowthian Bell, when he devoted his attention to the mining interests of the two firms. The deceased gentleman was sixty-eight years of age.

Mr. Henry M. Barnett, who for many years had carried on business as an artist in stained glass, in Westmoreland Street, Newcastle, and whose work bore a high reputation for beauty of design and delicacy of touch, died on the 26th of January, at his residence, Percy Gardens, Tynemouth.

The death was announced, on the 27th of January, as having taken place on the 4th of that month, at Pittsburg, U.S., of Mr. Charles Bell, late of Consett, at the early age of twenty-four years. The deceased, who was a successful Wesleyan local preacher, left Consett for America in the beginning of November, 1886.

Mr. William Hope, plumber and gas-fitter at the works of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., at Elswick,

was accidentally crushed to death between a crane and pillar at that establishment on the 27th of January. The deceased, who belonged to Blyth, and was only thirty-four years of age, was well known and admired in musical circles at that seaport, where he was for a long time precentor in the Bridge Street Presbyterian Church. Mr. Hope had just been appointed to a similar position in Westmoreland Road Presbyterian Church, Newcastle.

On the 1st of February, the death was announced, as having taken place on the 28th ult., of Mr. William Robinson Robinson, of Silksworth Hall, in the County of Durham. The deceased gentleman, who was a justice of the peace and a deputy lieutenant for the county of Durham, was eighty-three years of age.

Mr. William Rawling, a member of the Houghton Local Board, died at his residence there, on the 28th of January, at the comparatively early age of forty-nine years. The deceased had been an active advocate of the right of the working men to a large participation in the management of local affairs, and he was also a prominent Primitive Methodist.

On the 6th of February, the death was announced as having taken place suddenly, of Mr. George Hill, who for many years had been head-master of the schools established in connection with the Elswick Works, Newcastle. The deceased gentleman was sixty-four years of age.

The Rev John Low Low, Vicar of Whittonstall, and Honorary Canon of Newcastle, died on the 8th of February. The rev. gentleman, who was seventy-one years of age, was ordained in 1844 by Bishop Maltby, and the first curacy he held was that of St. Margaret's, Durham.

Mr. John Gallon, for thirty years a member of the Newcastle Board of Guardians, died at his residence, Westgate Road, in that city, on the 9th of February.



John Gallon.

The deceased, who was eighty-four years of age, was a shoemaker, and was a native of Longhorsley, Northumberland, whence he removed to Newcastle in 1825. Mr. Gallon was a keen politician, and was in early life a member of the Northern Political Union.

On the 12th of February, Mr. H. S. Sewell, solicitor, Newcastle, who had served his articles with Messrs. Hoyle, Shipley, and Hoyle, and who had been in practice since 1869, died at Whitley.

Mr. Mark William Carr, engineer, died suddenly on the 5th of February, at Morelia, Mexico, whither he had gone to examine and report on some mines. Mr. Carr, who was a son of the late Mr. John Thomas Carr, a former Sheriff of Newcastle, was sixty-six years of age, and was a member of the Institution of Civil Engineers.

On the 13th of February, Mr. W. Young, maltster, died at Berwick, of which he was believed to be the oldest inhabitant, his age being ninety-six years. The deceased gentleman was a member of the first Town Council after the passing of the Reform Bill.

Mr. Thomas Gray, an alderman of the Jarrow Town Council and a member of other local bodies, also died on the 13th of February. Mr. Gray, who was a farmer, and was a native of Clifton, near Morpeth, was sixty-four years of age.

Mr. John Corbitt, of the firm of Messrs. Dixon and Corbitt, rope manufacturers, Gateshead, who had been admitted into the Newcastle Royal Infirmary suffering from a compound fracture of the arm accidentally received, died in that institution on the 15th of February, aged seventy-two years.

12.—It was announced that Sir William Crossman, M.P., of Cheswick House, and lord of the manor of Holy Island, had, with the permission of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, commenced a series of excavations, with a view of laying bare the foundations and walls of the ruins of the monastic buildings outside the old Priory Church, Lindisfarne. The operations resulted in the discovery of a number of archaeological relics, including the foundation stones of three magnificent columns, like Durham Galilee Chapel.

13.—According to a local journal of this date, a ploughman named Kemp, while engaged at that work a few days previously in the Camp Field at Flodden, discovered two large freestone slabs, which it was afterwards found formed the covering of an ancient burying-place.

14.—Messrs. Stephenson and Co., engineers, in their new capacity of shipbuilders, launched the first steamer from their yard at Hebburn, the vessel being named the Endeavour, by Lady Pease.

16.—Mr. F. W. Wyndham, lessee of the Theatre Royal, Newcastle, was entertained to a banquet at the Crown Hotel, and was presented with a cheque for £250. Mr. Wyndham, in the course of the speech which he made, said he was born on the stage, and two days afterwards he was carried across the stage of the old Adelphi Theatre, Edinburgh. There was a fire at the theatre at the time, and he was christened "Phoenix" in consequence. His real name was Frederick William Phoenix Wyndham; but he was subjected to so much chaff that he eventually dropped the "Phoenix" altogether.

18.—The new Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle was consecrated at Rome to-day. Dr. O'Callaghan was born in London, and is 60 years of age. He was

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

JANUARY.

9.—On the occasion of his eightieth birthday, Mr. Wm. Hedley, J.P., of Burnhopeside Hall, laid the foundation stone of a new mission church and infant school which he had undertaken to build for the benefit of his workpeople and their children at Craghead and Holmside Collieries, near Chester-le-Street.

10.—A fog of extraordinary density prevailed for several hours in the morning in Newcastle and neighbourhood.

—Mr. Sleeman, travelling inspector of the Veterinary Department of the Privy Council, visited Newcastle, on business connected with the investigations being carried on throughout the country as to the healthfulness and safety of the sources of the milk-supply.

—The Gateshead Board of Guardians accepted the tender of Mr. Walter Scott for the erection of a new workhouse for £41,000.

11.—Advertisements were issued inviting tenders for a further issue of £125,000 Newcastle-upon-Tyne Corporation Stock, at 3½ per cent., making, with £890,000 previously taken up, the total amount of stock issued £1,015,000.



Dr. O'Callaghan.

educated at St. Edmund's College at Ware, and was ordained in London. He has been rector of the English College in Rome for nearly 25 years. In 1884, he was appointed domestic prelate to his Holiness the Pope.

Through his energy, there has been built a beautiful church in Rome, which is known as that of St. Thomas of Canterbury, and which is attached to the English College. The cost of this erection was about £25,000, the sum being raised by subscriptions and contributions from all parts of Europe. It takes the place of the church destroyed by the French on entering the Holy City at the end of the last century. Our portrait of Dr. O'Callaghan is copied from a photograph taken in Rome.

—The new lecture-hall and vestries erected in connection with Dilston Road Wesleyan Chapel, Newcastle, were opened for public use.

—At a meeting of the Sunderland Town Council, a letter from the Earl of Camperdown, intimating his intention of presenting to the borough of Sunderland the medal presented to Jack Crawford by his fellow-townsmen after the battle of Camperdown in recognition of his bravery and gallantry in nailing Admiral Duncan's colours to the mast, was referred to the Museum Committee.

—The dedication took place of a new reredos, the gift of an anonymous donor, at St. Cuthbert's Church, Newcastle.

19.—As the local authority under the Explosives Act, 1875, the Tyne Improvement Commissioners granted permission to Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co. to establish in the river opposite Elswick a factory for making up quick-firing gun ammunition for her Majesty's Government, the leave being for the limited period of six months, and on condition that the applicants should pay to the Tyne Commissioners the sum of £250.

—A new market for North Shields, erected at a cost of £6,000, and fitted up with the Gölcher electric light, was opened by the Mayor and Corporation of that borough.

—Mr. T. W. Backhouse, of West Hendon House, and Mr. Frank Caws, architect, reported the result of their inquiries into the cause of a series of earth-tremors at Sunderland, the occurrences being attributed to a subsidence of the Hendon Valley. Three reasons were suggested for the phenomenon—colliery workings, the encroachment of the sea, and the instability of the limestone formation.

—A handsome new reredos, given by an anonymous donor for the adornment of St. Mary's Church, Gateshead, was dedicated by a special service, the sermon being preached by the Rev. Canon Body.

—The Mayor of Newcastle (Mr. W. D. Stephens) was presented with a handsome silver-mounted ivory order-keeping hammer, by the directors of the Shipping Insurance Associations, of which he was president.

—The annual dinner of the Bewick Club was held at the Exhibition Galleries, Pilgrim Street, Newcastle; and on the following evening the exhibition of pictures was inaugurated by the Earl of Ravensworth.

—At a sitting of the Sunderland County Court, Judge Meynell gave judgment, holding the directors of the Universal Building Societies liable for a sum of about £93,000, alleged to have been illegally advanced from one society to another, but his Honour granted a case for appeal.

20.—The screw-steamer Frederick Snowdon ran into and sank the Tyne Commissioners' steam hopper No. 1 in the river off Jarrow.

20.—At a meeting held in the Town Hall, Newcastle, under the presidency of the Mayor, and addressed by Col. Duncan, M.P., a centre was formed of the St. John's Ambulance Association.

21.—A representative body of coalowners, presided over by Mr. R. O. Lamb, met at the Coal Trade Office, Newcastle, to receive a deputation of the miners with reference to the resolutions passed at the late conference, with a view to effecting a restriction of the output. (See vol. ii., page 47.) The chairman said he was sorry that they could not comply with the resolutions of the men.

22.—At the invitation of the Mayor, the Sheriff, Town Clerk, and members of the Corporation, together with representatives of the Board of Guardians and other public bodies, attended service in their official capacity in Brunswick Place Wesleyan Chapel, Newcastle, the sermon being preached by the Rev. Albert Bishop.

—A stained-glass window to the memory of Mr. G. T. Chinnery, who was killed by the explosion at the Redheugh Tar Works on the 3rd of December, 1886, was unveiled in St. Cuthbert's Church, Bensham, by the Bishop of Durham.

23.—As the result of an address delivered by the Rev. Herbert V. Mills, it was resolved to form in Newcastle a branch of the Home Colonization Society, for buying up tracts of land and establishing industrial villages and colonies, peopled by men and women picked out of the ranks of the unemployed.

—A little boy, named Louis Geltsharp, aged seven years, died from the effects of injuries resulting from the burning of a carpet and some wearing apparel, to which he and his little sister had set fire on the previous day at the house of their parents, North View, Heaton, Newcastle.

24.—A conference was held in Newcastle in support of State-directed Colonization, the chair being occupied by the Bishop of the diocese, Dr. Wilberforce; and at night there was a public meeting in furtherance of the same object, presided over by Mr. J. C. Laird, chairman of the Trades Council.

25.—In celebration of the one hundred and twenty-ninth anniversary of the birth of the poet Robert Burns, a dinner was held in the County Hotel, under the auspices of the Newcastle and Tyneside Burns Club, the chair being occupied by Mr. Adam Carse, and the vice-chair by Dr. Adam Wilson.

—In the course of the report, read by Dr. Hodgkin, at the annual meeting of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries, held at the Old Castle—the Earl of Ravensworth presiding—reference was made to the publication of another volume of Mr. Welford's valuable work, "The History of Newcastle and Gateshead." Mention was also made of the issue of "Vestiges of Old Newcastle," by Mr. W. H. Knowles and the Rev. J. R. Boyle, and (continued the document) "the *Monthly Chronicle* is usefully rescuing from oblivion some of those fragments of information as to the manners and customs of past times which till now have been too often buried out of sight in the cumbrous files of country newspapers." "To these and to other fellow-workers in the field of antiquarian research," the report added, "we offer our hearty good wishes." The report was unanimously adopted.

26.—Berlioz's great work, "Faust," was produced for the first time in this district, in the Victoria Hall,

Sunderland, under the auspices of the Philharmonic Society of that town. On the following evening, it was given by Dr. Rea at his third subscription concert in the Town Hall, Newcastle.

27.—After a long course of remarkably mild weather, snow began to fall in Newcastle, and a vivid flash of lightning, followed by a loud peal of thunder, was observed. At Jarrow, the storm was accompanied by a whirlwind, by the force of which a trap, containing two young men, named George Atkinson and James Teasdale, was overturned, and the driver was lifted from the ground, carried a short distance, and thrown down again. Mr. Atkinson, who is a butcher in the Market Square, Jarrow, stated that he was lifted out of the vehicle, and carried straight down the street a distance of 150 yards before touching the ground, and was then deposited on his back, his leg, which came in contact with the corner of a house, being badly hurt. Teasdale was also projected from the trap against some iron rails near a shop window further down the street, but beyond a slight shock he did not receive any injury. Five fishermen, who had gone off to the Farn Islands to shoot wild ducks, were detained by the storm on the rocks all night, whence they were rescued next morning by the Grace Darling life-boat.

28.—A total eclipse of the moon, commencing about 8:30 p.m. and terminating shortly after 1 o'clock next morning, was observed under most favourable conditions in Newcastle and neighbourhood.

31.—It was announced that an anonymous donation of £1,000 had been given towards the fund for completing the interior restoration of the Cathedral Church of St. Nicholas, Newcastle.

FEBRUARY.

1.—A banquet, in celebration of the centenary of Messrs. Lambton and Co., bankers, Grey Street, Newcastle, was given in the Assembly Rooms, Westgate Road, in that city. There were upwards of a hundred guests, and the chair was occupied by Mr. Henry Ralph Lambton, senior member of the firm. The toast of "Health and Success to Lambton's Bank" was proposed by the Earl of Ravensworth.

—At a meeting held in the Council Chamber, under the presidency of Dr. Burdon, a new society was formed under the title of "The Newcastle-upon-Tyne Literary Club," Dr. Hodgkin being elected as the first president. The following gentlemen were selected vice-presidents:—Mr. W. E. Adams, Mr. John Morley, M.P., Dr. Bruce, and Mr. Richard Welford.

2.—It was announced that, in connection with the issue of £125,000 3½ per cent. stock by the Newcastle Corporation, tenders had been received for £682,140, the average price obtained being £102 2s. 8d.

3.—A large flour mill at New Shildon, belonging to the Bishop Auckland Co-operative Society, was destroyed by fire, the damage being estimated at about £10,000.

—Mr. Miles Walker Mattinson, Recorder of Blackburn, and a native of Newcastle, was elected member for the Walton Division of Liverpool.

6.—Mr. Childers, M.P., delivered a political speech at Bishop Auckland.

—The new building of the Sunderland Girls' High School, erected by the Church Schools Company, at a cost of £5,000, was opened by the Bishop of Durham.

6.—At the fourth annual meeting of the Bishop of Newcastle's Fund, it was stated that nearly £63,000 had been contributed for the purpose of church extension in four years; and it was unanimously resolved to keep the fund open for other five years.

8.—On the occasion of his semi-jubilee as minister of Blckett Street Presbyterian Church, Newcastle, the Rev. Richard Leitch was presented by his congregation with an illuminated address, a purse containing 134 new sovereigns, and four corner plates for Mrs. Leitch. From friends outside the congregation he received a dining-room clock, with ornaments to match, and 50 sovereigns. The Rev. Robert Stewart, as Moderator of Presbytery, presented an address on behalf of that body.

9.—At a meeting of the Tyne Improvement Commissioners, it was announced that, owing to the heavy rent demanded, Sir W. G. Armstrong and Co. had abandoned the projected ammunition factory on the Tyne at Newcastle.

—Parliament opened to-day. Lord Armstrong spoke for the first time in the House of Lords, in seconding the Address in reply to the Queen's Speech. The Address in the Commons was moved by Mr. John Lloyd Wharton, member for the Ripon Division of Yorkshire, and seconded by Colonel Francis Duncan, member for the Holborn Division of Islington. Mr. Wharton has long been con-



MR. J. L. WHARTON, M.P.

nected with the political and other affairs of the County of Durham. Several times a candidate for the Cathedral City, he was only once successful. He was, however, returned for the Ripon Division in 1886. Mr. Wharton is chairman of the Durham County Quarter Sessions, Colonel Duncan, a distinguished artillery officer who rendered important services during the expedition up the Nile, has also had political connections with the district.

When Mr. Burt was first returned for Morpeth, the gallant officer was the Conservative candidate. Subsequently he was an unsuccessful candidate for Sunderland and Durham City.



COLONEL DUNCAN, M.P.

10.—A dividend of 6½ per cent. was declared at the half-yearly meeting of the North-Eastern Railway Company at York.

—At a meeting of the Newcastle Board of Guardians, letters were read from the Local Government Board intimating that, as the result of the recent inquiry into the outbreak of fever at the Workhouse, the medical officer (Dr. Hardcastle) and the master of the Workhouse (Mr. Howitt) had been called upon to resign their respective appointments.

11.—About midnight, a fire broke out in the Theatre Royal, the property of Mr. Richard Fynes, at Blyth, involving the total destruction of that building.

12.—The first of a series of Sunday evening lectures was delivered at Darlington, by Mr. Fred. Villiers, of the *Graphic*.

14.—Intimation was received at Durham from the Home Secretary that George Beesley, convicted, with three other men, of the murder of William Waine at Spennymoor in 1872, but whose sentence was afterwards commuted to penal servitude for life, had been granted a free pardon. Two of the persons concerned in the crime, Hugh Slaine and John Hayes, were executed, the third, a man named Rice, being reprieved on account of his youth.

—About 56,000 valentines passed through the Newcastle Post Office, being, as compared with 1887, a decrease of 14,000.

15.—Three men were severely injured by the sudden collapse, while in the course of demolition, of the South Court of the Newcastle Exhibition.

—It was stated in a local journal that a gentleman at Gosforth, near Newcastle, had succeeded in growing a quantity of tobacco.

General Occurrences.

JANUARY.

18.—Mr. Cunninghame Graham, M.P., and Mr. John Burns were sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment each, without hard labour, for riotously assembling in Trafalgar Square, London.

19.—Rear-Admiral Lewis Hutton Versturme committed suicide at Falmouth, by thrusting a red-hot poker into his bowels in four places, whilst in a paroxysm of suicidal mania.

22.—Whilst speaking at an Anarchist meeting at Havre, France, Louise Michel was fired at and wounded in the head.

24.—A colliery explosion took place at Wellington Mines, Vancouver Island, when 34 white men and 41 Chinamen were killed.

27.—The Variedades Theatre, Madrid, was burnt to the ground.

28.—Mr. Joseph Richard Cox, M.P., was sentenced to four months' imprisonment for making a speech in a proclaimed district of Ireland.

31.—A boycotted farmer, named Fitzmaurice, was murdered on the high road near Tralee, in the presence of his daughter.

FEBRUARY.

2.—Severe shocks of earthquake were experienced about this time in England and Scotland.

3.—A man named Samuel Hill Derby poisoned himself, his wife, and six children, at Salford.

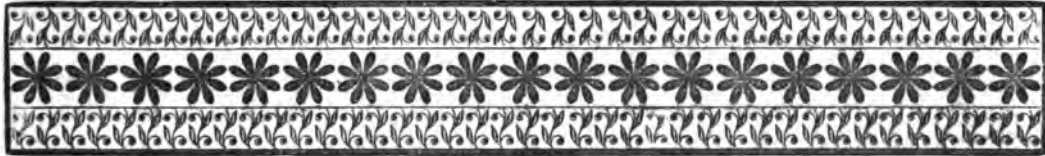
—A treaty of alliance between Germany and Austria-Hungary was published to-day, and caused a great sensation in political and diplomatic circles.

5.—Prince Bismarck delivered an important speech in the German Reichstag in reference to the relations of Russia and Germany.

9.—The third session of the twelfth Parliament of Queen Victoria was opened by Royal Commission.

—The operation of tracheotomy was successfully performed upon the Crown Prince of Germany.

10.—Mr. James Gilhooly, M.P., and Mr. Jasper Douglas Pyne, M.P., were arrested in London, outside the House Commons, for offences under the Crimes Act in Ireland. Both had avoided arrest for some time. Mr. Pyne was afterwards sentenced, at Kilmacthomas, Ireland, to three months' imprisonment without hard labour. Notice of appeal was given. As the hon. member was leaving the courthouse, he was re-arrested on a charge of making a speech at Clonmel, infringing the provisions of the Crimes Act. The same night, while Mr. Pyne was being escorted from Waterford Gaol to the railway station *en route* for Clonmel, stones were thrown at the police, one stone striking Mr. Pyne on the head, cutting him severely.



The Monthly Chronicle

OF

NORTH-COUNTRY•LORE•AND•LEGEND

VOL. II.—No. 14.

APRIL, 1888.

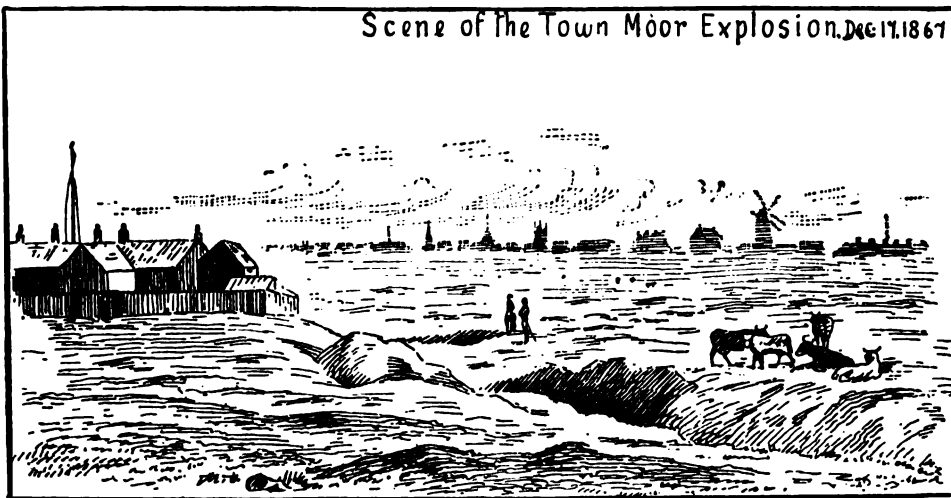
PRICE 6D.

The Explosion on the Town Moor, Newcastle.

TWENTY years ago, a terrible accident occurred on the Town Moor, resulting in the deaths of eight persons, two of them esteemed and prominent citizens of Newcastle. Not since the Gateshead explosion had anything happened which startled and shocked the town so much as this singular and remarkable fatality. The story will not take long in the telling.

In December, 1867, the attention of the police was called to the fact that a quantity of explosive material was stored in a cellar in the White Hart Yard, Newcastle. On examination this proved to be nitro-glycerine, a compound produced by the action of a mixture of strong nitric and sulphuric acids on glycerine at low temperatures. The material was contained in nine

large tins or canisters, each holding 24lbs.; and the police were told that it was intended for blasting purposes in mines and quarries, and for this purpose it was doubtless useful, as exposure to flame did not cause it to explode, though explosion instantly followed a strong blow or concussion. The police-superintendent having conferred with the authorities, an order was given that the nitro-glycerine should be at once removed from the town or destroyed. The railway company, however, would have nothing to do with it, and it was ultimately resolved that it should be taken to the Moor, and there poured into the depressions caused by the workings of the Spital Tongues Colliery. The Sheriff of Newcastle, Mr. John Mawson, and the Town Surveyor, Mr. Thomas Bryson, determined to



accompany the material to its destination. Accordingly, on the 17th December, 1867, Thomas Appleby, cartman, a labourer named James Shotton, Constable Donald Bain, and Sub-Inspector Wallace, set out with the canisters in a cart, Messrs. Mawson and Bryson following in a cab.

When the party reached the Town Moor, the tins were taken out of the cart, and the contents of some of them poured into the depressions mentioned, which were situated at no great distance from the Grand Stand, and close to a wooden building that had been erected for use as a temporary hospital in the event of a visit of cholera. It was then found that a portion of the nitro-glycerine in three of the canisters had crystallised and was adhering to the sides. Mr. Mawson expressed a wish to have a sample of the compound to take away for further examination. A piece of the crystal was accordingly broken off, and Mr. Mawson put it into the pocket of his overcoat. He then said to the men, "Bring these three tins away, and we will bury them under the other hill"—referring to a part of the Moor distant a few yards away. Mr. Mawson, Mr. Bryson, the policeman Bain, and Appleby and Shotton then went over to the hill indicated, leaving Sub-Inspector Wallace engaged in covering up the liquid compound with soil. What followed after this will never be rightly known.

Just as Mr. Wallace had finished his task, and was about to join the others, a terrible explosion occurred. Fragments of clothing and human remains were sent flying high into the air. Though dreadfully startled and alarmed, Wallace was uninjured, having been sheltered by a bank which lay between him and his unfortunate companions. On hurrying to the scene, the first thing he found was the mutilated and shattered remains of poor Bain, portions of the body having been actually blown away. He next came to the cartman, Appleby, fearfully disfigured and lifeless; and near to him was the mutilated body of the labourer, Shotton, likewise dead. In a hole of the ground above was found a boy, named Waddley, who, as well as another lad named Stonehouse, had followed the cart to the Moor from curiosity. Close to this poor lad was found the body of a man, apparently about forty, whose name was unknown, and who had also followed the cart to the Moor. Lying on the side of the bank was Mr. Bryson, and on the top of the same place was Mr. Mawson, both gentlemen being alive, but fearfully injured.

Mr. Wallace hurried with all speed into the town, where he informed Dr. Fife and Dr. Heath of the terrible affair. These two gentlemen set out at once for the scene of the accident. It happened that, just as the explosion occurred, a young surgeon named Walpole was walking on the Moor only a short distance from the spot. Dust, stones, fragments of clothing, &c., suddenly fell all

around him. About three hundred yards from where the catastrophe had occurred, he found the foot of a human being, supposed to be that of poor Bain. Hurrying forward, Dr. Walpole next discovered Mr. Bryson in one of the excavations, and to all appearance dead. Stimulants having been administered, however, he began to show some signs of life. Dr. Walpole then placed Mr. Mawson, Mr. Bryson, and the boy Waddley in the cart which had brought the terrible explosive to the ground, and they were conveyed to the Infirmary. Two hours after his admission, the boy succumbed; and at half-past one o'clock next morning Mr. Bryson died, Mr. Mawson surviving him an hour and twenty minutes.

It is really impossible to adequately describe the excitement and consternation which this awful accident caused in Newcastle. Mingled with the sorrow and sympathy felt for the victims there was a great amount of indignation against those who had stored the fatal agent in the very centre of a large town. A Mr. Spark, an auctioneer, commission agent, &c., had settled in the town a few months before, and had taken an agency for nitro-glycerine from a Mr. Burrell, who had resigned it. Some little time before, Burrell had prevailed upon the ostler of the White Hart Inn to allow him to store several tins of the explosive in the cellars of that hostelry. This fact coming to the knowledge of the police, they seized the tins, with the terrible result that we have recounted. The day after the explosion Mr. Spark presented himself before the magistrates in order to explain his possession of the material. Little blame seems really to have attached to him, since at the time of the occurrence he was not the regularly appointed agent, and was still negotiating with the firm to which the nitro-glycerine belonged. A great deal of evidence was given at the inquest which was subsequently held, and the jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death." In all eight persons perished in the explosion—the Sheriff, the Town Surveyor, P.C. Bain, Thomas Appleby, James Shotton, the boys Stanley Waddley and James Stonehouse, and a man whose name was never ascertained.

The terrible nature of the accident was discussed all over the country. It was about the time of the Clerkenwell outrage, and, of course, till the full particulars were explained, the Fenians were suspected of causing the calamity.

John Mawson.

John Mawson, a native of Penrith, was apprenticed to a chemist and druggist in Sunderland. When he had finished his apprenticeship, he began business on his own account in that borough, but was not successful. He shortly afterwards removed to Newcastle, where he opened a shop, and here he also failed. This failure, however, was due to his having stood bond to a large amount

for a friend, who left Mr. Mawson to pay the money. Nothing daunted, he tried business once more, this time in Moseley Street, where he remained till his death. Here he was more fortunate, and began to make fight against his debts, having resolved to pay everybody to the last farthing. He stoutly refused to take "the benefit of the Act," and, like most men who stick to a good resolution, he ultimately achieved his purpose. And he deserved to succeed, for he worked with great energy and determination. His first successful venture was the introduction into Newcastle of Rothwell's Fire Fuel, which he afterwards got a patent to manufacture. With this material he did a very large trade. His next venture was in German yeast, which was first imported into the North of England by Mr. Mawson. The writer remembers the crowds of people who used to go to his shop for this indispensable commodity, as that was the only place in the town where it could then be purchased. Mr. Mawson, in partnership with his relative, Mr. Joseph Wilson Swan, famous a few years later for the invention of the electric appliance known as the Swan Lamp, produced a series of very great improvements in photography.

Now that the tide had turned, Mr. Mawson saw his way to the great object he had always held in view—the discharge of every farthing of his debts. Such were the honour and probity of the man, that he seemed to work for this sole object. But he had his moments of despair. "I shall be eighty before I can pay all I owe," he once said to an old friend. Before he was forty, however, he had succeeded in his laudable purpose. A splendid bookcase, filled with valuable books, was presented to him on the occasion by his gratified creditors. This took place, we believe, in 1849. Thereafter, till his sad and tragical death in 1867, Mr. Mawson's career was one of unbroken prosperity and public usefulness.

Mr. Mawson was twice married. His first wife, to whom he was united in 1838, was Miss Jane Cameron, of Sunderland. This lady, after a long and severe illness, died in 1844. She was a singularly amiable and exemplary woman; and two years after her death, Mr. Brown, of Barnard Castle, and the well-known Dr. F. R. Lees, compiled from her diary and correspondence a "Memoir of Mrs. Jane Mawson." Some years after her untimely death, Mr. Mawson married the niece of his first wife, and the sister of his partner, Mr. Swan. Of this marriage there was a family of five or six children.

Elected to the Newcastle Town Council for West All Saints' Ward in 1858, Mr. Mawson was allowed on all hands to be a faithful and zealous representative. It was during his absence on the Continent that he was elected to the office of Sheriff, on the 9th of November preceding his death.

From a very early age Mr. Mawson was a zealous reformer. In Newcastle he always supported the Radical

candidates for Parliament, and he seconded Sir Joseph Cowen at that gentleman's first election. Those who are old enough to remember the Old Lecture Room meetings, where there was always so much public spirit and heartiness displayed, will also recollect that John Mawson's pleasant smiling face was seldom absent. He was a hard-



John Mawson.

working temperance reformer, too, and frequently travelled with other zealous teetotalers amongst the North-Country pitmen, doing his best to make converts to the cause. As a member of the Peace Society, he attended several of the international conferences which were held from time to time in different parts of Europe. But perhaps, after all, it was as the friend of the slave that he was best known. He was for many years the earnest and willing helper of George Thompson, William Lloyd Garrison, William Wells Brown, and other eloquent advocates of negro redemption. During the terrible war between the Northern and Southern States, when the slaveholders found so many friends in England, and even great statesmen prophesied the ultimate success of the South, John Mawson remained a constant adherent of the Northern cause, and never wavered in the opinion that slavery would be blotted out for ever. When the war was at length at an end, his life-long friend, Mr. Garrison, came to Newcastle, where he was entertained at a soiree in the Assembly Rooms.

For this sketch of the career of Mr. Mawson, we have been much indebted to an article which appeared in the *Daily Chronicle* at the time of his death. We cannot do

better than quote here the few concluding lines of the biography, which form a summary, as it were, of the deceased gentleman's many good qualities:—"Honest in business, intelligent as a politician, earnest in public matters, faithful at all times to his convictions, Mr. Mawson was certainly one of the most esteemed citizens of Newcastle. The integrity of his conduct, the excellence of his public, the spotless purity of his private, life, and the tragic manner of his death, all conspire to claim for John Mawson a distinguished place in the catalogue of Newcastle worthies."

Thomas Bryson.

Mr. Bryson was a native of Tweedmouth, and was apprenticed as a stonemason in that town. While still a very young man, he left the little Border town, and was employed for some time at Howick Hall, the seat of Earl Grey. Subsequently he was engaged by Mr. Richard Grainger, who was then carrying out his great improvements in Newcastle. Mr. Bryson showing great practical ability, Mr. Grainger appointed him to a place



of trust and responsibility. While engaged on some work at the Exchange Buildings, Grey Street, he slipped from the scaffold on which he was standing, and fell a distance of 38 feet. He was dreadfully injured, and lay for some time unconscious. It was several months before he recovered from the effects of this serious accident; but when his health was sufficiently restored, he entered into the service of the Newcastle Corporation as Superintendent of Works under Mr.

Wallace. This position he occupied until 1854, when important changes were made in the duties of the officials. Mr. Wallace was appointed Corporation Property Surveyor, and Mr. Bryson was promoted to the position of Town Surveyor. In the performance of his duties he displayed the most zealous care for the interests of the town. Many incidents which occurred during his useful life illustrate his kind and benevolent disposition. Mr. Bryson was interred in Jesmond Old Cemetery on December 21, 1867. A very large number of friends, as well as members of the Council and other influential inhabitants, followed his remains to the grave. Dr. Rutherford (with whose congregation the deceased gentleman had been connected for many years) conducted the service. Mr. Bryson was 62 years of age at the time of his untoward death.

Holy Wells in the North.

BOURNE tells us, in his *Antiquities of the Common People*, that "in the dark ages of Popery, it was a custom, if any well had an awful situation, and was seated in some lonely, melancholy vale, if the water was clear and limpid, and beautifully margined with the tender grass, or if it was looked upon as having a medicinal quality, to gift it to some saint, and honour it with his name." "Hence it is," he adds, "that we have at this day wells and fountains called, some St. John's, St. Mary Magdalen's, St. Mary's Well, &c. To these kind of wells the common people are accustomed to go, on a summer's evening, to refresh themselves with a walk after the toil of the day, to drink the water of the fountain and enjoy the pleasing prospect of shade and stream. Now this custom, though at this time of the day very commendable, and harmless, and innocent, seems to be the remains of that superstitious practice of the Papists, of paying adoration to wells and fountains; for they imagined there was some holiness and sanctity in them, and so worshipped them."

But the veneration of wells dates from much further back than Christianity itself, being a prominent part of that worship of the powers of Nature which seems to have been the first form of religion in the world. We find traces of it among the Hebrews: witness David's intense longing to drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem. The Greeks had their Hippocrene, their Aganippe, their Arethusa. The Arabians have their Zem-zem. The Hindoos make frequent pilgrimages to the sources of their sacred rivers. The Romans, who extended their worship to almost every object in nature, did not forget in their ritual the due homage to fountains. Consult Horace in his "Ode to the Fountain of Blandusia."

The Ancient Britons venerated the fine springs of water with which this country abounded. One of our episcopal sees, that of Bath and Wells, takes its double name from two famous fountains. All over Wales and Ireland, and throughout the Highlands of Scotland, there are wells now dedicated to the Virgin Mary, or to one or other Christian saint, which were held sacred in pagan times to the presiding spirit of the element of water, Neithe. The Anglo-Saxons and Danes, like the Teutons and Scandinavians from whom they sprung, were all strongly addicted to what they called "well-worthing," which we rather choose to call well-worship; and after they had been nominally converted to Christianity, they still retained their old inclination to bring alms and offerings, or to make vows, at the holy wells which had been held sacred and visited in pilgrimage from time immemorial. The first Christian missionaries and teachers, unable to conquer this inveterate habit, strove to give it a new form, motive, and purpose, by consecrating these wells to the Holy Virgin, the Blessed Trinity, St. Michael the Archangel, St. Lawrence, St. Chad, St. Cuthbert, St. Oswald, or some other saint of oecumenical or local reputation.

The Northern Counties of England, and particularly Northumberland, abound with mineral springs, many of which had been held sacred from the earliest times down to that comparatively recent date which is marked by the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Such of them as are impregnated with common salt have, indeed, been largely utilized, wherever that could be done with pecuniary profit. But the Holy Wells are now holy in name alone, and some of them do not even retain a trace of their once great natural beauty.

The village of Halliwell or Holywell, in the parish of Earsdon, derives its name from one of these once sacred springs, Our Lady's Well, or St. Mary's Well, which is in the immediate vicinity. The medicinal properties of the water of this well were formerly much esteemed. It possesses the singular quality of becoming of a purple or pale colour when galls are infused into it.

Another Holy Well, in the township of Warkburn, has also medicinal virtues, being, it is said, an effectual cure for the gravel and other obstructions, as well as for that now almost extinct and forgotten malady, the ague, banished by the most ruthless of all utilitarians, the scientific farmer, with his deep drains, sheep drains, and furrow drains. A neighbouring spring, under the precipitous and almost inaccessible Raven's Heugh, bubbles beneath a scraggy cover of natural arch work, the sides in summer shaded with dwarf stone ferns, the adit stored with that wholesome and agreeable salad, the watercress, and all around it the ruins of huge rocks, beaten down by storms, and lying in the wildest disorder.

Adjacent to the village of Holystone, on the Coquet, in the neighbourhood of Harbottle Pike, is a very

copious spring, called the Lady's Well, in former times "Our Lady's Well." It is a favourite place for pic-nics, being in the midst of a small plantation, "remote from public view," and beautifully shaded with trees and shrubs. The sides of the well are lined with a wall of hewn freestone or ashlar work, part of which has been broken down. In the midst stands (or stood) a stone figure, intended for Paulinus, which was brought by some pedantic Goth or Hun from Alnwick in 1780, so says Stephen Oliver the Younger. The bottom is of fine sand, through which the water bubbles up in numerous small jets, and in such abundance, that, after it leaves the well, it runs in a stream sufficiently powerful to turn a small corn mill. The following account of the well, painted on a board, was to be seen some years ago, nailed to one of the neighbouring trees:—"In this fountain, called the Lady's Well, on the introduction of Christianity, in the Saxon reign of Edwin, and early in the seventh century, Paulinus, an English bishop, baptised about three thousand people." About a quarter of a mile off, in the village of Holystone, there was once a small Benedictine priory, inhabited by six or eight nuns; the well was in their sisterly keeping, and doubtless utilised by them for sacred or at least monastic purposes.

At Wall-Town, properly Well-Town, two or three miles north-west of Haltwhistle, and nearly on the line of the Foss or Earth Wall, between *Æsica* and *Magna*, is another fine clear fountain, which has been partly enclosed, and in which tradition has it that the same worthy man, Paulinus, baptised one of the Saxon kings, perhaps Edwin himself, in whose reign Bede tells us there was such perfect peace in Britain, wheresoever his dominion extended, that "a woman with her new-born babe might walk throughout the island, from sea to sea, if she would, without receiving any harm." Edwin also "took such care for the good of his people, that in several places where he had seen clear springs near the highway, he caused stakes to be fixed, with brass dishes hanging at them, for the refreshment of travellers; nor durst any man touch them for any other purpose than that for which they were designed, either through the dread they had of the king or for the affection which they bore him." This well, on the verge of the old Fossway, was doubtless one of these thus considerably furnished by the greatest of Northumbrian kings.

The particularly fine springs of Houghton, in the county of Durham, from which the town receives its distinctive appellation of *le-Spring*, are all chalybeate. One of them, situated in Newbottle Lane, is still called the Holy Well. This name is said to have been imposed upon it in the year 700, when the Venerable Bede and his attendants passed through Houghton, and regaled themselves with "the pure beverage of nature" at this particular fountain.

Near Jarrow, the reputed birth-place of Bede, there is a famous well which bears his name. Its waters were long in great repute for their health-giving properties. As late as the year 1740, says Brand, it was a prevailing custom to bring children troubled with any disease or infirmity to it. A crooked pin was put in, and the well laved dry between each dipping—a curious instance of the association of ideas, for here, as at the Pool of Bethesda, beside the sheep market in Jerusalem, only one patient could receive benefit, it seems, after each troubling of the waters. Brand's informant had seen twenty children dipped in Bede's Well, at which also, on Midsummer Eve, there was a great concourse of neighbouring people, with bonfires, music, dancing, and other rural sports. This and other merry customs have been long discontinued. But still, when the well is occasionally cleared out, a number of crooked pins (a few years ago a pint) are always found among the mud thrown into the sacred fount for some purpose or other, either in a general way as charms for luck, or to promote and secure true love, or for the benefit of sick babies. In days when ague was so common, the usual offering at this and other holy wells was a bit of rag tied to the branch of an overhanging tree or bush: hence Rag Well.

Bourne tells us how when a gentleman named Coulson enclosed St. Mary's Well, in the village of Jesmond, near Newcastle, for a bathing place, it was no sooner done than the water left it. "This," says he, "occasioned strange whispers in the village and the adjacent places." This well, which had as many steps down as there are articles in the Creed, had always been esteemed of more sanctity than common, and therefore the failing of the water could be looked upon as nothing less than a just revenge for so great a profanation. But, alas! the miracle was soon washed away, for the water returned in the course of a little while in as great abundance as ever.

A sudatory or sweating bath, supplied from a hot spring at Benwell, the Condercum of the Romans, was discovered in Horsley's time. A similar bath, under Whitley Castle, on the Maiden Way, in the parish of Kirkhaugh, was filled from a clear and plentiful spring which now empties its waters into a tributary of the South Tyne.

The Hally Well at Shotley, having in course of time formed a sort of bog, was drained away into the Derwent about the year 1806; and for many years it was unknown, except to the villagers and their children, some of whom used to drink the water renowned in the days of their grandmothers, and long before. The sides of the channel from the drain were then always quite of a vermilion colour, indicating the presence of a considerable quantity of iron in the water. Old people could still remember their infantine sports around the Hally Well, where the younglings used to repair sometimes and drink the water for the purpose of seeing each other's

grimaces, caused by the nauseous taste. Half a century previous, people from distant parts used to come occasionally to drink the water, and carry some of it away; but it was always understood to be most efficacious when taken fresh from the spring. An old rhyme conveyed the then universally-received opinion:—

No scurvy in your skin can dwell,
If you only drink of the Hally Well.

The original spring or well-head was recovered in 1837 by Mr. Jonathan Richardson, who instituted a diligent search for the purpose, and under whose auspices Shotley



Spa was inaugurated. The recorded cases of cure from the use of the waters, especially of scorbutic or scrofulous affections, are numerous.

The Lady's Well at Berwick is a beautiful spring, of great medicinal properties, on the banks of the Tweed, at a few hundred yards distance above the old stone bridge. Some guardian spirit once enclosed it with a stone fountain, and attached a metal pipe for its waters to flow through; but sacrilegious hands soon broke down the wall and choked up the channel. This is a brutal form of iconoclasm, which is confined to no age or country.

In that portion of Rothbury Forest north of the Coquet, in the township of Debdon, there are some fine chalybeate springs, the waters of which are considered to be efficacious in cleansing the blood. These wells lie on the north side of the road leading from Rothbury to Alnwick, and used at one time to be visited by weary and languid health-seekers from far and near. Not far from Debdon fulling mill, about three-quarters of a mile east of Rothbury, is the famous Riever's Well, where many a moss-trooper of the olden time, and many a horse or cattle thief more lately, has halted to refresh himself on his way home to Hepple or Ditchburn Barony, or the wastes beyond.

Near Wooler, on the flanks of the Cheviots, there is a spring, locally known as the Pin Well. Most of the country maids, as they pass this spring, drop a crooked

pin into it. There is also a Pin Well in Westmoreland, into the waters of which rich and poor drop a pin in passing. This is understood to have been originally a present to the spirit of the fountain, who required to be propitiated in that way. The crooked pin, like the crooked sixpence, was supposed to be lucky. The pin offering is by no means confined to this part of the kingdom.

There is a spring in the neighbourhood of Alnwick, known as the Senna Well, because the effects on those who drink the waters of it resemble those produced by drinking senna tea, to boys and girls the most nauseous of healing beverages, next to salts.

Wingate Spa, near Longhorsley, is said to be the strongest chalybeate spring yet known in England, as a pint of it contains six grains of iron, fourteen of alum, and nine of an ochreous earth.

Wallis, in his "History of Northumberland," mentions a petrifying spring near Simonburn, which has this singular property:—"Its terrene salts make a change in some plants, and not in others, though growing in a group together—mosses and liverworts becoming stony, and primroses and geraniums holding up their heads and retaining their native form and hue."

Roger Hovedon speaks of "a fountain adorned with extraordinary workmanship, sweet to the taste and clear to the eye," near the top of the rock at Bamborough.

It would take a volume to describe all the mineral and other valuable and noted springs in the two North-Eastern Counties. In Northumberland alone, besides those already noticed, there are Thornton Well, between Hartburn and Mitford; the Thurston Wells, near Longwiton; St. Stephen's Well, near Belford; Conchilton Well, about a mile north from Simonburn; Hulne Park Well, near Alnwick; the Shrilhope Well, near Long Framlington; the Deadwater Wells, near Kielder; Bingfield Well, in St. John Lee Parish; Dukesfield Well, near Harland Pike; Swallowship Well, near Hexham; St. Mary's Well, at Newbrough; the Spinner's Well, near Bedlington; Fleatham Well, near Bamborough; St. Mary's Well, at Tweedmouth; Cornhill Well, on the north-west border of the county, opposite Coldstream; Ax Well, in the Derwent Valley; the Chill Well, near Gateshead, &c.

Then we have almost innumerable Coldwells, as Cald-wells, Cauldwells, Springwells, Cresswells, Greenwells, Saltwells, and Whitewells or Whitwells, besides Hawk-wells, Haswells Chopwells, Bywells, Fulwells, &c., furnishing a very considerable part of the local nomenclature of the district, and testifying to the instinctive respect, approaching to veneration, which simple, unsophisticated, ingenuous minds are ever ready to pay to these priceless gifts of old Mother Earth. W. B.

The Headless Ghost of Watton Abbey.



WATTON is a small place about half way between Beverley and Driffield on the line from Hull to Bridlington, Filey, Scarborough, Whitby, Saltburn, and Redcar, and a society of nuns is said to have been established there as early as the seventh century. It was visited by St. John of Beverley in the time of Heriburg, the abbess, but no further notice is made of Watton or its monastery until the Norman conquest, although there are said to be strong reasons for believing that the monastery was destroyed by the Danes at the same time as Beverley monastery.

About the year 1148 Watton Abbey was refounded by Eustace Fitz-John, as a penance for his crimes, and dedicated to the blessed Virgin. It supported 13 canons and 36 nuns of the Gilbertine order, but subsequent benefactions considerably increased the number. Eustace Fitz-John gave to the monastery the lordship of Watton, in pure and perpetual alms, for his salvation and that of his wife, and for the souls of his father and mother, his sons and daughters, his brethren, and his servants and friends, to hold freely for ever.

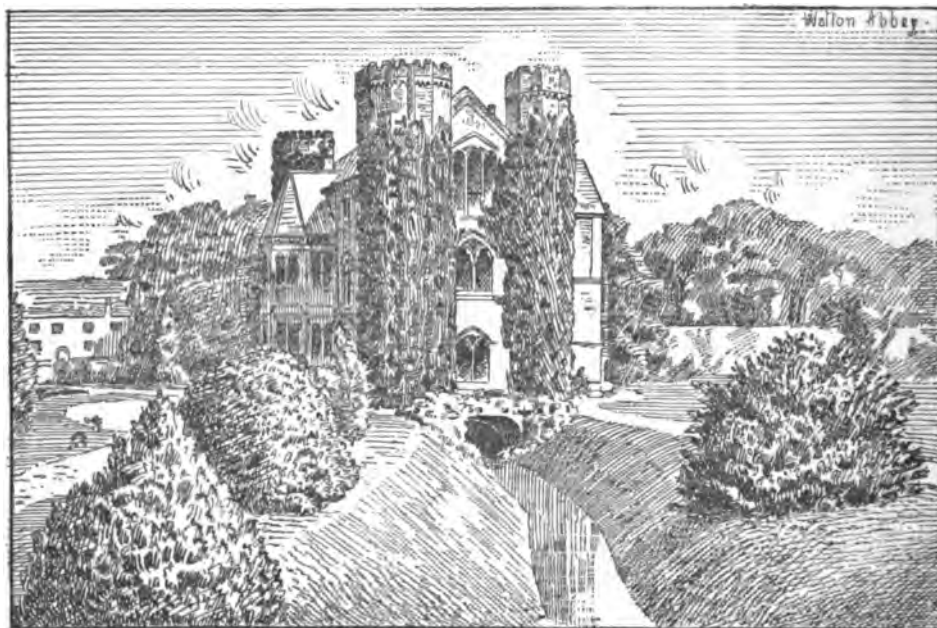
The canons and nuns inhabited buildings within the same enclosure, but separated from each other by a party wall. The ladies who inhabited the convent were numerous, and in 1326 William de Melton, Archbishop of York, consecrated fifty-three nuns at one time. They did not, however, escape censorious reflections. The public opinion of their conduct and morals was that they were rather loose, and a reform was demanded before matters were pushed to the extremity of dissolution. The site of the abbey was granted in the third year of Edward VI. to John, Earl of Warwick; in the reign of Elizabeth, John Farnham had possession; and afterwards King James confirmed the abbey and manor to Sir Thomas Earlkyn, Knight, from whom the property passed to the Bethell family. At the present time the abbey exhibits no traces of its early erection. It is composed of brick and stone, and may probably have been rebuilt in the early part of the Tudor period. It consisted of the abbey, a large and massive building, with towers and pointed arch windows, and an oriel or bay window of imposing appearance; a nunnery of the same, surrounded by a range of cloisters and other buildings, which are now entirely dilapidated and gone to decay; the whole surrounded by a moat, which enclosed over twenty acres of land, one branch of which ran under both the monastery and the convent, each being furnished with private staircases, within the buildings, which communicated with the water—so broad and deep, by the way, as to be navigable for a small boat. Nearly a hundred years ago, as the rector of Lockington, a small parish town close by, was sitting at dinner with one of the Bethells at Watton

Abbey, they were surprised by an extraordinary noise beneath the dining table, for which they could not account, and they were at length so much annoyed by it that they sent for a workman to take up the floor, when they found, to their great astonishment, that an otter, which inhabited the moat underneath the abbey, had established her nest under the boards of the floor, and had there deposited her litter of young ones. The whole area within the moat is full of old foundations, showing how extensive the original buildings had been. About 250 years ago the materials of these decayed buildings were consigned to the Corporation of Beverley, and conveyed away by them to repair the Minster.

Tradition says that a subterranean passage existed in olden times, which formed a communication between the convent and a holy well at Kilnwick, dedicated to the blessed Virgin, and called "The Lady's Well," and that the nuns performed many wonderful cures by the agency of this miraculous water. A chamber is pointed out in the abbey, said to have been the scene of a most atrocious murder during the Civil Wars. This room is faced throughout with a strong wainscoting of panelled oak, in one side of which is a closet door, corresponding so exactly with the wainscoting as not to be observed. It was doubtless, in its primitive state, a secret entrance, which opened by a private spring, and communicated with a narrow staircase, still in existence, that descended into the moat or river which runs underneath the buildings. A lady of distinction, so says the legend, during the unhappy contest between Charles I. and his Parliament, secreted herself in Watton Abbey, with her infant child,

and jewels and other portable property to a great amount. Her retreat having been discovered, a few soldiers, at dead of night, proceeding in a boat to the staircase which led to her chamber, entered it by the secret door, and, unmoved by her tears and supplications, cruelly murdered both mother and child, and took possession of her valuables. The bodies were removed by the secret staircase, and were never heard of more.

This legend has given rise to a belief that the wainscoted room is haunted. The lady appears without her head (which, it is hence supposed, was severed from her body by the ruffians), bearing the infant in her arms, and, placing herself at the foot of the bed, stands for some time inanimate as a statue, and then suddenly disappears. So fond is the murdered lady of this chamber, that she pays it a nightly visit, and appears to regret the occupation of it by any other individual; for, though she never attempts to disturb its sleeping or waking inmates, whenever the bed is left vacant she does not fail to take possession of it for the night; and it is generally found pressed and disordered in the morning, although no earthly being has entered the room. So runs the story. It is, however, asserted that some years ago a visitor at the abbey, who knew nothing of this tradition, slept in the wainscoted room, and in the morning declared that he had been disturbed by the supernatural appearance of a lady, whose garments were stained with blood, and whose features bore a striking resemblance to those of a female portrait which hung in the same room. The apparition must, therefore, have been furnished with that appendage, equally useful and ornamental—the head.



Having read in Allen's "Yorkshire" these particulars, which appeared to have been obtained from Oliver's "Beverley," I was naturally surprised to learn that such an extraordinary story was attached to this country residence, which some years ago I had been in the habit of passing daily in my journey between Bridlington and Hull. I am afraid it will have to be confessed that the ghost story is nothing but a myth, for the son of Mr. Beckit, the present occupant of the abbey, says he has frequently slept in the so-called haunted room, but that his slumbers have never been disturbed by any ghost.

ALBERT PICKERING.

Wallsend Old Church.



HE remains of the Church of the Holy Cross, of which we give an engraving, are situated at some distance to the north of the Tyneside village of Wallsend, which of course derives its name from the Roman Wall. The church and churchyard occupy a plateau which is really on the general level of the land about it; but deep ravines surround the site on three sides, the ascent from which is from 70 to 75 feet. The whole enclosure suggests a Roman station; and, though there is no direct evidence that it was used as such, it seems almost certain that the Romans would place an outpost on the spot to prevent surprise by an assembly of hostile natives in the ravines. It will be seen from our drawing that little of the sacred edifice remains. The stones of which it was built were evidently brought from the Roman Wall; some of them are indisputably Roman. It is supposed that the church was erected about the middle or the close of the twelfth century, and that it was

contemporaneous with the Norman Keep of Newcastle. The style is between early and late Norman. Whether it was preceded by a Saxon building on the same site cannot be determined. Wallsend was included in the parish of Jarrow, and it is well known that the monastery and church of Jarrow originated in Saxon times. About ninety years ago the church had become so dilapidated that a gentleman named Clarke, who then owned the Wallsend estate, conceived the idea of repairing it, and for that purpose took the roof off, after which divine service was performed for some time in the school-room; but, having soon after disposed of the property, Mr. Clarke abandoned his project, and left the venerable building to go to wreck, which process was accelerated by a quantity of the fallen stones being taken to assist in re-building the barn and stable adjoining the parsonage-house. The parishioners by-and-by procured an Act for building a new church—the church of St. Peter's near by—which was consecrated in 1809, by the Lord Bishop of St. David's. The ordnance survey gives the name of the church as that of the "Holy Cross." Ryton Church bears the same name. No other instances of this name occur in the district. There is a story afloat that the neighbouring villagers used many of the old gravestones in the construction of ovens, and that ancient Wallsend loaves have borne such inscriptions as "Sacred to" and "In memory of." But similar tales are current in other places where there are ruined burial grounds. Of the dozen gravestones which are now to be found in the churchyard all are in a wretched condition. The following are the inscriptions on two of them:—
"Here lyeth the body of Edward Henzil, senior, Broad Glassmaker, of Houldinpan, who departed this life the 24th day of January, Anno Domini 1686, aged 64 years ;"



"Here lyeth the body of Edward Henzell, Broad Glass-maker at Houdounpanda, who departed February ye 19, 1734-5, aged 62 years." The Henzells were connected with the Tyzacks, and were immigrants from Alsace or Lorraine. For many of the particulars given above we are indebted to a paper which was read by Mr. Septimus Oswald, at a meeting of the Society of Antiquaries.

Witches at Wallsend.

Burns made Alloway Kirk eternally famous in his weird tale of "Tam o' Shanter"; but Old Wallsend Church, which is said to have been at least once the scene of a still more strange adventure with witches than heroic Tam's, has not found a bard like the Ayrshire ploughman to celebrate it in verse. We can therefore only give a plain, unvarnished, prosaic account of the affair, as it used to be told, doubtless with much more pith than we can put into it, by that extraordinary humourist and mystery-man, Sir Francis Blake Delaval.

At what definite period the witch adventure took place it is impossible now to tell. Sir Francis died in 1771, and already in his day it was "once upon a time," and "one of the Lords of Seaton Delaval," without further specification as to when and to whom it occurred. The adventurer, whoever he was, is said to have been returning home from Newcastle after nightfall. When turning up the road past Wallsend, at the foot of the eminence on which the old church stands, he was surprised to observe the interior of the edifice brilliantly lighted up. Being, of course, curious to know the cause of this untimely illumination, he rode to the gate of the burying-ground, left his horse in charge of a servant, and walked forward to a window, where, like Souter Johnnie's drunken crony, "Wow, he saw an unco sight."

Upon the communion table, at each corner of which was placed an inverted human skull containing some inflammable substance that burned brightly, he saw extended the body of a female, uncoffined, and partly unrolled from the winding sheet, while around it, apparently occupied in the preparation of charms, sat a number of withered hags, one of whom was at that instant employed in cutting with a knife the left breast from the corpse. The beldam who operated as dissector, and who, with stubby beard, ugly buck teeth, red fiery eyes, and withered, wrinkled skin, seemed the likeliest imaginable counterpart of one of Macbeth's witches, handed the severed breast to one of the other hags, who went off with it in the direction of the belfry, where she was lost to sight. Delaval, who believed he saw before his eyes only a set of detestably wicked old women, fit to be burned at the stake for their dealings with the foul fiend, as well as for their desecration of the consecrated building, determined that he would make an effort to stop their proceedings. So he applied his strength to

the door of the church, burst it open, and rushed in, to the utter consternation of the assembly. Each of the hags endeavoured to save herself by flight. Some climbed up to the roof, and took their departure through the openings in the belfry. Others managed to get out at the door or the windows. But Delaval succeeded in laying fast hold of the beldam in whose hand the knife still gleamed, and managed to tie her hands behind her back with his pocket handkerchief, in spite of her hard struggles and horrid curses.

When Delaval had taken a hasty look at these devilish preparations for love and hate, charms and incantations, he hastened off with his captive, and bound her on horseback behind the servant. He kept her securely until she could be brought to trial, whether at the assizes, the sessions, or the baron's own court tradition sayeth not; but certain it is that she was fully convicted of being a witch, as well as a sacrilegious person, and sentenced to be burnt on the seashore in the vicinity of Seaton Delaval.

And now followed the most marvellous part of the story—so marvellous, indeed, that we must beg our readers to take it, as we ourselves do, with a grain of salt. When the sentence was about to be carried into execution, the witch requested to have the use of two new wooden dishes, which were forthwith procured from the neighbouring hamlet of Seaton Sluice. The wood and combustibles were then heaped on the sands, the culprit was placed thereon, the dishes were given to her, and fire was applied to the pile. As the smoke arose in dense columns around her, she placed a foot in each of the utensils, muttered a spell, cleared herself from the fastenings at the stake, and soared away on the sea-breeze like an eagle escaped from the hands of its captors. But when she had risen to a considerable height, one of the dishes which supported her lost its efficacy from having been, by the young person who procured them, dipped unthinkingly in pure fresh water; and so, after making several gyrations, the deluded follower of Satan fell to the ground. Without affording her another chance of escape, the beholders conveyed her back to the pile, where she perished amidst its flames.

Oliver Goldsmith on the Tyne and Wear.

IT is well known that Oliver Goldsmith was no economist. During the greater part of his life, he lived from hand to mouth. Moreover, we can hardly with confidence rely on the accuracy in detail of the account given of a great part of his life by his biographers, because it was only when "poor Noll" had become the "great Dr. Goldsmith" that stories were related of his childhood and boyhood.

Only then was it that it was worth while for the schoolmistress of Lissoy, good Mrs. Elizabeth Delap, to boast even on her death-bed (thirteen years after the author of the "Traveller" and the "Deserted Village" was in his grave) that she had taught him his letters, and that there "never was so dull a boy," or for old Jack Fitzsimmons to take a pride in having abetted him in many a boyish prank at school. Up to the period when he became a literary lion, the narrative of his adventures, misfortunes, and escapades is probably tinged with exaggeration, depending as it does on his own relation; for, so far from desiring to appear in the eye of the world to the best advantage, he took more pains to be esteemed worse than he was than most people do to appear better than they are. But the episode of his short visit to the North of England is told with sufficient distinctness to warrant us in giving credit to its chief circumstances. Still, Mr. Prior, his biographer, seems to have entertained doubts regarding their accuracy. Such as we have them, however, we give them.

After spending two winters at Edinburgh, studying medicine, attending the theatre, and enjoying himself with his rollicking fellow-students, he suddenly left the Scottish capital about the beginning of 1754, ostensibly for the purpose of finishing his studies in Paris, where the great Farheim, Pepit, and Du Hammel de Monceau had gathered round them a multitude of diligent students, whom they professed to instruct in all the branches of medicine, as then understood. Washington Irving, indeed, remarks that Goldsmith's real motive was doubtless his long cherished desire to see foreign parts, and that this was the case seems to be clear from the sequel.

When at Edinburgh his good-natured, thoughtless disposition had involved him in difficulties from which his precarious and limited income, dependent on the generosity of his uncle Contarine, who, of all his relatives, never lost faith in him, ought to have kept him free. In particular, he had become security to a tailor named Barclay for the payment by a student friend named Kennedy of what was to him a considerable sum of money, and this forced him to leave the city more precipitately than he might otherwise have done. He tells the story himself in a letter to his uncle. "Sometime after the receipt of your last," he writes, "I embarked for Bordeaux, on board a Scotch ship, called the *St. Andrews*, Captain John Wall, master. The ship made a tolerable appearance; and, as another inducement, I was let to know that six agreeable passengers were to be my company. Well, we were but two days at sea, when a storm drove us into a city of England called Newcastle-upon-Tyne. We all went on shore to refresh us after the fatigues of our voyage. Seven men and I were one day on shore; and, on the following evening, as we were all very merry, the room door bursts open; enters a sergeant and twelve

Grenadiers with their bayonets screwed, and puts us all under the king's arrest. It seems my company were Scotchmen in the French service, and had been in Scotland to enlist soldiers for the French army. I endeavoured all I could to prove my innocence; however, I remained in prison with the rest a fortnight, and with difficulty got off even then."

Oliver entreated his uncle to keep this all a secret, or at least say the arrest was for debt; for if it had been once known at the university that he had been taken for a Jacobite, he would hardly have got a degree. He reckoned his escape quite providential, for the ship, sailing for Bordeaux before he was released from prison, was wrecked in a great storm at the mouth of the Garonne, when every one of the crew was drowned.

"Nothing," says Mr. Prior, "imparts a better idea of the philosophical indifference of the poet to evils merely temporary or physical than the little concern expressed about an event that would have been, to other men, a theme of loud and angry complaint—the being imprisoned a fortnight on an unfounded suspicion. His only anxiety seems to have been respecting his degree; and, however conscious of innocence, he probably believed, from the equivocal situation in which he was found, and the general attachment to the Stuarts then prevailing in Scotland, that difficulties might occur in proving it to the satisfaction of the college authorities. It is believed that testimonials of conduct and character from his acquaintance in Edinburgh were found necessary previous to his final enlargement."

After he had been liberated, he seems to have found his way to Sunderland, where he is said to have taken up his residence in Bodlewell Lane, which leads down from the High Street to the Wear. Here a bailiff found him out, and arrested him for debt at the suit of Barclay, the tailor. He had thus fallen out of the frying-pan into the fire. Luckily, however, it struck him to have recourse to two of his fellow-students to relieve him from a dilemma that threatened to blast any prospects he might have of getting on in the world. One of these was Dr. Joseph Fenn Sleight, an amiable and intelligent Quaker, and the other Mr. Lauchlan Maclean, a former associate at Trinity College and at Edinburgh University, and afterwards Under-Secretary of State for the Southern Department in the Grafton Ministry. By the kindness of these two gentlemen, he was delivered out of the hands of the bailiff. Finding that there was a ship lying in the Tyne ready for Holland, he embarked therein, and in nine days arrived at Rotterdam, whence he travelled by land to Leyden.

The vessel bound for Bordeaux having sailed with a portion of his baggage on board, he is said to have been recommended to follow her, when he exclaimed, with characteristic simplicity, "What would be the use of that? Sure it will be sent after me anywhere!"

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Melford.

AUTHOR OF "A HISTORY OF NEWCASTLE AND GATESHEAD," &c.

John Bailey,

ARTIST AND AGRICULTURIST.

And he gave it for his opinion, that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country than the whole range of politicians put together.—*Swift*.

JOHN BAILEY, known in early life as an engraver, and in maturer age as an agricultural reformer, was a son of William Bailey, of Bladesfield, in the parish of Bowes, near Barnard Castle. Evincing in childhood a precocious talent for drawing, he was placed under the tuition of Godfrey, the engraver, and became a promising artist. His uncle, Mr. George Dixon, a celebrated mathematician (the first person, it is said, who used coal gas for illuminating purposes), resided at Cockfield, about six miles north-east of Barnard Castle, and with him young Bailey went to reside as a tutor. There he improved his knowledge of mathematics, and relieved, by engraving and land surveying, the tedium of teaching his cousins. Among other things he engraved the views which illustrate Hutchinson's two volumes of "The History of Durham," and, in 1776, published a view of Darlington. (A copy of this latter appropriately embellishes Mr. Longstaffe's history of the town.) Two years later he accepted a situation as mathematical tutor with the Rev. John Farrar, the famous clerical schoolmaster of Witton-le-Wear, a man whom Lord Chancellor Thurlow commended as the greatest curiosity he had seen in the North of England, yet conveniently forgot to promote. While at Witton, he married Mary, daughter of Nicholas Greenwell, of Witton Castle, and thus became linked with one of the oldest families in the county of Durham.

As an artist, a mathematician, an experimentalist in chemistry and mechanical construction, a good land surveyor, and an excellent draughtsman, Mr. Bailey commenced married life with every advantage in his favour. Nor was it long before his abilities brought him promotion. The stewardship of the extensive estates of the Tankerville family became vacant. Recommended by his acquirements and aided by the influence of his father-in-law, he obtained the appointment, and removing to Chillingham, the seat of the Tankervilles, entered upon a career of enterprise and daring that very soon was the talk of the country side, and eventually interested all England.

Only a dozen years before Mr. Bailey's removal into

Northumberland the farmers there had been pilloried by plain-speaking Arthur Young. In that remarkable book of his, "A Six Months' Tour through the North of England," he described them as men of contracted minds, addicted to slovenly husbandry, treading perpetually in the old beaten tracks, and retaining barbarous practices which tended to damp, if not to extinguish, the very spirit of improvement. Mr. Bailey found that Arthur Young's stigma was not altogether undeserved, and he determined to work a reformation. Every new discovery in the practice of agriculture that promised to succeed upon the varying soils of North Northumberland, he adopted; every new process that tended to ease the labour of the farmer and help him to overcome the adverse forces of nature, he submitted to the test of experiment, and, if he found them satisfactory, caused them to be put into active operation. In a comparatively few years a great and beneficial change was effected. Adjoining landowners did not become all at once enamoured of Mr. Bailey's schemes, which were too comprehensive and much too costly to be taken on trust. But when they saw fertile pastures emerging from Wooler Haughs (upon which, during thousands of recurring floods, the Till and the Glen had discharged superabundant waters), they recognised the foresight with which Mr. Bailey's plans of drainage and embankment had been conceived, and he had the satisfaction of knowing that at Ewart, at Doddington, and other places, hundreds of acres had been brought into cultivation which aforesaid were abandoned to flags and rushes. So was it with the farmers. At first they shook their heads and shrugged their shoulders; but when they discovered that Mr. Bailey's improvements meant increased production and more profit to themselves, they gradually followed his teachings. Part of the success which attended his efforts was undoubtedly due to the simplicity of heart and mildness of manners which characterised his advocacy of agricultural reforms. Those who came to criticize and condemn remained to approve and adopt.

The labours of Arthur Young in the South, Mr. Bailey in the North, and Sir John Sinclair in Scotland gave force and direction to a general demand for improvements in rural economy. In 1793, a private association was incorporated under the name of the "Board of Agriculture and Internal Improvements," and, being assisted by an annual parliamentary grant, it became a sort of semi-official institution. One of its first proceedings was to commence a survey of all the English counties on a uni-

form plan, which brought out for the information of the class most interested in adopting them, improved practices originating in individual enterprise or intelligence in particular districts. The survey of Durham was written by Mr. Bailey alone; those of Northumberland and Cumberland were written by Mr. Bailey and Mr. George Culley. Maps and drawings of implements, cattle, sheep, farm buildings, &c., are freely given, while, to aid the distant reader, explanations are afforded of local words and idioms. It is hardly possible to conceive of work better done than is exhibited in these surveys. Not the least interesting portion is Mr. Bailey's description of the Chillingham wild cattle, with a picture—his own drawing—showing three of the animals scampering across the park in front of a concealed sportsman.

In 1795, Mr. Bailey published an octavo volume of 72 pages, printed by S. Hodgson, Newcastle, and dedicated to Lord Tankerville, entitled "An Essay on the Construction of the Plough, deduced from Mathematical Principles and Experiments. With an Appendix containing the Description of a Drill upon a New Construction, for Sowing all Kinds of Grain, in any Quantity, and at any Distance." The book abounds in mathematical demonstrations—indicating a writer of exact and practical mind—and is accompanied by plans drawn to scale and minutely figured.

The author of this valuable treatise lived to see the fruition of his labours, and to enjoy the respect and confidence which are accorded to recognised public benefactors. During his later years he had a wide practice in surveying, valuing, and improving the "broad acres" of the North, and was regarded as one of the most successful advocates of high farming and liberal management of landed estate in the three kingdoms. If not, in the ordinary meaning of the term, a great man, he was, in the truest sense of the term, a good man. His intellectual gifts were directed and controlled by great moral integrity; entrusted with vast powers, he was upright and straightforward, just and impartial; he left the world with clean hands and a clean conscience.

Mr. Bailey died at Great Bavington, on the 4th of June, 1819, in the 68th year of his age. His daughter, Mary Susannah, married Mr. John Langhorne, a banker at Berwick, and became the mother of Mr. John Bailey Langhorne, of Richmond, Yorkshire, who (in conjunction with Mr. M. W. Lambert and Mr. Thomas Bourne) purchased the *Newcastle Chronicle* from the Hodgsons, and remained for several years one of its proprietors.

George Balmer,

ARTIST.

A sketch of the life of this gifted painter was written by his friend John Wykeham Archer (whose own career has been already summarised in the *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. i., page 451). It was published in the "Art

Union" for October, 1846, and has formed the basis of all other sketches of Balmer and his work. The following is a copy of it:—

My first acquaintance with Balmer [born at South Shields in 1805] happened about the year 1829, at which time the Exhibition of Pictures in Newcastle-upon-Tyne was considered about the best of the provincial exhibitions in England. He had then begun to perceive his true vocation; for he was originally intended to carry on the business of his father, a respectable house-painter in North Shields. However, his earliest predilections were such as disqualified him for mechanical pursuits, and he had meanwhile practised the decorative part of the business with Coulson, of Edinburgh. Here he had an opportunity of observing the progress of Ewbank, whose pure and fluent productions suggested the kindred but more powerful style, which, at the time I have mentioned, made Balmer's pictures a feature in the Newcastle Exhibition.

With several lesser works of great merit, he then exhibited a more ambitious production in point of size; this was "A View of the Port of Tyne." It was purchased by T. Batson, of Newcastle. Soon after this, Balmer removed his easel, and took up his abode in the neighbourhood of the exhibition, then under the management of the elder Richardson and Mr. H. P. Parker.

About the year 1831, an exhibition of water-colour drawings was produced in Newcastle, in which appeared several performances in that style by Balmer, especially some exquisite views of the scenery in the neighbourhood of Rokeby, one of which, purchased by Dixon Dixon, Esq., was the gem of the exhibition, and will yet be remembered by many as "The Juicy Tree Bit." Another of these drawings was beautifully engraved by Miller for the "Aurora Borealis," an annual produced by some members of the Society of Friends in Northumberland.

The honourable rivalry and friendly intimacy which existed between George Balmer and J. W. Carmichael induced these two painters to unite their efforts in one great work, the subject of which was "The Heroic Exploit of Admiral Collingwood at the Battle of Trafalgar," a well-chosen subject, and one which came with an especial grace from the hands of the two men, who, themselves an honour to their native county, have thus honoured its renowned hero. This capital picture is now in the Trinity House, Newcastle.

Presently, after the completion of the large picture, my friend began to look for more extended means of study and improvement, and he took his departure for a tour on the Continent, sketching industriously as he proceeded. He visited several parts of Holland, and then proceeded up the Rhine, and traversed Switzerland, when, having made some valuable studies among the Alps, he turned a longing eye towards Italy, but hesitated and postponed that enterprise to a period which never came.

He then set off for Paris in order to study the master-pieces in the Louvre Gallery. In Paris Balmer remained several months, observing much, and copying from Cuypp, Claude Lorraine, Paul Potter, and Ruysdael. From the latter he produced a masterly copy, the subject being "A Stormy Offing, with Vessels Scudding before the Squall."

Immediately on his return to England he came to me and announced his intention of setting up his staff in London, and from that time we were seldom apart. During this period I had ample occasion for admiring his zeal for art, and the assiduity with which he toiled to do justice to the opportunities he had enjoyed, and to embody the result of his travels in such a shape as would bring him honourably before the public in the London exhibitions.

A large "View of Bingen"; a "View of Rotterdam," of which there is an engraving; "Haarlem Mere"; a large "Moonlight," purchased by Miss Clayton, of Newcastle; and a new picture of "St. Goar," were among the first fruits of his application. At this time he found a kind patron in Mr. Harrison, an opulent merchant and accomplished gentleman of Liverpool. This gentleman, whom he had met abroad, enabled him, by his purchases and recommendation, to pursue his object steadily and without those pecuniary misgivings which

oppress while they cruelly goad the artist who would earn an honourable fame, but who, being mortal, must provide withal for the baker and the fashioner of raiment. While the beauties of the scenery he had visited remained strong upon his mind, Balmer worked assiduously from his foreign sketches; but many of them remained unused, for the original feeling and desire to represent the scenery of the British coast returned after a time. My old friend was never so much in his element as when painting a stranded ship, an old lighthouse, or the rippling of the waves on a shingly coast. He was much under the influence of early associations, and such were the objects to which he had been accustomed from childhood. An old mill was likewise a favourite subject of his pencil; and this was but another reminiscence of early days, when he oftentimes sojourned with his uncle, the miller at Plessy, near Blyth. His pictures containing an old mill, with the scenery of the river Wansbeck, chiefly moonlights, are among his happiest productions.

In 1836, Balmer proposed to Messrs. Finden, a publication entitled "The Ports and Harbours of Great Britain," a work which was spiritedly commenced, and contained many views, chiefly on the North Coast, from his drawings. However, the publication dwindled in other hands, and ended tamely enough.

About this time my friend found himself in circumstances which made him independent of his profession; and a diffidence with regard to the merit of his own productions caused him to give up several commissions; and thenceforth, to the regret of many who admired his talent and worth, he abated his efforts, painting only a slight bit from time to time to keep his hand in, or as gifts to his friends. But his interest in art did not diminish with his own exertions; and the knowledge which he had acquired was imparted to his friends in kind and manly advice, judicious help, or words of encouragement, which were the more prized for their sincerity; for he never flattered nor compromised his integrity by an unmeaning comment upon any work of art which might be shown to him. If is nearly four years since Balmer retired from London, and settled near Ravensworth, in the county of Durham, where he was assailed in the prime of life by the malady which terminated his career on the 10th of April, 1846.

Joseph Barber,

BOOKSELLER AND COPPER-PLATE PRINTER.

In the *Newcastle Courant* of the 29th November, 1740, a copper-plate engraving was advertised to be published by "Joseph Barber, music and copper-plate printer on the Sandhill." The subject was "A Curious Draught of the famous manag'd Horse called the Marbled Persian, made a present of to the Chevalier de St. George's eldest son, by the (late) Duke of Or—d now in exile: engraved by the best hand in England." The advertiser humbly hoped that gentlemen would encourage the undertaking, "it being the first of the copper-plate kind ever performed in Newcastle-upon-Tyne." In the same paper for February 14th, 1741, the plate was announced as being ready for delivery, price one shilling. A couple of years later the following advertisement appeared in the same journal:—"This day is published and ready to be delivered to the subscribers, dedicated to John Simpson, Esq., Mayor, and the Recorder, Aldermen, and Sheriff, &c., of Newcastle, by Joseph Barber, copper-plate printer, in Humble's Buildings, Newcastle, being

just arrived from London, the curious copper-plate print of the equestrian statue of King James II. (printed on two large sheets of Genoa paper) which was erected on the Sandhill, and destroyed at the Revolution by a furious mob. Taken from an original painting in the possession of Sir Hans Sloane, Bart., and illustrated with near 200 coats of arms neatly engraved, being the arms of such of the subscribers as came to hand in time."

The enterprising tradesman who ingeniously tried to interest the representatives of county families in his speculation by promising them engravings of their arms (and afterwards, as we learn from local annals, cut out the arms for book plates), was a native of the sister island. He was a son of John Barber, of Summerhill, Dunshaughlin, a village near Dublin, and was baptised at Plunkett Street Presbyterian Church in that city, in November, 1706. How he came to settle upon Tyne does not appear. His name was not a common one between Tyne and Tweed; in some of the few local records wherein it does find entry, a misprint for "Barker" may be suspected. But here he was, established in business in 1740, among the printers and booksellers that clustered round the end of Tyne Bridge, and introducing to the patrons of the fine arts in the Northern Counties the first copper-plate printing "ever performed in Newcastle."

By the year 1746, Mr. Barber had removed his shop to the centre of the town—"at the head of the Flesh Market, on the High Bridge." There he entered into a new speculation. He had been the pioneer in copper-plate printing, and now he was the first (it is said) to start a circulating library in Newcastle. In no long time he found it desirable to remove his establishment from the High Bridge to Amen Corner, in the south-west angle of St. Nicholas' Churchyard, where he sold books, prints, tea, and other commodities, and offered a choice of over 1,250 volumes of standard literature to his subscribers.

Success like Mr. Barber's could not long remain unchallenged. William Charnley, who had been five years in partnership with his old master, Martin Bryson, and two years in business upon his own account, removed from the Bridge End to the foot of the Flesh Market at the beginning of the year 1757, and opened a rival establishment. He had 2,000 volumes to lend, he announced, to all who subscribed 12s. a year, or 3s. a quarter. This was nearly 750 volumes more than were offered at Amen Corner. Mr. Barber met the competition by reducing his terms to 10s. a year, or half-a-crown a quarter, and by advertising his "grand original" library as deserving of continued and undivided support.

Mr. Barber, like so many of his countrymen, was an extensive reader and a fluent talker. He knew Greek and Latin, could converse in French, and was well acquainted with the "Belles Lettres," or polite literature. For many years his shop and that of William

Charnley were the resort of all the well-read men of the district. Thither came, at one time or another, famous Dr. John Brown, the scholarly and unfortunate Vicar of Newcastle, and his successor, Dr. Fawcett; Matthew Ridley, five times member for Newcastle, and his son, Sir Matthew, afterwards eight times recipient of the same honour; Edward Montague, from Denton Hall; Sir Francis Blake Delaval, wildest Lothario of his time; Thomas Bewick, the engraver; Moises, the great schoolmaster; Askew, the famous doctor; Slack, the printer, and his son-in-law, Solomon Hodgson; Avison, the composer; Thomas Cook, the mystic; Aubone Surtees, the banker; Aldermen Hornby, Moaley, and John Erasmus Blackett, with Charles Brandling, Dr. Rotherham, Matthew Prior, Nathaniel Bayles, Isaac Thompson, "Esq.," and perhaps John Cunningham, and the Rev. James Murray. Those who strolled into Mr. Barber's shop on market days might hear the proprietor discussing with his patrons the new volumes of Hume, Sterne, Johnson, and Adam Smith, or the latest productions of the local press, while the chimes of St. Nicholas' rang out the quarter-hours, and the maids chattered over their skeels at the pant hard by.

Mr. Barber's success in business enabled him to purchase the premises at Amen Corner, and eventually to erect a private residence for his family at the top of Westgate Hill. Upon the latter he bestowed the name of "Summerhill," in remembrance of his Irish home, and that name, with the addition of "Grove," the locality bears to this day.

At the good old age of seventy-four, Mr. Barber died. He had been three times married, and was the father of six children. One of his daughters, Maria, was united to her father's apprentice, Edward Humble, who succeeded to the business at Amen Corner. Her brother, Robert Barber, was for more than thirty years organist of St. Ann's Church, Manchester, and died there on the 16th June, 1815. Joseph, eldest son of the old bookseller, settled in Birmingham, and from the marriage of his daughter to Mr. T. J. Lightfoot comes Joseph Barber Lightfoot, D.D., Lord Bishop of Durham.

In his will, dated July 3, 1781, Mr. Barber left his wife, Eleanor, the shop at Amen Corner, with all his stock-in-trade, ready money, book debts, the circulating library, plate, linen, and all his personal estate, she paying there-out to his daughter, Margaret Baker, £10, and to his three grandchildren, Ann Pritchett, Mary Baker, and John Baker, £10 each. He directed that his remains should be buried in his new vault in St. Nicholas' Churchyard "in a strong oak coffin, one inch thick, covered with black baize," that his age and time of dying should be "cut deep upon a tombstone," that there should be no pallbearers, and that the coffin should have "two dovetails across the breast, and be fixed with screw nails," to frustrate, one may suppose, the designs of body-snatchers.

The Streets of Newcastle.

The Sandhill.



THE SANDHILL cannot be omitted in any view of the streets of Newcastle. Its name explains itself. Before the Tyne was embanked by the quay, this place was nothing better than a hill of naked sand, where the inhabitants used to assemble for purposes of recreation.

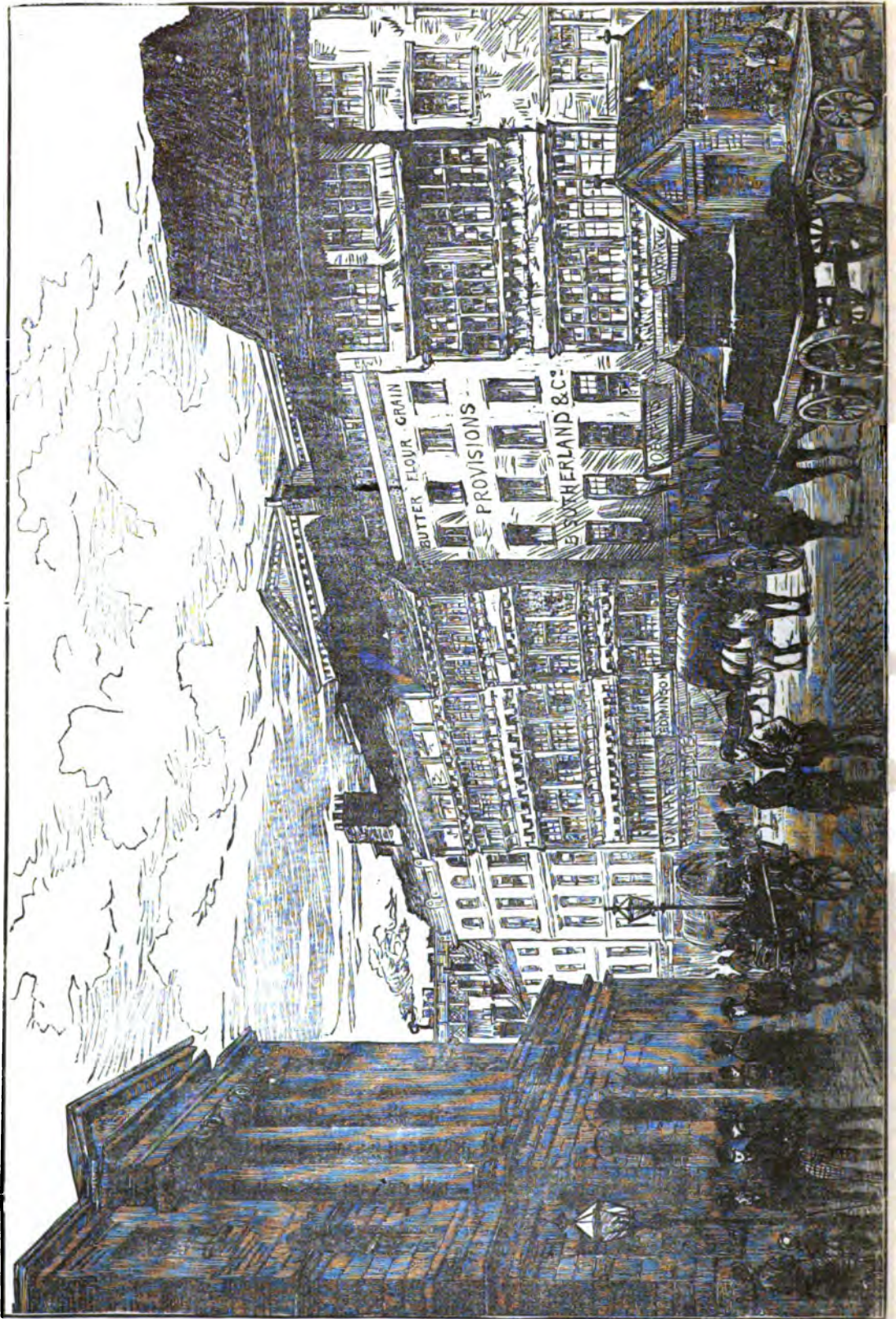
There is an ancient plan of Newcastle by Speed, whereon only one public place is marked on the Sandhill, namely, the Maison de Dieu. This house, founded by the munificent Roger Thornton in 1412, has already been described in the *Monthly Chronicle*. (See vol. i., p. 56.) The Merchants' Guild used to hold their courts at "The Maison Dieu Hall" on the last Thursday in every month; their head meeting day on the Thursday after Mid-Lent Sunday, and went in procession on Corpus Christi Day, after high mass was done, to assist in the performance of their mystery-play, "Hogmagog," the Mayor, Sheriff, and Aldermen, with their officers, having first attended upon the holy sacrament.

The Sandhill had its tragedies also, and notably in 1464. The Battle of Hexham leaves its grim traces in Newcastle records. In this disastrous battle were taken—amongst many others, "knights, esquires, and other men"—the Lords Ros, Molins, Hungerford, Findern, with two others (who would appear, according to the Arundel MSS., to have been Edward Delamere and Nicholas Massam). "Their heads were cut off," says the Year Book, 4 Edward IV., "at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in a place called Sandhill; and they lie in the Friars Minors and Augustine."

Adjoining the Maison de Dieu stood the Exchange, also built by Roger Thornton, according to Bourne, and occupying the site on which now stands the Guildhall. It was "a square haul place for the town," says old Leland, who visited Newcastle somewhere about the year 1540; but it was pulled down in 1655, and the present Exchange and Guildhall were erected by Robert Trollop, of York. His covenant for expenses amounted to £2,000; but Bourne was informed that the actual cost would be about £10,000. Some local wag wrote a doggerel epitaph on Trollop, which read as follows:—

Here lies Robert Trollop,
Who made yon stones roll up;
When death took his soul up,
His body filled this hole up.

On a line with the Guildhall was the passage from the Sandhill to the river known as the Water Gate; though in the Common Council Books of 1649 it is called the Window Gate. Nearly opposite to the Water Gate was the once famous Bella's Coffee House, which in 1648 was the house of Thomas Bonner, then Mayor. In his year of office, a riotous affray occurred, thus recorded in



THE SANDHILL AND THE GUILDHALL, NEWCASTLE, 1888.



VIEW OF SANDHILL, NEWCASTLE, 1888.

From a Picture by Robt. Jobling.
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the Common Council Books:—"Thomas Bonner, Esq., Mayor-elected, coming from the Spittle (October 2) to go to his dwelling house upon the Sand-Hill, the serjeants carrying torches lighted in their hands, one Edmund Marshall threw a long stick at the said lighted torches, and struck divers of them out, and it being dark, stones, &c., were flung," and so forth.

Katy's Coffee House was another famous place of resort with our forefathers. It stood on the east side of the Sandhill, on or near the spot now occupied by the Royal Exchange buildings. The Lork or Lort Burn flowed past it. This burn ran down the Side, and over the Sandhill into the river. The street was thus divided into the Side and the Flesher Row, in the latter of which the butchers conducted their business, as well as in the Butcher Bank. Over the Lork Burn and opposite Katy's a small bridge was thrown, and here, it is said, the town's wails, or musicians, used to stand and play whilst Oliver Cromwell was entertained at dinner, either on his progress to or his return from Scotland.

A guest of another sort had been welcomed on the Sandhill a little earlier. In 1617, James I., on his way to Scotland, was met here by the Mayor, Aldermen, and Sheriff; and, after an oration from the Town Clerk, "was presented by the Mayor, in the name of the whole Corporation, with a great standing bowl, to the value of an hundred Jacobuses, and an hundred marks in gold; the Mayor carrying the sword before him, accompanied by his brethren on their foot-cloths. On Sunday, May 4th, following, his Majesty, with all his nobles, dined with the Mayor, when it pleased the King to be served by the Mayor and Aldermen. The King left the town on Monday, the 5th of May." (Brand.) Thus was the first James ministered unto. His son, the first Charles, was caught in an unsavoury sewer, in an attempt to escape from his Scotch custodians. The second Charles we may still gaze upon in effigy as we pass the Exchange, habited as an ancient Roman. Let us conclude the record as it concerns this family, by adding that James II. had also his statue on the Sandhill, "on the south side of the bull-ring, and opposite to the court stairs." It was cast in copper, and stood on a white marble pedestal; and, according to Bourne, it cost the town £1,700. In May, 1689, when William and Mary had been crowned about a month, away went this fine statue into the river. It was, however, fished up, and rendered of some use, as witnesses this extract from the Council books:—"April 1, 1695. All Saints' parish humbly request the metal of the statue [of James II.] towards the repair of their bells. Ordered, that All Saints' have the metal belonging to the horse of the said statue, except a leg thereof, which must go towards the casting a new bell for St. Andrew's parish."

Another house on the Sandhill of some note in its day is the Bee Hive. At one time it must have been occupied by well-to-do people, as its marks of ancient

grandeur attested. There was, for instance, a large wainscotted room on the first floor, wherein was a very curious carved chimney-piece. This was presented by the owner, Ralph Naters, to the Corporation, and placed by that body in the oak room of the Mansion House. Other houses were remarkable for their excellent carvings also. There was Number 33, for instance, which boasted of a mantelpiece of most elaborate carving, bold in proportion, and in high sculptured relief. In the centre the royal arms were placed; and,



arranged in separate compartments, were to be seen the four elements personified, with representations also of Samson slaying the Philistines with the jawbone of an ass, and David cutting off the head of Goliath. The carving was of the time of Charles II. Tradition hath it that this house was at one time the town residence of the Earls of Derwentwater; another tradition gives them a "local habitation in Westgate Road."

Among these interesting buildings is that known as the Old Custom House, now a public-house, with one entrance from the Quayside and the other from the Sandhill. So far back as 1281, we find that the keeper

of the "cockets" at Newcastle charged a duty of 6s. 8d. upon 300 woolled skins, the same sum upon a sack of wool, and 13s. 4d. upon a last of leather. In 1440, Robert Rhodes (a benefactor of St. Nicholas' and All Saints' in his time) was made comptroller of the customs and subsidies of the King in the port of the Tyne. The new Custom House was built in 1765. It is curious to learn that an Independent congregation once worshipped in the Old Custom House Entry, having separated from "the church of Silver Street," at the time of the pastorate of the Rev. James Shields (1765-85).

The old house to the left of our engraving on page 160 was that of Surtees the banker, associated in local history with the names of its "Bonnie Bessie," and her faithful swain, John Scott, afterwards first Earl of Eldon. The story of the elopement hence will have to be told another time.

On more than one occasion coronation festivities have been celebrated on the Sandhill. When the second George was crowned in October, 1727, the bells were rung, the magistrates donned their scarlet gowns, and went from the Guildhall to church, music playing and cannon firing, "accompanied by the Common Council, clergy, and gentry." Then they dined sumptuously, and returned to the Guildhall, where the healths were a second time drunk of the King, Queen, and Royal Family, "with many other loyal toasts," the cannon firing at each health. "A conduit ran wine all the time for the populace." A great "bonfire" was burnt, the ladies had a ball in the evening "at the Mayor's house," and the proceedings concluded with "rejoicings, bonfires, illuminations, ringing of bells, and all other demonstrations of joy."

An alarming bread riot occurred some thirteen years later. Provisions were very dear. The militia were called out; at their head Alderman Ridley announced that the corn factors had set a certain fixed price on their grain; and the tumult was stayed for the time. But for a time only. Some of the factors vanished from the town; the rest kept their shops closed. "The pitmen, keelmen, and poor of the town," accordingly plundered the granaries, and stopped a vessel about to sail with a load of rye. This was on the 21st of June, 1740. On the 25th, the militia were disbanded. As a consequence of this strange step, an immense multitude assembled on the Sandhill the very next day, whilst the Mayor and Aldermen were consulting in the Guildhall on the steps to be taken in the emergency. The mob became unruly. They were fired upon; one rioter was killed, and several others wounded. The Guildhall was thereupon invaded; most of those assembled there were wounded; the court and its chambers were ransacked. Many of the public writings and accounts were destroyed, and a very large sum of Corporation money was carried off. Then the rioters traversed the streets, and "threatened, with horrid

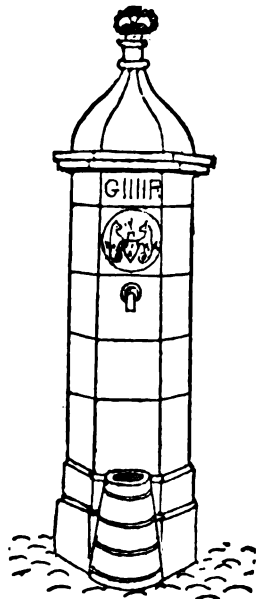
execrations, to burn and destroy the whole place." The military were summoned from Alnwick; forty of the rioters were arrested, whilst the others were suffered to disperse; and at the next Assizes six of the ringleaders were each transported for seven years. This riot is said to have cost the Corporation £4,000.

In 1745, war was proclaimed on the Sandhill (amongst other places) against France, "the Mayor and Aldermen attending in their scarlet gowns, accompanied by their proper officers." In April, 1749, there was a general thanksgiving for the peace which followed, and wine again ran from a fountain on the Sandhill for a considerable time. Three volleys were fired from the Exchange by three regimental companies. Wine again flowed from a Sandhill fountain in November, 1760, "when George the Third was King." Mayor and magistrates were to the fore "in their scarlet robes, preceded by the town's band of music and the regalia," and attended by the colonels and officers of the two regiments of Yorkshire militia then stationed in Newcastle. "Many loyal healths were drunk"; there were the usual "joyful acclamations"; and the rejoicings concluded with a ball and illuminations. The pillory was brought into use in 1766, when one Jean Grey, convicted of perjury, was paraded there for an hour, pursuant to her sentence. In 1768, a too adventurous sailor was killed here by an infuriated bull which the populace were engaged in baiting.

The coronation of George IV. was celebrated in grand style on the 19th July, 1821. Strangers poured into the town in thousands to take part in the rejoicings. Royal salutes were fired from the Castle; flags and colours were everywhere displayed; and the church bells rang their merriest peals. In honour of the occasion, the Mayor (Mr. George Forster) was invested with the gold chain and medallion still worn by our chief magistrates on state occasions. Everywhere there were mirth and jollity—of their sort. An ale-pant ran in the old Flesh Market (which was next to the Cloth Market); it was demolished whilst the beer was running. A similar fate befel the Spital ale-pant; indeed, the mirth and jollity were not without their attendant disorder in all parts of the town. It is, however, with the proceedings on the Sandhill on this day that we have at present to do.

In the centre had been erected an elegant pant, twelve feet high, which was surmounted by a handsome crown. From this it was intended to supply the populace with wine. The Mayor and magistrates went dutifully to St. Nicholas' Church, where Vicar Smith preached them a sermon. This done, they returned to the Sandhill, and appeared at the great window of the Town's Court to drink the king's health, to the accompaniment of a royal salute from the Castle. This was to be the signal on which the wine was to flow with regal lavishness from the pant. It speedily became a pant of Pandemonium!

Fair it was to look upon in the early day, being painted to resemble stone, and displaying full gaily its showy cupola of copper bronze, and its crown and crimson velvet cap of State turned up with ermine. But the Sandhill had its thirsty souls then, as indeed it has now. One of them climbed to the top of the pant, sat down on the cupola, and placed its crown on his own head.

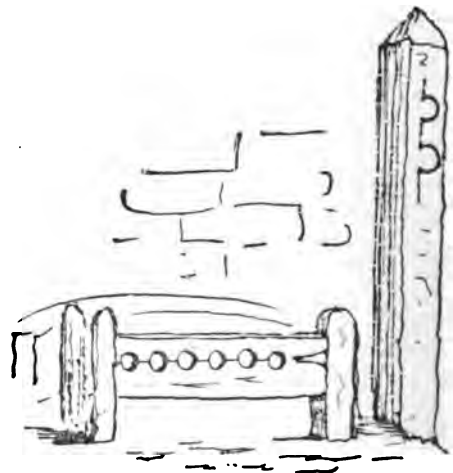


This served to amuse the waiting multitude while the magistrates were at their devotions. When the signal was given that the wine should flow, off came the crown from the adventurer's head, and away into the river it was speedily kicked. The original idea was that the Mayor and Corporation should drink the Royal health at the pant; but this they found it impossible to do by reason of the surging crowd. The wine, however, poured forth its ruby stream at the signal from the Castle; and then ensued an indescribable scene. Hats, caps, vessels of all descriptions were brought into requisition; and might was right that day. Amongst other things, a man got upon the tub set below the spout, and endeavoured to wrench the latter off. The reeling mob would not have this. They tore off his upper clothing; they did not even spare his "unmentionables." The wine ran for about an hour, and then it "gave out," as our American cousins would say. Forthwith, the mob began to throw about the pots and the soaked hats and caps. Finally, they tore down the pant bodily.

The Sandhill has, to this day, a peculiar character of its own. Its open-air public meetings each Sunday morning may be regarded as so many self-acting ventilators for the diffusion of the grievances and the crotchets of those who are not much in the habit of troubling church or chapel with their attendance. Much sound sense and much nonsense, too, have been talked at these meetings. Eccentric preachers, such as David Davies, the best known of them all, can there discourse at length on things in general. The teetotallers are ever in earnest here, though it is long since they lost the services of Tommy Carr, a Tyne-side philosopher whose racy utterances it was impossible for anybody to resist, so redolent of the native Doric were they. Thus the historic ground trodden by kings and king-makers in the past has become the open-air conference room of the toiling masses of to-day!

Reminiscences of Stockton.

SOME little time ago, I was inquiring when the old "stocks" were removed from Stockton, but no one knew anything about them. The punishment of setting people in the stocks was general in former times, being a frequent order by the justices in Quarter Sessions. We are told by the antiquaries that stocks were used in Anglo-Saxon times, and anyone who owns a copy of the "Records of the North Riding" will learn their use at a very early period, with particulars, also, of the whipping-post, a punishment to which women, as well as men, were condemned. At a Quarter Sessions in 1651, the inhabitants of a parish near Easingwold were fined for not having a pair of stocks in their constabewick. I remember having seen men in those at Stockton, but do not remember seeing anyone whipped. The stocks and whipping-post were at the south-west corner of the Town Hall. I have made a drawing of both, which I remember well.



The market of that day was very thinly attended; the butter-sellers were all on the north side of the Cross, and the corn market at the north side of the shambles. There were a few stalls for the sale of different kinds of clothing and very small hooks; also carts with vegetables, &c. On the west side were all kinds of odds and ends. On one occasion a man got on to one of these stalls and called a public auction for the sale of his wife. The woman was sold for 2s. 6d. The affair caused a great noise in the town.

The rage for improvement has cleared away another mark of an old pastime in Stockton. That was a flat stone about three feet square with a pin in the centre, to which in former days was attached a ring with a chain for

holding a bull to be baited. This was near a public pump, and on the west side of what was called the Coal Hill, where carts with coals, for the supply of the town, usually stood for sale on the Wednesdays and Saturdays.

W. FALLOWS.

The Countess of Derwentwater.

A Bold Stroke for Fortune.

BETWEEN a story and its sequel, in a general way, the interval is seldom very long. It has been left for the history of Tyneside, however—with its many marvellous recitals of battle and foray—to furnish a curious and conspicuous exception. The third Earl of Derwentwater ranged himself under the banner of the Pretender in 1715, and, after a brief experience of futile rebellion, yielded his life to the headsman on Tower Hill. Under ordinary circumstances, the whole of his estates would have been forfeited to the Crown; but, as it was proved by a marriage settlement that he possessed only a life interest, the vast territories in the Northern Counties descended to his infant son John. There was a gentle mother to watch over the career of the young heir, and she determined to reside, for a time, away from the district which had been so disastrous to her high-spirited husband. London and Paris were in turn selected for the residence of the bereaved family; but, owing to Hanoverian jealousies and Jacobite unrest, the home was more frequently in France than in England. After much inconvenience, and no little discomfort, the youthful owner of the Dilston demain returned to our own capital, and secured an abode in the house of his grandfather, Sir John Webb, in Great Marlborough Street. While living there, in 1731, he underwent a painful surgical operation, and shortly afterwards succumbed to the disease from which he had been suffering. This, in a nutshell, is the accepted version of the Derwentwater episode, and it is one which Northumbrians never tire of telling.

The sequel began a century and a half later, and cannot be so briefly narrated. It was more of a comedy than a tragedy, and was meant to secure the aggrandisement of an individual rather than the success of a party or a cause. But though the motives which influenced the earl and his would-be successor were vastly dissimilar, there was a link—or rather a supposed link—between them, which elicited as much kindly sympathy for the claimant to an honoured name in 1865 as there was for the undoubted possessor of it in 1715. Amelia Radcliffe—or “the Countess” as she was invariably designated—made her *debut* in the Tyne valley under what may be con-

sidered exceptionally favourable circumstances. She professed to be a descendant of the dead earl, and was fortified with wills, deeds, and family treasures which seemed abundantly to substantiate her statements. Though no man could specify whence she came, this lack of information was not regarded as important. She had dropped from the clouds, as it were, and yet the people of Blaydon were so effectually dazzled by the splendour of her aspirations, that there was scarcely a doubt raised as to the genuineness of the title she preferred. The eccentric dress of the lady, and a certain flightiness in her utterances, were peculiarities that might have been expected to engender suspicions. As none were aroused, it would appear as if surprise at her romantic recital had completely thrust prudence into the background. Though looking more than five-and-thirty—the age she gave herself—the lady's appearance was sufficiently prepossessing. She was pleasant in speech, amiable in demeanour, accomplished in arts, and, on every subject save one, an entertaining and agreeable companion. It is not surprising, therefore, that in all directions, and by all sorts of people, she was greeted with cordiality. Shelter, money, and even personal servitude, were voluntarily tendered, and each in its turn was accepted. Looking at the matter now, the whole craze appears incredible. But twenty years ago—when the genealogical tree seemed faultless, when portentous legal documents were open for inspection, and when rumours as to priceless relics filled the air—there seemed a reasonable excuse for the faith that possessed the populace. Had not the deeds and settlements been seen? Had not the relics been valued? Could not “her ladyship” talk of the Waldsteins, the Waldeofs, the Mouravieffs, the Sobieskis, and other noble ancestors for hours at a stretch? It was this blind confidence in the judgment of their wealthier neighbours that led the labouring section of the community astray. They believed that the stranger's credentials had been carefully investigated, and that persons of intelligence—possessing an extensive knowledge of the world, and with a fair share of native shrewdness—had applied tests to the story which were certain to detect any possible species of imposture. Added to this, they knew that large sums of money had actually been advanced by these well-informed coteries, and that such trustfulness would certainly have been lacking if the chances of victory had seemed doubtful. With the general public thus beguiled, and with her immediate friends entranced by the illustrious glamour that surrounded her case, it must be admitted that the path of the gentle claimant was singularly free from impediments.

As I have already indicated, the generally accepted explanation about the Derwentwater succession was that the son of the decapitated earl died in London in 1731, and that the direct line thus ceased. There was, however, one significant exception. Charles Radcliffe, an

uncle of the unfortunate young man, declined to so understand the turn events had taken. Though implicated in the rebellion of 1715, and condemned to death, this personage contrived to escape from Newgate. After reaching France, and finding many distinguished friends, he married the Countess of Newburgh in 1724, and had by her a son called James Bartholomew. On the death of his suffering nephew, "Charles assumed the title, and claimed the estates under the entail created by the marriage settlement of Earl James." Nothing resulted from this move, and, in November, 1745, the matter was unexpectedly disposed of by the capture of both father and son when on their way to join the rising in Scotland. Charles was speedily beheaded under his old attainder; but James Bartholomew—on account of his youth and foreign birth—was allowed to escape, and eventually became Earl of Newburgh. His long-pending claim to the Derwentwater property was compromised in 1788, when an Act of Parliament—though vesting the estates in the Commissioners of Greenwich Hospital—granted an annuity of £2,500 to Lord Newburgh and his heirs male. In 1814, his lordship's successor died without issue, and the direct race of the Radcliffes ended.

Such, briefly stated, was the case for the English Government in 1865. It had the merit of being straightforward and simple, and was calculated to discourage any further attacks on the possessions which the Lords of the Admiralty then administered. But the new claimant was not an ordinary person, and it was not to be supposed she would submit an ordinary title. She admitted that the descendants of Charles Radcliffe were clearly done with; but as her own claim dated from the son of the third earl himself, there was nothing to bar her right to the dismantled castles of her ancestors. A more astounding story was probably never told. According to her version, John Radcliffe did not die in 1731. He fled to Germany, in order to avoid the plots directed against him by British intriguers, and married the Countess of Waldstein, at Frankfort-on-the-Main, in 1740. Eleven children were the issue of this union, but all died young with the exception of two—James, who became fifth earl, and John James, who succeeded him. This latter person was married to the Princess Sobieski on the 4th of June, 1813, and had six children. The eldest, a boy, was distinguished as the seventh earl; but he died unmarried in 1854, and willed his interest in the property to his only surviving sister—Amelia. This was the lady who took up her residence at Blaydon in 1865, and who so completely won the hearts of her admiring friends and confidantes.

Few pedigrees are more elaborately detailed than that which the Countess placed before her partizans, and her tongue was ever ready for the elucidation or explanation of any perplexing doubts that might be raised. In her conversations—which were both long and frequent—she devoted considerable attention to the history of the

fourth earl. This was the pivot of her contention. If his death occurred in London, as the English Executive maintained it did, there was clearly an end of her pretensions. If no death took place, then almost any contingency was possible. By her ladyship's statement, John Radcliffe was not in London in 1731, and consequently could not have expired there. In 1732, however, she admitted there was a report which alleged that he had fallen from his horse in Paris, and had been picked up dead. This rumour, also, was without foundation. It was nothing more than a well-matured *ruse* for the mystification of the young nobleman's enemies, and it succeeded admirably. Dame Dorothy Forster, of Bamborough—the heroine of Walter Besant's novel—happened to be in the French capital at the time, and she promptly added to her already high reputation. This intrepid lady—after riding the length of England behind an Addlestone blacksmith—had demonstrated her zeal and daring by effecting the release of her brother, General Forster, from Newgate Gaol, and she now applied her wits for the safety of an old comrade's offspring. Securing a coffin, she had it filled with sawdust, and interred amid the lamentations of properly instructed mourners. This solemn farce enabled the fourth earl to reach Germany without molestation, and he there lived in honour till 1798, as the head of a numerous family. His objects were said to be two-fold. First, he sought to escape from the machinations of the Hanoverians; and, second, he desired to keep a promise, made to his mother, that while he would never abjure the claims of the Stuarts to the English throne, he would always abstain from taking up arms in support of their pretensions. It was for these reasons—as the Countess would have had us believe—that John Radcliffe voluntarily became as one dead to the world; that he allowed his enormous wealth to drift into other hands; and that he made no effort, even when the Stuart troubles were all over, to secure a home for his children on their own beautiful estates in Northumberland. The story may be true, but, to say the least, it is highly improbable.

If this pedigree was fictitious, as is now supposed, then who was the claimant? Who, indeed! As well ask "who was Junius?" or "who was the Man in the Iron Mask?" The antecedents of the trio are equally mysterious, and they are likely to remain so. It was asserted, in some quarters, that she was the daughter of an Irish soldier-of-fortune named Burke; and, in others, that she had gained her knowledge of the peerage while engaged as a lady's maid. I can add nothing in the way of confirmation for either story. It is sufficient for my purpose that the Lords of the Admiralty—after innumerable inquiries on the Continent—averred that the Countess's allegations were utterly preposterous, and that many matter-of-fact people have since endeavoured to substantiate their view. One doubting personage, for instance, secured the aid of the Burgomaster

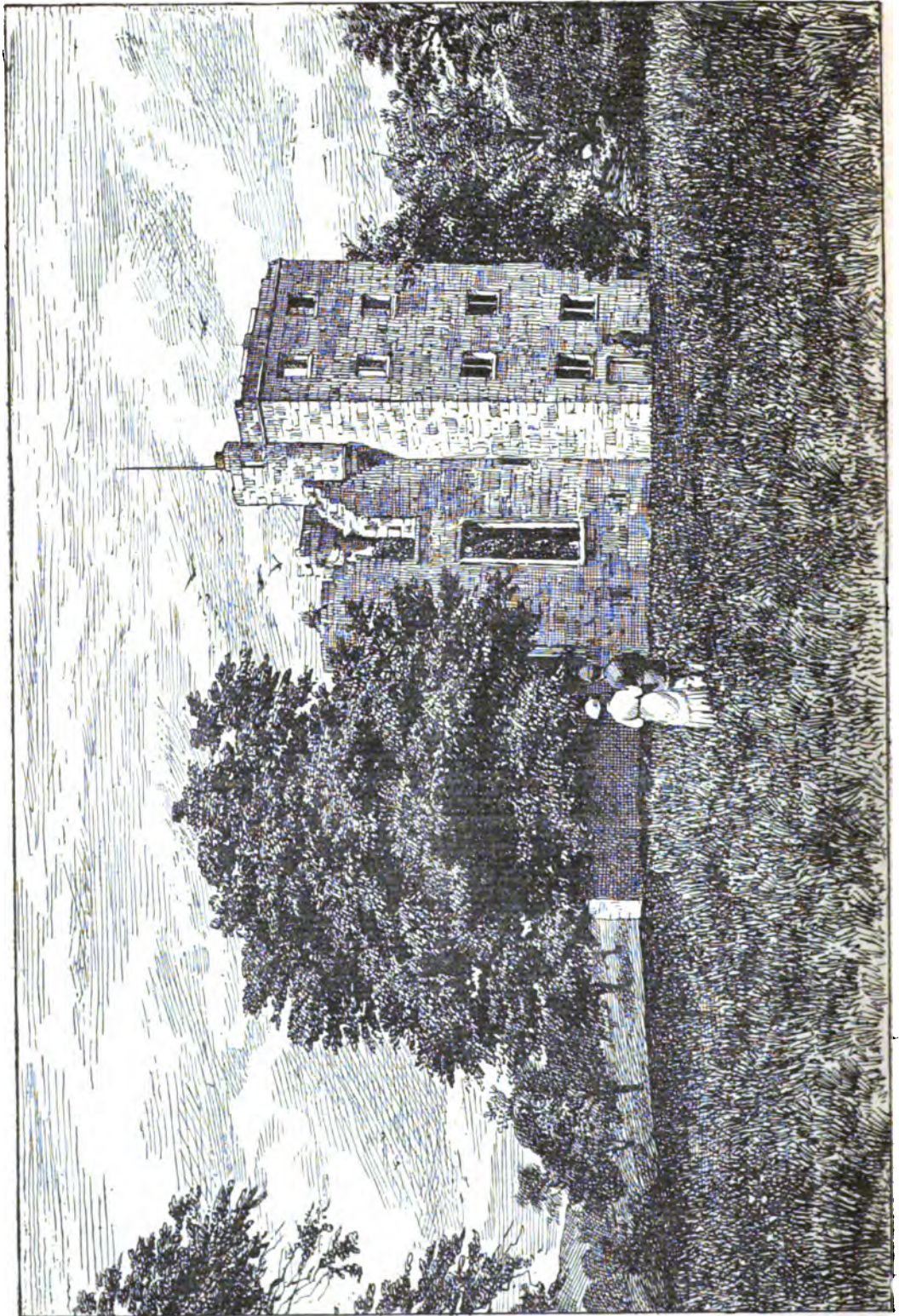
of Frankfort, and, even when thus allied, failed to discover the marriage register on which the bulk of her ladyship's contention rested. Another took exception to the deeds she quoted, and a third denied the genuineness of the relics to which she attached so much importance. As to the documentary evidence, it was avowedly incomplete. The explanation of this deficiency was both startling and romantic. Several of the most valuable papers, it was asserted, had been sent to Lord Palmerston for scrutiny, and that statesman, in the interests of the national exchequer, rather shabbily declined to return them. I am far from saying that this account is unreliable, as the Countess, to my knowledge, somewhat recklessly entrusted her remaining manuscripts to anyone who gave her sympathy. But the incident is noteworthy as indicating that a serious flaw was recognised in her title.

As for the much-vaunted relics, they were a source of wonder to the uninitiated, and carried conviction where more pertinent testimony failed. They were paraded as of enormous value, and were said to have survived some extraordinary usage. In the main, they consisted of jewellery, plate, pictures, and furniture. All were supposed to have been gathered together at Dilston by the widow of the third earl, and thence conveyed, by way of Blaydon, to that lady's residence at Louvaine. When war broke out between France and Germany, towards the close of the last century, they were again removed for security to a secret vault in Hesse-Darmstadt. There they remained till the beginning of 1866, when the Countess brought them once more to Tyneside—only just in time, we were assured, to prevent their capture by the victorious Prussians. Many of the valuables had suffered seriously from damp and decay—especially the paintings—and it was pitiable to see the work of Rubens and Rembrandt, Titians and Teniers, Vandyke and Velasquez, in such a state of woeful dilapidation. The armour was not so seriously deteriorated; and the inlaid cabinets, the oak and iron coffer, the dainty frames, looked none the worse for their long absence from the light of day. It was not my good fortune to see the trophies when they were first brought back for the rehabilitation of the old halls of Dilston, and I can offer no independent judgment as to their merits. But I did see them at a subsequent period, and sorrowed over the hacking to which many beautiful objects had been subjected by a reckless and unskilful hand. The furniture fairly bristled with unsightly inscriptions, and the "family portraits" were blurred by famous names that no artist ever placed upon them. It is possible to conceive that all might have been what they were represented to be, and that the spoiling was due to an insane desire to place their identity beyond dispute. It is also conceivable that they emanated from the store of some dealer in old curiosities, and that they had been prepared for the campaign that was known to be

impending. On this matter I offer no opinion. I merely repeat the suggestions that were current at the time, and that afterwards seemed to receive corroboration from the contemptuous indifference with which they were regarded by experts. When competent critics refuse to give more than 50s. for a Rubens which, if authentic, would have realised more than its weight in gold, there is ample justification for suspecting that the work was spurious.

But it is needless to particularise too minutely the weakly links of an utterly unreliable chain. It is sufficient to say that many of the inhabitants of Blaydon, and a large section of the people of Tyneside generally, accepted the claimant at her own estimate, and supported her with a zeal that merited a happier *dénouement*. Despite an assertion that, in jewels and goods, she was worth nearly £200,000, they lavished their own resources upon this already wealthy lady, and thus provided the funds necessary for her war against a "powerful and unscrupulous Government." And what a momentous struggle they initiated! Though a trifle passive, perhaps, while unexciting appeals were being addressed to the justice of the Crown, they became enthusiastic when the battle was boldly carried into the enemies' stronghold. It was on a cheerless September morning, in 1868, that the fateful expedition for the capture of Dilston Castle was undertaken. There was nothing startling in the number of those engaged, and nothing very terrible in their equipment. The baggage train was an ordinary furniture van, and in it were the essential requisites for campaigning. A chair, a box or two, some material for despatches, and a few family portraits, comprised the bulk of this *impedimenta*. The bodyguard consisted of a railway porter and a keelman. At a convenient height above her trappings sat the lady to whom the enterprise was so vital. On her head was a wide-brimmed straw hat, surmounted by large plumes of ostrich feathers; from her shoulders drooped the ample folds of an Austrian military cloak; and from a sparkling waist-belt dangled the "sabre of her sires." Anything more calm, patient, or resolute than the quaintly-attired leader it would be difficult to imagine, and the loyal steadfastness of her henchmen was equally worthy of admiration. In Michael Carlton and Andrew Aiston, the Countess had poor but devoted friends, and they accompanied her upon this midnight raid with perfect confidence in the validity and justness of her claims.

The outlook was bleak and dreary when the party left Blaydon on the 29th, and it did not improve much during the continuance of darkness. With the dawn, however, there came many delightful views of the Tyne valley, and many smiling tracts of territory that once formed part of the ancestral domain. Though Dilston was not reached till half-past seven o'clock, the defenders of the venerable castle were reposing in blissful ignorance of the threatened attack. This was fortunate for the assailants; as it enabled them to secure a lodgement without the



DILSTON CASTLE, 1888.

necessity of striking a single blow for their rights. In itself, the crumbling home of the Radcliffes was not much to boast about. As a picturesque feature above the charmingly wooded banks of the Devil's Water, it possessed undoubted claims to attention. As a residence, it left very much to be desired. The basement of the tower had long been used as a cattle fold, and was neither clean nor fragrant. The upper rooms were roofless, windowless, and rendered almost inaccessible by the dilapidation of the staircase. But it was a remnant of the coveted old homestead, and that fact compensated for many deficiencies. After unloading the goods, the stalwart servitors carried them to the ruin, deposited them on the moss-clad flooring of the largest apartment,

and then helped to enthrone their mistress in the snugest corner. With a tarpaulin overhead, and with bundles of hay in the empty window spaces, the keenest of the autumnal blasts were acceptably tempered; but there still remained many rents and crannies through which the rain could penetrate with impunity. In this strange domicile—with the Derwentwater banner fluttering overhead, and the Derwentwater portraits staring like "mute warders" from the walls—the Countess took her place with evident contentment, and prayed, no doubt, for the more complete triumph that the future was expected to bring.

That she had won a famous victory, her ladyship entertained not the remotest shadow of a doubt. This was made manifest by the missives indited to her friends and associates. She had scarcely been installed, indeed, before her reflections on the situation were hastily jotted down—the "first scrawl," as she expresses it, being for the benefit of well-wishers "at the vicarage." In some particulars, the recital is pathetic enough, and her allusions to the "plasterless walls," the "death-like repose," and the "associations of this lone, lone, hearth," are introduced with considerable power and effectiveness. It is with something akin to exultation that she proclaims the fact that "Radcliffe's flag is once more raised"; but the jubilation is replaced by a tone of pitiful sadness when she speaks of the destruction that ambitious princes have wrought in the homes and hopes of their people. Bitter denunciation of her foes, appeals to heaven for succour, and tearful expressions of womanly weakness, all find an outlet in this first moment of success, and they cannot be read even yet without feelings of the deepest interest.

The Countess had not been many hours in residence at Dilston before her claim as either owner or tenant was disputed. Mr. C. G. Grey—the representative of the Greenwich Hospital Commissioners—was not long in discovering that he had secured an uninvited guest, and he became anxious to make himself acquainted with the antecedents



of his visitor. Proceeding to the ruin, he asked for an interview, and the request was promptly granted. In a few minutes he had learned that it was *he*, and not the *lady*, who was an intruder on the Derwent-water domain, and that the Queen was holding 42 estates in the Barony to which she was certainly not entitled. Out came the Countess's documents in support of her assertion, and off went the agent in bewilderment and dismay. Having been made aware of her intentions, Mr. Grey had no alternative but to communicate them to the Admiralty; and, during the respite thus obtained, his tormentor wrote perpetually on the chances of the controversy that had been so "auspiciously" begun. "Under officials" were always ignored by this dignified and punctilious stickler for etiquette. Even judicial luminaries were held in contempt. What she desired more than all else was a personal interview with her Majesty; and this dangerous ambition might have settled the whole difficulty, perhaps, if she had "called at the palace gates" instead of communicating by endless letters.

But though she treated Mr. Grey as a person of very small consequence, the Countess was speedily made familiar with that gentleman's energy and power. Writing to "my dear Augusta," on the 30th of September, she intimates that "a star has darkened" in her earthly horizon. She was, in fact, a prisoner in her own halls. The agent had stopped all egress, and food for the trespasser and her retainers was cut off by "the woodmen, and other sublime monsters," who so jealously guarded the padlocked gates. Though still resolutely defiant, and able to "summon up the courage of a warrior," the lady was doubtful about the endurance of her squires. This circumstance kept her on "tenter hooks." As an evidence of her condition, she wrote:—"I feel weak and ill this morning. I am cold, did not dare to sleep, and feel the want of some warm food. I have no maid with me, and could not ask the meanest peasant girl to share the discomfort of this roofless home, though I hear Mrs. Aiston is very unhappy at being shut out from my misery." Then on the 1st of October there is a lengthy epistle to "my dear and muse Elizabeth," in which she speaks of the gloomy night she has passed through, and the damp and blustering breezes that battled overhead. She felt neither hunger nor cold, however, in consequence of a somewhat peculiar spectacle. As she sat gazing skyward, the branches of the trees kept moving outside, and the reflected light of the moon formed—from the shadows of the leaves—"three most lovely and picturesque figures, which quite illuminated the opposite wall of the room." Comforted by this vision—"which to many," she admits, "would appear foolishness"—she proceeds to deal with other and more business-like aspects of the question. All through her correspondence, at this period, there are references to the pain she endures,

and expressions of gratitude that her "bitter sufferings are hid from the sight of human eye." With her friends turned back, her letters delayed, and her tears mingling with the raindrops that fell from heaven, what wonder that she was interested in the disabled young pigeon which occupies so prominent a position in the picture (p. 169) we have reproduced from her own book! Despite her trials and disappointments, however, the Countess showed no signs of wavering. She had adopted a course which she believed to be right and defensible. The narration of her exploits was being read with astonishment in all parts of the land; and this awakened interest in her claim and in her struggles was well calculated to inspire confidence and satisfaction. Scores of people journeyed to Dilston on the chance of seeing the lady and her stalwart knights. They could gratify their curiosity over projecting straw sheaves and a faded banner; but there was nothing to indicate the hopes and fears that were finding expression behind the shattered walls. Though there were dogged waiters within the tower, and diligent watchers without, neither disputants nor sightseers could do more than hazard a guess as to the ultimate issue of the contest.

But the details of this ultimate issue must be reserved for a second and concluding article.

WILLIAM LONGSTAFF.

The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stokoe.

ROBIN SPRAGGON'S AULD GREY MARE.

WE are indebted for the preservation of this ballad to the late Mr. Fairless, of Hexham, who wrote it down from memory many years ago, and gave it to the Rev. Dr. Bruce, who in his turn has delighted thousands by reciting it at his popular lectures on Northumberland Music. Mr. Fairless was a man of the most kindly disposition, an earnest student of antiquarian lore, a lover of the smallpipes and their music, and an authority upon the customs and folk lore of Hexham and the localities around. The song, sung to the accompaniment of the smallpipes, was a standing favourite at the feasts and gatherings in the neighbourhood named, such as "Fourstones Pansy Cake" and the "Corbridge Plough Nights," which have now either sunk into insignificance or dwindled away altogether. To these meetings people of all degrees used to come, class mingled with class, and friendly sympathies were awakened; and when, in addition to the strains of the smallpipes or the fiddle, some rustic musician was enabled to produce a ballad bearing upon the events of the day, or exposing the

foibles of some of the personages of the district, the merriment of the gathered crowds greatly increased. Of this kind is the ballad respecting "Robin Spraggon's Auld Grey Mare." Felton in Northumberland is the district to which it refers, and it was written over a century ago. The ballad takes the form of the last will and testament of an old mare that seems to have been very badly used in her latter days. The tune to which we have heard it sung is of a much older date than the song, and is found in "The Shepherd's Oracle," by Francis Quarles, 1646, under the title of "Hey! boys, up go we!" It was a great favourite in the North-Country, and we have seen it in several local manuscript music books, from 1694 downwards, under the above-named title, and also under that of "The Clean Contrary Way." It will also be found in some of the ballad operas of the early part of last century.

The Mil-ler of O-gle bred me, as
I have heard them say, And gal-lant-ly he
fed me with the best of corn and hay,
For meal and malt I want-ed not when
in his cus-to-dy, But now I'm
Robin Sprag-gon's auld grey mare, as
how he's guid-ed me - -

Sometimes he took his gowpins, sometimes he took his hat,
Sometimes he took the mouter dish to where the toll was put;
For meal and malt I wanted not when in his custody,
But now I'm Robin Spraggon's auld grey mare, as how he's guided me!

Spraggon sets the pads upon my back sae early in the morn,
And rides me down to Felton without either hay or corn;
When a' the rest get hay enough there's now never a bite for me,
For I'm Robin Spraggon's auld grey mare, as how he's guided me!

Our thrifty dame, Mally, she rises soon at morn,
She goes and tells the master I'm pulling up the corn;
He clicks up the oxen gad and sair belabours me,
For I'm Robin Spraggon's auld grey mare, as how he's guided me!

When aa loup the dyke, to Pepperhaugh they hound me back again,
For a' the dogs of Pepperhaugh sae weel they do me ken;
They run me to the lairy bog and round about the lea,
For I'm Robin Spraggon's auld grey mare, as how he's guided me!

There's Tallyho Trevillian, he hunts upon the hill,
I'll leave to him my carcass to be his dogs a fill,
To make them hunt sly Renny until the day they dee,
For I'm Robin Spraggon's auld grey mare, as how he's guided me!

There's fussy parson Olivant, his coat is growing thin,
I'll leave to him my battered hide to roll him cosy in,
To keep him warm in winter, as oft it has done me,
For I'm Robin Spraggon's auld grey mare, as how he's guided me!

Then there's sturdy Willy Hemley is a ploughman good and true,
I'll leave to him my hind legs to be stilts unto his plough,
To be stilts unto his plough, my lads, for he's often riving lea;
For I'm Robin Spraggon's auld grey mare, as how he's guided me!

There's canty Matthew Arkley, whiles works about the dykes,
I'll leave to him my small bags to be a pair of pipes,
To play the lasses merry tunes, to make them dance wi' glee,
For I'm Robin Spraggon's auld grey mare, as how he's guided me!

There's blythsome Tibby Richison, she is a bonny lass;
The water trough, where oft aa drank, may serve as a keeking glass,
To see to set her pinner straight, as oft it stands a-glee,
For I'm Robin Spraggon's auld grey mare, as how he's guided me!

Then there's doughty Tom, the blacksmith, set the shoes upon my heel,
I'll leave to him my other bones to grind to havermeal,
To grind to havermeal, my lads, I think they've all a share,
For I'm Robin Spraggon's auld grey mare, and I can leave ne mair!

And as for Robin Spraggon, I've left him not a plack,
For many a time he's spurred my sides, and sore he's licked my back;
But, worst of all, he pinched my waim, which caused me to dee,
I was Robin Spraggon's hungered jade, and ill he used me.

James Clephan.

AN old and esteemed journalist and antiquary, Mr. James Clephan, many of whose quaint and thoughtful productions have adorned the pages of the *Monthly Chronicle*, died in Newcastle on Feb. 25, 1888. His somewhat short stature and round-set shoulders, coupled with an invariably serene and complacent countenance, had rendered Mr. Clephan a familiar figure in Newcastle and Gateshead for more than half a century.

Mr. Clephan was born at Monkwearmouth Shore, Sunderland, on March 17th, 1805, so that he had nearly completed the advanced age of 83 years. Like so many other journalists of the olden time, Mr. Clephan commenced his career as a printer. It was, we believe, at Stockton-on-Tees that he served his apprenticeship; and, as was

customary in those days, he acquired a knowledge of the cognate branches of bookbinding and bookselling. Thoroughly master of the combined professions, he proceeded to Edinburgh, and succeeded in finding employment as a compositor in the establishment of Mr. Archibald Constable, one of the leading printers in that city. Here it was that the earliest novels of Sir Walter Scott, which have so long fascinated readers in all parts of the world, were first put in type, and it was Mr. Clephan's privilege to assist in that agreeable work. From his youth an extensive reader and thoughtful



student, he had laid up a large and varied store of information, to which, as the result of close observation, he added a general knowledge of the world and of men. In this way he fully qualified himself for the higher sphere at which he aimed; and, abandoning the compositor's case, he accepted, in the course of time, a position on the editorial staff of a paper in Leicester, with which town he was connected by a family tie.

In his new vocation he gave the highest satisfaction to his employers; but a vacancy presenting itself in the editorship of the *Gateshead Observer*, he was offered and accepted that post. He thus returned once more to his native county. This was about the end of 1837 or beginning of 1838; and, there being then no access to the North by railway, Mr. Clephan, as he himself has often narrated, made his first entry into Gateshead upon the old "Times" coach. He was not long in making his mark in his new sphere. By the proprietor, the late Mr. W. H. Brockett, he had been installed as sole master of the situation; and with its short leaders and pithy paragraphs the *Gateshead Observer* soon earned far more than a local reputation. No paper was more frequently quoted by its contemporaries, both at home and abroad; and the well-directed but never-wounding wit with which the general matter was interspersed, and for which the reader was prepared by the familiar typographical index

list, sometimes secured for it the soubriquet of the local *Punch*.

Amid his numerous professional engagements, Mr. Clephan did not forget his responsibilities as a citizen; and with several movements, having for their object the amelioration of his fellow-townsmen, he prominently identified himself. Great, however, as was the mental and physical energy which he brought to the discharge of his multiform and arduous duties, the long-continued strain of years began to tell their tale. Paradoxical, too, as to some it may appear, the era of daily papers, which dawned about 1858, increased rather than diminished the work of the old weeklies. It was, consequently, no matter for wonder or surprise that, about the beginning of 1860, and after a continuous application of two-and-twenty years, the editor of the *Gateshead Observer* began to show signs of bodily weariness and fatigue, though happily his mental powers remained unimpaired. Wise in time, he tendered his resignation of the post which he had so much adorned, and resolved to seek recovery in a period of temporary retirement.

It was natural that on such an occasion the services of so useful and zealous a public servant should not go unrecognised or unrewarded; and accordingly a movement was initiated by what was known as the Northumberland and Durham Press Club, of which he was president, with a view of presenting him with a parting testimonial. To the appeal put forth by Mr. Samuel Charlesworth, the secretary, then editor of the *Newcastle Courant*, a ready and generous response was rendered; and the presentation took place at a pleasant social gathering held in the Mechanics' Institute, Gateshead. The substantial expression of esteem and good-will consisted of a cheque for £250 and a silver inkstand; and as the subscription list represented, in about equal proportions, both sides of the Tyne, the two-fold gift was, by a happy arrangement, presented by the late Alderman Blackwell and Alderman George Crawshaw, the Mayors of Newcastle and Gateshead, respectively, for the time being.

Rest and retirement had the wished-for effect, and, with a full restoration to health, there was manifested a longing to return to that work which he loved so well. By the end of 1861 the public were once more reaping the benefit of Mr. Clephan's pleasing and familiar pen. It was through the medium of the *Newcastle Chronicle* that he now buckled on his professional armour. During many subsequent years he was a regular contributor to the daily issue of that journal. But about twelve or thirteen years ago, he began gradually to loosen, and at length finally severed, the link which bound him to the *Daily Chronicle*. To the columns of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, however, he contributed "Leaves for the Local Historian," besides many other articles on quaint and out-of-the-way subjects. And so he continued to write

regularly for that paper until about six years ago, when he withdrew almost entirely from journalistic life.

But even in his retirement Mr. Clephan was far from idle. With a varied and well-stocked library of his own, he never was at a loss to find occupation for his learned leisure; and his store of information he often supplemented by recourse to the rich resources of the Literary and Philosophical Society, of which he had for so long a period been an active member and office-bearer, and to which, while health and strength permitted, he was an almost daily visitor. Occasional poems were printed for distribution among his friends. Moreover, he supplied numerous papers to the official publications of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries. Not a few articles from his pen have also appeared in the *Monthly Chronicle* during the [past year: others in due course will be rescued from undeserved obscurity. In all that he wrote, Mr. Clephan aimed at scrupulous exactness; and no effort or trouble did he esteem too great to attain that end. Like Dr. Wendell Holmes, "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," he was "a very particular person" about having all that he wrote printed as he penned it. He required to see a proof, a revise, a re-revise, and, if necessary, a double re-revise, so that the utmost accuracy might be secured.

Mr. Clephan was married in 1832 to Miss Jane Pringle, of Stockton; but this lady died as far back as 1849, leaving no children.

The private and social virtues of Mr. Clephan those who knew him most intimately and best will long remember and cherish. He had the rather rare knack of suiting himself to the society of all with whom he was brought into contact; and it was almost impossible to be in his company for any length of time without being infected by the genial and cheerful disposition of which he was invariably the happy possessor.

The remains of the honoured old journalist were interred in Jesmond Cemetery, when a very large number of literary and other friends from near and far attended to pay their last respects to one of the worthiest men that ever trod the streets of Newcastle.

The Grieves of Alnwick.

MR. GEORGE TATE, in his "History of Alnwick," says:—"Not being a Parliamentary borough, Alnwick had not that intense selfish interest in politics which small corporations usually felt, where freemen's votes could be bought in the market; yet there was a pretty large number of a better class of voters—freeholders—living in the town, who were entitled to vote for members of the county; and Alnwick being, moreover, the town where the poll was taken for the whole county,

it became a scene of uproar and commotion—drinking and wild extravagance—when a contested election occurred." The self-elected Four-and-Twenty naturally entered keenly into all such contests; and Mr. Tate gives us, in sundry parts of his work, somewhat full and particular accounts of the unseemly squabbles which took place from time to time.

The Grieves, an important though not numerous family that flourished in Alnwick for upwards of a century, furnished more than one member who, in a comparatively narrow sphere, emulated in spirit and act the leaders of the Long Parliament. The first of the family on record we find to be Ralph Grieve, who was admitted to the Fellowship of Merchants in 1667. He seems, however, to have been a scrivener, for he was employed professionally by the Corporation to draft the conveyance of several closes of land, part of the Town Moor, to the extent of about forty acres, to the chamberlains (virtually aldermen) for the time being, their heirs and assigns for ever; and for this service he charged and was paid the moderate sum of eight shillings.

Old Ralph had several sons, of whom one, Richard, was an attorney like his father, and a notable and influential man in the town. He lived in a large house in Fenkle Street, which is now the Star Inn. He either inherited or acquired by purchase the estates of Swarland and Swansfield, as well as several houses in Alnwick; and he bought from the family of Archbold, of Cawledge Park, certain lands known as St. Thomas's lands, which had belonged in the olden time to Alnwick Abbey. In the election of 1748, when Lord Ossulston and Lancelot Allgood were candidates to fill the place made vacant by the death of John Fenwick—Ossulston being the Whig and Allgood the Tory—Mr. Grieve, who was a Whig in principle, acted as Lord Ossulston's chief election agent. But the sympathies of the majority of the Four-and-Twenty were strongly in favour of the Tory candidate, and they did not hesitate to adopt extraordinary measures to promote his interests. The poll was taken on the 18th, 19th, 20th, 23rd, and 24th days of February; but while keen canvassing was going on, and the note of preparation heard for the struggle, the Four-and-Twenty met on the 4th of February and passed resolutions to aid the cause of Allgood. Suspecting, according to their own account, that several persons intended to vote who were not legally qualified, they ordered five of their number to view the freeholds of such disputed persons, estimate their value, and report the same to another meeting. At the same time they determined that Mr. Allgood's party should have the sole use of the Town Hall and the rooms adjoining during the election. These measures, however, were not carried unanimously, only fourteen names being signed to the order. One bold man there was at the meeting—Richard Grieve—who set the majority at defiance, and who told

them that he would mob them and take the Town Hall by force. The Four-and-Twenty accordingly prepared for war; but though they strengthened their defences by procuring a cross-bar for the Tolbooth, Grieve carried his threat into effect. On the morning of the election, at the head of a party of Ossulston's friends, armed with bludgeons, he attacked Allgood's party, and after a desperate struggle and some bloodshed drove them out of the Town Hall. The sheriff, at the close of the poll, made return of a majority of twenty-six for Lord Ossulston; but the opposite party petitioned against his ruling, on the ground that he had rejected twenty-six of Allgood's votes in an arbitrary manner; and Lord Ossulston, probably aware that this was quite true, did not appear to answer the petition, wherefore the House of Commons decided that Lancelot Allgood was duly elected. But, as a contemporary critic observed, "the rogue of a sheriff got off scot free." "Great joy," says Mr. Tate, "filled the corporate bosom when their cause triumphed, and it found expression, as was usual, in jollification; the Town Hall was illuminated, and they squandered away £8 15s. 6d. for punch and ale to themselves, and £5 4s. for ale given to the populace." The conduct of Richard Grieve could not be overlooked. The Four-and-Twenty met two days after the election, and pronounced a crushing sentence upon him, to the effect that his conduct had been "partial and villainous, and in defiance of all ties, both human and divine," so as to render him unfit to be a member of society. They therefore disfranchised him, and declared his seat in the Common Council vacant; and, not content with this, they ordered a suit to be entered against him, "touching the want of repairs at the Far Moor House Farm," which he occupied as a tenant.

Richard Grieve married Elizabeth Davidson, and died in 1765, aged 84 years. His eldest son, Davidson Richard, to whom he left Swarland, Swansfield, and other property, resided at Swarland, and died there in 1793. George, the younger son, who was born at Alnwick on the 9th of March, 1748, inherited part of the Alnwick property left by his father, and lived for some time at Swansfield. He was a prominent actor on the Liberal side, both in corporation and county affairs. At the great Parliamentary contest in 1774, he was one of the leading personages. The most notable man on the other side was Mr. Collingwood Forster, who was steward of the baronial courts, and chief electioneering agent of Lord Percy and his colleague. The gentry of the county were willing enough that Algernon Percy, eldest son of the Duke of Northumberland, then a young man travelling abroad for the sake of his health, should be one of their representatives, but they claimed the privilege of choosing the other, and they were indignant when, contrary to arrangement, Sir John Delaval, who had, while in Parliament, supported the duke's views,

was brought forward in conjunction with Lord Percy. At a county meeting held at Morpeth on July 26th, 1774, George Grieve was the principal orator, and he boldly charged the chief of the opposite party with broken faith and illegal interference. By a large majority, Sir William Middleton and William Fenwick were declared fit representatives of the county. So spoke the popular voice; but both parties went to the poll, and for thirteen days Alnwick was the scene of wild contention, which resulted in the election of Percy and Middleton, Sir John Delaval polling within 16 of Sir William Middleton, and Fenwick being at the bottom.

When George Grieve applied for his freedom in 1769, the wrath of the Four-and-Twenty against the father had not yet grown cool, for he was refused admission to the freelege, on the plea that Richard, his father, was disfranchised upwards of twenty years before. But George sought legal redress, and obtained it too. In the end, the Four-and-Twenty had to pay, besides their own expenses, £104 7s. 3d., the taxed costs of their opponent. Mr. Collingwood Forster, the duke's agent, had stoutly opposed the Grieves, both father and son, when they were vindicating their alleged rights. But the time came when George Grieve had his full revenge. The Four-and-Twenty had, in a very irregular manner, rewarded Forster by giving to him and his heirs what they had no right to alienate—three acres and twelve perches of land, part of Alnwick Moor, which was thenceforward known as Forster's Close. This land was enjoyed by Forster and his descendants during sixteen years; but when George Grieve took up his freedom in 1772, after he had gained his case, and rode the boundary of the moor on St. Mark's Day, he, along with other young freemen, broke gaps in the close and rode round it as parcel of the common. The fence, indeed, still remained, and George was far from satisfied to let it do so. So, on the 21st of October, 1778, he invited the freemen to meet him in the Town Hall, and it was then resolved to remove the fence entirely. Accordingly, on the following day, George Grieve, aided by numbers of the freemen, effectually pulled it down, and restored Forster's Close or Intake to the common.

Subsequently, however, falling into pecuniary difficulties, George Grieve sold his share of the Alnwick lands, and went abroad, about the year 1780. He had been a great admirer of John Wilkes, and a strenuous asserter of the principle of civil and religious liberty, as subsequently formulated by the founders of the association called Friends of the People. Disgusted with the turn which public affairs took, and firmly persuaded that Britain was in a rapid and hopeless decline, Grieve found his way across the Atlantic, where the thirteen British-American provinces had declared themselves "free, sovereign, and independent." Here he became a citizen of the United States, and formed an acquaintance with Franklin,

Jefferson, and Paine, who held opinions similar to his own. After a residence of some years in America, where he seems to have, at least partly, supported himself by the execution of literary work, he returned to Europe, and found his way to Paris, about the time of the conclusion of the Peace of Versailles. He became a member of the Jacobin Club; he was on intimate terms with Marat, whom he had possibly met at Newcastle; and he held friendly intercourse with Robespierre, Couthon, and St. Just, the three chief actors in the Reign of Terror.

Grieve's career in France has been sketched by the author of an article on "English Actors in the French Revolution"—understood to be Mr. J. W. Alger, a journalist connected with the Paris office of the *Times*—published in the *Edinburgh Review* for October, 1887. The writer says:—

There is no trace of Grieve's activity till 1792, when he took up his quarters at an inn at Louveciennes, the hamlet inhabited by Madame du Barry. Here he formed a club, which, the lady being in England in quest of her stolen jewels, audaciously met in her drawing-room. Her Hindoo servant Zamore, whom she had brought up, had stood sponsor to, and had named after one of Voltaire's tragedies, proved unfaithful. She had loaded him with kindness, and as a boy he used, dressed like Cupid, to hold a parasol over her as she went to meet Louis XV. in the garden; but Grieve wormed all her secrets out of him, got an order for seals to be placed on her property, and placed her name at the head of a list of persons to be arrested.

The power of the municipality to make arrests was, however, questioned, and for seven months Madame du Barry remained free, though in perpetual anxiety. On July 1, 1793, Grieve escorted the municipality to the bar of the Convention, vehemently denounced her, and obtained authority to apprehend her; but a petition from the villagers, who had profited by her residence, procured her release. Thereupon Grieve issued a pamphlet describing her luxurious life, and holding her up to odium as a conspirator. He signed himself "Man of Letters, Officious, Defender of the Brave Sansculottes of Louveciennes, Friend of Franklin and Marat, Factious (*factieux*) and Anarchist of the First Water, and Disorganiser of Despotism for Twenty Years in Both Hemispheres." Madame du Barry, who had already dismissed one treacherous servant, now dismissed Zamore also. In September, Grieve secured a fresh warrant against her, and singularly enough rode part of the way to Paris in the hackney carriage with her. What passed between them is a mystery. Was he enamoured of her, and repelled with horror, or did he offer life and liberty if she disgorged? In any case it is strange that Madame du Barry, whose last lover but one had been an Englishman—Henry Seymour, nephew of the Duke of Somerset, the Sunday evening dancing in whose park at Prunay was remembered by old women still living in 1870—should have been hunted to death by another Englishman. The inhabitants again petitioned for her liberation, but this time in vain. Grieve superintended the search for jewels concealed in dunghoops, and got up the case against her. His manuscripts, still preserved at the National Archives, are in irreproachable French. Not merely did he collect evidence, but he was himself a witness, and had it not been for his relentless persecution it seems likely that she would have been left unmolested.

Grieve was to have dined with Marat on the very day of his assassination, and he unwarrantably denounced the Jacobin ex-priest Roux as Charlotte Corday's accomplice, on the ground of having met him at Marat's house and seen him "look furious"; but this denunciation had no effect. He is said, however, to have boasted that he had brought seventeen persons to the guillotine. If the

vaunt was true, it can only be hoped that his reason was temporarily impaired. Five months after Robespierre's fall, he was arrested at Amiens and taken to Versailles, where twenty-two depositions were given against him; but on unknown grounds the prosecution was stopped. His tool and confederate Zamore, also arrested after Robespierre's fall, but said to have been released on Grieve's representations, lived, morose, miserable, and a vilifier of his benefactress, till 1820.

Flying from France in 1795, Grieve made his way back to the United States. He was residing in Alexandria, in Virginia, in the following year, and there he seems to have employed part of his time in translating into English the "Travels in North America" of the Marquis de Chastellux, a work of very great interest, giving a deal of information relative to the state of the British colonies during the Revolutionary War, but which, unknown to him, had already been done into English, in 1787, by one John Kent. It has been said by a careless writer that Grieve "came over to England in order to assist Jack the Painter in firing the arsenals of his native country"; but Jack was hung in chains at Portsmouth Dock gate on the 10th of March, 1778, which was about two years before Grieve left England for France. After a residence of a year or two in America, George Grieve came back to Europe, and, though there is some uncertainty as to his movements, it has been ascertained that he settled definitely in Brussels, where he continued to reside till the day of his death—February 23, 1809—at the age of 61.

Peggy Potts.

MRS. MARGARET POTTS, better known as "Peggy Potts," who, for many years, was one of the principal public characters of the town of Sunderland, died on Sunday, the 10th October, 1875, in a house in Aikenhead Square, on the Low Quay, aged eighty-six. So at least says her obituary in the local paper; but it is commonly believed that she died in the workhouse. Peggy was a true "daughter of the soil," for she had lived in the town all her life. Her maiden name was Havelock, and she was second cousin to the celebrated General Havelock, the hero of Lucknow, her father—a sailor, and afterwards a fisherman—having been full cousin to the general's father. Peggy's husband, who predeceased her by several years, was likewise a fisherman, and latterly a pilot, and he had the reputation of being a somewhat lazy fellow, who was glad to supplement his gains by those of his more energetic wife. However this may have been, Peggy managed to make a "good fend" for herself. That she was eccentric goes without saying, as the phrase is; but her eccentricity took a practical turn, which not only furthered her own ends in making a livelihood, but made her a universal favourite wherever she went. She was wonderfully ready-witted; and her command of the

Sunderland vernacular, which she never dreamt of spoiling by any sort of refinement, was so perfect as to give a zest to every word she uttered.

Those who knew Peggy in her youth testified that she was a very handsome, well-favoured, buxom lass; and she retained to the last the traces of having been so. She was of middle stature, and rather stout. Her dress latterly, when attending to her usual vocation, was a blue bedgown, a flannel petticoat of the same colour, an old-fashioned black silk bonnet that set off her comely face to advantage, a silk handkerchief round her neck, and a snow white apron. She was always remarkably clean—"as clean as a pin."

For many years she made a living by selling fish and other things, and for some time she had a small shop in the Market, where, on Saturdays, she sold cheese. Her

custom was to go to the wholesale establishment of Messrs. Joshua Wilson and Brothers, and there buy a quantity of stale cheese, which they let her have at a very cheap rate, as they could not sell it to their regular customers, though it was often of the finest and richest quality. This cheese she would sell at 4d. per pound when it was selling at 10d. in the shops, and good "peg" cheese she would let her friends have for 2d. per pound. One day a friend of the writer's went to her stall, when she addressed him thus:—"Noo, then, hoo are ye the mornin'?" The reply being, "I am very bad i' my stomach," she instantly rejoined, "Eat a bit rotten cheese, hunny. Aa had a bit mesel this mornin', an' aa'm nicely noo. Thor's nowt like a bit o' rotten cheese for mendin' the stomach."

In the old palmy days of contraband trade, Peggy is



Peggy Potts

Bill's B

said to have turned over hundreds of pounds in the smuggling line. She had her regular customers whom she supplied with goods that had never paid toll to the Imperial Revenue; and no one could more deftly than Peggy outwit the custom-house officers, however keen on the scent. Also, when contraband stuff was not forthcoming, Peggy would go to old Solomon Chapman's and get a temporary supply (of course along with a permit), and go round and dispose of it as smuggled.

Once upon a time, when she was tramping into the country with a small keg of whisky to serve a friend, she was met by an officer, who, guessing what it was she carried, made her turn back, meaning to take her before his superiors. She went along quietly for a good way, when she begged the officer to walk forward a bit. He did so. No sooner was his back turned than she emptied the keg, re-filled it with water, and walked on quickly with it after the officer, on reaching whom she transferred it to his custody, telling him she was tired of carrying it. On arriving at the custom-house, the keg was found to contain nothing but the pure element. The laugh was turned against the officer, and Peggy came off chuckling.

Another time, when there was an uncommon scarcity of fish, owing to a continuance of rough weather preventing the fishermen from getting to sea, Peggy was passing along the sands in company with a friend, when they found a dead codling which had been washed off the rocks. She eagerly seized on it as a prize, and said she would make a good penny out of it. "Why, it's not fresh," said her friend. "That's nowt," replied Peggy;

"aa'll tyek it up to General Beckwith's, an' the hoose-keeper 'll jump at it. The cyuk can syeun makk't aall reet." So saying, she lost no time in walking up to Silksworth, only calling at a butcher's shop by the way, and daubing over the gills with blood, so as to give it a fresh look. The bait took, and Peggy pocketed a good price.

Peggy's ready wit was unailing. It was truly redolent of the place. Once in a rencontre with the late Mr. David Johnsson, when he treated her rather gruffly, she told him very sententiously that "London was ruled by Jarmins, and Sunderland by Jews, but still they were not to forget that they wor foreigners!"

A story is current that she once got into trouble through imputing incontinency to a woman of quality for which she was served with a citation from the Consistory Court of the Bishop of Durham, which she not only treated with contempt, but actually burnt. These ecclesiastical courts, however, were not to be defied with impunity, and Peggy, so it is said, was forthwith delivered over to the secular arm, lying for eighteen weeks in Durham Gaol, until released by the interposition of the good Rector Grey, whose memory is still green in Sunderland for his many acts of charity and mercy.

On the Saturday after the death of Henry Esmond, a well-known street preacher, who was a hunchbacked little man, with legs seemingly too long for his body, Peggy, meeting with an acquaintance, a member of the Methodist body, broke out characteristically with—"Thoo'll hev hard o' powr Henry Esmond's death, hunny. Aye, hunny, there'll be a cruickt angel i' hiven



te-day." Her belief in the immediate transmission of idiosyncrasies, both of body and mind, to the regions, whether of bliss or woe, beyond the grave, was as full and implicit as in the existence of the sun and moon.

Peggy had a characteristic way of expressing her dislikes. "Aa've hed a dream," said she once, "a fearfu' dream. Aa thowt aa wes in hell, an' saw Boney there; an' aa wasn't surprised at that. An' aa saw a lot o' mair folks besides him, that aa knaa'd or disna knaa—aall bad rascals; an' aa wasna surprised at that. But aa *was* surprised when aa saw Mr. Peters there!" Mr. Peters was Rector of Sunderland.

On the morning when the news arrived of the death of the Duke of Wellington, Peggy entered the shop of Mr. John Hills, grocer, High Street, when, finding that gentleman absent, she entered into a jocular conversation with the shop assistants. "Aa've some bonny dowters," said she. "Aa wish some o' ye wad come doon an' look at them. Aa'm sure they'll myek good wives, if they only get canny, decent men." While thus speaking, in came Mr. Hills, who was a very sedate, solemn, and strictly religious man. Instantly Peggy changed her tune. "Aa wus just sayin' te yor lads," she observed, "that Satan 'll hev a bonny job in hand te-day. The Dyeuk o' Wellin'ton's deed, an' ne doot gyen doon below; an' what'll be the upshot when he meets wi' Boney? Aa doot the Aad Yen 'll ha' to get iron cyages myed for them, te shut them up in, an' keep them from teerin' each other's thrapples out."

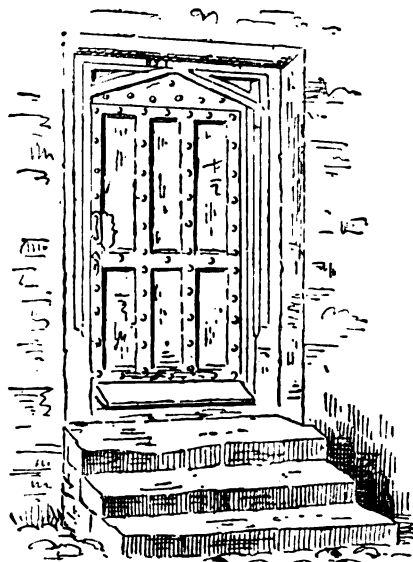
Peggy was an early riser, and never was off her feet from sunrise to sunset. Here is the way in which she used to arouse laggards in cases when, as after a storm on the coast, valuable things were to be had for the picking up—first come first served (the reference is to a man named Billy Peacock, a fishmonger of her acquaintance):—"Billy, get up, ye greet lyeazy beast! What are ye lycin' snoozin' an' snorin' there for? There's coals i' the Bight as big as byesins! Get up, an' take yor share o' them."

She was frequently before the magistrates, but in most cases rather in the character of an informant or witness than as a misdemeanant. Many were the scenes enacted in the police court which derived their chief attraction from her unrestrained self-confidence and mother wit. "What's your husband?" asked Mr. Joseph Simpson (vulgarly called Joe) one day, when she appeared before him. "A pilot," was the answer. "How long has he been a pilot?" "Ever since he was as big as a lobster," shouted Peggy. When a new magistrate came to sit on the bench, Peggy would say, "Aye, Mr. —, hunny, aa knaa'd yor father, an' he *was* a daycent man; the best wish aa can wish ye is that ye may come up te him."

Her name was once taken in vain by the editor of a local paper, who, on the occasion of two solicitors' wives having a quarrel and a match at fisticuffs and eye-

scratching, took the liberty to say the *melée* was "worthy of Peggy Potts." On hearing this, the irate fishwoman hastened to the newspaper office, and demanded to see the editor. "Bring him oot te me," said she, "an' aa'll suen give him a settlin'. The impident rascal, te compare me tiv onny o' yer Brummagum ladies. Aa'll let him knaa whose nyem he's been tyekin liberties wi'. Bring him oot, therecklies." "But he's engaged, Peggy," said the man in the office, "and you cannot see him just now." "Aa must see him, though," replied the virago, "an' see him aa will." "If you mean to prosecute us for a libel," said the clerk, "you should send your attorney." "Them's my 'ornies, sor," shouted Peggy, brandishing her ten fingers, armed with good long nails. But after some further parley, she was sent away pacified, only declaring that she reckoned it a perfect disgrace to be likened to two such upsetting trash as the belligerent solicitors' wives.

Peggy's favourite seat on a fine summer's night was the steps of the Rendezvous, next door to where she lived. Here she knitted stockings and gossiped with her neighbours. This Rendezvous was formerly the quarters of the Press Gang, and the captives used to be conveyed secretly away through passages and stairs in the rear up to the High Street.



Naval Rendezvous, Low Street, Sunderland,
Used by the Press-Gang.

She was naturally very proud of her relationship to General Havelock. Speaking of him she would say:—"Ye knaa he's yen of wor family." When introducing herself to strangers, it was her habit to say she was "Margaret Havelock, cuzzin te the greet general." She was fond of airing her grievances in not having been

rightly treated in respect to pecuniary matters by her blood relations; and she often interviewed the officers at the Barracks for the purpose of detailing, in her characteristic way, the peculiar claims which she thought she had on the consideration of the higher powers. In her old age, she still retained the lines and traces of the beauty of her younger days, and that not without a certain air of determination in her countenance, accompanied, as some one has said, "with a promptness, decision, and energy in her actions which might serve to help those who saw the Havelock in a bed-gown and blue skirt to form some idea of the Havelock in tartan trews."

The Sunderland lads used to annoy the old lady in her latter years by shouting after her—

Peggy Potts sent to jail,
Selling fish without a tail.

Holding up a large gully to her tormentors, Peggy would exclaim—"If aa ony could catch ye, aa wad cut yer throat frae ear te ear, ye scoundrela."

Peggy was a great favourite with the distinguished strangers who visited Sunderland from time to time, as well as with the most respectable of the town's folks, who were uniformly courteous and kind to her, and most of whom could enter heartily into the humour of the genial old woman. George Hudson, the Railway King, might be seen walking arm-in-arm with her at election times; and she was always one of the foremost women in Sunderland to take off the men's shoes on Easter Monday. The following paragraph, cut from an old *Sunderland Times*, will illustrate this curious custom:—"The fisherwomen of Sunderland, having ascertained that Mr. Hudson would arrive at Sunderland on Easter Monday, determined that the hon. member should 'pay for his shoes'; and accordingly a party of them proceeded to Brockley Whins, where, on the hon. gentleman changing carriages, he was at once pounced upon, and told that he could not enter the railway carriage until he had complied with the ancient custom. Having done so with his accustomed munificence (50s.), he was allowed to proceed. On his arrival at Monkwearmouth, another batch, headed by the redoubtable Peggy Potts, not aware that they had been outwitted, were found in waiting; and, much disappointed, gave vent to loud denunciations at being so cleverly 'done' by the nine adroit members of the sisterhood of fisherwomen who had proceeded to Brockley Whins, and who, we must not omit to mention, rode home in first-class carriages, highly elated with their success."

A few years before her death, Peggy was removed to the workhouse. She was very indignant that the Queen should let the cousin of General Havelock go to such a place. The matron of the workhouse, in assigning her a dormitory, had to place her in the bed next the door, the room being full; and Peggy complained bitterly next day of the draught she felt, and demanded to have her bed changed. But when the matron pointed out the state of

the case, and asked her, "Whose bed must I take to put you in?" the poor woman saw the force of the appeal, and resigned herself to her fate.

One day, a well-known doctor in the town met Peggy when she had got leave to be out, and she began to entertain him with heavy complaints as to the hardships of workhouse life. And on his manifesting some impatience to get away, she said: "Oh, doctor, hunny, could thoo give us thrippence to get a little bit o' tea; for tea, thoo knaas, is the staff o' life to a poor aad body like me." The money was, of course, freely disbursed, and the doctor proceeded to make his calls. But, on his return, he saw Peggy coming out of a public-house. "Ah, Peggy," said he, "I thought you told me that tea was the staff of life." "Wey, se it is, hunny," answered Peggy, "but thoo knaas whisky's life itsel."

A clever young Sunderland artist—Mr. J. Gillis Brown, jun.—has contributed the sketches which accompany this article. WILLIAM BROCKIE.

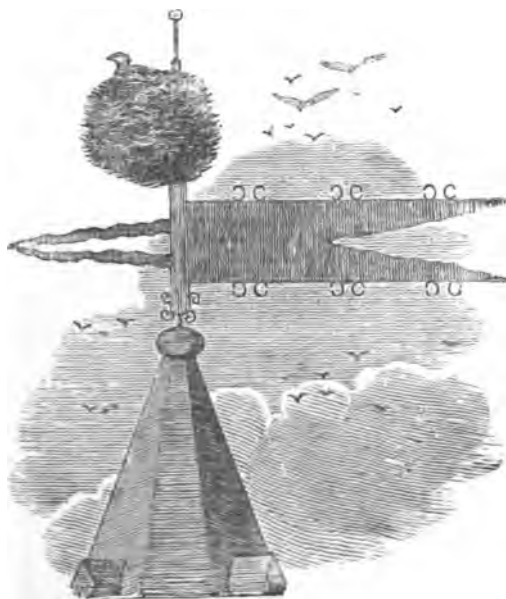
Crows in Newcastle.

By the late James Clephan.

MR. JOHN HANCOCK, in his "Catalogue of the Birds of Northumberland and Durham," discourses through several pages on that dark-plumed family, the *Corvidæ*:—(1.) The Raven, though still a resident in the two counties, is nearly banished. Newcastle knows it no more. Yet "in the latter part of the last century a raven annually built in the steeple of St. Nicholas' Church." (2.) The Carrion Crow "is rapidly disappearing under the persecution of the game preservers"; to whom Mr. Hancock "earnestly recommends the perusal of the article on this crow in Waterton's *Essays on Natural History*." (3.) Its close cousin, the Hooded Crow, with which it often breeds, is "a common visitant"; "seen everywhere in October; most frequently on our sea-shores, and by the margin of our rivers." (4.) The Rook, once frequent in Newcastle, still breathes his familiar note in the open country around; as, for example, at Benwell, on our very verge. "There is scarcely anywhere a well-wooded domain in the two counties without its rookery. Indeed, it almost seems that this resident species is increasing since its natural check, the larger birds of prey, have been removed. Some years ago, there were three or four rookeries in Newcastle." One, namely, in the Close, near the end of Tyne Bridge, over against the Redheugh rookery beyond the river; another in Vicar's Garden, Westgate Street; a third in Percy Street, whose site is still called the Crow Trees; and a fourth within the railed enclosure of St. Thomas's Church; to all of which we shall give due attention in the course

of this article. (5.) The Jackdaw, "a very common resident" in Northumberland and Durham. "Up to the time of the reparation of St. Nicholas', Newcastle, 1867, numerous jackdaws built their nests regularly, year after year, in that structure. A pair or two rear their young in the steeple of the Scotch Church in Blckett Street."

The quaint Exchange on the Sandhill of Newcastle, designed and erected by Robert Trollope in the latter days of the Commonwealth, to which we now direct our notice, had a tower and spire, surmounted by a vane or weathercock, fixed to a hollow tube, and revolving round a rod rising out of the pointed stone work. At each end of the tube was an ornamented scroll of iron, stretching out on every side. Nearer to the Tyne Bridge than the Exchange, stood the ancient church of St. Thomas; and at the opposite (or western) side were "Captain Stevenson's trees," with the colony of crows alluded to by Mr. Hancock in his Catalogue—a populous rookery. The sable folk dwelt together in unity in the main. Occasionally, however, they had their contentions and controversies. They ruffled their feathers and exalted their voices. Divisions arose which could not be healed; ringleaders were expelled or seceded; and in the year 1783, when one of these quarrels ran high, two of the number, with the world before them, gave eccentric preference to the pinnacle of the Exchange, the



nearest similitude of a tree that was at hand. Not, however, on the summit of the rod, as depicted in some local engravings, but round the moving pipe, as shown by the careful annalist Sykes, they

attempted the building of a nest, with the topmost scroll as their support-in-chief. Their late companions were hostile to the enterprise. All the arts of obstruction were resorted to against the outlaws. The half-finished work was sometimes wrecked by the active enemy. But the experiment was always resumed, and it prospered in the end. On the fanciful tracery fashioned by the smith on his anvil, which served the builders as a base, they laid their foundation; "spars and rafters whose ends rested upon each other, and then others upon them, but somewhat longer, especially on the side of the tube directly opposite to the vane, which was intended to contain the body of the nest, then smaller pieces interwoven therewith, and these wattled together pretty tightly round the tube, so that the nest turned round with the vane; and, let the wind blow from whatever quarter, it was continually direct against the nest, still supported on the opposite side by the spire and tube, so that the wind could never discompose it or blow it down, unless it had blown down the vane, and perhaps the pinnacle also."

It was in the month of March, 1783, that this triumph was achieved. Eggs were soon laid and hatched; a little family was reared; and there was now a second rookery at the end of Tyne Bridge. But what became of the brood? There was but one nest on the Exchange; and either the youngsters must have been welcomed to Captain Stevenson's trees, or have gone farther afield.

Hexham Abbey, to which we digress for a moment, has its rookery:—

See where the daws above the clock
Wheel circling round! and now alights
Upon the topmost of the heights
The Wilfrid of the sable flock.

The jackdaws have also solitary nests in Hexham town, whose young ones are in due season admonished to depart; and if the hint be not taken at once, they are unceremoniously tumbled into space; whereupon they wing their way to the hospitable church, and enrol themselves in the general ranks. The same process went on, perchance, on the Sandhill and at the Bridge End.

Preparations were made for a second adventure in 1784. It was a failure. The parent stock were this time successful in their resistance. Gathering in arms against the innovation, the newfangled roundabout was suppressed. It was not to be endured, and all attempts to renew it were in 1784 defeated. The outlaws found themselves houseless. What became of them for the remainder of the year is a blank. There is no record. But in 1785 they were proudly wheeling round the weathercock again, achieving the object of their ambition. They were housed about the spire at the time of the Vernal Equinox; and the discovery was made, on Friday, April 22, "that their nest had young ones in it, and the crows were bringing food to them with the greatest industry." There was also another nestful in 1786—a sore trial to the legitimate rookery. A campaign

was now organised to prevent the hatching of crows on weathercocks. The enemy took the air betimes in 1787. Battle was given to the lawless outcasts; and it went against the tyrant majority. The brave pair won. The nest was completed by the 31st of March, "notwithstanding the very violent opposition its architects had met with from the envy and rapacity of their neighbours."

In 1789, the Rev. John Brand, with his invaluable quartoes, plays his part with the newspapers in noting the nest of the lonely rookery over the Exchange. It was tenanted, as he states, in 1788; and he remarks that "the same crows, as it was thought," had been year by year the builders—a surmise which must be left, of course, an open question. "The novelty of the spectacle drew at first," as a paragraph of the time bears witness, "thousands of spectators, some of whom imagined it portentous," though what the omen foreshadowed is left in darkness. At last the omen, mean what it might, wore out. The singular experiment, the subject of so much excitement in Captain Stevenson's plantation, came to an end. With much heat and violence the crows had unsuccessfully conspired together to put it down, and it died away of itself, like so many other things in this world that we worry ourselves about, when, if we would let them alone, they would depart in peace.

The exact circumstances under which the spectacle on the spire became extinct are not to be recovered. A correspondent of Sykes, after describing the first building of the nest in 1783, goes on to say:—"It was remarked that in the succeeding year there was a severe storm of frost and snow, when the Tyne was three times frozen over in one winter (a circumstance not before remembered by the oldest person living), during which the crows had a comfortable habitation; and, having prolonged their residence for some years, they all of a sudden, without any visible cause or molestation, quitted their wonderful building, and never resorted to it again. A short time subsequent to their departure, the Exchange took fire, which, had they remained, might probably have destroyed them, as well as their curious erection." Elsewhere we read that, "the year before the steeple gave way through age, they quitted their dangerous position." Conceive the congratulations that ran from tree to tree in the rookery, when the rumour came that the spire was failing because of years and infirmity, and the unlawful game was up!—that the rebels were in jeopardy by rickettiness—in peril of wreck, unless they discovered that their perch was not nestworthy!

Some years ago, on the Marsden coast, a tree was forsaken by rooks, with no apparent cause. Their landlord, an ardent naturalist, regretted their flight, and perplexed himself for an explanation. It came to him after not many days. A storm broke over his

domain; the forsaken tree was thrown down by the wind; it was rotten at the core, and could not withstand the blast. The branches on which the birds had built were found to be untrustworthy—their strength and stability gone. His tenants had betaken themselves to a tree more secure. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good." The storm had thrown down to his feet the solution of the problem that had puzzled him.

Before quitting the Exchange and its crows, the reader may be glad to have one of the tales of the time to which they gave rise. There is a story in the *Newcastle Chronicle* of April 19, 1783, when the brave builders were nursing their first brood. Two travellers were coming down Gateshead, one of whom ploughed the land, the other the waves. Jack, anathematizing his eyes in nautical fashion, asked his companion how it happened that the Exchange was for sale. "For sale!" exclaimed the rustic; "what makes you ask that question?" "Don't you see," said the mariner, "the besom is on the mast?"

The "besom" had its day, and was swept aside. The voice of the rooks ceased to be heard over the old Exchange; and it was silenced, also, among the branches that shaded the captain's home. "Reduced to a single tree," even this yielded to the decree of Time, and followed its faded and fallen companions. Tower and trees, all are now gone. So, too, is the Vicar's Garden, with its rookery. In the days of the Rev. Henry Bourne, one of the historians of Newcastle, James Bell, the postmaster of the town, whose massive hostelry in the Bigg Market stood at the corner of the Pudding Chare, had a spacious garden behind his house, only surpassed by the pleasant enclosure of the neighbouring Vicarage, where the Savings Bank now stands. Here the rooks lived in community when Blenheim was won; and they were lingering in "a large willow" in the year of Waterloo. "This tree," says Mr. Hancock, "was blown down in 1816; but the crows had nearly all deserted it in the previous year." A September gale did great injury to trees, &c.; and there is a note in the diary of Mr. James Losh of the overthrow of "The Vicar's Ash"—"the large ash tree," adds the observant Sykes, "which had for many generations stood in the west corner of the garden," whose once swarming rookery had come down to "a solitary pair."

A third rookery, as Mr. Hancock states in 1874, "was in existence within the last twenty or thirty years, in a small clump of trees in the grounds of a house in Percy Street, still called the Crow Trees. These trees, one after another, decayed; and as they died out the colony gradually took possession of two or three large ash trees on the opposite site of St. Thomas's Churchyard. I have counted as many as sixteen nests in these trees; but, alas! the unfortunate rooks were not allowed to rest in peace, though so near the church and within its fence. No street arab could pass the clustering nests

without having a 'shy' at them with a stone. The nests, in the course of a few years, were reduced to two or three; and soon afterwards, the birds, being ruthlessly persecuted and their nests destroyed, entirely disappeared. This happened in 1866; and thus terminated the last rookery in Newcastle."

The rooks, who had crossed the road for sanctuary in former years, may have felt, as lawful descendants of ancestors who floated aloft over old St. Thomas's on Tyne Bridge, that a prescriptive right was theirs to haunt the shadows of its modern successor. But from Barras Bridge as from Sandhill the rooks had to vanish, and Newcastle be left at last without a rookery. Some consolation, however, still remained; and the *Newcastle Chronicle* dwelt upon it. "The crows are gone from the end of Tyne Bridge," it remarked in 1864; "gone from Westgate Street; gone from Barras Bridge. They are not gone, however, from Newcastle. The tall tower of St. Nicholas, which rises high above all other buildings in one of the busiest parts of the town, would seem to be considered quite safe by the corvine race, who are so fond of the society of man. The 'silken, sly, insinuating jacks,' make their way into the high recesses of the venerable steeple, and build their nests and rear their young; and if there be no tree at hand in which to sit and swing in the open air, are there not the wires of the Universal Private Telegraph Company? On these extended lines the daws will perch in a row, and look around them on the unfeathered bipeds who move along the thoroughfares below, paying higher rents for their lower homes, and troubled with more anxious cares. Long may the old tower stand which gives dwelling-places to the daws; and may they never alarm us for its safety by their ominous desertion of its hospitable roof!"

Vanity of vanities! The decade was not ended in which the prayer was uttered before the daws had said farewell. The restoration of the tower had been some years in progress; the internal work was completed by the summer of 1870; the daws believing their reign to be renewed after a long season of disturbance, returned in great force at breeding time; but, to their sore disappointment and disquietude, they found the old walls made so spick-and-span new and smooth—so free from holes and crannies—that never a nook for a nest could they find—not a crevice for twig or egg or chick. Their occupation was gone. St. Nicholas' Church was no longer a home for the daws!

A persistent couple, revisiting the tower in the course of 1879, found lodgment for a nest by the side of the clock stairs; but either it was too lonely, or the domicile had some other defect. Some objection it had, not to be ascertained too certainly. At any rate it was deserted by its builders.

It might have been supposed that the towering spire of All Saints' Church would have attractions for the archi-

fects of the air; and the daws would seem not to have been without a sense of its eligibilities. They have been seen prospecting. Sailing round the taper heights, they have often surveyed them round and round; and, perchance, they may have achieved their wishes in some recess inaccessible to human observation. But no nest—that we can learn—has ever been found.

One haunt, however, not yet mentioned, the daws still have in Newcastle. Of late years they have nested in the old Castle. The venerable Keep, built in the latter half of the twelfth century, has found favour in the eyes of our friends the jacks, unwilling to pass altogether away from the neighbourhood of Tyne Bridge. Within the massive framework of the Plantagenet stronghold they have constructed their houses of whatever materials were at hand. With scraps of shoe leather; heel-plate, toe-plate; rusty nails; pen-case long lost to its owner's pocket; with waif or stray, of whatever kind, that bill or claw could grip and wings could bear away, the home of the ingenious bird has been reared; a marvellous marine store; a quaint curiosity shop; product of instinct or reason, which you will. In such queer contrivances the docile daws have from time to time hatched their young, whose ancestors were here before the Conqueror, and whose race for generations had trees enough, and to spare, where the wreck of the old Castle is now scattered over the slope on which Rufus and Robert raised their walls.

It may be interesting to add the result of our own inquiries on the same subject, showing how the jackdaws have comported themselves in Newcastle since Mr. Clephan's paper was written. Four buildings in the city are still favoured by the birds—the Old Castle, the Black Gate, the tower of St. Nicholas, and the Wood Memorial Hall. Last year (1887) three pairs of daws built their nests and reared their progeny in the crevices of the Castle, every care being taken by the keeper, Mr. Gibson, that their operations should not be disturbed. Last year, too, a pair of starlings selected one of the gables on the roof of the Keep for a nesting place. Unfortunately, the nest was disturbed by some thoughtless visitor, and the birds deserted it. Daws last year commenced building operations on the stairs leading to the belfry of St. Nicholas; but the place being overlooked by the bellringers as they passed to and fro, the suspicious jacks sought more secluded quarters elsewhere. During last season, one or two pairs of the same birds nested in the Black Gate, and brought forth their young in safety. The Wood Memorial Hall has frequently found favour in the eyes of the daws, a pair of which have again this spring (March, 1888) been seen prospecting there.

EDITOR.

The Hawick Flood.

THE traveller from Newcastle to Edinburgh by the Waverley route, soon after crossing the Border, sees on the right hand, when approaching Shankend Station, a hill called Wineburgh or Windburgh Hill, 2,000 feet high. This conspicuous member of the Cheviot range sends down from its southern slope one of the four feeders of Slitrig Water, a tributary of the Teviot, which it joins at the town of Hawick. In its ordinary state the Slitrig is a very slender rivulet, though the Hawick people contrive to make it do a considerable amount of work; but when swollen by sudden thaws and heavy rains high up among the fells, it becomes a wild, unruly torrent, and sends its waters roaring down, "like the foam of a chestnut steed," upon the busy manufacturing town. On more than one occasion, too, the fury of the river-god has been roused by another cause. Several of the beautiful green hills in this part of the Cheviots have great peat bogs, or marshes, on or near their summits; and among this number is Windburgh Hill, from which, as we have said, the Slitrig draws a great part of its supplies.

The months of July and August, 1767, were excessively rainy, and great damage was done by the flooding of the low lands in various parts of the kingdom. Thus, the river Aire, at Leeds, rose upwards of two yards perpendicular height in the space of an hour; the Wharfe rose higher than had been known within living memory, and carried away bridges, mills, houses, oxen, horses, and sheep, almost totally ruining many farmers; the Nidd and other West Yorkshire rivers did likewise "an incredible deal of mischief," as we are told in the "Annual Register" for the year. This calamity took place on the 4th of August, early in the morning, when people were still in their beds. On the same day, but at a different hour, Hawick was visited by one of the most remarkable floods ever witnessed in this country, a flood almost as sudden as that which devastated Holmfirth, near Huddersfield, in the year 1852, when the Bilberry Reservoir burst its banks. Little or no rain had fallen that day, or for some days before, in the district immediately round Hawick, and the river Teviot, which flows past the town, dividing it from the suburb of Wilton, was fordable in several places. The Slitrig, however, began to rise about four o'clock in the afternoon, and continued increasing till after six, when the water was twenty-two feet higher than usual. The consternation of the townspeople is scarcely to be conceived, for the water rushed into the streets with irrepressible violence, threatening universal desolation. Fifteen dwelling-houses, with the corn-mill at the end of the town, were presently swept away; and

the very rock on which they were founded was washed so clean that not a bit of rubbish or vestige of a building was left. As no human assistance could avail, the parish minister called the people to church to supplicate Heaven to avert the judgment that seemed to threaten them all. The flood lasted only about four hours and a half, and at the end of that time the river had fallen nearly to its usual size.

While the flood was at its height, a servant maid in the household of one of the leading merchants of the town recollected that her master had in the house, which was then surrounded with water, about £300 in gold. The master being from home, the girl acquainted the neighbours, and begged their assistance to recover the property, but none of them would risk their lives to do so. The girl herself thereupon waded boldly into the house, and got hold of the bag with the money; but, when leaving the house, she was carried down with the stream, and was cast ashore a little below the town, having the money grasped in both her hands so fast that it was removed with some difficulty. It is recorded in James Wilson's valuable "History of Hawick," that a bed was carried away by the flood, and left upon the haugh on the north side of the Teviot, and that in it lay a cat, which had the good luck not to wet its feet during its perilous voyage. The good lady who owned the cat was long celebrated in the recollections of that eventful day. After the flood had commenced its ravages, and the tenement in which she dwelt was crumbling down among the waves, she clung to the "crook tree" up the chimney, and refused to let go her grip, exclaiming that it was the house of her father and her father's father, and she had made up her mind to share its fate; but, happily, her friends forced her away. Scarcely had they got outside the threshold with the woman struggling in their arms, when "the patrimonial inheritance of her family disappeared in the water." A little above the town three houses were quite submerged, all but the chimney tops; but they were in an eddy, which saved them from demolition. It is stated that most of the town records, which went back to an early date, and were curiously minute, were carried away by the flood, and, of course, irrecoverably lost.

When the waters abated, some of the narrow lanes were blocked up with large trees which had been torn up by the roots from the woods about Stobs Castle. Enormous boulders were carried for miles down the stream, and deposited here and there on the low lands. The whole of the houses in one of the streets were swept away. It is related of a person who had been at St. James's Fair, held on the green opposite Kelso the following day, that, while returning home, he saw several articles of his household furniture floating in the Teviot, several miles below Hawick; and of another, that he found his own signboard lying on the banks of that river,

a considerable distance from his house, which had completely disappeared from the spot where it had stood.

The tradition of the district is to the effect that this outburst of the tiny river was called forth by a shepherd on Windburgh Hill casting a stone into a lake on the top of the mountain, believed to be the resort of fairies, who, having been disturbed in their revels, burst open the side of their subterraneous habitation, and sent down the enclosed waters amain. This tradition is, of course, founded on the idea long prevalent on both sides of the Border, as well as elsewhere, that such deep lakes and pits, or, as they are sometimes called, "kettles" and "pots," on the tops of mountains or in other out-of-the-way places, are the porches or entrances to caverns deep underground, in which the "good people" reside, and from which, if all old tales be true, confused murmurs, the cries of children, moaning voices, the ringing of bells, and the sounds of musical instruments have not unfrequently been heard.

Marske Hall.

MARSKE HALL, a marine residence of the Earl of Zetland, is situated near the village of Marske, in Cleveland, Yorkshire, and not close to the shore of the North Sea. It is a venerable-looking edifice, built by Sir William Pennyman during the reign of Charles I., and presents an excellent specimen of the massive formal architecture of the period.

In the village of Marske there is a stone or cross which was removed from the old church, built, it is supposed, before the Conquest. Of this church no traces now remain. The stone was placed in its present position by Mr. John Black, of the Farm, Marske, who found it lying among some rubbish. It is thought to have been a sepulchral cross or rude monument. Tradition runs that

the cross, of which this stone forms a part, was erected two hundred years ago, when, the plague having nearly depopulated the town of Guisborough, the market was removed to Marske. In the churchyard lies the body of James Cook, day labourer, the father of the immortal circumnavigator.

Marske was formerly the scene of many terrible smuggling encounters, in one of which a man named Minto, belonging to the preventive service, cut down two of his prisoners after they had surrendered, one of whom died from the blows of his cutlass.

Our engraving of Marske Hall is taken from a sketch by Mr. Robert Blair.

Friarside Chapel.

NEARLY midway between Rowland's Gill and Lintz Green, two stations on the Consett branch of the North-Eastern Railway, travellers will often have noticed a roofless ruin standing in the middle of a large pasture field. The ruins are the remains of what is now called Friarside Chapel.

Surtees, in his "History of Durham," tells us that nothing is known of the foundation of the place. This is somewhat remarkable, because, without doubt, the historian would make some attempt to discover its origin. The earliest mention made of it occurs in 1312, in "Kellawe's Register," which recorded the collation of Sir John Eryum to the Chantry of Frere Johanside, nigh Derwent. An entry occurs in the Boldon Buke (1183) of one Robert de Ioltune holding the lands of the Hermit nigh Derwent; but whether this refers to the same place or not is not certain. Some of the lands near it, are still called Jockside. In 1330, it is recorded as possessing



twenty-seven acres of land at Frosterley. It was annexed, in 1439, by Bishop Neville, under the title of the Hospital at Frereside, to the Chantry of Farnacres, founded in 1429 by Sir Robert Umfraville. The last appointment of a Joint Chaplain to the united Chantries was in 1538. This chaplain was granted a pension of £5 at the dissolution of the monasteries.

The following description of the ruin was given in the *Newcastle Magazine* for September 25, 1872:—"Its dimensions are, length 49 feet, breadth 20 feet. There is no divisional mark apparent to indicate separation of nave and chancel, which in so small a building was hardly to be expected. The east gable is the most prominent feature of the ruin. It remains nearly, if not quite, to its original height, and is flanked by diagonal buttresses terminating at the rise of the window arch. The east window is Early Decorated, of three lights, and is 5 feet 2 inches wide. The base of the mullions remains. There is a window in the south wall 2 feet 9 inches wide, of two lights, cinque-foiled. On the head is a circle enclosing a three tre-foiled light. The moulding is very good, and terminates with a mock ornament and double chamfer." There were formerly two large ash trees growing within the walls of the chapel. These were cut down about 25 years ago, as it was feared that the expansion of the roots of the trees would overturn the walls.

At the dissolution of the monasteries the place was granted to the Liddells, by whom, in 1600, it was conveyed to Nicholas Tempest, of Stella, and from him, in 1606, it passed to the Blakistons of Gibside, of which estate it still forms a part.

The accompanying sketch of the eastern portion of the building, copied from a photograph, shows the present state of the ruins. JAS. F. ROBINSON, Burnopfield.

Notes and Commentaries.

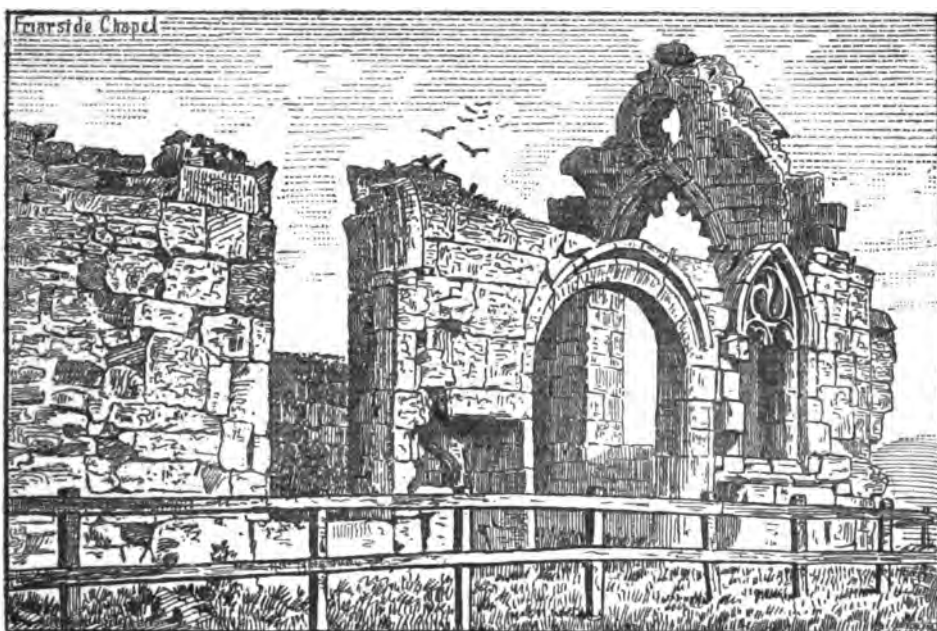
THE LODGE OF INDUSTRY.

Lodge of Industry, No. 48, mentioned in the article on Crowley's Crew, was removed from Swalwell in 1845, first to the Black Bull, thence to the Grey Horse, Gateshead. From the Grey Horse it went to the Masonic Hall, West Street, in 1869. In 1877 it was transferred temporarily to 34, Denmark Street, and in January, 1882, to its own premises, Jackson Street, where it remains.

R. W., Gateshead.

THE HETTON COAL COMPANY.

The sketch of the life of John Gully in the *Monthly Chronicle* mentions Arthur Mowbray as being the son of the banker; but a correspondent informs us there was only one Arthur Mowbray, at least in this century. Captain Cochrane, of Hendon, afterwards of Hetton Hall, married A. M.'s daughter and only child. The Cochranes now interested in Hetton Colliery (Admiral Lord Cochrane was one of the owners) are children of the marriage. There were also two very handsome daughters, who made a sensation in London about 1834 or 1835. When the colliery was dividing large dividends Arthur Mowbray was a land agent as well as banker; and though not very highly educated, he was a man of



great originality and enterprise. The idea of sinking a colliery at Hetton emanated from him. John George Lambton and the Durham coalowners were extremely angry about it. The original partners were by no means wealthy, and great difficulties had to be overcome, both financially and in the sinking of the colliery. In 1835 or 1836 Mr. Gully held four shares, which were valued at rather more than £20,000 each.

EDITOR.

BYRON'S MARRIAGE SIGNATURE.

It has already been explained in the *Monthly Chronicle* (vol. ii., p. 65) that Lord Byron was married to Miss Milbanke at Seaham Harbour on the 2nd of January, 1815. The ceremony took place in the drawing-room of Seaham Hall; but the record of the marriage is, of course, preserved in the parish register. A copy of the entry

Byron
Anne Isabella Milbanke
John Cam Hobhouse of Chantry House Wills
Richd Wallis Vicr of Seaham

therein, traced by the Rev. A. Bethune, vicar of Seaham, is printed above. One of the witnesses to the contract—John Cam Hobhouse—was of course the well-known friend of the poet, afterwards a Cabinet Minister, and created Lord Broughton towards the close of his public career.

B.

BODY-SNATCHING.

The excellent article which has appeared in the *Monthly Chronicle* on body-snatching (page 115) reminds me of a case which came within my own experience some sixty-four years ago.

I was then a boy at school at Linlithgow. One afternoon, in the month of June, a farmer's lad residing at Gilston, about five miles from Linlithgow, saw two men with a gig taking some bodies out of a dunghill in a field. The boy ran off and acquainted his master, who at once got a horse, and went after the body-snatchers. They, however, had decamped. He then rode into Linlithgow, and, finding the men with the gig at the west end of the town, shouted to the townspeople, "Stop the gig; there's corpses in the gig!" One of the men jumped off, and got clear away. The other drove on, the farmer following. The gig was stopped in the centre of the town. The man was dragged out of the conveyance on to the road, and the people proceeded to vent their rage upon him. At first they pulled up gooseberry bushes from adjacent gardens, and thrashed

him on the face and hands until the blood poured out of them. The sight of the gore only increased the fury of the crowd. Shouts of "Kill him!" were raised, and an attempt was made to seize him so that he might be drowned in the loch. My father, who was chief constable for the county, interfered, and by sheer strength saved the unfortunate man from the populace—not, however, without receiving some injury from flying missiles—and had him locked up in the gaol for security.

Meanwhile, the horse and trap had been taken to the town-cross and there searched. In the trap were found the bodies of a man, a woman, and a child about six years of age. I well remember the manner in which the bodies were tied up. The lower limbs were lashed to the thighs and both legs fastened to the body, thus giving the appearance of rotundity to each corpse; otherwise, the

body-snatchers could not have stowed them into the box of the gig. The bodies were laid out in the Town Hall, and were subsequently identified. They had been exhumed from a churchyard situated a few miles west of Linlithgow. The same night the crowd got hold of the gig and smashed it to atoms. They made a bon-fire of the pieces, and cut the harness and burnt it also. The delinquent was locked-up in what was called "the black-hole" of the gaol, and such was the feeling against him that a man was caught in the act of putting sulphur into the ventilator of the cell with the avowed intention of suffocating him. After this a strict watch was kept at the gaol. The authorities had to exercise great caution in taking him to Edinburgh to be tried. The man was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment. Upon examining the dunghill at Gilston, the day after the men were seen taking the bodies away, three more corpses were found which had been taken from the same churchyard.

The inhabitants of Linlithgow became thoroughly alarmed after these events. A public meeting was held, and arrangements were made to have a regular watch upon the churchyard. A watch-house was built, and two men from the town, furnished with firearms, attended in the winter, from sunset to sunrise, while the same number of men from the country did duty in the summer. I have several times acted as

watchman. Other precautions were taken, such as in the use of the mortsafe (containing the coffin), which was a metal frame made to fit the grave. It consisted of interlacing rods, and upon it was placed a metal cover weighing about twelve hundredweight, which was rivetted on to the frame. A number of these were in use, and belonged to a Mortsafe Society, which undertook the guarding of coffins on payment of a small sum per annum. After being in position for about six weeks, they were generally removed, as decomposition was supposed to be sufficiently advanced to make it not worth the while of a body-snatcher to exhume the bodies.

JOHN MCKAY, Newcastle.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

THE DREDGER.

When one of the dredgers belonging to the Tyne Commissioners was at work between the North and South Piers, a miner on a visit to Tynemouth was observed intently watching the operations of the machine. At length he called the attention of a companion to it. "Man," said he, "yon must be a varry deep pit they're warkin' ower the way. Aa've coonted a hunnerd buckets a'ready, and they're gannin' on yet!"

THE LANDLADY'S CAT.

As a gentleman was walking to Witton Gilbert Station, he overtook some little girls who were discussing the merits of various members of the feline tribe belonging to their respective houses. The climax came when one declared that she was sure their cat was the wisest of the lot, for when it got into the cupboard on a marauding expedition, it never stole her mother's butter, but always the lodger's!

DOGS AND DUCKS.

Danish ship's steward, who spoke just "a leetle Enggleesh," to watchman at Newcastle Quay: "Vil you get me two dugs, please?" "Certainly," said the watchman, who promptly went to a friend's house close by and brought to the ship two young terrier dogs. The foreigner, on seeing the dogs, became rather excited, and, striking an attitude, said: "Me no want dugs 'bow wow,' me want dugs 'quack, quack'!"

A CAPITAL SITUATION.

A Newcastle labourer, when taking one of his walks abroad, met a well-to-do lady friend. After the usual salutations, the conversation turned on the welfare of the workman's son, who had a day or two previously entered upon the duties of a new situation. "I hear," remarked the lady, "that you have managed to get your boy into a first-class situation." "Yes," replied the labourer, "aa hev; a reel grand job, ma'am." "Well, John," con-

tinued his friend, "he deserves it, after the capital education you have given him; but what does he do?" "Wey, ma'am," answered John, "he blaas the buzzor doon at the factory!"

THE FISHERMAN'S SONG.

The other Saturday night a concert was given at Cullercoats, when songs were sung by fishermen and others. One old man sang very well. "That was a very nice song you gave us, Jack," said a promoter of the entertainment. "D'ye think se? But, come noo, ye're codding." said Jack. "No," was the reply, "it really was well sung." "Well," said Jack, "if aa hed hed a nip o' rum afore gannin' on, it wad hae been a different tune aalgethior!"

THE LINCOLN HANDICAP.

A couple of pitmen met a short time ago in a public house in Jarrow, when the conversation turned upon racing matters. "Man, Geordy," says one, "aa've gotten a good thing for the Lincoln Handicap: a real sortinty—cannot be bet. It's fairly ma heed tiv a nut-shell on't." "Wey, Harry, lad," responded his friend, "that's ne use; it's oney even bettin'; ye'll hae te giv us a bit odds, or aa cannot gan on!"

SEEKING FOR VOTES.

At a recent School Board election held within a hundred miles of Newcastle, two canvassers were going their rounds soliciting the promise of votes in favour of their particular candidate. They entered the house of a voter, where they found a young man about twenty years of age and a younger brother. The canvassers explained the object of their visit. The elder brother exclaimed: "Beggor'd if aa knaa whor the votes bides." Then, turning to the younger man, he said: "Lad, had away; seek wor lass, and see if she knaa whor them votes is!"

ECONOMY.

A Hexham farmer, being tired of his life, went into his barn and hanged himself with a new halter. Being missed, his wife and servantman, going in search, found him suspended. The servant drew his pocketknife, and was going to cut the rope, when the old woman cried out: "Divvent spoil that new halter? Lowse the knot!"

A BUZZARD.

During one of the great snowstorms in March two women, out marketing in Sunderland, were caught at the corner of a street, and almost blown away. While one gave a sharp scream, the other, who had evidently been reading about blizzards in America, cried: "Oh, dear! oh! ow-o-o-oh, deary me! What a buzzard! Ma word, we divvent want ne buzzards squaallin' here!"

A POSER.

In a mixed company assembled in a public-house at the Felling, not long ago, a stranger to the district was lording it somewhat strongly over those present, monopolising the conversation, explaining every difficulty that turned up, and openly avowing that he knew everthing. "Thoo knaa ivvorything?" said one: "wey, man, aa divvent

knaa much ower and abune the way te the pit and the road te the yell-boose, but aa de knaa three words that thoo cannot explain." "That you do not," said the clever one. "But aa de," said the interrogator. "Noo, whaat's the meanin' o' claggum? That's the forst. When ye tell us that, aa'll ask ye whaat's grozers, and whaat's clarts!"

CHASTISEMENT.

Not long ago, in the vicinity of Houghton, there lived a man who had but crude ideas as to the wisdom of a Supreme Being. It unfortunately happened that the poor fellow was run over by a coal train, and he received injuries of such a severe character that it became necessary to send for a minister to talk with him on the goodness of the Creator. Amongst other things, the minister told him that God had various ways of chastising his children, that he sometimes took one thing, and sometimes another. The poor man listened with wonder to the spiritual consolation of the preacher, and then exclaimed, "Mistor priest, that may be saall varry true; but the Lord might hev ta'en a cannier thing nor a chaldre waggon te me!"

North-Country Obituaries.

Mr. Robert Mann, for nearly sixty years connected with the firm of John Ismay and Sons, wholesale chemists and druggists, Newcastle, died in that city, of which he was a native, on the 13th of January. The deceased gentleman, who was seventy-six years of age, was one of the founders and one of the first members of the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain.

Mr. Edward Potts, a well-known local musician, and for twenty-three years bandmaster to the First Newcastle Rifles, now the Third Volunteer Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, died in Newcastle, on the 17th of February, in the sixty-sixth year of his age.

The death was announced on the 18th of February of Mrs. Harry Collier, wife of the popular comedian and pantomimist, who had just concluded an engagement at the Tyne Theatre, the stage name of the lady being Miss May Whitfield.

Mr. John Coleman, for many years editor of the farming department of the *Field* newspaper, who, as assistant-commissioner to the Royal Commission on Agriculture, had investigated the condition of agriculture in the northern district of England, including the counties of Northumberland, Durham, Cumberland, Westmoreland, Lancashire, and Cheshire, died at his residence, the Mount, York, on the 19th of February, in the fifty-seventh year of his age.

On the same day, at the age of sixty-one years, died Mr. Nathan Race, chairman and advocate of the Wear-dale miners, and a local preacher of thirty years' standing in the Primitive Methodist body.

The Rev. William Ephraim Houldey, Rector of Etherley, near Bishop Auckland, and Vicar of St. John's parish, Newcastle, from 1874 to 1886, died on February 23, at the early age of forty-seven years. During his minis-

terial connection with Newcastle, which was only severed by ill health, Mr. Houldey succeeded, with the assistance of the late Alderman Thomas Robinson and others, in restoring the interior of St. John's Church. The deceased gentleman was the author of several useful books, including a history of St. John's Church in 1875.

Mr. James Clarke, proprietor and editor of the *Christian World*, died at his residence, Beech Hanger, Caterham, Surrey, on the 24th of February, at the age of sixty-two years. Mr. Clarke was engaged as sub-editor on the *Northern Daily Express*, in Newcastle, about thirty years ago, and on several special occasions he had been attached to the reporting department of the *Newcastle Chronicle*.

On the 24th of February, his seventy-eighth birthday, died Mr. John Dreaden, who for many years had been connected with the Tyne Steam-Shipping Company in Newcastle.

Mr. James Clephan, the esteemed and genial journalist of the North, died at his residence, Picton Place, Newcastle, on the 25th of February. (See p. 171.)

Mr. John White, an old inhabitant and Justice of the Peace of South Shields, also died on the 25th of February, his age being upwards of seventy years. When South Shields was incorporated in 1850, Mr. White was elected a member of the first Town Council.

On the 28th of February, Mr. Charles Jackson, contractor, of Newcastle, died at Cullercoats.

On the same day, Mr. Henry Peele, member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, died at West Hartlepool, where he had been in practice about twenty-four years. The deceased gentleman was a son of the late Mr. Edward Peele, clerk to the Dean and Chapter of Durham, and brother of the present clerk.

Mr. Joseph Fothergill, shipowner, Quayside, Newcastle, died at Tynemouth, on the 1st of March, at the age of about fifty-seven years. Mr. Fothergill was formerly fitter for Cowpen Colliery.

Mr. Joseph Young, originally a fireman on the well-known "No. 1" engine on the Stockton and Darlington Railway, and one of the oldest drivers in the employment of the North-Eastern Railway Company, died at Stockton on the 29th of February, in the seventieth year of his age.

Mr. Joseph Prosser, a well-known local architect, died at Gateshead on the 2nd of March. After spending some time in the pursuit of his profession in the office of Mr. Bonomi at Durham, he came to Newcastle, and joined the late Mr. John Dobson, whom he assisted in the preparation of the various drawings for the Central Station. Mr. Prosser was subsequently retained as architect by the North-Eastern Railway Company. The deceased gentleman, who was a native of London, was upwards of seventy years of age.

On the same day was announced the death, which had taken place at Liverpool, of Mr. Thomas Tate, an eminent mathematician and man of science. He was born in 1807, and was the son of Mr. Ralph Tate, of Alnwick. The father was a builder, and it was intended that the son should carry on the same business; but at an early age he abandoned that occupation, and adopted science as his profession. After working as lecturer on chemistry at Newcastle and at York, he was in 1840 elected Professor of Mathematics and Chemistry in the Battersea Training College, and in 1849 he was appointed headmaster in the mathematical and scientific department at Kneller Hall College, then under the care of the present Bishop of London. In 1856 he retired, with a pension

from Government, into private life, and devoted himself to literary and scientific pursuits. Mr. Tate, like so many other men of the North who have distinguished themselves as mathematicians, was almost entirely self-taught.

Mr. Rowland W. Bolsover, solicitor, Stockton, died in that town on the 5th of March, aged 43.

Mr. John Storey, a well-known artist of Newcastle, died at Harrogate, whither he had gone for his health, on the 9th of March. The deceased gentleman, who was



sixty years of age, was the son of Mr. John Storey, of Picton House Academy, afterwards of St. Mary's Place. He received his early education at home, and, after a pupilage under Mr. T. M. Richardson, the great water-colour painter, he entered upon the active pursuit of his profession. His principal productions were two large water-colour paintings, "Newcastle in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth," and "Newcastle in the Reign of Queen Victoria." The chief ecclesiastical edifices of the district were also painted by Mr. Storey, who drew sketches of most of the remains of the Roman Wall for the illustrations in Dr. Bruce's "Wallet Book." A sketch of the Old Dragon, at Harrogate, drawn by Mr. Storey, appeared in the *Monthly Chronicle*, page 40. The portrait given above is copied from a photograph taken in 1878.

The Rev. Edward Rust, a well-known Primitive Methodist minister, died at Crook, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, on the 10th of March.

Mrs. Shepherd, wife of the Rev. R. Shepherd, vicar of St. John's, Weardale, and formerly of St. Philip's, Newcastle, died suddenly in the vestry of her husband's church on the 11th of March.

On the 14th of March, intelligence was received of the death, which had taken place at Leadville, Colorado, of Mr. Joseph Newton, formerly of Gateshead, in the public affairs and institutions of which he long had taken a prominent and active part.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

FEBRUARY.

15.—A football match played between the Tyne Theatre and Theatre Royal pantomime companies, Newcastle, resulted in the victory of the Tyne.

16.—Another accident took place at the Newcastle Exhibition buildings, a man named William Marshall having been seriously injured by the fall of some material connected with the temporary theatre. He died on the 3rd of March. (See page 144.)

17.—At a meeting held in South Shields, under the presidency of Ald. Eltringham, it was decided to erect a memorial to Messrs Wouldhave and Greathead, the inventors of the lifeboat, in 1889, the centenary of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution.

18.—On this and the two following days a severe snow-storm prevailed in Newcastle and generally throughout the North of England, several blocks taking place on the North-Eastern Railway, between Kirkby Stephen and Barnard Castle.

19.—The lecture at the Tyne Theatre this evening was delivered by Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, who shares



with Darwin the honour of having suggested the great theory of Natural Selection. The subject of Dr. Wallace's address was "The Darwinian Theory."

20.—A workshop occupied by Mr. E. Turnbull, auctioneer, and the oil store of Mr. Taylor, in Clive Street, North Shields, were destroyed by fire.

21.—An announcement appeared in the local papers to the effect that Miss Gold, a Northumberland lady, who was one of the survivors of the wreck of the Dutch emigrant ship the *W. A. Scholten*, off Dover, in November last, and who had shown great bravery on that occasion, had been married at Winchelsea, Sussex, to Mr. T. Mitchell, Van Buren, Bonaparte, in the United States, the wedding being the result of an advertisement which the bridegroom had inserted for a wife in England.

23.—It was reported that the Turf Hotel, Collingwood Street, Newcastle, had been sold to Mr. James Hindmarsh, of the same city, for £22,000.

24.—Dr. Felkin, F.R.G.S., inaugurated the meetings of the Tyneside Geographical Society in the hall of the



Dr. R. W. Felkin.

Literary and Philosophical Society, Newcastle, by a lecture on "Equatorial Africa," the chair being occupied by the president, Lord Percy.

—The annual meeting of the local branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was held in the Central Hall, Hood Street, Newcastle. The Mayor, the Sheriff, and other speakers referred in congratulatory terms to the great success of the Dicky Bird Society established and carried on in the columns of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*.

25.—The fourth annual conference of the National Association of Journalists was held in the Council Chamber, Newcastle, under the presidency of Sir Algernon Borthwick, M.P. The association, it was stated, numbered 700 members, of whom 50 were contributed by the Northern Counties Branch. The members dined together at the County Hotel, in the evening, the chair being occupied by the new president, Mr. H. G. Reid.

—The Mayor of Newcastle (Mr. W. D. Stephens) was

presented with a handsome black marble timepiece, with antique mountings and bronze relievings, by the members of the hall and benefit club in connection with the Blue Ribbon Army temperance meetings in the Central Hall, Hood Street, Newcastle.

26.—Mr. Harry Furniss, the well-known caricaturist of *Punch*, lectured on "Art and Artists" to a crowded



Mr. Harry Furniss.

audience in the Tyne Theatre, under the auspices of the Tyneside Lecture Society. Mr. Furniss's mother was a daughter of the well-known Newcastle publisher and politician, Eneas Mackenzie, the author of a popular "History of Newcastle" and "History of Northumberland."

—A woman named Margaret Grant, 50 years of age, died from the effects of injuries received by the upsetting of a paraffin oil lamp in the Low Bridge, Newcastle.

27.—Norvell, of Swallow, and Pearce, of the Thames, contested in boats on the Tyne, for a stake of £100, the result being a victory for the London oarsman.

28.—Information was received in Durham of the release of Terrence Rice, one of the four men sentenced to death at Durham Assizes, in 1872, in connection with the murder of Henry Waite at Spennymoor. (See p. 144.)

29.—At a meeting of the Sunderland Council, it was announced that the medal given to Jack Crawford by the town of Sunderland had been presented by the Earl of Camperdown to the town.

—At the Gateshead County Police Court, 181 miners were summoned, 32 for absenting themselves from work at Wardley Colliery for four days, and 149 for absenting themselves from work at Felling Colliery for one day, no notice or explanation having been given in either case. Fines of 5s. per day and costs were imposed in the majority of the cases. The men stated that they did not intend to pay the fines; but the dispute was shortly afterwards amicably settled.

—As an incident of Leap Year, a ball was given in the Lambton Arms, Chester-le-Street, by the ladies, at which all the usual customs and courtesies were reversed. The

ladies provided the rooms, refreshments, and music, while Miss Wheatley acted as mistress of the ceremonies.

MARCH.

2.—It was announced that a gas "blower" at Hebburn Colliery, which broke out last June, and which had since proved a source of considerable trouble and danger to the working of the A Pit, had been successfully utilised, being made available as fuel for one of the four large boilers at the bank-top. (See p. 95.)

3.—Mr. James Eltringham, a traveller, fell over the cliff, near the Dial House, Cullercoats, and was so seriously injured that he died shortly after his admission into the Newcastle Infirmary.

4.—A fire was discovered to have broken out on the High Level Bridge between Newcastle and Gateshead, but it was suppressed before any damage was done.

5.—The new church dedicated to St. Aidan, in Henry Nelson Street, South Shields, was consecrated by the Bishop of Durham.

6.—At a meeting of the Newcastle Presbytery, a call from Crouch Hill Presbyterian Church, London, was accepted by the Rev. J. B. Meharry, B.A., of Trinity Presbyterian Church, Newcastle.

—Major Ropner, at a meeting of the West Hartlepool Town Council, presented that recently-organised body with a silver mace; and the Mayor (Ald. Gray) presented a gold chain for the use of the mayors.

—Ralph Cummings and Samuel White, two boys aged respectively 15 and 13 years, met with a shocking death by having been, as was believed, carried down into the interior of a fiery slag and cinder heap near Darlington Steel Works.

7.—A sample of sulphur recovered from waste alkali by means of a process invented by Mr. A. M. Chance, of Birmingham, was shown on 'Change at Newcastle.

—A living representation of Uncle Toby's picture, in the original dress from the Tyne Theatre, was among the attractions of a bazaar held in the Bridge Street Unitarian Chapel, Sunderland.

—The proposed plan for dividing Gateshead into ten wards of nearly equal voting power, instead of five unequally strong wards, as at present, was unanimously adopted by the Town Council of that borough.

—Messrs. Hawks, Crawshay, and Sons, of Gateshead, tapped, for the first time, a new 25-ton steel furnace at their works in that town.

8.—The Right Rev. Dr. O'Callaghan, the newly-appointed Roman Catholic Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle, arrived in Newcastle. On the 13th of the same month, his lordship was enthroned with great pomp in St. Mary's Cathedral Church, Newcastle. The service took place in the presence of the canons and nearly all the clergy of the diocese, to the number of about 150. The sermon was preached by the Father Humphrey, S.J.

—About a hundred Chinese sailors arrived in Newcastle, to take charge of some gunboats built by Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co.

—A town's meeting, held in the Town Hall, Newcastle, the Mayor in the chair, protested against the proposed re-election of the surgeon and master of the Workhouse. Both the officers were re-elected, by considerable majorities, at the meeting of the Board of Guardians on the the following day.

—At Durham Assizes, Mary Ann Scrafton, fortune-teller, was sentenced to seven, and Elizabeth Foxall to five years' penal servitude, for attempting to poison Henry Foxall, the husband of the latter prisoner, at Bishopwearmouth, last summer. (See page 45.)

—By a majority of 22 votes to 4, the Gateshead Town Council resolved to open the reading rooms connected with the Free Library on Sunday afternoons and evenings.

9.—Dr. Thomas Hodgkin inaugurated the Newcastle Literary Club, in the rooms of the Bewick Club, by an address on "Prose Style, with special reference to Gibbon, Macaulay, and Carlyle."

—Peter Collins, cartman, was sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour, at Durham Assizes, for the manslaughter of Nathaniel Home, at Jarrow, on the 30th of December last. (See page 95.)

10.—The last of the eleventh series of People's Concerts was given in the Town Hall, Newcastle.

—A large number of ladies and gentlemen assembled in the Town Hall, Gateshead, in order to take part in a presentation to Mr. J. W. Swinburne, in celebration of the completion of the thirtieth year of his Town Clerkship of the borough. The presentation consisted of a life-size portrait of Mr. Swinburne, for the town, and a reduced replica for himself, painted by Mr. J. Hodgson Campbell, and an address in the form of an illuminated album, with drawings by Mr. R. Jobling. There was also, for Mrs. Swinburne, some silver plate, consisting of a solid silver tea-urn, and a set of fish knives and forks, in an oak case. The Mayor (Mr. George Davidson) presided.

—Mr. Thomas Burt, M.P., issued an address to the members of the Northumberland Miners' Union, on the subject of the payment of members. The hon. member remarked that, if the system broke down in Northumberland, it would probably be shaken, if not destroyed, elsewhere.

11.—A disastrous fire occurred at Langley Park Colliery, resulting in the wreck of the whole of the screens, disintegrators, and two engines by which they were worked.

12.—A man, apparently of the working class, was found lying on the snow-covered fells near Ramshaw, a village two or three miles west of Blanchland, his condition being so exhausted that he shortly afterwards expired.

13.—A new steel screw-steamer, named the Tynesider, and possessing every possible appliance and arrangement for the convenience and comfort of passengers between Newcastle and London, was launched for the Tyne Steam Shipping Company, from the shipbuilding yard of Messrs. Schlesinger, Davis, and Co., at Wallsend.

14.—During a snowstorm and gale of extraordinary violence, the steamer Czar, of Hull, was driven ashore at Whitley, and the steamer Andalusia, from London, was stranded at Hartlepool; but in neither case was there any loss of life. Work was interrupted in several shipyards on the Tyne, and some of the local lines of railway were temporarily blocked by snow-drifts. On the following day (15th) the storm continued with increased intensity. Owing to the heavy downfall of snow, the tram-car service in Newcastle had to be suspended in the evening. On the local lines of railway the traffic was carried on with difficulty. Two down trains were embedded in the snow on the East Coast route between

Morpeth and Berwick. One of them was the "Flying Scotsman," which was held fast near Longhirst. Among the passengers travelling in this train was the Duke of Argyll. An up train on the same line was also blocked. Traffic was stopped on the Wansbeck Valley and Rothbury lines, two trains being snowed up on the former. Trains were also stopped on the Consett, the Tebay, and the Blyth and Tyne branches. A Danish barque went ashore at North Sunderland, seven of the crew being drowned, and three saved. On the 16th, a snow-plough belonging to the North-Eastern Railway Company came into violent collision with one of the embedded trains near Annitsford, a representative of the *Newcastle Chronicle* and other three gentlemen who were occupants of the plough-chamber narrowly escaping with their lives. The blocked lines were not thoroughly cleared until the 19th.

15.—At South Shields, two men, named Stanger and Tate, were showing a revolver to Mary Jackson, when the weapon exploded, causing the instant death of the woman.

General Occurrences.

FEBRUARY.

15.—Serious fire in Les Halles Centrales, the great Paris market, when no less than 100,000 birds of one kind or another were burned.

20.—About this time a dispute arose between the Governments of England and Venezuela respecting doubtful territory between British Guiana and Venezuela, and diplomatic relations were suspended.

—A disastrous cyclone swept over the town of Mount Vernon, Illinois, U.S., by which one-half of the place was levelled to the ground. Five hundred houses were wrecked, eighty-six persons killed, and many injured. The loss was estimated at 500,000 dollars.

28.—A disastrous explosion took place on a ferryboat at South Vallejo, California. The fuel used for the boiler was petroleum; this caught fire, and the vessel was burnt down to the water's edge. Thirty persons were burnt to death.

The following Parliamentary by-elections took place in February:—West Division of the Borough of Southwark—Robert R. Causton, Gladstonian Liberal, 3,638; Augustus Beddal, Conservative, 2,444; majority, 1,194. West Division of Edinburgh—R. Buchanan, Gladstonian Liberal, 3,294; Thomas Raleigh, Unionist Liberal, 3,248; majority, 46. Doncaster—Hon. J. W. Fitzwilliam, Unionist Liberal, 5,634; Spencer Balfour, Gladstonian Liberal, 5,423; majority, 211. Deptford—Charles Darling, Q.C., Conservative, 4,345; Wilfrid Blunt, Home Ruler, 4,070; majority, 275.

MARCH.

1.—M. Wilson, son-in-law of M. Jules Grevy, late President of the French Republic, was sentenced to two years' imprisonment, the payment of a fine of 3,000 francs, and deprivation of civil rights for the period of five years, on a charge of trafficking in decorations of the Legion of Honour.

4.—Severe fighting took place at Suakim. The rebels, led by Osman Digna, were forced to retire, leaving behind them several hundred killed and wounded. Colonel W. H. Tapp, commanding the third battalion of the Egyptian army, and five soldiers, were killed.

8.—Much sensation was caused by the publication of two letters from her Majesty to Miss Gordon in reference to the late General Gordon, in which the Queen said: "That the promises of support were not fulfilled which I so frequently and constantly pressed on those who asked him to go, is to me grief inexpressible."

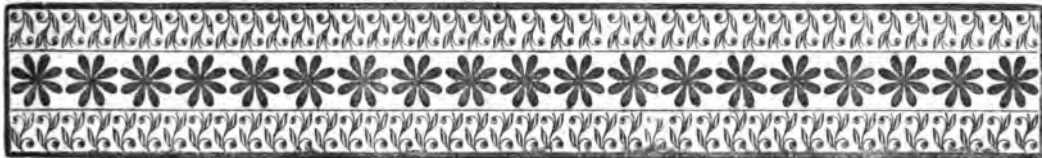
9.—The Emperor William of Germany died at Berlin, aged ninety-one, in the twenty-eighth year of his reign.



EMPEROR WILLIAM.

The Crown Prince, who was at San Remo, Italy, where he had undergone an operation upon his throat, at once returned to Berlin, where he issued a proclamation to the German people on his assumption of power as the Emperor Frederick.

14.—Telegrams received from New York about this time gave particulars of a great snowstorm of almost unprecedented severity. Business was at a standstill, nearly all the trains were stopped, and navigation was entirely suspended. Enormous drifts were formed in the streets by the snow, and at times pedestrians became bewildered and lost their way. Seventy-five trains were snowed up within a radius of fifty miles of the city. On one line alone over two thousand persons were snow-bound. Many persons were frozen to death.



The Monthly Chronicle

OF

NORTH-COUNTRY•LORE•AND•LEGEND

VOL. II.—No. 15.

MAY, 1888.

PRICE 6D.

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Melford.

AUTHOR OF "A HISTORY OF NEWCASTLE AND GATESHEAD." &c.

Isaac Basire, B.D.,

ARCHDEACON OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

PROMINENT among the local clergy who suffered for their opinions during the Commonwealth, as Ambrose Barnes suffered for his at the Restoration, was the eminent Churchman who bore the name of Isaac Basire. He was a native of Rouen, where his father, Jean Basire, a petty nobleman, bore the title of Sieur de Preamont. Born in 1607, he went first to a college at Rotterdam and then to the University of Leyden, to study for the Church. As soon as he had completed his studies he came over to England, and, finding a patron in Thomas Morton, Bishop of Coventry and Lichfield, was admitted into holy orders. The bishop made him one of his chaplains, and when he was translated to the See of Durham, in 1632, he brought him—duly naturalised as a British subject—to the North of England. Here Mr. Basire obtained rapid preferment. In 1635 he married, and the following year the living of Egglecliffe was given to him. In July, 1640, he took his degree of D.D. at Cambridge; two years later he was collated to the seventh stall in Durham Cathedral; and in August, 1644, was appointed Archdeacon of Northumberland and Rector of Howick. The following year he obtained the rich living of Stanhope, and, had

the times been peaceful, he would probably, with no long tarrying, have received a bishopric.

But the rapid progress of civil war put an end to his promotion. It was only by special appointment of the king that he obtained Stanhope, and before many months had passed over, the king was in the hands of the Scots, and Dr. Basire was confined in Stockton Castle.

As soon as he obtained his release, Dr. Basire went abroad, leaving his wife and family to subsist upon the "fifths of estate and goods," which the Committee of Sequestrations appropriated to the sustenance of delinquent clergymen—fifths, which one writer facetiously tells us were paid at sixes and sevens, and another asserts were for the most part distributed at the rate of tens and twelves. He went first to Rouen, where he was joined by young Thomas Lambton, of Lambton, and two other pupils, who were to accompany him on a long tour in Italy. Thence he wrote to his wife in a despondent mood, addressing one of his letters to the care of "Eleazer Pota, next to the Rose Tavern, upon the Kays side in Newcastle." One by one, their education being completed, his pupils left him, and in 1650 he was free to carry out a plan which he had formed of traversing countries in which he could note the progress of Christianity from the

earliest ages, and propagate the doctrines of the English Church. The Rev. W. N. Darnell, whose "Correspondence of Isaac Basire, D.D." is the authority for all the dates and facts herein quoted, traces him during the next few years at Messina, Smyrna, Antioch, Jerusalem, Aleppo, and Constantinople. While at the latter place in August, 1654, he received an invitation from George Racozi, Vaivode of Transylvania, to repair thither and take the chair of Theology in the University of Weissenbourg, with an annual salary of 1,800 Hungarian florins and a residence. The invitation was accepted, and he remained in Transylvania till the death of his patron, and the restoration of King Charles II., which happened about the same time, brought him back to England.

Dr. Basire returned home in the summer of 1661. His loyalty was rewarded by the restoration of his preferments. Re-appointed to his stall at Durham, to the livings of Egglecliffe and Stanhope, and to the archdeaconry of Northumberland, he devoted himself to the discharge of his ecclesiastical duties. A letter from the Bishop of Durham, dated December 8, 1668, commends his zeal "for the suppressing of the seditious and numerous assemblies at Newcastle," and expresses a wish that he and Chancellor Barwell or Dr. Carlton would take the pains to go thither "to confer with the Mayor (Ralph Jenison), whose wife, the Dean of Carlisle says, by a strong report, was present at the last conventicle of 3,000 people, . . . and with the rest of the governors and justices of the peace in that town, urging them earnestly to put the laws now in force against the four principal heads and ringleaders of the faction," who, as we know from another letter of the bishop's, addressed to the Mayor and aldermen, were Mr. Gilpin, Mr. Durant, Mr. Leaver, and Mr. Pringle. A great deal of correspondence of a similar character was flying about amongst the Vicar of Newcastle, the Bishop, the Archdeacon, and the Mayor, some of which, together with a letter of Dr. Basire's respecting the repairs of Gosforth Chapel, are printed in Bourne's History. The letters serve to show that, for a man of Basire's temperament, the Archdeaconry of Northumberland was not a bed of roses. What with the indolence of the clergy, the supineness of the laity, and the aggressiveness of the Dissenters, he met with many rebuffs, and suffered much disappointment. While his health and strength lasted, however, he continued his labours, making two visitations of the county on horseback every year in spring and autumn, and preaching in various parts of the diocese. In the summer of 1676 he was ill beyond the reach of medicine, and on the 12th October he died.

Dr. Basire was the author of several published books and tracts. 1. Disputation concerning Purgatory and Indulgences. Leyden: 1627. 2. Sacrilege arraigned and condemned by St. Paul. Oxford: 1646. 3. The Ancient Liberty of the Britannic Church. Bruges: 1656. 4. Letter to Sir Richard Browne, Resident at

Paris [concerning his travels in exile]. 1653. 5. History of the English and Scotch Presbytery. 1659. 6. The Dead Man's Real Speech [sermon at the funeral of Bishop Cosin, with an account of his life and actions]. London: 1673.

Thomas Wentworth Beaumont.

A POLITICAL REFORMER.

At the General Election of 1818, upon the retirement of Colonel Beaumont from the representation of the county of Northumberland, his son, Thomas Wentworth, a young man of five-and-twenty, a B.A. and fellow-commoner of St. John's College, Cambridge, was appointed to succeed him. Trained in the political principles of his father, Mr. Beaumont sought the suffrages of the electors as an adherent of the Tory party, then in power, and under the auspices of that party he entered Parliament. In Northumberland, as elsewhere, the election passed off quietly; Mr. Beaumont and his colleague, Sir Charles M. L. Monck, Bart., were returned without opposition.



Mr. Beaumont had not been many months in Parliament before a commercial crisis occurred, and great discontent and agitation prevailed. In the midst of the strife, on the 29th December, 1820, George III. died, and a new election became necessary.

Mr. Beaumont's conduct in Parliament had not given satisfaction to his friends and supporters. Being a young man of sanguine temperament and impulsive nature, he found himself unable to concur in some of the

measures which the Government adopted, and notwithstanding his pledges, he voted frequently with the Whigs. When, therefore, he came down to Northumberland for re-election, he was met by reproaches of instability and tergiversation, and Mr. Charles John Brandling, who had represented Newcastle in the four Parliaments preceding that of 1812, was brought out to oppose him. A severe struggle was anticipated, but Sir Charles Monck declined to enter into a contest for his seat, and Mr. Beaumont and Mr. Brandling were returned unopposed.

Mr. Beaumont and his colleague had an easy time. Under the influence of eternal peace and commercial prosperity, party violence subsided into friendly contention. During 1824 and 1825 a remarkable inflation of credit created a fool's paradise among all classes of the community. Money could be had for anything. No foreign loan was too hopeless; no domestic scheme was too quixotic to weaken speculation. Credit became the general currency. Everyone made haste to be rich, and, revelling in dreams of cupidity, troubled no longer about political changes or social reforms.

But, as is always the case, rapid rise brought rapid fall. By the end of 1825 a mercantile reaction had set in with violence. Bank after bank went down with a crash; commercial confidence was destroyed; a panic ensued. While the crisis was in its acute stage, on the 1st of February, 1826, Mr. Charles John Brandling somewhat suddenly passed away, and a new colleague for Mr. Beaumont had to be found.

First in the field was the Hon. H. T. Liddell, afterwards first Earl of Ravensworth, who, the day after Mr. Brandling's decease, issued an address to the freeholders. Lord Howick, the present Earl Grey, followed suit, though in less than a fortnight he withdrew his candidature, and retired from the contest. On the 11th, Mr. Matthew Bell, of Woolsington, a relative of the deceased member, solicited the suffrages of the electors. The show of hands was in Mr. Liddell's favour, and a poll was demanded. At the close of the thirteenth day Mr. Liddell declined to give his friends any further trouble, and Mr. Bell was returned by a majority of 36.

While the by-election was proceeding, canvassing for the general election, which it was known would take place in the summer, had begun. On the 7th February Mr. Beaumont issued an address protesting against the injustice that would be done to him if the candidates in the by-election obtained promises of support for the later contest, and on the 13th he issued a declaration of his principles. "I shall feel it to be my duty if again returned to Parliament," he wrote, "to do all that lies in my power for obtaining a reform in the House of Commons, the total extinction of slavery, and for placing our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects on the same footing with ourselves." On the 23rd, while the poll for the by-election was being taken, Lord Howick announced his

candidature, and early in March, Mr. Liddell and Mr. Bell were again in the field.

Within reasonable limits it is not possible to describe the events of the "Great Election of 1826." The more prosaic details—speeches, addresses, &c.—are to be found in the Poll Book, a volume of 380 pages, published by William Davison, of Alnwick; the "poetry" of the contest is enshrined in "A Choice selection of the Most Popular Songs, &c., written in Favour of the Different Candidates"—a book of 122 pages, printed in Newcastle; the humours of the fight are preserved in bursting folios of handbills collected by the brothers Thomas and John Bell and other industrious gatherers of such trifles.

In this memorable contest each candidate fought for his own hand. Mr. Bell was a sincere Tory; Mr. Liddell served under the same flag, but was willing, with Canning, to concede privileges to Catholics; Lord Howick came forward as a Whig; Mr. Beaumont throwing over both Whigs and Tories, stood as an independent Reformer, or advanced Liberal. Not only was there no coalition of forces, no unity of action among them, but the candidates that were apparently nearest in aim and feeling were the most bitterly opposed to each other.

The real business of the election began on the 13th June. Mr. Beaumont was nominated by Mr. Joseph Lamb and Mr. T. R. Batson; Mr. Bell by Sir Charles Loraine and Mr. Charles John Clavering; Lord Howick by Sir M. W. Ridley and Mr. Wm. Ord, M.P.; Mr. Liddell by Mr. Thos. Clennel and Mr. Wm. Clark. The show of hands was declared to be in favour of Mr. Beaumont and Mr. Liddell, and after a week spent in preparation the poll was opened. Thereafter, every morning from all the centres of population in the county separate conveyances set out for Alnwick to take voters to the poll; every afternoon at four o'clock, when the voting for the day ceased, each of the candidates addressed the electors from the hustings; every evening the vehicles went back to their place of departure, delivering news of the polling at all the villages and cross-roads leading to villages, which were passed on the journey. And this process went on for fifteen days, excluding Sundays. The mental strain, the bodily fatigue, and the monetary pressure were dreadful. Some of the electors died of sunstroke, for beer was plentiful while water was scarce. The parish clerk of Gosforth, forgetting his duties in overpowering sleep one sultry Sunday, startled the congregation by exclaiming, "Bell for ever!" instead of making the appropriate response. Public houses were filled day and night by thirsty and noisy partisans; the markets were turned into hunting grounds for votes; work was generally neglected; nothing was talked about, nothing was cared for, but news of the wavering fortunes of the four candidates fighting their battle at Alnwick.

At the close of the tenth day's poll—Friday, June 30—an episode occurred which led to a duel between Mr.

Beaumont and Mr. J. G. Lambton, afterwards first Earl of Durham, a warm supporter of Lord Howick. The hostile meeting took place near Bamborough, and ended harmlessly.

When the twelfth day's polling came to an end, Lord Howick retired. He had received 976, Mr. Beaumont 1,241, Mr. Bell 1,331, and Mr. Liddell 1,485 votes. At length, on Thursday, July 6, the last day allowed by law, Mr. Liddell was returned with 1,562 votes, Mr. Bell with 1,350 votes, and Mr. Beaumont was beaten by 45 votes.

The rejected of Northumberland did not remain long out of Parliament. The borough of Stafford returned him as one of its representatives in January, 1827, and he continued to sit for that place till the death of George IV. produced the general election of 1830. Then he came back to Northumberland, where his Parliamentary votes and his promises of support to the measures of reform then under discussion made him so formidable an opponent that Mr. Liddell declined a contest. On the 14th September Mr. Beaumont was elected as the colleague of Mr. Bell.

In 1831, by the death of his mother, Mr. Beaumont succeeded to the great estates of the Beaumonts and the Blacketts in Yorkshire and Northumberland, and it was supposed that as "the richest commoner in England" he would be one of the peers created at the coronation of William IV. But that was not to be, and Parliament being dissolved on the question of the Reform Bill, he came down to Tyneside for re-election. On this occasion the freeholders rallied round the house of Grey, Mr. Bell declined to go to a poll, and Mr. Beaumont and Viscount Howick were returned. With that election ended the representation of the undivided county. When the Reform Bill came into operation, Northumberland obtained the right to elect four members—two for the Northern and two for the Southern Division. Lord Howick went to the North and was elected with Lord Ossulston without a contest; Mr. Beaumont stood for the South, with Mr. William Ord, and was returned at the head of the poll, though Mr. Bell, and not Mr. Ord, came in as his colleague. In 1835 there was no opposition; in 1837, on the accession of the Queen, Mr. Beaumont retired, and his place was filled by Mr. Christopher Blackett.

Throughout his career, Mr. Beaumont remained faithful to the advanced principles which, after his first two or three years' experience of politics and parties, he had adopted. He is said to have been one of the founders of the *Westminster Review*, started in 1824, to advocate the utilitarian views of philosophical Radicals like Jeremy Bentham and John Stuart Mill, and it is believed that he contributed several articles to its pages. He had written verses in youth for the *Musa Etonenses*, and at all times took an active interest in the advance-

ment of literature and the fine arts. Among his tenantry, and generally with the freeholders of South Northumberland, he was a great favourite; his frank disposition and impetuous generosity excited their admiration, and won their affections. How many Northumbrians owe their advancement in life to his munificent liberality will never be known, nor would it be pertinent to inquire.

Mr. Beaumont married Henrietta, daughter of J. Atkinson, Esq., of Maple-Hayes, and died at Bourne-mouth, on the 20th December, 1848, leaving issue four sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Wentworth Blackett Beaumont, was sent to Parliament by the electors of South Northumberland at the first election that took place after he had attained his majority, and (excepting the interval between the general elections of 1885 and 1886) he has continued to be a representative of some portion of the county ever since.

Our likeness of Mr. Beaumont is copied from an engraved portrait kindly lent by Mr. W. R. Trotter, of Hexham.

Thomas Richard Beaumont,

LORD OF THE MANOR OF HEXHAM, AND M.P.

In the early part of last century a Yorkshire baronet came to Newcastle for a wife. The lady of his affections was a Northumbrian baronet's daughter—Diana, eighth child of the second Sir William Blackett. Fortune favoured the wooing. The lover had an ample estate, the lady had great expectations; there was no impediment in the way: when the usual settlements had been made, Diana Blackett became the wife of Sir William Wentworth, of Bretton Hall, Wakefield.

Like most other wealthy people, the Blacketts and the Wentworths were desirous of perpetuating their race and name. But in no long time it came to pass that their desires were frustrated. There were eight children born to Sir William Blackett, besides Diana, and only one of them—Lady Calverley—had issue. There were five sons born to Sir William and Lady Wentworth, and none of them were married. So it happened that in 1777, when Lady Calverley's son, Sir Walter, who had taken her family name, died, the whole of the vast estates entailed by Sir William Blackett passed over to Sir Thomas Wentworth, the unmarried heir of Lady Diana. He, like Sir Walter Calverley, added the surname of Blackett to his own, but with him the process ended. Being the last in the entail he did what he pleased with the property. Dying at Bretton on the 9th July, 1792, he devised the Yorkshire estates of his family, and the greater part of his Blackett inheritance in Northumberland, to Diana, wife of Thomas Richard Beaumont.

Mr. Beaumont—born 29th April, 1758—was the eldest son of Thomas Beaumont of the Oaks, in Darton, York-

shire; one of a long succession of country squires, related by marriage if not by descent to the Beaumonts of Whitley Beaumont in that county. Burke states that Diana his wife was a daughter of Sir Thomas Wentworth-Blackett; Hodgson evades the question of relationship; so also does Mr. Straker, who in 1819 published an elaborate pedigree of the Blackett family. But whatever may have been her relationship, she became, under Sir Thomas's will, the undoubted possessor of the Wentworth estate at Bretton, and of the wide-spreading lands of the Blacketts, with their underlying mineral treasures, in the south-west corner of Northumberland.

Early in life, Mr. Beaumont entered the army as a cornet, and rising step by step attained to the rank of lieutenant-colonel of the 21st Light Dragoons, which he raised as a fencible corps among his Northern tenantry. Three years after his wife entered into possession of her magnificent property, he transferred his corps to the line and entered public life as a politician. On the 7th of July, 1795, Sir William Middleton, one of the representatives of the County of Northumberland in Parliament, died, and on the 14th August Colonel Beaumont obtained the vacant seat. The same honour awaited him at five successive elections—those of 1796, 1802, 1806, 1807, and 1812. On each of those occasions there was no contest—he and his various colleagues, Charles Grey, Viscount Howick, Earl Percy, and Sir Charles Miles L. Monck were returned without even an attempt at opposition. Of his Parliamentary career nothing is recorded; to all appearance it was uneventful. He represented the Tory interest of the county, voted consistently with his party, and did not mix himself up in local controversies, or meddle with purely local affairs.

Although residing mostly at Bretton, Colonel Beaumont paid regular visits to his Northumbrian property, and kept up the fine old mansion of the Blacketts—Hexham Abbey—until, on the 24th September, 1818, it was destroyed by fire. Common report speaks favourably of his administration of the estates which it was his wife's good fortune to obtain. Although proud of his wealth, and of the influence which it brought him, he is said to have been a liberal and considerate landlord, living on good terms with his agricultural tenantry, and enjoying the respect and attachment of the intelligent toilers in his mines and smelt mills. Entertaining chivalrous ideas of honour and patriotism, he was throughout his life a soldier in thought and feeling, while in the domestic circle, and among his friends, he was a courteous gentleman of the old school—a man of polished manners and good sense.

Colonel Beaumont retired from the representation of Northumberland in 1818, and was succeeded by his son. From that date he lived a somewhat retired life at Bretton, where, on the 31st July, 1829, after a protracted illness, he died. A local chronicler, recording the event, adds that "his kind and gentlemanly manners, joined to

the most friendly disposition, had obtained for him the sincere esteem of a wide circle of acquaintance."

Thomas Bedingfeld,

ONE OF THE MINOR LOCAL POETS.

Dedicated to Sir Walter Scott, who had expressed a wish to see it in print, the publisher of the *Newcastle Chronicle* issued, in 1815, a volume of poetry by Thomas Bedingfeld and George Pickering. Mr. James Ellis, of Otterburn, a friend and companion of both the writers, edited the book, and, in an introductory chapter, told the story of its authors' lives.

Thomas Bedingfeld, second son of Mary, daughter of Sir John Swinburne, Bart., of Capheaton, by her marriage with Edward Bedingfeld, younger son of Sir H. A. Bedingfeld, Bart., of Oxborough, Norfolk, was born at York, on the 18th of February, 1760. Educated abroad, he was admitted into the office of the Messrs. Davidson, a firm of eminent attorneys in Newcastle, to study conveyancing. There he met with two congenial spirits—George Pickering (son of a gentleman who had been land-steward to Sir Lancelot Allgood of Nunwick and Sir William Middleton of Belsay), and James Ellis, son of the town sergeant of Hexham. The younger Messrs. Davidson were themselves attached to literature, and a sort of literary companionship grew up amongst them, not very common in a lawyer's office.

Mr. Bedingfeld completed his term of probation with the Davidsons in 1784, and entered Lincoln's Inn, where he continued his study of the law under the direction of another eminent Newcastle lawyer, Matthew Duane, who had left the town and settled in London. Towards the latter end of 1787, he commenced practice on his own account in the Inner Temple as a conveyancer and chamber counsel, for, being a Roman Catholic, he was incapable of exercising the full privileges of the bar. He was rising rapidly in his profession when his hopes and those of his friends were terminated by his death, which took place on the 5th of November, 1789.

Like many other poets, Bedingfeld was of a sanguine and impulsive temperament, easily excited, and at times bending all his energies in the direction of his feelings. Although one of the best tempered of men, he argued, Mr. Ellis tells us, upon any subject on which he felt himself interested with an earnestness and fervour almost tumultuous, that occasioned many a smile and much good humoured raillery amongst his friends. In person he resembled William Pitt, and was sometimes mistaken for that statesman by the London populace. His opinions did not, however, harmonise with those of the great Prime Minister, for he ridiculed him in a skit "On the Anniversary of Mr. Pitt's Appointment to the Premiership," which he managed with such dexterity that, though it contains eighteen rhymes to Pitt, not one is repeated.

Gretna Green Marriages.

STRANGERS going the round of Newcastle with Dr. Bruce's Handbook as their guide easily make the acquaintance of the old house in the Sandhill from which, on a November night in 1772, Bessie Surtees descended by a ladder to her expectant lover. They readily recognise the door in the window at which she appeared to the future Lord Chancellor, with whom she was about to cross the Borders by post-chaise, and qualify herself for the coronet that was yet in the distance; and if they be meditative minds they may ponder, perchance, over that romance of history in which one of his lordship's predecessor's on the woolsack had the fortune to carry the bill concerning banns that led the way to Border marriages, and in which a Chancellor who succeeded him was the author of the measure that brought them to an end. Hardwicke—Eldon—Brougham—these are the three great men whose names are bound up with our present subject.

In the time of the second George, when Lord Hardwicke was Chancellor, the marriage law of England and Scotland was essentially much the same. Consent of parties in the public eye sufficed, and thousands of couples were content to dispense with all other ceremony. Great license prevailed. Irregular marriages grew into gross abuse. When Queen Anne reigned in England, Fleet marriages went on, without authority or banns, at the rate of eighty a week; and, towards the end of the same century, Pennant, writing the book of his old age, recalls their frequency in the days of his youth. In walking along Fleet Street in London, prior to the passing of Lord Hardwicke's Bill, he had often been tempted by the question, "Sir, will you be pleased to walk in and be married?" "Along this most lawless space was hung up the frequent sign of a male and female hand conjoined, with *Marriages Performed Within* written beneath. A dirty fellow invited you in. The parson was seen walking before his shop—a squalid, profligate figure, clad in a tattered plaid night-gown, with a fiery face, and ready to couple you for a dram of gin or a roll of tobacco." "Our great Chancellor, Lord Hardwicke," adds Pennant in 1790, "put these demons to flight, and saved thousands from the misery and disgrace which would be entailed by these extemporary and thoughtless unions."

Some few years before Pennant was born, the *Weekly Journal* was giving facts and figures in illustration of the ancient abuse. "From an inspection into the several registers for marriages kept at the alehouses, brandy-shops, &c., within the Rules of Fleet Prison, we find," said the writer (June 29, 1723), "no less than thirty-two

couples joined together from Monday to Thursday last, without license, contrary to an express Act of Parliament against clandestine marriages, that lays a severe fine of £200 on the minister officiating, and £100 each on the persons so married in contradiction to the statute. Several of the above-named brandymen and victuallers keep clergymen in their houses at 20s. per week, hit or miss; but it is reported that one there will stoop to no such low conditions, but makes at least £500 per annum of divinity jobs after that manner."

"Marrying," observes the historian, "was now become as much a trade as any mechanical profession." Ale-houses had their priests; while "some," we read, "carried on the business at their own lodgings, where the clocks were kept at the canonical hours; but the majority were employed by the keepers of the marriage houses, who were generally tavern-keepers. The parson and landlord (who usually acted as parish-clerk) divided the fee between them (unless the former received a weekly wage), after paying a shilling to the pleyer or tout who brought in the customers."

The business was conducted by open advertisement thus:—"At the true chapel, at the old Red Hand and Mitre, three doors up Fleet Lane, and next door to the White Swan, marriages are performed by authority, by the Rev. Mr. Symson, educated at the University of Cambridge, and late chaplain to the Earl of Rothes.—N.B. Without imposition."

Marriages, if required, were antedated for a consideration; parties were decoyed into matrimony; shoals of sailors fell into the net; and from generation to generation the abuse ripened for destruction. "All classes flocked to the Fleet to be married in haste. Its registers contain the names of men of all professions, from the barber to the officer in the Guards, from the pauper to the peer of the realm."

The measure of the wrong was filled up in the year 1753, which witnessed the passing of Lord Hardwicke's Bill. The bill to which the Lord Chancellor gave his powerful name proposed to render all marriages (save marriages by license) invalid that were not preceded by threefold publication of banns during divine service, and solemnized in church. Fierce was the fight over this sweeping remedy of the evil. Within and without the walls of Parliament the measure was resisted. The establishment of an ecclesiastical monopoly in marriage was denounced. Various were the grounds of opposition. The officiating priests of the great matrimonial marts—Mayfair and the Mint, the Fleet and the Savoy—were stout in defence of their privileges. Keith, one of the foremost of the band, threatened the Bishops in his wrath that he would buy two or three acres of ground and "underbury them" in revenge! The Spiritual Peers, however, were not alarmed into surrender. The bill was pressed upon Lords and Com-

mons, and, overcoming all opposition, received the Royal Assent.

The cause of all this agitation, the Act of 26 George II., cap. 33, came into operation from and after March 25, 1754, and, whatever good effect it had, gave new life to Border marriages. Such marriages had blossomed before, and now they flowered. All England had the run of them; and the post-chaise was in motion for the Solway and the Tweed from every corner of our country. Here we may quote an historical article on the subject, from the *Carlisle Journal* of May 7, 1872, apropos of the death of "Old Simon Lang," which had occurred on the 24th of April preceding, at Felling-on-Tyne. The journalist had to tell of one "John Murray, the clogger, in the Langtoon," on the English side, who troubled the worthy minister of Graitney, or Gretna, in the early years of George II., by writing certificates for enamoured youth, with fictitious names attached. There was also, afterwards, "a sharp-witted fellow named Scott," who systematized the practice, "hitting on the ingenious idea of opening a place on the Borders for uniting runaway couples." He "commenced his career at the Rigg, in Gretna Parish, about the year 1753"—the year of the passing of Lord Hardwicke's Bill. "His successor or rival in trade was an old soldier called Gordon," who "appeared at the altar" in ancient regimentals—"a huge cocked hat and red coat, jack boots," with "generally a ponderous sword dangling by his side." This venerable warrior had his day, and aspirants for the office were not few when he ceased to marry; but "Joseph Pasley (or Paisley), fisherman, smuggler, tobacconist, and reputed blacksmith," bore away the belles. The lion's share of the business was his. Blacksmith by repute was Pasley, but he was no son of Vulcan save in a metaphorical sense; he achieved the name by his despatch in welding impatient lovers in wedlock; and on one or more grand occasions he won the munificent fee of a hundred guineas by his hammer, "as David Lang also succeeded in doing some years afterwards." The ceremony, when any was used, was that of the Church of England; and at its conclusion a certificate, miserably written, if possible worse spoiled, and signed by witnesses under fictitious names, was handed over to the parties. The following is a copy of one of these certificates:—

This is to certify all persons that may be concerned, that A. B. from the parish of C. in the county of D., and E. F. from the parish of G. and in the county of H., and both comes before me dectayrd themselves both to be single persons, and now marryrd by the forme of the Kirk of Scotland, and agrible to the Church of England, and givine ondre my hand, this 18th day of March, 1793.

After the death of Pasley in 1810, the field lay open for competition in the trade, and the different candidates resorted to different means to acquire the best share. One of the rival practitioners, Robert Elliott, a Northumbrian born, married Pasley's granddaughter, and fell heir to his office. Another, John Linton, who established

himself in 1825 at Gretna Hall,* and converted it into an inn for the comfort of lovers, performed the ceremony in an imposing costume, with a certain solemnity, and down to the year 1851 kept a register, which his widow informed the Registrar-General contained over 1,000 entries. In 1843 one Murray, who kept a turnpike gate on the English side of the Border, effected a revolution by representing to English visitors, always in hot haste, that the further journey of two miles to Gretna Green was superfluous, as the wedding in his presence on the Scotch side of the Border was equally valid. The argument was held to be conclusive; and Murray continued his operations uninterruptedly until 1858. In the year 1854 he registered no less than 746 marriages, 42 in one day; in the year 1856 the numbers rose to 757. Then passed Lord Brougham's Act, by which it was provided that no irregular marriage contracted in Scotland by declaration, acknowledgment, or ceremony, should be valid, unless one of the parties had, at the date thereof, his or her usual residence there, or had lived in Scotland for 21 days next preceding such marriage. In consequence of this salutary change in the law, the entries in Murray's register fell to about 30 in 1857, and 41 in 1858. Murray continued his vocation till his death in 1861.

The dynasty of the Langs began in 1792. David and Simon, father and son, held the office of high priest for a period of over four-score years. The former, a native of the parish, was in early life a draper and pedlar, travelling over a wide area. It was war time; and the press-gang, never very scrupulous, laid hands on David Lang, and carried him off to sea. His ship fell in the way of an historical character not more nice than the recruiting rovers who had made the merchant into a mariner. She was boarded by a free-lance in the form of Paul Jones, who bore his prize into a French port, where inducements were held out to the prisoners to pass into the American service; but David got safe home, and would go no more a-cruising either as a seaman or pedlar. He turned priest, and wore the cassock for about forty years. Legions of lovers flocked to his shrine, and went away in wedlock. Humble and lofty, all were welcome. Lord Erskine was there, with a fee of a hundred guineas. "David succeeded in joining several scions of noble and powerful houses, including the Beauclercs, the Coventrys, and others of almost equal standing. He was cut off rather suddenly, in his seventy-second year, from the effects of a severe cold, caught in 1827 while attending the great sensational trial at Lancaster of Edward Gibbon Wakefield for the abduction of Miss Turner, a rich heiress, fifteen

* The little sketch of Gretna Hall, which is now occupied by Mr. Joseph Rome, a Carlisle draper, is taken from a photograph kindly lent to us by Mr. W. A. Shiach, of Carlisle. (See next page.)

years old."* His son Simon at once entered on the vacancy—not without competitors, but eclipsing them all—and continued in his office down to 1871, a period of some four and forty years. Simon's house, shown in our sketch, was situated at Springfield, a mile or so from Gretna proper.

But the "marriers," as they are called at Gretna, have not even yet died out. The local Registrar of Births, Deaths, and Marriages was interviewed on the subject at the end of 1887. "Willie Lang, the post runner," said that official, "has married a dozen couples these last twelve months. There used to be six or seven 'marriers,' but Willie gets almost all the work now. His patrons are mainly servants who come over after Carlisle Fair; but there are, of course, others. The marriages usually take place at 'term' time. Willie charges variously. Sometimes 5s., sometimes 7s. 6d.; occasionally he may get two, three, or five guineas. The parties just engage a room at a public-house, and after they have signed Willie Lang's roll he gives the bride a certificate." Another authority informs us that formerly at fair time in Carlisle "nearly all the cabs were in requisition for Gretna Green, as many as thirty or forty of them, each with its couple in haste to get married.

Of Gretna as the goal of lovers there is repeated mention in the files of the *Newcastle Chronicle* from its beginning in 1764. The bill of 1753 had made the Great North Road famous for its racing and chasing. Strephon and Chloe, debarred from the Fleet, called a post-chaise, and, putting the postillion on his mettle, hurried with smoking steeds to a more obliging clime—a clime in

* David appeared in the witness box at the trial dressed in a decent-looking black coat, a velvet waistcoat, black knee-breeches, and a shining pair of top-boots. According to the *Times* report, "he seemed a vulgar fellow, though not without shrewdness, and that air of familiarity which he might be supposed to have acquired by the freedom necessarily permitted, by persons of a better rank of life, to one who was conscious he had the power of performing for them a guilty, but important ceremony." On entering the witness-box, he leaned forward towards the counsel employed to examine him, "with a ludicrous expression of gravity upon his features, and accompanied every answer with a knitting of his wrinkled brow and a significant nodding of his head, which gave a peculiar force to his quaintness of phraseology, and occasionally convulsed the court with laughter." Interrogated by Mr. Scarlett and Mr. Coltman in succession, he acknowledged having seen Edward Gibbon Wakefield and Ellen Turner at Linton's, and having married them after the old Scotch form, putting the ring on the lady's finger, and joining their hands as man and wife, after which, said he, "I think I told the lady that I generally had a present from 'em, as it might be, of such a thing as money to buy a pair of gloves," whereupon she gave him, "with her own hand, a twenty-shilling Bank of England note to buy them." The gentleman having asked what sort of wine they had in Linton's house, Lang replied that they had three kinds, "with the best of sheempine" (champagne). A bottle being ordered, Lang finished it. In reply to Mr. Brougham, who was also engaged in the case, Lang said he had got thirty, forty, or fifty pounds—he could not say to a few pounds—for doing the Wakefield job.

which, if marriages were commonly celebrated (as they were) with the publication of banns, the less regular union could also be extemporised. Runaway weddings were consequently contributing paragraphs, ever and anon, to the columns of Newcastle newspapers in the last century, nor altogether withholding their interest after a new century had come in.

Among the more remarkable enrolments is one of the autumn of 1793. The "envied of many wooers"—the swain who had secured the preference of a Cumbrian belle—was apprised that she was imprisoned by her father, but had devised a way of escape. She would be "drawn up the chimney!" "Love laughs at lums and locksmiths." She was willing to face the soot rather than be balked in her purpose; and accordingly, at a convenient hour, her lover came within the shadows of her home near Carlisle, with the ordinary appendage of a chaise, and the extraordinary accompaniment of a



sailor. Up to the roof climbed young man and mariner; a rope was lowered to the captive's chamber; and, attaching herself by "a true lover's knot" to the friendly coil, she was hoisted into freedom, and whisked away to the Borders. A parallel case is recorded in the *Newcastle Chronicle* of 1804, when Cumberland was again the scene, but the gentleman was the prisoner. The enamoured youth was a minor, and his father had put him under lock and key. While the door, however, was secured, the chimney was left unguarded; and by this dark avenue he escaped to his lady-love and the blacksmith.

Common was the chaise on the old post roads; common, also, was the highwayman; and the traveller was sometimes disturbed by the apparition of a pistol at the window. A characteristic illustration of those exciting times occurred in the month of March, 1765. Bride and bridegroom were returning home from Scotland. On the wings of love and of wheels they had flown to the wedding-anvil, and now they were on their more leisurely way back. Newcastle had been left behind; Durham was neared; and an innkeeper's tout was on the look-out

for customers. It was the fashion of the day to be thus ready in advance with an offer of a change of horses at the Cathedral City; and the lynx-eyed courier, espying the coming chaise, rode up to the window and thrust in his master's card—"a practice," says the *Chronicle*, "now much in vogue." The poor bride, mistaking the pasteboard for a pistol, fell back into her husband's arms in hysterics; and some hours were lost on the road ere she could be recovered from the consequences of her fright.

A less tender record, which has the air of an advertisement, occurs in the summer of the same year. "A few days ago," writes a Yorkshire correspondent, "the



widow lady at Colnedge, who sells the never-failing remedy for the bite of a mad dog, was married in Scotland to an amiable gentleman about twenty years of age, a playmate of her sons."

In the course of the year 1770, when Barras Bridge was hardly reckoned a part of the town of Newcastle, it had a Border marriage:—"Tuesday morning, June 5. Mr. Watson, of the Barras Bridge, adjoining this town, took a trip to Scotland with his neighbour, Miss Peggy Bell, by way of Chollerford, the nearest road to conjugal happiness, and were married at Gretna Green the next day."

One November night in 1772, a post-chaise rolled along Tyne Bridge in haste for the Borders. In swift pursuit came a second chaise, bearing along a manservant, who overtook the runaways in the town of Morpeth, and under the pressure of a pistol compelled the companion of the lady, a Suffolk maiden, to go on his way in the world alone. It was two days subsequent to this event that John Scott and Bessie Surtees, the course of true love running more smooth, drove unhindered through the ancient Northumbrian borough, and succeeded in crossing the Tweed into Scotland. There, on the 19th, at Blackshiels, near Fala, were they married according to the rites of the Church of England by the Rev. Mr. Buchanan, Episcopal clergyman of

Haddington. And on the 19th of January, 1773, the ceremony was followed by a second marriage in the church of St. Nicholas, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Years afterwards, when John Scott, Earl of Eldon, had been elevated to the woolsack, George the Third plumed himself on the distinction which he enjoyed in being able to say—what no former king could do—that he stood between a Lord High Chancellor and an Archbishop of Canterbury, both of whom had run away with their wives.

It is a remarkable circumstance that three Lord Chancellors of England, out of four in succession, were married in this clandestine fashion—Erskine, Eldon, and Brougham. Brougham was married at Coldstream, Eldon at Blackshiels, and Erskine at Gretna Green. The latter ran off with Miss Moore when he was barely twenty years of age, and only a poor ensign. Local tradition has it that, after Erskine had risen to great eminence at the bar, he was anxious that the children which his wife had borne him during the currency of their irregular union should be legitimatised, and the plan was chosen of furnishing the lady with a gown of such ample skirt, distended by a large hoop, as to admit the whole of her interesting progeny under it, and then, the marriage ceremony having been duly performed in canonical hours by a beneficed clergyman, the stain of illegitimacy was held to be wiped off.

Rowland Burdon.

ROWLAND BURDON, of Castle Eden, was the tenth in descent, in unbroken succession, from Thomas Burdon, of Stockton, who flourished in the reign of Edward IV. His father, whose Christian name was likewise Rowland, having prospered greatly as a member of the Company of Merchant Adventurers of Newcastle, purchased, in 1758, the manor of Castle Eden, with the church living attached to it, from a gentleman of the name of Bromley. The owners of the estate had been non-resident for a century and a half; and Mr. Burdon found it waste and unclosed, the chapel in ruins, and not a vestige remaining of the mansion house; so one of his first duties was to enclose and improve the lands, rebuild the church from the ground, and erect Castle Eden House, an extensive mansion, remarkable for the simple elegance of its structure, and situated on an eminence commanding a good land and sea prospect. Some years previous to his removal to Castle Eden, he had married Elizabeth, daughter of George Smith, Esq., of Burn Hall, in Brancepeth parish, who had taken orders in the Nonjuring Church, and was made titular bishop of Durham, and who, moreover, was a famous antiquary, and editor of the first folio edition of Bede's works, printed at Cambridge, in 1722.

The subject of our memoir, who was an only child, succeeded to his father on the 25th October, 1786, and entered upon a career which entitled him to be distinguished as "beyond all comparison the most illustrious of his race." As a private gentleman, he did much towards the improvement of his estate, following in the steps of his predecessor; and in particular he rendered the wild beauties of Castle Eden Dene—the queen of the magnesian limestone denes—accessible by a good road, carried for three miles from the mansion house to its mouth on the coast of the German Ocean. The turnpike road from Stockton to Sunderland was procured by his exertions; previous to its opening there was no convenient direct route between these two important towns. He represented the County of Durham in the House of Commons in three successive Parliaments, from 1790 to 1806, and only retired in the



latter year owing to circumstances over which he could exercise no control, and which made him, to use his own words, "the victim of misplaced confidence," a large amount of his assets having been invested in the bank of Messrs. Surtees and Co., which failed in 1806. He was Mayor of Stockton two successive years (1793-1794), and by virtue of his office during his Mayoralty, in the Commission of the Peace and also a Justice of the Court of Pleas at Durham, besides being entitled to style himself an alderman of the borough, so long as he continued in the possession of burghage property.

It is to the patriotism of the subject of our notice that we owe that magnificent, and till lately unequalled, structure, the bridge over the Wear at Sunderland, originally known as Wearmouth Bridge. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. i., page 401.) Previous to its erection, no such place as that now popularly called Sunderland existed. There was then, as there is still, the town of Sunderland-near-the-Sea, or Sunderland properly so termed, familiarly said to be "the road to no place,"

half a seaport and half a fishing village, and then, as now, incapable of extension and difficult of improvement. It was not until Wearmouth Bridge was built, joining together the small and separate places of Sunderland and the Wearmouths, and connecting them with the surrounding country on either bank of the river, that the town can be said to have had a beginning, and all its growth and prosperity may be dated from, and ascribed to, the opening of this once wonderful and yet magnificent structure, which the late Mr. Robert Stephenson, M.P., in an article on "Iron Bridges," in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," characterises as probably one of the boldest examples of arch construction in existence.

The whole cost of the bridge was £34,000, of which Mr. Burdon subscribed £30,000. The foundation stone was laid on the 24th of September, 1793, when the following inscription was deposited in it:—"At that time when the mad fury of French citizens, dictating acts of extreme depravity, disturbed the peace of Europe with iron war, Rowland Burdon, Esq., M.P., aiming at worthier purposes, hath resolved to join the steep and craggy shores of the river Wear with an iron bridge. He happily laid the foundation on the 24th day of September, in the year of human salvation 1793, and the 33rd of the reign of George III., in the presence of William Henry Lambton, Esq., M.P., P.G.M., with a respectable circle of the Brethren of the Society of Free and Accepted Masons, and of the Magistrates and principal gentlemen of the County of Durham, attended by an immense concourse of people. Long may the vestiges endure of a hope not formed in vain." The mode of putting together the ribs was so simple and expeditious that the whole bridge was thrown over the river in ten days; but the work was not completed till about three years afterwards, the first time of the bridge being opened for passengers being on the 9th of August, 1796, when the Freemasons, the volunteers, the magistrates, the principal gentlemen of the county, and an immense concourse of people attended and marched over it. His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester assisted at the opening, and it was computed that eighty thousand spectators witnessed the splendid Masonic ceremony which took place on the occasion.

Mr. Burdon's interest in the bridge was disposed of by lottery, for £30,000, in October, 1816; and the gentlemen who thus acquired the property naturally sought to reimburse themselves for their outlay by continuing to exact tolls. Mr. Burdon's object had been to get the bridge toll-free as soon as possible, and on the 27th December, 1836, when it was proposed by his friend Mr. Bramwell and others to get up a testimonial to him, he wrote to the printer of the *Sunderland Herald* as follows:—"The object yet remains to be obtained of seeing Wearmouth Bridge toll-free. If the Commissioners will be pleased to

look steadily at the object, and by raising money at a lower rate of interest, or such other means as may occur to them, would endeavour to discharge the claims of those who have by lottery obtained an injurious power over the tolls, it would give me more substantial satisfaction than any memorial that could be raised by means which the public would have a right to consider a misapplication of their funds."

Mr. Burdon outlived most of his old contemporaries, having died on the 17th September, 1838, in his eighty-second year. He was twice married—first, to Margaret, daughter of Charles Brandling, Esq., of Gosforth, by whom he had an only daughter, Elizabeth, who died in her ninth year, and was followed three weeks afterwards by her mother; and second, in 1794, to Cotsford, daughter and sole heiress of General Richard Matthews, by whom he had issue—Rowland, who succeeded him, but died without issue in 1875; Richard, who also died without issue; John, who now possesses the estate; Cotsford, Elizabeth, Anne, Frances, and Mary Cotsford.

Our portrait of Mr. Burdon is taken from a miniature which has been obligingly lent to us by one of his sons—Mr. Cotsford Burdon, of Parkhurst House, Haslemere, Surrey. The original sketch, we believe, was made by Monsieur Bouet, a drawing master in Durham. Mr. Burdon's autograph appears on a magisterial certificate dated July 12, 1824.

The English Home of the Washingtons.

By the late James Clephan.

NATIONS, like individuals, look back to the home of their origin. The Englishman of to-day peers out of his cloudland, and over the Northern Sea, in search of the shores whence his forefathers came in quest of fortune; and the American of the nineteenth century sends his thoughts out of the New World to the Old, or comes by screw and cabin across the Atlantic, to find, if he may, his ancestral halls. Behind every human heart is the early home of which the poet sings:

In every clime, the magnet of the soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole.

An evidence of this common feeling of our nature occurred some years ago, in the form of an illustrated paper on the "English Home of the Washingtons," published in *Harper's Magazine*. The author began with the remark, "Perhaps no place in the 'old country' is calculated to be of more interest to Americans than the parish of Brington in Northamptonshire, its old church containing, as it does, memorials the most curious and suggestive of the Washington ancestry; while at Althorp House and

the village of Little Brington there are mementoes of the same family no less interesting."

The church has its inscribed monuments of the Washingtons, and their names are written in the parish register. It is recorded of "Mr. Lawrance Washington," by the parochial penman, that he was "buried the 15th day of December, 1616"; and in the pavement of the chancel lies a stone slab bearing the inscription:—

Here lieth the body of Lavrence Washington, sonne and heire of Robert Washington, of Sovlgrave, in the countie of Northampton, Esquier, who married Margaret, the eldest daughter of William Butler, of Tees, in the countie of Sussexe, Esquier, who had issue by her 8 sonns and 9 daughters; which Lavrence deceased the 13 of December, A. Dni. 1616.

Those that by chance or choyce of this hath sight,
Know life to death resigns as days to night;
But as the sunns retorne revives the day,
So Christ shall us, though turnde to dust and clay.

Beneath the inscription are the arms of Lawrence Washington, impaled with those of his wife; and near his memorial, but in the nave, is the brass of his brother Robert, with a family shield "bearing the blazon, Argent, two bars gules, in chief three mullets." "This Lawrence Washington," observed the visitor from afar, "was the lineal ancestor, presumably the great-great-grandfather, of George Washington, the first President of the United States."

The Rev. J. N. Simpkinson, some time rector of Brington, has a theory, we are told, with reference to the settlement of this branch of the Washington family in North Hants, which is a little plausible. He says:—"In the reign of Henry VIII., Lawrence Washington, of Warton in Lancashire, left his native village and settled eventually in the town of Northampton, where he soon obtained the influence and position which an active and acute mind is sure to achieve in times of social and political change. He was a member of the Society of Gray's Inn, having been there brought up to the profession of the law. It is probable that at the instance of his uncle Kitson" (connected with the Spencer family by the marriage of a daughter), "a merchant of London, he turned his attention to the wool trade, which was rapidly rising to importance in the Midland Counties; and he soon raised himself to such consideration and influence that in 1532 he was elected Mayor." * * "The ancestors of these Washingtons were people of position in Lancashire, where they possessed property, and were, it is conjectured by Irving and Sparks, an offshoot of the Washington family of the county of Durham, which became extinct there about the beginning of the fifteenth century."

One other quotation from the American magazine has reference to the arms of the family, foreshadowing the famous Stars and Stripes of the great Republic of the West. Much doubt there cannot be—if doubt at all—"that the arms of the family, as emblazoned on the tomb-slabs in Brington Church—(in the language of heraldry, Argent, two bars gules, in chief three mullets

of the second)—suggested the Stars and Stripes of the American flag." "Edmondsley's 'Heraldry' gives the following as one of the varieties of the armorial bearings of the Washingtons:—"In Buckinghamshire, Kent, Warwickshire, and Northamptonshire, Argent, two bars gules, in chief three mullets of the second: crest, a raven, with wings indorsed proper, issuing out of a ducal coronet, or." This was the variety used by General Washington, and is still to be seen attached to the commissions of some of the earlier officers of the Army of Independence. Can any one reasonably doubt that these insignia suggested the Stars and Stripes and the spread eagle of the national ensign, and that those on whom it devolved to choose the national emblem paid a well-merited compliment to the father of their country by adopting the arms and crest of the family?"

Which arms of America, let us add, by one of the strange vicissitudes of history, were forecasted in imagery from the cloisters of Durham Cathedral! For the "Washington" of the Bishopric—the plot of ground so called in the union of Chester-le-Street—is the English home of the family that first appears in our island with this heraldic distinction.

Surtees, the historian of the Palatinate, describes the little colony, in 1820, as "a scattered village, on irregular broken ground." A railway runs by the side of it in modern days; and is it not, moreover, within a mile or two of that classic hill on the Wear which marks the scene of the ancient legend of the Lambton Worm? At the time of the "Boldon Buke" (1138), the "Domesday" of the patrimony of the Bishopric, William de Hertburne held Washington, save the church and its lands, in exchange for Hertburne (or Hartburn), now a township in the parish of Stockton-on-Tees. He rendered £4 to the Bishop, and went in the great chase with a couple of greyhounds. When a common aid was required, he was also to bear his part in the assessment; but it was not to exceed a single mark.

The great chase of the Prince Bishop was an affair of no mean moment; for we read, as to Aucklandshire, that at the hunts all the villans found, for each oxgang, one rope, and made his lordship's hall in the forest (of the length of forty feet and of the breadth within the posts of sixteen feet), with a buttery and hatch, and a chamber, and a chapel forty feet long and fifteen broad, with a fence round the lodges. They had of charity two shillings; and on the Bishop's departure a whole tun of beer, or a half one, if it should remain; and they guarded the series of hawks which were in the district of Ralph the Crafty, and made eighteen booths at the fairs of St. Cuthbert. All the villans, moreover, and farmers, attended the roehunts at the summons of the Bishop, and also took part in the work of the mills of Aucklandshire.

Such is a glimpse, afforded us by the Boldon Book, of the life of the Bishopric in the days when the knightly Wil-

liam held Washington, or "Wessyngton," in exchange for Hartburn.

"It seems probable," Surtees remarks, "that either William de Hertburne, or his immediate descendants, assumed the local name; for William de Wessington occurs as a witness to charters of Bishop Robert de Stichell (1260-74) and de Insula (1274-83). William de Wessyngton, chivaler, had license to settle the manor on himself, his wife Katharine, and his own right heirs, in 1350, and died in 1367 seized of the whole manor and vill by the above-mentioned free rent of £4, leaving William his son and heir, who held by the same tenure under Bishop Hatfield's survey (1380)." But, "before 1400 the direct male line expired in another William. Arms, Arg. two bars and three mullets in chief gules." "It is possible," adds the county historian, "that from cadets of this ancient house descended the Washingtons of Adwicke-le-Street, co. York, whose pedigree appears in Dugdale, 1666, and those of Leicestershire, ancestors of the American patriot, George Washington."

In the century of the Boldon Book, and some fifty years before it was compiled, there were flourishing in the diocese of Durham the Amundevilles, probably of the same family with William de Hertburne, their arms being similar. Of John de Amundeville there is mention in the time of Henry I.; and with another John this noble house decays in the reign of the second Edward. Amundeville, or Mundeville—"Coatham Mundeville"—is in the parish of Haughton-le-Skerne, where Adam de Selby was holding to farm the demesne in the days of Bishop Pudsey, with the condition of finding at Darlington a litter for his lordship on his journeys.

It is probable—(may we not say certain?)—that the Norman settlers, Amundevilles, Hartburnes, and Washingtons, brought over the waves their Stars and Bars? Adventuring in the train of Norman William for the conquest of England, they won rich lands for themselves and those that came after them, successors of theirs carrying across a broader ocean than that of their forefathers the cognizance that was to float over land and sea on the banner of the American Republic!

One of Pudsey's successors, Bishop James, became, in process of time, lord of the manor of Washington. In 1617, when the Stuart King was in Durham on the occasion of his visit to his native land of Scotland, the Bishop was in the Royal train; and on the crown of Elvet Bridge a city apprentice recited a doggerel poem in which the author had a gird at his lordship; for the prelate was no favourite with the citizens, having run counter to their municipal advancement, and also to their endeavours after representation in Parliament:—

Yet what our Royal James did grant herein,
William our Bishop hath repugnant been.

King and Bishop came into angry collision. So roughly and roundly was the Count Palatine scolded by his sovereign on the 8th of May, in his own Castle of Durham,

"that he retired to Auckland, and died of a violent fit of stone and stranguary, brought on by perfect vexation, three days afterwards."

Washington remained behind in the Bishop's family—its parish church having a large south porch, the burial-place of the lords of the manor, adorned with the arms of the see and of James. "The whole roof was panelled in compartments with arms and a profusion of gold stars, which made it resemble a sort of *Camera Stellata*; all the performances of Mrs. Dorothy James, in the good days when widows and spinsters worked the family arms on chair covers, and occasionally changed their hand from decorating the great hall with King Alexander's triumph, or the history of David and Goliath, to illustrating the family pedigree in needlework."

But clouds come over the fairest skies; and "Dorothy James's starry heaven," as Surtees commemorates with his characteristic humour, "is now covered by a *Via Lactea* of whitewash."

Those who are so inclined may now turn to the lives of George Washington by Jared Sparks and Washington Irving, the latter of whom was marked out at the font as a biographer of the general. The first chapter of Irving's book of 1855 is devoted to the "Genealogy of the Washington family," at the head of which is placed "William de Hertburn, the progenitor of the Washingtons," and the line is traced down its course, passing Prior Wessington, who in 1446 "was buried like a soldier on his battlefield, at the door of the north aisle of his church, near the altar of St. Benedict." Worthy of grateful remembrance is John Washington, Prior of Durham, "of whose compilations relative to the see, and the order professed by its monks," says the late Rev. Dr. Raine, in his "Saint Cuthbert" (1828), "I have so frequently availed myself." Diligently and lovingly "he wrote on the subject of his church." He "did more." Great and liberal services he rendered it in a variety of ways over a long course of years, and his name is honourably written in its annals. Incidentally we learn that in the time of Prior Washington the cathedral of Durham had a clock; for there was then expended 71s. 11d. for the construction of a window *juxta horologium*. The edifice had also the instrumental music which is now so common in our churches, £26 13s. 4d. having been paid for "the making of divers pairs [sets] of organs."

Passing from the Prior to the President, whose blood "came in with the Conqueror," there are in the "Archæologia Æliana" (ii., 120, 1857), among the Transactions of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries, letters which connect the general with the county of Durham after the War of Independence. They were read before the members in 1857 by Mr. W. H. D. Longstaffe, the historian of Darlington, and annotated for the archives. To one of them, written by Sarah Addison to her brother, Washington Smirk, in 1836, is appended a copy of the register of their parents' marriage at Washington in

1780:—"Edward Smirk and Hannah Washington, both of this parish, married, by banns duly published, on the 22nd day of May, 1780, by me, E. Wilson, rector."

Of the remaining letters, seven in number, one was written by General Washington, April 6, 1787, at Mount Vernon, and concerns the estate of Colonel Thomas Colville, under whose will he was executor. Two others, besisting with italics, and having a touch of small capitals, are from the pen of Sir William Appleby, "one of the Peg Nicholson knights" of English history.* He describes Washington as "the modern *Fabius*, in war as well as *executorships*," and is as peppery as he is prejudiced and unjust.

In a note to the letter of General Washington, the editor says: "It is evident from the sequel that Colonel Colville was nearly related to the Colvilles of White House, near Gateshead," purchased by Edward, son of Adam Colville, of Boldon, Gent. Edward Colville, Butcher and Hoastman of Newcastle, died in 1750, aged 105. Twice married, he had sons and daughters. His son John, baptized in 1708, resided at White House. One of his sisters, Camilla, baptized in 1698, married Charles Bennet, Viscount Ossulston, who succeeded his sire as Earl of Tankerville.†

The Countess of Derwentwater

The End of a Romantic Struggle.

IT was with a feeling of extreme astonishment that the country learnt, in the autumn of 1868, that Dilston Castle—a ruined stronghold in Northumberland—had been forcibly seized by a lady who deemed her title to its possession indisputable. By this simple recurrence to the free-handed methods of the unscrupulous old Borderers, Amelia Radcliffe—as the claimant called herself—had at one stroke acquired undying fame. I have already (see page 165) described her supposed relationship to the rebellious Earl of Derwentwater, and indicated the character of the documents and relics on which her case rested. I have described, also, the mysterious nature of her appearance at Blaydon, the singular warmth of her welcome there, the strength and steadfastness of the followers she enrolled, and the secrecy of the midnight raid which put her in possession of "the roofless home of her ancestors." It is not an exaggeration to say that, twenty years ago, all classes of the English people were deeply

* Margaret Nicholson made an attack on the life of George III. in 1786, whereupon many loyal and dutiful addresses were presented to his Majesty, his Majesty, in return, making a large number of new knights. Hence "Peg Nicholson knights."

† See *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. i., p. 274—"Camilla of the White House."

stirred by the novel recital. They could imagine the quaint figure—with its plumed head and sword-bedecked girdle—sitting, Quixotically, beneath a piece of old tarpaulin, and glorying in the triumphs achieved. They could sympathise with the sufferings the lady endured, and deplore the mental unrest that possessed her. But, in the midst of abounding pity, there were many anxious inquiries as to the ultimate issue of the struggle, and as to the methods by which the Lords of the Admiralty—the then administrators of the property—would rid themselves of their troublesome guest.

In one important particular the suspense was not unduly protracted. It was decided to eject the trespasser, and Mr. G. C. Grey, the resident agent, made his preparations with a due regard to the stately and chivalrous character of his opponent. Supported by an overwhelming array of force, he presented himself at the "Castle Gateway," on the 1st of October, 1868, and was there met by the lady who so valorously disputed his right. After a curious interview—in which all pacific overtures were disregarded—Mr. Grey intimated that he would return in two hours, and then order a forcible removal if such a course was rendered necessary. At the end of the armistice, as might have been anticipated, the attitude of the parties revealed no variation. The trespasser declined to submit to a technical assault for the purposes of a test action, and the signal was thereupon given for a clearance of the building. After overcoming some slight resistance from the Countess's body-guard, the assailants gained a footing in the tarpaulined parlour, took down the pictures from the crumbling walls, carried away the boxes, and then proceeded to lower the canopy under which the lady herself was seated. This indignity was too great to be quietly endured. Seizing her sword—for she was armed like an Amazon—the Countess drew it from the scabbard, and slashed lustily at the devastating band. Luckily there was no calamity. By a strategic movement on flank and rear, the unscientific fencer was safely disarmed, and it was then supposed that the beleaguered garrison would march out with the honours of war.

But the Countess's vocabulary contained no such word as surrender. As she stubbornly refused to leave her corner, there remained only one course for the party of law and order. Taking a firm grip of the chair on which the somewhat bulky lady was seated, they lifted it carefully from the floor, and carried it with mingled tenderness and anxiety down the broken staircase. It was with a sigh of relief that they reached *terra firma*, and proposed to escort their visitor in a more dignified fashion from the grounds. But, though defeated, the claimant was not subdued. She would do nothing to facilitate her own departure, and scornfully rejected all offers of food or conveyance from the Admiralty or its employees. Disappointed, and perhaps chagrined, the ejectors at once resumed their task. They assumed a

jaunty air as they now raised her ladyship, and it was with unmistakable alacrity that they trotted her across the lawn, hitched her over the boundary line, and set her sharply down on the open highway. Springing wrathfully from her chair, she denounced the villainy of the Ministerial myrmidons, deplored the callousness of the sovereign, and wound up with an assurance that neither Crown nor Parliament should any longer fatten on the wealth of that "noble earl, of the elder lineage," from whom she claimed descent.

As if to illustrate the unalterable character of her resolution, she at once gave instructions for the formation of a camp. Placing her seat across a neighbouring ditch, and suspending her tarpaulin from the hedgerow behind it, she was speedily in possession of a shelter in which to hide from the public gaze. It was not half as comfortable as the wigwam of a Red Indian, and an Esquimaux would have deemed it dangerously draughty even for his dog. Nothing daunted, however, the strong-minded lady took her place without a murmur of complaint, and faced the rigours of a dismal night with the calm indifference of an old campaigner. With her body chilled, with her limbs cramped, and with absolutely no place to lay her head, she did not flinch from her self-imposed vigils. Though her first move had failed, and many of her fondest hopes had been shattered, she entered upon the long hours of darkness with an unmoved countenance, and without a trace of the terrible anguish that possessed her.

I shall never forget my first interview with the Countess under that wretched stretch of tarpaulin. All told, the occupied site did not exceed 12 feet by 7, and in no single spot was the covering more than 4 feet from the ground. It was impossible to enter without inconvenience, and there was no alternative but to crouch or kneel when you got there. I made my *début* on the 2nd of October, and, though matters had been slightly improved since the previous night, there were still many gaping chinks through which the cold air whirled in distressing gusts. In addition to the capacious folds of her military cloak, the recluse had been compelled to seek the protection of a substantial umbrella, and as she sat there, in the dim religious light, it was impossible to resist a feeling of intense pity for her misery and infatuation. But if the lady's surroundings were gloomy, the animated character of her conversation was sufficient to atone for all other defects. Except on the subject of her claim, there was nothing of vagueness or incoherence about her utterances. She spoke pleasantly of her friends, was pleased by the popular sympathy that her cause had evoked, and never wearied of expressing her gratitude for the kindly gifts that people of every degree showered upon her. While delighted with these tokens of good will, however, she adhered doggedly to her own resolves. A forcible

removal of the camp must be followed by a summons for obstruction, and this proceeding—as she professed to hope—would necessitate a searching investigation into matters connected with the Admiralty title. It was for this she braved the elements for five-and-thirty days, and remained—in fair weather and foul, amid frosts and thaws, sunshine and storm—a central figure in a picture that is unique in my experience.

After allowing the entire locality to be kept in a turmoil for more than a month, the legal authorities at last screwed up their courage for action. On the 5th of November, Mr. Henry Wilson and Mr. Pattinson, the representatives of the Hexham Highway Board, proceeded to carry out the tardy instructions of the magistrates. Accompanied by Superintendent Wookey, of the Northumberland police, these gentlemen obtained an interview with the road obstructor, and failed, of course, to convince her that a quiet abandonment of her position would be the wisest course to pursue. As her ladyship was oblivious to either threats or cajolery, there remained no alternative but to “abate the nuisance” by force. This was effected promptly, though considerably, and within an hour the long-familiar landmark was levelled. The bedstead, the family treasure chest, the relics, and the camp utensils were all revealed in their nakedness; and the Countess, still seated in her chair, was once more forced into the full light of day. Amongst the crowds who witnessed this final scene were many who scowled with displeasure on what they regarded as a high-handed proceeding, and they expressed their disgust in terms of unbounded indignation. They were almost rebellious, indeed, when Mr. Wilson approached the sacred form of their heroine, and endeavoured to effect her dislodgment. But, notwithstanding the angry denunciation of the populace, there was only a momentary cessation of the work in progress. Finding all persuasion futile, Mr. Wilson resorted to more efficacious methods. Seizing the back of her ladyship’s chair, he quietly tilted it forward, and so compelled the occupant to rise erect before her admirers. Even in the face of this last reverse, the Countess was unconquered. She moved cautiously backward to the dyke side, dropped on to a piece of carpet, and thus found a still more lowly settlement on the domain she had hoped to win. There she reclined until long after nightfall, and her friends provided her with blankets for a renewal of the strife. As further obstinacy would have entailed further indignities, she agreed, though reluctantly, to strike her colours, and seek shelter in a friendly villa near the scene of her memorable engagement.

This Dilston episode—with its forty days of tribulation—was unmistakably the most sensational phase of the campaign. It must not be supposed, however, that its failure damped the ardour of the claimant. Having

given notice of appeal against the decision of the Hexham magistrates, she migrated southward for the winter, but returned, in the springtime, with as much blitheness and activity as if misfortune had never crossed her path. Samuel Aiston, who was still her trusty agent, resumed operations with an intimation to the Derwentwater tenants that they must either pay their rents to him or quit their holdings. As the response was unsatisfactory, the Countess appeared in person on the 12th of May. Securing a lodgment in the house of a hind, named English, at no great distance from the Devil’s Water Bridge, she was once more favourably placed for an attack on the ruined keep. But the Admiralty authorities were this time on the alert, and prompt with their measures of retaliation. They requested the lady to leave quietly, and met with a contemptuous refusal. This was the signal for a sharp attack. Supported by a strong body of farm labourers, and in the presence of a detachment of policemen, they quickly forced open the door of the cottage, and thrust the intruders into the roadway “bag and baggage.” Surprised and discomfited, our heroine had no alternative but to abandon the contest, and she fled to a residence that had already been secured at Corbridge. A few days later, she tried to prevent the tenants paying rent to Mr. Grey at Haydon Bridge, and marched boldly into the estate office to influence them. Having a massive gold chain round her neck, and a rapier dangling by the side of her richly coloured skirt, she at once became the centre of all observation. On being ordered to retire, she valiantly drew her weapon, and it was snapped in the struggle that led to her expulsion. What might have happened, as the result of these proceedings, it is impossible to predict. But just as the popular interest in her ladyship was reviving, and when everything seemed ripe for a new campaign, there came an exceedingly depressing message from London. The judges of the Court of Queen’s Bench had confirmed the edict of the Hexham magistrates. It could no longer be doubted that the sojourn on the highway had been illegal, and as heavier penalties were expected to follow a recurrence of the wrong-doing, there was a diminution of enthusiasm amongst her attendants which practically put an end to all further enterprises for the year.

But if the Countess was unaggressive, she had not been indolent. The long rest enabled her to mature a variety of daring schemes, and, with the dawn of 1870, she was again on the war path. Failing to extract any rent from the Admiralty tenants, Mr. Henry Brown, of Consett—who was now her ladyship’s head bailiff—resorted to extreme measures. Proceeding to South Newlands Farm, near Shotley Bridge, he coolly requested Mr. Walter Dodds to hand over £270 as payment for his domicile; but as this gentleman demurred to the proposal, there was an instant distraint upon his stock.

No fewer than 22 sheep, 11 cattle, and 2 horses were removed to Consett, and the bailiff's subordinates were left in possession of the stacks, implements, and other agricultural valuables on the land. All peaceable proposals having been scouted, Mr. Grey endeavoured to recover the animals by force. With a county court official as his *aide-de-camp*, and contingents of Northumberland and Durham policemen as his supporters, he commenced his search on the morning of the 15th of January, but was cleverly balked of his prey by the tactics of the redoubtable Mr. Brown. While this futile hunt was in progress, preparations were being completed for an entirely different scene. Some scores of mounted men—with gay sashes and flying streamers—had met the Countess at South Newlands, and an old-fashioned military sword had been exultingly stuck in the ground as a symbol of ownership. Following this achievement, a procession was formed, and the whole party moved at a rapid pace in the direction of Consett. The roads were terribly dirty—with huge banks of snow on either side—and the cavalcade speedily lost its brightness in the flying mud. But the dash across the Derwent valley was extremely pretty, and was watched by crowds of enthusiastic sightseers. The streets of the iron town were almost impassable with cheering sympathisers, and, when the Railway Inn was at length reached, the delighted lady testified her approbation with the air of a queen. She was escorted from her carriage to the hostelry by a gentlemanly butcher in a

blue smock, and afterwards showed herself repeatedly from the windows. "One glass of good ale to every applicant" was the *largesse* bestowed on the admiring throng, and, during the progress of the hilarity thus occasioned, there was a noisy altercation between the Countess and Mr. Grey. Expressions of defiance were vouchsafed to every species of warning, and, in the end, the Envoy of the Admiralty abandoned all hope of satisfactory settlement.

On the Monday following this outburst of jubilation, the distrained stock was offered for sale. The money in dispute had been paid into court, but nobody seemed to heed this legal formality. As a preliminary to the auction, a letter was read from her ladyship, in which she expressed approval of the course that was about to be pursued, and added—"When you bring me to Dilston Castle, you shall all rejoice that day." Ready bidders, and tolerably good prices, having rewarded the efforts of the salesman, the company—mostly mounted—went off at a tearing gallop to Newlands. The constabulary were in force, and all entrance to the farm was refused. Putting their horses at the fences, therefore, the excited raiders tried to carry the homestead by storm. A vigorous application of police batons frustrated the attack, and then it was resolved to lift the irate Mr. Brown over one of the hedges. As this obstacle consisted of well-grown thorn bushes, the task was not an easy one; but the assailants hoisted the bailiff high above their heads, and endeavoured to get the necessary leverage for a good heave



— THE COUNTESS'S CAMP AT DILSTON.

into the enclosure. The constables were equally resolute in their resistance, and, for some minutes, the human missile had a painful experience amid the prickly branches. When the endurance of the outsiders was exhausted, poor Brown was brought back to mother earth. Some of the horsemen—far down the road-way—then succeeded in gaining admission to the disputed land. The intruders being expelled in due course, the stacks—which could not be touched—were sold from a cart on the turnpike, and the riotous interlude terminated with the usual speeches

in denunciation of the Government and its myrmidons. After a fray must come the penalties, and in this instance Nemesis was not sleeping. Brown was promptly arrested for having threatened to get a death warrant signed for the Admiralty agent, and was bound over to keep the peace. But in addition to this summary adjustment of a personal dispute, there was a disquieting rumour of weightier proceedings against all who participated in the attack upon the farm.

I saw the Countess at Corbridge on the 20th, and was surprised to find her without the slightest misgiving as to



the issue of the Newlands exploit. She was more hopeful, indeed, than on any previous occasion, and talked confidently about compelling the Crown to disgorge a sum of £3,163,453, which was now alleged to be due to her. The only discouraging circumstance seemed to be the unwillingness of Mr. Grey to advise his principals to surrender. Instead of counselling a dignified retreat, he had his farms watched night and day, and actually had the hardihood to inform the tenants, by proclamation, that there was no justification in either law or equity for the lady's claim. His zeal carried him even further than this. As the result of a flying visit to London, he was instructed to prosecute the rioters, to take steps for punishing the purchasers of the stolen cattle, and to proceed against the Countess for damages. This was the chance which her ladyship had all along been anxious to secure, and her sympathisers gloried in the prospect of a speedy acknowledgment of her claim. But the opportunity was unexpectedly allowed to slip. She was terribly incensed—as she subsequently informed me—by the receipt of a writ addressed to “Amelia Radcliffe, spinster,” and by the fact that a bailiff had invaded the privacy of her bedroom in order to serve it. Treating the document, therefore, as a “scurrilous piece of wastepaper,” she dropped it into the fire, and then gave the officer of the court into custody for trespass. This was a sad shock to her adherents, and a rumour quickly gained credence in the neighbourhood that she was afraid to put her case to the test. Even her staunchest friends shared these misgivings, and some of them began to complain that they had been misled by false assertions. The disaffection was increased when the Countess repudiated the action of one of her servants, named Sewell, and allowed the poor fellow to go for two months to Morpeth Gaol. It became widespread, however, when a clerical supporter—taking time by the forelock—coolly seized the relics for debt. But tardy prudence was powerless to undo the mischief already accomplished. Some five and twenty people were taken before the Hexham magistrates, and the majority were sent to the Assizes for trial. Matters looked extremely gloomy on the 23rd of February, 1870, when the culprits were arraigned before Mr. Justice Brett at Newcastle. For once, indeed, “the blue velvet bonnet and the waving white plumes” were powerless to brighten the outlook. There was a verdict of guilty, as a matter of course; but, in consideration of a strong recommendation to mercy, the judge discharged all the prisoners save one. He lectured them severely on the consequences of their “foolish ignorance,” and administered to them an ominous caution as to the result of further misdeeds. As for Brown—the kindly but misguided chief of the raiders—he was consigned to the county prison for a nine months' spell of hard labour.

After this terrible reverse, all hope of victory was

abandoned, and disasters succeeded each other with startling rapidity. The famous relics were offered for sale on the 7th of March, but there was an evident disinclination to accept their value at the Countess's estimate. Several treasures were knocked down for a mere song; and there seemed a likelihood that the most famous of them—a portrait of the Pretender by Sir Godfrey Kneller—would be degraded by a small price also. The bidding was started at £50, and showed signs of languishing before the amount had been quadrupled. This brought an indignant friend to the rescue. Mr. Stokoe, of Blaydon—who had long been amongst the staunchest of the claimant's supporters—announced his intention to give £1,000 for the picture, and, amid the titters of all present, it was handed over without more ado. Several other lots had to be sacrificed, however, before the claims of the clergyman could be satisfied, and the much-lauded curiosities could be saved from ignominious dispersal amongst an unappreciative throng.

Within a few hours of the termination of the sale, it was known that the Admiralty had won their action against her ladyship in the County Court at Shotley Bridge, and that she had been found in damages to the extent of £50. The intimation led to some slightly mysterious manœuvring. Being anxious to secure the amount of the judge's award, and failing to get it from the Countess, Mr. Grey made an attempt to seize the surplus relics; but, seeing that they had already been “secured to other creditors,” he was compelled to take proceedings elsewhere. As the result of an investigation in the Moot Hall, Newcastle, the Sheriff of Northumberland assessed the losses incurred by the Admiralty at £500. When to this sum was added the cost of litigation, it will be seen that the outlook for the claimant was anything but cheerful. The authorities, indeed, were successful all along the line. They had restored the confidence of the tenantry by obtaining an injunction against the raiding of their assailant; they had imprisoned her bailiffs, and dispersed her followers; and on the 13th of June, to wind up the operations of the year, they succeeded in their actions against all the buyers at the Consett sales.

Having now gained the upper hand, the Admiralty officials were not slow to utilise their advantage. Her ladyship was adjudicated a bankrupt on the 24th of March, 1871, and the “recovered relics” were sold in Newcastle on the 17th of May. There was irreverent laughter at the appearance of the paintings, and there were many outspoken regrets at the bungling manner in which the furniture had been maltreated by inscriptions. According to the claimant, there was £200,000 worth of property in the rooms, and yet, as the result of a two days' auction, the total proceeds only amounted to £275. This was another galling revelation for her deluded sympathisers, and one which fully justified the irritation and aggrava-

tion which all subsequent reference to the family treasures elicited.

For more than a year the downcast lady remained in obscurity, and the Admiralty made no attempt to molest her. The forbearance would have continued, no doubt, if immunity from further attacks could have been assured. This, however, was impossible. The Countess possessed too restless a spirit to be easily subdued. The purchase of one of the estates by the late Mr. Joseph Laycock, in August, 1872, brought the intrepid "disturber" once more to the fore. Failing to prevent the change of owner, she gave shooting rights over the property to a number of silly persons in the vicinity of Newlands. They were hauled before the magistrates in due course, and though her ladyship—strikingly attired in a black velvet costume, with green tartan scarf—tried to overawe the Bench, she failed to save her victims from the consequence of their folly. Then came the boldest bid of all for a renewal of her waning popularity. An old man named Milburn—the occupant of a thatched cottage

but when the sanguine Mr. Brown added, by way of supplement, that Lady Amelia meant to let the miners have all the pits for nothing, and so prevent upstarts degrading them to the level of donkeys, there was an outburst of enthusiasm that made the welkin ring again.

Alas for human calculations! The Admiralty agents were alarmed by the threatened danger, and took effective steps to check the new-born zeal. Though it was known that her ladyship paid little heed to processes of the court, it was decided to try her with one more. A bankruptcy notice was promptly issued, and just as promptly ignored. This brought a writ for her arrest, and, after much dodging, the bailiffs managed to gain admission to her lodgings at Newlands on the 25th of November. Though the Countess was in bed, and professed to be ill, she was instantly conveyed to Newcastle Gaol. A month later, she was taken before Mr. Bradshaw, the judge of the County Court, and, declining to answer any questions as to her financial posi-

Amelia Countess Darwentwater
Durham
9th February 1870.

and five acres of land near Grey Mare Hill—announced his intention to place the freehold at the disposal of the Countess, and her "home-coming," on the 30th of September, constituted another picturesque act in the local drama. In a carriage drawn by four horses, and with scarlet-coated postilions to add *clat* to the display, the good lady arrived at this small estate, and formally took possession. She was this time arrayed in black and white satin, and above her cloak of ruddy wool was a dainty hat with yellow streamers. The curious scene was followed by speeches, and, in the course of the oratory, there were many extravagant assertions as to the benefit which the new owner's sway would confer on the people of the district. There were distinct promises of pecuniary advantage for Brown, the bailiff; while for the honest man who had voluntarily surrendered his holding, there was to be a ten-fold return. "As for you," said the claimant, with a wave of her hand to the crowd of bystanders, "if ever I come to Dileton, I hope you will all know my door." There was much cheering evoked by these promises;

tion, was sent back to prison for contempt. Here she remained till July, 1873, before an order of release was granted. This clemency led to one more exhibition of obstinacy. She had been robbed, insulted, and degraded, and she declined to leave the gaol until her Majesty made restitution. Another resort to the old familiar tactics was thus necessitated. She had been carried from the castle, pushed off the highway, hustled from the peasant's cot, and now she added still further to her experience of ejection by being forcibly shouldered through the portals of the borough Bastile. This, perhaps, was the most comical incident in her strangely eventful career, and it should have satisfied all reasonable people as to the craziness of the lady, and the hollowness of the cause on which she had so long appealed for sympathy.

Though the health of the Countess was greatly impaired, her spirit was unbroken, and many were her threats of vengeance. She went so far, indeed, as to make a raid on the Whittonstall estate in 1874, and was mulcted in heavy damages at an assize trial in 1875. A

year later, she was the heroine of an out-door encampment at Blackbill. This was the result, she alleged, of a daring burglary at her residence, and the exposure and privation she then endured were the means of inducing kindly neighbours to take pity on her loneliness and destitution. Little more was heard of her till 1880, when an attack of bronchitis ended all her struggles, miseries, and aspirations. Weakened, no doubt, by a life of great hardship, she died somewhat unexpectedly at Shotley Bridge on the 26th of February, and found a grave within sight of the broad acres she had tried so zealously to win. Despite her foibles and follies, her delusions and deceptions, there are many who still think that the coffin bore a correct inscription, and that "Amelia Mary Tudor Radcliffe" was, as she herself averred, entitled to rank as Countess of Derwentwater. The impression is not mine, and it was certainly not that of the Admiralty officials. After many inquiries in continental cities, they failed to clear up the doubts as to her origin; but they satisfied themselves that her pedigree was illusory, and that there was not even a claim for compensation. The only well-authenticated fact about her is that she played a prominent part in Northern history for many years, and that she has left behind her a record of mystery, pertinacity, and unconquerable courage, that will be a source of wonder and perplexity for many generations.

WILLIAM LONGSTAFF.

The German Sword-Makers at Shotley Bridge.

SHOTLEY BRIDGE, on the south bank of the Derwent, is said to have been founded by a German colony. "At Shotley Bridge," we read in Surtees's History of Durham, "a colony of German sword-cutlers, who fled from their own country for the sake of religious liberty, established themselves about the reign of King William. These quiet settlers, who brought with them habits of industry, and moral and religious principle, easily mingled with the children of the dale, and forgot the language of their forefathers. Few of the original names are now left, but the trade is still carried on, and sword-blades and scymitars of excellent temper are manufactured for the London market. Above the door-way of two decent houses there are German inscriptions (copied also into divers huge family Bibles) attesting the cause which drove these emigrants from their 'faderland' to seek, on the green brink of the Derwent, protection under the equal law of that country which has ever proved an ark of refuge to the victims of religious or political persecution."

In a foot-note the historian subjoins the following German names and dates, taken from the local registers, in proof of these interesting people being at Shotley as soon as the reign of William and Mary:—"John, son of Henry Wofer, Shotley Bridge, baptized April, 1692. Adam, son of Adam and Mary Oley, baptized April 16, 1692. William Henkels and Ann Vooz, married Feb. 13, 1727. Hermon Moll, buried Dec. 6, 1716. John Moll, Jan. 28, 1725-6. John Faws, May 9, 1721."

There is reason to believe, however, that Germans had settled in this part of the country long before the Revolution of 1688. Henzella, Tyttorea, Tyzacks, it is certain, came over to England from Lorraine, as Protestant refugees, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, that is, about 1590. They were glassmakers to trade, and established themselves at Newcastle, where they wrought for some time, "at the Close-gate on the river Tyne"; but soon afterwards they removed to Worcestershire, where they founded a glass-house at a spot near Stourbridge, still known by the name of Hungry Hell. They were there under the direction of one of their number, who wrote his name Henzole, and who left descendants. Some of the party subsequently returned to the North, and took up their abode a little to the east of Newcastle, between Ouseburn and St. Lawrence, at a place called the Glass-Houses, under the patronage of Sir Robert Mansel, Knight, Vice-Admiral of England.

The superiority of the Germans in the manufacturing of arms was matter of universal notoriety two hundred years ago. Smalcald, fifty miles south-east of Cassel, and the village of Stahlberg near it, had even then long been celebrated for the making and tempering of steel, the mines in the neighbourhood furnishing plenty of excellent iron ore, which, when converted into ware or weapons, was largely exported. Solingen, a small city in the Duchy of Berg, standing upon the Wifer, which flows into the Rhine from the east about half-way between Dusseldorf and Cologne, was still more celebrated for its fine elastic Damascene sword blades. Tradition has it that it was from Solingen that the Shotley colonists came. They brought with them the art of tempering steel, which was not known in England before their coming.

The foreign sword cutlers, on arriving here, naturally wished to keep their secret to themselves, and therefore wanted a remote place to carry on their trade. They sought for a locality suited to their purpose in several parts of England, in the first place near London; but, not succeeding to their mind, they made their way to the North, and explored the banks of the Tyne. Finally, they fixed on a sequestered spot on Derwentside, a couple of miles above Ebchester, where they found the water peculiarly soft. Indeed, it is said to be second to none in Europe for tempering steel, except that of the Tagus at Toledo, in Spain, where alone the descendants

of the German craftsmen deigned to acknowledge worthy rivals in their art.

An old anvil, still standing to the stroke in 1841, when the Rev. John Ryan published his "History of Shotley Spa," was dated 1691; and that gentleman gives the following inscription, bearing the same date, as a curious village antiquity :—

DES-HERREN-SEGEN-MACHET
REICH-OHN-ALLE-SORG-WAN
OV-ZVGLEICH-IN-DEINEM
STAND-TREUW-VND-FLEISIG
BIST-VND-DVEST-WAS-DIE
BEFOHLEN-IST : 1691.

A doggerel translation gives the sense of the inscription as follows :—

The blessing of heaven gives wealth without care,
Provided that you contribute your share;
Likewise be faithful, just, and true,
And do what is commanded you.

Mr. Ryan furnishes his readers, as we shall take the liberty of doing ours, with all that remained forty or fifty years ago of another inscription, on what seems to have been the oldest house in the village :—

DEVTOHLANDVER
VATTERLANDEMST
DIE-STADT-GE
HEER-BEHVT
VND-EINGAN
.....

The meaning of the words left entire is that Germany was the native country of the builders, that they had left it to come to this place, and that they besought the Lord to guard them in all their outgoings and ingoings. The house, we are told, was mostly built of solid and massive oak wood, most likely got from the surrounding primeval forest.

Another old house, near the river above the village, commonly called the "Old Forge," now the property of Messrs. Annandale and Sons, paper manufacturers, was, according to its name, a German forge. The old deeds of the place, which go back to the beginning of Queen Anne's reign, speak of it as then being an extensive manufactory, including several messuages, tenements, water-courses, and dams, and having right to use many roads, no vestiges of which now remain.

The principal German settlement would appear, from the balance of probabilities, to have been formed in William III.'s reign; but there is conclusive evidence that there were Germans in the immediate neighbourhood at least sixty years earlier, for the first legible entry in the oldest Ebchester register is of the following tenor :— "Eleanor, the daughter of Matthias Wrightson Oley, baptised 1628." Now the Oleys were one of the German families, and the last of them that continued to follow their original occupation. From other entries it would seem that these Oleys had either intermarried with the Wrightsons or were their particular friends, as each family had adopted the custom of giving their children the other's original name, in addition to their surname. The Wrightsons, it appears, were an old family in Eb-

chester. They had considerable property there; and at one time they held the church livings at both Ebchester and Medomsley. It is, therefore, safe to conclude that the Oleys were very respectable people, and that they had been settled at Shotley Bridge during the first decade of the seventeenth century, in the reign of James I., if not earlier. The probability is also in favour of their having been the founders of the village, which afterwards received an accession of German inhabitants in William III.'s time.

We learn from Camden that the Charter of the Mines Royal was granted in 1565 to Humphries and Shute, who, at the head of twenty foreign labourers, had exclusive patents to dig and search for various metals, and to refine the same in England and Ireland; and that three years afterwards the charter was extended, when the Duke of Norfolk and others were added to the governors, and the whole was styled "The Society of the Mineral and Battery Works." These foreigners, it is added, introduced into England the method of drawing out iron wires by mills, and not, as before, by human strength alone. It is possible that the first Oley was one of the ingenious artisans whom Humphries and Shute brought over; but there remains no proof of the fact.

The Shotley sword-blades were decidedly the most valuable in the British market, and to the last maintained the highest prices. Latterly, the makers did not manufacture their own iron, as had been done for some time after the commencement of the trade, but purchased the best Swedish iron from Danomora, in Smoland. Out of this they produced their steel and the best-tempered swords in Britain. There was one kind of weapon which, it is said, none in England but themselves could make to perfection. This was the hollow sword blade, which required peculiar skill. In the engraving and gilding department, however, they were frequently equalled, and sometimes excelled; for they did not regard so much the polish as the temper of their swords, which were made for use and not for show, for the battle-field and not the drawing-room, for soldiers and not for courtiers.

Situated thus, says Mr. Ryan, having abundance of employment and great remuneration, the Germans, and especially the Oleys, the principal proprietors, enjoyed a long-continued tide of prosperity. Their workmen had large wages, yet their own profits were very high; the demand for their articles was insatiable; a journey once a year to London included the whole of their travelling expenses; and they, therefore, soon acquired considerable property. When Mr. William Oley died in 1808, nearly the whole of the village and the immediate adjoining fields and gardens were left to his sons, three naturally clever men, who had the means of making large fortunes, but who neglected the fair occasion. Competition in making swords increased; the

art of tempering was no longer a secret; after the close of Napoleon's warring age the demand, prices, and profits diminished; the business was altogether neglected; intemperate habits soon alienated the property; so that in 1841 but a small portion of the patrimonial inheritance remained in one branch of the family.

Most of the old German families have become extinct, but some remain, beside the Oley family, and, in particular, several families of the Molls, who now spell their name Mole. In 1834, Christopher Oley, sword-blade cutler, still retained the house in which his ancestor settled; and in Whellan's Directory for 1856 we find James Oley, auctioneer, and William Oley, cutler and whitesmith, both of Shotley Bridge. The manufacture of sword-blades, however, has been wholly given up, and Sheffield and Birmingham now supply the market.

Thirty-five years ago, a gentleman living in Ebchester, named Cuthbert Surtees, had in his possession a curious cavalry sword, or sabre blade, which had been presented by one of the Oley family, many years before, to his father, and bore on the back the following sage and appropriate motto:—

Draw me not without Reason;
Put me not up without Honour.

The historic record would be incomplete without some reference to the employment the Oleys afforded to the skilled metal engravers of Newcastle, and more especially to the great renovator of English wood engraving, during his apprenticeship to Ralph Beilby. Thomas Bewick was articled to Beilby on the 1st of October, 1767. "The first jobs I was put to," he says, "were—blocking out the wood about the lines on the diagrams (which my master finished) for the 'Ladies' Diary,' on which he was employed by Charles Hutton (afterwards Dr. Hutton), and etching sword-blades for William and Nicholas Oley, sword manufacturers, &c., at Shotley Bridge." B.

The Story of Mary Nicholson.

IN the year 1798 there dwelt in the hamlet of Stainton-le-Street, or Little Stainton, near Sedgfield, a respectable family bearing the name of Atkinson. Mary Nicholson, a young woman of staid demeanour, occupied the position of general servant. Probably in consequence of petty spite rather than from the influence of any impetuous passion, such as jealousy or vengeance, this young woman, having to prepare the family dinner, availed herself of the opportunity to perpetrate a crime which narrowly missed becoming an almost unparalleled tragedy. Having procured arsenic, which at that day could be obtained from any chemist, and sometimes even from grocers in country places, by alleging it to be required for sheep-washing, she mixed the deadly ingredient in some pudding-meat.

Of the meal thus charged with poison five persons partook. Four out of the five were brought to the point of death by the acrid mineral; but the fifth, Mrs. Atkinson, the mother of the household, perished.

No detailed record of evidence either at the inquest or at the trial has been preserved, and it is, therefore, impossible to say whether in the death of this particular victim Mary Nicholson had obtained the object of her malice. At the coroner's inquest a verdict of "Wilful Murder" was returned, and at the Summer Assizes for Durham the prisoner was tried for the capital offence before Mr. Justice Le Blanc. The verdict was against her, but a point of law raised in her favour was reserved for the consideration of the twelve judges. Pending their decision, she was sent back to Durham Gaol, then situated at the northern extremity of Elvet Bridge. While thus awaiting her fate, she behaved herself in the most exemplary manner, winning the sympathy and confidence of the gaoler and his family. She cheerfully lent her services in the domestic circle, and her help was accepted without misgiving, notwithstanding the terrible shadow that was resting upon her character and her prospects. After a time both she herself and her custodians grew so accustomed to the modification of prison discipline in her case that she was freely sent to and fro on errands into the city. During her frequent visits to various shops on business connected with the household of the gaoler, she conversed as frankly and as much at her ease as though she had been in reality the gaoler's servant, and not a convicted though unsentenced murderess. Indeed, it is a tradition that she made many friends in the course of these visits; at all events there was no restraint or watch on her movements. Nothing at all suggestive of a purpose or even desire of escape ever occurred in her conduct. The months rolled away, and when summer once more gladdened the earth it must have brought keen anxieties to the mind of this half-freed captive. On the 22nd July, the Assizes were commenced in Durham, and the first criminal business concerned the convicted poisoner. She was placed in the dock, and the presiding judge, having explained the point raised in her behalf, and announced that the court above had decided against her, then sentenced her to death by hanging. Short respite was afforded to the hapless wretch that she might prepare for the dreadful issue. The following Saturday was appointed for the execution, and, according to one account, it was arranged that the dread sentence of the law should be carried out on Framwellgate Moor, a short distance northward from the city of Durham.

On the day of execution Mary Nicholson was conveyed in a cart to the gallows, and a large number of people congregated to witness the fulfilment of the law. Near to the scaffold were gathered many of her relatives, as well as not a few who had become acquainted with her during the period of her comparative liberty in the city. All things being in readiness, the plank on which she

stood was removed, and the culprit was launched, as was thought, into eternity. But the rope broke, whereupon there arose a frightful confusion and a wailing cry amongst the spectators. The poor wretch was raised from the ground in a state of insensibility; but in a short time, through the assiduous care of her friends, she was sufficiently restored to open her eyes, and ultimately to converse with them as she cowered at the foot of the fatal platform, not knowing what next might befall her in this protracted and broken tragedy. Meanwhile, messengers were despatched to the city for another and stronger rope. It seemed to be thought by many on the ground that she had paid the penalty of her crime and could not be legally subjected to a renewal of the dreadful suffering; but the inexorable law had sentenced her to be hanged by the neck until she was dead, and here was she alive at the foot of the gallows—alive yet half-dead with fright and grief. About an hour elapsed before a messenger returned with the required cord, or at least before the gallows was adjusted for a second experiment. At last the signal was given, and the twice relieved prisoner was seen struggling in the agonies of strangulation. The excited multitude broke forth into sobs, wailing, and yelling, so intense and yet so mixed was the feeling occasioned by the bungled tragedy. And many a winter's night has the story of the poor woman been told in the villages and scattered farmsteads of Durham—the story of the murderess who was allowed to go and come while under sentence of death, who surrendered to the judgment of the court, who was led forth to execution only to be again reprieved by a strange accident, and who at last died the shameful death that law deals out for murder.

Mrs. Arkwright in the North.

MRS. ARKWRIGHT, the daughter of Stephen Kemble, manager of the Durham Company, was one of the greatest singers that ever enchanted mankind. She was an actress for a short time, but, of course, after marrying into the wealthy family of Arkwright, she left the stage. Mrs. Fanny Kemble writes thus regarding her in her "Reminiscences":—

It was in the midst of a life full of all the most coveted elements of worldly enjoyments, and when she was still beautiful and charming, though no longer young, that I first knew her. Her face and voice were heavenly sweet and very sad. I do not know why she made so profoundly melancholy an impression upon me, but she constantly suggested to me the one drop of live water in the middle of a globe of ice. The loss of her favourite son affected her with irrecoverable sorrow, and she passed a great portion of the last years of her life at a place called Cullercoats, a little fishing village on the north coast, to which, when a girl, she used to accompany her father and mother for rest and refreshment, when the hard life, from which her marriage released her, allowed them a few days' respite by the rocks and sands and breakers of the Northumberland shore. The Duke of Devonshire, whose infirmity of deafness did not interfere with his enjoyment of music, was

an enthusiastic admirer of Mrs. Arkwright, and her constant and affectionate friend. His attachment to her induced him, towards the end of his life, to take a residence in the poor little village of Cullercoats, whither she loved to resort, and where she died. I possess a copy of a beautiful drawing of a head of Mrs. Arkwright, given to me by the duke, for whom the original was executed. It is only a head, with the eyes raised to heaven, and the lips parted as in the act of singing; and the angelic sweetness of the countenance may perhaps suggest, to those who never heard her, the voice that seemed like that face turned to sound.

Sir Walter Scott also was a great admirer of Mrs. Arkwright, and it was after listening to one of her songs that he first perceived the decay of his great intellect. Mrs. Arkwright had sung Cleveland's "Farewell" from the "Pirate," which she had set to music. "Capital words," said Sir Walter: "whose are they? Byron's, I suppose?" Mr. Lockhart told him they were his own. He seemed pleased at first, but said next minute, "You have distressed me; if memory goes, all is up with me. That was my strong point." NIGEL, York.

Johnnie Armstrong.

MR. PENNANT, contemplating in his day the improved condition of the Borders, says:—"What pleasing times to those that may be brought in contrast, when every house was made defensible, and each owner garrisoned against his neighbour; when revenge at one time dictated an inroad, and necessity at another; when the mistress of a castle has presented her sons with their spurs to remind them that her larder was empty, and that by a foray they must supply it at the expense of the Borderers; when every evening the sheep were taken from the hills, and the cattle from their pasture, to be secured, in the lower floor, from robbers prowling like wolves for prey; and the disappointed thief found all in safety from the fears of the cautious owner." The following lines from an old ballad give a true picture of the times:—

Then Johnnie Armstrong to Willie 'gan say,
"Billie, a-riding then will we;
England and us have been long at feud,
Perhaps we may hit on some bootie."

Then they're come on to Hutton Ha',
They ride that proper place about;
But the laird he was the wiser man,
For he had left na geir without.

When James V. of Scotland, in 1529, made his famous expedition to the Borders, in order to repress and punish the marauding Borderers, Cockburn, of Henderland, and Scott, of Tushielaw, two notorious offenders, were arrested, and hanged before the gates of their own castles. But, from Dr. Taylor's History, we find that the fate of Johnnie Armstrong of Gilnockie, near Langholm, produced a deeper impression of terror, not unmingled with commiseration. This noted freebooter, who levied black-



GILNOCKIE TOWER.

mail from the inhabitants of an extensive district, and is said to have spread the terror of his name almost as far as Newcastle, was withal generally popular throughout the Western Marches, both on account of his high courage and the generous qualities which he exhibited. On learning the approach of the royal cavalcade, Johnnie determined to present himself before James. Accompanied by forty-eight of his followers (Sir Walter Scott says thirty-six), richly arrayed in all the pomp of Border chivalry, the dauntless but unfortunate freebooter

proffered his submission, and entreated the royal grace for himself and his men. But Johnnie had miscalculated the effect likely to be produced by this imposing appearance, for James sternly refused to listen either to his excuses or offers of service. "When the king," says Pitcottie, "saw him and his men, so gorgeous in their apparel, and so many braw men under one tyrant's command, he turned about his face, and said, 'What wants you knave that a king should have?' and ordered him and his followers to instant execution. But John Armstrong," continues the



Johnny Armstrong's Farewell.

From the painting
by H. H. Emerson.

chronicler, "perceiving that the king kindled in fury against him, made great offers to the king: that he should sustain himself with forty gentlemen, ever ready at his service, on their own cost, without wronging any Scottishman, as, indeed, had never been his practice. Secondly, that there was not a subject in England, duke, earl, or baron, but within a certain day he should bring him to his majesty, either alive or dead." All was unavailing; James would listen to no offer, however great. At length, seeing no hope of favour, Johnnie said, very proudly, "It is folly to seek grace at a graceless face; but, had I known this, I should have lived upon the Borders, in despite of King Harry and you both; for I know King Harry would down-weight my best horse with gold to know that I was condemned to die this day." Johnnie and all his retinue were accordingly hanged on the trees of a little grove, at a place called Carlinrig Chapel, about ten miles above Hawick, and were buried in a deserted churchyard, where their graves are still shown. The country people in the higher parts of Teviotdale and Liddeedale, and the adjacent districts, who held the memory of Johnnie Armstrong and his followers in very high respect, believed that to manifest the injustice of their execution the trees immediately withered away.

It was the story thus related by an esteemed contributor to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* that Mr. H. H. Emmerson, the well-known artist, took for the subject of one of the finest pictures he has ever painted. Our best thanks are due to Mr. Emmerson for granting us permission to make a drawing from his great work. The picture was shown at the annual exhibition of the Bewick Club in 1886, and there attracted equal notice and admiration. Johnnie Armstrong is seen bidding farewell to his wife just before setting out on his ill-starred journey. The freebooter, seated upon a noble white charger, is dressed in all his bravery, while his wife is pressing his left hand to her heart. Johnnie's son, sitting upon the stone step, is keenly examining the hilt of a claymore; near him is a lady with a tray, ready to hand Johnnie his stirrup cup. Behind the central figure is an interesting couple, and from the tenderness expressed in their parting, it may be concluded that they are lovers. In close proximity is an aged piper, whose jovial expression is in strong contrast to the sad countenances of many of the party. It is well-known that this is a portrait of the artist himself, and a most excellent one it is. The bugler, the lovers, the couple peering out of the window, as well as Johnnie, are also portraits. The architecture of Gilnockie Tower is faithfully reproduced in the picture. In later years some portions of the tower have been built up; but the artist, in company with Lady Armstrong, paid a special visit to Gilnockie, and made sketches of the original portions of the building. Traces still remain of the rope moulding over the door to the right, and of the

stone forming the keystone of the arch. Upon this was cut the arms or crest of the Armstrong clan, from which the present Lord Armstrong is lineally descended.

Gilnockie Tower is situated near Langholm, a small town in Dumfriesshire. Like many Border fortresses, it was erected close to a ravine, as a protection against assault from that direction. Below runs the river Esk, peaceful enough in summer time, but a brawling, rushing torrent during other seasons. Our view of the tower is a fac-simile of the engraving in the "Border Antiquities."

The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stoker.

JOHNNIE ARMSTRONG'S LAST GOOD-NIGHT.



HERE are two distinct ballads relating the tradition of Johnnie Armstrong. One was first published by Allan Ramsay in his "Evergreen" (vol. ii., page 190). Ramsay says he copied it from the mouth of a gentleman named Armstrong, who was in the sixth generation from the famous Johnnie. The reciter assured him "that it was ever esteemed the genuine ballad, the common one false." On the other hand, William Motherwell states "that the common ballad mentioned by Ramsay is the one which is in the mouths of the people." Ramsay's set he had never heard sung or recited, but the other frequently. Mr. William Chappell calls the latter "an English song and of a Westmoreland man." The words are in "Wit Restored," 1658, and in "Wit and Drollery, Jovial Poems," 1682, and are called "A Northern Ballet," and in the London "Collection of Old Ballads," as "Johnnie Armstrong's Last Good-Night." The latter collection also includes another ballad on the subject of Armstrong, entitled "Armstrong and Musgrave's Contention." In the old broadsides the title of this ballad runs thus: "Johnny Armstrong's Last Good-Night, showing how John Armstrong, with his eight-score men, fought a bloody battle with the Scotch King at Edenborough." It is said to have been sung to the "pretty Northern tune of 'Fare thou well, bonny Gilt Knock Hall'"—an edition still followed in the stall copies of the ballad. As the title line of the tune agrees with the first line of one of Ramsay's verses, we may fairly presume that both ballads were sung to one melody. "John Arnistrangis' Dance" is mentioned in "The Complaynt of Scotland" as a popular tune of the time. In Izaak Walton's "Compleat Angler" Johnny Armstrong is one of the songs named by the milkmaid as of those she was competent to sing if desired; and Oliver Goldsmith, in his third Essay, says—"The music of the finest singer is dissonance to what I felt when our old dairymaid sung me into tears.

with 'Johnny Armstrong's Last Good Night,' or 'The Cruelty of Barbara Allen.'"

Is there ev - er a man in
all Scot - land From the high - est es -
tate to the low - est de - gree; That can
show him - self be - fore our
King, Scot - land is so full of
treach - er - y? Yes, there is a
man in West - more - land, And John ny -
Armstrong they do him call. He
has no lands or
rents com - ing in, Yet he
keeps eight - score men with -
in his hall.

He has horses and harness for them all,
And goodly steeds that be milk-white,
With their goodly belts about their necks,
With hats and feathers all alike.

The king he writes a loving letter,
And with his own hand so tenderly,
And hath sent it unto Johnny Armstrong,
To come and speak with him speedily.

When John he look'd this letter upon,
He look'd as blyth as a bird in a tree;
"I was never before a king in my life,
My father, my grandfather, nor none of us three."

"But, seeing we must go before the king,
Lord, we will go most gallantly;
Ye shall every one have a velvet coat,
Laid down with golden laces three."

"And every one shall have a scarlet coat,
Laid down with silver laces five,
With your golden belts about your necks,
With hats and feathers all alike."

But when Johnny went from Giltknock-Hall,
The wind it blew hard and full fast it did rain;
"Now fare thee well, thou Giltknock-Hall,
I fear I shall never see thee again."

Now Johnny he is to Edenborough gone,
With his eight-score men so gallantly,
And every one of them on a milk-white steed [knee.
With their bucklers and swords hanging to their

But when John came the king before
With his eight-score men so gallant so see,
The king he moved his bonnet to him;
He thought he had been a king as well as he.

"O pardon, pardon, my sovereign liege,
Pardon for my eight-score men and me;
For my name it is Johnny Armstrong,
And subject of yours, my liege," said he.

"Away with thee, thou false traitor;
No pardon will I grant to thee,
But to-morrow morning by eight of the clock
I will hang up thy eight-score men and thee."

Then Johnny look'd over his left shoulder,
And to his merry men thus said he:
"I have asked grace of a graceless face,
No pardon there is for you and me."

Then John pull'd out his good broad sword
That was made of the mettles so free.
Had not the king moved his foot as he did,
John had taken his head from his fair body.

"Come, follow me, my merry men all;
We will scorn one foot for to flee;
It shall never be said we were hanged like dogs,
We will fight it out most manfully."

Then they fought on like champions bold,
For their hearts were sturdy, stout, and free,
Till they had killed all the king's good guard;
There were none left alive but one, two, or three.

But then rose up all Edenborough,
They rose up by thousands three;
A cowardly Scot came John behind
And run him through the fair body.

Said John: "Fight on, my merry men all;
I am little wounded, but am not slain.
I will lay me down and bleed a-while,
Then I'll rise and fight again."

Then they fought on like madmen all,
Till many a man lay dead on the plain,
For they were resolved before they would yield,
That every man would there be slain.

So there they fought courageously,
Till most of them lay there dead and slain;
But little Musgrave, that was his foot-page,
With his bonny grissel got away unta'en.

But when he came to Giltknock-Hall,
The lady spied him presently.

"What news, what news, thou little foot-page,
What news from thy master and his company?"

"My news is bad, lady," he said,
"Which I do bring, as you may see;
My master, Johnny Armstrong, is slain,
And all his gallant company."

"Yet thou art welcome home, my bonnie grissel;
Full oft hast thou been fed with corn and hay,
But now thou shalt be fed with bread and wine,
And thy sides shall be spurr'd no more, I say."

O then bespoke his little son,
As he sat on his nurse's knee:
"If ever I live to be a man,
My father's death reveng'd shall be."

Joseph Richardson, Dramatist

JOSEPH RICHARDSON was born at Hexham, of respectable parents, in the year 1757. After receiving a sound elementary education at the Grammar School in his native town, he was entered at St. John's College, Cambridge, in his seventeenth year. Dr. Ferris, afterwards Dean of Bath, and Dr. Pearce, Dean of Ely, were his tutors at the University; and under the superintendence of those two excellent scholars, he acquired sound learning and a correct taste. He distinguished himself at college by the elegance, beauty, and vigour of his compositions, both in prose and verse; but it was observed of him that the love of the Muses, which seems to have taken possession of his mind very early in life, often interfered with the laborious duties of his studies. He entered himself a student of the Middle Temple in 1779, and was called to the bar in 1784; but literary pursuits and political connections took up too much of his time to admit of his pursuing, with sufficient diligence, the study of the law; otherwise it was highly probable that he would have become a distinguished ornament of the bar, and have obtained the dignity of a judge. He threw himself heartily into the political arena, and wrote a number of "Political Eclogues," in the Tory interest, of which there was more than one edition published. He likewise printed "Probationary Odes for the Laureateship," which were cuttingly satirical on the poetasters of the day. He wrote also a comedy styled "The Fugitives," which was held to be highly creditable to his dramatic genius, and was honoured with a considerable share of applause, "the dialogue being peculiarly neat, spirited, elegant, and classical, and the whole manifesting so much power of sentiment, wit, and humour that the play-going public much regretted that he never resumed his dramatic studies after this successful trial of his powers." His masterpiece, however, was the "Rolliad," a satirical poem which took the public by storm, and ran through several editions in a very short time. It is written in the same metre as Pope's "Dunciad," and Churchill's "Rosciad," and is equally full of allusions, now rather obscure, to distinguished personages of the day. We may quote, as a specimen, the following quatrain, relative to a scandal circulated about Mr. Pitt. The satirist tells us:—

How as Pitt wander'd darkling o'er the plain,
His reason drowned in Jenkinson's champagne,
A rustic's hand, but righteous Fate withstood,
Had shed a Premier's for a robber's blood!

The truth of this matter was that Mr. Pitt's postillions missed the road when one night returning from Croydon, "Bacchi plenus," and alighted to ask the way. Having also knocked at the door of a farm-house near Wandsworth to obtain information, they were answered by a shot which the owner fired, supposing them to be housebreakers. Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, in his "Historical Memoirs," gives a distorted version of the incident. He represents Mr. Pitt as endeavouring to defraud a turnpike-keeper in a drunken frolic, and having been fired at while making his escape. Sir Richard Hill, "a gentleman of known piety, frequent in citation of the Holy Scriptures, and brother of the pious and benevolent Rowland Hill," having quoted, as apposite to the attempt in 1784 of the Opposition majority in the House of Commons to upset the Pitt Ministry, a burlesque address of Parliament, and the answer of Charles II., written by the celebrated and profligate Earl of Rochester, he was duly castigated with the lash of the satirist, when enumerating the more or less flagrant sins committed in the House. Mr. Richardson was nominated to Parliament in 1784 by Hugh, Duke of Northumberland, as member for Newport, near Launceston, one of his Grace's small, decayed, rotten boroughs; but he did not make any distinguished figure as a senator. Neither did his earnings as a barrister bring him in a competent revenue. He held a distinguished place, however, in the duke's circle of friends; and that nobleman advanced him, on loan, the sum of £2,000, to enable him to become proprietor of a fourth part of Drury Lane Theatre. But this speculation proved very unsuccessful, eventuating in the ruin of Richardson and his family. On the 8th of June, 1803, he was suddenly taken ill, at the Wheatsheaf Inn, near the Virginia Water in Windsor Park; and, although medical assistance was soon procured, it proved to be in vain, for he expired in the afternoon of the next day, aged forty-six, leaving, as his obituary notice purported, "an amiable widow and four charming daughters to lament the loss of an affectionate and enlightened protector." Mr. Richardson was interred in Egham Churchyard.

King Arthur on the Derwent.

THAT mysterious personage, King Arthur, whom some would resolve altogether into a myth, and identify with either the Sun or the Polar Star, or the owner of the waggon of Arcturus, and who has furnished more excellent good matter for romance writers, both ancient and modern, than any other hero, save Hercules or Charlemagne, is said to be lying in a trance with his gallant knights and their steeds, on the banks of the river Derwent. The precise locality is a certain deep cavern, inaccessible to common

mortals, about half-way between Allansford and Muggleswick, under a tongue of elevated woodland called the Sneep, round which the river, in other parts of its course generally impetuous, patiently and beautifully describes the form of a horse shoe.

There are few prettier scenes in the North of England than the Derwent, as seen from the edge of the wood on the south bank, a mile or so above the spot where the united Hisehope and Horsleyhope Burns fall into the river. Near the confluence of these burns, hidden from the hasty wayfarer on the high road by umbrageous thickets, are the remains of an ancient British road, still probably in much the same state as it was when King Arthur ruled the land, and when he himself, with the Knights of the Round Table in his train, travelled along it to or from Merry Carlisle, or to or from Penrith, where the Round Table stood. On the banks of the Hisehope Burn, in the township of Healeyfield and parish of Lancaster, are the scanty remains of a nameless town and graveyard, likewise buried among the woods. The large squared stones have been mostly carried off for building purposes by the neighbouring farmers and others; but enough are left to indicate that it has once been a place of some consequence. Close at hand is the site of Stirling's Bridge, where, according to local tradition, a brave warrior of that name defended the passage across the river, single-handed, against a whole troop. The bridge, it is said, consisted of two felled trees laid close together, and the river, being much flooded, was not fordable at the time. Stirling managed to break down the bridge by chopping through or dislodging the trees. But the enemy at length got across at Allansford, and took the hero in rear. Seeing this, he leaped into the river and was drowned. The marauders, whoever they were, then burned all the houses in the neighbourhood, and massacred the inhabitants. How much truth there may be in this tale we know not, but the whole vicinity literally teems with historic or mythic associations. At Carr's Bridge, for instance, the Derwent is said to have run red with blood on the day the last Earl of Derwentwater was executed. In Muggleswick Churchyard lies interred a person of gigantic stature, a great hunter in his days, whose limbs were so enormous that tradition says a favourite hound littered in his wooden shoe. Muggleswick Castle dates only from the thirteenth century; but the village, the paternal home of John Graham Lough, the sculptor, must, from its situation, have been in existence long before that. It was a favourite resort of the bishops and priors of Durham, and other clerical dignitaries, in the pre-Reformation times, and also a noted harbourage for moostroopers, few of whom scrupled to commit depredations on their Weardale neighbours on the one side, or their Tynedale neighbours on the other, as well as, when occasion served, on the Scots.

Were it not that we must not quite lose sight of King Arthur, we might fill pages with scraps of interesting

local gossip about the olden times on Derwentside. Not to speak of Blanchland, Wallis's "Happy Village," we might linger for a good while in such localities as Edmundbyres and Eddy's Bridge, the names of which preserve the memory, if nothing more, of that Saxon King Edmund who defeated and killed the last native king of Cumberland; Ebchester, or Ebba's camp, the Derwentis or Vindomora of the Romans, where the old Roman Road or Watling Street is still plainly to be seen; Newlands, which has a more modern interest, owing to John Wesley having preached there several times, in a large barn, to the pitmen and others, and also to its having been the residence for a time of the self-styled Countess of Derwentwater, one of the most singular "claimants" on record. The founder of the Society of Friends, George Fox, had several great meetings on Derwentside. Here, on one of his visits, "he was accosted by an ancient woman, with a message of love from her husband, whom George, it seems, had formerly distinguished by the name of 'the tall white old man.' He was now in the hundred and twenty-second year of his age, she said, and would have come to the meeting, had not his horses been engaged. He lived several years," we are told, "after this time" (1663).

It must have been when riding from Carlisle, with his "knights stout and gay," "down a grene gate," such as that along the south bank of the Derwent undoubtedly was in the sixth century of our era, that King Arthur first saw the Sneep—the romantic locality where he was fated to lie enchanted for 'so many hundred years. In brief intervals of peace, it was his favourite pastime "to hunt the deer, the wild boar, and the fox," in different parts of his dominions; and this district then had running at large in it, as the old metrical romance tells us—

Plenty of deer and wild swine,
Foxes and other ravine.

No other region in Britain contains so many localities with Arthurian names or traditions attached to them as the North of England and South of Scotland; and it was in this quarter that Arthur gained the first and most brilliant of his victories over the Saxons, whom he defeated so sorely in several battles that they were obliged to take refuge for a time on the sea. Here also it was that he met and repelled the Picts and Scots, who, fierce barbarians as they were, were fain to become his vassals and tributaries, so terrible did he make his name seem to the furthestmost parts of Ireland, Iceland, Norway, Muscovy, and Gaul. His less fortunate career in the South, in the latter part of his reign, must have gravated more deeply on his heart the love he had for the North; and after he had fought the last of his fields, on the banks of the Cornish river Camlan, against his rebel nephew, Modred, and been "mortally wounded so that he died," and had been buried by the monks at Glastonbury, "in the ile of Aveloyne," his remains were spirited away (no great marvel in those days of miracles) to a locality which

the hero himself would have been very likely to choose, had it been in his option. The feat was performed, so runs the tale, by the deceased king's half-sister, Margre la Faye, the Morgiana Fata of the Italians, who is described in our old prose romance as having rough, yellow, wrinkled cheeks, a covered neck, her black chin muffled up with white veils, her forehead enfolded in silk, showing only the black brows, eyes, nose, and lips, "soure to see, and oilly bleared." This dame carried Arthur off, not really dead, but only in a swoon, to be healed of his wounds in fairyland, which feat of leech-craft having been duly performed, the British hero was laid asleep, with the flower of his chivalry around him, in a subterranean hall, till the time should arrive for him to reappear in our upper world to avenge his countrymen and reinstate them in the sovereignty of Britain.

The hero, so runs the legend, lies on a couch formed of "many sorts and manners of good herbs and flowers, which send out a delicate odour like the purest balsam." His terrible sword, Excalibur, is hung up in its sheath close beside him, and near it a huge brazen trumpet. His horsemen and their horses, all equipped and ready to march, lie entranced on the floor of the hall. When the appointed hour comes, they will start to their feet and follow their old leader.

Enchantment its hold must forego,
Could any strong arm draw the sword,
The trumpet could any man blow,
That hang at the feet of their lord.

Various localities are assigned as the scene of this pre-natural alumber of ages, the Sneep being only one of them. Another is Sewingshields, on the line of the Roman Wall; a third that part of Saddleback called Threlkeld Fell, the gloomy mountain of dark dun rocks that shuts up the view of "the sweet spreading vale of St. John," in the Lake District; a fourth, Eildon Hills in Roxburghshire, the Roman Trimontium.

The Streets of Newcastle.

Sandgate.

ONE of the most ancient streets in Newcastle—Sandgate—has traditions and mysteries of its own; and though the march of Corporate improvement has shorn it somewhat of its former distinctive features, it has a history worth recalling. Its name implies that the Sand Gate of the town wall was built upon the sand on the side of the river. The fortification was exceedingly strong and lofty in its day. Of the date of its original erection we have no certain record; but, according to the Cottonian MSS. and Leland, the town wall was begun to be built in earnest in the time of Edward I., "the Scottes to gaynstande," and in the time of Edward III. "the whole

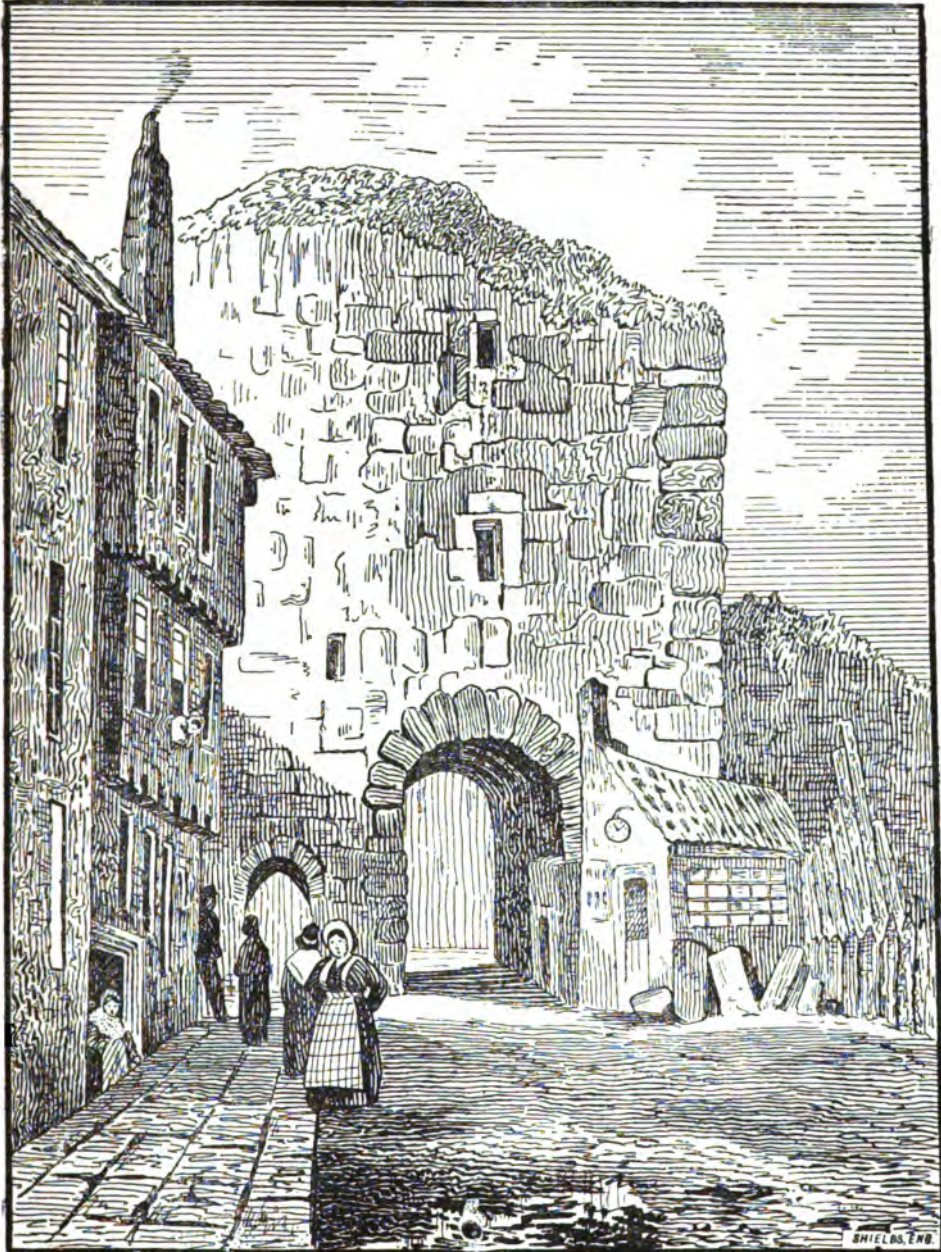
town was encompassed with a very strong wall"; so much so that, according to Leland, "the strength and magnificens of the wauling of this town far passeth all the waulles of the cities of England, and most of the townes of Europe." ("Itinerary.") The Sand Gate seems to have been rebuilt, or materially strengthened, at a later period. Like its fellows, however, it was at length found to be in the way; the common road to Shields was rendered dangerous to pedestrians; and, accordingly, in 1778 the old landmark was removed from its place.

The original name of the Gate was Habkyn Tower, and it marked the eastern boundary of the fortifications of the town. Its site can be easily fixed, standing, as it did, where the old Quayside joins the Milk Market. Thence the town wall ran westward to the Guildhall. An unsavoury midden was the neighbour of the gate, for into it the whole refuse of the town had to be emptied. West of this stood the Folly, which was built towards the end of the seventeenth century, in order that water might by its agency be drawn from the river. The idea of pumping up sewage, and selling it as a beverage, was considered a dangerous joke, even in those pre-sanitary times. The experiment turned out a failure—hence the uncomplimentary name of the structure. It will be seen from this that Sandgate, the street, was beyond Sand Gate, the fortification, and therefore without the town wall. All along its character as a street was the same; it was narrow; it was crowded; it was dirty; and its numerous lanes, or chares, were ill-paved and noisome in the extreme. Not without reason was it regarded by our fathers as the Wapping of Newcastle. There were to be found at home the hardy keelmen, whose work was in the coal lighters, and who were emphatically a class by themselves. They worked like horses; and sometimes, it is to be feared, they spent their hard-won earnings like donkeys—begging these much-abused quadrupeds pardon for the comparison.

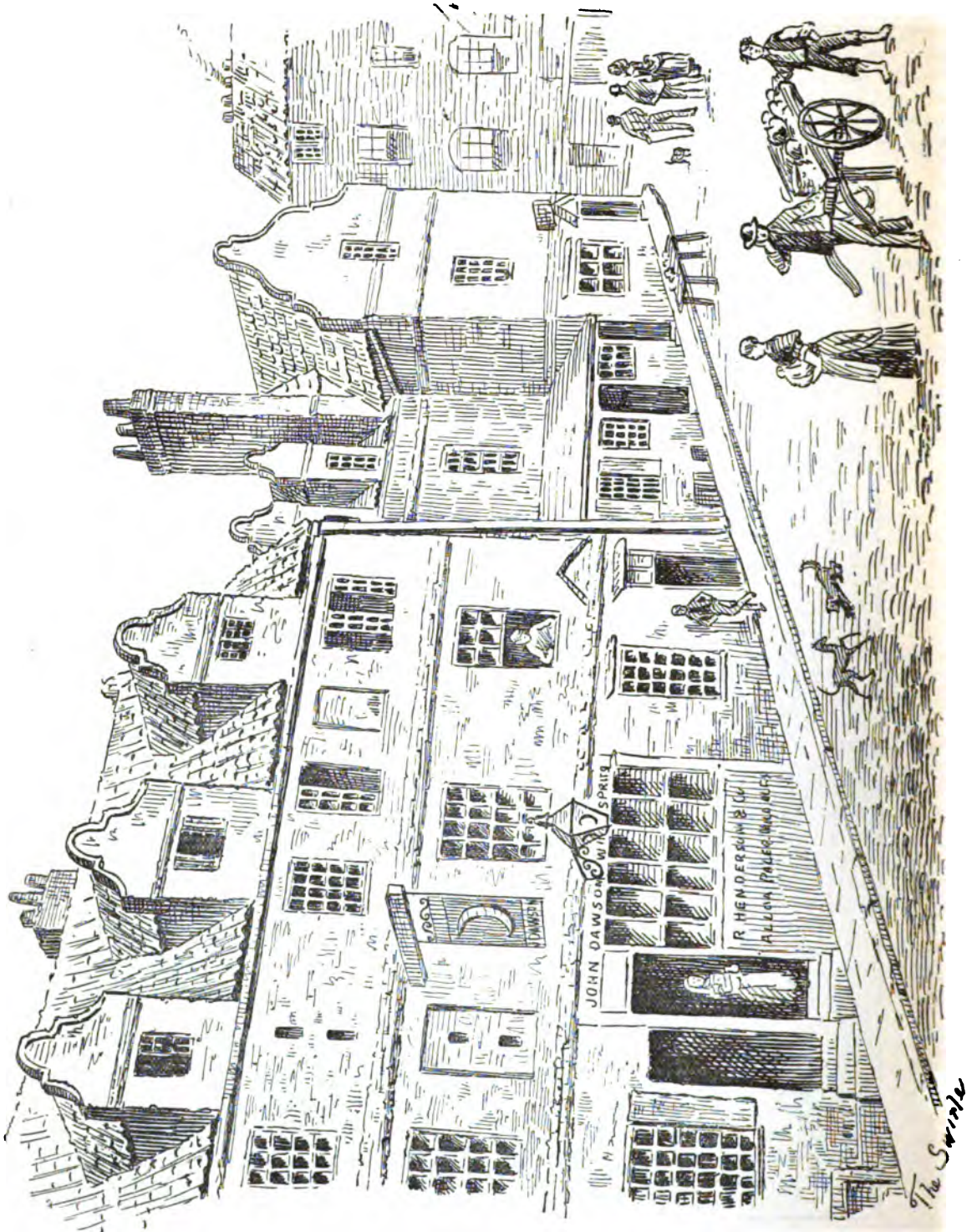
There was always an element of disorder in Sandgate. So far back as the year 1633, we find the apprentices of the neighbourhood engaged in a riot here. They had taken umbrage at a new lime-kiln and ballast-heap which had just been put down in their neighbourhood. But, a few years later, a much worse mishap befel Sandgate and its suburbs. It was set on fire, to the number of about one hundred houses, by order of the Marquis of Newcastle, governor at that time of the town. King Charles I. and the Parliament were then at variance. The Scottish Covenanters, alarmed at the success of the Royal arms, crossed the Tweed at Berwick with eighteen hundred foot and three thousand five hundred horse, under the command of Lesley, Earl of Leven. The Cavaliers, under Sir Thomas Glenham, retreated from Alnwick to Newcastle. This was in January, 1644. In the next month, the Marquis of

Newcastle was summoned to surrender. He would do no such thing. For the better defence of the town, he burnt down Sandgate; he would have fired the coal mines also, but the Earl of Leven prevented him. The Scots in vain attempted to capture the town. They advanced, therefore, with fifteen thousand men on Sunderland, whilst the Marquis, with a force of fourteen thousand men, proceeded to Durham.

We must not here go at length into the circumstances attending this attack on Newcastle. The town, as we have seen, was first threatened by way of Sandgate, and that early in the year. To follow the Scots army to the siege of York, to Marston Moor, and to return with them northward again to join the Earl of Calendar's reserved force of ten thousand men, would be to wander somewhat too far afield. Suffice it, that in August, 1644, Newcastle



THE SANDGATE, NEWCASTLE.



was closely invested. Lord Leven had his head-quarters at Elswick; Lord Calendar, from Gateshead, threatened the Quayside. Sandgate was thus troubled again. Five batteries were erected along the bank-head opposite the town, and a bridge of keels was constructed, protected by Lord Kenmure's regiment. Two redoubts were erected, and three floating keels were strongly moored. Having constructed this convenient passage, Lord Calendar marched several regiments across the river, and employed them in erecting batteries in Sandgate. The conflict was brisk in this district then. For "the besiegers also summoned 3,000 countrymen, with spades and mattocks, to assist in carrying on the works against the town. In the meantime, the garrison used every effort to annoy the besiegers. In frequent sallies from the postern gates, they stormed the trenches of the Scots, who were kept perpetually on the alert, in order to repel these desperate attacks." In September the town was again summoned to surrender. To this date a well-known traditional story is to be attributed. Lord Leven, so runs the tale, de-

of no avail, for Sir John Marley "was very high." The spirited Mayor's "highness" led him to send to Lord Sinclair the following letter :-

Newcastle, 19 October
My Lord,—I have received divers Letters and Warrants subscribed by the name of Leven, but of late can hear of none that have seen such a man; besides, there is a strong report hee is dead: Therefore to remove all scruples, I desire our drummer may deliver one letter to himself; Thus wishing you could thinke on some other course to compose the differences of these sad distracted Kingdome, than by battering Newcastle, and annoying us who never wronged any of you, for if you seriously consider you will finde that these courses will aggravate, and not moderate distempers: But I will refer all to your own consciences, and rest your friend,
JOHN MARLEY.

The Earl of Leven was no doubt annoyed at this letter. A general attack was ordered, and Sandgate suffered again. Lord Calendar's brigade mounted the breach at Sandgate, where Captain Sinclair fell, and pushed forward to the Sandhill, with flying colours and roaring drums. According to the Millbank MS. (quoted by Brand), the town "was entered by the White Fryar



clared that, if the town were not given up, he would knock down St. Nicholas' steeple. Its indomitable Mayor, Sir John Marley, "instantly ordered the chief of the Scottish prisoners to be taken to the top of the tower, below the lantern, and returned for answer, that if that structure fell, it should not fall alone, as Lord Leven's countrymen were placed in it, with a view either to preserve it from ruin or to be destroyed with it." And St. Nicholas' steeple rears its unique head to the skies even unto this day.

October came, and with it another summons to surrender, "on peril of the extremities of war." Commissioners met to consider conditions, but the conference was

Tower and Sandgate, where the colliers of Elswick and Benwell were employed under one John Osbourn (a false, rebellious Scot) to undermine the Walls; which they did, and blew them up, and so got and plundered the Town." Resistance was useless. The besieging army was then estimated at thirty thousand men, while the garrison did not exceed fifteen hundred men.

These figures are in striking contrast; yet they may be accepted on the authority of the Covenanter Lithgow, whose picture of the defenders of Newcastle and their leaders is anything but flattering. Of the former, he writes: "As for the number of the enemies, either soldiers or Townsmen, that carried arms during the

siege, indeed it is no part of my intention to meddle with them, although they meddled too much with us; neither with their hungry Troupers and far worse their hungry Horses. Yet nevertheless (as I was informed) they were but eight hundred of the Train Band, and some nine hundred besides of Voluntiers, prest-men, Coliers, Keillmen, and poore tradesmen: with some few experimented Officers to overtop them, which were at last overtopped themselves." Their leaders were a bad lot, as "seven or eight Common Knights, Aldermen, Coale Merchants, Pudlers, and the like creatures are altogether Malignants, most of them being Papists, and the greater part of all, I say, irreligious Atheists; the vulgar condition being a Masse of silly Ignorants," and so forth. Elsewhere he thinks the victors showed "too much undeserved mercie." "Me thinketh there was not the like mercie showne in such a case since the deluge of the World. Nay, and (alas) showne unto an unpenitent and pernicious people." Yet he admits that the victorious soldiers were able to "plunder the common people" of "bed-cloaths, linnings, Tanned leather, calve skins, men and women's apparell, pans, pots, and plates." From another source we learn that the town's hutch was rifled, and many of the deeds of the Corporation were destroyed. Brave Sir John Marley was cast into one of the Castle dungeons, after being nearly torn in pieces by the mob; many of his supporters were sent to Edinburgh, and there executed. But Marley himself was again Mayor in 1661.

Although Speed's plan, of the date 1610, indicates no building in Sandgate, a bird's eye view of the town, taken a quarter of a century earlier, and preserved in the British Museum, shows a continuation of the Quayside houses beyond the mural barrier; and wills and deeds of the 15th century tell us of burgages and gardens on the sloping bank extending from the gate to the Swirle rivulet, which was then the eastern boundary of the borough. But burgages and gardens have vanished for ever, even as the sand which divided them from the river.

The name Sandgate, in more modern times, was limited to a distance of about a hundred and fifty yards from the pant, which pant, by the way, ran beer in honour of George IV.'s coronation, in humble imitation of its aristocratic rival on the Sandhill. At that point there was formerly a broad gutter, &c., which required the exercise of some personal agility from those who sought to pass over it. This was Davy Mills's Channel, the said Davy being a tallow-chandler who flourished in the neighbourhood. St. Mary's Street commenced here, and went on to the Swirle, or (sometimes) the Squirrel. The tide at one time flowed up this wide opening, which was arched over when the new quay was formed. From the Swirle to the turnpike ran St. Anne's Street, in which formerly stood the Tambourine House. Thereby hangs a tale.

For "something ailed the place, and it was cursed";

nor was it difficult to discover what the something was. The music of the tambourine was the most innocent of its attractions. In plain English, it was a noted haunt of drunken sailors, and the dregs of female humanity. Its reputation was such that one night, in the midst of the dancing and revelry, the enemy of mankind made his appearance at the goodly gathering *in propria persona*. The guest enjoyed himself immensely for a time, and the merriment waxed fast and furious. But he left the company about the time when crowed the early village cock; and 'twas after a fashion of his own. He vanished through the roof, and carried it away with him! So runs the legend.

Indeed, this neighbourhood had its own queer company. Near to the Tambourine Tavern was a block of property, let out in tenements, called Bruce's Buildings. It was the property of one or other of the Burdon family. Sixty or seventy years ago, Lady Silk patronised this building. Her ladyship was a ghost—naught else, in the unswerving faith of the timid, who held her visitations in great dread. The apparition was always dressed in silk: hence her name. A keelman who was still in the land of the living some fifty years ago or so, rejoiced in the cognomen of "Chase the Devil." The name given him by his godfathers and godmothers was much less familiar. He had a weakness—to be paradoxical, he had a strong weakness—for strong waters. Rum, whiskey, or brandy, nothing came amiss to him. One late night, or early morning, this worthy was wending his devious way homeward, when, lo, he came plump upon her ladyship! Face to face she met him—so he ever after stoutly averred; and a very pretty fright she gave him, according to his own account. The quills upon the fretful porcupine were not to be named in comparison with Chase the Devil's nerves on that eventful night. He went on his way, sober as a judge! Nor is it upon record that ever again did he go out of his way to meet the fair Lady Silk.

Whatever might be the generally sanitary condition of Sandgate, it has at least two centenarians to boast of. Mary Ann Forster died here in 1777, at the reputed great age of one hundred and twenty-three. Nothing further is recorded of this venerable dame; but we do know something more of James Palmer, who died in January, 1798, at the age of one hundred. He was a character in his way. In his early years, he had served in the royal army of 1715. He next went into the navy, where he acted as servant and occasional assistant to a doctor. This experience emboldened him to come to Newcastle, and there proclaim himself Doctor—with a big D, of course. He dressed in the old costume of his new profession, and was very highly esteemed by the residents in Sandgate, where he practised for a long period. For the most part, he depended upon vegetable compounds for his medicines. He was given to convivial extravagance; in-

deed, for the last thirty years of his life, he is said to have gone drunk to bed almost every night. Yet it seems that he always maintained his medical dignity, and perhaps it is as well to add throughout his life he was an early riser.

Differing materially from Chase the Devil and James Palmer was another whose name is bound up with the records of Sandgate. In 1742, we find John Wesley in its precincts. In his "Journal" he tells us this story of his first visit to Newcastle :-

On Sunday the 30th [of May] I walked down to Sandgate, the poorest and most contemptible part of the town, and, standing at the end of the street with John Taylor, began to sing the Hundreth Psalm. Three or four people came out to see what was the matter, who soon increased to four or five hundred. I suppose there might be twelve or fifteen hundred before I had done preaching. Observing the people, when I had done, to stand gaping and staring upon me with the most profound astonishment, I told them, "If you desire to know who I am, my name is John Wesley. At five in the evening, with God's help, I design to preach here again." At five, the hill on which I designed to preach was covered from the top to the bottom. I never saw so large a number of people at Moorfields, or at Kennington Common. I knew it was impossible for the one half to hear, although my voice was then strong and clear; and I stood so as to have them all in view, as they ranged on the side of the hill. After preaching, the poor people were ready to tread me under their foot, out of pure love and kindness. It was some time before I could possibly get out of the press.

Shame upon us if we forget that the Sandgate and the "Keel Row" must be inseparably associated in the minds of all true Tynesiders. The tune is as well-known throughout the world as a Newcastle grindstone. It has been heard at State concerts and balls; it has been heard also in the shady preserves of Italian organ-grinders; it has been wafted on the air from outward-bound vessels to the Far West, and to the half-explored Australasia; it has been lectured on by prim professors, learned in the distinction between diatonic, chromatic, and enharmonic tones. Yet still is the "Keel Row" in an especial degree the epic, the lyric, the idyll of Sandgate. It has not gone round the world for nothing; yet what does it say to the Tyneside emigrant everywhere? What but this?—

As aa cam throo Sandgate, throo Sandgate, throo Sandgate,
As aa cam throo Sandgate, aa hard a lassie sing:
Weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row,
Weel may the keel row that ma lad's in!

And so on: the blue bonnet, the dimple on the chin, and all the rest of it. Let us, for once, mark how matter-of-fact our Sandgate lass can be upon occasion, when talking about her lad, and so leave her in her meditation concerning his virtues :-

He sits in his keel, as black as the deil,
But he brings the white munny te me, O!

Our honest Sandgate lassie is only a trifle more outspoken than her neighbours, after all!

It only remains to add that Sandgate (as shown in our sketch) now consists of little more than one side of a street, the part next the Quayside having been taken down to make way for Corporation improvements.

Thomas Elliott Harrison.



MR. THOMAS ELLIOTT HARRISON, Engineer-in-Chief to the North-Eastern Railway Company, died suddenly at his residence at Whitburn, near Sunderland, on the 20th of March.

The deceased gentleman was born in Sunderland on the 4th of April, 1808, and was thus within a few days of completing his 80th year. Educated at Kepier Grammar School, he relinquished, at what would now be considered a very early age, his scholastic studies, and was relegated to learn "the calling and profession of a civil engineer and



surveyor" to the firm of Messrs. W. and E. Chapman, of Newcastle. Immediately after completing his term of pupilage he made his way to London, as so many other able Northern young men have done, intent upon seeking employment in the metropolis. Armed with a letter of introduction from Mr. Chapman to Telford, the great road-maker, he quickly sought an interview with the celebrated engineer, and unfolded his intentions. Telford thus addressed him: "Young man, you have made a great mistake in choosing civil engineering for your profession, as few attain eminence in it, and those who do so have all the work, whilst others have nothing to do." This was rather cold comfort for the enthusiastic novice, and Mr. Harrison afterwards said that it "cast down his spirits for fully twelve months." But he then made the acquaintance of a kindred spirit in Robert Stephenson, who at once recognised his sterling professional qualities.

The younger Stephenson commissioned Mr. Harrison

to take the levels from Wolverton to Rugby, for the first application to Parliament for the construction of the London and Birmingham Railway, and from that moment his advancement was assured. His next great work was the survey of the Stanhope and Tyne Railway, under the superintendence of Robert Stephenson. On June 16, 1834, the Royal assent was given to the Act 4th and 5th William IV., cap. 57, for making a railway from the Hartlepool line at Morsley to the Stanhope and Tyne line at Usworth. The Stanhope and Tyne line was opened on September 10th, 1834, and was thirty-two miles in length. To it was afterwards added the Morsley branch above-mentioned, which was opened in August, 1838. It was subsequently sold to the Brandling Junction Railway Company, and the entire railway was eventually absorbed into the North-Eastern system. The Victoria Bridge, 157 feet high from the foundation, with arches of 240 feet span, renders this a remarkable line. The bridge was erected in accordance with plans prepared by Mr. Harrison. Referring to this work in a volume of travel published in 1838, Dr. Dibdin, nephew of the famous song-writer, says that it "seems to laugh at the parade of Roman aqueducts." "The architect and engineer of this stupendous fabric," Dr. Dibdin adds, "is Thomas E. Harrison—a resident in the neighbourhood. He has taken a splendid leaf out of Mr. Grainger's illuminated book."

Conjointly with Robert Stephenson, Mr. Harrison was engineer for the construction of the Newcastle and Berwick and the Newcastle and Darlington lines, and he shares with Stephenson the credit of having designed and built the High Level Bridge between Newcastle and Gateshead. With the construction of the great railway arteries of the North came the period of Robert Stephenson's gradual retirement from railway work in this country, and Mr. Harrison took service with the amalgamated York, Newcastle, and Berwick Company as engineer-in-chief. In February, 1849, the difficulty between the company and George Hudson culminated in a lamentable disclosure of the Railway King's dealings with the York, Newcastle, and Berwick Railway. For nearly a year matters between the contending parties were very tempestuous, and the general crash which soon afterwards took place in Mr. Hudson's affairs was fairly foreshadowed; but in January, 1850, an arrangement between them was settled. The importance of the line as a link in the chain of East Coast communication between Edinburgh and London was well understood by Mr. Harrison, and his mind early grasped the possibilities which it possessed of absorbing the entire carrying business of the district between the Humber and the Tweed. It was, therefore, with much discontent that he beheld the close competition into which the line of which he was engineer was thrown from about 1850 onward with the Leeds Northern and the York and

North Midland. The latter was in an especial sense "Mr. Hudson's line," and so long as that gentleman remained in power little could be done in the way of bringing the three railways into cordial relationship; but when the great financier was no longer to be reckoned with, a more promising state of things was not long in being created. Thanks mainly to the labours of three able officials, an amalgamation was eventually carried out. The gentlemen referred to were Mr. T. E. Harrison, of the York, Newcastle, and Berwick; Mr. Henry Tenant, of the Leeds Northern; and Mr. A. C. Sherriff, of the York and North Midland. On the 31st of July, 1854, the Amalgamation Bill, which recited no fewer than sixty-eight Acts of Parliament, received the Royal Assent, and the joint undertaking (called afterwards the North-Eastern Railway) came into existence with 720 miles of line—then the largest held by any company in the kingdom—and a capital of about twenty-three millions sterling. At the present time the North-Eastern Company owns over 1,500 miles of line, and its capital exceeds sixty-two millions.

The career of Mr. Harrison as engineer-in-chief to the North-Eastern Railway Company was the greatest possible success. Gifted with an extraordinary capacity for work, the care of the great interests committed to his charge pressed lightly upon him, and he was enabled to acquaint himself with the minutest details of his departmental affairs. Amongst the great works which he designed and carried into execution during his term of office, mention must be made of the Jarro Docks, which were opened on the 17th of December, 1858. On the evening of the day the water was let into the docks, the directors and their friends met in the Station Hotel, Newcastle, under the presidency of the Earl of Carlisle, when the directors presented Mr. Harrison with a valuable service of plate.

In 1874, her Majesty appointed a Royal Commission on Railway Accidents, of which Mr. Harrison was a member. Few men appeared more frequently before Parliamentary Committees concerned with railway questions; and certainly none commanded a greater measure of respect and confidence in regard to the testimony which he might furnish. It was Earl Granville, at the annual *conversazione* of the Institution of Civil Engineers, in the year of Mr. Harrison's presidency, who dubbed him "Honest Tom," and the cognomen was considered especially well applied by all who had knowledge of him in the committee-rooms of Parliament. Scrupulously fair, just, and truthful, he was known as a witness whose opinion might possibly be wrong, but who would never wilfully mislead or deceive.

Our portrait is reproduced from a photograph of Mr. Harrison taken by Messrs. Maull and Fox, and kindly lent by Mr. J. T. Oliver, of the North-Eastern Railway Company.

Solway Moss.

SOLWAY MOSS is a level area in the parish of Kirkcandrews-upon-Esk, in the County of Cumberland. It was composed of decaying matters of heath and moss reduced to a fluid pulp by springs which rose in every part of it. The Moss was about seven miles in circumference. It was covered on the surface with a dry crust, itself overlaid with moss and rushes, and it trembled with the least pressure. It was bounded on the south by a cultivated plain, sloping gently through the space of a mile to the river Esk. This plain was rather lower than the Moss itself, being separated by a wall of peat a few yards broad.

On Wednesday night, 13th November, 1771, after three days' continuous rain, when the farmers of the plain were out in the fields protecting the cattle from being washed away by the swollen waters of the Esk, which had risen with great rapidity, they were alarmed by a dreadful crash, which was at first supposed to be the Esk overflowing its banks; but the terror-stricken watchers soon found it to be caused by a moving mountain of thick black mud, with masses of peat upon it. The whole of the seven miles of moss was moving towards them by the force of gravity. It burst the wall of peat, and covered the plain, crushing house after house, and destroying the cattle and furniture of the farmers. It was with difficulty that the inhabitants gained the higher ground. Some had to fly in a nude state, having been surprised in bed. The sites of the houses in the hollow grounds were covered, to the depth of 30 feet in some places, by a stagnant lake. Thirty families had their houses and farms laid desolate. The owner of the property, Dr. Graham, supplied the unfortunate people with food and clothing at his own expense, and also set to work to have the great bulk of the *debris* removed. The plain thus covered was regained by cutting channels to the Esk, and raising reservoirs on the higher grounds, where, by means of floodgates, large quantities of water were let off into the different channels, along the sides of which men were stationed to roll into the stream large masses of the moss, which was carried away into the Esk. The Caledonian Railway runs over part of this moss, and it proved a very unmanageable undertaking for the contractors. Many thousands of tons of earth were tipped into it before it acquired anything like consistency.

Solway Moss was the haunt of the mostroopers, and the scene of many a conflict between the English and Scots, one of which was the battle that took place on the 24th November, 1542, when the English army under Sir Thomas Wharton, Warden of the Western Marches and Governor of Carlisle, defeated the Scots, numbering 10,000 men, who were either killed, drowned, or taken prisoners. In October, 1542, the Duke of Norfolk

invaded Scotland with an army of 20,000 men. He wasted the harvest, and burned farms, villages, towns, and abbeys. James V. meditated retaliation. On the 24th of November he summoned his followers to meet at Lochmaben, and 10,000 men gathered in the darkness. They were ordered to cross the Border and surprise Carlisle. James did not go with them, but sent his minion Sinclair, who, when the frontier was passed, announced himself commander. The force crossed the Esk before daylight, leaving a train of burning stacks behind, and overspread the country. Recovered from their first shock, the English Borderers buckled on their armour, sprang into their saddles, "and became at once the Northern Horse, famed as the finest light cavalry in the known world." Wharton, Lord Dacre, Lord Musgrave, and others collected men. Meanwhile, the Scots were in disorder—the leaders chafed and insulted by the arrogance and incompetence of Sinclair. The evening closed in, and the handful of Borderers struck terror among the disorganised and dispirited Scots. Froude says: "Few knew the ground, and 10,000 men were blundering like sheep in the darkness, back upon the Border. They had lost the route by which they came, and strayed towards the sea. The tide was flowing up the Solway. Some flung away their arms and struggled over the water; some were drowned. Some ran into the houses they had burnt, and surrendered to women where there were no men to take them. The main body wandered at last into Solway Moss, between Esk and Gretna, where Wharton, who knew where he was, had them at his mercy, and substantially the whole army were either killed or taken prisoners." The morning after the battle, Wharton sent a list of the captives to the king, including the names of the Earls of Cassilis and Glencairn, Lords Maxwell, Fleming, Somerville, Oliphant, Grey, Sir Oliver Sinclair, and 200 gentlemen. Froude also says: "Never in all the wars between England and Scotland had there been a defeat more complete, more sudden, and more disgraceful."

In Sir Walter Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather," it is recorded that the disgraceful news of "the battle, or rather the rout, of Solway, filled up the measure of the king's despair and desolation. He shut himself up in the palace of Falkland, and refused to listen to any consolation. A burning fever, the consequence of his grief and shame, seized on the unfortunate monarch. They brought him tidings that his wife had given birth to a daughter; but he only replied, 'Is it so?' reflecting on the alliance which had placed the Stuart family on the throne; 'then God's will be done. It came with a lass, and it will go with a lass.' With these words, presaging the extinction of his house, he made a signal of adieu to his courtiers, spoke little more, but turned his face to the wall, and died of the most melancholy disease—a broken heart."

C. ARMSTRONG, Carlisle.

Sir Cuthbert Sharp.

CUTHBERT SHARP was born at Hartlepool, in the year 1781. His father, a ship-owner, bore the same name as himself, and his mother, Susannah Crosby, was the sister of Brass Crosby, the Lord Mayor of London, celebrated for the struggle in which he engaged in 1771 for the publication of the Parliamentary debates, and for which he was, during his mayoralty, imprisoned in the Tower by a vote of the House of Commons.

Receiving his early education at a school kept by the celebrated Geesek scholar, Dr. Burney, of Greenwich, he accepted, in his eighteenth year, a commission in the Essex Fencibles, part of a cavalry force then introduced and supported by the Government for the defence of the country, but not liable to be sent abroad. In this regiment, which was commanded by a gentleman named Montague Burgoyne, he served in Ireland under Lieut.-General Lord Lake, Commander-in-Chief of her Majesty's forces in that part of the British dominions, during the Rebellion of '97.

Mr. Sharp was on very friendly terms with his brother-officers, particularly Colonel John Scudamore, long M.P. for Hereford, and Mr. Daniel Ellis, who subsequently obtained much distinction by his writings on vegetable physiology, and who contributed most of the articles in that department of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*.

After the disbanding of the regiment, on the rebellion being finally crushed, Mr. Sharp retired from military life, and proceeded to pursue his studies in Edinburgh, accompanied by his friend Mr. Ellis. But his stay at the Northern University was limited to a single session, or at the most two, for he had left it before the autumn of 1801. On the preliminaries of peace between Great Britain and France being signed at Amiens, on the 1st of October in that year, he visited Paris, where he remained during the short interval the peace lasted; and on the resumption of hostilities in 1802, he was one of the victims of Napoleon's ungenerous policy of detaining English visitors to France as prisoners of war. Mr. Sharp, meanwhile, formed an intimate acquaintance with M. Regnier, the President of the High Court of Justice; and by that dignitary's influence was exempted from the fate of his countrymen. He was permitted to remain in Paris, while the others were ordered to Verdun, and confined in that fortress under close surveillance. He was, however, kept as a prisoner for some years, during which he acquired great fluency in speaking the French language. At last, through Regnier's influence, he got permission to visit Holland, and from thence he returned to England.

Mr. Sharp now settled in his native town, devoting himself to literary pursuits. A close intimacy soon

grew up between him and the historian of Durham, Robert Surtees, of Mainsforth, who was indebted to him for innumerable hints, and assistance of various kinds, in the compilation of his important work. In particular, many of the family pedigrees by which it is enriched were drawn up by Mr. Sharp, who had a singularly keen scent for genealogies. His contributions in this way are distinguished by a peculiar mark, being his initials C. S. ornamented by a rose. Another of his antiquarian correspondents was the Rev. John Ingram, compiler of the "*Memorials of Oxford*," published in 1832-37 in three quarto volumes, illustrated with many fine plates by Le Keux, after Mackenzie. To this work, also, Mr. Sharp contributed some valuable materials.

Having been elected a Burgess of Hartlepool, his turn to serve the office of Mayor arrived in 1816; and he received the honour of knighthood during his mayoralty, on



the occasion of presenting an address to the Prince Regent from the Corporation. In the same year he had printed at Durham, and published, price one guinea, in one octavo volume, with many plates, the woodcuts by Bewick, his "*History of Hartlepool*," a very elaborate and most interesting work, sufficient by itself to place its author in the front rank of British antiquaries. It was reviewed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*; and in that review will be found a sonnet in which he was congratulated on his performance by his very able friend Surtees, commencing—

Nowe, by seint Cudberte, 'tis a worthy werke,
And travayld with rare payne and dyllygens.

In 1823, Sir Cuthbert was appointed to the collectorship of the customs at the port of Sunderland, the duties of which office he continued to perform diligently till 1845, when he was promoted to the collectorship at Newcastle. When leaving Sunderland he was presented with a piece of plate of considerable value, with an address expressing the deepest regret at his departure. After three years' residence on the banks of the Tyne, he found the exertions the place required too much for him; and he was on the point of proceeding to London for the purpose of tendering his resignation, when he was seized with an indisposition which terminated fatally on Friday, the 17th August, 1849.

The very limited leisure which Sir Cuthbert could devote to literary pursuits was the reason why his publications, with the exception of the History of Hartlepool, were for the most part of a desultory character, and were sometimes issued anonymously. The most important of them, and by far the most valuable to general readers, is his "History of the Rebellion of 1569," 1841, 8vo. This work was suggested by the Bowes MSS. remaining at Gibside, and was completed by access to the documents in the State Paper Office. Upon its completion Sir Cuthbert commenced a similar work—"The History of the Pilgrimage of Grace"—which, however, he did not live to finish.

Other acknowledged works of his, all held in high estimation, may be mentioned :—

1. A Brief Summary of the Contents of a Manuscript belonging to the Lord William Howard, of Naworth, 1819.

2. Chronicon Mirabile. These curious extracts from parish registers, principally in the North of England, were printed in three parts, the first in 1819, the second in 1825, and the third in 1841, when the whole collection, which was reviewed in the volume for that year of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, was published in a thin volume.

3. The Jolly Huntsman's Garland, a local ballad written about 1670-80 and presenting a catalogue of most of the sportsmen living at that period in the neighbourhood of Houghton-le-Spring.

4. A List of the Knights and Burgesses who have represented the County and City of Durham in Parliament, 1828.

5. The Life of Ambrose Barnea, some time Alderman of Newcastle.

6. The Bishoprick Garland: a Collection of Legends, Songs, Ballads, and Traditional Rhymes connected with the County Palatine of Durham, 1828. Many quaint scraps of local song were here rescued from oblivion, such as the following :—

My bairn's a bonny bairn, a canny bairn, a bonny bairn.
My bairn's a canny bairn, and never looks dowly :
My bairn's a canny bairn, a canny bairn, a bonny bairn,
My bairn's a bonny bairn, an not a yellow-yowley.

Of this characteristic maternal quatrain there is another version in Northumberland :—

Ma bairn's a bonny bairn,
Ma bairn's a dandy,
Ma bairn's a canny bairn,
As sweet as sugar-candy.

7. Sir Richard St. George, Norrey King of Armes : the Visitation of the County Palatine of Duresme. Edited by Sir Cuthbert Sharp and John Trotter Brockett. 30 copies privately printed.

8. Sunderland Tracts of Other Times. Sunderland and Newcastle, various dates. A collection of these is in the library belonging to the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, of which the worthy knight was one of the most distinguished members.

Decidedly antiquarian and literary as were Sir Cuthbert's tastes, he never allowed them to interfere with a single public duty. In social life he was pleasant and urbane, with no whit of the pedant or dryasdust about him. He was "a free and accepted Mason," and took a deep interest in the proceedings of the Masonic lodges of his native county, aiding their charitable intents and advancing their efficiency and general welfare to the utmost of his power.

During Sir Cuthbert's residence in Sunderland, the Duke of Wellington visited the town, and was there received with much honour. Sir Walter Scott also visited Sunderland at the time. The following extract from Lockhart's "Life of Scott" refers to this event :—

Sir Cuthbert Sharp, who had been particularly kind and attentive to Scott when at Sunderland, happened, in writing to him on some matter of business, to say he hoped he had not forgotten his friends in that quarter. Sir Walter's answer to Sir Cuthbert (who had been introduced to him by his old and dear friend Mr. Surtees, of Mainsforth), begins thus :—

Forget thee? No! my worthy frere!
Forget blythe mirth and gallant cheer!
Death sooner stretch me on my bier!
Forget thee? No.

Forget the universal shout,
When "canny Sunderland" spoke out—
A truth which knaves appear to doubt—
Forget thee? No.

Forget you? No—though now-a-day
I've heard your knowing people say,
"Disown the debt you cannot pay,
You'll find it far the thriftiest way."
But I? O uo.

Forget your kindness formed for all room,
In what, though large, seem'd still a small room,
Forget my Surtees, in a ballroom—
Forget you? No.

Forget your sprightly dumpty-diddles,
And beauty tripping to the fiddles,
Forget my lovely friends the Liddells—
Forget you? No.

So much for oblivion, my dear Sir C., and now, having dismantled from my Pegasus, who is rather spavined, I charge a-foot, like an old Dragon as I am.

A portrait of Sir Cuthbert Sharp is in the possession of Mr. William Dodd, treasurer of the Newcastle Society of

Antiquaries, who has kindly allowed us to copy it. The autograph, also furnished by Mr. Dodd, is from a letter to Mr. John Trotter Brouckett, dated September 19, 1825.

A Bit of Old Newcastle.

THE little sketch here printed shows an interesting bit of old Newcastle. Known as Union Street, the group of ancient houses occupied the site of the Bigg Market end of the Town Hall. Our engraving is made from an original drawing which was long in the possession of a venerable lady, Mrs. Humble, who resided in one of the houses.

Union Street is mainly notable for the fact that the *Newcastle Chronicle* was first printed there. The paper was established by Mr. Thomas Slack in 1764. Mr. Slack was an enterprising man, and in addition to printing the *Chronicle*, and carrying on the business of a general printer, he was the publisher of a large number of school books. In this work he was greatly assisted by his wife. From Mr. Slack's printing establishment,

Solomon Hodgson, and Mr. Hodgson conducted the paper with great enterprise and success from the death of Mr. Slack in 1784 to 1800. After Mr. Hodgson's death, in the latter year, the publication of the *Chronicle* was continued by his widow, Mrs. Sarah Hodgson, until her decease in 1822. The paper then became the property of her sons, Thomas and James Hodgson, Thomas taking charge of the editorial department, and James that of the commercial department. The *Chronicle* remained in their hands until the beginning of 1850, when it was sold to Mr. Mark William Lambert, Mr. Thomas Bourne, and Mr. John Bailey Langhorne (Town Clerk of Richmond, Yorkshire). The printing office was removed, on the 24th of May in that year, from Union Street to Mr. Lambert and Partners' establishment in Grey Street. The machinery was driven by hydraulic power erected by W. G. Armstrong and Co., now the great Elswick firm. Mr. Lambert and Partners owned the paper from 1850 until 1860, when it passed into the hands of the present proprietor. The office was removed in 1863 to St. Nicholas' Buildings, near the High Level Bridge. These premises being found to be too small, the *Chronicle* establishment was removed in 1866 to the present premises in Westgate Road.



a large number of the books in circulation among schools in the North of England were issued. Amongst the best remembered, perhaps, is Tinwell's Arithmetic, although several of the works compiled by Mr. and Mrs. Slack were for many years very popular. One of the earliest and most distinguished contributors to the *Chronicle* was Mr. John Cunningham, the poet, of whom a memoir and portrait appeared in the *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. i., page 277. Mr. Slack's daughter married Mr.

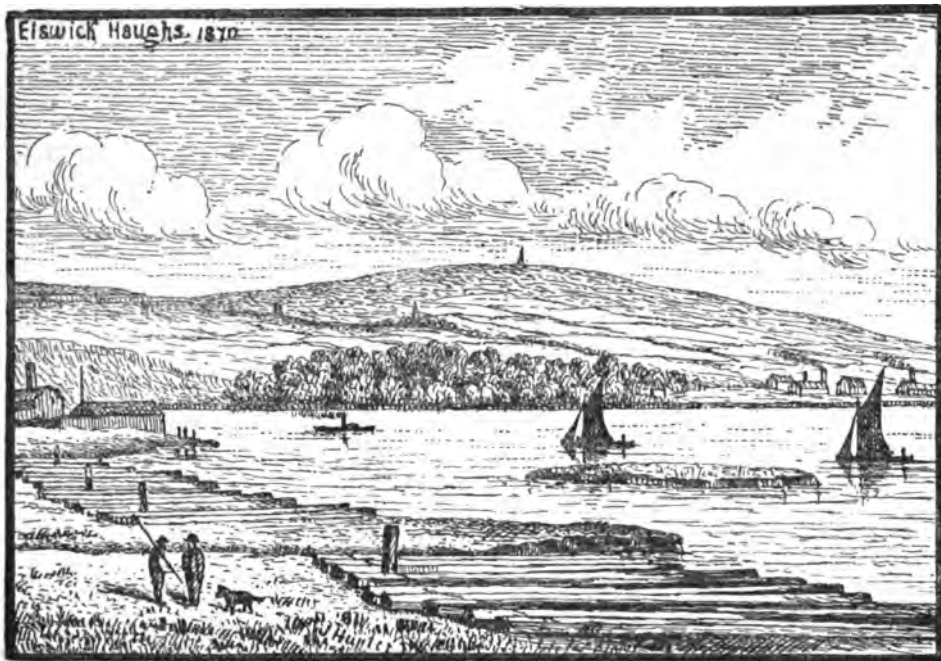
The first house which is shown on the right of our sketch, and which stood nearly opposite Pudding Chare, was in the occupation of Thomas Humble, basket maker, whose widow was living till within the last few years. Next to Mr. Humble's was the Bee Hive Inn, carried on half a century ago by a man named Coulson, but afterwards by Thomas Grearson, who was for many years a porter in the *Chronicle* Office. A barber named Todd and a plasterer named Wallace

(related in some way to the late Town Surveyor of that name) were the tenants of the next two shops. Further down the street, one of the tall houses seen in our sketch was the original *Chronicle* Office. The site it occupied fronted the present shop of Mr. Pumphrey, grocer, Cloth Market, the premises extending back to the Groat Market, opposite what was known as Hell's Kitchen. Towering over the old buildings is seen the beautiful lantern of St. Nicholas. Among the other persons who had business premises in Union Street were Joseph Stappard, innkeeper; J. A. Weir, chemist; Henry Richardson, grocer; Timothy Oliver, grocer; Daniel Oliver, grocer; Alex. Bertram, cheesemonger; John Bell, land surveyor; Archer, hairdresser; Jacob Yellowley, fruiterer; Thomas Robinson (late Mayor), wine merchant; and Ward and Company, tobacco manufacturers.

Elswick Haughs.

MANY changes have taken place on the River Tyne since the drawing here printed was made by Mr. James Hunter. The shore in the foreground eighteen years ago was a mass of

baulks of timber moored to posts fixed in the ground, and belonged to the well-known firm of timber merchants, Messrs. Clayton and Armstrong. Here, in the hot summer weather, boys were wont to resort for bathing purposes. Running along the baulks, they would spring into the water and swim to the small island shown in the picture. Between the island and the shore was an eddy, which at times was very strong, and those bathers who did not understand the course of the stream were frequently in difficulties. Several inexperienced swimmers have here met their fate. The two erections to the left of the sketch were the dwelling-house and boat-house of Mr. Harry Clasper, the noted boat builder and oarsman. On the other side of the river, to the right, is part of Dunston. Bensham Church is seen half-way up the hill, while at the top stands Gateshead Fell Church. It was on the occasion of a championship boat race that the Haughs presented their liveliest aspect. Here thousands of the denizens of Tyneside used to congregate to witness their favourite sport. How changed is the scene now! The site of the timber pond is occupied by a large shipbuilding yard of Sir William Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., the small island has been removed, and much of the hillside opposite is almost covered with buildings.



Robert Gilchrist, Newcastle Poet.

ROBERT GILCHRIST, like his father before him, was a sailmaker. Born in 1797, he was a Freeman of Newcastle, and for many years a member of the Herbage Committee, serving along with Messrs. Meikle, Garrett, Calbraith, and others.

Mr. Gilchrist's contributions to Messrs. Fordyce's "Newcastle Song Book" are numerous, and brimful of rich humour. The best of them are:—"On the Death of Bold Archy," "Blind Willie's Epitaph," "More



ROBERT GILCHRIST.

Innovations," "Sir Tommy made an Odd Fellow," and a "New Song on Barge Day, 1835." Mr. Gilchrist's last poetical effusion was the epitaph on Blind Willie, which he made in fulfilment of a promise that he would write it if he outlived him. "He who had sung threnodies of the deaths of Bould Airchy and Captain Starkey, laid his 'local reed' in the dust over Blind Willie's remains." Mr. Gilchrist must have had a great regard for "Bould Airchy," as he immortalised that hero in several songs, written in the Tyneside dialect.

Of course, there are very few now left who remember Mr. Gilchrist at his best; but, even when his health was breaking, and he was suffering from a terrible disease, his powers as an amusing companion and his skill as a story-teller did not desert him. We have heard gentlemen, who are now octogenarians, talk of the pleasant hours spent in his company. During the

latter portion of his life, Mr. Gilchrist suffered from cancer, which at times caused him great agony. He would often be brought into a room where his friends were assembled, and laid upon a couch, and although at first quite prostrate, he would for the time forget his illness, and begin to roll out one of his popular songs, or tell one of his laughable stories. He must have possessed a rare gift in this way, as those who heard him never forgot the humour and drollery of the man, face, voice, and eye.

In 1826, Mr. Gilchrist published a collection of his poems, and, when quite a youth, he was a regular contributor to the *Newcastle Magazine*. Besides his poems, he issued a volume of local songs, which, though not numerous, are still very popular, and are generally acknowledged to be amongst the best and most humorous in the dialect. "Like the majority of the older writers," says Allan's "Tyneside Song Book," "he took for the subjects of his songs the customs and eccentrics of his day, and, as Newcastle was at that time honoured with a motley collection of these worthies, his songs are additionally attractive, as preserving these curiosities of a past age."

During the latter part of his life, Gilchrist, who resided in a cottage in Shieldfield Green, Newcastle, had the good fortune to save his house by the exercise of his poetical talents, having composed a song in which he so pathetically begged to be allowed to live and die in his old home, that his humble request was granted. We give the last verse of his successful petition, which was addressed to Mr. John Clayton:—

Then say the word, my lease renew,
And win a wreath of glory—
A bard of Tyne will sing of you,
All in my upper story.
Who lays disporting hands on me,
All ills may pour his pate on;
So be advised and let me be,
My canny Mister Clayton.

Mr. Gilchrist died in the house in Shieldfield Green, which was thus saved from destruction, on the 11th July, 1844, in the 47th year of his age.

Our sketch of the poet is copied from a portrait in the possession of Mr. George Noble Clark, to whom we here express our obligations.

W. W. W.

Sims Reeves's First Appearance in Newcastle.

IT is well-known that Mr. Sims Reeves, the great tenor vocalist, made his first appearance upon the lyric stage at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle. This fact is not disputed, but there is some difficulty in arriving at the precise date. Lady Pollock, in an article contributed to a popular magazine says:—"Mr. Reeves, as Mr. Johnson, made his

first appearance at the Newcastle-on-Tyne theatre as the Gipsy in 'Guy Mannering,' for the benefit of Mr. Geo. Barker, well-known as a tenor singer. Mr. Johnson was at this time eighteen years of age." As Mr. Sims Reeves was born on Oct. 21st, 1822, his *debut* must have occurred during the season of 1839-40. We are further confirmed in this view by a letter written by Mr. Reeves himself. A correspondent of the *Weekly Chronicle* in 1879 wrote asking the great tenor to settle the disputed question. Mr. Reeves replied as follows:—"I am not quite certain as to its being 1840 or the last month of 1839. I think the latter. I could tell if I were at home. I recollect that Mr. Penley was leaving, and Mr. Ternan was taking possession of the theatre. I am certain that it was not 1838-9." On referring to the file of the *Newcastle Chronicle* for November, 1839, we find an announcement to the effect that on the 2nd of that month Mr. Barker appeared in "Guy Mannering," that Mr. Penley terminated his lease-ship of the Theatre Royal on the 15th, and that Mr. Ternan entered upon the management on the following Friday. In a notice of "As You Like It" upon the latter occasion, is the following:—"Mr. Johnson, from the Theatre Royal, York, who, we believe, was here some years ago, played Adam with very good taste, and in the farce as Restive he was an excellent choleric old man." There is no mention of Mr. Johnson having sung on this occasion. There is, however, an announcement to the effect that Mr. D. W. King and Miss Jarrett had pleased the audience with songs. The same Mr. Johnson appeared as Pantaloon in the pantomime "Dick Whittington and his Cat" produced in the season 1839-40. Lady Pollock also states that Mr. Johnson sang in opera as a baritone about the same time, and she mentions that he took the part of Rodolpho in "La Sonnambula." On November, 6th, 1841, a notice appears in the *Chronicle* of a rendition of Bellini's opera at the Theatre Royal; but the baritone is Mr. Morley—not Mr. Johnson. Several local residents can call to mind when Mr. Reeves was performing during his first season; none, however, can give the date of his initial appearance, and probably it will not be revealed until the publication of Mr. Reeves's memoirs, which, it is said, are to appear shortly. S.

Notes and Commentaries.

THE SENNA WELLS.

In the article on "Holy Wells in the North" (p. 148), there is a statement respecting the Senna Well, near Alnwick, which really ought to be corrected. It is that the water is medicinal, resembling in its effects those produced by drinking senna tea. Anything further from the truth could not be found, as the water is the purest in the district. I need not trouble you with the analysis. Professor Skeat would call W. B.'s notion a fine example of

"etymology by sound." The proper name for the springs is still a *quæstio vexata*. G. H. THOMPSON, Alnwick.

GEORGE BALMER.

I am anxious that North Shields should not be robbed of the honour of having given birth to the eminent painter, George Balmer. (See page 157 of the current volume.) Permit me, therefore, to state that the father and mother of this gifted artist were married at Christ Church, our parish church, as appears by the following entry in the register:—"1795, August 15. George Balmer and Ann Reed, married by licence." The mother was a native of Stannington, near Morpeth. George was born on the 3rd March, 1805, and was baptised at our church on January 5, 1806. His father, a painter and glazier in Stephenson Street, had several children, and was buried on May 31, 1829, at the age of 60; his mother was buried on November 6, 1835, aged 60.

HORATIO A. ADAMSON, North Shields.

SIMEON OF DURHAM.

Simeon of Durham, an English historian of the twelfth century, and contemporary of William of Malmesbury, taught mathematics at Oxford, and became precentor of Durham Cathedral. Simeon took much pains in collecting documents relating to the history of England which had been dispersed by the various inroads of the Danes. By means of these he was enabled to write a History of the Kings of England from 616 to 1130, incorporating in his narrative much valuable matter. This history was continued to the year 1156 by John, Prior of Hexham. This work and Simeon's description of Durham Cathedral are inserted among the "Decem Scriptores" of Twysden. Selden, however, in his edition of this work, states that Archbishop Turgot was the real author of it, and that Simeon, in his capacity of precentor of Durham, obtained possession of the MS. and published it under his own name.

G. L., Lancaster.

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The short sketch which I quote from the "Encyclopædia Britannica" will convey the pith of all that can be said about Symeon, or Simeon, of Durham:—

Symeon, of Durham, was the author of two works of great importance in English history, viz. the "*Historia Dunelmensis Ecclesie*" and the "*Historia Regum*." Very little is known of his life. There is no record of the date of his birth or death. He was at Jarrow about 1080, before the monastic community moved thence to Durham (1083). He probably did not become a professed monk till some time after that event. In 1104 he was present at the opening of the coffin and the examination of the remains of St. Cuthbert. Between 1104 and 1108 he composed his "History of the Church of Durham," bringing it down to the death of William of St. Carilef (1096). Many years later he compiled his "*Historia Regum*," which is a chronicle of Northumbrian affairs from the date at which the venerable Bede stops (731). He was also probably the author of a letter "*De Archiepiscopis Eboraci*," but not of the treatise "*De Miraculis et*

Translationibus" sometimes attributed to him. Selden, in his introduction to Twyden's "*Decem Scriptores*," attributes the "*Historia Dunelmensis Ecclesie*" to Turgot, prior of that church; but Mr. Arnold in the preface to his edition of Symeon's works (in the "*Chronicles and Memorials*" referred to before) successfully disproves Selden's assertions. This work is original and of great value; the "*Historia Regum*," on the other hand, is a compilation from various sources, brought down by Symeon to 1121 or 1129. Both works were continued by other hands.

H. D. ROBERTS, Durham.

JOBLING'S GIBBET.

The Newcastle Society of Antiquaries has become the possessor of a lugubrious relic—the iron frame-work of the gallows on which William Jobling was gibbeted on Jarrow Slake in 1832, as described in the *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. ii., page 83. The gibbet, taken down during the construction of Tyne Dock, came into the hands of Thomas Scott, late staitth-master. And now the directors of the North-Eastern Railway have presented the relic to the Society of Antiquaries. It is a remarkable fact, as stated in the *Daily Chronicle*, that Jobling's widow, upwards of ninety years of age, is at present an inmate of the South Shields Workhouse.

EDITOR.

THE PRESS GANG IN THE NORTH.

I subjoin a copy of an order from the Admiralty, dated 5th November, 1803, and signed by Sir Philip Stephens, Admiral Trowbridge, and James Adams, to Captain Charleton, North Shields, giving directions for a general press to commence at North Shields, &c., on the night of the 7th November, 1803. It is the regulation official document of that period.

R. E. B., London.

* * *

By the Commissioners for Executing the Office of Lord High Admiral of Great Britain and Ireland, &c.

WHEREAS it is necessary for the more speedy Manning His Majesty's Ships, to impress all Persons of the denominations express in the Press Warrant which you have received from Us, without regard to any Protections, excepting however such Persons as are Protected pursuant to Acts of Parliament, and all others who by the Printed Instructions which accompanied the said Warrant are forbidden to be impress, and also such as belong to

Transports, Storeships, Victuallers, or other Ships or Vessels in the Service of the Navy, Victualling, Transport, and Ordnance Boards.

Ships and Vessels laden by the especial Order, and under the direction of the Lords Commissioners of His Majesty's Treasury with Provisions and Stores for the use of His Majesty's Armies, &c.

Vessels and Craft in the Service of the Corporation of the Trinity House; and

Ships and Vessels bound to Foreign Parts which are laden and cleared outwards by the proper Officers of His Majesty's Customs.

And whereas We think fit that a General Press from Protections as abovementioned, shall commence at North Shields and in the Neighbourhood thereof on the Night of Monday next the 7th instant, you are therefore (after taking the proper preparatory measures with all possible Secrecy) hereby required and directed to impress, and to give orders to the Lieutenants under your Command to impress, all Persons of the abovementioned denominations (except as before excepted) accordingly, and to

continue to do so until you receive Orders from Us to the contrary.

If any of His Majesty's Ships or Vessels, or any hired into His Service and Commanded by Commissioned Officers, shall be in the way, you are to communicate these Orders to their Commanders, under a strict injunction of Secrecy, and to settle a Plan with them that a General Press as abovementioned may commence and be carried on at one and the same time, as well Afloat as on Shore, they being hereby required and directed to exert themselves in the execution thereof, and to co-operate with you in whatever may be necessary on the occasion.

Given under Our Hands the 5 day of Novemr., 1803.
To Captain Wm. Charleton, PHL. STEPHENS.
at North Shields. T. TROWBRIDGE.

JAS. ADAMS.

By Command of their Lordships,
WM. MARSDEN.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

COURSING AND SWEARING.

Not a hundred miles from Whittingham, a landlady of a public-house, fearing that the hard weather would stop the Eelington greyhound coursing, said to a local wit: "As doot thor'll be ne coursing, Joe?" Joe replied: "If thor's ne coursing, thor'll be a bonny lot o' sweearing!"

THE PITMAN AND THE GUARD.

The last train to the north from Newcastle on a Saturday evening, in consequence of its extra cargo of "malt extract," is generally a few minutes late. At one station the exception to this occurred one evening, and a number of pitmen, having tarried over the parting glass, were unable to obtain tickets before the train arrived. They boarded the van, intending to ride there; but the guard, coming along, peremptorily ordered his sanctum to be cleared, whereupon one stalwart youth, planting himself in the entrance, thus accosted the legal occupant: "How, marra, is thoo the landlord here?"

"TRY AGAIN."

A little fellow named Frank, residing in Sunderland, was taught at school the well-known verses, containing the words—"If at first you don't succeed, Try, try, try, again." These words he continued to repeat all the evening at home. Bedtime arrived, and Frank as usual knelt at his mother's knee saying his evening prayer:—"God bless father, God bless mother, God bless sister Mary, God bless little Frank, and 'if at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again.'"

HAILING A STEAMBOAT.

Some forty years ago there was a steamboat owner in North Shields, named Skelton, who had two steamers called the *Indefatigable* and the *Navigator*. A joiner in the town was one day sent to do some work on board the *Indefatigable*, then lying off Shepherd's Quay. Not being

able to pronounce her name, he was puzzled how to hail her. At length he put his basket off his back, placed his hands to his mouth, and cried: "Skelton's t'other boat, ahoy! not the Navigator!"

THE BROKEN PLATE.

While a miner's wife was setting the dinner table, a plate fell to the floor and was broken. Her husband, who was sitting reading, looked up and said, "O lass, hes thoo broken that plyet?" "No," replied she. "Hoo did it get thor, then?" "Wey," replied the good woman, "it alipped throo ma fingers!"

FAMILY PRIDE.

A pitman at Castle Eden Colliery died a few years ago. Shortly before his death, he called his wife to the bedside, and said to her, "Sally, aa find aa'll not be lang in this world. Thor's eight picks in the pantry. Thoo mun divide them betwixt the two lads, Dick and Jack; and if either comes to hew within a tub of thor fether, thoo'll hev ne call to hing thy heed doon for wor family!"

NOT OF THE SAME SEOT.

"Hey, mister," cried a pitman to a gentleman at one of the Blyth and Tyne stations the other Sunday morning, "will ye tyek these pigeons te Morpeth?" "I'm not going there," replied the gentleman, "but," he added with a smile, "that clergyman," indicating a person on the platform, "will probably take them for you." "Hoots, man," returned the miner, "aa divvent gan te his chepel!"

THE BISHOP.

A few years ago, an old lady, hearing the appointment of a bishop for Newcastle discussed, took sides with the Church thus:—"Wey, if we get a bishop in Newcassel, winnot it cause a greet deal mair money te be spent in the toon? And what harm can he de?"

THE PITMAN'S GUN.

Two pitmen were on a shooting excursion on the coast near Whitley. Crouching among the sandhills, they saw a gull flying along some distance off. "Noo, then, let flee at hor," said one of the sportsmen. "Wey," said the other, "it'll nivvor de; it's ower far away; besides, it wad mebbies strain ma gun!"

A GOOD EXCUSE.

At a colliery near to North Shields, a youth having been off work for a couple of weeks, was, upon commencing again, met by the manager, who thus accosted him, "Well, Peter, what was up with you last week?" Youth: "Aa wes bad, sor!" "Yes, but what was the matter with you the week before?" Youth: "Aa wes ne bettor, sor!"

THE COCKFIGHTER.

When cockfighting was the pastime of many of our villages, there lived at Whitburn a notorious breeder and cockfighter. Having been specially invited to church on a Sunday afternoon to hear a Mr. Turner, the son

of an old patron of the cockpit, and not being perfectly clear of drink in his head on the occasion, he could not keep awake. As soon, however, as Mr. Turner donned the black gown, and appeared in the pulpit over the head of the clerk, the veteran sang out, "Twe te yen on the black cock!" When one of the officials reminded him of where he was, he retorted, "Aa kened his fether weel; we hev often fitten wor mains together!"

North-Country Obituaries.

Mr. Thomas Glaholm, of the firm of Glaholm and Robson, rope manufacturers, Sunderland, died suddenly at his residence in that borough, on the 15th of March, aged 53. The deceased gentleman was some years ago a member of the Sunderland Town Council, and was one of the proprietors of two local papers.

On the 20th of March, Mr. Thomas Elliott Harrison, Engineer-in-Chief to the North-Eastern Railway Company, died very suddenly at his residence at Whitburn. For a biographical sketch of the deceased gentleman, see page 227.

Mr. Joseph Pollard, J.P., formerly head of the firm of Messrs. Joseph Pollard & Sons, corn factors, Newcastle, died at Jesmond, Bedford, on the 20th of March. Mr. Pollard was for many years a member of the Town Council, to which he was first elected as a member for North St. Andrew's Ward in March, 1852, when he defeated Mr. C. F. Hamond. In the following November, however, he lost his seat, but was again returned in November, 1855. In June, 1867, he was raised to the Aldermanic Bench, and this position he held until the autumn of 1883, when he finally retired from public and official life. Mr. Pollard was highly esteemed for the deep interest he took in charitable movements, his good work in this respect being accomplished with that steady avoidance of display which characterised him in all his actions. The deceased gentleman was in his 85th year.

On the same day, at Hilton Manor, near Yarm, died Mr. Richard Henry Hay, J.P., in the 46th year of his age. Mr. Hay was at one time prominently identified with the trade and public life of Sunderland.

Major Taylor, formerly adjutant of the 2nd Northumberland Fusiliers, died at his residence, Dene Crescent, Walker, on the 22nd March, at the age of 65 years. The deceased entered the army in 1840, and served in the New Zealand campaign from 1844 to 1851.

On the 23rd of March was announced the death, in his 54th year, of Mr. Robert Falder Bowey, of the Hermitage Hotel, Warkworth, who was well-known in commercial and agricultural circles.

On the 24th March were interred in All Saints' Cemetery, Newcastle, amid many demonstrations of respect, the remains of Mr. William Milburn, who for upwards of thirty years had acted as foreman at Messrs. Atkinson and Philipson's carriage manufactory, Newcastle.

On the 26th of March the death took place, suddenly, at Angerton Railway Station, of Mr. Cadogan Hodgson-Cadogan, J.P., of Brinkburn, Rothbury, aged 60. The deceased gentleman, who was well-known and much

respected throughout Northumberland, was High Sheriff of the county in 1880.

On the 26th of March, Michael Carlton, formerly for many years a porter at Blaydon Railway Station, died suddenly at Iveston, while on his way to visit Mr. Henry Brown, auctioneer, at Leadgate. The deceased, who was well known as being connected with the "Countess of Derwentwater" during her remarkable career, was seventy-five years of age. (See page 165.)

Dr. John Wilson, for many years Professor of Agriculture in the University of Edinburgh, and who on the occasion of the Royal Agricultural Society's Show at Newcastle in 1864 contributed a series of greatly appreciated articles to the *Daily Chronicle*, died suddenly at Tunbridge Wells, on the 27th of March, in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

Mr. Harrison Penney, a prominent member and minister of the Society of Friends, died at Darlington on the 27th of March. The deceased gentleman, who was originally a stationer and printer, was about sixty-three years of age.

John Spencer, who for many years was familiarly known as doorkeeper at the shops of some of the principal tradesmen, died in Elswick East Terrace, Newcastle, on the 29th of March. In early life he travelled with jewellery and similar stock through the small towns and villages of the neighbourhood, and was the subject of one of George Ridley's songs. John, who was looked upon as a local "character," had a real talent for his vocation, and the common sense, humour, and earnestness which he possessed he happily converted to business uses.

On the 30th of March, Major Haswell, of the 1st Northumberland Fusiliers, and commander of the Morpeth Company of that regiment, died suddenly in a railway carriage near Newsham. Mr. Haswell was a native of Morpeth, where he carried on the business of a draper.

Mr. William Smith, who for upwards of fifty years had been a Methodist local preacher, was taken suddenly ill on the 30th of March, while on his way to the quarries at Eighton Banks, where he was employed as foreman, and expired almost immediately.

On the 31st of March, Lady Margaret Beaumont, wife of Mr. W. B. Beaumont, M.P. for the Tyneside Division of Northumberland, died at the family residence, 144, Piccadilly, London. The deceased lady, who was about fifty-seven years of age, was the daughter of the first Marquis of Clanricarde, by the Hon. Harriet Canning, only daughter of the Right Hon. George Canning.

Mr. Samuel Donkin, the widely known farmer and auctioneer, died on the 1st of April, at Warkworth. Born at Ryehill, Rothbury, on the 22nd of November, 1801, the deceased gentleman was in the eighty-seventh year of his age, and was up to within a short time of his death as active and as capable of doing business as ever. He commenced agricultural life under his father, Mr. Robert Donkin, of Ingram. At the age of twenty-four he himself became, in the year 1826, the tenant of a farm of 400 acres at Bywell, near Felton, and there he continued, under three successive landlords, all members of the same family of Riddell. Mr. Donkin commenced the business of agricultural auctioneer in 1845, and this he carried on successfully for a long term of years, the eccentric and descriptive powers which he brought to bear upon the newspaper announcements of his sales causing him to be known as the "George Robins of the North."

Michael Dodd, the oldest inhabitant of Longhorsley,

Northumberland, died there on the 2nd of April, his age being 98 years.

On the 4th of April, Mr. William Vickers Thompson, architect, and a member of one of the oldest families in Bishop Auckland, died at Gateshead. Mr. Thompson, who had for many years been secretary to the Bishop Auckland Gas Company, was 51 years of age.

Dr. Thomas Bradley, the oldest medical practitioner at Alnwick, died at his residence, Bondgate Within, on the 6th of April, aged upwards of 70 years.

On the 7th of April, at the age of 81, died in London, Mr. John Bury Dasent, late Judge of the Bow and Shore-ditch County Courts, who from November, 1858, to November, 1859, occupied a similar office in the Newcastle County Court.

Mr. William Hodgson, painter and gilder, who for nine years had represented St. Nicholas' Ward in the Durham Town Council, died in that city on the 8th of April in the 66th year of his age.

The Rev. J. Rudd, M.A., who for many years held the vicarage of Stranton, West Hartlepool, from which he had latterly retired on account of ill-health, died at Yarm on the 9th of April, in the 58th year of his age.

On the 13th of April, the death was announced of Mr. Thomas Bolam, of Newton Villa, Chathill, Northumberland, and a close friend of Mr. Samuel Donkin's for a period of more than seventy years. The deceased, for nearly forty years, occupied the farm of Boulmer Hall, near Longhoughton, under the Duke of Northumberland.

Mr. John Dodd Wealleans, J.P., Flotterton, Rothbury, was accidentally killed, while following Mr. Selby's fox-hounds, on the 14th of April. Mr. Wealleans was widely respected in Coquetdale for his personal qualities. Besides performing valuable services as a county magistrate, he was a skilful judge and breeder of Cheviot stock, his flocks on Hortside and Commonburn Farms, on the eastern slopes of the Cheviots, being widely known. The deceased gentleman was 43 years of age.

The death was announced, on the 16th of April, of Mr. Thomas May, formerly owner of Woodland Colliery, in the county of Durham, at the age of 93 years.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

MARCH.

16.—As an incident of the snowstorm which had raged with such severity, it was announced that the first to arrive in Newcastle with tidings of the snowed-up trains on the north main line of railway was Mr. W. J. Jobling, of Morpeth, the same gentleman who tramped through the snow wreaths and drifts from Morpeth to Newcastle in the memorable storm of March, 1886. Another man walked through the snow-blocked roads from Consett to Newcastle. The line from Scot's Gap to Reedsmouth, on the North British system, was cleared of obstruction on the 18th, and communication between Scot's Gap and Rothbury was restored a day or two afterwards. On the 21st, the body of a married middle-aged woman, named Simpson, was found dead in a snowdrift at North Ormesby, near Middlesbrough.

17.—In celebration of St. Patrick's Day, Mr. Kilbride, M.P., addressed a meeting in Newcastle, and Mr. D. Crilly, M.P., one at Sunderland.

—At the sitting of the Newcastle Police Court to-day, there was not a single prisoner for trial.

18.—In the House of Commons, Mr. Ritchie, as President of the Local Government Board, introduced an elaborate measure termed the County Government Bill, one of the features of which was the retention of Newcastle as a county in itself, several other large towns in the provinces being placed in the same category. It was afterwards intimated that Sunderland, with the other towns which possessed a population of 100,000 or more at the last census, would be added to the list.

—A passenger train service was commenced between South Shields and Marsden, the facilities being provided by the Marsden Coal Company.

21.—A meeting to protest against what is known as the "sweating system" in the tailoring trade was held in the Central Hall, Newcastle, under the presidency of the Mayor; and resolutions calling the attention of the Government to the subject were adopted.

22.—A shoemaker, named Joseph M'Glashan, attempted to murder his wife, Hannah M'Glashan, at South Shields, by cutting her throat, and he afterwards made a similar attempt upon himself, dying on the 18th April.

23.—At a meeting of the Newcastle Board of Guardians, letters were read from the Local Government Board, declining to sanction the re-appointment of Mr. Howitt as master, or the appointment of Dr. Hardcastle as consulting medical officer of the workhouse, and steps were taken for the election of substitutes. On the same occasion, Dr. W. J. Ruddock, Newcastle, was elected resident medical officer of the workhouse. At a special meeting of the Guardians on the 13th April, Dr. Dodd, of Newcastle, was appointed consulting medical officer, and Mr. and Mrs. Potts, of Newcastle, master and matron of the Newcastle Workhouse. Mr. Howitt, the retiring master, had, a day or two previously, been appointed superintendent of outdoor labour at Sheffield.

24.—Prof. Labour, F.G.S., of the College of Physical Science, Newcastle, was elected secretary to the North of England Institute of Mining and Mechanical Engineers, in succession to Mr. T. W. Bunning, resigned. On the same day, also consequent on the retirement of Mr. Bunning, Mr. Reginald Guthrie, son of the late secretary to the Tyne Improvement Commissioners, was appointed general secretary of the Northumberland and Durham Coalowners' Association. Mr. Walton Brown, M.E., and assistant secretary to Mr. Bunning, was elected secretary of the joint committee of employers' and miners' representatives, in all matters connected with coal trade disputes.

25.—Buller's Green, noted as the birthplace of the Rev. Robert Morrison, the famous Chinese missionary and scholar, whose early years were spent in Newcastle as a lastmaker, from this date disappeared from the list of townships in Morpeth Union, and became merged in that of Morpeth. Mr. Curry, butcher, Morpeth, who had rebuilt the house in which Dr. Morrison was born, caused to be inserted in the front wall a tablet, bearing the following inscription:—"In Victoria's Jubilee Year, this house replaced the one in which Robert Morrison, D.D., was born."

26.—The Rev. J. B. Meharry, B.A., late of Trinity

Presbyterian Church, Newcastle, was formally inducted to the pastorate of Crouch Hill Presbyterian Church, London.

—The Rev. Dr. Robinson, of Morpeth, presented to the Morpeth Young Men's Christian Association 500 volumes of works on miscellaneous subjects, this being the second gift of the kind he had made.

28.—Mr. M. W. Simpson presented to the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries a portrait which he had painted of Dr. Bruce, the author of "The Roman Wall."

29.—It was announced that Lord Northbourne, who a few years ago gave £3,000 to the Church Extension Committee towards the erection of three churches in Gateshead, had intimated his intention of contributing an additional £1,000 to the fund for the building of a new church in the parish of Holy Trinity.

—Alphonso XII., the largest steamer ever built on the Tyne for commercial purposes, and intended to trade between Cadiz and the West Indies, under the ownership of the Compania Transatlantica, was launched from the yard of Messrs. Wigham Richardson and Co., Low Walker. The length of the vessel over all was 426 feet, and the gross tonnage over 5,000 tons.

—The balance sheet of the local committee in connection with the show of the Royal Agricultural Society held in Newcastle in 1887, was issued, showing that the deficiency to be paid by the Corporation out of the City Fund, as previously guaranteed, amounted to £436 18s. 9d.

30.—It was announced that, during the past three months, some very interesting specimens had been presented to the Museum of the Newcastle Natural History Society at Barras Bridge, including several fine skins of Birds of Paradise from New Guinea.

—Ballot-papers, of which the following is a copy, were issued to the members of the Northumberland Miners' Association:—"Are you in favour of continuing to pay Mr. Burt his salary as member of Parliament, and to guarantee to make up any deficiency due to Mr. Fenwick, as agreed to previous to last election." The result was made known on the 8th of April, there being, for continuing payment of the salaries, 4,572; against, 4,278; majority for payment, 294. On the previous occasion, the voting in favour was 3,387, and against 4,806.

31.—Some lads who had entered the Smuggler's Cave at Seaham Harbour, were unexpectedly overtaken by the tide, and were with difficulty rescued from their perilous position.

APRIL.

1.—At the last of a series of free breakfasts to poor children in Bath Lane Hall, Newcastle, Dr. Rutherford read some children's letters which had been sent to Uncle Toby and Father Chirpie, of the *Weekly Chronicle*, enclosing subscriptions towards the necessary expenses.

2.—It was announced that the Tynedale Hydropathic Establishment at Hexham had been re-opened by Mr. Frank Grant, formerly of Conishead Priory.

—In accordance with a suggestion put forth by Mr. John Robinson in the *Daily Chronicle*, H.M.S. Victoria, built by Sir W. G. Armstrong and Co., at Elswick, the largest ironclad ever constructed, was, with the permission of the builders and the Admiralty, thrown open for public inspection, at charges of 2s. and 1s. per head. The total number of visitors was 6,515, and it was expected that the proceeds, which were in aid of the Newcastle Royal Infirmary, would amount to about £400.

On the 6th, the ponderous vessel was successfully removed from Elswick to the Grain Warehouse at Newcastle, passing through the bridges without mishap. On the following day she left the Tyne, under the charge of a navigating crew, for Chatham.

3.—The twenty-sixth annual conference of Sunday School teachers connected with the union in the Northern Counties was held at South Shields, under the presidency of Mr. Edward Moore, J.P.

4.—Special services were held in St. Mary's Church, Whickham, to inaugurate a new clock and bells, erected by public subscription in memory of the late Ralph Carr-Ellison, of Dunston Hill.

—Mr. Hulbert, of London, one of the gentlemen injured by the snow-plough accident near Killingworth during the late severe snowstorm, died at Gateshead, in the 20th year of his age. (See page 192.)

—At Alnwick, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, M.P., was presented with an address from local temperance societies.

—Mr. John Morley, M.P., opened the East End Liberal Club at Byker, Newcastle.

—A new drill-hall for the 5th Durham (Sunderland) Artillery Volunteers was opened on The Green, Bishopwearmouth.

7.—In the *Lancet* of this date, it was stated that several cases of snow blindness had been reported from the district of Upper Teesdale, and that in one case total blindness had followed.

8.—According to the quarterly return of the accountants, the tonnage rate of wages for miners in the Cleveland iron trade was reduced from 9-33d. to 9-27d., and that of engineers and mechanics in proportion.

9.—At a special conference of the North of England Temperance League, in Newcastle, a resolution was adopted condemning the licensing clauses of the Local Government Bill.

10.—Joseph Smith, aged 23, a school-teacher at Gateshead, died at Hexham from the effects of injuries received in a football match between the Hexham Star and the Allendale Club on the 7th.

11.—At the close of a meeting of the Newcastle City Council, the Sheriff (Mr. J. Baxter Ellis) presented Alderman Stephenson, the ex-Sheriff, with an illuminated address on behalf of the Council, as a mark of esteem and in commemoration of his services during the Jubilee and Exhibition year.

—The Newcastle Council sealed an agreement with the North-Eastern Railway Company, acquiring a public right of way to foot passengers over the Ouseburn Bridge to Heaton, on payment to the Company of a rent of £600 per annum. The bridge, in accordance with this arrangement, was thrown open to the public free of charge a day or two afterwards. Consequent on the action of the Council, the directors of the Byker Bridge Company met on the 13th, and decided to increase the toll on each horse from 2d. to 4d., and to levy a charge of 2d. for each tram horse passing along Byker Bridge, in addition to the previous halfpenny on each passenger inside a car.

13.—It was notified that Dr. H. W. Newton had been appointed certifying surgeon under the Factory Act for the Western Division of Newcastle district.

14.—It was announced that Mr. Elijah Copland, of

Newcastle, was the winner of the second prize, value £5, for a paper for the Co-operative Congress, on the question, "Ought Productive Works to be carried on as a Department of Wholesale Societies? If so, under what conditions?"

15.—A man named Herbert Ingle, of West Hartlepool, was drowned by the upsetting of a coble, off Hartlepool; and James Tipp, of the Naval Reserve, who was along with him, and rescued, afterwards died from exhaustion.

General Occurrences.

MARCH.

16.—The funeral obsequies of the Emperor William of Germany took place at Berlin.

17.—News was received of a terrible railway accident near Savannah, United States. A train was passing over a trestle bridge, when the structure gave way, and the cars were precipitated through the gap and smashed to pieces. Thirty-five persons were killed and many injured.

21.—The Baguet Theatre, Oporto, was destroyed by fire, the conflagration being caused by the wings being set aflame from a gas jet. The greatest loss of life occurred in the third tier of boxes and in the galleries, where whole families were asphyxiated or burned to death. There was a terrible struggle at the doors. It was said men used knives to clear a way for themselves.

22.—Great floods reported from Hungary. At one time 60,000 acres were submerged.

25.—Serious riots occurred at Bucharest, Roumania. Many persons were arrested.

—Disastrous floods occurred in the Elbe district, Germany. One hundred villages were under water, and the damage done was enormous.

26.—Death of the Sultan of Zanzibar.

28.—A public banquet was given to Mr. Chamberlain at Birmingham, in recognition of the eminent services he had rendered to England in his successful negotiation of the questions remitted to the Fisheries Commission for settlement.

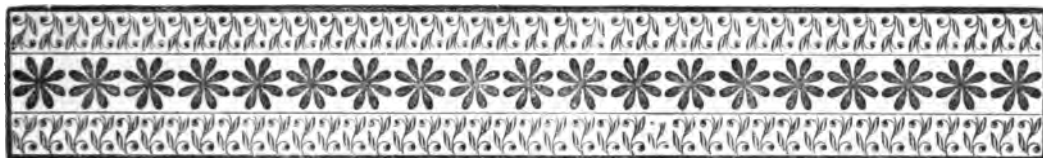
30.—News received of a terrible colliery disaster near Richhill, Kansas, United States, caused by an explosion of firedamp. Twenty-five men were killed and many imprisoned in the pit. A rescuing party descended, when a second explosion occurred, killing the whole of them.

APRIL.

5.—Considerable excitement was caused in Germany about this time by the possibility of the resignation of Prince Bismarck in connection with a matrimonial alliance between Prince Alexander of Battenberg and Princess Victoria of Prussia.

8.—Serious disturbances occurred at Loughrea, Macroom, Ennis, Kanturk, and Miltown Mallary, Ireland, where meetings of the National League had been proclaimed by the Government.

—General Boulanger was elected deputy to the French Chamber for the Department of the Dordogne, and on the 14th scored another success for the Department of the Nord.



The Monthly Chronicle

OF

NORTH-COUNTRY•LORE•AND•LEGEND

VOL. II.—No. 16.

JUNE, 1888.

PRICE 6D.

Wild Beast Shows in the North.

THE Corporation Accounts of Newcastle inform us how our forefathers were entertained at times at the expense of the public purse. The Mayor and his Brethren provided the people with occasional recreation. The rulers of Rome found it expedient to feed and amuse their subjects; and "Bread and the Circus" was a popular cry on the Tiber. We know not whether the burgesses of the Tyne called aloud for clowns and horse-riders; but in the month of October, 1562, the Common Council gave 6s. 8d. to the bearward of Lord Monteagle for a public exhibition of Bruin; in 1566, "a player for playing with his Hobie Horse in the Frithe before Mr. Mayor and his Brethren," had 3s. 4d.; and the sum of 10s. was "geven in rewarde by Mr. Maior," in 1576, "to him that had the Lyon." "Waits" and "players" were repeatedly remunerated out of the town purse. Travelling actors looked to the authorities for encouragement; and "shows" as well as theatres went from town to town. The sensation produced in the cathedral city on the Wear, in the year preceding the rebellion of the Earls, by the arrival of the Æthiopian Serpent, may be inferred from the fact that the event was made historical by the parish register! The parochial penman of the period has left a "memorandum" in the books of St. Nicholas, "that a certain Italian brought into the citie of Durham, the 11th day of June, in the year above sayd (1568), a very great, strange, and monstrous serpent, in length sixteene feete, in quantitie and dimentions greater than a great horse; which was taken and killed by speciall policie in Æthiopia within the Turkes dominions. But before it was killed it had devoured (as it is credibly thought) more than 1,000 persons, and destroyed a whole country!"

It is more than probable that this rival of the Lambton Worm made its way in 1568 to Newcastle, where the Bear had been exhibited in 1560, and the Lion was shown in 1576. Wild beasts, not so abundant in those old days, travelled singly and alone. Locomotive menageries had not come into existence; and records of the earlier peregrinations of foreign animals are rare. There were no newspapers; and parish registrars, with the solitary exception of the Durham clerk, passed them by unnoticed. "When seen, make a note of," was not a proverb of bygone generations. But broadsheets came at last; and the late Mr. Hodgson Hinde, a diligent reader of old journals, gleaned from newspaper columns of the last century some particulars of wandering exhibitions, and founded upon his sheaf a paper for the *Archæologia Æliana*. The fruits of his researches are at our elbow; we cull from his pages what relates to Wild Beasts; and several extracts of our own, from the file of the *Newcastle Chronicle* and other sources, we add; with all which materials we move onward to the end of our article.

In the reign of George II., when collections of imported birds and beasts were on view throughout England, there was an exhibition in Newcastle. It came in the year 1732. "Amongst the Birds," says the graphic proprietor of the menagerie, "is the Grand Cassowar, having no tongue, and feeding on raw onions, carrots, and pebble stones. The next, having the appearance of a crown upon his head, is called the King of the Vavvous. The third is the Cockatore from the Island of Zelone; the fourth a Macao or Bird of Paradise; the fifth a Vulture of tremendous size. Now as to the beasts. There is a Great Asian Tiger, a handsome Leopard, a large Panther, a beautiful Amongoos, a young Mountain Monster, a Pos-

some with a false belly where her young ones in danger retire from savage beasts; and a Civit Cat affording the choicest perfumes."

With the next menagerie, which appeared in 1734, came a Great Camel; and in 1847, the town was visited by a Rhinoceros. Newcastle had a visit in 1750 from an enterprising exhibitor, who had become the proprietor, not only of a Mummy and a Porpoise, but also of a Mermaid—"the two latter alive!" What creature it was—"a man or a fish"—that passed for a mermaid in the middle of the last century, the researches of the most patient local historian would hardly suffice to decide. Exhibitions of all kinds, Learned Dogs, Fire Eaters, &c., &c., became so frequent by the time the eighteenth century was passing its meridian, that Mr. Hodgson Hinde ceases to pursue the subject further. One or two extracts, however, we may give from the file of the *Newcastle Chronicle*.

In 1770, the Wild Beasts, "a noble collection of living extraordinary productions," were shown "at Mr. Dawson's, the Pack Horse, Foot of the Side." The voice of the showman is in our ears as we read the printed report of Twelfth Day in the above year:—"The magnanimous Lion is that surprising animal that got the Country Squire under him in the year 1766, when exhibited to the public in London, facing Temple Bar, and kept the Gentleman in that position near a quarter of an hour without doing him the least prejudice, as was mentioned in many of the London newspapers. The Royal Oriental Tiger is a most noble and beautiful creature, prodigious large, and his body variegated with a great number of ornamented stripes. The Leopard is likewise an extraordinary beautiful animal. The Panther strikes every spectator at the first view by the many embellished spots which adorn his body. The Hyena is false and voracious; the Wolf ravenous and savage. There is, besides the above, a number of very extraordinary living productions," which "will be for the inspection of the curious only a few days," and "then proceed for Sunderland."

Not till ten years afterwards (if we pass over, parenthetically, the Baiting of the Bull on the Town Moor in 1774,) do we read of the exhibition of any wild beasts in Newcastle. There was then, in the month of August, 1780, a Zebra on view at the Burnt House in the Side; and "a prodigy like this never made its appearance amongst us before."

The "Grand Cassowar" revisited Newcastle in the same year, "six feet high, and weighing above 200lb." The place of exhibition was on that occasion the premises of Mr. Hayes, "opposite the Turk's Head in the Big Market." Ladies and gentlemen, 1s.; tradesmen, 6d. The proprietor, Mr. Pidcock, was also prepared to carry the rare bird to the house of any nobleman or gentleman, and show it for a guinea to not more than four-and-twenty persons: above that number, one shilling each. Lines "written extempore by a gentleman in Edinburgh" ac-

companied the Cassowar on its rounds. "On Arab's waste and Æthiop's burning sand," began the poet; and then, after expatiating on elephants and other monsters, he wound up with—

Yet each brute seen on this terraqueous ball,
The beauteous Cassowar exceeds them all!

It was on the 18th of November, 1780, that Pidcock issued his first advertisement. The following week, the flight of the migratory bird from the Big Market to the Sandhill was announced; with an intimation that it was to be seen for a week, "at Mrs. Bolton's, next door to the Half Moon," and would then cross the Tyne, and go south.

Before the century ran out, we meet with the first mention, so far as we know, of an elephant in Newcastle. Pidcock was at the White Cross with his menagerie in 1799, containing "a stupendous male elephant, the largest ever seen in Great Britain." Its intelligence was described as being in excess of the fancy of man to conceive. "The sagacity of this animal is absolutely beyond anything the human imagination can suggest." And proportionate, we may be sure, would be the wonder of the patrons of Pidcock.

Pollitoe and Wombwell came in the next century; but we halt at 1800. We have seen how a serpent was thought worthy of record in a parish register before the time of the Spanish Armada. Two hundred years later the unparalleled prodigy of a zebra, summoning the inhabitants of Newcastle to the Burnt House in the Side, won a paragraph from the local newspapers. Still later, the "Siamese Elephant, Miss D'Jeck," walked from Edinburgh to Newcastle. On her arrival, as may be read in Sykes, "she proceeded by Pilgrim and Moseley Street to the Theatre," which was then in the latter thoroughfare. "The stage door,"—(now, with the whole old theatre, gone)—"had been increased for her ingress," and on the 25th of August, 1830, she was "exhibiting her wonderful performances" in an arena over whose site Grey Street now runs. JAMES CLEPHAN (the late).

Wombwell's Menagerie.

George Wombwell was a native of Braintree, Essex, but in early life he went to London. When a boy, little George showed great fondness for keeping singing birds, pigeons, rabbits, dogs, and other pets. Much of his time was devoted to breeding and rearing them, and he made himself intimately acquainted with their natures, instincts, and habits. But the circumstance which led to his becoming the proprietor of a caravan of wild beasts was purely accidental. A shoemaker by trade, and keeping a shop in Compton Street, Soho, where he not only sold boots and shoes, but dealt in birds, he happened one day to pay a visit to the London Docks, when he saw one of the first boa constrictors ever imported into England. These reptiles had then no great

favour with showmen, as much from fear as ignorance of the art of managing them, and their marketable value was therefore not very great. They took Wombwell's fancy, and, after cogitating for a while, he ventured to offer seventy-five pounds for a pair. They were sold to him for that sum, and in the course of three weeks he realised considerably more by their exhibition, in Piccadilly, near St. James's Church—a circumstance which he always declared made him partial to the serpent tribe, as they had been the means of first opening his path to fame and fortune.



Mr. George Wombwell

Stimulated by the success thus achieved, he became a regular showman. At Bartlemy Fair, the most famous in England, at Glasgow Fair, the most famous in Scotland, and at Donnybrook Fair, the most famous in Ireland, Wombwell's Menagerie, if absent, would have been felt as a blighting blank. At the great suburban fairs of Camberwell, Croydon, and Greenwich, it was always a first rate attraction—crowded from morning till night. York, Darlington, Durham, Newcastle, Morpeth, Alnwick, and Berwick were on his regular route northwards to Scotland, where he was fully as great a favourite as in South Britain. There was not a provincial town of any note in the kingdom which had not a periodical visit. Wombwell so calculated his journeys as to be present at all the great horse races—Newmarket, Epsom, Ascot, Doncaster, Goodwood, &c., in England, as well as at Kelso, Musselburgh, Ayr, &c., in Scotland, and at the Curragh of Kildare, Limerick, Cork, &c., in Ireland. In order to compass this, he by and by divided his huge menagerie into three, each sufficiently

extensive to excite wonderment, and so he accomplished the feat of making himself, as it were, ubiquitous.

It is not on record when or where the unfortunate events happened, but it is known that George Wombwell's nephew, William Wombwell, was killed by an elephant, and that his niece, Miss Helen Blight, was fatally injured by a tigress.

Mr. Wombwell amassed a handsome independence, but could never be prevailed upon to retire to the enjoyment of ease and affluence. He died, as he had lived, in harness. His death took place at Northallerton, Yorkshire, in November, 1850, at the age of seventy-three years, and he was buried at Highgate Cemetery, London. It is stated that Wombwell left very singular directions with regard to his funeral. Amongst them was one that his coffin should be made, without nails, of a portion of the timber of the Royal George, which he had purchased about fourteen years previously, and had kept ever since for that purpose.



The menageries were continued by Mrs. Wombwell for some time after her husband's death. In 1866 she transferred the collection she travelled with to Mr. Alexander Fairgrieve, of Edinburgh, who had married Miss Blight, a niece of Mrs. Wombwell's. The Fairgrieves travelled with the show for a few years, eventually, however, selling off the collection, and retiring to Edinburgh, where they still reside.

Another of the Wombwell shows was continued for many years by Mrs. Edmonds, niece of Mr. George Wombwell. Accustomed to travelling, she was loth to seek that retirement and rest due to advancing years, and, for some time, refused to take the advice of her friends and dispose of the collection. It was a long time before she could make up her mind; at last, however, she gave her consent for its disposal, the sale taking place in Liverpool, and realising several thousands of pounds.

Three collections are yet travelling under the name of Wombwell—one, that of James Edmonds, son of Mrs. Edmonds; another, that of Mrs. Bostock, a younger sister of Mrs. Edmonds; the third, that of Edward Bostock, son of Mrs. Bostock. All three have at various times visited the North of England.

Manders and Macomo.

Some twenty years ago, while Manders's menagerie was located at Sunderland, a scene of considerable alarm and excitement occurred at one of the exhibitions. Macomo, a native of Africa and a noted lion-tamer, was putting the animals through the customary performance, when Wallace—not to be confounded with another lion of the same name belonging to Mr. George Wombwell—suddenly became enraged and sprang at Macomo, pinning him against the side of the cage. The keepers immediately rushed to the rescue and succeeded in beating the animal off, but not before Macomo had been severely crushed and bitten. Wallace, which was bred in Mrs. Edmonds's menagerie, died at Warrington, in February, 1875, at the age of 12 or 13 years. The animal was afterwards stuffed by Mr. William Yellowly, of South Shields (to whom we are indebted for photographs of Mr. and Mrs. Wombwell), and is now in the Sunderland Museum. Some 18 or 19 years ago, when the menagerie again visited Sunderland, Macomo died at the Palatine Hotel of fever. Mr. Manders himself died about six months after Macomo, when his menagerie was dispersed.

A Revengeful Elephant.

Schopenhauer, the great German philosopher, discusses, in his "The World as Will and Idea," the question of the irrational intellect as manifested in brutes, as distinct from rational knowledge as manifested by man. The following passage is translated from that work:—

In the most favoured individuals of the highest species of the brutes there certainly sometimes appears, always to our astonishment, a faint trace of reflection, reason, the comprehension of words, of thought, purpose, and deliberation. The most striking indications of this kind are afforded by the elephant, whose highly developed intelligence is heightened and supported by an experience of a lifetime which sometimes extends to two hundred years. He has often given unmistakable signs, recorded in well-known anecdotes, of premeditation, which, in the case of brutes, always astonished us more than anything else. Such, for instance, is the story of the tailor on whom an elephant revenged himself for pricking him with a needle. I wish, however, to rescue from oblivion a parallel case to this, because it has the advantage of being authenticated by judicial investigation. On the 27th of August, 1830, there was held, at Morpeth, in England, a coroner's inquest on the keeper, Baptist Bernhard, who was killed by his elephant. It appeared from the evidence that two years before he had offended the elephant grossly, and now, without any occasion, but on a favourable opportunity, the elephant had seized him and had crushed him. (See the *Spectator* and other English papers of that day.)

This reference to an incident which took place so far away from the locality of the narrator, and so close to our own doors, has led us to investigate the matter. Turning to the files of the *Newcastle Chronicle* for 1830, under date September 4th, we find a full account of the unfortunate affair. There is a slight difference as to the name of the elephant's victim: in the one account he is called "Baptiste," and in the other "Baptist Bernhard." It is possible that the latter was his correct cognomen, and the former the name by which he was known to the public. The statements are, in other respects, identical. Here is the story as recorded in the *Newcastle Chronicle*:—

An inquest was held at Joseph Henderson's, Phoenix Inn, Morpeth, on the 27th ult., before Thomas Adams Russell, Esq., coroner, on view of the body of a man named — Baptiste, one of the attendants of the performing elephant belonging to M. Lewis Huguet. Baptiste, and three other attendants, had put the elephant into the coach-house of the inn, on the Tuesday evening preceding, when she appeared quite tractable and docile. On the Wednesday morning, between six and seven o'clock, he went into the coach-house to get something, as he was in the habit of attending upon the elephant. M. Huguet and Mr. Henderson, the landlord, were both present, and Mr. Henderson hearing M. Huguet call out, he looked round and saw Baptiste lying below the elephant, which held him with her proboscis. M. Huguet, the proprietor, immediately rushed in, and by means of a hooked iron instrument, used for the governance of the animal, he caught the elephant by the ear, turned her round, and dragged her down upon her knees. Henderson then rushed in and extricated Baptiste, who was much injured about the head, and had some of his ribs broken. Mr. Clark and Mr. Shute, surgeons, immediately attended, and Mr. McIntyre and his partner were sent expressly from Newcastle, by M. Huguet, who manifested the greatest solicitude for Baptiste, and spared no pains or expense for his recovery, but he died on the following morning. Baptiste was about 26 years of age, and belonged to the city of Venice. Verdict—Died from wounds and bruises received from the trunk of an elephant; deodand, 5s. Two of the attendants had slept with the elephant on the night preceding, as some of them were in the constant habit of doing, and they did not observe anything the matter with the animal. M. Huguet and Mr. Yates attended the inquest, and were greatly affected by the unfortunate and unexpected occurrence. M. H. stated that the elephant was about seven years of age, that she had travelled through all the principal cities and towns of France, Germany, Prussia, England, Ireland, and Scotland, &c.; that she was mild and tractable, and had never on any previous occasion injured any person in the slightest degree, or manifested any disposition to do so. It was also stated that, about four years ago, Baptiste had accidentally run a fork into the elephant's cheek, which she had never forgotten, and has been shy with him ever since.

A deodand was a fine imposed upon a personal chattel which was the immediate and accidental occasion of the death of a reasonable creature, and was, by the law of England, forfeited to the Crown, in order that it might be applied to pious purposes, or given to God, as the term implies. Blackstone asserts that deodands were "designed in the blind days of popery, as an expiation for the souls of such as were snatched away by sudden death; in the same manner as the apparel of a stranger who was found dead was applied to purchase masses for the good of his soul." The law of deodand was abolished by statute 9 and 10 Victoria, c. 62.

"Buried in Woollen."

AN Act was passed in the reign of Charles II., enforcing, under certain penalties, the burying of the dead in woollen, "for the lessening of the importation of linen from beyond the seas, and the encouragement of the woollen and paper manufacture of the kingdom." Inasmuch as rich people could break this law, and pay the penalty incurred, the Act was terribly unpopular; but it remained in force till 1814, when it was removed from the statute book. The following quotations bearing on the subject are from "The Churches of Lindisfarne," by Mr. Fred. R. Wilson:—

In the Kyloe register, "Oct. 22, 1678, Jean Carr, out of Beill, was buried in woollen, and ane affidaved of the 28."

At Ingram. "Feb. 6, 1682, Isabell Wright, ye child of George Wright, of Reeveley, was buried." "Feb 7, 1682, an affidavet in writing under ye hand and seal of Ann Bartram, yt ye aforesaid Isabell Wright was not wrapped up or buried in anything with flax or any other material, but wool only; as also a certificate under ye hand of Arthur Elliott, clerk (before whom the said affidavit was made), and brought ye day and year aforesaid to me, Ag. Forster."

At Eglington. "1680, June 8, Mrs. Dorothy Collingwood, widow, mother of Mr. Cuthbert Collingwood, of E. Ditchburne, was buried at Eglington (and information given to Justice Ogle of her being buried in linen)." "1687, Feb. 23, Mr. Cuthbert Collingwood, of East Ditchburn, was buried in the chancel of Eglington, and information given to Justice Collingwood of his being buried in linnen."

Fair Maiden Lilliard.

WHEN Henry VIII. ordered an invasion of Scotland in 1545, he conferred upon a couple of Englishmen—Sir Ralph Eure and Sir Brian Latour—all the lands which they had conquered, promising them also all the estates which they should be able to seize on the Border, especially those in the Merse and Teviotdale. The king's promise eventually led to the battle of Ancrum Moor, which was fought on the Scottish side of the Border, and ended in the rout of the invaders. It is recorded that the English, under Sir Ralph Eure, had, a few days before the battle, cruelly burnt the tower of Broomhouse, in which were the venerable owner and her family, who all perished in the flames. This barbarous affair so enraged the peasantry of the neighbourhood that they rose in arms against the perpetrators. Even the women, whose hearts, according to the historian, had been steeled against them, joined in pursuing the fugitives, and, as a spur to more rapid and unsparring carnage, shrieked out to the conquerors to "Remember Broomhouse!" Among these infuriated women folk was a beautiful maiden, named Lilliard,

who, tradition says, followed her lover from the little village of Maxton, and who, when she saw him fall in battle, rushed herself into the heat of the conflict. Lilliard fought desperately, but was eventually slain. It is from this fearless maiden that the spot on which the encounter took place is, even in our own day, known as Lilliard's Edge. A monument was afterwards erected to commemorate her daring and undaunted courage, the inscription on which ran as follows:—

Fair maiden Lilliard lies under this stane,
Little was her stature, but great was her fame;
Upon the English loons she laid many thumps,
And when her legs were cutted off, she fought upon her stumps.

When Sir Walter Scott wrote his "Tales of a Grandfather," old people still pointed out Lilliard's monument, which was then "broken and defaced." The stone has since been restored, and on the wall of the resting-place of the heroine the following couplet has been inscribed:—

TO A' TRUE SCOTSMEN.
By me it's been mendit;
To your care I commend it. E.

Benedict Biscop.

BENEDICT BISCOP was a native of Northumberland, though of what particular locality we have no information. He is said to have been descended from a noble Anglian family, and to have rendered important military service in early life to Oswy, King of Northumberland, for which that monarch rewarded him with an estate suitable to his dignity. But, at the age of twenty-five, "contemning worldly riches and honours, he renounced the secular life, that he might engage in the service of the Heavenly King, and so attain to an eternal kingdom in Heaven."

In the year 653, he undertook a pilgrimage to Rome, where he went to get fully instructed in the monastic discipline, in choral singing, and in ecclesiastical rites; and then he returned to Britain, "full of love and admiration," and was ever speaking to all whom he met about what he had heard and seen in his travels. Alchfrid, King Oswy's son, was smitten with Benedict's enthusiasm, and wished to accompany him on a second journey to "the threshold of the Apostles"; but his father forbade his going; so that Benedict proceeded to the Eternal City alone. This was in 665. Having again taken deep draughts of such knowledge as the times afforded, he retired to Lerins, a small island lying off the South Coast of France, near Cannes, where there was a famous monastery. Here he received the tonsure, and remained for two years. From Lerins he returned to

Rome, about the time when Pope Vitalian had consecrated Theodore of Tarsus, "a man versed in the Greek and Latin tongues, and skilled alike in secular and ecclesiastical learning," to fill the archiepiscopal see of Canterbury, and had given him as his colleague and counsellor the Abbot Hadrian, a man of like mind, who was a native of Africa. And seeing Benedict to be wise, industrious, and religious, he persuaded him to return with the new bishop to his own country, so that his knowledge of England and the English tongue might be a help to Theodore and Hadrian in their novel undertaking. Benedict accordingly came over with them to Canterbury, and undertook the charge of the monastery of St. Peter.

Benedict continued at Canterbury about two years, after which he once more went back to Rome, in order to purchase sacred books and relics, intending to place himself, on his return, under the protection of Coynwalh, King of the West Saxons, who had given him an invitation to settle in Wessex, and found a monastery there. That King died, however, during his absence; so that, on his once more landing in Britain, he judged it advisable to proceed rather to Northumberland, where he gave Egfrid an account of his adventures, displayed before him all his books and relics, and acquainted him with his desire to lead a religious life.



S. BENNETT surnamed Biscop.

King Egfrid was so delighted with his friend's proposal, that he readily made him a grant of seventy hides of land folclands or ploughlands (from six to seven thousand acres probably), on the north side of the river Wear, on which to build a monastery. Benedict, without loss of time, repaired to Gaul to find masons, and such was their diligence that in about a year their work was nearly completed.

At that time glazed windows were unknown, and the openings left in the walls had no other protection against the weather than curtains and shutters. But Biscop was resolved to overcome this defect. When the work was drawing towards completion, he sent, as Bede tells us, "messengers to Gaul to fetch makers of glass, that is to say, artificers who were at this time unknown in Britain, that they might glaze the windows, not only of the church, but of the cloisters and dining-rooms of the monastery." And not only did these glass-makers finish the work required of them by Benedict, but they taught the natives the art and mystery of their trade, by which, says Bede, "lamps, windows, cups, and an endless variety of useful and ornamental vessels are formed with wonderful beauty and facility." And thus Monkwearmouth has the honour of being the cradle and nursery in England of glass-making, an art for which the banks of the Wear and Tyne are still famous.

Books were in those days possessed only by the opulent, and Benedict, who must evidently have been a man of ample means since he imported so much church furniture into Northumbria, took care likewise to supply his new establishment with a few precious volumes; and it is on record that he sold a Treatise on Cosmography to his sovereign for no less a price than ten hides of land, or about a thousand acres, the farmers of which would be bound to pay yearly, according to the tariff fixed about that time, the following quantities of articles in kind:—300 loaves, 100 eels, 12 ambers or 84 gallons of ale, 30 kluttres or otters (lutras), 20 hens, 20 lb. fodder, 2 grown oxen or 10 widders, 10 fats of honey, 10 geese, 10 cheeses, and 6 salmon—enough to supply the monks with necessaries for a good part of the year.

Vessels for the altar, and other things which could not be had in Britain, Benedict took care to procure from abroad; and as what could not be obtained in Gaul must be fetched from Rome, he went thither a fourth time, and returned with a further store of books and relics.

Shortly after this, Egfrid, delighted with Benedict's religious zeal, gave him forty hides of land on the south side of the Tyne, on which, at the end of a year, the holy man commenced the erection of the monastery of St. Paul at Jarrow. At the same time, he made Ceolfrid sub-abbot of this new establishment, and his relative, Easterwine, sub-abbot of the monastery at Wearmouth. This was in the year 681. Benedict himself remained the acknowledged head of both institutions, Ceolfrid and Easterwine holding office under him.

Benedict now undertook a fifth journey to Rome, from which he "brought with him pictures of sacred representations to adorn the church of St. Peter, which he had built, namely, a likeness of the Virgin Mary and of the twelve Apostles, with which he intended to adorn the central part of the ceiling or boarding stretched from wall to wall; also, some figures, from the History of the Evangelists, for the south wall, and others from

the Revelation of St. John for the north wall; so that every one who entered the church, even if they could not read, wherever they turned their eyes, might have before them the lovely countenance of Christ and his saints, though it were but in a picture." During his absence, the church of Jarrow had been completed and dedicated. This event took place on the 9th of the kalends of May (the 24th day of April), in the year 685. It was dedicated to St. Paul, and consolidated with the monastery of Wearmouth, so that the joint institutions were thenceforward to be known as the Monastery of St. Peter and St. Paul. The united monastery was peopled with Benedictine monks, twenty-two of whom—ten tonsured and twelve in their novitiate—were located at Jarrow.

After settling the monastic rule of his foundation, and committing the overcharge of the two houses to Easterwine, Benedict set out once more for Rome. His trusted deputy had, like himself, been a courtier in his youth, but had left all for the pious life of the cloister, and was so humble, we are told, that he did not think it beneath his dignity to follow the plough, winnow corn, work at the anvil, and partake of the common labours in the garden, bakehouse, and kitchen.

Benedict came back from Rome, as before, loaded with books and sacred pictures for the adornment of the church at Jarrow, and also of that of St. Mary, which had been built at Wearmouth while he was away, in connexion, like that of St. Peter, with the larger branch of the monastery. On his return from his last journey he imported two cloaks, woven entirely of silk, and most admirably wrought; and in exchange for these he obtained from King Aldfrid three hides of land, on the south bank of the Wear, near the mouth of the river—thought, with great probability, to be the present site of the town of Sunderland proper.

But much sorrow awaited him on his return to the North. King Ecgfrid, his patron, had been slain in battle, and the pestilence had been busy both at Wearmouth and Jarrow. At Wearmouth, Easterwine had been carried off; but it was some comfort that a very fit successor had been found in Sigfrid, the deacon, whose election in his absence met with Benedict's entire approval. At Jarrow, all who were able to chant the service had been taken away, save the sub-abbot Ceolfrid and one little boy.

Benedict, as we have said, was highly pleased with the appointment of Sigfrid; but Sigfrid was in a very weak state of health, being afflicted with an incurable disease of the lungs; and it was not long before Benedict himself was smitten with paralysis. Long were Benedict and Sigfrid afflicted; and when the end drew near, as neither could move, Sigfrid was brought in his couch into Benedict's cell, laid on the same couch, and their heads were brought together that they might kiss each other.

Ceolfrid, who had been all along Benedict's most zealous helper, and had accompanied him on his fourth journey to Rome, was elected sole abbot in Benedict's stead, with the unanimous approval of the brethren. Two months after this election Sigfrid was "released from the furnace in which he had been tried." Benedict lingered four months longer. His remains were buried near the altar of the Church of St. Peter, in Wearmouth but such was the sanctity of his name, that his bones were purchased and transferred to Thorney Abbey, in Cambridgeshire—the richest Benedictine establishment in England—in the course of the tenth century, when he received the dignity of canonisation.

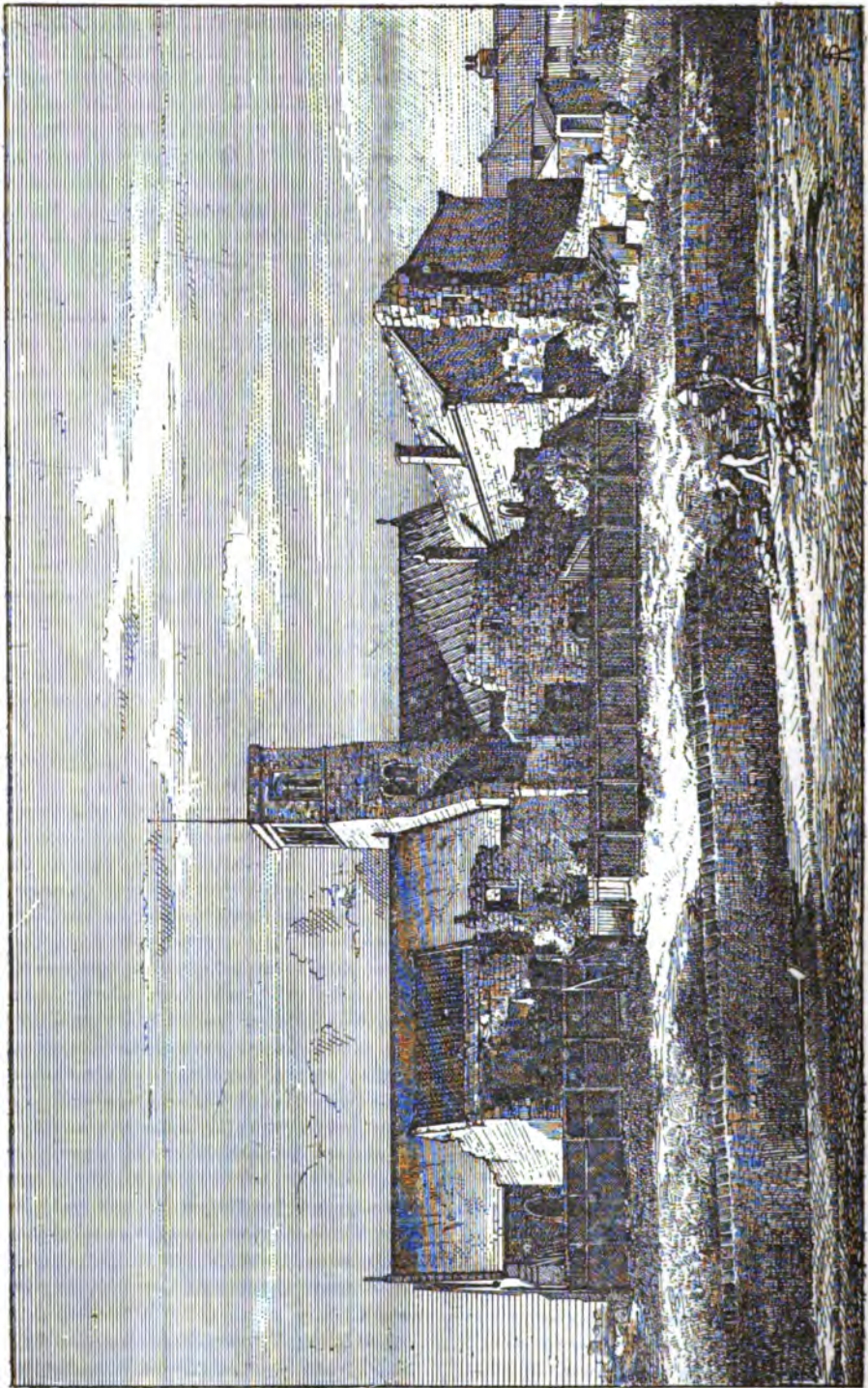
WILLIAM BROOKIE.

St. Bede's, Jarrow.

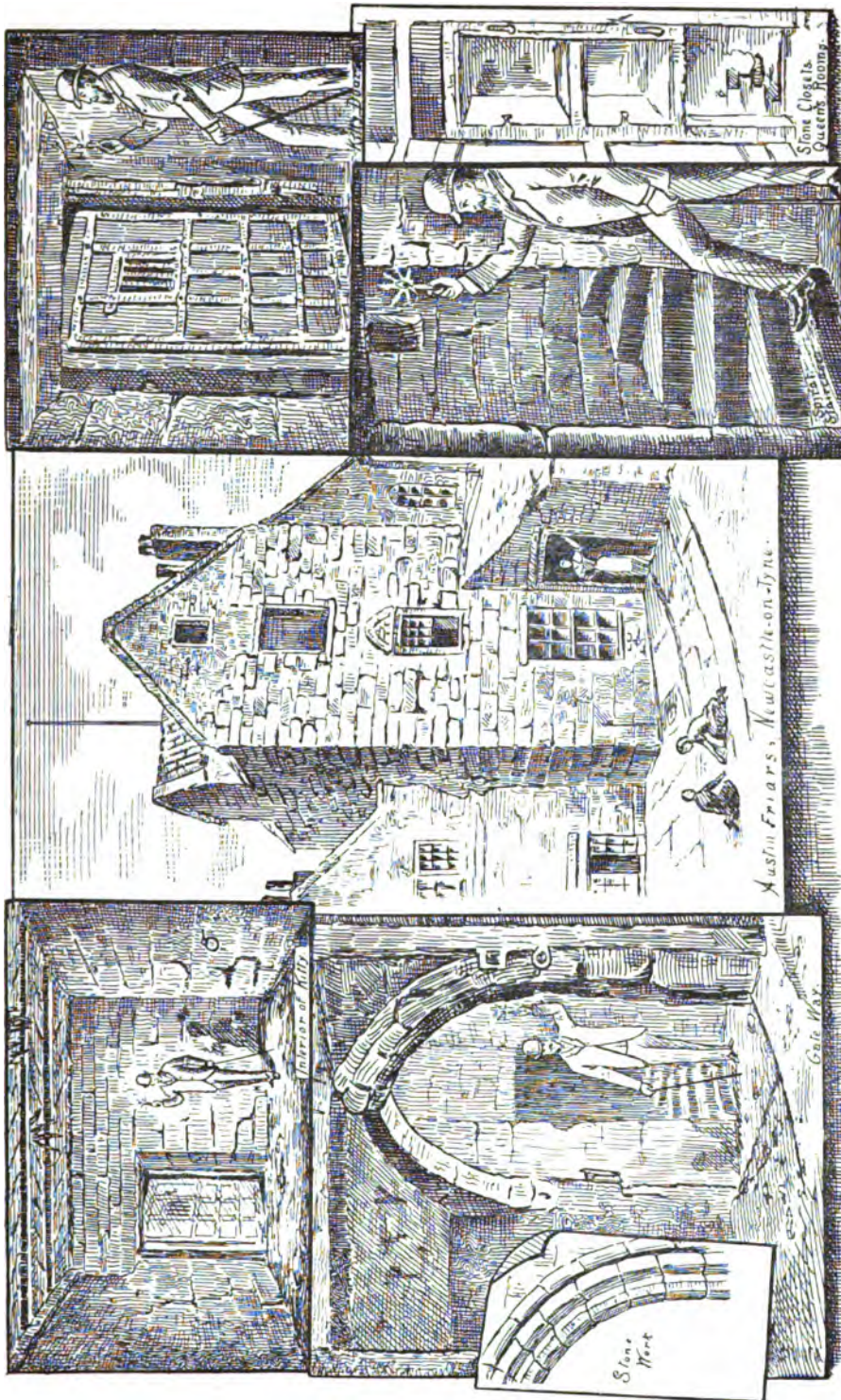
Jarrow Monastery, wherein Bede lived and died, stood on the north-west edge of Jarrow Slake, upon an elevation which rises gently from the long since silted-up haven where the navy of Ecgfrid used to be moored. Captain Grose, who visited the place in 1773, abuses the situation on account of its unhealthiness, there being, says he, "a large marshy spot bordering it on the south, and, when the tide is out, scarce anything but stinking ooze remaining in the bed of the creek which runs close under it." But William of Malnesbury tells us that it "was formerly set with the fair perfumed flowers of monasteries." "The spot," observes Surtees, "has no claim to peculiar beauty, yet it is well calculated to produce a general impression of solemn quiet."

The ruins of the monastery are so scattered and confused that it is extremely difficult to form any conjecture as to their original appearance or destination. This difficulty is increased from the circumstance of a gentleman's mansion having risen after the Dissolution in Henry VIII.'s time on the site of the desolated religious house, as is mentioned by old Harrison in his "Description of England," prefixed to Holinshed, and published in 1687. From the style of Saxon architecture which may be traced in some parts of the ruins, particularly the chancel, it may be inferred that the building was not totally demolished during the successive irruptions of the Danes; and also that its naked walls escaped the fury of the Norman conqueror. This conjecture is corroborated by the circumstance of the three Mercian monks, when transported to this part of the country in 1074, having found the buildings at Jarrow more perfect than those at Monkchester, only three years after the enraged Normans had devastated and depopulated the adjoining district.

Jarrow Church, bearing the name of the Venerable Bede, adjoins the remains of the monastery on the north. It was rebuilt in 1783, with the exception of the tower and part of the chancel. In 1866 a more complete

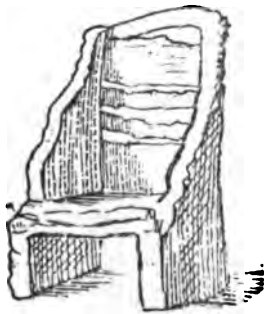


ST. BEDE'S, JARROW.



restoration took place, in accordance with a plan drawn by Sir Gilbert Scott. There is no reliable information as to the date of the old church. Sir Gilbert Scott, in the report from which the restoration was carried out, states, without venturing to pronounce upon their age, that the chancel and tower must have been built at a very early period. The former, he says, is unquestionably Saxon, while the latter, though retaining a good deal of ante-Norman feeling, was probably built in the time of William the Conqueror, though it is of very peculiar and characteristic design, widely differing from the usual type of Norman towers. The tower retains, almost untouched, its original form and details, while the chancel shows its original features less distinctly. One venerable and interesting monument has been preserved and is now in the arch of the tower, between the chancel and the nave. It is mentioned by a Whitby chronicler quoted by Leland. When the relic was removed in 1782, the inscription was found to have been worked on two stones laid together. This most curious inscription is thus read by Brand:—"The dedication of the Church of St. Paul on the 9th of the kalends of May, in the 15th year of King Ecgfrid, and the 4th of Ceolfrid, abbot, and, under God, the founder of the said church."

One of the bells of the church is extremely remarkable. It is marked with two *feurs-de-lis*, and inscribed in large characters, "SANCTE PAULE ORA PRO NOBIS." Some of the letters are transposed, and three others have been reversed in the mould. Brand supposes this bell to have been placed in the monastery at its first foundation, "to have survived all change of times, and to have escaped all transmutation of metals."



There is preserved in the vestry an old, rude, oaken seat, said to have been the chair of the Venerable Bede. Numerous virtues are attributed to it, "particularly that of assisting fecundity, on which account brides are often installed in it immediately after marriage." Grave doubts, however, exist as to whether

the Venerable Bede ever sat in the chair.

Various are the superstitions and ridiculous stories told respecting Jarrow. One is that it was never dark in the church, which may possibly have arisen from the windows having been glazed. Some years ago a notion got abroad amongst mowers that the freestone of St. Bede's Church wall was the best whetstone for their scythes. So they came from far and near and carried fragments off. At last a notice was put out threatening severe prosecution. And thus a stop was put to the strange purloining.

The Austin Friars.

WE present our readers with a sketch and details of an interesting remnant of Old Newcastle, the old square tower still standing in the Manors, the site of the once important monastery of the Austin or Augustine Friars. It was the house of the "Austin Frères," down to the suppression of the monasteries in 1539 by Henry VIII; and, having been specially appropriated by this monarch, it became the King's (or Queen's) Royal Manour, or Manor, during the troublous times, until the Scotch borders were pacified, when it was occupied by the Council of the North until about 1648, since which date it has been generally the property of the Corporation, and has been used for a variety of purposes and objects.

The railway traveller of to-day seldom considers, as the train is just leaving the Manors Station for the Central, that he is passing over the site of the old Town Wall. On his left is Sallyport, while on his right, just over the east end of the Jesus Hospital, is the old square tower, the only remains, above ground at least, of the monastic establishment of the Austin Friars. This monastery, founded about 1290 by William Ros, Baron of Wark-upon-Tweed, has probably an older history than any of the other religious houses in the town, having risen upon the ruins of a royal Saxon monastery of the Heptarchy period. Panden Hall at the foot of the hill (now the Stockbridge) was the palace of the Northumbrian monarchs, and Gray, in his "Chorographia," says, "the kings of Northumbria were buried in this monastery, which, in succeeding ages, has been enlarged and beautified with stately buildings and cloysters, and a faire church." In Leland's time, "it had three or four faire towers belonging to it," of which, there is every probability, the subject of the present notice is one. Whether the existing tower was connected with the church of the monastery, which stood on the south side (where the Hospital is now), may be doubtful; but there is no question as to the old graveyard having extended from it eastwards towards the Town Wall, from the quantity of human remains that have been exhumed as successive alterations have been made; and it is quite clear that the place of sepulture of Saxon royalty of a very early period, as well as that of successive generations of monks and others, is now the yard space to the east of the tower, and the ground occupied for business purposes by the Manors Brass Works.

The tower is a square substantial structure. The original portion is of stone, topped with brick, with a peaked Elizabethan roof, and, with other buildings erected against it, is tenanted at present by the Newcastle Water Company, the company's workshop being the All

Saints' Charity School of a generation or two ago. The tower stands at the south end of what would originally be the east side of the quadrangle of the monastery. It is about 20ft. square, the walls being 3ft. in thickness; and on the west side it is about 37ft. to the top of the old stonework, and 45ft. to the ridge of the later date roof. Our artist's sketch is of the eastern face towards the Manors Station, which is the only view at present unobstructed. The best feature in the whole erection, from an architectural point of view, is, undoubtedly, the noble Norman arch forming the entrance, 5ft. wide and 6ft. 6in. to the point of the arch, with the powerful iron crooks still in position from which a pair of doors would hang in the old days. Descending three or four steps (covered with *débris* at present), we enter by a low doorway to the left the next best point in the structure—a well-built newel stone staircase which leads to the top, and by which access is gained to the other four apartments, one over the other, and occupying the whole height of the tower. The staircase has been broken in two places, the breaches being at present replaced by wood work. The stone portion of the tower, the noble arched entrance, and the stone staircase are undoubtedly portions of the original monastery of the Austin Friars. The rest is of a mongrel character, and of later dates. Perhaps the most interesting and largest apartment is the middle one, with a pointed arched window in the east wall, which tradition has very reasonably called the "Queen's Room." The Princess Margaret, sister of Henry VIII., on her way to marry the Scottish King James IV. in 1503, was lodged in the monastery, and after the suppression, other princes, nobles, and gentlemen lived occasionally in the "King's Manor House." The remains of a curious stone safe, 3 feet by 1 ft. 8 in., may be seen in the wall of this apartment. It is not exactly a "Milner," but the neat iron hooks, and the remains of the iron fasteners, indicate that it has originally been secured by an iron door.

Descending the staircase, we must close our notice with a description of a room we find in the basement. In monastic days, this apartment may have been a store, a cellar, or a cell for refractory monks, and the ring in the wall (especially the upper one not given in our sketch), may have been used for purposes that are dark; but it was undoubtedly the "kitty" of a later date, and not long ago, when the old-fashioned constable or watchman required to lock up his "drunks" and "disorderlies" over night, before presenting them for a legal course of Newgate Gaol next day! A later and larger kitty than this stood, in the amused recollection of living elderly people, near the present soup kitchen on the west side of the monastery buildings, but the town kitty under the monastery tower is an older and a smaller concern. A wall has been run across the original apartment, in which, to the right, is found to-day the original "kitty door," iron-bound, and grated, as shown in our sketch. This

occasional residence for the inebriate and the evil-doer would not be a comfortable one, as the east side is entirely underground.
J. I. N.

The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stokoe.

O! THE OAK AND THE ASH AND THE BONNY IVY TREE.



BLACK LETTER copy of this ballad is in the Roxburghe Collection, vol. ii., page 367, entitled "The Northern Lass's Lamentation; or, The Unhappy Maid's Misfortune."

It is prefaced by the following lines:—

Since she did from her friends depart,
No earthly thing can cheer her heart;
But still she doth her case lament,
Being always filled with discontent,
Resolving to do nought but mourn,
Till to the North she doth return.

The ballad was sung to the tune, "I would I were in My Own Country." The tune was very popular in the seventeenth century, and many songs were written to be sung to it. In Queen Elizabeth's "Virginal Book" it is found under the name of "Quodling's Delight," and in Playford's "Dancing Master," from 1650 to 1701, it appears under the name of "Godesses," with full directions for use as a country dance. Sir Walter Scott, in his novel of "Rob Roy," makes Francis Osbaldiston, when recounting the recollections of his childhood, tell how his Northumbrian nurse (Old Mabel) amused him by singing the ballads and ditties of her native county, and specially names "O! the Oak and the Ash and the Bonny Ivy Tree" as a Northumbrian ballad.

Rather slowly, and with feeling and expression.

A North-Country lass up to Lon-don did pass, Al-
though with her nature it did not a-gree, Which
made her re-pent and so of-ten la-ment, Still
wish-ing a-gain in the North for to be. O the
oak and the ash and the bon-ny i-vy tree Do
flourish at home in my owa coun-try.

Fain would I be in the North-Country,
Where the lads and the lasses are making of hay ;
There should I see what is pleasant to me ;—
A mischief light on them enticed me away !
O ! the oak and the ash and the bonny ivy tree
Do flourish most bravely in our country.

Since that I came forth of the pleasant North,
There's nothing delightful I see doth abound ;
They never can be half so merry as we,
When we are a-dancing of *Sellinger's Round*.*
O ! the oak and the ash and the bonny ivy tree
Do flourish at home in our own country.

I like not the court, nor to city resort,
Since there is no fancy for such maids as me ;
Their pomp and their pride I can never abide,
Because with my humour it doth not agree.
O ! the oak and the ash and the bonny ivy tree
Do flourish at home in my own country.

How oft have I been on the Westmoreland Green,
Where the young men and maidens resort for to play ;
Where we with delight, from morning till night,
Could feast it and frolic on each holiday.
O ! the oak and the ash and the bonny ivy tree
Do flourish most bravely in our country.

A-milking to go, all the maids in a row,
It was a fine sight, and pleasant to see ;
But here in the city they're void of all pity—
There is no enjoyment of liberty.
O ! the oak and the ash and the bonny ivy tree,
They flourish most bravely in our country.

When I had the heart from my friends to depart,
I thought I should be a lady at last ;
But now do I find that it troubles my mind,
Because that my joys and my pleasures are past.
O ! the oak and the ash and the bonny ivy tree,
They flourish at home in my own country.

The ewes and the lambs, with the kids and their dams,
To see in the country how finely they play ;
The bells they do ring, and the birds they do sing,
And the fields and the gardens so pleasant and gay.
O ! the oak and the ash and the bonny ivy tree,
They flourish at home in my own country.

At wakes and at fairs, being 'void of all cares,
We there with our lovers did use for to dance ;
Then hard hap had I, my ill fortune to try,
And so up to London my steps to advance.
O ! the oak and the ash and the bonny ivy tree,
They flourish most bravely in our country.

But still, I perceive, I a husband might have,
If I to the city my mind could but frame ;
But I'll have a lad that is North-Country bred,
Or else I'll not marry, in the mind that I am.
O ! the oak and the ash and the bonny ivy tree,
They flourish most bravely in our country.

A maiden I am, and a maid I'll remain,
Until my own country again I do see ;
For here in this place I shall ne'er see the face
Of him that's allotted my love for to be.
O ! the oak and the ash and the bonny ivy tree,
They flourish at home in my own country.

Then farewell, my daddy, and farewell, my mammy,
Until I do see you, I nothing but mourn,
Rememb'ring my brothers, my sisters, and others,
In less than a year I hope to return.
Then the oak and the ash and the bonny ivy tree
I shall see them at home in my own country.

* The country dance of "Sellinger's Round" (called also "The Beginning of the World") was supposed by Sir John Hawkins to be "the oldest country-dance tune now extant" (1776), to which opinion Mr. William Chappell demurs. It is, however, found in Queen Elizabeth's "Virginal Book," harmonised by the celebrated Dr. Byrd. It is difficult to say from whence it derived its name. It might be from Sir Thomas Sellinger, who was buried in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, before the year 1475, or from Sir Anthony St. Leger, whom Henry VIII. appointed Lord-Deputy of Ireland in 1540. The tune has been a popular favourite from these dates to the present time.

The Matten Murder.

DOROTHY BEWICKE, the daughter of a highly respectable Northumbrian farmer, lived at a place known as Waterloo, a short distance from Matten, in the parish of Stamfordham. Early in life she had lost both her father and her farm ; but her excellent character and her active habits soon found a home for her, under an amiable mistress, in a house in the neighbourhood. From that place she went forth to another, and from this second place again for others, where she was sometimes under a mistress and sometimes acted as housekeeper. She passed through all these situations with an unsullied character for honesty, truth, activity, and willingness to please. Her skill in making butter and cheese, baking bread, &c., gained her many friends and many praises, and a due reward in current coin ; and so careful was she in paying for every article she bought, that one of those who knew her best said he did not believe she was ever asked for the payment of a debt in her life. As she advanced in years, she began, as many persons of like dispositions and habits do, to manifest some little eccentricities. She became very penurious in her habits, and her temper grew none of the sweetest. Having saved money, she bought some property at Waterloo. It consisted of a row of five small cottages, adjoining the road leading from Stamfordham to Ryal, and at the westernmost cottage a road to Matten struck off southward, so that the hamlet, if it may be so called, occupied a corner at the junction of two country lanes. To the south of the cottages was a garden and a small close, about an acre in extent ; and this Dorothy farmed with her own hands, keeping two cows, some pigs, and some poultry. By means of these, together with the rents she realised, she managed to get a livelihood. The property was in such bad repair that she was never able to improve it, having laid out all her money in the purchase. Even before she went to reside there, it had obtained an unenviable notoriety, owing to the frequent disorders and brawls which occurred among the roving characters from Scotland and Ireland, who occasionally sojourned in the cottages. Hence its name, "Waterloo." Dorothy was never able to get rid of tenants of this sort, but she never allowed any of them to enter her house.

Out of the five cottages, three only were occupied in October, 1855. The first, and the largest, at the west end, was occupied by Dorothy herself. Fronting the Stamfordham road, it consisted of a te-fall—a small slope not as high as the rest of the house. There was a dairy on one side, and a washhouse on the other. Inside the cottage, on one side there was a kitchen, and on the other a parlour. Over the kitchen, and connected with it by small wooden steps, was Dolly's bedroom. Over the parlour was another room ; but this was not part of

the domicile, as admission to it could be obtained only from a flight of steps on the outside. The room over the parlour was unoccupied at the period of the events we are about to relate. Next to Dolly's cottage, on the east, was the cow-house in which the old lady kept her cows. Over this was a room, reached by a flight of steps inside; and this was also unoccupied; but it had been rented the year before by a labouring man, named Barnard Dobbin, with his wife and several children, who found they could not live in it on account of the rain and cold, and, therefore, removed into the under part of the fourth house in the row, while Michael Leonard, another married man, with two children—"a drainer for the squire at Stamfordham"—lived in the room above. The third cottage was occupied by a man named James Conroy, *alias* Gilroy, 26 years old, with his wife and six children, two of the latter very young, and no fewer than five lodgers, viz., Michael, Jane, and Eleanor Anderson *alias* Allan, aged respectively 23, 18, and 15; their mother Isabella (otherwise Tibby), 55 years of age, and a man named John Simm, who had been only a short time in the place. The Conroys were in the habit of going about the country with a horse and cart, selling brooms of their own manufacture. Both Conroy and Dobbin were weekly tenants. The fifth cottage, which stood empty at the date of our story, had been occasionally let on the same terms to disorderly tramps, earthenware dealers, broom-makers, people seeking harvest work, and such like characters, who mostly subsisted by wandering idly and ignobly over the land in wild gipey fashion, living a kind of nomad life, making some remote village or hamlet their head-quarters, and shifting daily, in fine weather, from one place to another—pedlars ostensibly, but poachers and hen-house robbers really, worthy on every account to be styled the lineal representatives of the old barbarians of the Border. All the cottages were in a very dilapidated condition. To that occupied by Dorothy herself, air, light, and rain got free access at sundry places besides doors and windows; while the fowls of the air roosted nightly under the roof. Not a window contained a full set of panes, and many an old clout and other pliable articles formed a substitute for glass. The furniture, too, was of the rudest description; and "orra things" were lying about on all sides like useless lumber, though it had evidently taken poor old Dolly a lifetime to gather them together.

On the morning of Sunday, the 21st of October, 1855, it was discovered that this wretched domicile had been broken into and its occupant murdered. The old woman—she was in her sixty-seventh year—had gained the reputation of being wealthy; and it was, no doubt, the expectation of finding money in the house that led to her fate. The cottage had been ransacked in every part, and the perpetrators of the foul deed had taken the precaution to screen the front window with sacks,

quilts, and other articles, in order to elude observation during their search. They had, besides, fastened the door of the cottage occupied by the Dobbins with a rope or bit of a halter, which was twisted round the sneck and drawn through a staple in the door-post, so as to prevent the inmates from getting out, in case an alarm should be raised. The murderers—for there were evidently more than one engaged—had thus guarded as much as possible against detection; and, when they had completed their foul crime, they had retired by the back door, drawing it close, but not fastening it.

When Dobbin got up in the morning he found his door fastened on the outside, as already explained. It was half-an-hour before he and his wife managed to release themselves. They thought it had been the market folks passing by who had played them this silly trick. There were two windows in Dobbin's house, but neither of them was made to open, so the door afforded the only means of egress, barring the chimney.

The discovery of anything wrong was made by a daughter of Dobbin, who was sent to Dolly's cottage by her mother, as usual, for a halfpenny-worth of milk. The girl, finding the door open, and the house in darkness, caused by the things hung up before the windows, ran and told her father. Dobbin himself then went to see what was the matter. Pushing open Dolly's door, he observed a candlestick and some lucifer matches lying on the floor. "Dolly, are you in?" he shouted, but received no answer. Afraid to proceed further he ran round to the front of the house, stood on the road, and called out there also. He was seen and heard by a shoemaker name Matthew Laing, who lived at Ingo Mill, within two hundred yards of Waterloo. This man at once accompanied Dobbin into Dolly's house. They found everything in confusion in the kitchen. The drawers of the dresser, the cupboard, and a desk-bed which stood beside the stair, had been ransacked. A pane, large enough to admit a man, had been taken out of the window. Hesitating about proceeding further Laing and Dobbin went out again into the road. John Harrison was seen coming up on a pony. Mr. Harrison, who was a respectable farmer residing a few miles off, at Muckleridge, dismounted at once and accompanied them into the house. Proceeding upstairs, they discovered, to their horror, the body of the poor old woman dead upon the floor, almost in a state of nudity. Her hands were pinioned across her breast with a leather strap, and her legs were tied together with an old halter. She had evidently been strangled, the marks of fingers upon her throat being quite observable. There was blood on the floor under her head. There were likewise several drops of tallow grease, both on the body and round about. The features were livid and distorted. Every portion of the bedroom and its contents had been ransacked like the kitchen. Even the bed-tick had been cut open.

Mr. Harrison as soon as possible mounted a fleet horse, and gave information to the police at Bellingham, Acomb, Hexham, Corbridge, Kirkwhelpington, Blaydon, and Newcastle. The distance he travelled during the day was computed to be not much less than a hundred miles. In the meantime, suspicion fell upon Conroy and his two lodgers, John Simm and Michael Allan, and the three men were apprehended that night by John Gillespie, superintendent of police at Kirkwhelpington, in a straw-house at West Harle, a place about seven miles from Waterloo. Elizabeth Conroy, wife of James Conroy, Isabella Allan, mother of Michael, and Jane and Ellen Allan, his sisters, were likewise apprehended, mostly at the same time and place. They underwent one or two examinations in due course, but nothing transpired on these occasions to connect them directly with the murder, though the presumptive evidence was strong. They were therefore committed for trial on the charge of wilful murder.

On the 29th of February, 1856, the whole of the prisoners were brought up at the Northumberland Assizes, in the Moot Hall, Newcastle, before Mr. Justice Willea. The court was densely crowded, the excitement being very great. They all pleaded not guilty. Mr. Scurfield Grey, Mr. Mulcaster, and Mr. Blackwell, instructed by Mr. Cram, solicitor, Newcastle, appeared for the prosecution; and Mr. Overend, Q.C., and Mr. Davison, instructed by Mr. Wilkinson, solicitor, Morpeth, appeared for the defence. Simm was admitted a witness for the Crown, and was examined at great length, without, however, adding materially to the strongly suspicious facts adduced by others. A hazel stick, with a hammer head attached, and a stick of mountain ash, were found in the murdered woman's bedroom. Both were newly cut. The male prisoners, who were besom-makers, had been seen cutting sticks in Sweethope Dene, near Kirkwhelpington, a few days before; and these sticks, having been compared with some "stools" in that secluded wood from which cuttings had been made, were found to correspond. On searching the barn at West Harle, where it was understood the prisoners had slept, a halter was discovered. This halter was claimed by Tibby, but Conroy's wife insisted it was hers. Thereupon Tibby said hers had been left at Conroy's house; but on searching there no halter could be found. The natural inference was that the missing halter was no other than that partly used for fastening Dobbin's door, and partly for tying round the murdered woman's legs; and when the several pieces were got and joined together, it was found that they formed a perfect knob-headed halter, all except the loop. A leather strap had been used by the murderers for confining the arms of the deceased while they strangled her. A few days before the murder, Michael Allan was seen to fasten his stocking with a leather strap similar to that found on the arms of the deceased;

and when the prisoners were taken, no leather strap could be found upon any of them. Another suspicious circumstance was the finding of three silver spoons belonging to the deceased, marked "W. B." They were found in a field adjoining the road leading from Waterloo to Matfen. Some days before this discovery, and after the murder, the female prisoners were seen sitting under the hedge-side near to where the spoons were afterwards found. It came out in evidence that Tibby, when the party was at West Harle, borrowed a candle and some lucifer matches from one Patrick O'Callaghan; and the body of the deceased was disfigured with droppings of candle grease, and matches, which appeared to have been lighted, were found on the floor of the parlour, the wash-house, and the milk-house. These and other suspicious circumstances were adduced at the trial. The jury, however, returned a verdict of "Not guilty." A crowd of persons in the same class of life as the prisoners cheered lustily at the announcement of the acquittal.

It seems worth mentioning that Dorothy Bewicke had been repeatedly remonstrated with on account of the nuisance created by the disreputable characters whom she allowed to lodge in her cottages; and inducements had been held out for her to leave the place, but to no purpose. Sir Edward Blackett, it was stated at the time, had made a liberal offer a short while before to purchase her property, in order to clear the locality of the vagabond tribes who took refuge at Waterloo, but without avail.

Not long after he had been acquitted of the Matfen murder, Michael Allan was convicted, with another man named Swales, of a brutal garotte robbery at North Shields. Mr. Baron Bramwell, who tried the case, asked Mr. Dunne, the Chief-Constable of Newcastle, if he knew anything of the prisoners. Mr. Dunne replied that he knew the prisoner Allan to be the associate and companion of a desperate gang of thieves who infested the town and county, and that he had recently been in the custody of the Newcastle police. His lordship thereupon sentenced Allan to be transported for the term of his natural life.

The mystery of the Matfen murder, if it may be called a mystery, continues to this day.

Fergus O'Connor in Newcastle.

AS is well-known, Newcastle showed characteristic heartiness and enthusiasm in the fight for the old Reform Bill. At that time, and for many years afterwards, there was a band of stout reformers joined together in a society called the Radical Reform Association. Few towns could show their equal,

for amongst the leaders were John Fife, Thomas Doubleday, and Charles Larkin.

Although the battle of Reform had been won, there were still (fifty years ago) thought to be many grievances to redress. Feargus O'Connor was amongst the most prominent of "political agitators" of the day. As leader of the Chartist movement, he was exceedingly popular with the great body of the working-classes. Towards the end of the year 1836, Mr. O'Connor made a tour through the North of England and Scotland, and received from the Newcastle Radical Association a pressing invitation to visit the town. This he willingly accepted, and arrived in Newcastle by the "Hero coach," on the morning of Monday, November 28, 1836. He was met by a deputation from the Reform Association—Messrs. Fife, Laing, Doubleday, &c.—who invited him to a public breakfast. The breakfast took place on the same day, in the long room of the Black Bull Inn, High Bridge, fifty-four guests being present. Mr. O'Connor seemed much pleased with the warm reception accorded him, and accepted an invitation to speak at a great political gathering that evening in the Music Hall.

At the evening meeting the hall was densely crowded, principally by working men. Mr. O'Connor (who was accompanied by his wife and daughters) was presented with an address of welcome, and then addressed the large audience in a lengthy speech, which was very fully reported in the *Newcastle Chronicle*. At that time, Mr. Grainger had just begun his great alterations, and the speaker made a rather happy allusion to them. "He had been told," he said, "that he was a leveller, a revolutionist, and a destructive. So they were in Newcastle. They were pulling down the antiquated nuisances of their forefathers, and erecting splendid mansions in their stead; and in like manner he was a destructive of the injurious domination of Whig and Tory tyranny." These and similar sentiments were cheered to the echo by the crowded meeting, although the *Newcastle Chronicle* took Mr. O'Connor to task for his speech, more especially for his abuse of the Government. Such speeches as O'Connor's, said the *Chronicle*, tended to sow dissension amongst those who should be earnest reformers.

Upon the whole, however, Mr. O'Connor was warmly received in Newcastle, and he expressed himself highly gratified with his hearty welcome when he left the town "to pursue his mission in Scotland."

The Streets of Newcastle.

Pandon.



WE propose in this article to take a walk from Sandgate to the Sandhill, by way of Pandon. From the Milk Market, at the western end of Sandgate, we soon reach, by way of Forster Street, Wall Knoll Bank, so called from its asso-

ciations with the old town wall. The Wall Knoll boasted of a chapel in former days. It was in some repute with the Presbyterians when a minister of the name of Coulter held forth there, and Thomas Binney's father was one of the elders. Forster Street also had its chapel, wherein the Glassites, or "Flesh and Kail" people, worshipped. The first name was taken from that of their founder, one John Glas, a Presbyterian minister who was expelled from the Church of Scotland in 1728 for teaching that the kingdom of Christ is not of this world. His followers maintained that the Lord's Supper should be administered weekly; that every Sabbath day they should dine together, use the kiss of charity, wash each other's feet, abstain from blood and things strangled, and hold the community of goods, so far as that every one should consider all in his possession liable to the calls of the poor of the church. One hears little or nothing of this sect now.

Up the hill from Sandgate, northerly, ran the town wall, and at the top of the bank stands the Carpenters' Tower. This tower, according to Bourne, was "one of the towers of the old Romans." Its ancient postern-gate was the usual passage wherefrom the garrison would sally out on the enemy in the time of the civil wars.



PANDON GATE.

Hence its name—Sallyport Gate. This ancient landmark is at present propped up from the road below by means of huge masonry. Antiquaries are agreed that the Roman Wall passed close by the tower, and then down the bank to Pandon Gate. We should add that Bourne says of the old tower, which was modernised in the early part of the last century, though its foundations are ancient, "it was much of the same size, model, and stone with the tower at Rutchester, in Northumberland, which was certainly one of the towers belonging to the Picts' Wall.

The remains of an ancient religious house were to be found here until excavations for the City Road destroyed them some years ago. St. Michael's Mount, as the place was called, was then little or nothing better than a Corporation depository of filth. Ruin and desolation possessed it for their own. Yet pious feet had trodden here

in the olden day, and pious orisons had been offered. The story may be briefly told. The White Friars, otherwise called the Carmelites, established themselves in the Wall Knoll in the reign of Henry III. When they removed, as their numbers increased, to a new house overlooking the Close, their place at the Wall Knoll was occupied by the Maturin Friars, otherwise known as Trinitarians, when it was dedicated to St. Michael. In the time of Henry VIII. the foundation was dissolved and eventually the neighbourhood became the property of the Corporation. The name of the Mount is thus easily accounted for.

Resuming our journey along Forster Street, we pass by the head of Love Lane, where John Scott, afterwards Lord Eldon, was born, and, immediately adjoining, Cock's Chare, so named from Alderman Ralph Cock, Mayor of



CARPENTER'S TOWER.

Newcastle in 1634, who lived there. Alderman Cock was blessed with fifteen children, and among them were four daughters whose expectations of fortune spread their fame all over Tyneside in the common saying "as rich as Cock's canny hinnies," and brought them hus-

bands from the good old families of Milbanke, Carr, Davison, and Marley.

Now we find ourselves in Pandon proper, and proceeding westerly traverse its entire length to its junction with the Stockbridge without finding anything to interest or amuse us. A little to the north-east of the Stockbridge stood Pandon Gate (demolished in 1795), one of the most ancient buildings in Newcastle. Indeed, "as sad as Pandon Yett," was once a familiar proverb; for the exact date of its building is unknown. In the olden time, Pandon was a town in itself; but in 1299 it was added to Newcastle by a charter of King Edward I. According to Gray, "after the departure of the Romans, the kings of Northumberland kept their residence in this place, now called Pandon Hall." Of this royal abode, Bourne writes:—"It was of considerable bigness, having been, according to tradition, on its north front, in length from the Stock Bridge to Cowgate; and, on its west front, in length from its west corner beyond that lane which leads into Blyth's Nook." Even in his day, he tells us that "many ancient walls and parts of this building" remained; and also that "some gentlemen of Northumberland had their houses in it." Amongst them would seem to have been the Duke of Northumberland, whose house in Pandon was known by the name of the Duke's Place. Roger Thornton, too, at the time of his death, which occurred in the Broad Chare, January 3, 1430, had "one messuage with an orchard on the east side of Pandon Burn," a garden within Pandon Gate, and two gardens outside that famous barrier, and may have at one time lived there.

Pandon Burn ran in a deep ravine to the west of Pandon Gate, and found its way into the Tyne among the shallows that lay between Broad Chare and Love Lane. Early in the fourteenth century, this locality was the scene of a serious accident. The river overflowed its banks, broke down the town wall, and, sapping the foundations of the dwellings that clustered round the western base of the Wall Knoll, carried away a hundred and forty houses and drowned "a hundred and twenty laymen, several priests, and some women." The district was afterwards heightened with ballast, and a quay wall built, with a view to prevent such disasters in future.

Stockbridge was so called, firstly, because stock-fish were once sold in it, and, secondly, because a bridge once connected the foot of Pandon Bank with Wall Knoll and Pandon Street. The place was formerly known, at its south-eastern corner, as the Fishergate. With every tide the river flowed up to it. The Murray MSS. (quoted by Brand) refer to an inquisition taken at Newcastle on Tuesday in Easter week, "5 Henry V. or VI.," in which it is stated

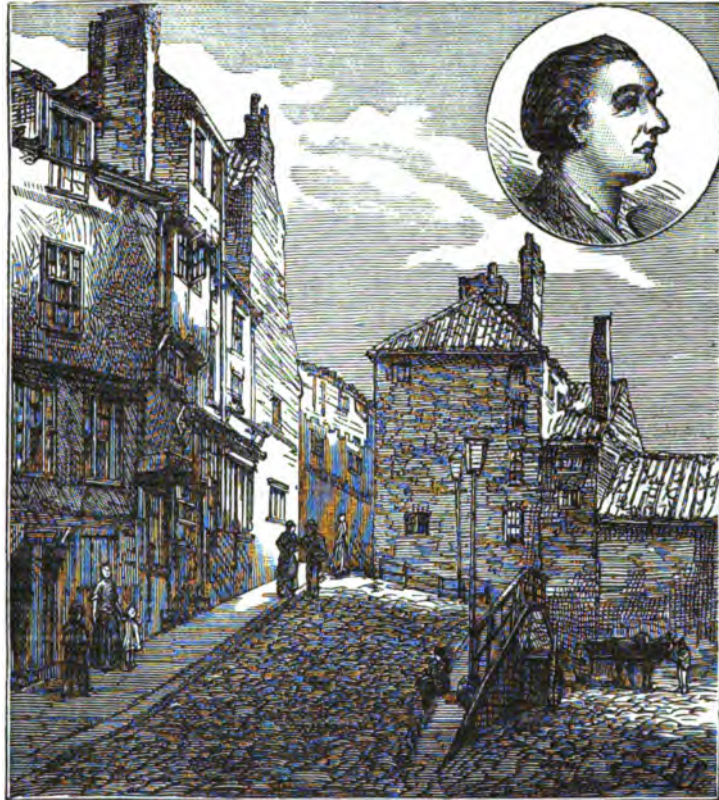
that anciently all those fishermen that went out to fish at sea from that port were accustomed to live in a street assigned to them called Fishergate, to prevent the regrating of the fish (in other words, the forestalling of the market) before they were brought up to the town, and had paid the king his custom and prices. Pandon Bank, shaded on both sides by large trees, ran towards the Shieldfield, where King Charles I. was accustomed to play at "goff" when a prisoner in Newcastle, up to the time of his attempted escape by way of the Lort Burn. Before leaving the Stockbridge, a word must be said concerning Alvey's Island, which was a pile of buildings that stood opposite Pandon Hall. This island was so-called because when the tide flowed up to the Stockbridge, there was here a hill of sand, which at ebb tide appeared like an island. These buildings were removed for the widening of the street many years ago.

We may proceed to the centre of the town from the Stockbridge by any of three roads—namely, the precipitous Silver Street, the Dog Bank, or the Manor Chare. Of the first we have had enough already; of the latter there is too much to say for us to commence the story at this stage; up the uninviting Dog Bank, then, we will go. Fortunately we need not linger long here. It used to be called Silver Street when the present bearer of that name was known as All Hallow Gate, for the reason that here, too, the Jewish traders of old vended their silver goods. Arrived at the top of the Dog Bank, we note the Marquis of Granby Inn, where generations of parishioners slaked their thirst after christenings and burials in the adjoining church of All Saints, and find ourselves at the head of a street which connects it with the Side and the Sandhill. This is Akenside Hill, formerly known as the Butcher Bank, and first of all as All Hallow Bank. The occasions for these several names are all apparent enough. The ancient one reminds us that we are again under the shadow of the old parish church; the second that the locality was sacred to the butchering fraternity; and the third that Mark Akenside, the poet, one of Newcastle's men of mark, saw the light here. The alteration of the name from Butcher Bank to Akenside Hill

was made on the suggestion of the late Alderman Lockey Harle; and most people regarded the change as one for the better. The former name had become meaningless, and had ever been prosaic; the latter paid homage to intellectual power, and was suggestive of the sweet verse of the poet.

And now, at the foot of the bank, we must pause at the Cale Cross. A deed in All Saints' Vestry, dated 19th October, 1319, contains the first known record of this cross, "which stood on the north side of the Lort Burn, at the foot of All Hallow Bank, facing the Sandhill." (Welford's "Newcastle and Gateshead," vol. i., page 50, Cale Cross.) Bourne derives its name from the cale or broth formerly sold there. Brand apprehends that it

MARK AKENSIDE.



AKENSIDE HILL, OR BUTCHER BANK, 1880.

was taken from the herb kailwort, used in making broth, and adds that the structure was sometimes spoken of as Scale Cross in his day; but erroneously in his judgment. In 1649, Gray described it as "a fair one, with columns of hewn stone, covered with lead." Brand remembers it with a cistern on the top to hold what was called the

New Water. The Cross was taken down in 1773, and in 1783 was rebuilt at the expense of Sir Matthew White Ridley. The Corporation chose, some years after, to regard it as a street obstruction. It was accordingly taken down in 1807, and returned to Sir Matthew, who re-erected it in his grounds at Blagdon. And there it still remains.

On the 3rd of January, 1490, Alexander Taylerour, baker, of Newcastle, sought sanctuary at Durham Cathedral for that he just before, "near the Cale Cross, at Newcastle, feloniously struck one Thomas Smith (in self-defence, as he asserted), with a certain weapon under the left breast, of which the said Smith died the same day." We refer to this tragedy because, though most of us have heard of the privilege of sanctuary, and have probably also seen with our own eyes the quaint and formidable knocker still on the north-west door of Durham Cathedral by means of which offenders besought ecclesiastical protection from the consequences of their acts, yet perhaps only a few understand what this privilege implied. Well, according to the Rev. James Raine, the sanctuary

at Durham was upon the floor beneath the western tower. "The culprit, upon knocking at the ring affixed to the north door, was admitted without delay, and after confessing his crime, with every minute circumstance connected with it, the whole of which was committed to writing in the presence of witnesses, a bell in the Galilee Tower ringing all the while, to give notice to the 'town' that some one had taken refuge in the 'church,' there was put upon him a black gown with a yellow cross upon the left shoulder, as the badge of St. Cuthbert, whose girth or peace, he had claimed. When thirty-seven days had elapsed, if no pardon could be obtained, the malefactor, after certain ceremonies before the shrine, solemnly abjured his native land for ever, and was straightway, by the agency of the intervening parish constable, conveyed to the coast, bearing in his hand a white wooden cross, and was sent out of the kingdom by the first ship which sailed after his arrival."

And so we bring to an end our saunter through the slums which separate the Sandgate from the Sandhill.

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford,

AUTHOR OF "A HISTORY OF NEWCASTLE AND GATESHEAD," &c.

Ambrose Barnes,

THE PURITAN ALDERMAN.

TOWARDS the close of the year 1828, the Rev. William Turner presented to the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle a MS. volume of 558 folios written by an unknown hand. It contained memoirs of the life of Ambrose Barnes, a Newcastle alderman, and had been given to the donor by a member of his congregation—John Airey, one of the alderman's descendants. Some of the vicissitudes of the MS. have been recorded already in our account of the Airey family. In 1867, the greater part of the volume was issued by the Surtees Society, under the careful editorship of Mr. W. H. D. Longstaffe. Those who care to read a remarkable record of a remarkable life, and to see how admirably a local book can be edited by a local man, will obtain the volume for themselves. There is a capital summary of it in Mr. R. J. Charleton's "Newcastle Town."

Ambrose Barnes was the eldest son of Thomas Barnes, of Startforth, near Barnard Castle, where his progenitors were lords of the soil and manor for several generations. He was born there in the latter part of 1627, came to Newcastle as a youth to learn the business of a merchant,

and lived here during some of the most stirring periods of English history—through the Civil War, the Commonwealth, the Restoration, the Revolution, and the reign of William and Mary, down to the accession of Queen Anne.

It was on the 1st August, 1646, when he was approaching his nineteenth year, that young Barnes became an apprentice in Newcastle. On that date he was bound for ten years to William Blackett, merchant adventurer and boothman, and on the 2nd July, 1647, he was set over to Samuel Rawling. Very early in his servitude he was initiated into the public and political life of the town wherein, for long after, he was destined to play a prominent and a perilous part. Charles I. was a prisoner at Newcastle when Ambrose Barnes signed his indentures, and the Scots, having bargained to hand his Majesty over to the Parliament, received payment for the surrender in hard cash. It fell to the lot of young Barnes to be one of the tellers or counters of the coin, and to receive from Major-General Skippon, who was in charge of the specie, a pair of gloves for his services.

Samuel Rawling treated his apprentice more like a partner than a servant. He allowed him to trade on his own account, and, being successful, the young man cleared £700 or £800 for himself. He

also fell in love. The lady of his affections was Mary, daughter of Thomas Butler, merchant; her mother was a Clavering—daughter of James Clavering, twice Mayor of Newcastle. In the early part of 1654-55, being then 27 years old, and with eighteen months of his apprenticeship yet to run, his indulgent master allowed the indentures to be cancelled. Upon petition, he was admitted to his freedom, paying the moderate fine of 50s.—30s. for the abbreviation of his contract, and the balance for having entered into trade during its continuance. On the 12th of June in that year he was married. The ceremony was performed at St. John's Church, Newcastle, and, in accordance with the liberal legislation of the Commonwealth, the celebrant was Christopher Nicholson, J.P. and alderman.

Ambrose and Mary Barnes were imbued with Puritan principles, and adopted in all things Puritan habits and methods. The husband had been converted by a famous preacher, Cuthbert Sydenham; the wife had drunk deeply from the fountain whence William Durant and Samuel Hammond poured forth their eloquent appeals to the heart and conscience.

About the time of his marriage, Ambrose Barnes became a member of the Common Council of Newcastle. He had not been there long before the town began to cast an eye upon him as fit to share in the administration of justice, and in 1657 he was elected an alderman. When he had worn the alderman's robe nearly two years, the town was designing him for the mayoralty. He would in all probability have been elected to that office in 1659; but General Monk was in motion, and clouds stood over the alderman's head. If "Monk and his Bishops" came in, Alderman Barnes, being a leading Puritan, must go out. They did come in, and they brought King Charles II. with them. Then Ambrose Barnes surrendered his gown to Nicholas Fenwick, called in his debts, shut up his shop, gave over trade, and prepared to abandon his native country. Hamburg, New England, and Dantzic were in his eye, and there was an agreement drawn up by which he proposed to settle at Surinam, in Guiana; but his intentions were otherwise ordered, and he remained at home, suffering much loss and enduring much persecution. For a spirit of retaliation was abroad. Prisons began to fill space, and Barnes, without any known reason for it, was conveyed to the castle at Tynemouth, and charged, upon suspicion, with a design against the Government. But he made it appear that he was at his country house in Yorkshire (Startforth) at the time mentioned in the writ for his commitment, and so obtained his release. He, however, purposely estranged himself from all State matters, avoided all meetings except upon necessary business, and employed his leisure in private affairs for the good of his neighbours. At one period such a number of citations, excommunications, and writs of *capias* were

issued out of the Bishop's Court against him that he durst not look out, but was confined a prisoner in his own house. The writs were limited to the county of Newcastle, and, when he had occasion to ride journeys, his horse was carried over the water for him into the County of Durham, and he took boat after it at his own water-stairs in the Close. A hundred pounds was bid to any one that would bring him out, dead or alive; everyone was suspected who was known to him.

In the midst of his troubles from without, a sorer trouble befell him at home. After twenty years of married life, the partner of his sorrows sickened, languished, and died. On the 12th of June, 1675, the twentieth anniversary of her wedding day, she was buried in her uncle Clavering's tomb in St. Nicholas' Church.

When Judge Jeffreys came to Newcastle to clear the gaol in the summer of 1684, he had the name of Ambrose Barnes in his black list as that of a very dangerous and obnoxious man. Inquiring as to what part of the town Barnes lived in, they told him that his house stood in the Close; upon which Jeffreys cried out, "I even thought so—some close, or field, for that rebel to train and muster his men in!" There had been just previously a meeting or conventicle broken up at Mr. Barnes's; a fine was levied upon the house; several were taken and bound over to the assizes, but the occupier escaped. Jeffreys was hugely witty upon all the prisoners, but it fretted him sadly he could not catch Barnes. Powerful and unscrupulous as he was, the judge was no match for the Puritan.

A company of young men in Newcastle had subscribed their names to a document in favour of forming a sort of religious association for praying together, and pious conference. Jeffreys, having obtained possession of the paper, would needs stretch it into a conspiracy against the Government. Ambrose Barnes, who, when Thomas Bonner, Mayor of Newcastle in 1660 (scrupling to surrender his staff to Sir John Marley), was injured by the electors, went up to London with a remonstrance and laid it before the King himself, now hurried off to the court upon a similar mission. He told the King and Privy Council that by straining the laws Jeffreys neither consulted the honour of the Crown nor of him who wore it, and that these young men, who met with a design to pray for the Government, could not in reason be suspected of a conspiracy against it. Some of the Council seconded his appeal, and he came away without any check or disgrace, the young men being, it is hoped, set at liberty.

Charles II. died in 1685, and James II. changing his measures, Barnes obtained a *nolle prosequi* for himself and three or four of his friends, which, with the Act of Indemnity that followed afterwards, saved him from the utter ruin brought upon him by fines and forfeitures of recognizances. James gave toleration to Catholics and

Dissenters alike; all sects opened their public meetings for worship, and the magistracy was mixed with Papists and Protestants, Conformists and Nonconformists. Men were at a loss to see how suddenly the world was changed—the cap, the mace, and the sword one day carried to the church, another day to the mass-house, another day to the dissenting meeting-house. Ambrose Barnes became an alderman again, and was the first mover in the alterations that were made in these parts. He set some useful methods on foot for advancing the trade of lead and coals, but he never cared for meddling in chimerical projects. When it was proposed to make the river Tyne navigable up to Hexham, he dissuaded the projectors from their intention, showing that besides the expense of making and upholding so many dams, locks, and sluices as such a work would require, the thing itself was impracticable, nor would it answer any useful end. And while he thus busied himself for the good of his fellow-townsmen and the benefit of their trade, he sought no preferment or advancement for himself. He was content with his office as an alderman; but when the Catholic party, who had been put into the municipality by royal mandate the year before, attempted at Michaelmas, 1688, to secure the return of persons like-minded to the offices of Mayor and Sheriff, he used his influence against them, and helped to turn the election in favour of two dissenters—his brother-in-law, William Hutchinson, as Mayor, and Matthias Partis as Sheriff.

Within a few weeks after this election, the Prince of Orange was on his way to England. King James fled; his statue was thrown into the Tyne; and Ambrose Barnes was left to make his peace with King William. The biographer tells us that somebody had given Mr. Barnes's name as a person greatly obnoxious, who deserved to be singled out to be made an example. But King William, soon after his coming over, walking with a person of one of the learned professions, whom he had taken into his favour, said to him, "You know the North-Country; can you tell me anything of one Barnes who lives there?" "I know him very well," replies the gentleman, "and it please your Majesty, as honest a man as is in your three kingdoms." "Say you so?" says the king in a great surprise. "I have his name given up to me as being a very ill man," and immediately drew out his pocket book and expunged his name.

The shadows of the evening now began to stretch at great length over Alderman Barnes. His sight grew dim, and though his son-in-law, Jonathan Hutchinson, procured spectacles made by the best artists in London, none could be had to relieve his sight. Failure of eyesight was a great deprivation to him, for he was an ardent reader and a ready writer, and had been using his spare time in compiling a "Breviate of the Four Monarchies," an "Enquiry into the Nature, Grounds, and Reasons of Religion," and a "Censure

upon the Times and Age" he lived in. Having one Saturday been to wait upon the young Earl of Derwentwater (the same who was afterwards beheaded), then in town, and newly come into the honour and estate of his family, he felt in returning home, his cloak grow very heavy and cumbersome to him, and was sorely faint and weary before he reached his own house. A physician was sent for, but it was too late. On the 8th of March, 1710, William III. died, and on the 23rd of the same month Ambrose Barnes departed, in the 83rd year of his age.

Five of the seven children born to Alderman Barnes grew to maturity. Mary, the eldest, married her cousin, Jonathan Hutchinson (eldest son of Alderman William Hutchinson), who sat for several years in Parliament as a representative of Berwick. Ann, the second daughter, married George Airey. Sarah, the youngest daughter, died unmarried. Joseph, the eldest son, became Recorder of Newcastle and Berwick, while Thomas, the youngest born, became a minister, though but little transpires respecting him or his ministry.

The remains of the old Puritan were buried at St. Nicholas', and when, many years afterwards, his grave was opened to make room for one of his family, an aged man, seeing his skull, which another there present was holding in his hand, broke into tears, uttering these words:—"Lord, what are we! That once was the wisest head in the North of England!"

Ralph Beilby,

THOMAS BEWICK'S MASTER.

It was a happy event for Newcastle when William Beilby, a Scarborough silversmith, failing in business at Durham, brought his family to the banks of the Tyne, and endeavoured among the nobility and gentry of Northumberland, and the merchants and tradesmen of Newcastle and Gateshead, to woo fickle fortune anew. A happy event because William Beilby's sons and daughters were gifted beyond the common run of people in their social position, and had the happy faculty of endowing other young men and women with a share of their own devotion to the study and practice of art. Richard, the eldest son, had served an apprenticeship to a die sinker, or seal engraver, at Birmingham; William, the second son, had learned enamelling and painting at the same place; Ralph, who was a skilful musician, had been brought up to his father's trade of a silversmith and jeweller, and had acquired the art of seal cutting from Richard; Thomas and Mary were taught enamelling and painting by William, and gave lessons in drawing. Thus music, drawing, engraving, and enamelling had each its representative in the household, contributing to the resources of the family, and giving an impulse to the cultivation of art in Newcastle which was genuine and effective while it lasted, and useful long after.

The Beilbys lived at Gateshead, where the father

carried on his business, and where he and his son Richard died. The mother and the daughters opened a school after the father's death, and the sons assisted in keeping the family circle together. An opportunity occurred about this time for Ralph to commence business on his own account. An engraver named Jameson, who carried on a respectable trade in Newcastle, was charged with committing a forgery, and was tried for the crime. The evidence was insufficient to convict him, but his character was destroyed and he left the town. Ralph Beilby started a workshop directly afterwards, and obtained the patronage and support which Jameson had forfeited. Presently his mother and sister gave up the school at Gateshead and came to Newcastle to keep house for him; the brothers joined them, and assisted in the workshop; copper-plate printing (introduced into the town, as already described, by Joseph Barber) was added to seal engraving and the marking of plate; and in a short time a substantial business was built up.

During the summer of 1767, Ralph and William Beilby, being at Bywell on a visit to the widow of the Rev. Mr. Simons, one of the vicars of that place, were told of a young genius, her godson, whose passion for drawing pictures upon gravestones and flagstones and the walls of houses could not be repressed, and whose future life it was desirable to fix. They were so much interested in her account of him that they set off with the old lady and her daughter to visit his parents, who were living at Cherryburn, near Eltringham, on the other side of the water. This visit turned out more important than any of them imagined. They were pleased with Mrs. Simons's godson, and he was delighted with them. Before they left the house it was arranged that he should enter the workshop of the Beilbys on trial, with a view to apprenticeship. The probation was satisfactory to both parties. On the 1st of October, indentures were signed which bound Ralph Beilby, at his house near Amen Corner, facing St. Nicholas's churchyard, to teach the art of engraving to Thomas Bewick.

Most of that which is known respecting Ralph Beilby comes to us through Thomas Bewick's Autobiography. "The first job I was put to do," writes Bewick, "was blocking out the wood about the lines on the diagrams (which my master finished) for the 'Ladies' Diary,' on which he was employed by Charles Hutton, and etching sword blades for William and Nicholas Oley, sword manufacturers, &c., at Shotley Bridge. Such was the industry of my master that he refused nothing, coarse or fine. He fitted-up and tempered his own tools, and adapted them to every purpose, and taught me to do the same. This readiness brought him in an overflow of work, and the workplace was filled with the coarsest kind of steel stamps, pipe moulds, bottle moulds, brass clock faces, door plates, coffin plates, bookbinders' letters and stamps, steel, silver, and gold

seals, mourning rings, &c. He also undertook the engraving of arms, crests, and cyphers on silver, and every kind of job from the silversmiths; also engraving bills of exchange, bank notes, invoices, account heads, and cards. These last he executed as well as did most of the engravers of the time, but what he excelled in was ornamental silver engraving. In this, as far as I am able to judge, he was one of the best in the kingdom."

In wood engraving Mr. Beilby was not so fortunate. Bewick states that what he did was wretched. He did not like the work, but was forced into it by a desire to oblige Dr. Hutton, who designed bill-heads for him, writing with an ink or preparation which was easily transferred to the copper. The doctor procured boxwood from London, with the necessary tools for cutting it, and tried to interest his friend in the operation, but nothing of the kind had been executed in Newcastle before, and Beilby was too old to learn; Bewick, however, took kindly to the work, and soon became an adept. Dr. Hutton used to say that it was he who really taught wood engraving to Bewick, and enabled the firm to undertake that class of art workmanship in Newcastle.

In 1777, Beilby took his former apprentice into partnership, and in 1780 he married, his wife being Ellen, daughter of John Hawthorn, of Newcastle, watchmaker. Beilby looked after the engraving on silver, &c.; Bewick developed the engraving on wood, and between them they obtained a large and remunerative connection. In 1785 Bewick commenced to engrave blocks for a "History of Quadrupeds," and Mr. Beilby, "being of a bookish or reading turn," employed his evenings at home in writing the descriptive matter. They were then living, Beilby in West Spital Tower, newly turned into a dwelling-house, and Bewick in a house at the Forth, which had been tenanted by Dr. Hutton, part of whose furniture he had purchased. The book was published in 1790, and was followed, in 1797, by a "History of British Birds," to which work also Mr. Beilby compiled the letterpress. It was his last effort of that kind. He had for some time been in partnership with a firm of watch-glass manufacturers in Dean Court; and as soon as the first volume of the "Birds" was issued he gave up the engraving business altogether, dissolved his connection with Bewick, and devoted himself to the glass factory.

Ralph Beilby's fame has been overshadowed by that of his apprentice and partner, and his attainments have received less recognition than they deserved. For he was undoubtedly a man of genius, with a marked individuality and great originality and force of character. With the manners and polish of a gentleman, he possessed social qualities which endeared him to a select and intelligent circle. Among his more intimate friends was the Rev. John Brand, the historian of Newcastle, some of whose letters to him form one of the tracts of the Newcastle Typographical Society. He was an ardent

Churchman, and a performer at some of those local concerts by which unfortunate Dr. Brown, when vicar of Newcastle, strove to improve musical taste and encourage musical education in the town. His literary acquirements, if not great, were respectable, and, delighting himself in the companionship of books, he was energetic in the encouragement of habits of reading and reflection in others. The formation of the Literary and Philosophical Society in Newcastle had his warmest support. He was one of its founders, acted as a member of the managing committee for many years, and remained one of its most ardent friends to the day of his death. He died on the 4th of January, 1817, in the 74th year of his age, and was buried in the churchyard of St. Andrew's, where there is a tombstone to his memory.

Thomas Belt, F.G.S.,

THE ARDENT NATURALIST.

It was his faith—perhaps it mine—
That life in all its forms is one,
And that its secret conduits run
Unseen, but in unbroken line,
From the great fountain-head divine,
Through man and beast, through grain and grass.
—Longfellow.

The eminent Novocastrian whose name and fellowship head this chapter was one of the foremost among a numerous band of local investigators and explorers by whose researches Tyneside has acquired a prominent place in the annals of natural history and the records of geological discovery. The story of his life and work has been told with justifiable pride and appreciation in the "Transactions of the Natural History Society of Newcastle," by Mr. Joseph Wright, keeper of the Museum, who is our authority for most of the details which follow.

Thomas Belt was born in Newcastle in 1832, his father being a seedsman and canvas manufacturer in the Big Market. He received his education at the school of Mr. John Storey, one of the first secretaries of the Tyneside Naturalists' Field Club, and father of the celebrated artist of that name. In boyhood he evinced a taste for the pursuit of natural history—botany and entomology being his favourite studies. Becoming a member of the Field Club in 1850, he entered heartily into the special work of that organisation. He discovered at Ryton a plant new to the district, the Frog Bit, and his name appears in the Transactions of the Club, on several occasions after his election, as an authority for the habitats of some of the rarer plants of the district, and as the capturer of various specimens of lepidoptera.

The discovery of gold in Australia opened out new prospects to Mr. Belt's genius. He crossed the seas to that great colony, and there the same habits of patient observation which marked his boyhood in Newcastle were developed. He became a member of the Philo-

sophical Institute of Victoria, and contributed to its Proceedings in 1857 a paper entitled "An Inquiry into the Origin of Whirlwinds." The study of geology and the practice of mine engineering among the auriferous quartz of the colony led him into more extended literary composition, and in 1861 he published a book on "Mineral Veins: An Inquiry into their Origin." The following year he returned to England. He had acquired experience in Australia, he had penetrated the secrets of the hidden sources of gold, and now he opened offices in the metropolis as a practical and consulting mining engineer. The fame he had won in Australia preceded him to London, and a prosperous professional career seemed to be open to him.

Appointed to superintend the mines of the Nova Scotian Gold Company, Mr. Belt went to North America



in 1863. There his attention was attracted by glacial phenomena, and with characteristic energy and devotion he commenced to study them. The great lakes of the American continent, the gorge of Niagara, the Valley of the St. Lawrence, and afterwards the steppes of Siberia and Southern Russia, and the drifts and gravels of our own country were successively investigated, and the results communicated to various learned bodies and scientific journals. After his return from Nova Scotia, he was for some time engaged in examining the quartz rocks of North Wales, with a view to determine whether they contained gold commercially workable. While there he made the geology and palaeontology of the district of Dolgelly a special study, and in the *Geological Magazine* published two or three interesting papers on

the subject. By this time he had become a competent authority on all matters relating to gold mining, and his professional advice and assistance were widely sought after.

In 1868 the Chontales Gold Mining Company sent him out to Nicaragua to superintend their operations in that country. He remained there four years, working for the company, and observing for himself. To his residence in that far off land we owe what may be termed his chief work—"The Naturalist in Nicaragua." The book was written, like most of his other compositions, while travelling and in the intervals of professional undertakings. Writing the preface at Novgorod in October, 1873, after he had relinquished the Chontales appointment and was engaged in making surveys in Russia, the author tells us that the volume was begun on the Atlantic during a voyage from Central America, and the middle of the manuscripts was written among the high passes of the snow-clad Caucasus. "I now write this brief preface," he continues, "and the last chapter of my book on my way across the Continent to the Urals, and beyond to the country of the nomad Kirghizes and the far Altai Mountains on the borders of Thibet. When readers receive my work, I shall probably have turned my face homewards again, and for weeks be speeding across the frozen Siberian steppes, wrapped in furs, listening to the sleigh bells, and wondering how my book has sped."

The frozen ride to which the traveller was looking forward led to others, and in the course of the next three years he travelled over the greater part of Russia. His observations of geological phenomena and his experiences of mining operations in that country were carefully written down, and in due time published in the *Quarterly Journal* of the London Geological Society.

Called by a professional appointment to Colorado, he left England for the last time in the summer of 1878. He had been but a few weeks in harness at Denver, in that State, when he was seized with rheumatic fever, and on the 21st of September, at the comparatively early age of 45, he died. To his latest hour he had been accumulating facts for a great work on the glacial period. Just before his death he had found in a railway cutting near Denver a deposit which he believed was clearly traceable to the glacial age, and in that deposit had discovered a human skull—the oldest, if his theory were true, in existence.

Mr. Belt was a keen observer, and a ready and versatile writer. In the midst of active pursuits, with incessant demands upon his time and attention, he wrote copiously concerning the things he had seen and the opinions he had formed. Although his sun went down while it was yet day, his earnest and self-denying labours had given him a place among men of science, to which many of those who are blessed with greater length of days do not attain.

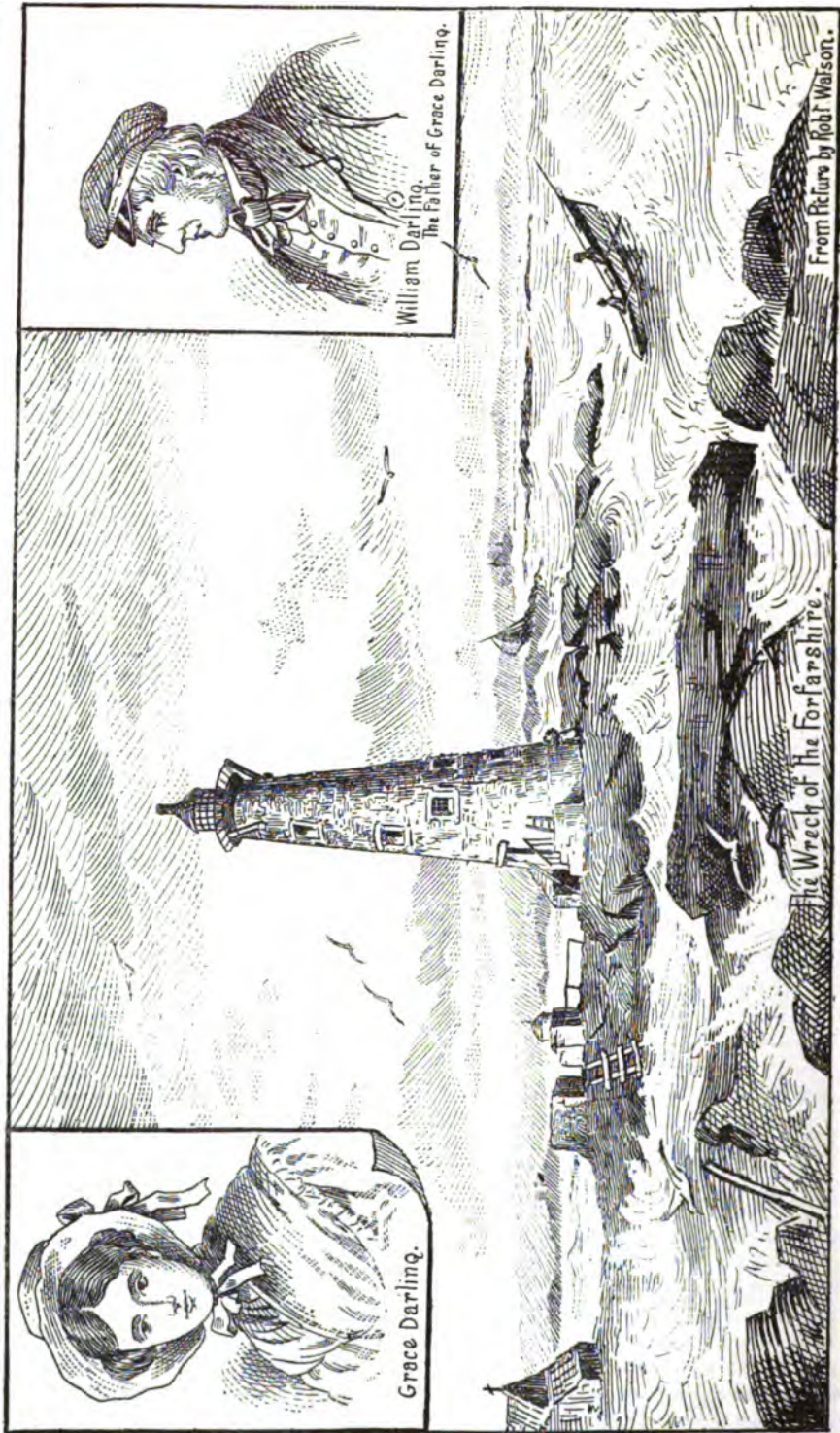
Grace Darling.



ONE brave deed has given to the name of Grace Darling an unfading crown. The deed which makes her famous evermore is one which none can appreciate so readily as those who are familiar with the dangers she dared on her errand of mercy, and whose hearts have been smitten again and again by the devouring anger of the sea, from which her generous bravery rescued so many fellow-creatures in the autumn of 1838.

Grace Horaley Darling had lived some one-and-twenty years when she became known beyond the narrow circle of her kinsfolk and her immediate neighbours. Born in 1817, she spent the greater part of her life till 1838 on the rocky Longstone Island, one of the Farnes, off the coast of Northumberland, so noted in story and song, in fanciful legend, and in the fateful register of shipwreck. She came of a courageous and hardy race. The old Norse blood coursed in her veins, like some swift current of the sea her people always loved, yet fought and conquered often since they could not tame it to their will.

The father of Grace Darling was, and long had been, keeper of the Longstone Lighthouse, which was designed as a beacon against certain sunken rock, as well as the Great Harkers (an old Norse name if there ever was one). Many and many a time had this lonely hermit of the deep exerted himself in the saving of life and property jeopardized by the scowling rocks, the foaming breakers, and the wild sea stream rushing like a mill-race between the isles. It was a good school for Grace, and also for her brave brother George—of whom more anon—and by the example of her stern, but duty-loving and tender-hearted father, she was not only trained in practical sympathy for all who were imperilled by the waves and winds, but also gradually inured, as far as a delicate constitution would permit, to the exposure and horrors of the tempest. Her home, her school, her world, was that storm-beaten rock; and there, with a noble father and a not less noble mother, for instructors and guides, she mastered the arts of the sea, together with a practical knowledge of the possibilities of the situation which was to make her famous and revered for ever. And yet she dreamed no dream of coming greatness or an endless glory. She was but a humble maiden, with plain thoughts about the grand ocean world about her, and small acquaintance with the great human world ashore, which hereafter was to resound with her praises. After the best and only genuine type of heroism, she ripened for heroic deeds without knowing it, or even knowing what men meant by heroism. She only learned her lesson well, and diligently schooled her heart to virtue, feeding with high religious thoughts the impulses that were to kindle that virtue into sacrificial fire when the right moment came. That moment came when probably it was least expected.

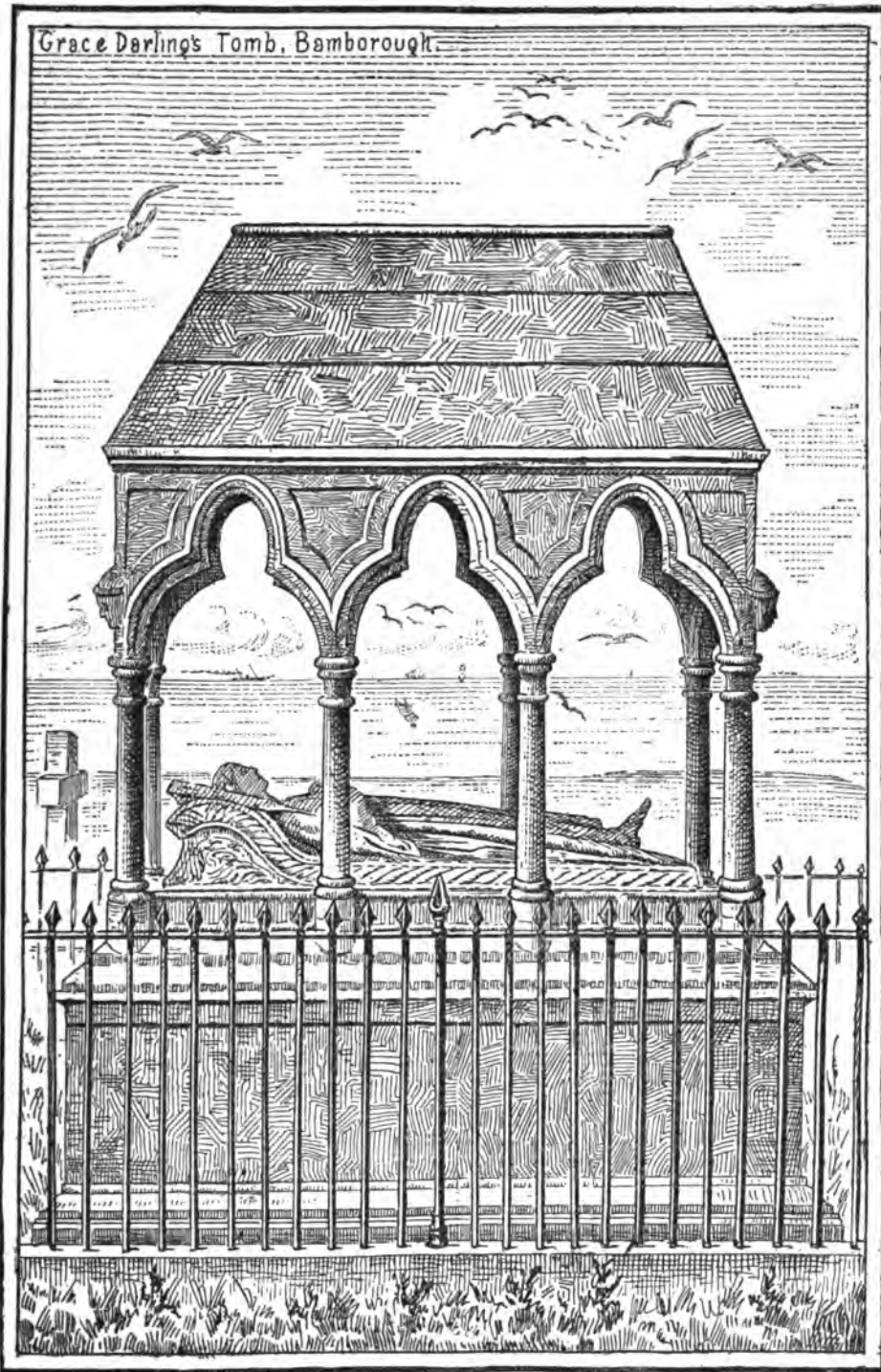


William Darling.
The Father of Grace Darling.

Grace Darling.

The Wreck of the Forfarshire.

From Picture by Robt. Watson.



Had it been six months later, when the shores of Northern Europe were desolated with a hurricane unparalleled by the worst that has since occurred, the maiden of the rock might have been keeping vigil with her father in readiness to help and save. But it was early in the month of September, when the thought of tempest rarely arises. As yet the equinox was some weeks off; nevertheless, fog and wind set in with deadly presage on the 6th of the month.

On the evening of that day the steamer *Forfarshire*, the property of a company which consisted chiefly of merchants of the ports of Hull and Dundee, proceeded on her voyage from the former to the latter. When she sailed from Hull, she carried a rich cargo, largely of machinery; and a living freight of nearly seventy souls. Before she left, her commander, Captain Humble, a Tyneside man, had entertained, with all the old-fashioned sailor hospitality, a goodly company of his friends on board. Neither he nor anyone in authority appeared to have the least misgiving about the vessel, although it was subsequently stated that some of the crew, and at least one passenger, had doubts of her fitness for the voyage on account of the leakage of the boilers. However, away she went at a moderate pace until, according to one account, she passed the Farne Islands, and came abreast of Berwick. Probably the internal danger of the ship had increased—indeed, it was stated that the engines shortly after ceased to work. Be that as it may, the captain tried to gain the harbour of Berwick; but in the meantime the sea had become so furious that such a course was impracticable, and he was compelled to put back southward. Very early on the morning of the 7th of September the dreaded Harkers were perceived close at hand, for the fog had obscured the outer light, and so, without warning, the vessel struck broadside on the rock, at the same time that a tremendous sea broke over her, causing her to part nearly amidships.

When the *Forfarshire* struck, the mate asked the captain what was to be done. "Everyone must look out for himself," was the reply. The jolly-boat was launched, and nine of the crew and one passenger got into her. These, after long buffeting with the waves and all but fatal exhaustion, were picked up by a *Montrose* brig, and brought to Shields; but the rest, forty-three, mostly the cabin passengers, were drowned in a few minutes. The fore-part of the vessel being jammed on to the rock gave foothold for the steerage passengers and part of the crew. These, hanging between life and death, screamed and shouted for help which they could scarcely have believed within mortal power to render.

But early in the morning—shortly before five o'clock—Grace Darling discerned their perilous position. Soon the misty dawn enabled her father's experienced eyes to make out that there were living forms clinging to the Harkers. William Darling knew right well that, though it might be feasible to reach the rock, no power such as

he had at his command could bring the boat safely back. It was clear, however, if the shipwrecked people could be rescued, that there would be good chance of finding amongst them some who would lend a helping hand to return. And so father and daughter set out on their desperate errand. Nor should it be omitted that the mother helped to launch the coble into the heaving tumults of the waves. Then father and daughter pulled out among the breakers, gallantly propelling their unwieldy boat through the storm, nerved to the exhausting task now by the stirring music of the storm, and now by the cries of the men and women clinging to the rock. When they neared the scene of the disaster, it was at once perceived that any attempt to bring the boat alongside would end in its being dashed to pieces. What then could be done? The old man resigned his oar to his daughter and leaped through the surf, while the brave girl drew off a little way from the heart of the raging swirl, and with a dexterity that would have done credit to a man-of-war's man kept the boat within reach of the rescuer and the rescued, but out of the tremendous eddies boiling in the fissures of the rocks.

Eight men and one woman were found clinging to the rock—too many for the boat of the Darlings to rescue at once. The woman and four of the men were safely conveyed to the Longstone. Then two of the men joined William Darling in a return voyage for the salvation of the rest. Nine in all—five of the crew and four steerage passengers—were thus saved from a watery grave.

Every preparation which the experience, means, and tender forethought of Grace's mother could devise was in readiness at the lighthouse to complete the deliverance so happily begun. And there Grace ministered to the trophies of her prowess, with the self-denying simplicity and unpretentious zeal which had made her their deliverer. All recovered to reward her by their happy and thankful praise for the noble part she had borne in the hour of their disastrous extremity. But to her it was nothing. She had such lowly thoughts of herself that neither in the moment of her triumph, nor at any time afterwards when the world was ringing with her praises, could she bring herself to believe that she was anything more than an honest, kindly English maiden, who had used the strength and knowledge she possessed in the service of her fellow-creatures. Grace was not alone in her dauntless deed. The father fully shared the toil and danger; and her brother George was not far behind. While she and her father were happily compassing the rescue of the shipwrecked, the calamity became known to the folks alongshore at North Sunderland. Several propositions for sending help were mooted; but the majority of the men—hardy fishermen though they were—shrank from the terrible task. George Darling and his brother William, however, with three brothers of the name of Robson, and three others, resolved at all hazards to make the attempt. Not until the story of this perilous

adventure had been told were the public able to estimate the glory of Grace Darling's feat. These strong and expert men had the greatest conceivable difficulty in reaching their destination; nor could they return to the shore, but succeeded in making the Longstone with the utmost exertion. The young men arrived at the lighthouse in a state of great exhaustion. Being for two whole days utterly unable to fight their way back through the tempest, they had to cower from the wet and cold in an out-building, for the lighthouse itself had become a crowded hospital.

The first intelligence of the disaster, as well as the first detailed account of the heroic rescue, appeared in the columns of the *Newcastle Chronicle*. The story was copied into all newspapers of all languages, and the name of the Northumbrian maiden became the synonym of feminine courage in peace, as that of Joan of Arc had been of the same quality in that of war. Seldom has any solitary incident in the annals of shipwreck occasioned such general excitement, or called forth so much heartfelt admiration among all classes of the community. From the Queen on the throne down to the poorest of the poor, Grace Darling received greeting and thanks in the name of their common humanity. Artists hastened to the lonely islet that they might illustrate their own genius in the undying light of that one great deed; poets seized on a theme so temptingly sublime and emotional, only to find that it surpassed the scope of verse however musical, and of words however aptly chosen. Portraits of the heroine became the rage. The scene of her valour became a place of resort for the good, the great, and, above all, the curious. As yet there was no railway to Belford. In that very year George Stephenson was busy reporting on the practicability of a line to connect Newcastle with Edinburgh. Had there been a railway, famous little Bambrough would have been flooded with visitors. As it was, a good number arrived to pay the tribute of their esteem to the pride of her sex. Then, of course, the good old fashion of Englishmen was not forgotten. A subscription was opened by the Mayor of Newcastle, which subsequently became the central fund to which subscriptions from all parts flowed in. Sufficient funds were raised, not only to secure a life annuity for Grace herself, but also to remunerate in an adequate manner the brave fellows who had put off from North Sunderland, as well as the parents of the heroine. The Royal Humane Society, on the representation of its president, the Duke of Northumberland, presented to Grace its gold medal. The lighthouse became a perfect repository for all sorts of tokens of good-will and admiration.

But not all this fuss and flattery, combined as it was with vastly increased means of comfortable living, produced the slightest effect on the settled and well-moulded character of Grace Darling; or kept at bay, except for a very short time, the disease which first either began or was decidedly hastened by the

exposure of that dreadful morning. Little more than four years did she live to enjoy the harvest of fame and comfort which all at once she had seen waving at her feet. She died on the 20th of October, 1842, and was followed to the grave on Monday, the 24th, by upwards of two hundred mourners. Admiring friends would fain have covered her resting-place with a handsome memorial of her worth, but her father loved not such adornments of the grave, and they were fain to let her sleep beneath the ivied sod; while they set up her memorial shrine in another spot of the Bambrough graveyard, as near to her tomb as they could get. That monument and the grave hard by have been visited, and will long be visited, by pilgrims who revere and cherish the memory of the Longstone maiden and her perilous deed of mercy.

Contemporary Account of the Wreck of the *Jorfarshire*.

The *Newcastle Chronicle* of Saturday, September 15, 1838, gave a long account of the disaster at the Farne Islands. From this account we take following extracts:

It is this week our painful duty to report as melancholy a shipwreck as any we remember on this coast. Intimation of the sad event reached Newcastle on Saturday, and the public interest and anxiety have been most intensely excited the whole of the week by the various contradictory reports which have been in circulation. That we might be enabled, therefore, to obtain as correct an account as possible, we deemed it best to send a special reporter to the spot, and the following is the distressing narrative which he has collected from the survivors at Bambrough and North Sunderland, as well as from persons residing there:—

A number of the deck passengers and some of the crew were left with the wreck of the fore part of the vessel upon the Harkers Rock. Their cries of distress reached the tower of the farthest Farne lighthouse, and Miss Grace Horsley Darling awakened her father, Mr. W. Darling, the keeper of the lighthouse. At daybreak he discovered the wreck, but he could not proceed at first, as he had not sufficient force of hands on the island by any possibility to come back. At length he desisted from some movement that there were living beings on the wreck, when this humane and truly heroic man and equally heroic daughter immediately perilled their lives in a small open coble in a tempestuous sea to save the lives of their fellow-creatures. They succeeded in saving from destruction five of the crew and four of the deck passengers, all that were left alive upon this part of the wreck. They were carried to the Longstone Lighthouse, and for three days and three nights did this meritorious young woman, who had been the saviour of their lives, watch over and administer to the wants of the sufferers, some of whom were severely injured.

Those unacquainted with the tempestuous state of the Farne Islands during a storm will be unable to appreciate the praiseworthy deed of daring performed by Mr. Darling and his daughter, Miss Grace Horsley Darling. By a dangerous and desperate effort, her father was landed on the rock, and the frail coble, to preserve it from being dashed to pieces, was rapidly rowed back among the awful abyss of waters, and kept afloat by the skillfulness and dexterity of this noble-minded young woman. They succeeded in saving the lives of the nine persons, and by the assistance of some of the crew they were enabled to bring the coble and its burthen to the Longstone Island, otherwise return and aid would have been impracticable, from the state of the current.

This perilous achievement stands unexampled in the

feats of female fortitude. From her isolated abode, where there was no solicitation or prospect of reward to stimulate, impelled alone by the pure promptings of humanity, she made her way through desolation and impending destruction, appalling to the stoutest hearts, to save the lives of her fellow-beings. One of the old seamen was moved to tears when he saw a young female of slender appearance perilling her life for their preservation.

William Darling's Narrative.

It will be noticed that there are some discrepancies between our own story of Grace Darling's exploit and the account given in the *Newcastle Chronicle* at the time of the wreck. The newspaper version, however, was based on imperfect and hastily-acquired information. But we are now in a better position than even contemporary writers to understand the exact course of events. The publication of "The Journal of William Darling" places us in possession of facts not otherwise accessible. Before quoting from this record one cannot help calling attention to the simple, unostentatious, almost matter-of-fact manner in which the keeper of the Longstone Lighthouse describes how the survivors of the Forfarshire were "rescued by the Darlings." A feat which soon resounded through the world has no more prominence given to it than an ordinary, everyday occurrence.

First, then, for the entry in William Darling's Journal:—

1838. Melancholy.

Sept. 5.—The steam-boat Forfarshire, 400 tons, sailed from Hull for Dundee on the 6th, at midnight. When off Berwick, her boilers became so leaky as to render her engines useless. Captain Humble then bore away for Shields; blowing strong gale, north, with thick fog. About 4 a.m. on the 7th, the vessel struck the west point of Harker's rock, and in fifteen minutes broke through by the paddle-axle, and drowned 43 persons; nine having previously left in their own boat, and were picked up by a Montrose vessel, and carried to Shields, and nine others held on by the wreck and were rescued by the Darlings. The cargo consisted of superfine cloths, hardware, soap, boiler-plate, and spinning gear.

Forfarshire, further particulars.

The North Sunderland boat got to the wreck about 10 a.m.; and after carrying the body of Rev. Mr. Robb and two children, with some other things, to the high part of the rock, came away, and with some difficulty got into Sunderland Hole, Longstone, and launched their boat over the rocks into safety, there being no possibility of pulling their boat into the haven of Longstone; and had to stop in the old barracks two days and nights, with scant provisions, no beds and no change of clothes.

About the same time, 10 a.m., the fishing smack's boat got to the wreck, and after carrying a quantity of things to the water's edge, two boxes of soap included, owing to the surf could not take them on board; and after being nearly capsized, returned to the vessel with two light hair mattresses. This I had from T. Smith, he being on board.

Wednesday 12th. The wreck was taken possession of by Mr. Sinclair, agent to Lloyd's; and after taking all the loose materials to North Sunderland, the wreck was sold to Mr. Adamson, shipwright, Dundee, for £70.

The Trinity House ordered a special inquiry into the disaster, and William Darling, writing to the secretary of that corporation, furnished a few other particulars. Here is the letter:—

Dear Sir,—In answer to your request of 29 ult., have

to state that on the morning of the 7th September, it blowing gale with rain from the north, my daughter and me being both on the alert before high water scouring things out of doors, one quarter before five my Daughter observed a vessel on the Harker's rock; but owing to the darkness, and spray going over her, could not observe any person on the wreck, although the glass was incessantly applied, until near seven o'clock, when, the tide being fallen, we observed three or four men upon the rock: we agreed that if we could get to them some of them would be able to assist us back, without which we could not return; and having no idea of a possibility of a boat coming from North Sunderland, we immediately launched our boat, and was enabled to gain the rock, where we found eight men and one woman, which I judged rather too many to take at once in the state of weather, therefore took the woman and four men to the Longstone. Two of them returned with me, and succeeded in bringing the remainder, in all nine persons, safely to the Longstone about nine o'clock. Afterwards the boat from North Sunderland arrived and found three lifeless bodies, viz., one man and two children, which they carried to the high rock, and came to the Longstone with great difficulty; and had to lodge in the barracks two days and nights, with scant provisions, no beds, nor clothes to change them with.—Your most obdt. servant,

WM. DARLING.

No mention has been made of the statement that Grace showed more courage and energy in the rescue than her father, and this for the simple reason that there is really no foundation for it. The editor of William Darling's Journal says:—

The fiction of Grace Darling's having heard cries from the Harker's rock (a thing impossible) and rousing her father, may have arisen from some one having confounded the wreck of the Forfarshire with that of the sloop Autumn; but other portions of the popular romancing story of William Darling's deferring to his daughter's entreaties, and so forth, are pure inventions.

Our Illustrations.

The late Robert Watson, artist, of North Shields, spent some time at the Longstone Lighthouse for the purpose of painting a view of the wreck of the Forfarshire. This picture is now in the possession of Mr. Thomas Bell, of



ST. OUTHBEKT'S CHAPEL, INNER FARNHAM.

Pilgrim Street, Newcastle, who has kindly allowed us to make the copy which accompanies the present article. Mr. Watson's picture shows the wreck on the Harkers, Bamborough Castle in the distance, and William Darling and his daughter Grace setting out on their errand of peril and mercy. The portraits in the corners are of course

from other sources. The sketch of the monument to Grace Darling is copied from an engraving. The monument was designed by C. Raymond Smith, of London, and was erected at Bamborough by public subscription in 1844. Having fallen into decay, it was restored in 1885, through the efforts of the late vicar of the parish, the Rev. Arthur Octavius Medd. St. Outhbert's Chapel, of which we also give a sketch, is situated on the principal Farne Island, where services were sometimes held, members of the Darling family attending on those occasions from the Longstone.

Grace Darling's Boat.

The boat in which Grace Darling and her father performed the memorable feat we have described was one of the exhibits at the Newcastle Exhibition in 1887. It is now the property of Mrs. Joicey, of Newton Hall, Northumberland, who acquired it from Grace's brother, George Darling.

Shanky Elwes, Baronet and Informer.

ON the morning of the 27th January, 1888, there died at the Station House, Newtown St. Boswells, near Melrose, Mr. John Elwes, stationmaster. This gentleman was the representative of a very old Yorkshire family, the Helwishes, or Elwesses, of Askham, which had furnished to the service of the State not a few distinguished members, one of whom was Lieutenant of the Tower of London at the time Sir Thomas Overbury was murdered, several having been Aldermen of London, others High Sheriffs of counties, and others again members of Parliament. The most famous member of the family, however, was John Elwes, Esq., of Stoke College, near Clare, in the county of Suffolk, so well known as Elwes the Miser.

The miser having died without issue in November, 1789, the whole of his landed property devolved on his grand-nephew and heir-at-law, John Timms, Esq., who assumed the surname and arms of Hervey-Elwes, and whose grandson now holds the estates. But the heir male of the Elwes family, Sir William Elwes, grandson of the first baronet, Sir Jervase Elwes, inherited the barren title without any adequate means of supporting it. He resided in Lyon Lane, in the village of Isleworth, about nine miles from London; and there he died and was buried, leaving very little behind him for the maintenance of his widow, a foreign lady, Johanna Rachael Bubulia, who was left with three sons, viz., William,

Henry, and Thomas. Of these, the eldest, who succeeded as fourth baronet on his father's demise, died an old bachelor in the same village in 1819, and was succeeded by his nephew, the son of his brother Henry.

The young man who thus became Sir William Henry Elwes, was destined to a very singular career. He was a remarkably handsome man, strongly resembling George the Fourth, both in look and size, but distinguished, like the first King Edward, by having very long legs, which caused him to be nicknamed "Shanky Elwes." Having the misfortune to be an incorrigible spendthrift, he was the plague of his mother's life, and a sore trouble to his friends. His younger brothers were both military men. Of these the elder, Lieutenant Henry John Elwes, of the 7th West India Regiment, died at Nassautown, New Providence, Bahama Islands, in 1807, in his twenty-first year; and the younger, Lieutenant John Raleigh Elwes, of the 71st Highland Light Infantry, survived only twelve days the wounds he received at Waterloo. Our hero, as we may term him, happened to attend a ball given by the officers of the regiment to which his brother John Raleigh belonged, at a sea bathing-place, called *Large*, on the Firth of Clyde; and there he made the acquaintance of a lady named Ann Bannatyne, who was there on a visit. Miss Bannatyne had been brought up with her sister at Mauldrie Castle, near Stonebyres Linn, the seat of the Earl of Hyndford, where Mrs. Nesbit, his lordship's aunt, had seen to the education of the two young ladies. Their father had been a deputy-lieutenant of the county of Lanark, and stood on an intimate footing with the Duke of Hamilton; and his daughters visited some of the best families in Lanarkshire, and were often guests at the house of Robert Owen, of the Lanark Cotton Mills, who afterwards obtained a world-wide celebrity as a benevolent social reformer. The gay but penniless young baronet had the good fortune to captivate one of the sisters, much to the grief of her friends and relatives. The couple were married in haste, and the wife, at least, soon saw reason to repent at leisure.

Many were the commissions obtained for her spendthrift husband, through the mediation of his friends; but these were always forfeited by his running into debt, and being thrown into jail. The marriage was ultimately dissolved; but the poor lady is said to have died in a lunatic asylum. As for Shanky, he found his way to North Shields, where he married a Mrs. Thompson, the mother of three children by another person. Here he became a common informer. He was better known in North Shields and its neighbourhood than the town bellman himself. He used to walk out on the Newcastle road and watch the various stage coaches pass; and if the coachman happened to have taken up more passengers than his vehicle was licensed to carry, he proceeded at once to the Town Hall in Sydney Street, gave information to the supervisor of excise, Mr.

Robert Ridley, and claimed, of course, the usual reward, amounting to half the fine, provided the case were established. He was, as may well be imagined, a terror to hawkers, higglers, hucksters, smugglers, and all such petty shopkeepers as either used short weights or had contraband goods about them. At the same time, though rigidly particular to see that, so far as he could manage matters, the Crown should not be defrauded of its dues, he was quite indifferent to the clamours of such persons as had allowed him to get into their debt, never paying them a farthing if he could possibly help it. In many cases, his dupes quietly accepted the loss, judging it best not to throw away good money after bad; but, in other cases, his irate creditors actually took proceedings against him, which was like trying to take the breeches off a Highlander.

Two of Shanky's tricks have been related by persons who knew him. Once, when confined in Morpeth Gaol for debt, he sent an order to a London firm for an expensive suit of clothes, directing that it should be forwarded to "Sir William Henry Elwes, Bart., Morpeth House." It is not related that the order was ever executed. The other story is this:—Entering a public-house kept by a person named Haswell, he displayed his customary politeness to some purpose. "Good morning, Mr. Haswell," said he. "Would you be kind enough to give me a glass of brandy?" "Certainly, Sir William," said the landlord, as he placed a glass of spirits on the counter. The baronet drained the glass and was retiring to the street. "But you have forgotten to pay," cried the landlord. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Haswell," was the reply: "I asked you to give me a glass of brandy. Good morning, sir!"

The scapegrace, whose house in North Shields was adorned with a brass plate bearing the inscription "Sir William Elwes," ended his earthly career in that town on the 8th of February, 1852, at the age of 68.

Mrs. Thompson's son became known in later times by the nickname of his stepfather. This poor fellow was an eccentric character, though he earned a livelihood by teaching French and Latin. He appeared, we are told, to avoid intercourse with those around him, and at times he was followed by a juvenile crowd shouting "Shanky Els!"

Shanky's own son Henry, after the death of his mother, was often glad to earn a morsel of bread by carrying coals; and at the age of fourteen, finding that he was absolutely without a home, he bound himself to a collier. But the coarseness of his companions on board ship, so different from the refinement of his affectionate mother, gave him a distaste to this kind of life, which he soon abandoned. While his father was lodged in Morpeth Gaol for debt, in 1826, Henry paid him a visit. This led to his taking a situation as under boots at the Queen's Head Inn, Bridge Street, Morpeth, then kept by Mrs. Mary Sutherland;

and in that service he continued for several years, only quitting it to become head waiter at Wood's Cottage, where he remained for four years, after which, the head waiter at the Queen's Head having died, he returned in that capacity to his earlier situation. At the age of twenty-one he married a respectable young woman named Matherson, and by her had a large family, all of whom he brought up in a way that reflected upon him the highest credit.

But the railway era, which was disastrous to so many grand old inns and posting houses on the Great North Road, naturally caused the inn at Morpeth to lose its attractions for travellers; and Henry Elwes, finding that his services were no longer wanted there, applied for and obtained the situation of stationmaster at Longhirst, on the Newcastle and Berwick, now the North-Eastern Railway. The postmaster in the village of Long Horsley having died soon after, influence was used in his favour to procure for him the vacant office, which was at once obtained through Sir George Grey, then Home Secretary. The following is the memorial in his behalf which was forwarded to head-quarters by the gentlemen who got it up spontaneously:—"Henry Elwes, the son and heir of the late Sir William Elwes, Bart., was known to us when waiter at an inn in Morpeth, in which capacity he conducted himself, as we believe, with great propriety during many years. He has a wife and six young children; but from the reverses his family have met with, and the total alienation of their property, once very considerable, he has no resources, and no friends and connexions of his own who would assist him. As he has always borne a good character, and we believe him to be a person of great respectability, we beg to recommend him for some situation which may enable him to earn a maintenance for his family, and afford him the means of educating his children." This document was signed by Francis R. Grey, Rector of Morpeth; William Lawson, Longhirst; Andrew Robert Fenwick, J.P., Netherton; Robert Green, Vicar of Long Horsley; John Fred. Bigge, Vicar of Stamfordham; M. W. Bigge, Lieut.-Colonel Northumberland Militia; and C. W. Orde, J.P., Nunnykirk, Morpeth. In addition to the office of postmaster, Mr. Elwes was likewise parish overseer, and kept a house of public entertainment in the village—the Shoulder of Mutton—where he gained the good opinion of every person who was brought into contact with him. Mr. Elwes left Long Horsley about 1861 or '62, and became host of an inn at Warkworth, where also he gained the respect and esteem of his neighbours.

Of his sons, the eldest, John, became first a time-keeper on the Dumfries and Castle Douglas Railway, then a porter at the Central Station, Newcastle, afterwards a clerk on the Border Counties Railway, and died, as we have already stated, in January, 1888, at St. Boswell's, where he held the position of stationmaster; the second, Henry Thomas, served his articles as civil en-

gineer with Mr. Thomas Fenwick, borough surveyor of North Shields, and died many years ago; and the third, Robert, is a respectable draper in North Shields.

John Scott and Bessie Surtees



ANDHILL was the scene of one of the most interesting incidents in the history of Newcastle—the elopement of John Scott with Bessie Surtees.

The old house to the left of our engraving—that over which stands the name of James D. Hedley (p. 272)—was the house of Aubone Surtees, banker. Outside its walls, on the night of November 18, 1774, a young man stood expectant, and possibly as full of romance, for the time being, as any Spanish troubadour of them all. He waited for the lady of his love, whose acquaintance he had first made in the quiet village of Sedgefield. The acquaintance ripened into friendship, and so into love; and the end of it was that, on this eventful night, Bessie Surtees had consented to elope with her sweetheart, and leave her father to digest the fact at his leisure. Scott had, as perhaps he would have been apt to say himself, “a friend in court” in the person of an apprentice named Wilkinson, in the service of Snow Clayton, a clothier, whose premises were below the banker’s house. With the assistance of Mr. Clayton’s apprentice, a ladder was provided. True to her appointment, the loving lass descended through the casement. Off went the pair to Scotland as fast as post-horses could carry them; and there, the next morning, they were married at Black Shields, “and lived happy ever after,” as the story-books say. On their return a few days later, Mr. William Scott, the father, who was a respectable merchant and coalfitter, received his son and daughter-in-law kindly; but the displeasure of the stately Surtees was not “entirely obliterated for the next two years and a half,” though in a few days he “was induced to extend to the delinquents an ostensible forgiveness.” The fair Bessie ran away from a fine house, as Dr. Bruce shall show us:—“The sides of the principal apartment are covered with oak panelling. The wood carving around the fireplace is very elaborate and in excellent taste. Fortunately, we are at no loss as to the name of the builder of the mansion or the date of its erection. On the left of the fire-place are the initials A. C., and on the right T. D., giving us the names of Thomas Davidson and his wife Anne Cox. The arms of the Cox and the Davidson family are above each cypher. The date carved upon the mantelpiece is 1637. Immediately contiguous to this apartment is the one from which Miss Surtees, in a moment of terrible indiscretion, descended.”

This marriage interfered with Scott’s prospects in life. His first schoolmaster was the Rev. Hugh Moses, one of

the best heads the Newcastle Grammar School ever had. “See what John Scott has done,” was often the cry in later years of this excellent pedagogue to his pupils; and it is pleasant note that in after life the clever pupil did not forget his old tutor, appointing him to be his chaplain, pressing upon him, unavailingly, other preferences, and presenting his two sons to good Crown livings. From the Grammar School Scott went to Oxford, there to study for the Church. The future Chancellor was very nearly “flooded” at first starting, to use the undergraduates’ word. Before he could be entered at college, it was necessary that he should exhibit a little knowledge of Hebrew. Scott knew naught of the kind. He was in a state of blank (but just then unhappy) ignorance of the language in all its roots and branches. Fortunately, he was able to define Golgotha as “the place of a skull,” and the good-natured examiner passed him without more ado. By his marriage, Scott had barred the Church against him: so he turned to the study of the law. Soon after being called to the bar, he expressed his intention of settling in his native town; for he had been born on June 4, 1751, in Love Lane, the furthestmost chare from the Sandhill, on the Quayside. A leading attorney of Newcastle, Heron by name, dissuaded him from this idea. “Only go,” said he, “and I’ll give you a guinea now, on condition that you give me a thousand when you’re Chancellor.” Scott took the advice, and the guinea, too; but the latter proceeding scandalised his brother William, afterwards Lord Stowell, who was also present. “Jack, you’re robbing Heron of his guinea,” said he; and the hint was taken. The shrewd attorney lost his thousand, though!

The young lawyer and his bride had a hard struggle of it in early life, despite Mr. William Scott’s present of £2,000 to his son on his marriage, and his legacy of another £1,000 some four years later. “Bessie and I,” wrote the successful pleader in after life, “thought all our troubles were over; business was to pour in, and we were to be almost rich immediately. So I made a bargain with her that, during the following year, all the money I should receive in the first eleven months should be mine, and whatever I should get in the twelfth month should be hers. What a stingy dog I must have been to make such a bargain! I would not have done so afterwards. But, however, so it was; that was our agreement, and how do you think it turned out? In the twelfth month I received half-a-guinea; eightpence went for fees, and Bessie got nine shillings. In the eleven months I got not one shilling.”

But when Scott did get his chance, he made the best of it. Let us see what his “Life” tells us on this point. A Mr. Farrer put this question to him after he had been elevated to the peerage as Earl of Eldon: “Might I ask you, Lord Eldon, whether Ackroyd v. Smithson was not the first cause in which

you distinguished yourself?" The answer ran as follows: "Did I ever tell you the history of that case? Come, help yourself to a glass of Newcastle port, and give me a little. You must know that the testator in that cause had directed his real estates to be sold, and after paying his debts and funeral and testamentary expenses, the residue of the money to be divided into fifteen parts, which he gave to fifteen persons named in his will. One of these persons died in the testator's lifetime. A

bill was filed by the next of kin, claiming, among things, the lapsed share. A brief was given me to consent for the heir-at-law, upon the hearing of the cause. I had nothing then to do but to pore over this brief. I went through all the cases in the books, and satisfied myself that the lapsed share was to be considered as real estate, and belonged to my client, the heir-at-law. The case came on at the Rolls, before Sir Thomas Sewell. I told the solicitor who sent me the brief that I should consent for

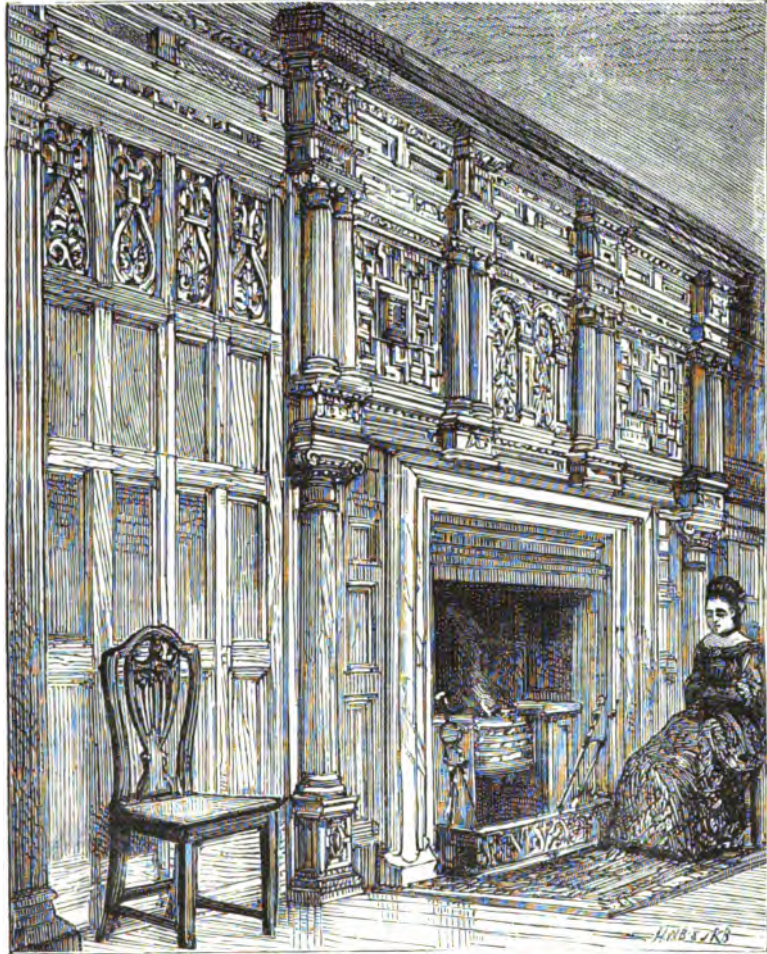


SURTEES'S HOUSE, SANDHILL, 1887.

the heir-at-law so far as regarded the due execution of the will, but that I must support the title of the heir to the one fifteenth which had lapsed. Accordingly, I did argue it, and went through all the authorities. When Sir Thomas Sewell went out of Court, he asked the registrar who that young man was. The registrar told him it was Mr. Scott. 'He has argued very well,' said Sir Thomas Sewell, 'but cannot agree with him.' This the registrar told me. He decided against my client. You see the lucky thing was, there being two other parties, and the disappointed one not being content, there was an appeal to Lord Thurlow. In the meantime, they had written to Mr. Johnstone, Recorder of York, guardian to the young heir-at-law, and a clever man; but his answer was, 'Do not send good money after bad; let Mr. Scott have a guinea to give consent, and, if he will argue, why, let him do so, but give him no more.' So I went into court, and when Lord Thurlow asked who was to appear for the heir-at-law, I rose and said modestly that I was; and as I could not but think (with much deference to the Master of the Rolls, for I might be wrong) that my client had the right to the property, if his lordship would give me leave, I would argue it. It was rather arduous for me to rise against all the eminent counsel. Well, Thurlow took three days to consider, and then delivered his judgment in accordance with my speech; and that speech is in print, and has decided all similar cases ever since." Such was John Scott's first stepping-stone on the road which led to fortune.

But this was in London. On the Northern Circuit, Scott was first brought into notice by breaking all the ten commandments at once! He was not ashamed of himself either. Again let him tell his own story. "I'll tell you how it was. I was counsel in a cause the fate of which depended on our being able to make out who was the founder of an ancient chapel in the neighbourhood. I went to view it. There was nothing to be observed which gave any indication of its date or his-

tory. However, I observed that the ten commandments were written on some plaster, which, from its position, I conjectured might cover an arch. Acting on this, I bribed the clerk with five shillings to allow me to chip away part of the plaster; and after two or three attempts, I found the keystone of an arch, on which were engraved the arms of one of the parties. This evidence decided the cause, and I ever afterwards had reason to remember, with some satisfaction, my having on that occasion broken the ten commandments."



FIREPLACE: AUBONE SURTEES'S HOUSE.

Once started, Scott's progress was rapid enough, and he became in time a king's counsel; member for Weobly, in Herefordshire, through Lord Weymouth's interest, when he acted with the Pitt party and against Fox; Solicitor-General; Attorney-General, in which capacity he was called upon to prosecute Hardy, Horne Tooke, and other members of the Corresponding Society; Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, with the title of Baron

Eldon of Eldon, in the County of Durham; and (twice) Lord High Chancellor. In 1821 he was created an earl.

George III. was fond of teasing his Chancellor in his homely way now and again. Once the king was standing between Eldon and Manners Sutton, the Archbishop of Canterbury. "I am now," said he gravely, "in a position which probably no European king ever occupied before." Eldon did not, or would not, understand. The king went on, in the same grave tone, "I am standing between the head of the Church and the head of the Law in my kingdom—men who ought to be patterns of morality, but who have been guilty of the greatest immorality!" The peers were shocked, and Eldon still "wanted to know, you know." Exploding, the king explained his joke: "Why, my lords, did you not both run away with your wives?" On another occasion, the Chancellor and the Archbishop chanced to be guests at the Royal table. The after-dinner talk touched on runaway love matches, when Eldon remarked: "Well, I had the best of it, for Bessie Surtees was a bonnie lass; but Mrs. Sutton was always a dowdy." The King laughed; the Archbishop held his peace.

One more story, and we leave our Chancellor. He so seldom found time to visit his estate at Eldon that he was but little known in the neighbourhood. On one of his visits, whilst walking over his grounds, he came in contact with one of his own gamekeepers. He looked at the keeper, and the keeper looked at him. It would seem that the survey was not satisfactory to the latter, who brusquely demanded the stranger's name. The earl was not willing to give it. "I tell you," then, said the keeper, with much emphasis, "you shall not pass, even if you were Old Bags himself." "Well, then," rejoined Eldon, quietly, "I am Old Bags himself, if that will satisfy you." Tableau!

An Old Soldier.

CHARLES McINTOSH, who has long been a familiar figure in Sunderland, was born on 22nd of March, 1793, at Meerut, in India, where the 71st Highland Light Infantry was at that time quartered. He was "a child of the regiment," for his father was a private in the ranks, having been drafted from the Inverness Militia into the 71st at its embodiment on Glasgow Green. This waif and stray of the barrack yard was often packed away with his mother on the baggage waggon. So soon as he was able he became a drummer-boy in the regiment. He was with his father's regiment in India up to the settlement of the Mahratta difficulty. At the age of 13 years, he landed with the 71st at the Cape of Good Hope, which was captured by the expedition under Baird and Popham. No sooner had

the 71st arrived home than it was placed under orders to join the expedition which Wellington led to the Peninsula in 1808. This now famous regiment, incorporated with the historical Light Brigade, took part in the first brush with the enemy after landing at Mondego—called the battle of Roleia. During the terrific conflict at Vimiera the regiment was closely engaged in a hand-to-hand fight. Wellington was afterwards superseded, much to the regret of the soldiers. The Light Brigade was then incorporated with Sir John Moore's force. A memorable episode of its career was that disastrous retreat of the British army over the snow-covered mountains



of Galicia to Corunna. The remnants of the army were severely handled in the hot and sanguinary battle which was fought close to the walls of the seaport. In this engagement, the drummer-boy (McIntosh) was wounded on the inside of his left thigh by a spent ball. Through loss of blood, he fell among the dead and wounded which thickly strewed the ground. After recovering his senses, he found himself face to face with a wounded French officer, who levelled a horse pistol at

him; but the agile drummer-boy quietly drew his dirk from his stocking, and thus saved his life. Wellington again resumed command, and then followed that glorious list of engagements that ended at Toulouse. Happily the "little peace," as it was termed, gave Europe a welcome rest from the toils of warfare. Charles McIntosh, with his father, had served with the 71st Regiment throughout the five years of incessant campaigning which preceded it. On the re-organization of the regiment, his father left the service, and claimed also his son's discharge, he being then 21 years of age. The family settled in Glasgow, where Charlie learned the trade of a hatter, working as a journeyman both in that city and at Perth. The military instinct was, however, not extinguished, so in 1828 he took "the king's shilling," and enlisted in the 79th Highlanders. With this corps he embarked for British North America. Whilst serving in Canada in 1831, he was struck by lightning, and suffered severely from the shock. After quitting the regimental hospital, he was sent home to the depôt, and as the result of an examination he was discharged with a pension of 6d. per day to continue for eighteen months, on the understanding that he would submit himself to the medical officer of the garrison at the expiration of that period. At the second examination he was found unfit for further service, and his pension of 6d. per day was continued. McIntosh became once more a civilian, and followed his former trade as a journeyman hatter with Mr. Samuel Turner, Hyde Lane, Cheshire. In 1848, the Chartist movement was in full swing, and McIntosh joined it. Many Chartists, accused of seditious practices, were brought before the magistrates, McIntosh among the rest. Finding on the Bench his former master, he appealed to him for a good word, requesting also that the magistrates should write to the officers of the 79th Regiment touching his character and pension. An excellent record was returned from the 79th Regiment, and McIntosh was discharged from custody. But from that day to this, he says, he has never received his pension. Major Sladden, of Sunderland, has kindly endeavoured to get the pension restored, but the loss of McIntosh's regimental pocket ledger, containing his discharge, which he left at the Military Hospital, Forepit, near Stroud, has, with other discrepancies, prevented him from succeeding. Familiar to every inhabitant of Sunderland is the fine military figure of "Old Charley," who for many years past has perambulated the streets with his little satchel of fancy wares. Calling at the principal public and private offices and banks of the town, he has become a general favourite through his pleasant manners and clean and tidy appearance. Up to last October, he was out daily, winter and summer, wet or dry. Having missed him from the streets, I felt there must be some urgent reason for his absence. I found he was ill, and confined to bed, without any means of livelihood. An appeal was, therefore, made to the public, through the kindness of

the Editor of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, the result being the establishment of a fund from which he has received sums varying from ten to twenty shillings per week, which fund has been largely supplemented from other sources. It is sincerely hoped that the "old soldier" will still be kindly remembered, until he answers the last call.
J. G. B.

John Leyden, M.A.



WHEN, about the beginning of this century, Walter Scott was busy collecting the materials of the "Border Minstrelsy," he made the acquaintance of a youth of kindred spirit with his own—John Leyden—who entered into the work with the utmost enthusiasm, and contributed more, perhaps, than any other assistant to form the first two volumes of the "Minstrelsy," contributing to them, as he did, the spirited legendary ballads of "Lord Soulia," "The Coot of Keilder," "The Mermaid," and several odes, besides furnishing Scott with many traditions, quotations, and miscellaneous hints to enrich the notes and dissertations which gave the work its special value.

Leyden was born on the 5th day of September, 1775, at Denholm, a village on the banks of the Teviot, in the parish of Cavers and the county of Roxburgh, a few miles below Hawick. The family soon afterwards removed to Henlawshiel, a lonely cottage, about three miles from Denholm, on the farm of Nether Tofts, on the estate of Douglas of Cavers. The cottage was situated in a wild pastoral spot near the foot of Ruberslaw, an isolated mountain, conspicuous for many miles round, on which the author of the "Seasons," James Thomson, is said to have conceived, during a snowstorm, the idea of writing his "Winter."

In this secluded place, John Leyden had no other companions than the members of the family circle; and he was ten years of age before he had an opportunity of attending a public school. He was taught to read by his grandmother, who, after her husband's death, resided with her son, and who found her affectionate care and labour amply repaid by the rapid progress which her grandson made, that insatiable desire for knowledge, which afterwards formed so remarkable a feature in his character, having already begun to show itself. One or two popular works on Scottish history, which he found on his father's book shelves, such as "Blind Harry's History of Wallace," "The Scots Worthies," and Wodrow's "History of the Sufferings of the Presbyterian Church," he devoured with avidity, and so became thoroughly imbued with patriotic enthusiasm, which was intensified by listening, in the long winter evenings, to the recital of the spirit-

stirring songs and legends of the once warlike district of Teviotdale.

Sir Walter Scott, in his memoir of Leyden, first published in the "Edinburgh Annual Register" for 1811, tells the following anecdote, illustrative of his youthful appetite for knowledge:—"A companion had met with an odd volume of the 'Arabian Nights Entertainments,' and gave an account of its contents which excited the curiosity of young Leyden. This precious book was in the possession of a blacksmith's apprentice, who lived at several miles distance, and the season was winter. Leyden, however, waded through the snow, to present himself by daybreak at the forge door, and request a perusal of this interesting book in presence of the owner, for an unlimited loan was scarcely to be hoped for. He



John Leyden. M.D.

was disappointed, being obliged to follow the blacksmith to a still greater distance, where he was employed on some temporary job, and when he found him, the son of Vulcan, with caprice worthy of a modern collector, was not disposed to impart his treasure, and put him off with some apology. Leyden remained stationary beside him the whole day, till the lad, softened or wearied out by his pertinacity, actually made him a present of the volume, and he returned home by sunset, exhausted by hunger and fatigue, but in triumphant possession of a treasure for which he would have subjected himself to yet greater privations. This childish history took place when he was about eleven years old: nor is there any great violence in conjecturing that these fascinating tales, obtained with so much difficulty, may have given his youthful mind that decided turn towards Oriental learning which was displayed through his whole life, and illustrated by his regretted and too early decease."

When he was about ten years old, Leyden was sent to the parochial school at Denholm, where he was taught the rudiments of Latin and Greek, arithmetic, mensuration, &c., by several successive masters. The village being at too great a distance for the lad to walk to and from it every day, his father proposed to buy him an ass to carry him thither. The Rev. James Morton, in his memoir prefixed to Leyden's "Poetical Remains," tells the following story about this:—"Leyden was unwilling, from the common prejudice against this animal, to encounter the ridicule of his school-fellows, by appearing so ignobly mounted, and would at first have declined the offered accommodation. But no sooner was he informed that the owner of the ass happened to have in his possession a large book in some learned language, which he offered to give him into the bargain, than his reluctance entirely vanished; and he never rested until he had obtained this literary treasure, which was found to be *Calepini Dictionarium Octolingue*."

In the year 1790, Leyden was sent to Edinburgh, with the view of studying for the Church. Being now at the fountain head of knowledge, the youth sought to indemnify himself for former privations by quaffing large draughts. There were, indeed, few branches of study in which he did not make some progress. Besides the learned languages, as they are styled, he acquired French, Spanish, Italian, and German, was familiar with the Icelandic, and studied Hebrew, Arabic, and Persian. He likewise made himself at least superficially acquainted with every branch of science and philosophy included in the college curriculum. He had no regular plan of study, it seeming frequently to be his object to learn just so much of a particular science as should enable him to resume it at any future period when he might feel inclined; and to those who objected to the miscellaneous, or occasionally the superficial, nature of his studies, he used to answer with his favourite interjection, "Dash it, man, never mind; if you have the scaffolding ready, you can run up the masonry when you please."

The vacations which Leyden spent at home were employed in arranging, methodising, and enlarging the information which he had acquired during his winter's attendance at college. His father's cottage affording him little opportunity for quiet and seclusion, he was obliged to look out for accommodation abroad, and some of his places of retreat were sufficiently extraordinary. In a wild recess, in the den or glen which gives name to the village of Denholm, he contrived a sort of furnace for the purpose of such chemical experiments as he was able to perform; but his chief place of retirement was the small parish church of Cavers, a gloomy and ancient building, generally believed in the neighbourhood to be haunted by witches and ghosts, and usually locked during week days to hinder the minister's horse and sheep from defiling the interior. To this chosen place of study, Leyden made entrance through one of the windows, and

there he used to sit reading for hours every day, depositing his books and specimens, when he left for home, in a retired pew which was seldom or never occupied on Sundays, there being always room enough and to spare for the scanty congregation.

After five or six sessions spent at Edinburgh University, the recommendation of one of the professors procured Leyden, in 1796, the situation of private tutor to the sons of a gentleman named Campbell, whose studies he conducted for two or three years, while he had the privilege of attending, in their company, the University of St. Andrews during the winter. There he took full advantage of the valuable reference libraries belonging to the college, and had the advantage of the acquaintance of several learned men who resided in and near that once metropolitan town. Here also the renown of Mungo Park, and his own enthusiastic attachment to all researches connected with Oriental learning, turned his thoughts towards the history of Africa, in which he found much to enchant his imagination; and he plunged into the study with all the ardour of his romantic nature, and devoured eagerly everything he could find in print relative to the Dark Continent. He gave the public the fruit of his researches in 1799, in a small volume, entitled, "A Historical and Philosophical Sketch of the Discoveries and Settlements of the Europeans in Northern and Western Africa." This work is written on the plan of Raynal's celebrated history; and, as it contains a clear and lively abridgment of the information afforded by travellers whose works are of rare occurrence, it was favourably received by the public. He proposed to extend it to four volumes, and had made great preparations for doing so, when the design was interrupted by an unforeseen event which determined his whole future life. But both his original work and his manuscript fragments were afterwards skilfully incorporated by his friend Hugh Murray, in two volumes, bearing the same title, published in 1817.

On Leyden's return to Edinburgh from St. Andrews, he resided with his pupils in the family of Mr. Campbell, where he was treated with great respect. His hours, excepting those of tuition, were at his own uncontrolled disposal, and such of his friends as chose to visit him at Mr. Campbell's were sure of a hospitable reception. Among the distinguished friends whom he now acquired were Henry Mackenzie, author of "The Man of Feeling," Richard Heber the antiquary, the Rev. Sydney Smith, Archibald Constable the publisher, Lord Woodhouselee, "Monk" Lewis, George Ellis, and Mr. (afterwards Sir) Walter Scott. Being naturally of a poetical turn, he was early led to express his feelings in verse; and before he visited St. Andrews, and while residing there, he had composed numerous pieces in almost every style and stanza which the English language affords, including poetical translations from the Greek Anthology, the Norse, the

Hebrew, the Arabic, the Syriac, the Persian, and so forth, indicating real genius and a quite uncommon degree of learning. Most of these pieces first appeared anonymously in periodical publications, and the greater part of them were collected after his death and published in 1819, with a memoir of his life, by his friend and relative, the Rev. James Morton.

In 1800, he was ordained as a minister in the Established Church of Scotland; but he never obtained any popularity as a preacher. Finding that he was not likely to succeed in that profession, unless presented with a living by some of his noble patrons, who would willingly have done so, he applied himself to the study of medicine, and, actuated by his eager desire of travelling, and of extending the bounds of literary and geographical knowledge, especially in Africa or the East, he applied for and obtained an appointment as assistant-surgeon in the East India Company's service, it being understood that this medical character was only assumed to bring him within the compass of the patronage of an appreciative friend, Mr. Dundas, who had a seat at the Board of Control, and that his talents should be employed in India in investigating the history and languages of the several native tribes.

Before setting out he put the last hand to a poem—"The Scenes of Infancy"—in which he has interwoven his own early feelings and recollections with the description and traditional history of his native vale of Teviot. This poem was published on the eve of his leaving Britain, and has been frequently republished since.

Leyden arrived at Madras in 1803, and immediately directed his attention to the study of the Eastern languages. In addition to Sanscrit, Arabic, Persian, and Hindustani, he made himself master of several of the Dravidian tongues, including the Tamul, Telinga, Canarese, Malayala, and Singhaliese. He also obtained an extensive knowledge of the Malay and other kindred tongues, during a stay he made in Pulo Penang, for the sake of his health, which had given way. The results of his investigations into the origin and descent of the various tribes that inhabit the Malay Peninsula and the islands of Sumatra and Java, and a comparison of their languages and customs, appeared in sundry volumes of the "Asiatic Researches."

In 1806, Leyden proceeded to Calcutta, where he was promoted from the office of surgeon to the professorship of Hindustani in Fort William College, and shortly afterwards to the office of judge in the Twenty-Four Pargunnahs of Calcutta. In 1809 he was appointed one of the Commissioners of the Court of Requests in Calcutta, and in the following year to the still more profitable situation of Assay-Master at the Calcutta Mint. In 1811 he accompanied Lord Minto in the expedition against Java. No sooner had the invaders got possession of Batavia than Leyden, in his haste to examine a library, or rather a warehouse of books, in which many Indian manuscripts

of value were said to be deposited, entered an apartment that had not been regularly ventilated, the consequence of which was that he caught a violent fever, which carried him off in the course of three days. He died on the 28th of August, 1811, which was the eve of the battle which gave Java for a few years to the British Empire. He had not quite completed his thirty-sixth year, his brilliant career being thus prematurely cut short, at the moment when, through the success of the British arms, every avenue of new and interesting discovery was opened to his penetrating research.

His mortal remains lie about thirty yards from the main gateway of the Tannah Abang Cemetery, near Batavia, under, as we learn from an article copied from the *Hawick Express into Notes and Queries*, "a plain, horizontal mass of stonework, with rounded corners, raised about three feet from the ground, and having tablets embedded in its surface." These tablets contain a long inscription testifying to Dr. Leyden's superior talents and accomplishments, his ardent spirit and insatiable thirst after knowledge, and the spotless purity of his principles. Most unaccountably he is here designated as "John Caspar Leyden," although nowhere else, either in his native place, among his own relatives, or in the numerous biographical notices of his life, is there a single instance of his name being given otherwise than as plain John Leyden.

One of the handiest editions of Leyden's "Poems and Ballads" is that edited by the late Mr. Robert White, of Newcastle, which was published in 1859 by Messrs. Rutherford, of Kelso. The portrait which illustrates this very imperfect notice of the man who ranks next after Scott and Hogg as a Scottish Border bard is copied from a pencil drawing which Mr. White presented many years ago to the present writer, who was personally acquainted with Dr. Leyden's brother and sisters.

WILLIAM BROOKIE.

An Old Newcastle Physician.

DAVID BLAIR WHITE first came to Newcastle a very young man. Shortly after settling in the town he made the acquaintance of Mr. Armorer Donkin, who took a kindly interest in the young doctor, introduced him to his friends, invited him to his dinner parties, and so forth. In 1831-2 Newcastle and Gateshead were visited by an epidemic of Asiatic cholera, the first case (which proved fatal) occurring in Sandgate, the poor victim dying after 28 hours' suffering. Dr. White set himself with ardour to cope with this terrible pest, and, without fee or reward in most cases, he laboured most zealously, both in Newcastle and the sister borough, for the relief of the plague-stricken. This brought the young physician

prominently into notice, and his reputation was enhanced by an able pamphlet which he wrote on the dreadful visitation, and which he was induced to publish by his friend, the then Rector of Gateshead, the Rev. John Collinson.

Dr. White's valuable time and services were as much at the disposal of the poor as of the rich; for, besides being for many years senior physician to the Newcastle Infirmary, he was also physician to the Gateshead Dispensary from its foundation to his death. He listened as attentively and advised as carefully as to the ailments of a poor man at these places as at the bedside of a wealthy patient. The doctor was never married, and lived during the greater part of his career in Portland Place, New Bridge Street. His big, burly, and commanding figure must still be remembered by the older citizens of Newcastle. Dr. White's manner was



brusque, almost harsh at times, with those who consulted him on imaginary or exaggerated ailments, but most sympathising and kind with genuine cases of suffering. A man called upon him on one occasion, believing that he had heart disease. "What are you?" inquired the doctor, gruffly. "A smith, sir," was the reply, "but I've not worked for some months." "Oh!" said Dr. White, "then how have you lived?" "Well, I'm in clubs and benefit societies." "Do you mean to tell me, sir, that you have been living on your fellow-workmen all this time? You must be a mean scoundrel! Get out of my house, sir." And he escorted him to the door. Of course, the man

had not heart disease, and that was the doctor's rather harsh way of telling him so. He had no "fads" or specialities, and disliked anything out of the old-fashioned school of medical practice, which makes it the more remarkable that he should ever have given his attention to maritime matters.

Dr. White brought out, however, and patented an improved method for ballasting ships by means of water—Dr. White's water-ballast, it was called. The first vessel fitted with the new invention was one of Clarke and Dunn's old wooden colliers. Captain Blackett, who commanded the collier, pronounced it to be a very great success. Blackett was a capital sailor, one of the old school of Tyne seamen, and an honest, upright man. His ship was wrecked when on a voyage to London during a heavy gale. When she was foundering, and the crew had taken to the boats, the captain refused to leave, and he had to be forcibly dragged away. He was terribly cast down by this event. The kindly doctor, however, did not forget the old seaman, but went and consoled him, and left him with substantial tokens of his interest. Poor Blackett! He and his son were drowned together, just off Tynemouth bar, a few years after this event.

Some time before his death, Dr. White had removed to Eldon Square. There he died on the 15th March, 1868, aged 68 years. He was buried in Jesmond Cemetery, and his funeral was attended by many of the leading citizens of Newcastle; but his chief mourners were to be found amongst the poorest class. For upwards of forty years he had practised in Newcastle as a physician, and we can truly say that he never took a fee if he had reason to believe that his patient could ill afford it. W. W. W.

County Palatine of Durham.

THREE counties—viz., Durham, Chester, and Lancaster—are counties palatine. The two former are such by prescription or immemorial custom, or at least as old as the Norman Conquest; the latter was created a county palatine by King Edward III. in favour of Henry Plantagenet, first Earl, and afterwards Duke, of Lancaster, whose heiress was married to John of Gaunt, the king's son.

Counties palatine are so called, because the owners thereof—the Bishop of Durham, the Earl of Chester, and the Duke of Lancaster—had formerly in those counties *jura regalia* as fully as the king in his palace. They might pardon treasons, murders, and felonies; they appointed all judges and justices of the peace: all writs and indictments ran in their names, as in other counties in the king's. These palatine privileges, so similar to the independent regal jurisdiction usurped by the great barons on the Continent during the weak and infant state of the first great feudal kingdoms in Europe, were

in all probability originally granted to the counties of Durham and Chester, because they bordered upon inimical countries, Scotland and Wales, in order that the inhabitants, having justice administered at home, might not be obliged to go out of the county and leave it open to the enemy's incursions, and that the owners, being encouraged by so large an authority, might be more watchful in its defence.

In the reign of Henry VIII. the powers before mentioned of owners of counties palatine were abridged, the reason for their continuance having in a manner ceased; and in modern times alterations have taken place in regard to the administration of justice in the counties palatine which have assimilated them in that manner with the rest of England. In 1836 the palatine jurisdiction of Durham, which was so long vested in the Bishop of Durham for the time being, was taken from him and vested as a separate franchise and royalty in the Crown.

The Chancery Courts of Durham and Lancaster are the only vestiges now remaining of the once powerful jurisdiction exercised in those counties, and the inhabitants have still the privilege of having their Chancery actions tried in their own courts. Each of these courts has its own chancellor and staff of officers, the same as the London Courts, and the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster is generally a Cabinet Minister.

The only peculiarity now existing in connection with the Durham Court of Chancery is that all appeals from the Chancellor's decision go direct to the House of Lords, and not to the Court of Appeal, as is the case with respect to London Chancery actions, thus very considerably lessening the cost of local disputes as compared with those tried elsewhere.

ANDREW FAIRSERVICE, Sunderland.

Old Bishopwearmouth.

THE accompanying sketch (for which we are greatly indebted to Mr. J. G. Brown, of Sunderland) is from an old painting purporting to represent "the delightful vill of South Wearmouth," as it appeared some seventy or eighty years ago. The painting was copied by a working painter named Richardson from an original picture by Thomas Milton, who was resident engineer of the River Wear Commissioners from 1817 to 1831. Mr. Milton was a clever artist, and painted other works besides the one we reproduce—Lambton Castle, Croft Bridge, &c.

Mr. Milton's picture must have been executed subsequent to 1807, as Bishopwearmouth Church, which was rebuilt in that year, is represented precisely as it now appears. The old church which it superseded, and on the site of which it stands, is said to have existed ever since the days of Athelstan, the first who called himself "King of the Eng-

lish," and who, on an expedition against Constantine, King of Scots, about the year 930, visited the shrine of St. Michael, on which occasion he restored to the church the ancient possessions of which it had been unjustly deprived, granted to it additional lands, and confirmed to it all its ancient privileges. By the end of last century the old church had become "so ruinous and uncomfortable" that it was determined to take it down; and the present edifice was raised upon its foundation, partly at the expense of the pewholders, and partly at that of the parish. The only part of the old church left was a portion of the chancel end. While the new church was being built, the bell was hung upon an adjoining tree, and divine service was held in a temporary structure.

been completely arched over, both where the road crossed it and for a good way further up; and the water is seen rushing down the steep bank from the mouth of the archway, through which the boys used to walk, by way of amusement, entering at the upper end and coming out at the lower, where they sometimes pushed each other down the slope into a filthy pool formed by the water at the foot of the fall. The name of Hind's Bridge, still borne by that part of the street, is said to have been derived from a man of that name having occupied or owned some land in the neighbourhood. Most of the gardens which slope down to the Gill have long since been built upon. The whole appearance of the Gill, indeed, has been quite transformed since the time when the coal trimmers could



Old Bishopscarmouth from The Gill, 1800.

The old rectory (seen to the left of the sketch) stood on the opposite side of the High Street, in the midst of shrubberies and gardens. A wall towards the north separated the ornamental ground from the extensive Rector's Park, which stretched down towards the river Wear. The only part of the rectory buildings still left is what is said to have been the coach house, which was some time ago used as a slaughter house and joiner's shop. Across the street, nearly opposite, was a flight of steps, now built up, leading to the church, and the bishop, at confirmation times, walked in procession this way from the rectory to the church.

In the foreground of the picture we have the rocky ravine known as Galley's Gill, which was a very solitary place less than a century since, traversed by a rivulet commonly called the Howle-Eile Burn, which was arched over when part of the Gill was converted into a cemetery. The old Durham road, up which a man is seen driving some sheep, crossed this burn, formerly, by a wooden bridge; but at the date of our view it had

come straight up through it from their labours, and sailors could walk down it to join their ships.

Coldstream: Its Marriages, &c.

COLDSTREAM-ON-TWEED, on what was formerly the chief thoroughfare between Newcastle and Edinburgh, long enjoyed part of that matrimonial trade which was so notorious at Gretna Green. (See page 198.)

Our illustration presents a view of the bridge which crosses the Tweed from Cornhill on the English side to Coldstream on the Scottish side. At the Scottish end of the bridge stands what was a public-house until a few years ago. Previous to the tolls being abolished some seventy years since, this house was the residence of the toll-keeper, and was also used for the per-

formance of marriage between runaway couples (and others) who sought connubial bliss. Thousands of couples availed themselves of this mode of evading the English Marriage Act—which required the consent of parents and guardians, the publication of banns, and the presence of a priest—until the practice was prohibited by Act of Parliament in 1856. The ceremony was simply the declaration of marriage on either side in the presence of the individual who, dubbing himself “priest,” wrote out the “marriage lines,” which were attested by two witnesses. Many old residents of Coldstream could relate interesting anecdotes of some of the “priests,” such as Willie Alexander, Jock Armstrong (who died of cholera in 1848), “Bishop” Ewen, Willie Dixon, and Peter Moodie. Subjoined is a copy of a “certificate” of a marriage performed in 1836:—

These are to certify that John Chambers, Husbandman, from the Broom-house, in the Parish of Chatton, with Mary Walker, from Kelso, in the parish of Kelso, in Roxburghshire, was married by me this Day
As witness to my hand WILLIAM ALEXANDER.
Coldstream, 15th Dec., 1836.

Witnesses Names { MISS DALGLEISH
MISS ARCHER.

The person keeping the chief inn at Coldstream used to show, with some pride, the room in which Lord Chancellor Brougham submitted to hymeneal bonds, in 1819, when he was united to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of Thomas, fourth son of Sir John Eden, Bart., of Windleston, County Durham, niece of the Lords Auckland and Henley, and widow of John Spalding, Esq.

The town was of some importance in those days; but the railway, which does not touch Coldstream, changed

the order of things. Nevertheless, at one time, Coldstream played a conspicuous part in national history, for here it was that General Monk, on the 1st of January, 1660, commenced the march from Scotland to London which was so instrumental in effecting the Restoration of the Stuarts. Monk's army numbered six or seven thousand men, and included, according to tradition, a newly embodied regiment, which afterwards became known as the Coldstream Guards. A house is still pointed out in the town as the head-quarters of the regiment. “Monk,” it is recorded in Guizot's history, “had spent about three weeks at Coldstream, which was a favourable spot for the purpose, as the Tweed was there fordable; but he seems to have found it a dismal place to quarter in. On his first arrival, he could get no provisions for his own dinner, and was obliged to content himself with a quid of tobacco. His chaplains, less easily satisfied, roamed about till they obtained a meal at the house of the Earl of Home, near by.”

The house visited by the chaplains would be The Hirsal, the seat of the Earl of Home, joint-superior of the barony of Coldstream; while in the immediate neighbourhood are Lennel House, belonging to the Earl of Haddington, the other superior; The Lees, the seat of the late Sir John Marjoribanks; and several other stately mansions. The monument shown in our sketch was erected to the memory of Charles Marjoribanks, of Ladykirk, in commemoration of the part he played in the Reform agitation of 1832. The scenery around Coldstream is pleasantly diversified, and in summer the district is much frequented by artists, anglers, and tourists, who love to wander amidst the stirring and romantic scenes of Border history.



VIEW OF COLDSTREAM.

Joseph Lillie Thornton.

THE name of Joseph Lillie Thornton first appears amongst the members who were enrolled at the annual meeting of the Newcastle Mechanics' Institute in 1835. He was then studying medicine under Mr. Frost, the well-known Newcastle surgeon. He soon became an active and useful member of the Mechanics' Institute, and when, by the rules of the institution, he became eligible for office, he was elected to the committee. In 1840, Mr. Thornton gained the annual prize medal, which at this time was an object eagerly competed for amongst the younger members. His essay was on the "Origin,



JOSEPH LILLIE THORNTON.

Progress, and Present State of Maritime Insurance," and the prize was presented by the Rev. William Turner. At the next anniversary of the institution he was awarded another medal for the best essay on the "Advantages of the Study of Natural Philosophy to Manufacturers and Mechanics." Mr. C. W. Bigge presided on this occasion, and complimented Mr. Thornton on his paper.

Mr. Thornton had now become one of the leading members of the Mechanics' Institute, and it was at this time that he formed several of his most enduring friendships, amongst them being that of William Andrew Mitchell, who for so many years was editor of the *Tyne Mercury*. For several years Mr. Mitchell was

one of the secretaries of the Mechanics' Institute, and in 1842 Mr. Thornton was elected his colleague. They continued to hold office together till the death of Mr. Mitchell, which took place in 1846. For ten years longer Mr. Thornton continued to act as secretary, resigning that position, to the general regret of the members, in 1856. In recognition of his services he was unanimously elected an honorary member of the institution.

In the year 1848, the Northern Union of Mechanics Institutes was formed, the success of a similar association in Yorkshire having stimulated this idea. Mr. Thornton was chosen secretary, and that office he continued to hold till his death. In a few months 17 societies had joined the Union, the subscription varying according to the number of members. Many of the more remote and smaller institutions were sadly in want of books, and the kindly secretary placed his own large collection at their service, and thus formed the nucleus of a travelling or itinerating library. This generous example was followed by a number of gentlemen, who made valuable presents of books to the institution. The zeal and untiring industry of Mr. Thornton in behalf of the Northern Union of Mechanics' Institutes were especially exhibited in 1855, when an effort was made to reduce the debt of the association. An exhibition of works of art, mainly of local interest, was opened in the Victoria Rooms, in November of that year, by Earl Grey. It proved a great financial success, and the hard work and anxiety of the secretary were not thrown away, as we believe, the proceeds enabled him to clear off the debt. Mr. John Dobson, the architect, pronounced this exhibition to be the finest collection of works of art ever brought together in Newcastle, with the exception, of course, of the Polytechnic Exhibition of 1848.

Although Mr. Thornton will always be identified with the Northern Union of Mechanics' Institutes, we would be doing injustice to his memory if we did not mention his self-denying and useful labours in a totally different sphere. A terrible outbreak of typhus fever occurred in Newcastle in 1847. As it prevailed mostly at the east end of the town, and amongst the poorer class of Irish, it was called, at the time, the "Irish fever." Mr. Thornton, who was then in business as a chemist and druggist in Nelson Street, was asked to assist Dr. Newton (the father of Alderman Newton) in coping with the terrible epidemic. At this time he was a strong, vigorous young man; but he was taxed far beyond his strength, and hard work, want of rest, and exposure, quite prostrated him, and fever of a most malignant form supervened. The skill and care of the medical faculty, more especially of the eminent physician, Dr. White, ultimately restored him to health. A few weeks after his recovery he married Miss Lily Frost, the daughter of the gentleman under whom he had studied his profession. For his services during the awful epidemic of cholera in 1853,

a silver tea service, purchased by public subscription, was presented to him in December, 1853.

Mr. Thornton, our portrait of whom is taken from a sketch in the possession of his friend Mr. William Lyall, died on January 30, 1859, at the age of forty-five.

Notes and Commentaries.

THE DERWENTWATER "RELICS."

The story of the so-called Countess of Derwentwater would be incomplete without a reference to the suspicious character of some of the relics the lady possessed. There was a sale of these effects in 1870 at the instance of a clergyman who had lent money to the claimant. The *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* of March 8, 1870, referred in its account of the sale to "a set of handsome carving tools"—tools, it was added, with which "the Countess has been accustomed to occupy her leisure." Moreover, it was pointed out as a "curious circumstance" that nearly all the articles of furniture bore inscriptions which were "carved in similar shaped and sized letters, and apparently executed by the same person." Putting these "curious circumstances" alongside the report which was current at the time, that some of the old furniture had been bought by the Countess from curiosity dealers in Newcastle, the inference is obvious that the relics were not Derwentwater relics at all, but simply so much material for supporting a fictitious claim. A.

FOX-HUNTING IN A COAL PIT.

On Monday, Jan. 28, 1766, William Fenwick, Esq., of Bywell, was engaged in fox-hunting near Prudhoe Castle, on the banks of the river Tyne. After some hours' hard chase, Reynard ran for safety into the drift of a coal pit, where the men were at work, the hounds following him. They pursued him for nearly an hour through the workings of the pit from one end to the other, till at last they came up to him just as he was getting out at another drift, and, before he could reach daylight, killed him. The workmen left off working and followed the "diversion," whilst the gentlemen hunters waited with impatience without to see the event. J. S. Y., Hull.

MISS ROCHE AND SIR FRANCIS DELAVAL.

Anything relating to Miss Roche, the actress, will doubtless be of interest to Northumbrians, on account of her connection with the Delavals. The gay Sir Francis Delaval beguiled the beautiful Miss Roche into a marriage which, to her sorrow, a few years later (1750) she discovered was only a mock one, when the faithless Sir Francis married the very wealthy Lady Isabella, widow of Lord Nassau Pawlett (and daughter of the Earl of Thanet), although twenty years her junior.

A touching anecdote is told of Miss Roche in connection

with the trial of the adherents of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, the Pretender. James, the younger son of James Lindsay, the last Laird of Dowhill, was tried for his life, condemned to death, and was actually stepping into the sledge for Tyburn when his reprieve arrived, the pardon having been obtained through the interest of Miss Roche, who had been touched by his extreme youth and graceful person. Lindsay, however, who had prepared himself for his fate, regretted that his life had been spared, and unfortunately his intellect was ever after partially affected.

Miss Roche (whose children took the name of Delaval) had a son, Francis, who became a general in the army, and a daughter, whose daughter, Sarah, was married to a distinguished soldier, possessing lands in Northumberland and Flintshire, and whose family proudly boast their descent from the profligate Sir Francis Delaval.

CUTHBERT HOME TRASLAW, Cornhill-on-Tweed.

* * *

Miss La Roche, the beautiful actress, was daughter of M. La Roche, governor of Martinique. She subsequently married Sir Henry Echlin, an Irish baronet, who dissipated his estate. Her son by Mr. Delaval (afterwards Sir F. B. Delaval, K.B.) was, I believe, at one time in the French service, sometime in the 23rd and 41st Regiments, and in 1776 he volunteered into the Guards in North America. He married Mary Elizabeth, daughter of George Carpenter, of Redbourne House, Herts, who died at Daventree House, Northampton, in 1812, when Major-General Delaval, who was described as of Redbourne House, was commander of his Majesty's forces in Trinidad. She was a near relative of the Countess of Strathmore, ancestress of the present peer. A daughter of General Delaval married, in 1804, Mr. Henry Disney Roebuck, Delaval being at that time an inspecting officer of the South Island district. One of General Delaval's sisters married a Mr. Plura, of Bath. She died in 1826. A daughter of hers married Garret Dillon, M.D., and had issue a son and daughter. . . .

SANDGATE.

The following comments on the article on Sandgate (p. 222) may not be out of place:—

The quotation—"the Scottes to gaynstande"—is from Harding's Chronicle, and refers, not to the building of the town wall in the time of Edward I., but to the supposed building of the Castle by William Rufus.

Sandgate was taken down in 1798; but it ceased to be "the common road to Shields" 22 years before this date, that is, in 1776, when the "New Road" was formed.

A foot-note in Brand, vol. i., p. 17, contains an extract from a survey which makes a clear distinction between Habkyn Tower and Sand Gate.

The Folly was east of Sandgate midding [the English orthography of the word]. The Folly was built by Captain Cuthbert Dykes, and this "uncomplimentary

name" was given to it because Dykes had the hardihood to carry on the building and a costly law-suit for possession of the site at the same time.

Bourne quotes the Milbank MS. ; but no other of our historians has quoted it, except at second-hand.

J. R. B.

WHITTINGHAM FAIR.

On the 24th of August, 1837, I was at this fair, which was attended by young and old for miles round as a day of pleasure. It was looked forward to by us youngsters as the great feast day. Refreshment tents came from Netherton, Alwinton, Harbottle, Snitter, Thropton, Rothbury, Framlington, Glanton, Alnwick, and Eglington. Farmers came seeking harvesters to cut their grain and bunch it, and about 200 boys were there from the Emerald Isle, with their hooks bound round with hay ropes, ready to shear, drink, or fight. At that time, work being slack, tradesmen used to engage in the harvest, and the apprentices of joiners, blacksmiths, and others got a month's harvesting to keep them in pocket money. As to wages, if any of the farmers commenced harvesting before the 24th, the wages were always ruled by what was given at the fair. The cattle fair was held up the lane, and the horse market was in front of the village inn, with old Jack Campbell amongst the dealers.

The amusements consisted of shows, "three sticks a penny," gingerbread sticks, luck in the bag, Jack Shepherd with his wheel of fortune, Dutch Billy and Shanter Jack, with a great host of huckster wives from Alnwick. There being no policemen in those days, Derrick Orman, from Alnwick, kept the peace. The lock-up was the old Tower, where the prisoners were pitched in head over heels, kicking up another row inside.

Fifty years ago, the Hole in the Wall was kept by Thomas Dickinson (late gamekeeper to the late Lord Ravensworth), the sign on his house bearing his "trade mark," a pointer dog.

I may add that Whittingham Fair is a thing of the past; but I was at Whittingham Sports about ten years ago, and the villagers still kept up the riding of the fair. Lord Ravensworth being Lord of the Manor, his bailiff and tenantry joined in the procession. Mr. Ternent read over the proclamation in front of the Castle Inn, where they all dismounted and entered.

R. S. T., Yeldom.

* * *

I also was once at Whittingham Fair, and I think in all my life I never beheld such a rag-tag and bobtail collection of Adam's race.

I joined a squad of the "boys" at East Linton, in Haddingtonshire, and we agreed to tramp on to Whittingham. On our way thither, we passed the Powburn, where we beheld a long range of gipsy tents. Some of the gipsies were feasting, while others were making tin ware and besoms. They gave us a hearty good cheer, which we

kindly acknowledged. We passed through Glanton on our way down to Whittingham, but were stopped by Mr. Stoddart, of Rothill, who engaged the whole squad at £1 per week, with provender. Every man was supplied with a rug and a blanket and a large spoon. I had to exchange my spoon, because it was too large for my mouth. After getting some refreshment at the farmer's expense, the steward took us into a large barn, where we cast lots for berths. We then made our beds with pitchforks, and afterwards took a walk down to the fair. In all my experience I had never seen such a pandemonium. It would take a Dickens or a Lever to pourtray it in its true colours.

As to our bill of fare, we got porridge and milk for breakfast, bread and cheese at 11 o'clock, beef, broth, potatoes, and dumpling for dinner, porridge and "swanky" for supper. Then we retired to our sleeping-room, where we had neither seat nor chamber ware. We performed our ablutions at the pump, and dried ourselves with our rugs. We had singing and story-telling many nights until "the wee, short hour ayont the twal." Two brothers in our squad played the flute and fife, and when the hinds' wives and daughters gathered in at nights the large barn doors were laid on the floor, and there commenced such capering and dancing as would have delighted Neil Gow or Paganini.

When Sunday came, we went to chapel, to Callaly Castle. The priest placed us on the front seat, and the gentry had to take the back seats, an arrangement that reminded me of Dives and Lazarus.

OSCAR, Newcastle.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

A POLICEMAN'S THREAT.

As one of the Salvation Army lasses was going round South Shields begging with her tambourine in her hand, she was accosted by a policeman. "De ye knaa what ye're dein'?" said the man in authority. "Yes, I am begging." Policeman: "De ye knaa as can lock ye up for that?" "Yes, but I am begging for the Lord." "Weel, divvent de it agyen, or as'll lock ye baith up!"

ROBBIE BURNS.

A young lady from the South, on a visit to a friend residing in Newcastle, pointing to a portrait of the famous Ayrshire poet, which was hanging up in one of the rooms, said to her hostess: "There's Robbie Burns!" A maid servant, who happened also to be present, immediately exclaimed: "Whaat, Robbie Borna of Blaydon! de ye knaa him?"

APOLLOS.

A Newcastle clergyman was recently preaching from the words—"Paul may plant and Apollos may water, but God giveth the increase." Frequent mention, of course,

was made of Apollos in the eloquent discourse. As the congregation retired, two working men were heard conversing on the subject. "Capital sarmon that, Jack," said one. "Capital sarmon!" exclaimed the other, in tones of supreme contempt—"nowt of the sort! You chep must be varry ignorant of whaat he wes taakin' about. Wey, ivvorybody knaas thor wes ne pollis i' them days!"

THE PONY BITTER.

A beer traveller went into a public house at Windy Nook and called for a "pony bitter," which, it may be explained, is a very small glass of beer. A pitman who stood near was asked by the traveller if he would have somethink to drink. "Wey," was the reply, "aa'll have a powney bittor, tee." On the liquor being placed on the table, the pitman took up his glass, and, addressing the landlord, said: "Noo, lad, if that's yor powney, tyek him back tiv his staall, and bring me a pit galloway!"

THE DICKY BIRD SOCIETY.

At the Windy Nook corner end, where men generally assemble in the evening, the conversation drifted to benefit societies. One man said he was an Oddfellow, another said he was a Forester, and a third said he was a Free Gardener. Then an old pitman broke in: "It's a grand thing to be in a society; aa've ne sympathy wiv onnybody that's not in yen." Being asked to which he belonged, the old fellow replied: "Wey, man, aa's in the Dicky Bord Society!"

THE WESTGATE POLICE STATION.

A pitman from the Thornley district came into Newcastle one Christmas week to see the Tyne pantomime. Arriving rather early, he stood gazing at the new police station in Westgate Road. A policeman standing at the door asked him what he thought of it. The pitman replied: "Wey, man, that's a fine kitty; noo, aa's elwis in wor aad hole at pay week ends; but if we had such a yen as this, aa wad be in baff week ends, tee!"

ANIMAL FOOD.

Not long ago a well-known physician called upon one of his patients and found him in a very low state. On leaving, he ordered the man to take some animal food. "Animal food!" replied the man: "wey, aa can eat tornips and oil cake; but, begox, aa waddent like te eat straa!"

North-Country Obituaries.

Mr. James Hunter, of Springwell Colliery, a prominent member of the Gateshead Circuit of the United Methodist Free Church, died at Eighton Banks, on the 15th of April.

Mr. Thomas Patrick Duffy, a noted chess-player, and for some time secretary of the Newcastle Chess Club, died at Hastings on the 17th of April.

At the age of 64, Mr. Robert Henry Ellison, for many

years a member of the Newcastle police force, and latterly agent of the Charity Organization Society, died on the 18th of April.

On the 22nd of April, the Rev. Joseph Mills Pilkington, Unitarian minister, formerly head master of the school connected with the Church of the Divine Unity, New Bridge Street, Newcastle, died at Selby.

Mr. Thomas Younger, clerk to the Tynemouth School Board, also died on the 22nd of April.

Dr. Valentine Devey, an old medical practitioner at Wolsingham, in Weardale, died there on the 25th of April, at the age of 70.

On the 26th of April, Mr. John Surtees, a prominent member of the Newcastle and District Association of Foremen Engineers and Draughtsmen, who had been for twenty-three years foreman moulder with the firm of Messrs. R. Stephenson and Co., died at his residence in Stanhope Street, Newcastle, his age being 54 years.

Mr. John George Brown, solicitor, Mosley Street, Newcastle, died at Tynemouth on the 26th of April. He was 63 years of age, and was a native of Newcastle, belonging to a family intimately connected with the legal profession, his father and grandfather having been solicitors in the town. Mr. Brown was admitted to practice in 1848, and for more than twenty years he acted as secretary to the stewards of the Incorporated Companies of Freemen. The deceased gentleman, on his mother's side, was a nephew of the late Sir John Fife.

Mr. John Wilson, for many years usher of the Newcastle County Court, died as his residence, Elswick Row, Newcastle, on the 28th of April, in the 84th year of his age.

On the 29th of April, the Rev. Arthur Archbold Phillpotts, vicar of Harton, near South Shields, died after an illness of only a week's duration. The rev. gentleman was 57 years of age, and was a relative of the late Dr. Phillpotts, Bishop of Exeter.

On the 27th of April, Jean Baptiste Valckenaere, long connected with the musical profession, died at Bruges, his native city, in Belgium, at the age of 78 years. Coming to England, the deceased obtained an appointment as leader of the Pavilion orchestra, in London, which he held for seven years. He removed to Newcastle some seventeen or eighteen years ago, with his daughter Eugenie, who appeared in the pantomime as Little Red Riding Hood. Mr. Valckenaere was also a member of the Art Gallery orchestra, and for twelve years he held the post of organist and choir master in St. Michael's Catholic Church, Westmorland Road.

Mr. John Hay, carver and gilder, whose shop in Grainger Street, Newcastle, was for many years so prominent an object of attraction to passers-by, died on the 29th of April. The deceased, like the late Ralph Dodds, and several other notable men who have come to Newcastle and done well, was a native of Alnwick. He was 86 years of age.

Dr. William Atkinson, the oldest medical practitioner at Chester-le-Street, died at his residence there on the 5th of May.

On the 6th of May, Mr. Thomas Stephenson, grocer and provision merchant, Sunderland, and who carried on one of the largest businesses in the North of England, died at his residence, 1, Argyle Square, Bishopwearmouth.

On the 5th of May, intelligence was received of the death, which had taken place at Adelaide, New South

Wales, on the 28th of March, of Mr. Joseph Murton, of the firm of Murton and Buck, store dealers. The deceased gentleman was the third son of the late Mr. Henry Murton, Jesmond Villa, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and was 35 years of age.

The Rev. Evans Hughes Rowland, B.A., Vicar of St. Peter's, Middlesbrough, died, after a brief illness, on the 9th of May. The rev. gentleman had been in Middlesbrough some fifteen or sixteen years.

On the 10th of May, Major John Bartholomew Rudd, J.P., died from apoplexy, at the Queen's Hotel, Middlesbrough. He was 75 years of age, and was the senior magistrate in the North Langbaugh Division of the North Riding.

Mrs. Jane Bruce, of High Street, Hartlepool, who had attained the hundredth year of her age on the 16th of April previous, died on the 13th of May.

On the 15th of May, the death was announced, as having taken place near Adelaide, Australia, during the latter part of March, of Mr. William Burn, formerly in the employment of the Hetton Coal Company, and one of the founders of the Young Men's Christian Association at Hetton.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

APRIL.

17.—A man named William Smith, aged 30, died from scalds received by falling into a tank of boiling liquor at Messrs. S. A. Sadler and Co.'s Chemical Works, Middlesbrough, where he had been employed only three days.

—The brigantine *Diadem*, of Belfast, with salt from Runcorn, was sunk by collision with the s.s. *Cyrus*, of Grangemouth, in Shields harbour.

18.—A town's meeting in Gateshead, under the presidency of the Mayor, passed a resolution protesting against the compensation clauses of the Local Government Bill.

—A credit balance of £165 7s. 2d. was reported as the financial position of the Tyneside Sunday Lecture Society.

19.—Primrose Day, the seventh anniversary of the death of Lord Beaconsfield, was largely observed in Newcastle and neighbourhood.

—It was found that the total receipts for admission to the two days' spring flower show of the Northumberland and Durham Horticultural and Botanical Society, in the Town Hall, Newcastle, had amounted to £223 14s. 6d., being more than double the sum so taken in the corresponding period of last year.

20.—Mr. Adam Carse was re-elected chairman of the Newcastle Board of Guardians by 19 votes against 14 recorded for Dr. Rutherford.

21.—A twenty miles bicycle race at Jarrow, for £175, between W. A. Rowe and W. Wood, was won by Wood, North Shields, who beat Rowe, the American, by a foot.

23.—On this and the following day "General" Booth, the head of the Salvation Army, conducted special services in the Town Hall, Newcastle; among the officers who took part in the proceedings being Miss Lewis, a lady formerly well known in musical circles in Newcastle.

23.—A woman named Jane Hogan, or M'Neil, aged 41, died in Church Walk, Gateshead, from the effects of injuries alleged to have been inflicted by Thomas Hogan, with whom she lived, and who was subsequently committed for trial on the charge of wilful murder. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of "manslaughter, under great provocation."

—A new arrangement for the increase of the toll on vehicular traffic over the Byker Bridge, consequent on the action of the Corporation in freeing the Ouseburn railway footpath, came into operation to-day. When the system had been in operation little more than a week, the Tramcar Company agreed to a proposition from the Byker Bridge Company, to reduce their fares from 2½d. to 2d., and to run across the bridge as before. The Bridge Company, on their part, consented to dispense entirely with the charge for horses.

24.—A new scheme, sanctioned by the Newcastle Watch Committee, for a partial extinction of the public lamps during the spring and summer months, with a view to a reduction in the city expenditure, came into force to-night. At a meeting held on the 2nd May, the Newcastle City Council adopted a resolution asking the Watch Committee to reconsider the street lighting, with which great public dissatisfaction had been expressed. The Watch Committee, at a meeting on the 4th, authorised the City Lighting Committee to light any lamps that were required without again appealing to the Watch Committee.

25.—It was announced that the Very Rev. Canon Wilkinson, vicar-general of the diocese of Hexham and Newcastle, had received from the Holy See the appointment of Provost of the Chapter, in succession to the late Provost Consett.

—In the Queen's Bench Division, the Lord Chief-Justice delivered judgment in the case of "*Regina v. the Archbishop of York*," in which the Rev. H. B. Tristram, canon of Durham, had obtained a rule calling on the Archbishop of York to show cause why a *scandalum* should not issue to compel him to admit the canon to act as proctor for the Archdeaconry of Durham. The Lord Chief-Justice said the court were asked to review the decision of the Archbishop—to interfere with the internal affairs of a body as old as Parliament itself, if not older. This was the first time that court had been asked to exercise a jurisdiction which rested upon no statute, and had never before been invoked. The rule must be discharged.

—Mr. W. H. White, the Director of Naval Construction, and formerly of the firm of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., Newcastle, was seriously injured through being run over by a cab in London.

26.—A verdict, with £30 damages, was awarded by a jury in Newcastle County Court, to John Falconar, joiner, in an action which he brought, under the Employers' Liability Act, to recover compensation from the Executive Council of the Newcastle Exhibition, for injuries received by the falling of a portion of the Exhibition buildings which was being pulled down, on the 15th of February last.

27.—Damage, estimated at about £3,000, was caused by a fire which broke out in the establishment of Messrs. Forster and Russell, grocers and drapers, Annfield Plain.

28.—Messrs. Monkhouse, Goddard and Co., accountants, issued their periodical certificate under the sliding scale arrangement in the Durham coal trade, showing

that there would be a reduction in the present rate of wages of 1½ per cent., calculated upon the standard wages of November, 1879.

—The twenty-second half-yearly meeting of the North of England Gas Managers' Association was held in Newcastle, under the presidency of Mr. V. Wyatt, of London.

—Joseph Hankins, a painter, while engaged in painting the large roof of the railway station at Sunderland, overbalanced himself, and fell to the platform, a distance of seventy feet, his injuries being such that he shortly afterwards died at the Infirmary.

—The annual Northumberland small pipes competition took place in the Co-operative Hall, Bedlington Station.

30.—The thirteenth annual Synod of the Presbyterian Church of England was opened in the Westmorland Road Presbyterian Church, Newcastle, the Rev. Dr. Oswald Dykes, of Regent Square Church, London, being unanimously elected moderator. The sittings extended over several days.

MAY.

1.—The ancient custom of riding the bounds was observed at Berwick.

2.—It was concluded that three men, named Robert Parker, Alfred Powell, and Thomas Forster, all belonging to South Shields, had been drowned from the Tyne salmon boat Osprey, which had left the harbour a few days previously, the tiller and fire-stove of the vessel having cast up, while nothing had been seen or heard of the crew.

—The little village of Ingleton, near Staindrop, was plunged into mourning by the occurrence of three sudden deaths, following each other in tragic succession. A young girl, named Dawson, died at five o'clock; Mr. G. Rayson, grocer, fell into a fit and expired; and shortly afterwards the woman laying the latter out also took a fit and died almost immediately.

3.—A fine new clock, showing the time on three illuminated dials, 5ft. 6in. in diameter, one placed at each end of the portico and the other in the centre of the front entrance, was inaugurated at the Central Station, Newcastle.

—The triangular-shaped park, formed, under the Town Improvement Act of 1882, on the site of the old Shieldfield Green, Newcastle, was opened to the public in the presence of the Mayor and Sheriff, and other members of the City Council.

—A branch of the London Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children was formed at Gateshead.

4.—It was announced that the firm of John Spencer and Sons, of the Newburn Steelworks, had been registered as a limited liability company, with a capital of £400,000, in shares of £100 each.

—At a meeting held in the Town Hall, under the presidency of the Mayor, it was decided to form an Arboricultural Society for Newcastle, and a committee was appointed to carry out the object.

—A well-attended town's meeting held in the Town Hall, Newcastle, all but unanimously condemned the licensing compensation clauses of the Local Government Bill, and unanimously adopted a resolution in favour of the direct veto.

5.—A destructive fire broke out in the fish-curing establishment of Messrs. William Adey and Sons, Russell Street, Sunderland.

5.—The sawmills of Messrs. Calder, Dixon, and Co., timber merchants, Middlesbrough, were destroyed by fire.

—The collection of modern pictures formed by the late Mr. Bolckow, M.P., of Marton Hall, Middlesbrough, were sold in London, by Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Wood. Seventy pictures realised £71,387. The lowest price given for any picture was 73 guineas, and the highest 5,550 guineas.

—The Allen Scott, a new lifeboat presented by the National Lifeboat Institution to Alnmouth, was placed in the lifeboat house in that village.

—The men at the Darlington Steelworks to the number of 490 tendered their notices to cease work in a week, rather than sever their connection with the union, as demanded by their employers.

7.—The Queen invested the Marquis of Londonderry, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, with the Order of the Garter.

6.—Mr. and Mrs. Christian Bruce Reid, Leazes House, Newcastle, celebrated their diamond wedding, their marriage having taken place on the 6th of May, 1828.

—John Jamieson, a labourer, 64 years of age, died in Newcastle Infirmary, from the effects of injuries received by colliding with another man and falling to the ground, in Raby Street, Byker, on the 3rd of May.

7.—Elizabeth Douglass, a young woman, was killed in attempting to jump from a tramcar at Linthorpe, Middlesbrough.

8.—A labourer named Thomas Walsh, together with a horse, was accidentally killed by a passing train at a level crossing on the Middlesbrough and Guisbrough branch of the North-Eastern Railway.

9.—At the adjourned inquest into the circumstances connected with the snow-plough disaster on the North-Eastern Railway, near Annitsford, on the 15th of March, by which Mr. F. C. Hulburd lost his life, the jury returned a verdict of "Accidental Death." Among the occupants of the plough-chamber on the occasion was Mr. W. A. Duncan, reporter for the *Newcastle Chronicle*, who escaped comparatively uninjured. The coroner, Mr. John Graham, remarked that the account of the affair which appeared in the *Chronicle* was very interesting. (See pp. 192 and 240.)

—A Unionist demonstration, held at South Shields, was addressed by Mr. J. L. Wharton, M.P., the Hon. F. W. Lambton, and Colonel Saunderson, M.P. On the 10th Colonel Saunderson spoke at Durham.

—Lady Armstrong was presented to the Queen by the Marchioness of Salisbury at a Drawing Room.

—Mr. John Robert Reed, coal agent, and formerly secretary to a local building society, committed suicide by a pistol shot at Tyne Dock.

—At a conference of local coalowners and shipowners in Newcastle, it was resolved to appoint a committee of three coalowners and three shipowners, with power to add to their number, to consider the best means to be adopted, with a view of extending the use of North-Country coal at foreign coaling stations.

10.—After undergoing restoration, involving almost rebuilding upon its ancient historic site, the Parish Church of St. Oswald-in-Lee was consecrated by the Bishop of Newcastle.

11.—The Mayor of Newcastle (Mr. W. D. Stephens) was presented to the Prince of Wales at a levee held at St. James's Palace by command of the Queen.

11.—It was announced that a number of gentlemen had obtained a lease of the Farne Islands, with the object of preserving the sea birds.

—A report appeared in the local papers of a young fox having been suckled by a cat belonging to Mr. Thomas Johnson, of Clayport Bank, Alnwick.

12.—An advertisement was published in the local journals, intimating that the old-established firm of Messrs. George Angus and Co., leather manufacturers and importers, of Grainger Street West, Newcastle and Liverpool, had been reconstituted as a public company, the capital being £330,000.

—A young girl named Sophia West, 12 years of age, fell from the jetty into the sea at Hendon Beach, Sunderland, and was drowned. David F. Winton, an elderly man, who plunged into the water to try to rescue her, also lost his life. The retriever dog of the deceased, which had previously made an ineffectual attempt to save the girl, refused to leave his master's body, although the people, wishful to find Winton's residence, tried to drive the animal home.

—A lifeboat, named the John Lawson, was launched by the Royal National Lifeboat Institution at Seaton Carew.

—A married woman named Elizabeth Elliott, 31 years of age, was found dead in bed with her throat cut, in Union Street, Tyne Dock, the supposition being that she had committed suicide.

—The Bishop of Newcastle dedicated a new peal of bells, the gift of Mr. Thomas Spencer, of Ryton, in the church of St. Michael and All Angels, Newburn.

14.—The Salt Water Baths, situated between the pier and the North Marine Park, South Shields, were sold by public auction to Mr. G. R. Potts, acting on behalf of a projected company, for £2,710.

15.—In the presence of a large company, the Sheriff (Mr. Joseph Baxter Ellis) opened a workmen's new social club, which had been founded by the exertions of the members of a branch of the Gospel Temperance Society, in the Shipwrights' Hall, Sallyport, Newcastle.

General Occurrences.

APRIL.

16.—Alarming rebellion of peasants in Roumania, which was only quelled after many persons had been killed.

—Death of Mr. Matthew Arnold, poet and essayist, aged 66.

—Arrest of Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., and Mr. John Dillon, M.P., in Ireland for offences under the Crimes Act.

17.—Death of Mr. Roscoe Conkling, American statesman.

22.—Grantham Theatre totally destroyed by fire. The damage was estimated at £5,000.

25.—The Queen paid a visit to Germany and had an interview with the Emperor Frederick and with Prince Bismarck.

27.—A rescript was issued by the Pope condemning the practice of boycotting and the system called "the plan of campaign" in Ireland.

30.—A disastrous collision occurred in the English

Channel between the Smyrna, sailing vessel, and the Moto, iron screw steamer, of Newcastle. The Smyrna went down in about four minutes; twelve men belonging to her were drowned.

MAY.

1.—An extraordinary accident occurred at Middlewich, Colchester. A number of workmen were employed in the construction of a grand-stand, when suddenly the roof, upon which three men were working, was lifted bodily by a strong south-westerly wind, and carried a distance of thirty or forty yards. Two of the men received injuries from which they died within a short time after the accident; the third man was seriously injured.

—A sanguinary duel took place in France between M. Felix Dupuis, an artist, and M. Habert, an art critic. The latter, who was on friendly terms with the artist, had made fun of his friend. M. Dupuis challenged M. Habert, and the duel took place, the affronted gentleman being shot dead.

—Admiral Sir Alfred Ryder came by his death under peculiar circumstances. Whilst standing on the floating platform at Pimlico, London, he was overpowered by sudden giddiness, missed his footing, fell into the Thames, and was drowned. The gallant officer was a Crimean veteran, and a sailor of the highest merit and distinction.

—A serious dynamite explosion took place near Rome during some artillery experiments. A dynamite shell burst, wounding the Prince of Naples, General Doucieux, and four other officers.

—The case of Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., came on for hearing at Loughrea. It was announced that the office of the Clerk of Petty Sessions had been broken into, and the deposition and warrants abstracted. The hearing was adjourned.

3.—Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., was sentenced to three months' imprisonment without hard labour.

—News received that the schooner New Bedford had been crushed in the ice of the Atlantic, and had foundered on the 14th of April. Twenty-seven men were lost.

—An inquest was held on Louisa Mary Blake, of Holborn, London. It was stated that the deceased was the greatest chloroform taker in the world, and took as much as a pint a day. A verdict of death from misadventure was returned.

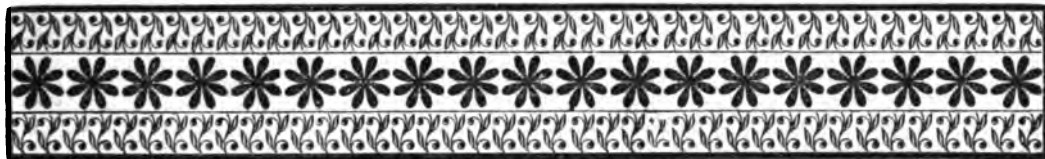
—James Kirby, known by the nick-name of "Fox," was hanged at Tralee Gaol for the murder of Patrick Quirke, at Liscahane, near Ardfer, Kerry, on the morning of the 8th November last.

8.—The death was announced of Mr. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, grandson of the great wit, and brother of Lady Dufferin (mother of the present Viceroy of India), the Hon. Mrs. Norton, and the Duchess of Somerset.

—The Prince and Princess of Wales opened the Glasgow International Exhibition.

10.—The Brazilian Chamber of Deputies voted the immediate and unconditional abolition of slavery in Brazil.

14.—The election for the St. Stephen's Division of Dublin resulted as follows:—Thomas A. Dickson (Gladstonian), 4,819; Robert Sexton (Unionist), 2,932; majority, 1,887.



The Monthly Chronicle

OF

NORTH-COUNTRY•LORE•AND•LEGEND

Vol. II.—No. 17.

JULY, 1888.

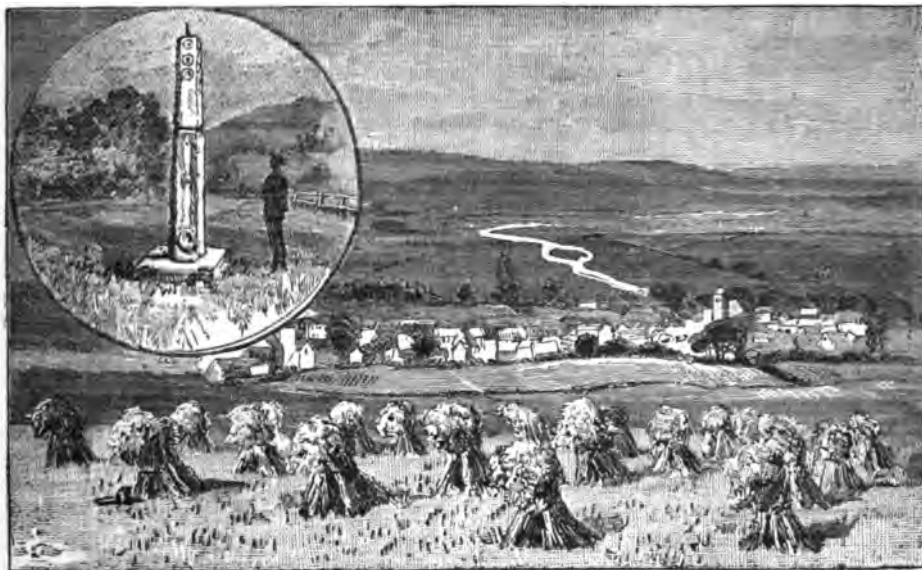
PRICE 6D.

Wooler and its Environs.

GLENDALE, of which the town of Wooler may be considered the capital, is one of the most salubrious districts in the country. It is not quite equal to that town in America which was said to be so healthy that when the inhabitants wanted to open a new cemetery they had to shoot a man on purpose! But it has long had the reputation of being remarkably free from diseases incidental to human life. Even in the town of Wooler itself, the death-rate in 1886 was a little over 13 per thousand, while the average mortality in most of our great towns was probably twice as high.

Wooler is situated about eighteen miles north-west of Alnwick, in a country varied with hills and glens, itself almost hidden in a valley formed by the spurs of the great Cheviot range. Our little sketch of it is taken from the south. The town is seen in the hollow, while the river Till will be noticed stretching out towards the north on its way to join the Tweed near Twizell Bridge. Millfield Plain, through which the river flows, has a reputation for fertility second to few other parts of Northumberland.

There was a time when Wooler was celebrated as a health resort. It was at the end of last century much



VIEW OF WOOLER.

T

visited by invalids for the sake of what was called the "goat's milk cure." Sir Walter Scott, who in 1791 accompanied his uncle on a visit, wrote in a private letter an interesting account of his experiences at a farmhouse some distance from the town.

Behold a letter from the mountains, for I am very snugly settled here in a farmer's house, about six miles from Wooler, in the very centre of the Cheviot Hills, in one of the wildest and most romantic situations which your imagination, fertile upon the subject of cottages, ever suggested. "And what the deuce are you doing there?" methinks I hear you say. Why, sir, of all things in the world, drinking goats' whey; not that I stand in the least need of it, but my uncle having a slight cold, and being a little tired of home, asked me last Sunday evening if I would like to go with him to Wooler; and I answering in the affirmative, next morning's sun beheld us on our journey through a pass in the Cheviots, upon the backs of two special nags, and man Thomas behind with a portmanteau, and two fishing rods fastened across his back, much in the style of St. Andrew's cross. Upon reaching Wooler we found the accommodation so bad that we were forced to use some interest to get lodgings here, where we are most delightfully appointed indeed. To add to my satisfaction we are amidst places renowned by the feats of former days; each hill is crowned with a tower, or camp, or cairn; and in no situation can you be nearer more fields of battle—Flodden and Chevy Chase, Ford Castle, Chillingham Castle, Coupland Castle, and many another scene of blood are within the compass of a forenoon's ride. Out of the brooks with which these hills are intersected we pull trouts of half-a-yard in length, as fast as we did the perches from the pond of Pennicuik, and we are in the very country of muir-fowl. My uncle drinks the whey here, as I do ever since I understood it was brought to his bedside every morning at six by a very pretty dairymaid. So much for my residence. All the day we shoot, fish, walk, and ride; dine and sup on fish struggling from the stream, and the most delicious heath-fed mutton, barn-door fowls, poyes (pies), milk-cheese, &c., all in perfection; and so much simplicity resides amongst these hills that a pen, which could write at least, was not to be found about the house, though belonging to a considerable farmer, till I shot the crow with whose quill I write this epistle.

As may be gathered from Scott's letter, the district is full of historical interest. Traces of camps and cairns are found on many of the surrounding hills. The survey of 1542 describes Wooler as "a lytle towne standyne strongly, marvellous convenient for the defence of the country thereabout." The remains of the old castle of the Muscamps, to whom the barony was granted by Henry I., is still extant in the town, on what is called Tower Hill. It was around this old tower that the original town of Wooler was built. But the town has been twice devastated by fire—once in 1722, when the church with a thatched roof disappeared; and the second time in 1862, when most of the other thatched roofs also disappeared.

Near the town is a pretty little glen, which contains a well that was much celebrated in former times—the Fairy, Wishing, Maiden, or Pin Well. Mr. James Hall, the author of an interesting little "Guide to Glendale," informs us that a curious custom was long observed in connection with this well. "On May Day," he says, "a procession was formed, and marched from the town to this spot, where a halt was called, and each processioneer

dropped a crooked pin into it, at the same time 'wishing a wish,' in the fond belief that before the year was over the fairy, or genius, who presided over the well, would cause the wish to be realised. Though the formal procession on May Day morning is no longer acted, yet the superstition regarding it has not entirely disappeared. Thither the youngsters still resort, and drop their pins into the pure, clear water, whispering the name of their partners with a faith as fervent and as strong as ever existed in the olden times." The writer, on a recent visit, saw at the bottom of the well many thousands of crooked pins shining like silver through the clear water. Overhanging the well is a projecting rock called the "King's Chair." According to tradition, it was on this rock that a certain king sat and directed the order of a battle which was fought in the ravine. The tract of land round about is called the "Kettles," but the origin of the name is lost in obscurity.

Wooler Fair, though now much shorn of its importance, was at one time held in great repute. Prices obtained there were for a long time regarded as a standard for the rest of the county; while the farmers dated events from it. It was here that Scott's grandfather spent his old shepherd's thirty pounds in buying a horse instead of sheep!

The town was formerly much shut out from the outer world by reason of the difficulty of getting access to it. This difficulty, however, has now been overcome by the construction of the Alnwick and Cornhill Branch of the great North-Eastern system. Nearer south than Wooler Station is Wooperton Station, not far from which was fought the Battle of Hedgeley Moor. The site of the conflict is still indicated by the column known as Percy's Cross.

The Legend of Percy's Cross.

There is a singular legend connected with the Battle of Hedgeley Moor, which was fought on the 25th April, 1464, between the Yorkists under Sir John Neville and the Lancastrians under Sir Ralph Percy. It is to the effect that a grizly old wizard made his appearance to Percy the night before the engagement, and solemnly warned him to withdraw for the nonce, as neither Lord Hungerford nor Lord Ros, his companions in command, was trustworthy, but would desert him as soon as the enemy approached.

This warning the gallant knight disregarded, even as the Chief of Lochiel did that of the Highland seer on the eve of the bloody day of Culloden; and the result—whatever credit we may give to the alleged predictions—was the same in both cases. It was the terrible days of the Wars of the Roses, when the soil of England was steeped in blood, shed by the rival factions without stint, quarter being seldom if ever given by the combatants in the fraternal

strife. Percy was not a man to flee before his foes, however outnumbered by them; and his loyalty to the cause he had espoused rendered him over-confident of other men's fidelity. It was a time when, as at other periods of intestine broils caused by the conflicting claims of rival princes, the more fiery or fickle partisans were frequently changing sides; and most of the nobles in the North who had supported Henry VI., believing his cause irretrievably lost, had submitted with the best grace they could to the victor of Towton—Edward, Duke of York, raised by that victory to the throne of England.

Sir Ralph Percy was the second eldest of the nine sons of Lord Henry Percy, second Earl of Northumberland. He had been associated, the year before, with the Duke of Somerset, the Earl of Pembroke, and the Lord Ros, in the keeping of Bamborough Castle, while the Lord Hungerford held that of Alnwick, both in the interest of King Henry. Percy now once more raised the banner of that unfortunate prince, who had been brought from Wales to give the formal sanction of his presence to the insurrection, and he was speedily joined by the Lords Hungerford and Ros, who had come back from Scotland with Queen Margaret, as related in the story of the Battle of Hexham, p. 26. Sir John Neville, Lord Montacute, or Montague, brother to the Earl of Warwick, surnamed the king-maker, having been appointed by Edward Warden of the Eastern Marshes, hastened against the rebels, as they were styled, and met the division commanded by Percy, Hungerford, and Ros, on Hedgley Moor, then a wide, desolate expanse, between Eglingham and Ilderton, as they were marching to join the main body of the Lancastrians in the neighbourhood of Hexham.

Percy boldly stood his ground, but was basely deserted by the Lords Hungerford and Ros, who fled in all haste towards Hexhamshire, leaving their gallant comrade fearfully outnumbered. But fear was an element foreign to his breast, and exclaiming—"Stout hearts for the Red Rose! Spur and away!"—he led his gallant men on a furious charge into the midst of his enemies. The contest was short but desperate; the carnage, in proportion to the numbers engaged, was very great. Many fell on both sides, kinsman slaughtered by kinsman; and after seeing his most faithful attendants sink to the ground around him, he fell fighting foremost, bravest of the brave, exclaiming with his latest breath, "I have saved the bird in my bosom," meaning that he had kept his promise and oath to him whom he considered his only rightful prince. He was, indeed, the only nobleman belonging to the Red Rose party who had not changed sides more than once, but had preserved inviolate, with the exception of one short lapse, the sanctity of the vow he had taken to maintain the cause of the House of Lancaster.

In memory of this event was erected the column called

Percy's Cross, which stands in a field on the east side of the high road leading from Morpeth to Wooler, about sixty paces off, and a little to the northward of the twenty-first milestone. It is a tetragonal stone pillar fixed on a round pedestal, and bears on its sides the arms of Percy and Lucy, and other heraldic insignia, rudely sculptured in relief.

Views of the monumental pillar are given in various publications, such as Hutchinson's "Northumberland," Scott's "Border Antiquities," Sykes's "Local Records," Richardson's "Table Book," &c. At what date it was erected we cannot ascertain; but most likely it was some time after the Battle of Bosworth, in 1485, when the Wars of the Roses had come to an end, and a new dynasty acceded to the English throne.

Sir Henry Havelock, R.C.B.



NO hero ever gave a more modest account of the beginning of his career than Sir Henry Havelock. "Born at Bishopwearmouth, near Sunderland, in the county of Durham, 5th April, 1795, which happened to be Lady Day old style, and Easter Sunday new style. Earliest recollections are to be dated 1798, when parents and family were residing at Ford, near Sunderland." Such is the simple entry, in his own "Fragmentary Memoranda," of the place and date of his birth.

The Havelocks are descended from an old and respectable family, long resident at Guisborough, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, who are said to trace their remote lineage to that Danish Prince Havelok whom, according to tradition, his wicked uncle and guardian ordered to be drowned, who was rescued by a fisherman named Grim (the founder of Grimsby), and who was carried to Lindsey, in England, where he grew up to be "the comeliest man and bravest warrior one would wish to see," took service under the King of Lincoln, and married his daughter, the Princess Guldborg, who had a hereditary title to the throne of all England, and eventually succeeded, through his distinguished bravery and address, in winning the crowns of England and Denmark both, and transmitting his title to them to Svend Tveskaeg and Gamleknud, better known as Sweyn and Canute the Great!

Whatever amount of truth there may be in this tradition of the old Danish chronicles, the Havelocks have always proved themselves true descendants of the hardy old Norsemen. Sir Henry's grandfather, William Havelock, removed, about the middle of last century, from his native Cleveland to Sunderland, where he engaged in commerce, and that so successfully that he amassed an amount of property which entitled him to be ranked among the magnates of the place. He had a family of

three sons and four daughters, most of whom married and had issue, so that his descendants of the present day are very numerous.

William Havelock's son and heir, William, was a man of great energy and commercial enterprise. He rose to be one of the most considerable ship-owners of the port. We have heard old Sunderland residents describe him as having been a very good-looking man, who, in his youth, was by no means unconscious of the fact. Miss Carter, of Yarm, whom he wooed and won, and who gave birth to his illustrious progeny, is said to have been "a lady of exquisite beauty." Her mother was the sister of William Ettrick, Esq., of High Barnes, near Sunderland, the head of one of the oldest families in the district, and her father was a respectable solicitor in Stockton.

Mr. Havelock, after occupying several large houses in the eastern (then fashionable) part of the town of Sunderland, removed, in 1792-3, to Ford Hall, about two miles west from Bishopwearmouth, and there, as above stated, his son Henry was born, as well



as his elder brother, William, with whom he was baptised at the same time at Bishopwearmouth Church, on the 13th of April, 1796, by the Rev. George Stephenson, curate. The celebrated Dr. Paley was Rector of Bishopwearmouth at the time.

A few years subsequently, Mr. Havelock left this part of the country, having purchased and fixed his residence at Ingress Park, Greenhithe, near Dartford, Kent, where he eventually fell into difficulties, owing to ruinous law suits with the Corporation of London, as well as with the Government, the latter disputing his claim to compensation for the burning, at Port au Prince, of the transport ship Lord Duncan, which he had built on the Wear, and which the Government had hired.

While living at Ford Hall, Mr. Havelock bought his two eldest sons ponies, on which they used to ride down to the town. Ford was then right in the country, and the road to it—"The Keelman's Lonnin'," now Hylton Lane—is described by old people as having been "very dowly." The High Street of Bishopwearmouth was quite low in the middle, while the foot-path was high on each side. There was a double row or avenue of trees along the road between Bishopwearmouth and Sunderland; and opposite the place where the Crown Inn now stands there was a toll bar, kept by Robin o' the Yett. Through this toll bar, William and Henry Havelock used to ride almost every day, with a servant in charge of them.

In January, 1800 or 1801 (accounts differ), the two lads went to school at Dartford, as parlour boarders, with the Rev. J. Bradley, curate of Swanscombe, in which parish Ingress Park is situated. They were sent first as day scholars, returning home across the fields each evening, and afterwards as weekly boarders, returning only on Saturdays. This plan was adopted—as the present writer learned, at the time of the inauguration of the Havelock Memorial, from the only surviving servant of the family in the North, Mrs. Stewart, of Trafalgar Square—to wean the boys gradually from home, before they should be sent away altogether to push their fortune in the world.

Henry remained with Mr. Bradley till 1804, enjoying himself, in the intervals of school work, in bracing boyish diversions. At the same time he acquired a taste for reading, his favourite subjects being the exploits of warlike heroes. The great Napoleon's career excited his wonder and admiration, and his fond mother saw in this bent to his mind the disappointment of her project of educating him for the law.

In October, 1804, he was removed to the Charter House, where his contemporaries and friends were lads near his own age, or somewhat older, who afterwards rose, like himself, to eminence—Sir William Norris; Bishop Thirlwall; Dean Waddington, of Durham; George Grote, the historian of Greece; Archdeacon Hare; Alderman Thompson (afterwards member for Sunderland); Sir William MacNaughten, the Earl of Panmure; Eastlake, the painter, &c.

Having passed in due course into the sixth form, he left the Charter House in December, 1811, a thoughtful, sedate, and even religious lad of sixteen, known among his schoolmates as "Old Phloa," that is, Old Philosopher. The only story that has reached us of his school days confirms what we have already said about his early boyhood. Interfering in a school-boy fight, in which he thought that one of the combatants was not obtaining fairplay, he received a black eye, and was flogged by Dr. Russell, because, on being questioned, he would give no other account of his disfigurement than that "it came there." Another anecdote is told, of a somewhat earlier

date, illustrative of his cool judgment, calculation, and forethought. When about twelve years old, he one day saw a dog worrying his father's sheep at Ingress Park. Instead of trying to beat the brute off, and so run the risk of being bitten by it, he ran to a haystack that stood in the field, and twisted some of the hay into a strong band or rope, which he dexterously threw round the dog's neck and fairly choked him. Then, throwing his carcass into a pond, he walked off as if nothing had happened.

Having been intended for the bar, young Havelock was entered, in 1814, as a student in the Middle Temple, where he attended the lectures of Chitty, the greatest special pleader of the day. Here his most intimate associate was that distinguished lawyer and literary man, Thomas Noon Talfourd, the author of "Ion." Havelock, however, was, fortunately for his country, not moulded for a limb of the law; an in-door life did not suit his tastes; he pined for a life of action and enterprise. He had pursued his legal studies little more than twelve months, when, to use his own words, "he yielded to the military propensities of his age," and got his brother William, who had distinguished himself at Waterloo, to exert himself to get him a commission forthwith. About a month after that battle, therefore, he found himself second lieutenant in the Rifle Brigade, then the 95th; but the "piping times of peace" having come, he saw no active service for years. Meanwhile, the routine duties of his profession in England, Ireland, and Scotland were varied by pleasant tours in France and Northern Italy, a good deal of discursive reading, and the acquisition of theoretical professional knowledge.

In 1822, weary of inaction, he exchanged into the 13th Light Infantry, and in January of the following year he embarked with that regiment for India. It was his own choice to serve in that part of the world, and he had fitted himself for Indian service by studying Hindostani and Persian in London before he left.

It is not our intention to relate at any length the signal services by which Henry Havelock distinguished himself almost from the moment that he set his foot on the shores of India. He took a very active part, though still only a subaltern, in the first Burmese War. In the first Afghan War he was equally conspicuous, his advice being of the highest service to his superiors in rank on various important occasions. In the first Sikh war, he also distinguished himself; but at the close of 1849 he was forced to apply for sick leave, returned to England, and remained in Europe, recruiting, until the close of 1851. Going out again to India, he was appointed successively quarter-master-general and adjutant-general of her Majesty's forces in the East; and 1854 saw him a full colonel. At the beginning of 1857, he accepted with eagerness the command of the second division in the Persian expedition, and planned the arrangements which terminated in

the victory of Mohumra. The time was now come when his military genius was to find a field worthy of it. While still absent in Persia, news arrived of the Indian Mutiny, and he hastened to Calcutta to be of service. The whole world is familiar with his exploits at this terrible crisis. His forced march for the relief of the British at Cawnpore and Lucknow, in which, with a comparatively small force, he defeated the rebels six or eight times, forms one of the most stirring episodes in our national history.

But the hero was not destined to see the Mutiny wholly at an end, after having done so much to break its terrible force. In the month of November, 1857, after the relief of Lucknow, he was attacked by dysentery, and died in the course of a few days. Shortly before his death, news arrived of his elevation to the distinction of K.C.B.; and other honours were in store for him, but they came too late. He was made major-general; appointed to the colonelcy of the 3rd Foot; and received a baronetcy, with a proposed pension of £1,000 a year. The rank and the pension were conferred upon his widow, the daughter of Dr. Marshman, an eminent Baptist missionary; and a new patent of baronetcy was issued in favour of his eldest son, now Sir Henry Marshman Havelock-Allan, General Havelock having died the day before the patent was sealed. His death, at the moment when the rebellion was on the point of being crushed greatly through his unparalleled bravery, excited the deepest sympathy and regret, not only in the army of India, but also among the public at home. A Metropolitan statue, raised by public subscription, was erected to his memory in Trafalgar Square; and the most conspicuous monument in his native town is the fine statue of the gallant soldier, placed on the highest point of Mowbray Park, the work of that eminent artist, William Behnes.

La Peyrouse and the Stockton Captains.

THE French Geographical Society has decided to celebrate this year the centenary of the disappearance of the explorer and navigator, La Peyrouse, who sailed in the *Astrolabe* from the port of Awathoa, in October, 1787, on a cruise of investigation to the islands and straits of Japan, and who was never heard of afterwards. This event reminds us of an adventure relating to the unfortunate French admiral, in which two natives of Stockton signally distinguished themselves—Captain Jonathan Fowler and Captain William Christopher.

After the defeat, in April, 1782, of the French West India fleet by Admiral Rodney, the French commander who took Count de Grasse's place, as if out of mere ill humour, concerted an expedition, purely pre-

datory, against the remote possessions and property of the Hudson's Bay Company, shut up as they were among the frozen regions of the North, and approachable only through obscure straits and gulfs, which were little known, excepting to those peculiarly concerned in the fur trade, and only for a small part of the year navigable even by them. La Peyrouse, in the *Sceptre*, 74 guns, with two 36 gun frigates, was appointed to conduct this expedition, having on board about three hundred soldiers and artillerymen, with some mortars and cannon for the supposed sieges they were to undertake. This small squadron sailed from Cape François on the 31st of May, 1782, but did not arrive at the islands of *Resolution*, which mark the entrance of Hudson's Straits, until the 17th of July. Meeting with no resistance from the almost defenceless settlements on the Churchill and Nelson Rivers, La Peyrouse had little difficulty in seizing and destroying the two principal forts in that region. But an equally important object of his expedition was the capture of the company's two annual ships with their rich cargoes of oil, furs, and other commodities. Here, however, he was outwitted by the skill and intrepidity of the Stockton skippers.

The *Seahorse*, which was commanded by Captain Christopher, fell in with the French squadron at sea just previous to her arrival at Fort Prince of Wales. A frigate was immediately despatched in pursuit of her; but, the night drawing on apace, Captain Christopher resolved upon a bold manœuvre, which he managed successfully to carry into execution. Perceiving that the Frenchman was ignorant of the coast, and, by his following in the wake of the English ship, that he was determined to govern his own vessel by her motions, in the hope of thus avoiding danger and securing his prize, Captain Christopher sent his men aloft, furling his sails, and pretended to come to anchor. The Frenchman immediately conjectured that it would be dangerous for him to proceed further; therefore, he directly brought his frigate to an anchor in reality. Captain Christopher rejoiced that his deception had so far succeeded to his wishes, and so made sail to sea with the greatest despatch. Night coming on, and the Frenchman being a long time in getting up his anchor, the Englishman was soon out of sight, and escaped in safety to the northward, and eventually home.

The other company's ship, the *King George*, was lying at Fort York, under the command of Captain Fowler; and when the French squadron arrived off that place, as there was not depth of water sufficient for the ships to sail right up, it was brought to an anchor at the mouth of Nelson River, where every disposition was made for an attack upon the English ship and factory by the dawn of the next day. But, to the French admiral's utter mortification, he found in the morning that the bird had taken wing. For Captain Fowler had perceived three

large ships at anchor in the roads the evening before, and, wisely conjecturing that they could have no good intentions towards him, put to sea during the night. La Peyrouse despatched a fast-sailing frigate in search of him, which soon got sight of the runaway; but Captain Fowler, finding the Frenchman to have much superiority in point of speed, at once tacked about, and stood for the land to the south of the factory, hoping thereby to entice the enemy into shallow water. The Frenchman, however, discovering his design, and fearing lest, in further pursuit, he might incur the risk of shipwreck, put off to sea; and Captain Fowler pursued his voyage to England in safety with a rich cargo.

Those two gallant master-mariners, after having left the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, with considerable fortunes each, settled with their families in Stockton. Captain Fowler died in that town on the 7th of June, 1790, aged 57 years, and his mortal remains were interred in Eggliscliffe churchyard, where an altar tomb, with a suitable inscription, preserves his memory. Captain Christopher died at Newcastle-on-Tyne, where he had gone for medical advice, on the 2nd November, 1797, aged 63; and his remains, together with those of his wife Ann, his mother, and his son John Thomas, are deposited in a vault in Norton churchyard, as testified on a mural monument by Davies, "erected as a tribute of affection by his only surviving son, George, A.D. 1826."

The Great North Road.



DESCRIPTION of this famous highway, so far as concerns that part of it which runs from Newcastle to Morpeth, was included in a little work of mine, the "History of Gosforth," which was published a few years ago.

The Great North Road has been from time immemorial a portion of the principal highway from the English metropolis to the capital of Scotland. What manner of road it was in the reigns of the Plantagenets and Tudors we do not know. Down to the beginning of last century it was probably not much better than a country lane—a rough kind of causeway, hard enough in summer, but full of ruts and puddles in the winter. Most of the main arteries of traffic in this country were then of that character, for travelling was the luxury—if it could be called a luxury—of the wealthy few, and good roads were not in extensive demand.

But, whatsoever may have been the condition of the road, we know that as far back as the time of the Commonwealth stage coaches were running upon it. In the year that Cromwell died a coach left London every Monday for Newcastle, and every alternate Monday it went on to Edinburgh; the journey to Newcastle occupying six and to Edinburgh seven days—thirteen in all. This

arrangement continued, with intermissions, for nearly a hundred years; the road undergoing no improvement, but becoming, through the increased traffic, worse and worse. In 1712 the coach running as above was advertised in this quaint manner:—

All that desire to pass from Edinburgh to London, or from London to Edinburgh, or any place on that road, let them repair to Mr. John Baillies, at the Coach and Horses at the Head of the Cannongate, Edinburgh, every other Saturday, or to the Black Swan, in Holborn, every other Monday, at both of which places they may be received in a Stage Coach, which performs the whole journey in thirteen days without any stoppage (if God permit), having eighty able horses to perform the whole stage. Each passenger paying 24 lbs. for the whole journey, allowing each passenger 20 lbs. weight, and all above to pay 6d. per pound. The coach sets off at six in the morning. Performed by Henry Harrison, Mich. Speight, Robt. Garbe, Rich. Croft.

This coach ran till 1729, and then, so far as the Edinburgh portion of the journey is concerned, it was discontinued till 1763. Then it started afresh, and went from the Bull and Postboy in the Bigg Market, Newcastle, every Monday, by Morpeth and Wooler to Kelso, where passengers slept, arriving at Edinburgh the next day. On Saturdays it left Edinburgh, remaining all night at Wooler, and arrived in Newcastle on Sunday afternoons. Eight years afterwards it ran thrice a week, leaving Newcastle at five, and Edinburgh at six a.m., on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. In 1784, the Newcastle starting place was the Turk's Head, and it ran as a diligence six days a week. A couple of years later two other conveyances ran from Newcastle to Edinburgh, staying at Berwick all night, coming and returning. One of them was a coach from the White Hart; the other a diligence from the Queen's Head. The first mail coach from Newcastle to Edinburgh left the Cock Inn, head of the Side, November 27th, 1786. It was afterwards taken to the Queen's Head, and finally ceased to run in 1847. It is stated that, in the opinion of the old drivers, the oddest part of the journey was the Town Moor of Newcastle, at the Blue House.

About this time the question of road improvement was pressing to the front. Marshal Wade was doing wonders in road construction away up in the Highlands, carriages with springs were becoming common, and everybody saw that the only drawback to comfortable and expeditious travelling throughout England was the deplorable condition of the public highways. Around the metropolis, and in the Southern Counties, road improvements were being effected, but nothing was done to the Great North Road until the rebellion of 1745 broke out. That abortive insurrection brought Marshal Wade to Newcastle. The great road maker experienced some difficulty in dragging his guns over the miserable highways of the Northern Counties, and the justice of his complaints and remonstrances met with a frank acknowledgment from the local authorities both in town and country. They had heard of the marshal's doings in Scotland; they were acquainted with his extraordinary success in road construc-

tion—success so great that an enthusiastic Irish ensign said or sung

Had you seen these roads before they were made,
You'd have held up your hands and blessed General Wade
—and they were quite prepared to take action.

The marshal was probably supported in his demand for better highways by the Duke of Cumberland, who on the 27th January, 1746, was obliged to leave his coach-and-six somewhere north of Durham and enter Newcastle on horseback. However that may be, it is certain that, as soon as the rebellion was crushed, plans of road improvement in both Northumberland and Durham were formed, and almost immediately put into execution.

In December, 1745, the grand jury, clergy, and freeholders of Northumberland, represented to Parliament that the North Road, by reason of the heavy and increasing traffic, had become so deep and ruinous that travellers could not pass along it without danger. Parliament listened favourably to these representations, and a scheme was promoted for putting the road into an efficient state of repair and maintaining it in that condition. Nor were the town authorities idle. A portion of the road belonged to the Corporation of Newcastle, and an advertisement appeared in July, 1747, inviting proposals for making a carriage way from the Barras Bridge through the Town Moor to the north end of the Cow Causey, "to be eleven yards in breadth, and to be ballasted in the same manner as a turnpike road." Parliament, the same year, passed the first Turnpike Act granted to Northumberland. By that Act authority was given to repair the road from Cow Causey to Buckton Burn, near Belford, and a body of trustees was created to carry out the improvement. The Corporation finished their part of the work in 1749, and did it very well. The trustees were not so expeditious, or else they did their portion badly, for in 1765, eighteen years after the Act was passed, one of the Edinburgh waggons "in one place opposite to Gosforth proved an overmatch to nineteen good horses."

The Turnpike Trust thus created was renewed from time to time and ultimately expired in 1875, when Gosforth Gate and its modern associate at the borough boundary were removed, and the maintenance of the great highway fell upon the local authorities along its course. "The glory of the North Road," writes Mr. John Hodgson Hinde, in the "*Archæologia Eliana*," "was no doubt the posting. On other roads the coaches were all as well, in some even better appointed, and speed greater; but nowhere could you drive up to an inn door with the certainty that as you drew up a relay of horses with mounted postboys would issue from the yard, and that one minute's delay was all that was required to replace the steeds that had brought you twelve miles within the hour by a fresh team to carry you forward at the same rate."

Those who travelled from Newcastle by the Great

North Road when news of the battle of Waterloo sent a thrill through the nation saw before them, as they crossed the little bridge at the end of the Town Moor, an almost uninterrupted line of small meadows on the one hand, and cultivated fields on the other stretching away north to Wideopen. On the right of the bridge, in the hollow, was a small landsale coal pit; close by it Roseworth Cottage, and beyond it the church and farmstead; while on the other side were Coxlodge Hall, the Grand Stand, with the Water Company's Mill spinning merrily round beside it; the Yellow House, or farm; Kenton Lodge, and, in the distance, the village of Kenton. The first roadside buildings in the parish were the engine shaft, the farm, and the group of cottages on the left at Causey End. A couple of hundred yards further on the coach "bumped" over Kenton and Coxlodge waggony and past the Corving House, with the work of cof making proceeding briskly under the eye of Anderson, the

hamlet. This was the first skew bridge attempted in Northumberland, and the County Surveyor, Mr. Gibson Kyle, of Ponteland, was unfortunate enough to see his work give way and threaten to collapse. However, by calling in Mr. Edward Chapman, of Newcastle, and using brick for the arch instead of stone, the bridge, as we know it, was completed. About the same time, the two lodges and gateway which formed the entrance to Gosforth House about a hundred yards south of the fourth milestone were removed, and there was constructed, further north, the present "grand entrance," with a pair of magnificent gates made of hammered iron, by Elliot, of Newcastle. As soon as the bridge was finished the entrance to Low Gosforth House was removed some distance south, and the fine wall was built that separates the two parks from the turnpike.

Presuming the theory to be correct that there has been, ever since the Saxon times, a highway from Newcastle to



master corver. More fields, then Gosforth Turnpike Gate, with Gosforth Cottage, closely adjoining it. Presently the coach rolled round the corner into Three Mile Bridge, and if the time of day was suitable the passengers caught a glimpse of stout John Magney and his forge, and Thomas Morrow at his bench, with Pigg's Folly between, and so, through Low and High Gosforth plantations, the coach left the parish and rattled on to Wideopen.

Such was the aspect of the North Road in 1815, and for ten years afterwards. But between 1825 and 1830 a change was effected. Three Mile Bridge, a narrow structure, with a recess in which pedestrians sheltered themselves from being crushed by passing vehicles, was taken down and replaced by a skew bridge—the object being to widen the thoroughfare at that point, and, by straightening the road, to avoid the awkward turn into the

Edinburgh across the Town Moor, it is easy to imagine that along the North Road through Gosforth must have passed some of the kings, queens, and princes of England and Scotland; and that the industrious peasantry of that parish occasionally obtained glimpses of the English and Scottish courts—first in barbaric pomp, and later on in more civilized splendour.

William the Conqueror came through Newcastle thrice on his way to the North; Rufus was here also; King John several times; Henry III. on a visit to his daughter, who was Queen of Scots; Edwards I., II., and III. often; Henry IV. twice, and Henry VI. and his queen once, with Edward IV. in pursuit of them. Richard Crookback did not favour Gosforth with his ugly features, but his successor, Henry VII., came through the parish in 1487, on a survey of the Northern Counties, and lived in Newcastle several weeks; while in 1502 his eldest daugh-

ter, Margaret, travelled in great state along the North Road to her marriage with the unfortunate James IV. of Scotland, who eleven years later lost his life on Flodden Field.

Henry VIII., although he reigned nearly thirty-eight years, does not appear to have travelled so far north, and Edward VI. and Queens Mary and Elizabeth followed his example. But in 1603 James I. was here on his way to the English throne, and in 1617 on his way back to visit his Scottish home. Charles I. was here frequently, for himself too often; and Oliver Cromwell went backwards and forwards, receiving "great acknowledgments of love" in Newcastle, and magnificent entertainments from his friend Sir Arthur Haselrigg, the owner of Fawdon. Charles II. never found time, amidst the dissipations of his court, to visit his Northern subjects,

along the Great North Road, accompanied at intervals by special messengers bearing decrees of life and death, and ordinances of state that concerned the peace and happiness of two great kingdoms. Such a messenger was the flying horseman who, in the evening of Lady Day, 1603, some one in Gosforth may have seen, notwithstanding his "sundry shift of horses and some falls that bruised him very sore," spurring madly away towards Widdrington, bearing to King James of Scotland the news that the sun of the Tudors had set for ever, and that he was sole ruler of the English as well as of the Scottish nation.

Through Gosforth came the old stage wagon, jolting along the road, with its burden of letters appealing in vain "Haste! post! haste!" to a lumbering vehicle that crawled onward at the rate of four miles per hour. And



THREE MILE BRIDGE.

but his brother, the Duke of York, afterwards James II., passed through Gosforth in 1679, on that mournful exile to Scotland with his beautiful consort, Mary of Modena, which Miss Agnes Strickland so pathetically describes in her "Lives of the Queens of England." We have had some celebrated persons here, such as the Emperor Nicholas of Russia, King Leopold of Belgium, the Dukes of Cumberland, Gloucester, York (2), Sussex, Brunswick, and Connaught, but there has been no reigning English monarch here since the Restoration.

Through Gosforth came, in all probability, the first postal arrangement, viz., that system of conveying news by fleet horses, stabled twenty miles apart, which Edward IV. established in 1481 to obtain news of his wars in Scotland. Down to the times of the Stuarts this "saddle horse post" galloped backwards and forwards

by and by came the stage coach, rattling over the ground as fast as the roads would allow—so fast indeed that, as we have seen in 1658, to the amazement of all the world and Gosforth, it went from London to Edinburgh in one day less than a fortnight, and left the old stage wagons hopelessly floundering behind.

Through Gosforth, seated behind the fleetest horses that the livery stables of Newcastle could produce, flew victims of the love that laughs at locksmiths, on their way to Lamberton toll-bar and other temples of Hymen on the Scottish Border. And among them, on the night of the 18th November, 1772, were John Scott, the coal-fitter's son (destined in after years to become Lord High Chancellor of England), and Bessie Surtees, the banker's daughter, the future Countess of Eldon.

Through Gosforth came, shortly afterwards, the mail

coach—long the swiftest medium of travelling in existence. Our forefathers must have looked upon this splendid equipage with wonder and delight. It was to them the great public timekeeper—rivaling the sun in punctuality, and indicating the hour when the sun was hidden by Northumbrian mist and shrouded in Tyneside fog. It was moreover the daily news-bearer from London and Newcastle, from Edinburgh and Berwick. During a time of war, and in the heat of a contested election, we can imagine the excitement at Gosforth Gate as the



coach dashed past, dropping messages respecting the fortunes of the combatants to an eager crowd; and we can picture the struggle among lads from Benton in the east and Kenton in the west to be first at home with the news.

Last of all came the iron horse. And if Gosforth was not the cradle of the locomotive, it was, on the 2nd September, 1813, the scene of an interesting experiment with one. For, on that date, a steam engine constructed by a Leeds firm was placed upon the Kenton and Coxlodge wagon-way. Spectators from far and near had been summoned to see it, and amongst them was George Stephenson, the engineer of Killingworth Colliery. This locomotive was made to work by a cog wheel on toothed rails, and drew seventy tons at the rate of nearly three miles an hour. Stephenson is said to have remarked that he thought he could make a better engine than that to go upon legs, and he went back to Killingworth, made travelling by steam a certainty, and removed from our great highway that huge stream of traffic which, steadily growing during a hundred and thirty-five years, formed no inconsiderable part of the daily life and interest of Gosforth parish.

RICHARD WELFORD.

Map of the Great North Road.

The accompanying map shows that part of the Great North Road, 70½ miles long, which, beginning at Chester-in-the-Street, now Chester-le-Street, 268 miles from London, ends at Berwick-upon-Tweed, there written Berwick, 338 miles from the same city. The dotted lines show where the road was unenclosed, running, in fact,

over open moors and commons. The only parts shown to have been enclosed, at the time the map was drawn, which, as far as can be ascertained, was about the year 1675, were a couple of miles after leaving Chester-le-Street, about three miles before reaching Morpeth, half a mile or so about Felton, and something like two miles after leaving Alnwick. The rest of the route was through the open country, the greater part of which seems to have been yet in a state of nature, although, of course, there were patches of cultivation here and there; the higher parts were heather-clad; there was little or no wood, except on the banks of the streams; and the remainder of the surface was a by no means rich sheep pasture. Some of the names of the places on or near the road have undergone considerable change during the intervening two centuries; thus the road at the north end of Chester-le-Street, marked as to Whittle, is that which leads to Whitley Green, a small village on the Consbeck which falls into the Wear at Chester. The Streetway leading past Pelo Hall, now Pelaw House, towards Birtley, otherwise Buckley, was part of the old Roman road running from Cataractonium to Pons Ælii. Between Birtley and Gateshead the road is seen to pass over the tops of five hills, on one of which, at a place still called the Beacon Hill, a beacon is shown, designed to be visible over all the surrounding country, to warn the inhabitants in case of invasion, and communicating by a similar light on Warden Law with a beacon on the sea-shore at Beacon Point, near Hawthorne. The name of the river Tyne has been misspelt by the draughtsman as "Time." The Blyth he has set down as Bithe. Blagdon, he has converted into Beakedon, and Wansbeck into Wanspeck. We may feel pretty certain from this that he was not a man "to the manor born." The place where the Ouseburn crosses the road, at the Three Mile Bridge, is shown on the map, but no name is given. Then follows Gosforth village, built on both sides of the road. The crossing at Seaton Burn is likewise marked, and a mile beyond it are Shotton on the right hand and Blagdon on the left side of the road. Stannington is spelt Stainington. A little to the north of Shotton, Plasshey, now Plessy, is shown. This place gave name to the ancient family of Plessis, and was possessed by John de Plessis in the reign of Edward I., at which period it was held by the service of one knight's fee. Further on is Wanspeck Castle, properly Morpeth Castle. Hebron (written Heborn), with the adjoining townships of Tritlington and Causey, now Causey Park, are set down within a reasonable distance of their proper sites; and Easley is given as Easley. Causet, we believe, must be a place called Cauldcote-on-the-Moor, south of Felton. Acton, Newton-on-the-Moor, and the Snipe House, are set correctly down; but Rugley, on the skirts of Aydon Forest, is misspelt as Angley. The first trees shown on the map are on both sides of the road in approaching Alnwick. The only other clumps noticed by the map-maker, are

Judge Jeffreys in Newcastle.

By the late James Clephan.

NOT without qualifications for distinction in the high vocation on which he entered at an early age, George Jeffreys rose rapidly from one round to another of the ladder of promotion. Old John Jeffreys is said to have foreshadowed for his refractory son an unhandsome end; and there would be those who, marking his upward course from afar, smiled over the vanity of paternal predictions. The Corporation of Kingston elected him to the office of Common Sergeant in 1671, at the age of 23; and in 1678 he was made Recorder of London. This post, however, he felt constrained to surrender in 1680, in deference to a vote of censure pronounced upon him by the House of Commons. Yet, about three years later, King Charles raised him to the office of Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench; and in September, 1685, he was created Lord Chancellor of England by King James.

We are not writing the life of Jeffreys, and therefore forbear from further details. Enough has been written of a too well-known Judge to serve as an introduction to a passage in his career which more especially concerns the ancient town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and those of its inhabitants who take an interest in the history of the Church and of Nonconformity. Judge Jeffreys was on the Northern circuit in the closing year of Charles II., when he was Lord Chief Justice. Ambrose Barnes, an Alderman of the Corporation, was then a leading citizen; and his biographer, after first recording the intemperance of the Chief-Justice—"drinking to filthy excess till two or three a clock in the morning"—goes on to say:—"When the Court was sat, instead of the gravity of a tribunal, the Judge, with his ralleries and his jests, there acted the part of a harlequin. In his hand he held out a paper, telling the Court, in a menacing manner, he had there got a black list of damned fannattiques, and was resolved to scowr them. In that black list, some had given him up Mr. Barnes his name as a very dangerous and obnoxious man. Jeffreys in private enquired what part of the town he lived in. They told him his house stood in the Close. Jeffreys, having already had an odd representation of him, cries out, 'I even thought so: some close or field for that rebell to train and muster his men in.' There had lately been a meeting or conventicle broken up at Mr. Barnes's; a fine was levied upon the house; several was taken, and bound over to the assizes; but Mr. Barnes, through the marvellous Providence of the Almighty, escapt. Jeffreys was huge witty upon all the prisoners, but it fretted him sadly he could not catch this Barnes."

Christian Churches, and societies formed in connection with them, now assembled in peace and security, none

daring or desiring to make them afraid. Their meetings are regarded as matters of course, which concern not the civil ruler. But Jeffreys, who out-heroded Herod in an age of intolerance, looked upon such assemblies with a tyrannous eye. The Rev. Dr. Richard Gilpin was minister of the Old Meeting House in the Close at the time of Jeffreys's visit, and there was in Newcastle a Young Men's Society, of which some at least of his youthful hearers were probably members. The Rev. Benjamin Bennet (Dr. Gilpin's successor), in his "Memorial of the Reformation," tells the story of Jeffreys's proceedings towards them:—

A number of young men in the town of Newcastle (about twenty) met together once a week for mutual assistance and improvement in religion; for which purpose they spent some time in prayer and conference, having subscribed a paper containing rules for the better ordering such a society, and the work to be done in it, taken out of a book of Mr. Isaac Ambrose's. One of the society, upon what inducement he best knows, turns informer, and having a copy of this dangerous paper, with the names of the subscribers, makes a discovery, and the whole matter was laid before Lord Jeffreys, at the assizes; by which it appeared to his lordship that about twenty young fanatics met together weekly, to pray and talk about religion, &c. His lordship, whose business lay as much with such as these as with felons, &c., resolved to make examples of them. When he was prepared to proceed against them, he ordered the doors of the Court to be locked up, and kept locked till such of the young men as were in Court were secured; and at the same time despatched the Sheriff with the proper officers to apprehend the rest, the doors being still kept closed, which made no small noise and stir in the town. His lordship, as his manner was, began to breathe out threatening against the Dissenters; and whereas some of the elder of them, with whom his lordship would have taken an occasion to have talked, were withdrawn from the town, he said "he would take the cube, and that would make the old foxes appear." The offenders (some of whom were found in Court, and others of them were brought in by the Sheriff), are presented before his lordship's tribunal. Such as knew his lordship's character will easily imagine (and some well remember it) with how much indignation and contempt he would look down upon these young men. One of them, Mr. Thomas Verner, had but a mean aspect at best (and the work he was taken from made him appear at that time meaner than ordinary), his lordship was pleased to single out, no question to triumph over his ignorance, and thereby expose all the rest. "Can you read, sirrah?" says he. "Yes, my lord," answers Mr. Verner. "Reach him the Book," says the Judge. The clerk reaches him his Latin Testament. The young man began to read Matthew vii., 1, 2, (it being the first place his eye light upon, without any design in him, as he affirmed afterwards) "*Ne judicate, ne judicemini,*" &c. "Construe it, sirrah," says the Judge; which he did:—"Judge not, lest ye be judged; for with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged." Upon which, it is said, his lordship was a little struck, and sat in a pause for some while, (and he had occasion, methinks, to pause more upon it in the Tower, a few years after). The issue of the matter, in short, was this:—That the young men, though never tried, were sent to jail, where they lay above a year (i.e., from the assizes in 1684 to the assizes after the death of King Charles)—[they were admitted to bail in February, 1685-6]—when they were called upon, and set at liberty, with this reprimand by the Judge, "Go, and sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto you"; adding that the King's coming to the throne—[King James having succeeded King Charles]—had saved all their lives. * * * The crime charged upon them was no less than high treason; and a jury was provided that would have answered his lordship's expectations and followed his directions. One of the jury, being

asked what they intended to do with the young men, answered, "There remained nothing for them (the jury) to do but to bring them in guilty; for that a paper produced in Court, and acknowledged by themselves to be subscribed by them, was by the Lord Chief-Justice declared to be high treason." So that if they had been tried, it had been for high treason; and it is known his lordship seldom saw cause to acquit any such traitors as these.

"If the time limited in Jeffreys's commission for his stay had suffered him to bring them on their trials, they had in all probability," says the biographer of Ambrose Barnes, "been convicted of high treason, Rumney, the sheriff, having got a packed jury fit for his lordship's turn. Mr. Barnes, not daring to be seen publicly, went privately to the Sheriff, who was a partner with him in some lead mines, and, with many high words, vehemently upbraided him with the villainy of such a pannel; and, not content with that, the trials being put off, and they left in prison, without any other motive but the grossness of the injustice, at his own charge undertook a journey to London, to solicit their release."

At higher game than Verner, Jeffreys would fain have struck; but, as we have seen, the Alderman was too politic to be caught by the ferocious Judge. Keeping out of his clutches in Court, where his lordship was supreme, Barnes bearded him where he was subordinate. Aforetime he had sought the presence of the King and Council, and now he applied for another audience, to remonstrate against the dealing of his lordship with the young prisoners; and "the Council was of such a temper that some there seconded him with so warm a resentment of the Chief-Justice's scandalous barbarities, that it took off the edge of the offence, and proved a skreen to Mr. Barnes, who came away without any check or disgrace, the odious Jeffreys, who had at Newcastle breathed out slaughter against him if he could but have got him apprehended, now passing close by him as the Council broke up, without finding it in his power to do him the least harm."

Not long after his visit to Newcastle, Jeffreys's career came to an end. When King James was preparing for flight, the obnoxious Lord Chancellor, conscious of the detestation in which he was held, and the danger he ran in remaining, took means for his own escape. "He disguised himself," Foes tells us, "in a seaman's habit, and, proceeding to Wapping to embark, he went into a cellar to take a pot. While there a scrivener came in, who, Roger North relates, had been concerned in a Chancery suit about a 'Bumbury Bird'; and one of the counsel having called him a strange fellow, who sometimes went to church, sometimes to conventicles, and it was thought he was a trimmer, the Chancellor immediately fired, and cried out, 'A trimmer! I have heard much of that monster, but never saw one; come forth, Mr. Trimmer; turn round, and let me see your shape'; and rated him so long that the poor fellow was ready to drop; and when, on quitting the hall, he was asked how he came off,

'Came off,' said he, 'I am escaped from the terror of that man's face, and shall have the frightful impression of it as long as I live.' The scrivener never forgot that frightful countenance, and, recognising the Chancellor at once under his disguise, went out and gave the alarm. The mob poured in, and he was with difficulty rescued from their fury. He was hurried, with a shouting crowd at his heels, before the Lord Mayor, who was so shocked at his appearance that he could not do anything, and was seized with a fit from which he never recovered. By Jeffreys's own request he was taken, in a frenzy of terror, to the Tower, guarded by two regiments of militia, whose strongest efforts could scarcely keep off the thousands who pressed round the cavalcade with execrations and threats of vengeance. There he remained for four months, suffering much from the injuries he received from the populace in his capture, and tormented with the stone to which he had been for many years subject. There, too, from a complication of disorders, aggravated by his drunken habits, and most probably by his recollections and his fears, he died on April 13, 1689."

A Sunderland Character.

ALTHOUGH Tommy Sanderson, the poet-laureate of Sunderland, who was born on January 8th, 1808, has many easy-going, wayward characteristics, he has been a jaunty, well-made, tall, handsome fellow in his time, and can boast of descent from a respectable stock, if not an ancient family.

I have known the subject of this sketch "off and on" for over five-and-thirty years. My first acquaintance with him was about 1852. He was at the "Metal Hall," which was situated near an old mansion in the Borough Road, since transformed by the late Mr. Benjamin Brooks into the Palatine Hotel. This "Metal Hall" was a building of a composite character, having a waggon-top roof, sides and top covered with corrugated iron. It would be a lively place during a hailstorm. Such was Tommy's home, cigar divan, sweetshop, and workshop combined, and here he sold fiddles and catgut, concertinas, flutes, tin whistles, clarionets, and all manner of instruments of music. But we must not forget the leading business of umbrella mending, which was here carried out in all its branches, for Tommy was a skilled doctor in cases of broken ribs, torn covers, and worn ferules. Hundreds of dilapidated specimens passed through Tommy's renovating fingers, and came forth again to battle anew with the elements, as he said, "properly cured."

Tommy had always some hobby in hand, or "bee in his bonnet," and if the patent laws had been as open for a working man in his younger days as they are at present, he would have often figured as an applicant for protection.

At this time Tommy was trying his hand at the velocipede, and he managed to contrive a clever sort of an affair after the fashion of a scissor-grinder's machine. With this he would toil up the Burdon Road until the sweat poured out of him. To work it was no joke, for it was a heavy, cumbrous machine in comparison with the light



and elegant tricycle roadsters of to-day. It was also a vicious machine, and had a most erratic way of its own in coming down bank, which made

the drivers of vehicles rather wary of its approach. Tommy and the late Dr. Orton were great in model life-boats, and a large amount of time was spent over this praiseworthy object. He also advocated a one-wheel ferryboat, the paddle to work in midships by manual labour; and he projected a new method of propulsion by driving the water from a ram in some such manner as the railway-brake works. With other gincracks his prolific brain seemed to be crowded; but, above all his designs and notions, he was constantly bursting forth into topical song or prose, and thus he was ever kept prominently before the public, amusing some at the expense of others, yet generally managing to make "the laugh go round."

At length Tommy came under the lash of the Corporation building bye-laws and regulations, and eventually, after some litigation, he had to give up his metal wigwam and domicile himself in an orthodox fashion. He then took a shop in the High Street, at the corner of George Street, which had a clock for a sign. This became a target for tobacco quids. Tommy bore this annoyance for some time in patience; but at length a notice appeared printed below the clock—"One chow more, and the clock stops." It was here that Tommy endured domestic trials of such a character as to compel him to close his shop, on the shutters of which he had pasted up this well-known couplet—

I am not dead, nor have I failed;
But by a Tartar I'm assailed—

to which a local wag (believed to be the late Mr. George Hardcastle) appended the rejoinder—

Then call the allied armies in,
And thrash the Tartar to the skin.

This was during the Crimean war, and the affair kept the town amused for some time.

Tommy's pecuniary losses and domestic troubles at this period of his history drove him from Sunderland. But, after some years of absence, he returned to his native town, where he knew there lived such men as the late Mr. William Snowball (the Town Clerk) and other old friends, who always looked kindly on Tommy's vagaries and impecuniosity, and helped him through his many troubles. Through Mr. Snowball's assistance, Tommy was promoted to the position of Corporation bellman and town-crier, which office he filled with great efficiency and success for many years. Previous to this appointment, Tommy had a first-rate patent spring weighing machine, with a velvet seat, and fitted up with brass, with which he could earn a few shillings at fairs or on market days.

The poetic effusions and acrostics of Tommy Sanderson, which have been printed and circulated from time to time, are legion. He has also figured as a public debater and lecturer. I remember being present at the Theatre Royal when he essayed to lecture on "Tobacco," under the presidency of "Jack the Sweep." A shower of

coppers from all parts of the house soon, however, brought the chairman to his knees and the lecture to a close.

Tommy's "Life" has also been published, and it contains a great amount of interesting and amusing matter, showing the "ups and downs" of his eventful career. Tommy may be designated as a Jack-of-all-trades. He served his time as a carpenter, and when young was a bit of a musician, playing the clarinet at the Methodist Chapel, Flag Lane.

Like his blue uniform, Tommy is now the worse for wear and tear. No bellman could have looked better than he did with the gold-braided cocked hat and gilt-buttoned, gold-laced coat of the town crier. When thus equipped on an errand of mercy, "calling a lost bairn," followed by an admiring crowd of youngsters, he was the picture of importance. Annually, for some years past, has Tommy submitted his case for a new uniform to the Markets Committee; but, although his appeal is got up in legal fashion, and urged with "great show of reason," the Corporation, in its wisdom, always manages to non-suit the bellman.

Tommy's old friends will be able to bear me out in giving him a good character. I have looked over all his original books of MS., and I do not find anything intended or calculated to offend the most sensitive notions of delicacy and decorum. Tommy can be pretty sarcastic at times, but he excels in rubbing the fur down the right way. He puts in an appearance at all great events, notably the 9th of November, when the new Mayor is generally favoured with his attentions in the shape of a congratulatory acrostic brimful of flattery. J. G. B.

Chester-le-Street.



THE ancient town of Chester-le-Street, whose name causes the mind to revert to the Roman and Saxon periods of our history, is pleasantly situated in a valley to the west of the river Wear, about six miles north of Durham and eight miles south of Newcastle, on a branch of the great Roman military way called the Watling Street, so named from Vitellianus, who is supposed to have directed its formation, the Britons calling him in their language Guetalin. It is supposed by Camden to occupy the site of the Condercum of the Romans, and to have been garrisoned by the first wing of the Astures, a legion recruited in the Basque country; but this conjecture is unsupported, we believe, by any inscriptions discovered near the place, or other historical data. It was called by the Saxons Cunceastre, or Cunceaster, names which probably signify the camp on the Cone or Cong, also called Chester Brook, a branch of the Wear, which runs close past the end of the town.

Under its Saxon name, the place became the seat of

the episcopal successors of St. Cuthbert. Eardulph, the sixteenth bishop in succession from St. Aidan and the tenth from St. Cuthbert, fled from Lindisfarne in the year 875, to escape from the cruelty of the Danes, who were ravaging Northumberland with fire and sword, burning dwelling-houses, churches, and cloisters, slaughtering both old and young, violating women, and sticking little children on the points of their pikes. After wandering about, carrying St. Cuthbert's body with him, for about seven years, he settled at Chester-le-Street in 882. The seat of the north-eastern bishopric, to which that of Hexham was added, then continued to be Chester for upwards of a hundred years, under eight successors of Eardulph. The last of these, Aldhun, who is said to have been of noble extraction and a prelate of very great merit, having been tutor to Edward the Confessor, had the misfortune to live at a very unhappy era, that of the weak and irresolute Ethelred the Unready, during whose reign fresh bands of Danish and Norse pirates were from time to time landing on the coast, and marching inland unopposed. In the year 995, Sweyn, King of Denmark, and Olaus, King of Norway, appeared in Northumberland with an overwhelming force, and were joined by three of the chieftains whose duty it was to defend the country, but who preferred siding with the stronger party, and assisting the invaders to capture and burn Bamborough and ravage the whole country round. To avoid the cupidity and barbarity of their old enemies, the bishop and monks quitted Chester-le-Street, where the see had been established a hundred and thirteen years, and fled in terror, with the body of the saint and all their treasures and sacred relics, to Ripon in Yorkshire, from which, after an absence of three or four months, a precarious peace having been obtained by lavish gifts on the part of the English king, the fugitives resolved to return. But on their way to Chester-le-Street, when they had got as far as Wredelau, a place to the east of Durham, the precise situation of which is not now known, but which is conjectured to have been Warden Law, the car on which the body of St. Cuthbert was borne became immovable; and, though more strength was applied, and yet more, it was all to no purpose. In this emergency the bishop enjoined a fast of three days with prayer for divine direction; and on the third day it was revealed to one of the monks that they must take the body to Dunholm, now Durham. They were, of course, not disobedient unto the heavenly monition, but at once turned aside in the direction indicated, when the car, which formerly all their united strength could not move, allowed itself to be drawn with the greatest ease to that beautiful spot from which the "cathedral huge and vast" now looks down upon the Wear from its lordly seat.

After this date, Chester-le-Street, divested of all its state and authority, became a mere parochial rectory, till Anthony Beck, who enjoyed the accumulated dignities

of Bishop, Count Palatine, Patriarch of Jerusalem, and King of Man, and under whom the palatine power "reached the high meridian of its greatness," and the Court of Durham exhibited all the appendages of royalty, nobles addressing him kneeling, and, instead of menial servants, knights waiting in his presence chamber and at his table, bare headed and standing, made Chester Church collegiate, about the end of the 13th century. The establishment consisted of a dean, with seven preben-

was buried or remained in his feretre there." At the end of the town, on his way to Gateshead, he passed over Coneybrook, across which there was "a fair stone bridge of three arches." This old bridge, however, was very narrow, and therefore it was removed in 1821, and the present one erected.

The wooden church, where the remains of St. Outhbert had rested above a century, was taken down by Egelric, the fourth Bishop of Durham, who erected, in 1042, a



Chester-le-Street. 1888.

daries, five chaplains, three deacons, and other ministers; and this arrangement continued till the dissolution of collegiate churches and chantries in the first year of Edward VI., at which time it was only valued at £77 12s. 8d., though in the Lincoln valuation, made in the year 1291, it had been taxed at £146 13s. 4d. The deanery, prebends, rectory, and vicarage continued in the hands of the Crown until the sixteenth year of James I., when they were given and granted to two private gentlemen, by letters patent under the great seal, only on condition of their providing a perpetual curate.

Leland, who travelled in the reign of Henry VIII., describes the town of Chester-le-Street as "chiefly one

more substantial fabric of stone, in honour of the patron saint, which, as above said, was afterwards made collegiate. In digging the foundation, Egelric found so large a sum of money, buried, as was supposed, by the Romans, that he resigned the bishopric, and returned to the monastery of Peterborough, where he had resided as abbot, taking with him the treasure-trove, which he considered as his own property, because it had been found in the church or churchyard, whereas by law the money, if gold, should have been all the king's, and, if silver, have been divided in moieties, to the Crown one, and to the Church the other.

In the year 1139, during the interval of peace between



Chester-le-Street. 1888.

streets of very meane buildings in height," with "beside a smaull streate or two about the church collegiate," which he tells us was "a very meane building"; but he adds that it contained "a tumber, with the image of a byshop, in token that St. Cuthbert

England and Scotland, arbitrators met at Chester-le-Street for the purpose of composing matters permanently between the sister kingdoms. This step was taken at the entreaty of Maud, King Stephen's queen, and niece to David, King of Scots. David, then residing at New-

castle, sent the Archbishops of St. Andrews and Glasgow as his negotiators, and Stephen, who was staying at Durham, sent those of Canterbury and York. The negotiations were successful for the time being, a treaty of peace having been signed at Durham; but before many years had elapsed hostilities broke out again, and the Borders were once more devastated on both sides.

The present church, dedicated to St. Outhbert and St. Mary, is partly in the early and partly in the later



English style, with an enriched tower, square at the base and octangular in the second stage, and surmounted by a finely-proportioned spire, 156 feet high, considered to be the handsomest in the North of England, and conspicuous

for miles all round. It was rebuilt in 1793, when the former spire, having become dangerous, was taken down. The square part of the tower is old, and the octagonal part less ancient, while the light, elegant, modern spire gives the whole a fine effect.

The north aisle is almost solely appropriated by the effigies of the Lumleys. These consist of fourteen figures carved in stone, resting on as many altar tombs, and solemnly arranged from east to west. A tablet records some particulars of each individual, with appropriate armorial bearings. The series extends from the time of the Conqueror down to the reign of Elizabeth. They were placed there in 1594, when Bishop Matthew granted a license, authorising John, Baron of Lumley (James I.'s stauistic host) to translate to the church of Chester-le-Street the remains and monuments of his ancestors from the yard of the Cathedral at Durham, where they had been placed near the church door. The first effigy, evidently imaginary, represents Lyulph, Bishop Walcher's minister, in a coat of mail, the right hand grasping the sword hilt, a shield on the left. The figure is much mutilated, having lost the feet. A long inscription above this venerable personage commemorates the whole family descent. The names of his thirteen successors were Uchtred, William, son of Uchtred, who first assumed the Lumley name, a second and a third William de Lumley, Roger, Robert, Sir Marmaduke, Ralph first Baron Lumley, Sir John Lumley, George Lord Lumley, Sir Thomas Lumley, Knight, who died in the lifetime of his father, Richard Lord Lumley, and John Lord Lumley, who died in 1609. No effigy appears in the series of George Lumley, who perished in the insurrection that followed the Pilgrimage



of Grace, there being only a mural tablet erected to his memory at the east end of the aisle, between numbers 12 and 13.

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford,

AUTHOR OF "A HISTORY OF NEWCASTLE AND GATESHEAD," &c.

Matthew Bell,

THE COUNTY MEMBER.

Hear the wide welkin rend,
While deaf'ning shouts ascend,
Matt. Bell of Woolsington! Matt. Bell for aye!
—*Election Song.*

MATTHEW BELL, of Woolsington, third of his name at that place, was born in 1793, launched into public life at the age of eighteen years by the death of his father, and for more than half a century afterwards was a familiar figure in the politics, county government, and martial exercises of the Northumbrian people.

The eldest son of Matthew Bell and Sarah Frances,



daughter of Charles Brandling, of Gosforth, he was but two years past his majority when, on the morrow of St. Martin, the King pricked his name on the sheriff roll, and he was raised to the high shrievalty of Northumberland. In view of this event, on the 16th October,

1816, he was married, the woman of his choice being Elizabeth Anne, only child of Henry Utrick Reay, of Hunwick. His father's death had left him heir to a goodly estate—houses, lands, and collieries; his marriage brought him other mineral property; he had become, within a few years, an opulent land and coalowner, a popular county squire, and a good "all round" public man. Nothing but opportunity was wanting to enable him to display his talents in a wider arena than that of quarter sessions, and the opportunity came sooner, perhaps, than was expected.

At the time when public life opened out wide avenues of usefulness to Matthew Bell, the English people were passing through that exciting political period which accompanied the decadence of the Tory party after long years of supremacy. Northumberland was one of the great constituencies of England, and, if it was not foremost in political warfare, it was celebrated as the home of the leader of the opposing forces in Parliament—forces which were already shaping their course in the direction of Reform. The representation of the county had been in the hands of the dominant party; but one of the members, Mr. Beaumont, had turned Reformer, and between the Tyne and the Tweed, as elsewhere, public spirit was rising in favour of an extended franchise, the claims of Catholics to equality under the law, the abolition of slavery in the West Indies, and other movements calculated to extend the liberties of the people within the lines of Constitutional Government. The administration of Lord Liverpool, which had lasted thirteen years, was tottering; a general election was impending, when, in the beginning of 1826, Mr. Bell's uncle, Charles John Brandling, one of the county members, died. Mr. Bell's opportunity had arrived. A by-election was necessary; Mr. Bell became a candidate; and, beating the Hon. H. T. Liddell at the poll, was duly elected one of the members of Parliament for his native county.

Before this election was well over, all parties were looking forward to the coming struggle. It was known that Parliament would be dissolved in a few months, and it was expected that the contest at the general election would be fierce and bitter. Mr. Beaumont issued an address to the electors while the by-election was proceeding: Lord Howick followed his example. Mr. Bell came out on the 9th March, two days after his first fight terminated, and on the 13th of that month Mr. Liddell was again in the field. Into the particulars of this memorable contest, already lightly described in the sketch of Mr. T. W. Beaumont, it is not desirable further to enter. After a fight of four months, culminating in a fifteen days' poll, during one of the hottest summers recorded in local history, Mr. Liddell with 1,562 votes, and Mr. Bell with 1,380 votes, were elected, while Lord Howick (who retired on the 13th day) and Mr. Beaumont were beaten.

The return of each candidate from the polling place to

Newcastle was marked by great demonstrations; but the journey of Mr. Bell was a sort of triumphal procession. The road to Newcastle was lined with people. At Gosforth a triumphal car, decorated with laurel and blue favours, was waiting, and after Mr. Bell had made a speech to his friends, he ascended it, and was taken slowly along the North Road. First came a band of music; then 250 horsemen, riding in pairs, accompanied by two more bands of music on coaches; in front of the car were a coach, with another band, and a large body of men carrying flags; behind came fifty carriages filled with friends. In this order they entered Newcastle, and accompanied their twice-elected member to his headquarters.

At the general election which took place after the death of George IV. in 1830, Mr. Liddell declined a contest, and Mr. Bell was re-elected, with Mr. T. W. Beaumont for his colleague. The following year came the first struggle over the Reform Bill. Mr. Bell, true to his principles and his promises, voted against that measure, and when it was defeated, and Parliament was again dissolved, he did not present himself to the electors, but allowed Lord Howick and Mr. Beaumont to be returned without opposition. The election was held on the 9th May, and from that date till December in the following year, when the Reform Bill had become law and the representation of the county of Northumberland had been divided, Mr. Bell was without a seat in Parliament. It was known, however, that he intended to appeal to the southern division of the county, where his property and interest lay, and a coalition was formed between Mr. Beaumont and Mr. William Ord, of Whitfield (who had been for many years one of the members for the borough of Morpeth), to secure the representation to the Liberal party. Mr. Bell stood upon the old lines, and declined to catch votes by swerving an inch from the direct path in which his political course ran. The result was favourable to him. Mr. Ord was rejected, and the two parties in the division had each a representative.

For the rest of his parliamentary life Mr. Bell represented the southern division of Northumberland unopposed, and when he retired in 1852 all parties joined in praising the consistency of his career, and the fidelity with which he had maintained his political principles.

Before he was a Member of Parliament Mr. Bell had distinguished himself by his activity in assisting to organise the Northumberland and Newcastle regiment of Yeomanry Cavalry, and for forty-eight years he was one of its leading spirits. When it was called together in 1819 he received a commission as captain of the Woolington troop, consisting for the most part of his own tenantry, and after his uncle Brandling, the lieutenant-colonel of the regiment, died in 1826, he became his military as well as his Parliamentary successor. Local newspapers contain reports of his services with his troops during the keelmen's riots in 1823,

and the strike of the miners in 1831; of the magnificent dinner which was given to him by the officers of the regiment in 1829; of the presentation of a gold medal, which he received from the corps on his giving up his command in 1867, when, by reason of age and infirmity, he was no longer able to take his place at its head.

Straight and upright in every relation of life, Mr. Bell exemplified the patriotic spirit and the chivalric bearing of an English country gentleman. Though his political contests impoverished his estate, he sought no office and accepted no preferment. He died as he had lived "Honest Matty Bell." In the opening days of November, 1871, the little churchyard of Mason Dinnington received all that was mortal of a typical Northumbrian, and, as he left no family, the Woolington property passed to his brother, Captain Henry Bell, who, in November 1887, was laid beside him.

John Bell,

BOOKSELLER AND ANTIQUARY.

—pleased again by toys which childhood please—
As books of fables graced with prints of wood,
Or else the jingling of a rusty medal,
Or the rare melody of some old ditty
That first was sung to please King Pippin's cradle.
—Shakespeare.



JOHN BELL was the eldest son of John Bell, bookseller and land surveyor, and was born in Newcastle on the 7th October, 1783. Soon after he had entered his twentieth year he left his father's establishment in Union Street, and opened a book shop for himself upon Newcastle Quayside. In that classic neighbourhood he developed a taste acquired in boyhood for collecting coins and antiquities, and for accumulating rare books and objects of local interest. These inclinations brought around him a number of Novocastrians like-minded, who gathered up neglected souvenirs of local events, competed for oddments of all kinds, exchanged specimens, boasted of their acquisitions, and exaggerated the value of them, as collectors everywhere and at all times are wont to do. Before he had been a year in business—that is, before he came of age—he had started a Numismatic Society in Newcastle. After this society was dissolved, he set on foot a more ambitious scheme—a scheme that in the end created one of our most useful institutions, the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries.

In a paper on "Early Members" read to the antiquaries at their monthly meeting in August, 1885, Dr. Brace, quoting from a collection of documents in the possession of Mr. John Clayton, described the circumstances under

which the society was called into being. Mr. Bell printed seventy circulars, and in November, 1812, addressed them to the leading gentry of the two counties. He met with no encouragement till he sent one to Hugh, second Duke of Northumberland. This nobleman, an old man of seventy, replied favourably, and the following post brought letters from Mr. (afterwards Sir) David Smith, his Grace's commissioner, and others more or less connected with the ducal family,



John Bell.

desiring to be entered as members. Next, Mr. John Adamson joined him, and the success of the project was assured. On the 6th of February, 1813, under the duke's patronage, the society was fairly launched, with a working council, and the following officers:—President, Sir John E. Swinburne, Bart.; vice-presidents, Sir C. M. L. Monck, Bart., John Carr, and James Losh; secretaries, the Rev. John Hodgson and John Adamson; treasurer, John Bell, jun.

In the meantime, Mr. Bell was endeavouring to create an interest in local bibliography. He issued proposals for publishing by subscription reprints of rare and curious old English tracts, "comprising histories, madrigals, and metrical romances, which were originally printed in Newcastle-upon-Tyne during the seventeenth and early part of the eighteenth centuries." The reprints were to be edited by himself, and the number of impressions of each tract was to be limited to a hundred, "printed in pot quarto, embellished with fac-similes of

the original woodcuts." It was an excellent idea, but Mr. Bell failed to realise it. Sufficient encouragement was not forthcoming, though a few years later the Newcastle Typographical Society and Moses Aaron Richardson managed to carry out a part of the project. Fortunately, the designer was not discouraged by failure. He commenced to publish on his own responsibility. On the 5th of August, 1812, there appeared in Newcastle a 12mo volume of 334 pages, with the following title:—

Rhymes of Northern Bards, Being a Curious Collection of Old and New Songs and Poems peculiar to the Counties of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Northumberland, and Durham. Edited by John Bell, jun.

Upon the title page is a woodcut of the Arms of Newcastle, which, according to William Garrett, was the "first block Tommy Bewick engraved of the Newcastle Arms, with St. Nicholas' Church in the distance." Titles of other publications issued by Mr. Bell are these:—

A Right Merry Garland of Northumberland Heroes. Printed for J. Bell on the Quay, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. 1814. [A 12mo book, with a cut of a bagpipes playing; said to be a copy of one by Bewick.]

Figures in Rhymes, or Metrical Computations addressed to Northumbrians. By H. R. Printed for J. Bell on the Quay, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. 1814. [A 16 page pamphlet, with three engravings, said to be by Bewick.]

A Garland of Bells, wherein each rings to its proper Tune. Printed for John Bell on the Quay, by George Angus in the Side, Newcastle, 1815. [A 12mo pamphlet of 24 pages, with copy of a woodcut by Bewick representing three men ringing in a belfry.]

The Contented Cuckould, or a Pleasant New Songe of a New-Castle Man, who's Wife being gone from Him: Shewing how he came to London to her, and when he found her carried her back again to New-Castle Towne. [Reprint of a broadside dated 1660.]

An account of the Great Flood in the River Tyne on Saturday morning, Dec. 30, 1815. To which is added a Narrative of the Great Flood in the Rivers Tyne, Tease, and Wear, &c., on the 16th and 17th Nov., 1771. With an account of the Eruption of Solway Moss. Printed for John Bell on the Quay, Newcastle, 1816.

[A pamphlet of 16 pages, printed by S. Hodgson, with four woodcuts by Bewick—one of which (reproduced in the initial at the beginning of this article) had been used at the head of Newcastle news in the *Newcastle Chronicle* for a number of years, and appears to be little the worse. In the writer's own copy, which is signed

January 13th 1816

is a circular inviting the Union Lodge of Gateshead (Mr. Bell was an enthusiastic Freemason) to attend a funeral sermon, to be preached in the chapel of St. Thomas the Martyr by "the Rev. Brother Wasney," on behalf of the relatives of two men, named Craig and Hoggins, who lost their lives in the flood, and a note in Mr. Bell's writing that the sum collected was £15 17s. 6d.]

The Custom House Garland; or, Nine Pleasant Ditties,

Sung while the question was pending whether or no a Branch of the Custom House at Newcastle should be established at North Shields. Printed for John Bell on the Quay, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1816.

The Codicil of the Reverend Dr. Robert Thomlinson, Rector of Whickham, bequeathing the St. Nicholas' Library; to which are added Copies of Letters written in an Attempt to re-open the Same for the Use of the Public. Newcastle: Printed for John Bell. [An undated pamphlet, with a Bewick engraving.]

Shortly after the publication of the "Custom House Garland," some disarrangement of his private affairs led to the abandonment of the shop on the Quay. For the rest of his life he was known as John Bell, land surveyor, of Gateshead, and librarian of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries. To the published proceedings of the antiquaries—the "Archæologia Æliana"—he contributed illustrated papers on "Roman Antiquities sold in Newcastle in 1812"; "North Gosforth Chapel"; and the "Bronze Statue of James II., supposed to have formerly stood on the Sandhill, Newcastle." He added to the library several valuable books, MSS., &c., and, according to Dr. Bruce, was, with Mr. Adamson, for forty years the backbone of the society. He became an omnivorous collector of ballads, broadsides, handbills, and the *dijecta membra* of local printing offices. Nothing was too small or too trivial for a place in his comprehensive folios; from a parchment deed to a printed tobacco-paper, he gathered them all in. Dibdin, the bibliomaniac, journeying through the North of England in 1836, was amazed at the extent of Mr. Bell's collections. He describes a visit to his crowded garner with unaffected admiration.

Mr. Bell married in November, 1806, Barbara, daughter of Thomas Pringle, of Newcastle, by whom he had nine children. He died on the 31st of October, 1864, aged 81, and was buried at St. John's Cemetery, Elswick.

The portrait has been copied from an oil-painting kindly lent by one of Mr. Bell's grandsons—Mr. John George Bell, of Preston, North Shields.

Thomas Bell,

LAND AGENT AND BIBLIOPHILE.

'There is no end of books, and yet we seem to need more every day. —*Manton.*

Thomas, second son of John Bell the elder, was born in Newcastle, December 16th, 1785. He was educated chiefly at the school in the Forth kept by Mr. William Tinwell (author of the Arithmetic that bears his name), and as soon as he was old enough he began to assist his father in the profession of land surveying. "My father and I walked to Sunderland," he writes under date the 19th May, 1800, "and surveyed there a considerable part of the day, and then walked back to Newcastle, excessively tired, being in my fifteenth year."

At the beginning of the century, the world and its affairs moved more leisurely than now, and the work demanded of a land surveyor was much more difficult of performance than it is to-day. The old surveyors were

not carried here and there by steam, and could not make appointments by telegraph. Effective locomotion depended upon pedestrian endurance, or skilful horsemanship, and very often consumed the greater part of the time. Audits of rentals and revenues upon great estates lasted for days; those of the Duke of Northumberland, which the Bells officially attended as his Grace's valuers, consumed, twice a year, the better part of a month. Maps and plans were prepared with an elaboration of detail and a fulness of ornamentation that are now generally regarded as superfluous. An estate plan was a work of art. Mansions and farmsteads, cottages and pigstyes, parks and gardens, bridges and gates, hedgerows and trees—all were faithfully drawn and artistically displayed. It was excellent training for young men, and Thomas Bell had the benefit of it.

In the closing years of his father's life, Thomas bore the burden of most of the surveying business. When the father died, it was he who completed the allotment and division of Gateshead Town Fields and the Low Fell, and, as was natural, succeeded to the greater part of the appointments with which the skill of John Bell the elder had been rewarded. He had married, in 1810, Hannah, daughter of William Blakey, of Morton Banks, Yorkshire, and as soon as he was able to entrust the book-selling and stationery business to his sons, he gave it up, and devoted himself to the work he preferred. For many years he was actively employed in the sale, exchange, and purchase of land for the Earl of Strathmore and other owners in the two counties. The introduction of steam into locomotion brought him a large accession of business, and he was professionally connected with the acquiring of land for the Brandling Junction, the Newcastle and Carlisle, and the Stanhope and Tyne Railways. But his chief occupation was the division of common lands. He was, either as commissioner, valuer, or surveyor, appointed to superintend the allotment of the commons of Rothbury (between 6,000 and 7,000 acres), Alnwick, Allendale, Corbridge, Eachwick, Haltwhistle, Harbottle, Horsley, Killingworth, Longhoughton, Langley, Mickley, Ovingham, Shiremoor, Thropton, Throckley, Thorneyburn, Wall, Woodburn, and some others in Northumberland, and an equal number in the counties of Durham, Cumberland, and York. After the passing of the Tithe Commutation Act in 1836, he was for some time busy in commuting tenths all over the two counties. Township maps, for the purposes of the Act, were supplied from his office to the number of many hundreds, and are still to be found locked away for purposes of reference in the vestries of local churches.

Like his brother John, Thomas Bell was an indefatigable collector of local literature; but, unlike him, he was a discriminating gleaner, and stored away nothing that was not practically useful. Genealogy was his special hobby. He gathered together materials for histories of local families which were of the greatest service to the

Rev. John Hodgson, and details of local institutions that helped Eneas Mackenzie. With his own hands he bound together scores of volumes containing pamphlets, leaflets, and broadsides relating to special local subjects, interleaving them with copious and accurate notes, written in a small, clear hand, that is easy to read and facilitates hasty reference. All his "made up" books and collections of papers were models of compilation and arrangement which it would be difficult to equal and impossible to excel.

Absorbed in the practice of his profession and in the pursuit of his literary hobbies, Mr. Bell avoided what is called public life. He was a Tory of the old school, who rarely meddled with politics; a native of the town, who shunned its municipal honours and responsibilities; a Churchman, strong and staunch, who lived on the best of terms with his Nonconformist neighbours. The only positions in connection with local government which he would consent to occupy were those of churchwarden and select vestryman in his parish church of St. John.

Mr. Bell's marriage brought him the cares and duties which attach to a numerous family. Like his ancestor, Thomas Bell, of Knaresdale, he was the father of fourteen children, some of whom, as they grew to maturity,



assisted him in his business, and forwarded his private enterprise as a collector and delineator of local history. Eleven of the fourteen were sons, and a lasting monument of their skill and industry exists in a Terrier which they drew up, under their father's superintendence, of the wide-spreading estates of the Percy family in Northumberland. In the later years of his

life some of them were taken into partnership, the name of the firm being changed to that of "Thomas Bell and Sons." None of them now remain in Newcastle, though the old business established by John Bell the elder, more than a century ago, is still carried on by Thomas Bell's grandson, Seymour Thomas Bell, to whom the writer is indebted for most of that which is useful in this and the preceding sketch.

When Mr. Bell died, it was found that his literary treasures reached the large number of 20,000 volumes. No effort was made to secure this remarkable collection of local books for public use; they were allowed to be sold by auction—"scattered to the four winds of heaven"—at a sale of fifteen days' duration. His sons, Christopher Seymour and John Gray Bell, presented to the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries 100 volumes relating to the town and its institutions, as a souvenir of his life-long connection with the society. Of the rest there remains no record save the sale catalogue—a book, with woodcuts by Bewick, which is much prized by collectors.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for August, 1860, appeared the following article. With it, containing as it does some particulars not previously noted, we may fitly conclude:—

April 30th, at his residence, in Cumberland Row, Newcastle-on-Tyne, aged 74, Thomas Bell, Esq., land valuer and surveyor, and a diligent antiquary.

In his profession, Mr. Bell was a man of conspicuous ability, and his experience and connections were so considerable that the greater portion of the land in the Northern Counties had passed under his professional notice. On the death of his father he was appointed one of the surveyors and land valuers of the Duke of Northumberland. He was also commissioner, valuer, and surveyor on the division of most of the common lands in the district that have been enclosed, and was arbitrator for the settlement of the purchase money of the land abstracted by the formation of the various railways in the Northern district during the last half-century.

Although Mr. Bell has not left behind him any published works, his library was greatly enriched by his manuscript genealogical and antiquarian compilations, and we find that the authors of most of the topographical and antiquarian works of local interest acknowledge his aid in their undertakings; in particular, he greatly assisted his late friend, the Rev. John Hodgson, in the "History of Northumberland."

A collector from his youth, Mr. Bell brought together one of the largest and most valuable collections of books, papers, and engravings ever formed in the North of England, particularly in matters of local interest. He was one of the founders of the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle, and at the time of his death one of its council. The rise and early progress of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle was much indebted to his exertions, and his membership continued to his death. With many of the charitable and religious associations of the district Mr. Bell was officially connected, and otherwise throughout his long life he pursued an even and consistent course as an honourable man and worthy and useful citizen, and has now passed from among his fellow-townsmen lamented and beloved by all with whom he was connected.

His funeral took place on Friday, the 4th [May], his remains being interred in the family vault at Jesmond Cemetery.

Throughout his whole being he was true to the motto of his race,

"PERSEVERANTIA."

The Birthplace of Bede.

MR. RICHARD WELFORD, in his able paper on the Venerable Bede (page 133), alleges that Bede was born "within the territory of the monastery of St. Peter at Wearmouth." Bede, in his "Ecclesiastical History," states that he was born "in territorio ejusdem monasterii." King Alfred in his Saxon translation renders this phrase, "in sunderlande thes ylean monastrey"—that is, in the sunderland of this same monastery. Now the original grant of King Egfrid comprised seventy folklands on the north bank of the Wear. Eight years afterwards this territory was enlarged by a further grant of forty folklands for the purpose of founding the Jarrow Monastery. And, on his return from his last journey to Rome, Benedict obtained a further grant of three hides of land, near the mouth, and on the south side of the river Wear. The monastic territory would then consist of an unbroken flat piece of land from the Tyne to the Wear, and, in addition thereto, a small piece of sundered land on the south side, which, in common parlance, would probably be known as the sunderland of the monastery, and, in point of fact, is now comprised within the parish of Sunderland.

The Antiquarian Society of Newcastle published, in 1851, a pamphlet entitled "An Inquiry into the Origin of Sunderland and as to the Birthplace of the Venerable Bede." Mr. Grant Allen, the author of "Anglo Saxon Britain," in a letter to Mr. Robert Brown, solicitor, Sunderland, the author of the pamphlet, says:—"I have no doubt Bede was accustomed to describe his birthplace in English as Sunderland, and translated the word by 'territorium.' That this Sunderland was our Sunderland your pamphlet leaves no reasonable doubt. Should a second edition of 'Anglo-Saxon Britain' ever be demanded, I shall certainly alter the point in accordance with your view." Letters of approval were also received from Dean Stanley and Mr. Green, the historian. The birth of Bede at Sunderland may now, therefore, be regarded as a settled historical fact.

In North Sunderland, divided by an arm of the sea from the monastery of Lindisfarne, and in Sunderland-by-the-Bridge, described by Surtees as "the extreme southern and outlying portion of the lands of St. Oswald, being sundered from the bulk of those lands by the Breen on the one side and the Wear on the other," we have the like severance from a neighbouring monastic estate, combined with the like submission to monastic control. Sunderlandwick, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, is sundered by a morass from the ancient priory of Wetadun. And Sunderland Street, in the town of Maulesfield, is said to derive its name from the fact of its separation from "the old church" by a space known as "the waters."

The ferryboat landing on the north side of the Wear is within a few yards of the gate of St. Peter's, which occupies the site of the ancient monastery, and in all probability the present ferry was the monastic ferry between the monastery and the portion of monastic territory on the south side known as "the Sunderlande." This supposition is supported by the fact that the name "*Sunderland juxta mare*" occurs in a series of leases of the ferry and fisheries and other rights exercised by the Bishop over the river and haven, extending back to 1464, whereas in the charters referring to the borough at large the incorporated name, Wearmouth, is used. There is a very early charter mentioned by Hutchinson, bearing date 1154, in which Sunderland is referred to as "*Wearmuc alias Wearmouth modo Sunderland juxta mare*," from which it is clear that from time immemorial these had been the distinctive names of its two component parts. In Bishop Morton's Charter of Incorporation, granted in 1634, the borough is styled in the preamble as "our borough of Sunderland-near-the-Sea, which time out of mind hath been known by the name of the new borough of Wearmouth," and in the body of the charter it is referred to as "the new borough of Wearmouth, now known by the name of the borough of Sunderland."

The adoption of Sunderland as the corporate name of the borough has no doubt arisen from the superior importance of this portion of the borough consequent on its mercantile development.

ROBERT U. BROWN, Sunderland.

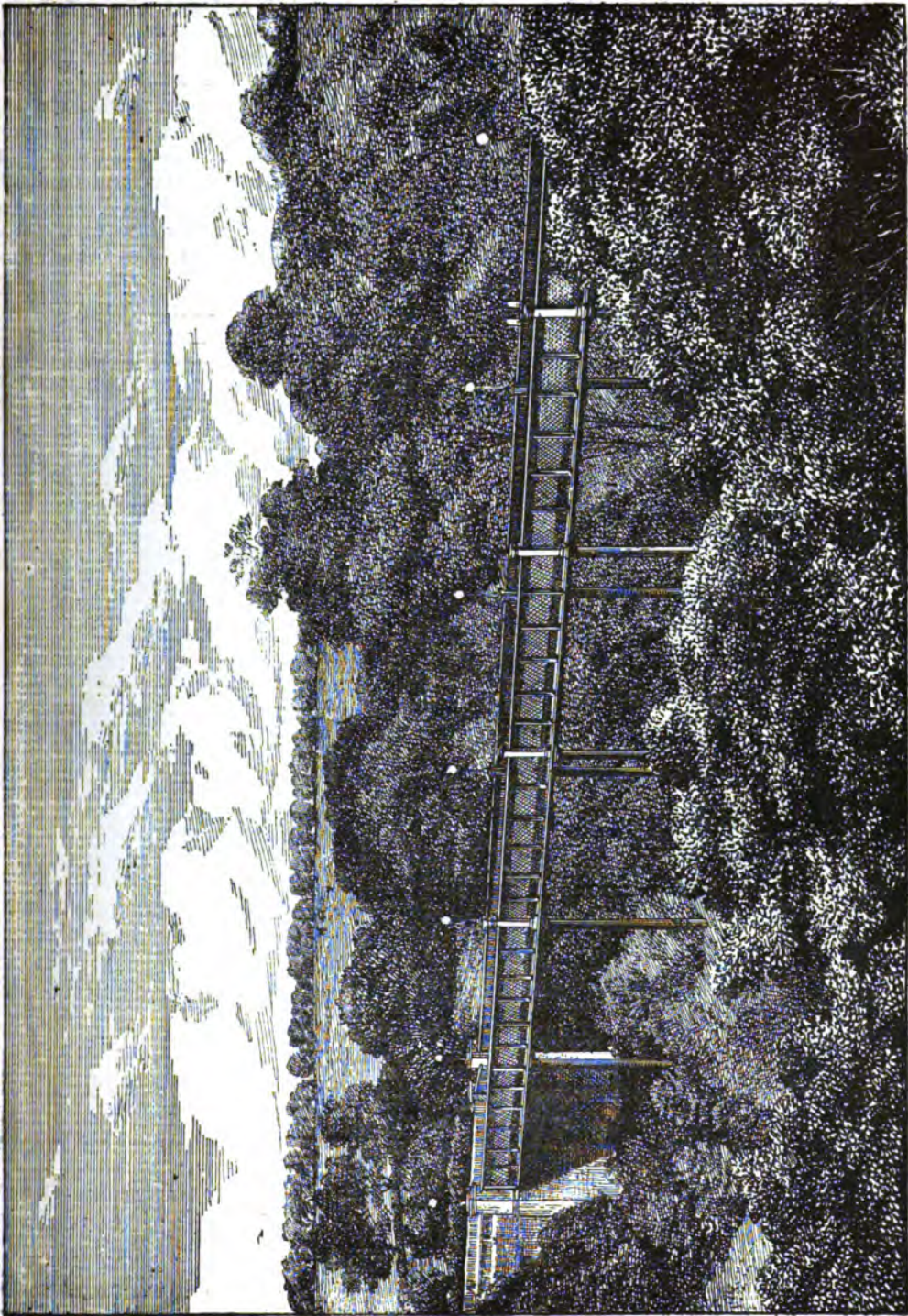
Armstrong Park, Newcastle.

IT has been said by many who have had opportunities of judging, that the Armstrong Park at Newcastle, which now includes the famous Jesmond Dene, excels most other English public parks in picturesque beauty. It is situated, for the most part, upon the eastern side of the valley of the Ouseburn (at one part it occupies both sides of the stream), extends from Heaton Hall on the south to Jesmond Towers on the north, and has an area of over one hundred acres. In traversing it you come upon every variety of scenery; steep wooded banks bordering on the burn, and level bowling greens and lawns; shady walks under tall trees, and open grass-grown spaces; tangled thickets where the bracken grows in native wildness, and trim flower beds laid out with all the skill of the gardener's art; still ponds which reflect the overhanging foliage, and rushing waterfalls which churn to foam the waters of the little stream. Besides its natural and cultivated beauties, Armstrong Park has the attraction of historical associations to add to its interest.

The park is divided into three parts by roads which trisect it at right angles to its length. The southern



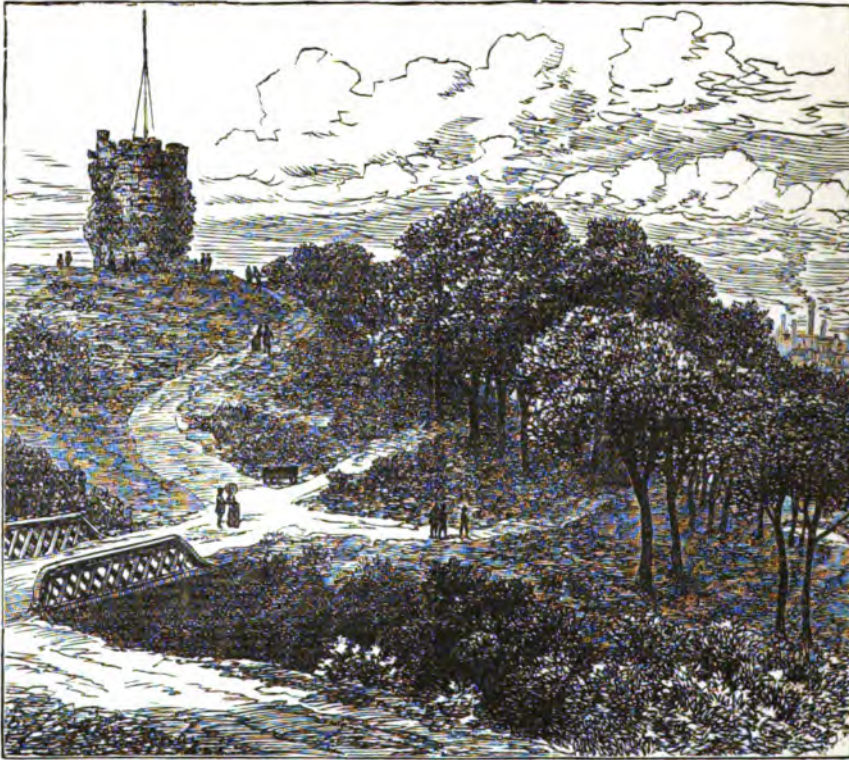
THE CASCADES, JESMOND DEN.



BENTON BRIDGE, OVER JESMOND DENE.

portion (23 acres in area) was formerly part of the grounds of Heaton Hall. It was purchased by the Corporation of Newcastle, and opened to the public in 1879. On entering it by its south gate, and standing on the plateau beside an ornamental temple-like building, we have a magnificent view of Jesmond Dene. Seen in the evening, under a sunset effect, it presents a charming picture, with the great masses of sombre foliage darkling under the glowing sky. Close by the south-east corner of the park is Heaton Hall, standing amongst tall trees. This picturesque old mansion, the residence of Colonel Addison

Descending from the plateau, we reach the children's playground, to which the legend, "Keep off the grass," visible elsewhere, does not apply. It is a rich boon to the people of the neighbourhood to have such a place set apart for the enjoyment of their little ones, and its advantages are appreciated and used to the utmost. Close at hand are the Bowling Green and Croquet Ground, overlooked by a handsome terrace, and surrounded by beds of gorgeous flowers disposed in symmetrical designs, the whole hemmed in by the dark line of tall forest trees. There are winding paths under these trees, deliciously cool in summer, and between their trunks we catch



OLD TOWER IN ARMSTRONG PARK.

Potter, C.B., stands on the site of a mediæval building, remains of which still exist, and part of which is supposed to have been the chapel where, in 1299, King Edward I. heard a boy bishop celebrate the vespers of St. Nicholas. Heaton Hall received another Royal visitor on the 1st of May, 1617, in the person of James I., who was then entertained by the owner, Henry Babington, and knighted his host ere he departed. The present building was erected by Matthew Ridley in 1713, and is particularly interesting from its connection with the family now represented by Sir Matthew White Ridley of Blagdon.

glimpses of the shining waters of the burn. On the terrace is the aviary, generally well tenanted by an interesting collection of birds, British and foreign, and hard by is the fernery, where the monkey cage is a constant source of attraction to the children. Round at the back of the same building, a pair of gazelles also receive, at their daily levees, a fair share of visitors. In the north-east corner of this portion of the park, and close to the road which divides it from the next section, stands the ruined pile commonly called "King John's Palace," an account of which was given in vol. i. of the *Monthly Chronicle*, p. 88.

The second or middle portion of the park was a free gift of Sir William Armstrong (now Lord Armstrong) to the people of Newcastle. It was opened to the public on June 23rd, 1880, and consists of 28½ acres, lying, like the first portion, on the east bank of the burn. Our views of the old tower and of the rustic bridge will give some idea of its general appearance. The old tower was, within living memory, a working windmill, and is of comparatively modern erection. It is a prominent and picturesque object from many points of view, and has been wisely preserved on its lofty and breezy height. Just beneath it, by the side of the carriage drive, lies an old memorial stone which is worthy of note. It is inscribed, "Abigail Tysacke, daughter of John and Sarah Tisacke, departed this life the 7th day of the 12

On leaving the middle park by the north gate, we find ourselves at the end of the iron bridge, usually called Benton Bridge, which here spans the dena. It was built to the design of Sir William Armstrong, who also defrayed great part of the cost of erection; is of light and elegant appearance, and of great convenience to those using the Benton Road, as it saves the steep descent and ascent of Benton Bank. The view from it on either side is very fine. On the south we see the parks we have just left, with the old tower on the hill and the masses of foliage around it reflected in the Green Water Pool, which lies far down below us in the valley. On the north we have a charming view of Jesmond Dene, which forms the third portion of the park, and, like the second, was the free gift of Lord Armstrong.



RUSTIC BRIDGE IN ARMSTRONG PARK.

month, and in the 7th weack of her life, Anno 1679." The Tysacks were members of a numerous family of glass-makers who worked for many generations on the Tyne. The first of them came, together with the progenitors of the Henzells and the Titorys, also glass-makers, from Lorraine, shortly after the massacre of St. Bartholemew. Abigail Tysack, here commemorated, was buried in the graveyard of the Society of Friends, near Pipewellgate, Gateshead. This memorial stone was probably placed by her parents in their garden near the St. Lawrence Glass-house, where her father would be employed. Brand, the historian, saw it in a garden there. It was removed to its present position, we believe, by Mr. Sewell, managing partner in Sir M. W. Ridley and Co.'s Glassworks at St. Lawrence, who lived in the cottage close by, now the Park Refreshment Rooms.

The Jesmond Dene section of the park is now entered from the level of Benton Bridge by a new gate, as well as by the old doorway down in the valley, and from beginning to end it is a continual feast to the eye, fresh beauties appearing at every step. A mere descriptive catalogue of the various plants here to be found would form a large and interesting volume. Rare foreign shrubs and heaths and flowers have been planted in abundance, and vary the display of native foliage. Where possible the original timber has been allowed to remain, and the hanging woods on either side of the burn, in the upper reaches, are perhaps the finest feature of the whole place. Good solid footpaths have been formed along the bottom of the valley and partly along the upper heights. From the latter, glimpses can be caught at intervals, between the trees, of the valley beneath. There is one gap

through which we look down on a scene of singular beauty. In the distance we see the trees of the opposite bank which close in the view in that direction, and rising from behind them the turrets of Jesmond Towers, the residence of Mr. Charles Mitchell, a member of the world-famous firm of Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co. Nearer at hand is the picturesque mansion of another member of the same firm, Captain Noble, and nearer still, yet far down below us, runs the burn. We see it as it forms a series of cascades, running beneath a rugged stone bridge, and then rushing through its narrow channel among huge masses of rock. By its margin stands the Old Mill, with its huge wooden water wheel, now stopped for good, and its red-tiled roof no longer covering a little scene of industry, but spared from destruction only as a pleasant and picturesque object in the landscape.

Considerably further down the stream, and to be reached by descending and retracing our steps along the opposite bank, is the Banqueting Hall, included by Lord Armstrong in his gift of the park. It is a commodious hall, adorned with statuary and pictures, and convenient for holding public entertainments. Near it is to be seen the tree planted by the Princess of Wales, when she, together with the Prince of Wales, opened Jesmond Dene in 1884, and formally handed over to Newcastle this princely gift of her foremost citizen and most munificent benefactor.

R. J. C.

The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stoker.

BOB CRANKY'S 'SIZE SUNDAY.

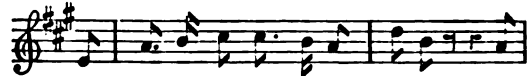
THE attendance in state of Her Majesty's Judges of Assize at St. Nicholas' Church, Newcastle, on the Sunday in Assize Week, with all the paraphernalia necessary to enhance their dignity as representatives of Majesty and Law, usually attracted a large concourse of idle or curious spectators. The cavalcade in olden days usually consisted of two mounted trumpeters in court livery preceding the carriage of the High Sheriff of the county (with the Judges inside), followed by that august official, also on horseback, arrayed in cocked hat and sword, with a page on each side, dressed in gay livery, walking and holding a ribbon attached to the Sheriff's stirrup. The Mayor in his state carriage, accompanied by the aldermen, councilmen, and other Corporation officials, including also sword-bearer and mace-bearer in their quaint

and curious costumes, all contributed to the attractiveness of the spectacle.

The song of "Bob Cranky's 'Size Sunday," which is certainly a graphic description of the scene, was written by John Selkirk, of whose unfortunate life and melancholy death we gave an account in a previous article. (See "Swallow Hopping," page 102.)

The tune was composed by Thomas Train, of Gateshead, and our copy is taken from an engraved music sheet published in 1804, and signed by the composer.

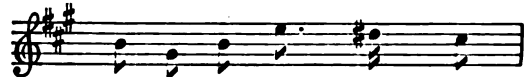
Allegretto Pitmanale



Ho' - way and aw'll sing thee a tune, man 'Bout



hus see'n my Lord at the town, man; Aw's



seer a' was smart now, Aw'll



lay thee a quart, now, Nyen' them



aw' out a dash like Rob Cran - ky. Aw's



seer a' was smart now! Aw'll



lay thee a quart, now, Nyen' them



aw' out a dash like Bob Cran - ky.

When aw pat on me blue coat that shines ee,
Me jacket wi' posies ee fine tee,
Me sark sic sma' thread, man,
Me pigtail se greet, man,
Od smash! what a buck was Bob Cranky!

Blue stockings, white clocks,* and reed garters,
Yellow breeks, and me shoon wi' lang quarters,
Aw myed wor bairns cry
"Eh? sarties! ni! ni!"
Sic verra fine things had Bob Cranky.

Aw went to awd Tom's and fand Nancy,
Kiv aw, "Lass, thou's myed to maw fancy;
Aw like thou as weel
As a stannin'-pye heel;
Ho'way to the toon wi' Bob Cranky."

* Clocks—ornamental embroidery worked upon each side of the stockings, a fashionable embellishment only a short time ago.

As up Jenny's backside we were bangin',
Ki' Geordy, "How! where are ye gannin'?"
"Wey, to see me Lord 'Sizes,
But ye shanna gan aside us,
For ye're not half so fine as Bob Cranky."

Ki' Geordy, "We leave i' yen raw, myet,
I' yen corf we byeth gan below, myet;
At aw things aw've played,
And te hew aw'm not flayed
Wi' siocan a chep as Bob Cranky."

"Bob hex thee as loupin' and flingin',
At the bool, football, clubby,† and swingin';
Can ye jump up and shuffle,
And cross ower the buckle,
When ye dance, like the cliver Bob Cranky?"

"Thou knaws, i' me hoggars‡ and drawers,
Aw'm nyen o' yer scartors and clawers;
Fra' the trap-door pit laddie
T' the spletter, his daddie,
Nyen handles the pick like Bob Cranky

"So, Geordy, od smash my pit sark,
Thou'd best hand thee whist about wark,
Or aw'll sobble¶ thee body,
And myek thee nose bloody,
If thou sets up thee gob to Bob Cranky."

Nan laugh't: t' church we gat without 'm.
The greet crowd, becrike! how aw hew'd 'em:
"Smash," a keel bully roared,
"Clear the road!" whilk's me lord,
Ows se high as the noble Bob Cranky.

Aw lup up and catch'd just a short gliff
O' Lord Trials, the trumpets, and Sheriff,
Wi' the little bit manniee
Se fine and se canny;
Ods heft, what a seet for Bob Cranky.

Then away we set off for the yell-house,
Wiv a few hearty laases and fellows.
Aw tell'd ower the wig,
Se curl'd and se big,
For nyen saw'd se weel as Bob Cranky.

Aw gat drunk, fit, and kick'd up a racket,
Rove me breeks, and spoil'd a' my fine jacket.
Nan cried and she cuddled,
"Maw hinny, thou's fuddled;
Ho'way hyem now, me bonny Bob Cranky."

So we staggered along fra the toon, man,
Whiles gannin', whiles byeth fairly doon, man.
Smaash! a banksman or hewer,
No, not a fine viewer,
Durst jaw to the noble Bob Cranky.

What care aw for maw new suit a' tatters,
Twe black e'en?—od smash a' sic matters—
When me Lord comes agyen, man,
Aw'll strive every byen, man,
To bang a' wor consarn, ki' Bob Cranky.

O' the flesh and breed day,§ when we're bun, man,
Aw'll buy claise far bonnier than thou, man;
For od smash me neavel!
As lang as we're yebbell,
Let's keep up the day, ki' Bob Cranky.

† KF—quoeth. "Kiv aw," "kiv I," quoeth I.

‡ Clubby—a game played in an open space by two opposing parties. Each player is armed with a bent or hooked stick; a wooden or leather ball is thrown down in the middle of the space; and the object on each side is to drive the ball to their opponents' goal line. Now often called "shinny."

§ Hoggars—old stockings with feet out off, used as gaiters.

¶ Sobble—to thash, to beat.

§ Flesh and breed day—the annual binding day for the pitmen, when they signed an agreement for the following year's work, was usually distinguished by the colliery owners supplying the men, in addition to the agreed upon bounty in cash, with bread, meat, and beer, which doubtless would largely help to smooth away any difficulty in coming to terms.

Drummond, the Sunderland Highwayman.

IT is not generally known that the first of the name and the family of Drummond who settled under peculiar circumstances on the banks of the Wear, was not the unfortunate James, Duke of Perth, who was said to have taken refuge, after his escape from Culloden, in the then very sequestered and almost quite lawless hamlet of South Biddick, near Pensher, where, marrying the daughter of a poor working man, he became the progenitor of a race of pitmen, one of whom, his grandson, Thomas, laid claim unsuccessfully to the earldom of Perth.

Long before the Forty-Five or even the Fifteen, a man said to be a cadet of the noble house of Perth, Robert Drummond, wandered away from his home and country, and came to the North of England to live, moved, it would appear, by some mad freak or spurt of temper, or perhaps urged by some family quarrel. He associated himself with one or more of the hard-headed, ready-witted Scotch chapmen, packmen, or travelling merchants, who began to flood England, more than they had ever done before, after the passing of the Act of Union. Drummond went into the hardware line, dealing in razors, knives, scissors, thimbles, combs, ear-rings, &c. After perambulating the six Northern Counties for some time, he settled down in the town of Sunderland, then a very small place, but increasing fast in population, and already doing a considerable trade.

Here he lived with a fair reputation for several years. But by-and-by he fell into bad habits. After a while his shop began to exhibit unmistakable signs of neglect and disorder, and it was whispered among the neighbours that, instead of going to bed betimes and getting up at a decent hour in the morning, as all honest people then did, it was his wont to steal off clandestinely soon after dark, twice or thrice a week, along the Shields, Newcastle, Durham, or Stockton road, on no good errand anyone could guess, but not at all unlikely, as some even dared to say, to ease belated travellers of their loose cash. Others, who were either somewhat more cautious or more charitably disposed, chose to put a less ugly face on the matter. Drummond, they said, was not the only man in Sunderland, England, or the world, who had a natural taste for lonely walks at night. He was a queer sort of fellow, they must allow; but, after all, it was no crime to be queer, or what would they make, say, of Anthony Ettrick? He had come from nobody knew where; but so had a good many other folks in the town, and where had all the grandfathers of even the oldest standards come from? Some said Drummond was a Scotch nobleman's son; well, what the worse or the better was he for that? If he had been the

son of a gipsy, moastrooper, or buccaneer, and yet sold good razors, who had any business to find fault with him?

At length, however, Drummond's conduct became so outrageous that the darkest suspicions seemed justified. It turned out that he kept a mistress at Ryhope, and that he was one of a set of wild fellows, whose habit it was to convene in a low public-house on the Moor-edge, a little to the north-east of the Spa Well, kept by a person generally known as Lady Lowther, who bore a very light character (this "howff," we ought to say, has long since disappeared, the sea having washed away the site and everything on it about a century and a half ago). Several robberies had taken place in the neighbourhood of the town, and the perpetrators remained undiscovered. But various circumstances tended to connect some of the frequenters of Lady Lowther's house with one or two recent cases. Very strong suspicion being directed towards Drummond, he was narrowly watched; and although he was not caught in the very act of robbing a gentleman's house in the neighbourhood, which was broken into one night, yet everything concurred to fix the guilt upon him as an accomplice, if not the principal. He was accordingly apprehended on suspicion, and committed by the county magistrates for trial at the next Durham Assizes. There the case was clearly made out; Drummond was convicted of burglary, and sentence of death was passed upon him by the judge. But some of his friends used their influence to get the sentence commuted, on what specific ground we do not know, and the result was that, instead of being hanged by the neck until he was dead, as was the usual course with such offenders, he was transported for life to the plantations in North America.

But Drummond soon found a way to return to England, and took up his quarters in the city of London. Here he devoted himself to robbery as a trade, and grew before long one of the most daring and mischievous highwaymen that ever infested the road. The multitude of his robberies made his person well known, and yet he managed to escape capture a good while. This was the more wonderful, considering the roughness and cruelty of his temper, for one quaint old authority tells us, "He never used anybody well, firing upon any who attempted to ride away from him, and beating and abusing those who submitted to him." He travelled for some time in company with another fellow of the same distinguished surname as himself, one James Drummond, and they together perpetrated a number of desperate outrages on the Great North Road. At length being pursued and in danger, Robert gave their armed pursuers the slip, deserted his companion, and left him to his fate, which was to be tried, found guilty, and hanged in due course.

Drummond afterwards fell in with a desperate character, named Ferdinando Shrimpton, said to have

been a person genteely brought up and well educated, but of a wild and savage nature congenial to his own. This man's history, as told in the record we transcribe, was a very singular one. His father, we are told, lived at Bristol, and "behaved, in outward appearance, so well that he was never suspected to have anything wrong about him"; yet he was one of the greatest highwaymen in England. One evening some constables came hastily into an inn where he was, to apprehend another man, when "his guilty heart making him afraid that they were come in search of nobody but himself, he thereupon drew a pistol and shot one of them dead; for which murder, being convicted, he readily confessed his former offences, and, after his execution for the aforesaid crime, was hung in chains."

This unhappy man's son had been bred to no trade. Subsequent to his father's death, he enlisted into the Foot Guards, and served for some time as a private soldier. The pay being insufficient to supply his wants, however, he eked it out by taking the same steps as his father before him had taken. "Never was any fellow of a bolder and of a more audacious spirit than he; and after he had once associated himself with Drummond, the precious pair inveigled Shrimpton's cousin William, who had come up to London to seek a place, and was then hanging about town, into bearing them company in one or two nocturnal adventures, in the course of which they managed so to shuffle the cards that he should appear to be as guilty as themselves."

One night the trio sallied out over Hounslow Heath in quest of prey, when, seeing a solitary horseman approaching, William Shrimpton, though but indifferently mounted, and the clumsiest villain of the three, was deputed to rife him of his valuables, while the other two kept in the background close by. The man was forced to give up his watch, his purse, and his horse. He was then allowed to proceed, and at the first house he reached he naturally gave the alarm. A hue and cry was raised, and William Shrimpton was captured. His two comrades, however, had meanwhile ridden off with the traveller's horse, the watch, and the money. The man who had been robbed was willing to compound the felony, and agreed not to prosecute if he got his property back. Shrimpton promised he would find a way "to help him to his horse again," and was as good as his word, "though the gelding was worth fifteen pounds"; but as for the watch, that was not immediately forthcoming, as it had been pawned in the interim with a gentleman of Jonathan Wilde's vocation, viz., that of receiving stolen goods and restoring them to the owners at half-price—a trade which was carried to a great length in the beginning of the reign of George I. The owner of the watch, however, sent 34s. by his wife to Shrimpton's lodgings, or to some other convenient

place appointed for the purpose, and thereupon got back his property. The pawnbroker took 25s. of this sum, and the rest was divided among the robbers. Ferdinando was "very much obliged that he received but half-a-crown for his trouble," and a rupture took place between him and his cousin which led to their real characters being detected.

A gentleman of the name of Tyson had been stopped in his carriage on Hounslow Heath some time before, and his coachman, one Simon Prebent, having endeavoured to drive away, was shot through the head. The gentleman was then rifled of all the money and valuables he had upon him, and left helpless in the road. The actual hand in this affair had been Ferdinando's, but William and Drummond lay in ambush close by. Suspicion fell upon the right parties, and the three ruffians were apprehended. William Shrimpton turned king's evidence against the other two, and at the ensuing sessions at the Old Bailey Ferdinando was indicted for the murder of Simon Prebent, and Robert Drummond for aiding, abetting, and assisting him. Both the robbers were convicted not, only upon this charge, but also upon several others of a like nature. Moreover, Robert Drummond had been guilty of a capital offence against public justice in returning from transportation—an act which was made felony, without benefit of clergy, by sundry statutes passed in the reign of George II.

Under sentence of death, the two bravos behaved themselves with great obstinacy and resolution, and refused to give any detailed account of their crimes. Questions having been pressingly put to them as to their connection or complicity with other highway robberies besides those on account of which they were condemned to die, Drummond would say in a passion, "What, would you have us take upon ourselves all the robberies that have been committed in the country for ever so many years back?"

The barbarous murder committed upon Mr. Tyson's coachman did not seem to make the least impression upon their spirits. Shrimpton, by whose hands the man was killed, never appeared the least uneasy, not even when the sermon on the murder was peculiarly preached on his account; but, on the contrary, talked and jested with his companions as he was wont to do. "In a word," says his contemporary biographer, "more hardened, obstinate, and impenitent wretches were never seen; for, as they were wanting in all principles of religion, so they were void even of humanity and good nature; they valued blood no more than they did water, but were ready to shed the first with as little concern as they spilt the latter." Inured in wickedness and rapine, they yielded their lives at Tyburn, with very little sign of contrition or repentance, on the 17th of February, 1730, Drummond being about fifty, and Shrimpton about thirty years of age.

The Starling in the Northern Counties.

THE common starling was a comparatively rare bird in the Northern Counties a quarter of a century ago, and was then unknown in the south of Scotland, so far as I know. Now, the bird is plentiful, if not numerous, in all the Northern Counties of England, and in Scotland from the Border Esk to Sutherlandshire in the far North. Although starlings are numerous in and about Newcastle, they were very scarce in Thomas Bewick's time. Bewick used to say that he would be delighted if a pair would only nest in his house. About 1852, a few pairs nested in the high rock at Claxheugh, near Hylton; and these birds were so rare that on Sunday mornings many persons walked from Sunderland to see them.

Mr. John Hancock, with his usual acuteness (see "Catalogue of Birds of Northumberland and Durham," 1874), attributes the increase of the starling in Northum-



berland and Durham to the destruction of birds of prey. Yet we are met with the difficulty, in accepting this assumption, that, though the raptorial birds have been nearly killed off by game preservers, other small birds, once plentiful, are now comparatively scarce, in some districts at least, evidently from other causes than the destruction of birds of prey. But, from whatever cause, it is an undoubted fact that starlings have spread rapidly northwards during the last quarter of a century; and the bird is now plentiful where, not so many years ago, it was absolutely unknown. Starlings delight to feed, and find their chief sustenance, in meadows and grass fields; and the fact that so much of the land in the country is now laid out in grass may partially, if not largely, account for their presence now in parts where they were formerly un-

observed. But there were starlings in some parts of the county of Durham many years ago; for when the late Charles Waterton, of Walton Hall, Yorkshire, was a schoolboy at Tudhoe, about the end of last century, he saw several pairs nesting in the holes of a decayed tree near the school.

The starling, like some other birds, has a variety of common names. It is called the starling, common starling, stare, common stare, and the solitary thrush; but this latter term (which is by no means correct so far as my experience goes) is generally applied to the young before they attain adult plumage. In Lancashire, Yorkshire, Cumberland, and other Northern Counties, I believe, the starling is best known as shep, or shepeter.

HENRY KERR.

Lamberton Toll-Bar.

NEXT to Gretna Green and Coldstream, the most popular place for the celebration of Border Marriages was Lamberton Toll-Bar, which is situated at the northern extremity of Berwick Bounds, about three miles from the ancient Border borough. A recent visit to the locality enables me to bear witness to the accuracy of the artist's sketch, which, however, was made a few years ago. The toll-bar has now been removed. With that exception, everything remains pretty much as shown in the accompanying picture.

Neither the removal of the toll-bar, however, nor the discountenance of the Houses of Parliament, has altogether put a stop to Lamberton marriages. Runaway couples are wedded there even to this day. The officiating priest is a somewhat mysterious character named Ferguson, known sometimes among his neighbours as "German Jim," who has been a seafarer, but who now picks up "an honest penny" in odd sorts of ways. This, at least, was the story that was told me a few months ago. The chances are, however, that the Lamberton Hymen, not being a man addicted to hobnobbing with his neighbours, has got a reputation which he really doesn't deserve. When I inquired whether marriages were still celebrated there, I was told that several had taken place last summer—"muggers, and people of that sort." Mr. Ferguson, it seems, makes a charge of 7s. 6d. for his services, requires two witnesses, and keeps a register of the ceremonies he performs.

An odd incident connected with Lamberton Toll-Bar in the old days was recently related by Robin Goodfellow, who contributes a column or so of local gossip to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*:—

An old tradesman of Newcastle, who has not long been dead, was united to his venerable spouse at Lamberton near the beginning of the century. A happier marriage never was effected. But the youthful pair were really only half married. As I have heard the story, the lovers, one cold morning, waited on the old man who officiated as Hymen. The fire had just been lighted in the room into which the bridal couple were ushered; but the chimney smoked, and the green wood which was burning in the grate threw out fumes of a suffocating quality. The consequence was that Hymen had so many fits of coughing that he could not read the marriage declaration. The



Lamberton Toll Bar

bridegroom, in the midst of it, and before Hymen could finish his task, grew impatient. "Hoots, man," he exclaimed, "that'll de! Hoo much de ye want?" And so, without completing the business, the couple paid the old man his fee, retired from the toll-bar, and lived happy ever after. A.

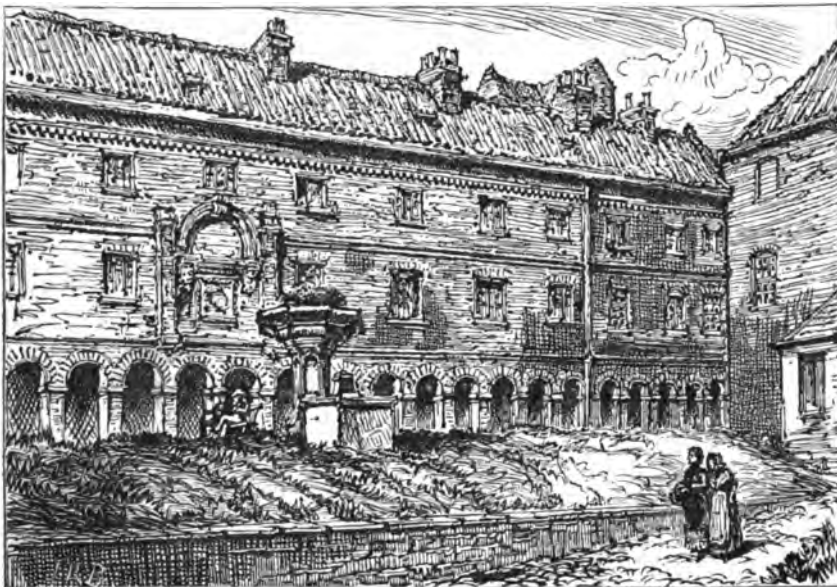
The Streets of Newcastle.

The Manor Chare.

FROM an old deed, bearing date February 20, 1466, we learn that the whole of the thoroughfare from the Manors to the Stock-bridge was formerly called the Cowgate; but that name is now more restricted, and its reputation is unsavoury. The neighbourhood in former days was one of charitable foundations. In the olden Cowgate—we would call it the Manor Chare now—there stood at one time the charity known as Ward's Almshouse. It was founded by John Ward, Mayor of the town in 1448. A deed of 1475 describes the building as "John Ward's Almshouse, standing in Cowgate, nigh the Friars Augustine, lately edified and builded by the said John Ward." It maintained twelve poor men and the same number of women. In an old parish-book of All Saints' vestry, under the head of "Disbursements for 1642," occurs the following item:—"Almhouse in Manor Chaire, 3s." Neglect and ruin overtook the charity in time. Bourne tells the story, citing the Milbank MS. as his authority:—

"The chief almshouse in the town is the Ward's, near the Manour: the mills at Pandon Gate should give them, as I remember, twenty shillings per annum to buy them coals, but old Mr. Brandling pulled off the lead on purpose to expel the poor people, which he did. The mills are now fallen into one Homers's hands, and so is lost for ever. I have seen the writings, and know it." Bourne tells us also that this almshouse was situated at the bottom of a garden belonging, in his time, to a Mr. Waters, where old persons had informed him they remembered the ruins of such a building.

Davison's Hospital, according to Mackenzie, stood near Ward's. There were really two of them. One was founded by Mrs. Ann Davison, relict of Benjamin Davison, merchant, who by her will in 1719, left the residue of her personal estate for the purpose. Six poor widows of clergymen and merchants were supported out of the endowment. The other was indebted for its foundation and support to the charity of Thomas Davison, of Ferryhill, and his two sisters, Mary and Timothea, who gave the Corporation £1,200 for its purposes in 1754. It was designed for the reception of six unmarried women, to be daughters or widows of burgesses of Newcastle. These brethren and sisters had in 1827 £13 each per annum, and four fother of best Benwell coals; a light, commodious bedroom; a kitchen; and a pantry, large enough, if necessary, to hold a bed. A third hospital adjoined these two, namely, Blackett's Hospital. This was founded by Sir Walter Blackett, who provided £1,200 for its endowment in the year 1754, to support six unmarried men, being poor and decayed burgesses, in the same way as was done at the



HOLY JESUS HOSPITAL, MANORS, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, 1880.

Davison Hospitals. These hospitals all stood on a pleasant triangular green, and formed one building, now swept away to further modern improvements.

On the north side of the said triangular green stood the Holy Jesus Hospital. It has not suffered the fate of its companions, though the view of the inmates is limited by the new road in front of it. It was founded by the Corporation in 1681, and incorporated two years later. In their interest for the welfare of the new hospital, the authorities seriously jeopardised their Walker estate, which had cost them £12,220. On the day after the incorporation, estates were bought for the support of the hospital at Edderley and Whittle. The revenue, £80, was soon found to be insufficient; and accordingly in 1716 the Corporation petitioned Parliament for leave to sell these estates and purchase the manor of Walker, of the yearly value of £250, which they proposed should be subjected to a yearly rent-charge of £185, for the support of the hospital. The House of Lords rejected the bill brought in for this purpose, on the motion of Lord Cadogan, who alleged that the Corporation had purchased the Walker estate without license, and that therefore, by the Statute of Mortmain, it belonged to the Crown. The estate remained accordingly with the Crown until December, 1723, when Mr. William Carr, one of the members for the borough, obtained his Majesty's pardon and license to the Mayor and Corporation to hold the manor of Walker, &c., for the purpose of "providing a sufficient fund for the maintenance of the poor of the said hospital for ever." Great were the rejoicings when Mr. Carr arrived in Newcastle with this "pardon and license." He was nominated a magistrate forthwith. His brethren went in state to the Guildhall, where the Town Clerk read the document amidst loud acclamations. The evening was spent "with great rejoicings," and on the 7th of February following "the Mayor and Common Council addressed his Majesty." (Mackenzie.) The inmates of this hospital were allotted the same income and quantity of coals as the brethren and sisters of the Davison and Blackett Hospitals.

The most notable inmate the Jesus Hospital ever had was John Marshall, whose story is an interesting, but withal a melancholy one. He was the only son of a respectable timber-merchant, had many rich relatives, and was cousin to the Rev. George Walker, F.R.S. He was educated at the Grammar School under Hugh Moises. Whilst yet a youth his parents died; and he lost his fortune in a series of unwise speculations. Then, like so many more, he found out the bitterness of being "jilted by Dame Fortune, and deserted by his summer friends," to use his own words. He went to sea, and tired of it. Then he took to teaching, and studied its professors to some purpose, as his "Portrait of a Village Pedagogue" shows. In 1804, he accomplished his "Walk from Newcastle to Keswick," under which title he published an

account of his experiences. There he was kindly received by his friend Mr. Crosthwaite, proprietor of a Museum of Natural and Artificial Curiosities, who obtained for him a vacant school in the retired vale of Newlands. About a year afterwards, on the recommendation of the curate of Buttermere, he became the schoolmaster of Loweswater, where the pair of them used to drink home-brewed ale and smoke the pipe of peace in the pleasant cottage of Mary of Buttermere. Subsequently he kept schools at Morpeth, Murton, and Newburn; but in 1819 he had to seek shelter in the Westgate Hospital, whence he was removed to Jesus Hospital, and appointed its master or governor, in 1821. Four years later he died, at the age of sixty-eight. He was a good classical scholar, acquainted with several modern languages, and a versifier of considerable merit. "Want of prudence and love of convivial company" were his weaknesses, and point the moral of his life.

We are now on the site of the Augustine or Austin Friars. (See page 250.) The grounds of this order extended from the place where the last-mentioned hospital now stands to the upper end of the Gaol. In Bourne's time, near the latter site stood "the remains of a large gate, which had been one of the gates leading to St. Austin Fryers, which (having passed this gate) is a little above upon the right hand. There is still," he adds, "a compleat quadrangle to be seen, the south side of which has undoubtedly been the chapel." We do not know when this mendicant order first settled in Newcastle, but it is generally supposed that their house here was founded by William, Lord Ros, Baron of Wark-upon-Tweed, about the year 1290. At any rate, Edward I. granted a license to assign a message to the prior and brethren in 1291. The property of the convent grew and grew. In 1306 it enlarged its burial-ground, and in 1322 and 1331 its other land, in the latter case with the proviso, that a sufficient space should be left betwixt this house and the town wall for the Mayor and community to ride in, for the custody and defence of the town. In 1388, its surroundings must have been repulsive, whatever the buildings and gardens themselves might be. In that year the Parliament at Cambridge passed an Act "for the punishment of them who cause corruption near a city or great town to corrupt the air." Under this Act, a writ of the Crown was sent to the bailiffs of Newcastle, ordering them to make proclamation to prevent the casting of filth into rivers, ditches, streets, &c., and especially mentioning a road that led near the house of the Augustine Friars, whose inhabitants had been subjected to great annoyance and peril by the quantity of rubbish and garbage that had been thrown there.

Margaret Tudor, sister of Henry VIII., was entertained here on her journey to Scotland in 1503 to meet her future husband, James IV. of Scotland—who fell so gallantly on Flodden Field—at Berwick. The royal lady

travelled in great state from Durham. Three miles south of Newcastle she was met by the Prior of Tynemouth with thirty followers, and Sir Ralph Harbottle with forty horsemen, all richly appointed. On the bridge were the Carmelite Friars with crosses, and after them the Mayor, sheriff, and aldermen, "well appointed, on foot." After welcoming her, the Mayor mounted his horse, and bore his mace before her to her lodging. There were further rejoicings, of course. "The streets were hanged"—decked with banners, we presume; the Earl of Northumberland gave "to many lords, knights, and others a goodly banquet"; there was a solemn mass; and the third day after "the said Mayor conveyed her out of the said town, and after took leave of her." Note this, and give due honour to our loyal ancestors. "But they made no sound of artillery and ordnance!"

In 1539, Ichabod was written on the Priory, for in that year it was surrendered to Henry VIII. It was reserved for the use of the king, and to be the meeting place of his Council of the North. Gray says that in it "the Kings of Northumberland was enterred; since in succeeding ages enlarged and beautified with stately buildings, cloysters, and a faire church. The Kings of England since the Conquest kept house in it when they came with an army royall against Scotland; and since the suppression of monasteries made a magazine and storehouse for the North parts. Now of late that princely fabrick demolished and layd levell with the ground." About its later fate the Millbank MS. is sarcastic. "A Scot did beg it of King James [the First]; after that took the lead off it and sold it; but it was cast away before it came to its market. He sold also some stones to Sir Peter Riddel, who with them built the south end of his fine house; but now it belongs to Captain Dykes, and his posterity hath no right." The town authorities held it in 1648, when they granted a portion of the site to the Barber Surgeons, and in 1653 gave a Mr. Blaikston "leave to dig as many foundation stones forthe of the ground in the Manors as he shall have occasion to use." In 1708 they ordered the Butchers' Company to remove their tallow house out of the ruins. The reader may to-day form some idea of the extent of this once stately Priory when we say that within its limits were subsequently erected the Davison and Blackett Hospitals, the Jesus Hospital, the Manors Police Court, the Gaol, and the Charity School of All Saints.

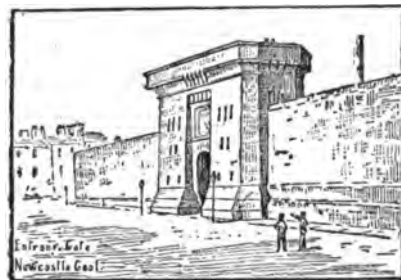
This said Police Court was certainly no credit to the town. It was fetid and filthy; and sometimes the very magistrates carried away with them to their homes more than they bargained for, greatly to the disgust of their good dames, who waxed eloquent in their denunciations of "that horrid police court!" The place owed its existence to the reconstruction of the police force in or about the year 1836, when the town sergeants and watchmen were superseded by the "Bobbies," or "Peelers"—so nicknamed after Sir Robert Peel. We grumble sometimes at

the working of our present system; but things were scarcely better under the old *regime*, when, it is said, the watchmen had a premium on every case they made. The case of Thomas Waller Watson v. Thomas Carr is illustrative of the old times. Watson, and a friend of his, Jonathan Walton, with two others, were returning up Dean Street from a convivial party, when one of them named Hedges called out to the other, who was in advance, to stay, and sing a line or two of Tom Moore's song, "Fly not Yet," which they had just heard at the party. Down upon them pounced the watch, who took them before the captain, the aforesaid Thomas Carr—more generally known as Tommy. He locked them up. For this Watson brought an action at the next assizes for false imprisonment, and gained it, notwithstanding that Carr had his interests represented by the formidable Henry Brougham. Captain Carr, in fact, seems to have lost his temper—the very worst thing any peace officer can do; and his error, in consequence, was this. He erred in locking Watson up at all, knowing who he was, before bringing him before the magistrates (who then sat in the Mayor's Parlour in the Guild Hall); and so he came to grief. The magistrates themselves at that day, though, were hardly entitled to bring Tommy to account, for they were accustomed to rely so helplessly on the advice of their clerk that that functionary used to be known as "The Parrot." The local satirists made Carr's life a burden to him over this affair. Here is a verse from one of them:—

May the treadmill turn to a whisky shop,
The Parrot into a monkey;
And Tom Carr sell fine neck-shirt buttons
Upon a tripe-wife's donkey!

At the commencement of the present century the ground between the Manors and New Bridge Street was called the Carloli Croft. It was laid out in gardens and walks which were looked on as a pleasant resort, especially on Sunday nights, by the lads and lasses of that day

We may pass by the Soup Kitchen and the Roman Catholic School, and so come to the great grim, repellent



building which in its every stone proclaims itself the common gaol. Newgate, formerly the general town prison, as Westgate was for disobedient apprentices, had been presented at the assizes of 1820 by the Grand Jury "as being out of repair, and inconvenient, insufficient,

and insecure." A bill for building a new gaol was passed in 1822; Mr. John Dobson was appointed the architect; and the foundation stone was laid on the 4th of June, 1823. Its inscription runs thus:—"This Stone, being the Foundation Stone of the New Gaol and House of Correction in the Town and County of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, was laid by the Rt. Worshipful Robt. Bell, Esqre, Mayor, the 4th Day of June, in the 4th Year of the Reign of his Majesty King George IV., A.D. 1823. John Dobson, architect."

The total expense was limited by the Act to £50,000; but it did not much exceed £35,000, of which the mason-work was estimated to cost about £23,000. The stone was mostly procured from the Church quarry on Gateshead Fell, from which place stone was also taken to rebuild All Saints' Church and the Moot Hall. The estimated expenditure did not escape sharp criticism at the time from that wicked thorn in the Corporation flesh, Tim



NEWCASTLE GAOL, 1826.

Tunbally, who wrote:—"The luxury of the age has made our old prisons unfit for modern prisoners, and the county of Northumberland, as well as the town of Newcastle, knowing how much the prisoners of the day deserve, have determined to build two good, comfortable concerns. They will cost as much as palaces. I should not be astonished if the county prison runs away with £80,000 at least; and the town one, it seems, is to cost £50,000; so never let it be said in future that men that get into gaol are worthless fellows."

Though the Gaol looks so formidable, several escapes have been made from it. Walter Scott Douglas (whose prison adventures have been related in the *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. i., p. 367) was a sort of local Jack Sheppard in this respect. We have ourselves seen tobacco,

and perhaps other articles, thrown over the wall of the prison at the corner nearest the All Saints' schoolroom; and an answering voice from the other side indicated "all right." But this was in our boyish days. The ordinary mortal may depend upon it that, if the door once clangs against him, he can be kept in custody securely enough.

Let us be thankful that in all these years there have been only three executions in the Gaol. In August, 1850, Patrick Forbes was publicly hanged by Askerne, facing Carlol Street, for the murder of his wife. In March, 1863, George Vass, for a most atrocious murder, in the West Walls, of an old woman who had been first-footing on the previous New Year's morning, was publicly hanged by Askern at the corner of the gaol facing towards the Arcade steps. And, on the 23rd December, 1875, in that very corner, level with the street, and only separated from it by the wall, John William Anderson was privately hanged by Marwood for the murder of his wife. Let us hasten from the spot: the taint of blood is in the air!

Burial at Cross Roads.

THON Hone's "Every Day Book," with its infinite variety of subjects, there is something about suicides and cross roads. He tells us of a fatal duel in 1803, when two military officers "quarrelled and fought at Primrose Hill, because their dogs quarrelled and fought in Hyde Park"; and, moralising on the event, he closes his reflections with the words:—"The humble suicide is buried with ignominy in a cross road, and a finger-post marks his grave for public scorn; the proud and daring duellist reposes in a Christian grave, beneath marble proud and daring as himself."

Shakespeare had put something of the same kind into the mouths of the clowns who dug the grave of Ophelia:—

Second Clown: But is this law?

First Clown: Ay, marry, is't; crowner's quest law.

Second Clown: Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she would not have been buried with Christian burial.

First Clown: Why, there thou say'st; and the more pity that great folk have countenance in this world to drown and hang themselves more than their even Christian.

History will hardly bear out the censure of the clowns. "Great folk" have lost "Christian burial," as well as their fellow-Christians. We should not have to go out of our northern diocese for a notable instance. The turbulent Philip of Aquitaine, consecrated Bishop of Durham in 1197, and continually embroiling himself in life with the monks, was under excommunication in death for his support of King John against the see of Rome, and was buried beyond the precincts of the cathedral.

But, to come down from great folk to small, we would recall a case in which churchyard burial was withheld in Newcastle some seventy years ago—the last occurrence in

the town, we are inclined to believe, of the interment of the dead at cross roads. The deceased was Martha Wilson, a seaman's widow, subject, as was said at the time, to frequent fits of melancholy. There were seasons in which she had threatened to destroy herself; and to this sad end she came, on Sunday, the 13th of April, 1817. She had that morning been to a huckster's shop, where she purchased a little tobacco; after which she was no more seen alive. She was missing until the following Tuesday, when she was found dead in her room at the Trinity House, suspended from a nail by a cord. The chair on which she had stood was overturned; her door-key was lying on the floor; her prayer-book lay open on the bed. There was a coroner's inquest on Wednesday; witnesses were examined; and the jury, on what grounds is not recorded, returned a verdict of *Felo de se*.

The grave of the poor suicide was dug on Thursday by some members of the Company of Free Porters, the place selected being "the public road leading from the New Bridge to the Red Barns, a little beyond the turnpike gate," and "in front of the buildings which have since been named Ridley Villas." There, at nightfall, in the presence of a large and curious concourse of the inhabitants, drawn together by the unusual spectacle, the remains of the worn widow, weary of life, were laid to rest, the proceedings being superintended by the parish officers and town sergeants.

The late coroner for Newcastle, Mr. John Theodore Hoyle, is our authority for the statement that, during some excavations in the roadway at the point where Argyle Street, Pleasant Row, Ridley Villas, and New Bridge Street meet, the remains of a corpse were found, about twenty years ago, with a piece of wood placed in such a position as to indicate that the old law under which it was compulsory to drive a stake through the body had been carried out. Mr. Hoyle saw the bones and stake himself, and was of opinion, from the position of the burial-place, that this was the last case of local interment of a suicide under the old conditions. The remains would, in all likelihood, be replaced, but there is no record of this having been done.

No other burial at cross roads has occurred in Newcastle, so far as we are aware, since the time of the unhappy Martha Wilson. The law, indeed, was amended a few years afterwards; and such burials came to an end. The Royal Assent was given on the 8th of July, 1823, to an Act "to alter and amend the law relating to the interment of the remains of any person found *Felo de se*." The statute consists of but two clauses, viz.:

1. That from and after the passing of this Act, it shall not be lawful for any coroner, or other person having authority to hold inquests, to issue any warrant or other process directing the interment of the remains of persons against whom a finding of *Felo de se* shall be had, in any public highway; but that such coroner or other officer shall give directions for the private interment of the remains of such person *Felo de se*, without any stake being

driven through the body of such person, in the churchyard or other burial ground of the parish or place in which the remains of such person might by the laws or custom of England be interred if the verdict of *Felo de se* had not been found against such person; such interment to be made within twenty-four hours of the finding of the inquisition, and to take place between the hours of nine and twelve at night.

2. Provided, nevertheless, that nothing herein contained shall authorise the performing of any of the rites of Christian burial on the interment of the remains of any such person as aforesaid; nor shall anything hereinbefore contained be taken to alter the laws or usages relating to the burial of such persons, except so far as relates to the interment of such remains in such churchyard or burial ground, at such time and in such manner as aforesaid.

The Raid of the Reidswire.



HE steady policy of the Regent Morton, who owed his high position mainly to the favour of the English Court, was to put an end to the disorders that had prevailed for a long time on the Marches, and to oblige Queen Elizabeth by punishing those who had taken part in them, redressing all such grievances as the wardens on both sides concurred in deeming valid, and taking effectual measures to prevent future injuries. In carrying out this policy, he was not always very wise, as he compelled several heiresses, whose estates lay on the Border, to marry creatures of his own, much against the inclination of the ladies and their friends, and thereby disgusted many powerful families, who had been established in the country for ages.

The part which he had to play was indeed a very difficult one. The rude Borderers could not be made to understand why they might not, like their high-handed forefathers in times past, enjoy the pleasures of harrying their neighbours' houses, and breaking each others' heads, whenever they had a mind. And so, in spite of the Regent's solicitude to give no occasion for any misunderstanding between the two Governments, he saw the peace constantly in danger of being broken.

In the summer of 1575, an untoward event happened, which threatened to put an end to the mutual good understanding which had for some time existed. On the 7th of July in that year, a meeting or "tryst" was held, by the Wardens of the Middle Marches, at a place called the Reidswire or Reidsquair, on the north slope of the Carter Fall, near the source of the river Reed, and about ten miles from Jedburgh, the nearest Scottish town. The English Lord Warden was Sir John Forster, of Bamborough Abbey, who was also governor of Bamborough Castle and deputy-governor of Berwick; and the Scottish Lord Warden was Sir James Carmichael, the Regent's brother-in-law, who had been knighted some years before by Queen Mary.

While these distinguished officers were engaged in the ordinary business of hearing causes and redressing wrongs, a notorious English freebooter, named Farnstein by the

old Scotch Chronicler Godscroft, having been "fled by a bill of goods stolen from Scotland," was demanded by the Scottish Warden to be delivered up, according to the law of the Marches, to be the prisoner of the owner of the goods stolen, until satisfaction should be made for them. Sir John Forster excused himself from the delivery "for the present," on the ground that Farnstein had fled from justice, and could not be apprehended immediately; whereupon Carmichael, considering this to be a mere pretext to avoid making compensation for the felony, lost his temper somewhat, and bade his brother Warden "play fair," and "cloak no cause for good or ill," to which the haughty Englishman retorted by some injurious expressions regarding Carmichael's family, which he seems to have considered far beneath his own. He "began to reckon kin and blood," as the old Bannatyne MS. ballad on the subject informs us, and, rising and stretching himself up to his full height, he bade the Scottish knight "match him with his marrows."

Hearing this altercation, which we may fairly conclude was not carried on in a whisper, Forster's retinue, chiefly Tynedale men, the most ferocious of the English Borderers, glad of any pretext for a quarrel, at once discharged a flight of arrows among the unsuspecting Scots, some of whom were sitting drinking in their "pallions" or tents, pitched on "the brae above the heugh," while others were engaged in playing at cards and dice, or indulging in harmless "merriment and mowes."

This sudden discharge killed one Scotchman, named John Robeon, and wounded several others. The Scots instantly took to their weapons, called on each other to stand fast, and, not less eager to have a fair stand-up fight for the pure love of the thing than those whom they contemptuously named "the poke-pudding Southernns," raised their clannish gathering words or slogans, with a shout loud enough to waken the dead.

Then there was nought but bow and spear,
And every man pulled out a brand.

On the English side, Sir John Forster had upwards of fifteen hundred men under him, from Tynedale, Reedsdale, Coquetdale, Glendale, Hexhamshire, and elsewhere in Northumberland. The second in command was the keeper of Tynedale and Reedsdale, Sir George Heron, of Chipchase Castle, a man somewhat contradictorily characterised as "gentle, meek, and douce," and yet "hale and hot as fire." These were reinforced, before the commencement of the skirmish, by "five hundred Fenwicks in a flock"—

With jack and spear and bows all bent
And warlike weapons at their will.

On the Scottish side, "the Laird's Wat"—supposed to have been Walter Scott, younger, of Buccleuch, afterwards distinguished for the surprise of Carlisle Castle and the liberation of Kinmont Willie—led out the surname of Scott. The Armstrongs were also there, "a hardy house but not a hale," being outlawed or broken men, shifting in their allegiance to England or Scotland as opportunity

served. The Elliots likewise came from Liddesdale, "to maintain their honours." Teviotdale had come to the tryst with speed, as it did two centuries and a half after, at the time of the False Alarm. Douglas of Cavers, hereditary sheriff of the county, and a descendant of "Black Archibald," brought down the Douglases, with the Cranstouns and the Gladstones, "good at need." The men of Rule Water were there, under the leadership of Sir Adam Turnbull, of Bedrule, a notorious Border thief. Hawick had turned out in formidable force—the worthy grandsons of doughty townsmen slain at Flodden about sixty years before. The Laird of Bonjedward had at his back another sept of the Turnbells, "strong and stout," and "Auld Laird Rutherford," renowned in local tradition as "the Cock of Hunthill," now Hundalee, conveyed out "the braw lads of Jethart," never backward in any foray. All these had responded promptly to the "warning" sent round the district.

In the first brunt, the Scots were driven off the field, Carmichael being beaten down and made prisoner. But the Tynedale men, throwing themselves too greedily upon the plunder "up among the merchant gear," fell into disorder, and the Jedburgh men, raising their proud cry of "Jethart's here!" in response to the wild Northumbrian slogans of "A Shafto!" and "A Fenwick!" turned upon the English and retrieved the fortune of the day. The Scots were many of them armed with some sort of firearm which they called "pestolets," whereas the English were chiefly bowmen, still retaining the partiality for their ancient national weapon, the long bow, with which their ancestors had done such execution at Crecy, Poitiers, and Agincourt. These "pestolets" were doubtless very clumsy weapons, but the Scots made the best possible use of them, so that, as their minstrel, whoever he was, tells us:—

With help of God, the game gaed right.

The foremost among the English having fallen, the main body of them—

Ran with many a shout and yell,
Outowre the knowe, without good night.

During the rout, for such it was, Sir George Heron was struck down and slain, together with twenty-four of his countrymen. Sir Francis Russell, son of the Earl of Bedford, son-in-law to Sir John Forster, and chamberlain of Berwick, was wounded and taken prisoner. So was "proud Wallington"—"albeit he was a Fenwick fierce." So likewise James Ogle, of Cawsey Park, some more of the Fenwicks, and several other Northumberland notables. None of these prisoners were considered more worthy to be put in verse than Sir Cuthbert Collingwood, of Eslington, who had been Sheriff of Northumberland some years before, and who had specially earned the noble character of a "courteous knight." All these, with the English Warden himself, Sir John Carmichael had the satisfaction of carrying away with him in triumph over the Tweed.

The only Scottish gentleman of note who fell in the skirmish was the Laird of Mowe or Molla, whose lands lay on the river Beaumont, in Roxburghshire, close to the English Border. Besides him the Scots lost three private men.

"Little Gladstone, good at need"—Ker of Graden, in the barony of Linton—the Laird of Kirkcoun, another place in Roxburghshire—the Laird of Newtown-on-Teviot—and the black Laird of Edgerstone, who had nine sons that fought bravely at his back—have left their names on record as having distinguished themselves in this "Raid."

The prisoners were carried to the Scottish Regent at Dalkeith, where they were treated with the greatest humanity. They were detained for a few days, but only in order to give time for their resentment to subside, which might, says Ridpath, "have been the occasion of greater mischief in its first fury." Morton then dismissed them with many expressions of regard, having first, however, required them to subscribe engagements to make their appearance in Scotland on a certain day—an understanding they were never called on to fulfil.

Queen Elizabeth, when informed of these proceedings, was very much incensed, and sent orders to her ambassador, Killigrew, who had a little before gone to Scotland, to demand immediate satisfaction for so great an outrage. Killigrew was also directed to inform the Regent that the Queen had ordered the Earl of Huntingdon, who was then President of the Council at York, and Lieutenant of the Northern Counties, to repair to the Borders for the trial and ordering of this matter, and that she expected that Morton would meet him in person for that effect. Morton, ever studious to gratify Elizabeth, readily agreed to the proposal. The two earls accordingly met at Foulden, just outside of Berwick Bounds, and continued their conferences there for some days, in the course of which Morton made such concessions, and agreed to such conditions of redress, as entirely healed the sore. During their conferences, the Regent lodged at Langton, near Dunse, about eight miles west from Foulden, and went from his lodgings every morning to the meeting, while the Earl of Huntingdon probably resided in Berwick. The place of meeting, according to Camden, was at the bound-road, on the very limit between the kingdoms.

Carmichael, who was considered the principal offender, was sent a prisoner into England, and detained a few weeks at York; but the English Court being now convinced that Forster had been in the wrong, in the beginning of the fray, dismissed the Scottish Warden with honour, and gratified him with a present to effectuate the restitution of goods which Morton had engaged should be made by the subjects of the King of Scots. The Regent accordingly summoned all the king's able-bodied lieges south of the Forth to attend him with twenty days' provision of victuals, in an expedition to the Borders, to have

count and reckoning with the offenders; but the summons sufficed to awe these parties to make of themselves the restitution required.

And so this disagreeable affair ended.

Sir John Forster retained his wardenship for the unprecedented term of thirty-seven years, and only laid it down when quite incapacitated for active duty by old age and infirmity. The family ended with the unfortunate Thomas Forster, one of the generals of the Northumbrian insurgents in 1715, whose estates were forfeited to the Crown.

Thirteen years after he had headed the raid of the Reidswire, Carmichael was sent (in 1588) ambassador to Denmark, along with Sir John Vause and Peter Young, to propose a match between King James the Sixth and "a daughter of that crown," which being soon accomplished, he was afterwards made captain of his Majesty's Guard, and sent ambassador to Queen Elizabeth. He was murdered in the year 1600 by a party of Borderers, at a place called Raacknowe, near Lochmaben, whither he was going to hold a court of justice. By his wife Margaret, sister to the Regent Morton, he left issue, from whom the Earls of Hyndford, whose line ended in 1817, were descended.

WILLIAM BROOKIE.

The Turf Hotel, Newcastle.

The Old Coaching Days.

THE two sketches we publish of the Turf Hotel, once a famous coaching house, will be of particular interest in view of the fact that the old place is about to disappear from the list of Newcastle hostelries. One of our sketches represents the hotel as it is now; the other is copied from an engraving which appears in the Rev. Thomas Hugo's "Bewick Collector." The latter block formed part of the stock-in-trade of Messrs. Hodgson, printers of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, was executed in the Bewick workshop, and was used at the top of the waybills for the various coaches from the Turf.

It must be explained that before 1809 the only communication between Mosley Street and Westgate Street was by a footway through Denton Chare. The Corporation of Newcastle then made a new street between these thoroughfares, and named it Collingwood Street after the great naval hero, Lord Collingwood. Before Collingwood Street was opened, wheel traffic from St. Nicholas' Church had to go round by the Back Row to get into Westgate Street.

The sites on each side of Collingwood Street were sold, and amongst the purchasers of those on the south of the street were Messrs. Grubb and Brown, builders, who erected shops with dwelling-rooms over them.

Three of these shops were purchased by Mr. William Loftus, a popular and enterprising coach proprietor, who was then landlord of the Shakespeare Inn, which stood upon the site of the present National Provincial Bank, and was situate opposite the old theatre in Mosley Street. The three shops so purchased Mr. Loftus converted into the Turf Hotel.

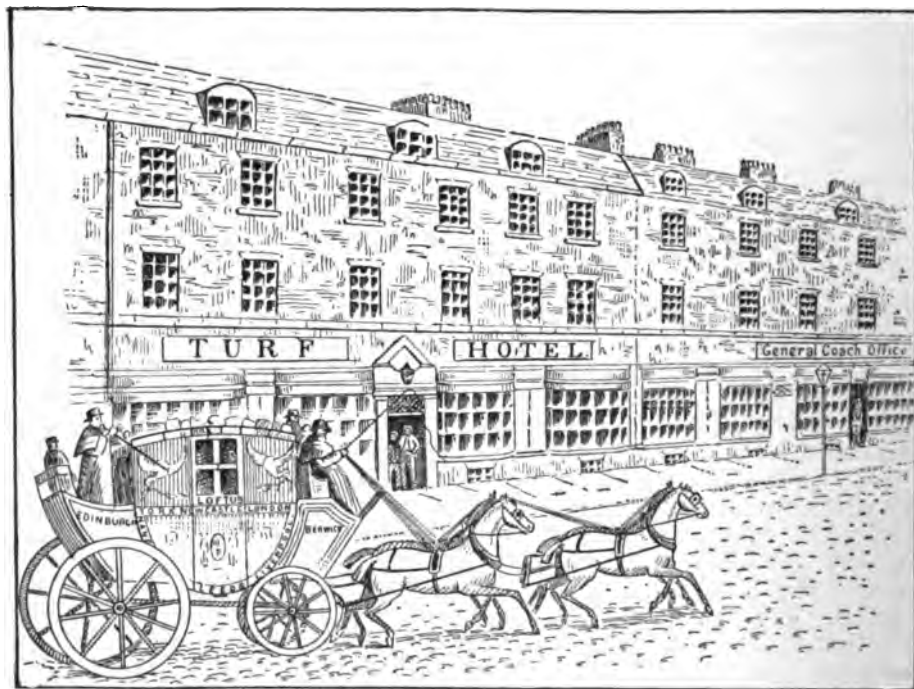
The term "hotel" was used to indicate that sleeping accommodation was provided for travellers, in contradistinction to inns or taverns. The fame of the Turf soon became known to all who had to travel between North and South. There was no night coach except "The Mail"; those, therefore, who came up by the day coach from Edinburgh had perforce to stay for the night in Newcastle, and proceed, say, at 6 or 8 o'clock next morning to London by the "Wellington" or "Highflyer," travelling all night, the former reaching the Bull and Mouth, Aldersgate Street, about 4 p.m., and the "Highflyer" the White Horse, Fetter Lane, London, about 6 p.m. the following day. Passengers who came from London, York, or Leeds in like manner halted at the Turf Hotel, and went North by the "Union" at 6 a.m., by Alnwick and Berwick to Edinburgh, or by the "Wellington" at 7 by Wooler, Coldstream, Kelso, &c., each arriving between 8 and 9 the same evening at the Black Bull Inn, situate at the top of Leith Walk, Edinburgh. Another coach was afterwards started called the "Express," and this left for York at the more convenient hour of 10 a.m., the passengers sleeping

at York, going on to London about 9 the next morning, and arriving about the same hour the following day at the Saracen's Head, Snow Hill, London.

This arrangement was continued at the Turf Hotel for many years. Night coaches were established about 1835 and ran to Leeds and Edinburgh, and afterwards the "Lord Exmouth" was started for Preston, *via* Barnard Castle and Lancaster, to meet the London and North-Western Railway there for Liverpool and Manchester.

When the coach traffic greatly increased, the Turf Hotel coaches had to contend with opposition. In place of two Edinburgh coaches, the "Chevy Chase" was started, *via* Otterburn, Jedburgh, &c., and there was a night despatch and another in opposition. The "Times" had long been run to Leeds, *via* Stockton, from the Queen's Head Inn, besides the old "Royal Telegraph" from the Turf Hotel. The "Red Rover" was run in opposition at night, and the "Hero" against it from the Turf Hotel. The "True Briton" Carlisle coach for a long time ran from the Turf Hotel, and the "Mail" from the Queen's Head, now the Liberal Club. There was also the "Royal William" to Alnwick and Berwick from the Rose and Crown Inn, the "Defence" to Alnwick, and the "Alert" from the Turf Hotel to Darlington and Middleton-one-Row.

In the palmy days of Newcastle coaching—from about 1826 to 1834—one of the sights of Newcastle was the fine array of coaches opposite the Turf Hotel in an afternoon



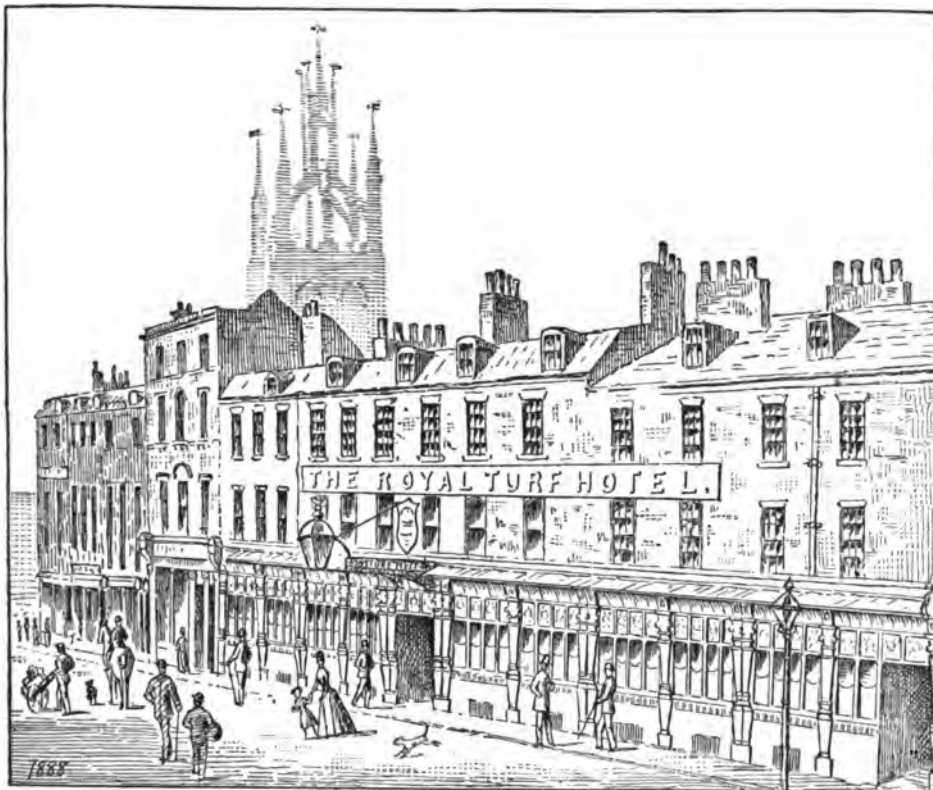
to be ready for the next morning. The horses were in teams, grey, black, and bay. Many old residents may still remember how goodly a show they made.

The Turf Hotel continued to afford accommodation for guests who found it necessary to stay over night, until 1847, when the York and North Midland Railway to Newcastle was opened. The coaches to the South soon ceased to run, but those to Edinburgh were continued for some time longer. All the famous old inns on the Great North Road were closed one after another until none was left. Of course the Turf Hotel suffered, but it had a good name, and managed to survive the loss of custom through the advent of the iron horse.

Mr. Loftus was the clerk of Newcastle Races between forty and fifty years, and he occupied that position until his death in 1834. He built the Grand Stand in 1800, receiving pecuniary aid from several gentlemen, who subscribed 15 guineas each, and had silver tickets of admission "during the time of any races being run on the Town Moor." He bred and owned several race horses himself, and in addition had some good hunters and "cocktails." He was regarded as an authority on sporting matters, and the Turf became a sort of headquarters for all interested in racing. Mr. Loftus retired from the management of the hotel

about the year 1827, and bought the house and shop on the west of the hotel, made it into a coach-office, and lived above. Later on, he purchased the shop and rooms above to the east of the hotel, and converted the former into a coffee-room with compartments, and the latter into bedrooms, which were all added to the hotel. On quitting the hotel, Mr. Loftus leased it to his head waiter, a Mr. Alder; afterwards to Mr. Thomas Lough; and subsequently to Mr. William Brown, who became the owner, by purchase, from Mr. Loftus's grandson, Mr. William Kennett Loftus, *circa* 1852.

The latter had it willed to him (along with the Grand Stand) by his grandfather, but his pursuits were altogether in a different line. He was an excellent geologist, and was appointed by Lord Palmerston to accompany an English and Russian Commission to survey, and try to settle, the boundaries of the dominions of Turkey and Persia, under Colonel Williams and a Russian colonel. The survey lasted three years, and Mr. Wm. Kennett Loftus wrote a book entitled "Chaldaea and Susiana." Colonel Williams, who afterwards greatly distinguished himself at the siege of Kara, became Sir W. Fenwick Williams, K.C.B. Mr. William Kennett Loftus afterwards went to Nineveh to take up some unfinished work of Mr. Layard's, and made many valuable additions to the British Museum. He was afterwards appointed



geologist to a surveying party in British India. On the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny, the survey was stopped, and he took ship for England, dying at sea on the passage home. He was about thirty-seven years of age, and had attained a high position as a man of science. Mr. Loftus presented the four large Nineveh slabs which adorn the staircase of the Literary and Philosophical Institution, Newcastle.

Under Mr. Brown's management the Turf Hotel prospered despite the railways. His family sold it to the late owner, Mr. John Waller, from whose widow it has been purchased for the purpose of erecting a banking establishment on its site.

Notes and Commentaries.

FEARGUS O'CONNOR.

Besides the occasion mentioned on page 254, Feargus O'Connor visited Newcastle on at least two other occasions—once on the 1st of January, 1838, and next on the 28th of June in the same year.

During the first of these visits, the Chartists held "a great demonstration in order to enforce justice to the working classes." The party, about 2,000 in number, assembled in St. Nicholas' Square, and walked in procession to the Parade Ground, now the Haymarket. Mr. O'Connor and the Rev. J. Rayner Stephens were the principal speakers, both of whom are reported to have delivered addresses of an inflammatory and threatening character. Among the other speakers were Mr. Thomas Doubleday, the late Mr. John Gallon, and Mr. Robert Blakey, of Morpeth, the author of numerous works on history and philosophy. An "anti-poor-law dinner" was held in the evening in the Music Hall, when Mr. Gallon presided.

On the 28th June, 1838, a great open-air meeting was held upon the Town Moor, for the purpose of adopting the petition of "the men of Birmingham" in favour of universal suffrage, vote by ballot, &c. From the various reports to which I have referred, I find that this meeting was one of the largest (up to date) ever held in Newcastle. There were, it is said, not less than 18,000 people present, of whom about 15,000 walked in procession to the place of meeting, with bands of music, trade banners, &c. Mr. Thomas Doubleday presided over the gathering. Mr. O'Connor's abuse of Lord Melbourne's Government, his denunciation of Lord Brougham, his intense dislike of the (then) new Poor Law, and his deep sympathy with "the down-trodden, horny-handed sons of toil," were expressed in the strongest and bitterest language. The new police force, which had not then been long instituted, was just as unpopular in Newcastle as it was in other places, and Mr. O'Connor, having seen an officer at the edge of the crowd, lost no time in paying him a compliment, speaking of him as a "specimen of the tinselled things that Eng-

lishmen were taxed to support"—a remark which caused great laughter. In concluding a lengthy report of the proceedings, the *Newcastle Chronicle* asserted that everything "was done in the most orderly manner."

W. W.

THE CENTENARY OF THE PANORAMA.

One of the objects of interest in the North Gardens of the Newcastle Jubilee Exhibition was a huge panorama. It was this panorama that led Mr. Richard Wel- ford to contribute a few remarks on the inventor, Robert Barker, a son of an upholsterer in Newcastle, to the first volume of the *Monthly Chronicle*. An article in the *Magazine of Art* for May, 1888, states that exactly one hundred years have passed since Barker first fixed his famous cylindrical picture of Edinburgh in that city. "That historic panorama," says the writer, "was painted in water-colours on paper, and, though elementary in some particulars, was complete as an invention; for a new adaptation of perspective, so to speak, a system of curved lines, to correct the concavity of the picture-surface when seen from above, had been found necessary, and had been duly contrived. The art of panorama painting is therefore something more than scene-painting, the effect being, of course, much more illusive. Many have been the subjects, and many the painters, of panoramas since Barker came to London and received the commendations of the Court and Royal Academy. Excellence was soon obtained in the art, and it is a stock anecdote that so completely descriptive was a panorama of a shipwreck that a Newfoundland dog leaped into the picture to drag the drowning wretches out of it."

E. R. NESTE, Newcastle.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

KENSPECKLED.

A well-known volunteer officer who is somewhat short of stature was one day walking down Grey Street, Newcastle, clad in military array, the hairy material of the big busby coming down over his eyes. Here he was met by a half-drunken character from the Quayside, who accosted him thus:—"Ye needn't hide yorsel, ye little beggor; as can see yor feet!"

THE GENUINE ARTICLE.

The other day a customer went into a provision shop in a village not five and twenty miles from Sleekburn and said: "As want a ham, and let's hev a good yen." The reply was: "They're aall good here; ivory bit o' bacon and ham that we get is stamped wi' the makor's nyem!"

WAX-WORKS.

A week or two ago, a few friends belonging to South Shields went to London, and amongst them the son of a

well-known magistrate of that town. One of the places visited was the famous wax-work exhibition of Madame Tussaud, to which almost all strangers, especially on their first visit to London, find their way. The young man in question, after having taken one or two of the wax figures for creatures of flesh and blood, stood at last before a woman seated on one of the benches. After eyeing her intently for some time, she lifted up her head, and only then did he perceive that she was real. He turned away in despair, exclaiming in the hearing of his friends, "The warst on't is, it's hard to tell whe's wax and whe's not!"

OBOWS.

A Northumbrian miner who had migrated to the county of Durham, coming from the pit one day, saw some crows in a field. Turning round to his companion, he observed, "Marra, there's nowt puts me in mind of hyem se much es them craas: they're se like the Cramelton craas!"

THE 'MARAKIN WAR.

During the civil war in America, an old gravedigger, of rather weak intellect, followed his profession in Newcastle. About that time, trade being dull among shopkeepers of the town, it used to be a common saying that it was the American War that was doing it. The old gravedigger, coming one day into a news-vendor's shop for the *Newcastle Chronicle*, was asked by the shopkeeper in a joke how trade was doing with him. "Varry dull, varry dull," said he. "How is that?" said the newsagent. "Wey, ye knaa," said he, "it's aall this 'Marakin War!'"

THE DUKE AND THE BAGMAN.

A commercial traveller, journeying to Scotland, got into a first-class carriage on the North-Eastern Line. The other occupants of the compartment were the Duke of Northumberland and the Duke of Argyll. As persons of his class usually are, the commercial was exceedingly chatty with his fellow-travellers, but never suspected who they were. When the train arrived at Bilton, he was surprised to see so much fuss made with his Grace of Northumberland, who there left the train for Alnwick. "Why, who is that gentleman?" the astonished commercial asked of the Duke of Argyll. "Oh," replied the latter, "that is the Duke of Northumberland." "The Duke of Northumberland!" exclaimed the bagman. "And to think that he should have talked so familiarly with two little cads like you and me!"

SAVING HIS EARS.

Not many weeks ago, two brothers returned from school and complained to their father that the schoolmaster had pulled their hair. "Ah," said the wise parent, "aall syn put that te reets." He thereupon cropped the heads of the boys until there was hardly anything to get hold of. The next day the schoolmaster pulled the ears of the boys. As they were nearing home, Tom said to Harry, "Aa'll tell fethor what the schyulmaistor

dyun." "Divvent," said Harry; "mebbies, he'll cut wor lugs off!"

JUNIOR OR SENIOR.

A counterman at a co-operative store in Northumberland asked a customer if a certain individual was junior or senior. "Aa divvent knaa," was the reply, "but he's the youngest o' twelve!"

THE TRESPASSER.

A platelayer on the Sunderland and Hartlepool Railway observed a man trespassing on the line. Going up to the trespasser, he said, "Aa say, dissent thoo knaa that thor's nobody alloced to waak on the line?" The other replied, "Aa knaa that, man, but aa cudden fin' my way off." "Wey, didn't thoo come past a gate thor?" says the platelayer. "Aye, aa did," returned the man, "but aa saw upon the gate 'Keep this gate shut,' an' aa dorsent open it!"

A NARROW ESCAPE.

A native of South Durham tells the story of a narrow escape as follows:—"Aa wes on a hoosetop putting the roof te reets; ma shoes were off, and as the sun wes varra het, aa fell asleep. Aall of a sudden aa wakkened, and fund myself rowling down the roof; but just as aa gat te the edge aa catch'd ha'd o' the spoot wi' yen hand, tord a summerset, and bett reet on ma feet, not a bit warse. But the mairks o' ma stockings is on the flags to this day yet!"

THE ART OF ORGAN BLOWING.

Old John Smith had for years performed the duties of organ blower in the village church, and prided himself not a little upon his proficiency. One Sunday the regular organist's place was occupied by a stranger. John was at his post as usual, and all passed off without the slightest mistake until the time of the out-voluntary, when, in the middle of the piece—which, by the way, was the "Hallelujah Chorus"—the instrument gave forth that strange noise produced by the abrupt stoppage of the supply of air. The organist, of course, afterwards remonstrated with John for his carelessness, but the latter refused to accept the blame, exclaiming, "Ye needn't blame me. D'ye think aa've blaen this instorment these last twenty yors wivoot knaaing hoo many strokes gas te the 'Hallelujah Chorus!'"

North-Country Obituaries.

Mr. Timothy Linsley, who had been a resident at Seaton Sluice for nearly three-quarters of a century, died on the 16th of May, at the advanced age of 97 years.

Mr. Thomas Young, head of the old firm of Messrs. Thomas Young and Sons, linen warehousemen, Pilgrim Street, Newcastle, died on the 18th of May. For many years, the deceased gentleman had been an elder in Blckett Street Presbyterian Church, and he was actively identified with several local religious and philanthropic institutions. Mr. Young was 70 years of age.

Mr. Thomas Robins, who, from 1860 to 1880, filled the office of Governor of the Newcastle Prisons, died at his residence in Grosvenor Place, Newcastle, on the 26th of May. The deceased gentleman, who took a warm interest in several local philanthropic institutions, was 73 years of age. In the treatment of the prisoners under his care, Mr. Robins combined, in a singularly successful way, gentleness of manner with firmness of action.

On the 27th of May, the death took place of Mr. John Garven, for forty-five years classical master in the school so long conducted by the Rev. Dr. Bruce, and his successor, the late Mr. Robertson, in Percy Street, Newcastle. Mr. Garven was a native of Alnwick, and was 73 years of age.

On the 29th of May, Mr. George Williamson, who for upwards of half a century carried on the business of chemist in Tyne Street, North Shields, died in that town, in the 78th year of his age. Mr. Williamson was one of the original directors of the Tynemouth Gas Company, of which for twelve consecutive years he was chairman; and, besides being a member of the Board of Guardians, he was actively identified with several philanthropic institutions in the borough.

On the 30th of May, there were interred in Berwick Cemetery, the remains of Mr. Charles Alexander Reid, master mariner, who had died at the advanced age of 89 years, having been born on Christmas Day, 1798. The deceased was the oldest Freemason in Berwick, and had gone through the form of marriage at one of the scenes of runaway weddings on the Borders.

Mr. John Snowball, builder, Hexham, died suddenly in that town, on the 31st of May. He was an ardent advocate of temperance principles, and was the oldest lay preacher on the plan of the Hexham Circuit of the United Methodist Free Churches. Mr. Snowball was 72 years of age.

In the *Weekly Chronicle* of the 2nd of June, it was stated, on the authority of Mr. John Kirton, that Mrs. Rignold, who had died a week previously, at the advanced age of 87, was leading actress in the company of her husband when he was lessee of the Theatre Royal, Newcastle. Among her other impersonations, Mrs. Rignold performed the character of Meg Merrilies—not Miss Cushman, as had been stated. Many interesting particulars about the deceased lady were given in Mr. James R. Anderson's "Seven Decades of an Actor's Life," which recently appeared in the *Weekly Chronicle*.

Mr. Anthony Wilkinson, J.P., a member of an old Durham family, died at his residence, Old Elvet, in that city, on the 4th of June. The deceased gentleman was a liberal contributor to the various charities of Durham, and was 81 years of age.

On the 5th of June, Major George Brumell, head of the firm of Messrs. G. and T. Brumell, solicitors, died at The Willows, Morpeth. He acted for many years as clerk to the Morpeth Board of Guardians, being succeeded only a few years ago by his son. In 1837, he was appointed superintendent-registrar of births, deaths, and marriages, and continued to act in that capacity till his death. On the formation of the volunteer corps, he entered enthusiastically into the movement, and passed through the various grades till he assumed command as major. It was not till 1875 that he retired from active service in the corps, but he was afterwards allowed to retain his rank. He was one of the Governors of the Morpeth Grammar School, and was also a governor as

well as a vice-president of the Morpeth Dispensary. Major Brumell was in the 80th year of his age.

On the 5th of June, Mr. Robert Briggs Williams, at the age of 28, died suddenly at Consett, where he acted as local secretary to the Ironworkers' Union.

Alderman Herbert Robson, one of the most prominent public men in the city of Durham, in the Town Council of which he had been a representative since 1859, died on the 7th of June. Mr. Robson, who was Mayor of Durham in 1879, was 64 years of age.

On the 9th of June, the death was announced of Mr. Matthew White Ridley, a noted painter of local subjects.

On the same day, Mr. J. W. Mawson died at his residence, 12, Woodbine Terrace, Union Lane, Gateshead. The deceased, who had reached the advanced age of 80 years, for a number of years carried on business with his son as merchants in the Close, Newcastle.

Mr. Henry F. Hemy, musical composer, author of "Hemy's Royal Pianoforte Tutor," and other works, died at Hartlepool, on the same day, aged 70 years.

Colonel Ralph Bradford Atkinson, of Angerton, died on the 13th of June, at the Grosvenor Hotel, London. The deceased gentleman was son of the late Sir Thos. Bradford, who married the niece of the late Mr. Ralph Atkinson, a timber merchant, of Newcastle.

News was received on the 14th June, of the death of Martin Hays, formerly of Hebburn and South Hetton, at Pomeroy, Ohio, United States, aged 57.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

MAY.

16.—The Judge of the Newcastle County Court granted an order for the winding-up of the Brunswick Building Society, Newcastle.

—It was decided to advertise for tenders for the erection of a memorial to Wouldhave and Greathead, the inventors of the lifeboat, it being reported that the architect's estimate of the cost was £500, towards which about £200 remained to be subscribed.

17.—Some interesting experiments were made at the works of Messrs. Wigham Richardson and Co., Low Walker, with the Ashworth and Kneen furnace—a patent for the consumption of bituminous coal without producing smoke.

—Mr. Richard Fynes, Blyth, was presented with £194 4s. 8d., being the amount of money, after the deduction of £12 18s. 3d. for expenses, subscribed by his friends and sympathisers on account of the loss sustained through the total destruction of his theatre and other property in February last. (See page 144.)

—Considerable excitement was caused by the arrival at Jarrow of between fifty and sixty workmen from Sheffield, to supply the place of the platers' helpers who had come out on strike at Palmer's shipyard for an advance of wages. Some of the workmen had been receiving 2s. and others 2s. 6d. a-week; and an increase of 3s. a week all round was demanded. Half, or a little over half, of the new comers refused to start work. On the 28th, a conference between the Tyne shipbuilders and helpers took place in Newcastle. The employers intimated that

they were unable to concede the advance, and that the yards would be opened that day at the old rate of wages. Work was generally resumed on the 30th of May.

—A handsome memorial brass, mounted on a polished enamelled slate, by Messrs. Wailes and Strong, Newcastle, was affixed to the west wall within the nave of Birtley Church, intimating that that early Norman edifice, originally built before A.D. 1100, was restored A.D. 1884.

18.—At a meeting of the Watch Committee of the Newcastle Corporation, it was resolved to re-light 200 of the lamps which had been ordered out for three months.

—A memorial window, in memory of the late Canon Rowland East, was unveiled in St. Andrew's Church, Percy Street, Newcastle, by the Rev. C. Digby Seymour.

19.—It was announced that, during the past month, several additions had been made to the Natural History Museum at Barras Bridge, Newcastle, the most noteworthy contribution being a very fine head of the American bison from Colorado, presented by Mr. W. M. Angus, and the head of a nearly full-grown elk, or moose, shot near Lake Molar, Sweden, and presented by Mr. James Hall, Tynemouth.

—The seventh annual meeting of the Northern Counties Christian Lay Churches was opened in Newcastle, Mr. James Mowitt being elected president for the ensuing year.

—At the annual meeting of the Northumberland Miners' Association, in Newcastle, it was decided that a committee should be appointed to inquire into the salaries and wages paid to the miners' members of Parliament and agents. The whole of the old officers of the association were re-elected.

20.—The annual conference of the National Secular Society was held at South Shields, under the presidency of Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, M.P.

—Owing to the oppressive heat during service in Bothal Parish Church, a young gentleman rose from his seat, and, traversing the full length of the building, opened the door. While he was returning to his pew, the congregation were singing the following line from the 156th hymn:—"Grateful coolness in the heat."

21.—After having been in abeyance, owing to the depressed state of trade, since 1884, the annual display promoted by the Newcastle May-Day Horse Procession Society was resumed to-day (Whit Monday). The total number of entries was 398, the animals being divided into twenty classes. Prizes were awarded to the amount of £120, among the subscribers to the fund being Uncle Toby, of the *Weekly Chronicle*, who, with a view of encouraging kindness to animals, gave money in several of the classes. Weather of the most delightful description prevailed, and the interesting and pleasing exhibition attracted crowds of spectators. The prizes were distributed by Lady Ridley at a large gathering in the Circus, the chair being occupied by Mr. Councillor J. Baxter Ellis, Sheriff of Newcastle, and president of the society. The fifth annual horse parade and dog show were held on the same day at West Hartlepool. The annual inspection of the horses belonging to Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., Newcastle, was held in the morning; and the annual procession of the Newcastle Corporation horses, numbering about seventy, had taken place on the 19th of May.

—An industrial and art exhibition was opened by Sir M. W. Ridley, M.P., in the Town Hall and Corn Ex-

change, Morpeth, in order to raise funds towards the restoration of the tower and re-casting of the large bell of Morpeth Parish Church.

—The National Independent Order of Oddfellows commenced its annual movable conference in Newcastle. Brother W. Richmond, of Manchester, presided as Grand Master, and ninety members and deputies attended. The meetings extended over several days.

—Captain Marsteen, who had entered the Tyne with his vessel a few days previously, was married on board a tug-boat, a few miles off the harbour, to a Norwegian lady, who had arrived in the river on board the steamship Norge that morning. The ceremony was performed by a minister of the Norwegian Church, the reason for the novel procedure being the inability of the bridegroom to remain in port over the period requisite before the marriage could be legalised ashore.

22.—A new peal of six bells placed in the tower of Corbridge Parish Church as a memorial of the Queen's Jubilee, was inaugurated by the Bishop of Newcastle. Mr. F. M. Laing, Farnley Grange, provided one bell, while Mr. T. Sheldon, of Summerville, and his sister, Miss Sheldon, gave another, the cost of the remainder being defrayed by public subscription. The new peal took the place of three old bells which dated back to the year 1700.

—The Rev. Canon John Pulleins, M.A., Vicar of Stanhope, Durham, was consecrated Bishop Suffragan of Perth, in York Cathedral.

23.—It was announced that, owing to the illness and necessary return to Rome of Dr. O'Callaghan, the recently ordained Catholic Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle, Canon Wilkinson, Vicar-General, of Thistleflat House, Crook, in the County of Durham, had been appointed Auxiliary Bishop.

—A very fine specimen of Pallas's sand grouse, in fine plumage, killed itself by coming in contact with the telegraph wires near Cragside, at Rothbury. The bird was sent by Lord Armstrong for preservation to Mr. John Hancock, at the Natural History Museum, Newcastle.

24.—The new work-room obtained by the members of the Newcastle Sketching Club, on the top floor of the Union Buildings, St. John Street, Newcastle, was opened by Mr. G. R. Hedley.

—At a meeting of the South Shields Board of Guardians, Dr. Sutherland, medical officer, reported, among the cases of sickness, that of a girl, aged 15 years, who was suffering from hysteria caused by disappointment in marriage.

25.—An explosion suddenly took place in the fore-hold of the steamer *Deutscher Kaiser*, of Stettin, while that vessel was proceeding down Shields Harbour, bound for St. Petersburg. The boatswain was severely burnt about the face, neck, and hands, and the pilot was blown from the upper bridge, alighting on the lower bridge, without, however, sustaining serious injury.

26.—It was announced that a brass plate had been affixed to a rock at Newbiggin, to mark the spot where a young man named James Miller was drowned on the 3rd of January, 1883, the following epitaph being inscribed:—

Stay, stranger, stay, upon this spot
A parent's hopes were riven;
Though harshly runs our earthly lot,
We hope to meet in Heaven.

26.—A sculling match between George Bubear, of Hammersmith, London, and Charles Carr, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, for £100 a-side, took place over the champion course on the river Tyne. Bubear won by four lengths, in 21 minutes 42 seconds.

—The *Newcastle Examiner* ceased to be published.

—The whole of the shipyard joiners on both sides of the Tyne came out on strike, for an advance of 3s. a week. The number of hands affected by the strike was between 800 and 900.

27.—The Wesleyan Church of St. John, Ashbrooke, Sunderland, was opened by the Rev. Dr. Young, ex-President of the Conference.

28.—Davies, of Walker, defeated Kirton, of Sunderland, in an open boat contest for £50, on the Tyne.

31.—A dreadful tragedy was enacted at Durham. Superintendent Joseph Scott, of Jarrow, was conveying a prisoner along Silver Street, in that city, towards the Gaol, when a man who was following suddenly produced a loaded rifle, and fired at the officer. The bullet penetrated the back between the shoulders and lodged in the chest. Superintendent Scott staggered and fell dead on his face. The murderer then drew a revolver and shot himself, fell to the ground, and died a few minutes afterwards. The murderer and suicide was identified as an ex-sergeant of police, named Benjamin Wright, 42 years of age. He had been stationed variously at West Auckland, Stockton, and latterly at Hebburn, where he was recently reduced to the ranks for some misconduct, and afterwards dismissed from the force. Superintendent Scott, who had risen to the position which he held from the rank of constable, was a native of the North Tyne district, and was 45 years of age.

JUNE.

1.—Mr. Cecil Maurice Chapman, barrister-at-law, assistant-commissioner under the Royal Commission on Markets and Fairs, opened an inquiry in the Town Hall into the working and arrangements of the different markets in Newcastle. The Town Clerk (Mr. Hill Motum) gave an official statement as to the amount of money spent on the markets and the revenue they produced. The afternoon was occupied with the question of the thorough-toll, and the inquiry concluded on the following day.

—Mr. George Barclay Bruce, President of the Institute of Civil Engineers, and a native of Newcastle, being brother of Dr. Bruce, the well-known antiquary, received the honour of knighthood, on the occasion of the celebration of her Majesty's birthday.

—On the motion of the Rev. Marsden Gibson, the Newcastle Board of Guardians appointed a committee to inquire as to the advisability of securing a farm for the Union, with a view of making it self-supporting for the purposes of food supply.

—The Mayor of Newcastle inaugurated, in the Prudhoe Street Mission Room, Newcastle, a Home for Crippled Children established at Whickham, a local gentleman having, in response to an appeal, undertaken to pay the rent of the house for five or six years and to provide most of the furniture. The Home itself was formally opened by the Rev. Canon Lloyd, Vicar of Newcastle, with six inmates, on the 4th of the month.

3.—The handsome new Catholic Church of St. Aloysius,

built to supersede the school-chapel at Hebburn, was opened by Bishop Wilkinson.

—The recognition services took place in connection with the induction of the Rev. J. F. Forbes, M.A., to the pastorate of the new Baptist Chapel, Westgate Road, Newcastle.

4.—At a meeting of the congregation of Trinity Presbyterian Church, Newcastle, it was resolved, by a large majority, to give a call to the Rev. N. A. Ross, M.A., LL.D., of Reading, to become pastor.

—A demand for an increase of 10 per cent. on the previous rate of wages was served upon the employers on behalf of the platers and other ironworkers employed in the shipbuilding yards on the Tyne. On the same day, the engineers of the mid-river district of Tyneside, ranging from Walker to Jarrow, determined to come out on strike for an all-round rise of 2s. per week. About a thousand men were affected. The advance was conceded by the masters at the Pontoon, Wallsend, and the workmen there did not turn out. About this time, too, a movement was commenced among the shipyard men of Stockton, Middlesbrough, and the Hartlepoons for an advance of 12½ per cent., and as a compromise the employers offered 5. On the 4th inst., it was found that 1,313 men voted against, and 821 in favour of, accepting the compromise, the majority thus being on the side of a strike; but it was understood that this action was not sanctioned by the Amalgamated Society of Boilermiths and Iron Shipbuilders.

5.—A foolhardy fellow named McAaskell leaped from Sunderland Bridge into the river Wear, from which he emerged seemingly little the worse for his adventure. Similar leaps have been made from the bridge. One of the first was that of Stephen Jeffrey, a sailor, who made the daring leap of 100 feet from the parapet about 24 years ago. Then came the leap made about 18 years ago by Joseph Wilson, better known under the cognomen of "Joe the Duck." After that, a painter named George Fairgreaves precipitated himself from the bridge, it is said for a wager of a pint of beer!

6.—It was announced that the representatives of the late Rev. Canon Low, of Whittonstall, had presented the whole works of Dr. Thomas Jackson, who was Vicar of Newcastle from 1623 to 1630, to the newly-founded library at St. Nicholas' Cathedral, Newcastle.

—A mechanic named Frank James, 48 years of age, died at the Newcastle Infirmary, from injuries received while working, a few days previously, near a Gatling gun which was being tested for firing purposes at the Elswick Ordnance Works.

—The plant, machinery, general stores, and materials in connection with Chilton Colliery, the property of Lord Eldon, were sold by public auction.

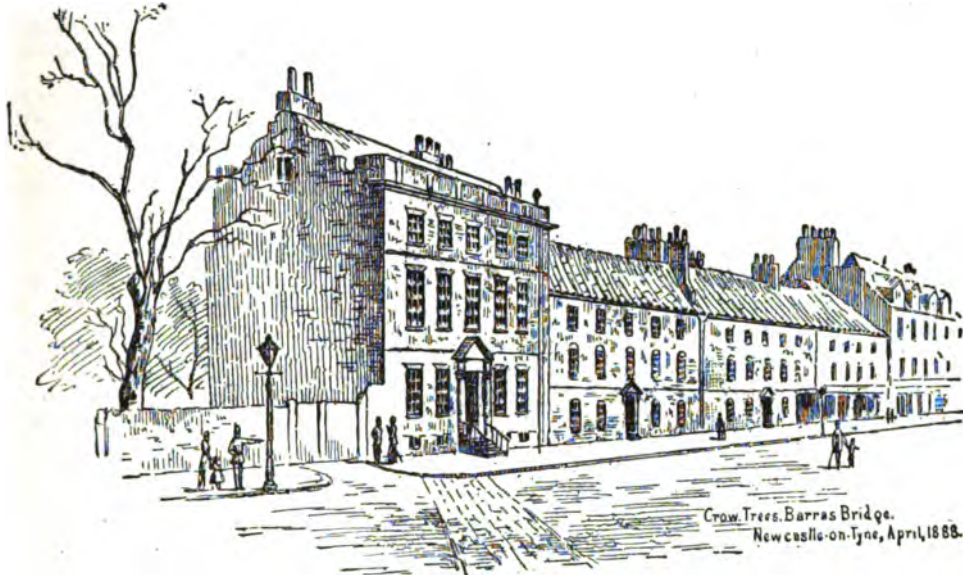
—One of the blast furnaces at Walker Ironworks was lighted up, the establishment having long lain dormant.

—By a majority of five votes, the members of the Newcastle Co-operative Society authorised the directors to set aside £5,000 of the funds to lend to members on their own property at a probable interest of 5 per cent.

7.—The annual festival of the choirs of the Newcastle Rural Deanery was held in the Cathedral Church of Newcastle, the total number of voices being 426.

—A formal resolution was adopted dissolving the Durham Grand Stand Company, and disposing of the surplus funds, the lease of the race-course not having been renewed by the authorities of the University.

8.—During the demolition of the row of old houses shown in the accompanying engraving at the Barras Bridge, Newcastle, for the purpose of forming a road to the new College of Physical Science in Lax's Gardens, there was found among the rubbish an old copy of the *Newcastle Chronicle*. It bore the date January 26th, 1782. Among its contents was a London Letter dated January 19, a week thus having intervened between the transmission of the document and its presentation to the public.



There appeared, in the advertising department of the paper, an announcement of a forthcoming cock-fight, with the customary side woodcut representing two cocks in the attitude of fighting. The *Newcastle Chronicle* was established as a weekly journal on the 24th of March, 1764, and the copy which was so singularly restored to the light of day was upwards of a hundred and six years old.

—Edward McGregor, in emulation of the foolhardy feat of McAskell on the 5th of May, jumped from Wearmouth Bridge into the river. He was none the worse for his escapade, but was arrested by the police, and charged at the Sunderland Police Court with attempting to commit suicide. On promising the magistrates not to attempt the same leap again he was discharged. (For view and account of Wearmouth Bridge, see *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. 1, p. 401.)

9.—A serious collision occurred near the Central Station, Newcastle, between a goods train and a passenger train. More than thirty persons were injured, though, fortunately, no one was killed.

—Lady Armstrong laid the foundation-stone of a new church in the recently-formed parish of St. Aidan's, South Benwell, Newcastle.

11.—A meeting of the Newcastle Tree Culture and Protection Society was held in the Council Chamber, Newcastle, under the presidency of the Mayor (Mr. W. D. Stephens). The rules and objects of the society were decided upon. It was agreed to ask the Earl of Ravensworth to accept the office of president, and the following local gentlemen were elected vice-presidents:—The

Mayor, Mr. W. E. Adams, Mr. R. Welford, Mr. Wigham Richardson, Mr. W. M. Henzell, and Dr. Adam Wilson. Mr. T. Dickinson was chosen secretary.

12.—A serious fire, which resulted in considerable destruction of property, but, fortunately, no loss of life, occurred at the Team Valley Paper Works, near Gateshead, of which the owners are Messrs. E. Richardson and Co.

13.—A public meeting was held in the Central Hall,

Hood Street, Newcastle, to consider the silver question in relation to wages, employment, and cost of living to the working classes. A resolution in favour of bi-metallism was carried unanimously.

—A deputation of the Newcastle Corporation and the River Tyne Commissioners waited upon Sir Michael Hicks-Beach in reference to a clause in the Railway and Canal Traffic Bill, which, it was urged, would have a detrimental effect upon the trade of the North-Eastern ports.

—A meeting of costermongers was held in Lockhart's Cocoa Rooms, Clayton Street, Newcastle, when it was decided to ask the Markets Committee of the Newcastle Corporation to grant some sort of license to be taken out yearly to sell from barrows or stalls such goods as enable a costermonger to stand in Newgate Street, extending from Clayton Street to St. Andrew's Street.

—A public meeting was held in the lecture room of the Literary and Philosophic Institution, Newcastle, when it was decided to form a society, to be called the Newcastle-upon-Tyne Musical Society. The Mayor (Mr. W. D. Stephens) presided, and there was a large attendance.

—A first-class pleasure steamer named the *Lady Brassey* was launched from the yard of Messrs. H. S. Edwards and Son, Howdon-on-Tyne. This is the first of what is likely to be a class of vessels to be fitted with armament and utilised for the purpose of coast defence. The Hon. T. A. Brassey undertook the cost of fitting out the steamer so that she could carry guns, the weapons being provided by the Naval Volunteer Home Defence Associa-

tion. A volunteer brigade at Hastings undertook to man the vessel.

—Nine workmen were injured by the explosion of a boiler at the pit-head of Murton Colliery.

15.—The Newcastle Board of Guardians recommended that Dr. Nicholas Hardcastle, late medical officer of the Newcastle Union Workhouse, should be granted a superannuation allowance of £80 a-year.

General Occurrences.

MAY.

16.—Sir George Otto Trevelyan unveiled a portrait of Lord Frederick Cavendish at Keighley.

19.—A farm servant at the plough was struck dead by lightning at Closeburn, near Dumfries. The same day a flash of lightning struck three boys who were crossing Glasgow Green, two being killed. About the same time a man was killed by lightning at Govan. The Fife and Kinross Asylum, near Cupar Fife, was struck by lightning, which set the woodwork of the building in flames; fortunately, the patients were all removed to a place of safety, so that no lives were lost.

22.—Whilst a convict named Jackson, *alias* Firth, was in Strangeways Prison, Manchester, he attacked and murdered the warden in charge of him. The murderer found his way to the roof of the prison, and thence to the outer wall, from which he dropped into the street. It was broad daylight at the time, and the man was wearing prison clothes; but he still made good his escape, and for three weeks remained at large. The affair created the greatest interest at the time, and several persons were arrested on suspicion. Not until the 11th of June was Jackson retaken, and he was then captured whilst in the act of breaking into a house at Bradford Moor, Yorkshire. Many other burglaries were traced to him.

23.—An election for Southampton resulted as follows:—F. H. Evans (Gladstonian), 5,151; A. E. Guest (Unionist), 4,266; majority, 885.

—A severe engagement took place between English troops and about 3,000 Thibetans, when the latter were defeated.

—Tremendous swarms of locusts, extending over miles of territory, advanced through Algeria, committing great destruction.

24.—More than one hundred fishermen perished in a great storm off the coast of Iceland.

—A compositor named Joseph Rumbold, aged 22, was brutally murdered in Regent's Park, London, by a gang of roughs. Some of his assailants were subsequently arrested.

26.—The Transcaspian Railway from Mikhailovsk, on the Caspian Sea, to Samarcand, in Central Asia, a distance of about nine hundred miles, was formally opened to-day, the anniversary of the coronation of the Emperor Alexander III. of Russia.

28.—Mr. John Bright was seriously ill, and his condition for a time caused much concern.

30.—An alarming fire occurred in Queen Street, Edgeware Road, London, when five women were killed and five other persons were injured. At the inquest two firemen were censured for removing a fire-escape after they had been informed that it was needed at the fire.

JUNE.

4.—General Boulanger made his first appearance in the French Chamber of Deputies since the great agitation in his favour. He advocated a complete revision of the Constitution.

6.—A disastrous railway accident occurred near Tampico, Mexico, a construction train running off the line. Eighteen persons were killed and forty-one injured.

—A fire broke out in Tony Pastor's Theatre, which is located in the Tammany Hall Buildings, New York. The theatre was completely gutted, and the hall itself was considerably damaged. The total loss was estimated at 50,000 dollars.

7.—An Irish landlord, named Cahill, while on his way home from attending the Quarter Sessions to Mount Collins, was fired at from behind a hedge, two shots taking effect on his neck and head.

—The death was announced of Marshal Leboeuf, who was French Minister of War in 1870.

9.—A serious fire occurred at Manchester, when four persons were burnt to death. At one time there was a chance of saving the unfortunate people, but some mistaken individuals burst open the windows and shutters on the ground floor, and so fanned the flames.

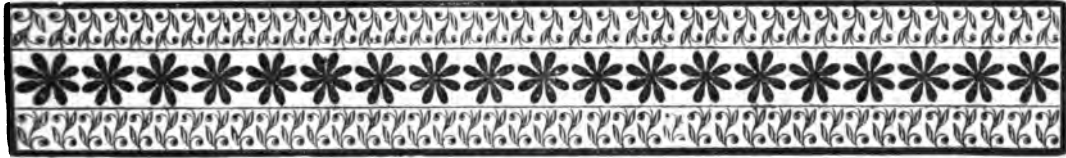
10.—The death was announced of Colonel the Right Hon. Edward Robert King-Harman.

15.—After a long and painful illness, the Emperor Frederick of Germany died at Potsdam, aged 57. Much



regret was felt throughout the United Kingdom, as well as in all other parts of the world.

—M. Richter, late Prime Minister of Norway, committed suicide at Stockholm by shooting himself through the mouth with a revolver.



The Monthly Chronicle

OF

NORTH-COUNTRY•LORE•AND•LEGEND

VOL. II.—No. 18.

AUGUST, 1888.

PRICE 6D.

The Prophet Wroe.

PEEL PARK MUSEUM at Salford contains a curious memorial of the impostures of Joanna Southcote, the foundress of a sect by no means extinct in this country. Especially about Ashton-under-Lyne, the "Joannas," as they are locally termed, may be seen, male and female, in their peculiar garbs—the men in drab-coloured, broad-brimmed, fluffy hats, brown collarless coats, and long beards. The Sunday garb of the ladies of the sect is even more striking than that of the males. They dress in gaudy colours, with ugly coal-scuttle bonnets. And these followers of the ignorant old woman Joanna still believe in the coming of the "Second Shiloh." When the prophetess, who died in 1814 from dropsy, announced

to her followers that she was about to be delivered of the "Second Shiloh," great were the rejoicings and preparations among her dupes. A most elaborate and costly cradle was made for the expected Prince of Peace; and by a kind of grim irony this identical cradle is, and has been for years, one of the many objects in the Salford Museum.

The most remarkable of Joanna's successors was a Yorkshireman named John Wroe, who died in Australia as late as 1862. Joanna was succeeded by George Turner; he, in turn, by William Shaw; but the latter was supplanted by Wroe. Mr. Baring-Gould, in his "Yorkshire Oddities," with the help of the prophet's autobiography, gives a very exhaustive account of Wroe's doings; and from this source, with cullings from other works, we propose to compile an outline of his history.

John Wroe was born at Bolling, in the parish of Bradford, Yorkshire, on the 19th September, 1782, and was baptised in the old parish church of Bradford, so that at his death in 1862 he was eighty years of age. He was sent to school in due course, but his capacity was so small that he made but little progress, and when he left school to follow his father's occupation of a worsted manufacturer, he was a



PROPHET WROE'S BIRTHPLACE, BOLLING, BRADFORD.

very poor reader and worse writer. The future prophet, in fact, turned out a lazy ne'er-do-well, and speedily disgusted his friends; though his grandfather, who seems to have thought highly of young hopeful, is said to have repeatedly declared that "the Lord would raise up a minister from among his offspring." Wroe engaged in the wool-combing business, but he soon became a bankrupt. He would seem to have been married by this time, as in his memoirs he vaguely states, without giving dates, that "he was about five years an housekeeper previous to his marriage with the daughter of Benjamin Appleby, of Fasseley Mills, near Leeds." In 1819 Wroe had an attack of fever, which brought him to death's door, and after his recovery he was subject to epileptic fits, real or simulated. He soon began to have wonderful "visions," and his fame became bruited over the land. In these so-called trances, it is said, he became completely rigid, his eyes remained closed—the eyelids as fast together as if they had grown to one another, and his tongue stiff in his mouth. In this condition he remained sometimes for thirty-six hours. After one of his "fits," his eyes remained closed for six days. According to his own account, he had his first trance on the morning of November 12th, 1819, at two o'clock, before daylight, as he was rambling in the fields. He thus describes what he saw:—"A woman came to me, and tossed me up and down in the field. I endeavoured to lay hold of her, but could not. I therefore knew that it was a spirit."

These tricks, and others of a similar kind, were, however, only the prelude to his extraordinary career; and, as he could not obtain employment as a wool-comber, he soon found out that he had received a "mission" for the conversion of the Jews. In 1820 he visited Huddersfield, Manchester, Liverpool, and London, ostensibly in furtherance of this work. But he could make no impression on the hard-hearted and hard-headed sons of Israel. Nothing daunted by his ill success in England, Wroe, accompanied by one of his disciples, Robert Harling, sailed from Liverpool to Gibraltar on the 27th April, 1824, and safely reached "The Rock" on the 20th May, where he at once entered upon his mission. Harling returned almost immediately, and Wroe was left single-handed to cope with the idolators. As might have been expected, he met with scant success, and less courtesy. Yet he made one convert of mark, the local Methodist preacher, and remained with him two months. The Governor of Gibraltar, it seems, knowing how bigoted were the populace, refused Wroe permission to preach in public. On Saturday, the 31st of May, Wroe boldly entered the Jewish Synagogue, to the astonishment and indignation of the Hebrews, with a view to the delivery of his "testimony." He was turned out of doors, and he met with a similar fate at the Roman Catholic churches, where he intruded himself for the

same purpose. The Governor, to prevent his martyrdom, offered him a free passage to England. Before this, however, he had been bold enough to deposit copies of his prophecies, in Spanish, on the altars of several of the Catholic churches in Gibraltar. One of these "prophecies" ran as follows:—"I, Jesus from Heaven, command thee, John Wroe, to warn the kingdom of Spain that if they return not from their wicked ways of worshipping images made with men's hands, and bowing before them, I will draw my two-edged sword against them, and it shall turn every way till I have destroyed them. But who is this that has caused them to err? They have hearkened unto their priests instead of hearkening unto me. Now, I will tell you what I will do unto your priests. I will chase them as hounds chase a fox, until I utterly destroy them, and the remnant that is left shall slay your king, and they shall know that I have sent this unto them by my servant."

Wroe returned to England on the 23rd August; but on the 12th October, accompanied by another disciple named William Lees, and being liberally supplied with funds by his simple believers, he again set forth on a Continental expedition for the conversion of the Jews and Catholics. He arrived in Paris on the 16th, and at once began to unfold his mission to the Jews in the Palais Royal. Proceeding through France with his disciple, Wroe went to Strasburg, where, according to the prophet's autobiography, they "attended the meeting of the Jews in their synagogue." From Strasburg the "missionaries" visited Vienna, Trieste, and Venice, and at nearly every place where the prophet attempted to "hold forth" he was received with contempt by the Jews and with threats by the Catholic priests. The pair, however, without much molestation, made their way through Italy and France, returning again to Paris, liberally scattering their written prophecies by the way. The Jews, possibly hearing of their doings elsewhere, generally kept out of the way; but as the Continental churches are open every day to all, they found no difficulty in depositing the "testimony" on the altars.

When the prophet again returned to England, he resolved to astonish his Yorkshire friends by a miracle or two. On the 29th of January, 1825, he was publicly baptized in the river Aire, above Apperly Bridge, by John Brunton, of Bradford, "in the presence of some thirty thousand spectators." But this performance had best be described by a contemporary writer:—

Both sides of the river were lined with persons of various ages and denominations. The Spirit had given John a sign—that on his entering the water the sun should shine; for during the two preceding days the weather was extremely cold, with severe frosts accompanied by snow. The Sunday forenoon on which the ceremony had to take place continued very wet until noon, and when Wroe arrived at the brink of the river the sun was still veiled. He walked down to the river, intending to delay till the clouds broke; but the people,

thinking that he was afraid of the cold water, roared at him "He dussn't go in! He's runnin' away!" They were all disposed to view the fun, and they endeavoured to stop Wroe's further progress. Some friends followed him, urging him not to disappoint the crowd, and he found he had better put a bold face on it and go in. The sun just then shone forth with a degree of warmth most unusual at that season of the year. The musicians and singers began to play and sing, and he decended into the water. But when preparing to do so, a cry was raised by the multitude, "Drown him!" The same words were uttered by some young men who had placed themselves on the branches of a tree adjacent to the river. John commanded them, in the name of the Lord, to come down. One of them, named Hudson, who was formerly John's apprentice, cursed him. Immediately that part of the bank on which the tree grew gave way, and all were precipitated into the river; none of them were drowned, but some had five or six miles to travel home in their wet clothes; and Hudson, who had cursed John, died within a few days after.

On the 17th of April a singular ceremony took place at Ashton-under-Lyne, where the prophet was "publicly circumcised" in the presence of the congregation. This reprehensible exhibition was precluded and announced by a band of singers, members of the society, who marched in procession through Ashton, "playing and singing the whole way." It was currently reported that the prophet persuaded all his male adherents to undergo the same painful operation. This had been denied by the members of the sect; yet the subsequent criminal proceedings arising from the death of a child which had been so treated seem to show that such was actually the case. The child was the son of Robert Grimshaw, of Hurst Brook, near Ashton. An inquest held on the body resulted in a verdict of manslaughter against Henry Lees, the "operator." Lees stood his trial at the ensuing assizes, but was acquitted, as the medical evidence did not show conclusively that the wound caused by the operation had directly led to the child's death.

Soon after this, John was accorded a warm reception from his brother Yorkshiremen not of the faith. On Sunday, the 26th September, he addressed a large congregation of believers in their chapel at Bradford, which ended in a great tumult, and the prophet and sundry of his adherents narrowly escaped with their lives. Here is an account of the exciting occurrence:—

John left the room, accompanied by Elizabeth Elsworth and Mary Brear, with whom he walked about two hundred yards, when one of the females received a blow and was pushed aside. John was also forced along for some distance. However, they reached the New Inn, where there were two horses in readiness for John and his friends. Many of the people were about to enter, but were prevented by the landlord. Some persons already in the house said the two females were "John's women," and that he was picking poor people's pockets. The horses being got ready, the people in the house rushed out, crying to their persecuting companions, "Now, lads, he's going!" on which they closed the yard gate. John, however, escaped by another passage. Having succeeded in getting on the road leading to Great Horton, a cry was raised, "Kill him! kill him! kill him!" He was then pursued by the mob, amounting to thousands. On arriving at Moses Elsworth's, nearly his whole body was black; he had also one of his eyes much discoloured, and had received a cut on the face from a stone.

The prophet, finding Yorkshire too hot for him, received a "revelation" to visit London, and he announced his call to the metropolis in August, 1825, as follows:— "Go thou to Tozer, and stand before him, and prophecy, with thy rod in thy hand, and say, 'Thus saith the Lord, the Lord thy God has showed thee many things; and for this wast thou born. The soul thou hast received thou shalt be able to retain; but thy body shall go to the dust, and thou shalt put on incorruption at the first resurrection. Thou shalt be a witness for Joanna, and thou shalt come with her, and at that day thou shalt be great unto the ends of the earth.'" When Wroe arrived in London with a faithful disciple, William Lees, he visited, on the 28th August, the chapel of Mr. Lindsay, who was then prophet of the Joannas in London, Tozer being his leading man. Wroe was most cordially received by his metropolitan brother, and had full liberty granted him to "hold forth" in the chapel in the morning and afternoon. Tozer was in the habit of describing himself as "the man clothed in linen, with the writer's inkhorn." Wroe's follower, Lees, accordingly rigged himself out in a white surplice, with a capacious inkbottle hung at his left side, thus parodying Mr. Tozer's masquerade; and when the rivals entered the chapel, a battle royal seemed imminent. Wroe "wrestled in prayer" before the congregation, and with a supreme contempt for Lindley Murray he prayed that "Satan might be rebuked within *them* walls that day." Now came the tug of war between the rival prophets. Wroe proclaimed in a loud voice, as he stood up before the congregation, "Thus saith the Lord, there are in this place those whose places shall be taken by others who have mocked and despised them. None shall enter but such as are circumcised or married." After Wroe had thundered forth his denunciation, his rival was powerfully "exercised," and walked backward and forward through the room in much perturbation. A happy thought seems to have struck Lindsay, and he forthwith announced:—"I have received an order from above to go and see the Living Skeleton now exhibiting in Pall Mall, at three o'clock to-morrow, and John, with others, must go with me, and let so-and-so take his clarionette and play a tune before the Skeleton, but for what purpose I know not." Wroe could not see his way clear to the Living Skeleton—a full account of whom will be found in the entertaining pages of Hone—and he cautiously answered, "If the Lord hath commanded me to go, I will; if not, I cannot go." Lindsay paid his respects to the Skeleton in due course, but Wroe failed to put in an appearance. Next Sunday, Wroe boldly took possession of Lindsay's chapel, and commenced at once to prophecy against him. Addressing himself to the London prophet, he exclaimed, "I say, in the name of the Lord, you shall shave!" John, with much solemnity, then seized the prophetic rod, and thrusting it towards Lindsay, thun-

dered forth, "Dost thou come to defy Israel? The Lord rebuke thee, Satan!" Lindsay, always powerfully "exercised," endeavoured to create a diversion in his favour by setting Wroe and his follower Lees by the ears. He, too, was conveniently seized with the gift of prophecy, and pointing his index finger to Lees, he thus challenged his rival: "Thus said the Lord, this man shall shave, and shall prophesy against his master." "When shall he shave off his beard?" demanded the unabashed Wroe, indignantly. "When thine is plucked up by the roots," retorted Lindsay. The result, however, was the total discomfiture of Lindsay, and Wroe was generally received by believers as the tip-top prophet. When thus recognised, John speedily announced that his "mission" would last forty years, and that at the expiration of this period Shiloh would come.

Wroe, fully acknowledged as the prophet and head of the sect, adopted a system which Mr. Baring-Gould thus describes:—

In 1830 Wroe announced that he had received orders from heaven that seven virgins should be delivered to him to comfort and cherish him, and three of his believers at once gave him up their daughters. With these poor girls and some married women Wroe wandered from place to place. They were with him in Kent, in Devonshire, in Lancashire, and Yorkshire—wherever Wroe pretended he was called. The matter became scandalous, and the confidence of several of the members of the community was shaken. The girls were questioned, and made shocking disclosures. Two of the society, named Masterman and Walker, rose in the congregation at Ashton, on February 27th, 1831, and charged him with profligacy. Wroe could not stand against the storm; he escaped through a trap door in the orchestra amid cat-calls, jeers, and howls. He remained secreted in Ashton a few days, and then left the place for ever. The confidence of his faithful disciple Lees was somewhat dashed shortly before this by an exposure of the prophet at Manchester. Lees had a friend at Manchester with whom he did business. Wroe used to spend much of his time in Lees's house. The prophet announced to Lees that he was called by the spirit on a mission, but that he had no money. Lees called a covenant meeting, and the sum of £80 was raised, and placed at the disposal of the prophet, who departed with it. Now it happened that Lees's friend did business at a certain public-house in Manchester, and having noticed Wroe there, and being shortly after at Ashton, he asked Lees where the prophet was. Lees told him he had gone on a mission. His friend laughed, and said, "Come with me and you shall see him." With difficulty he persuaded Lees to get into a cab with him and drive to Manchester to the public-house. The two men went in, opened the door into a back parlour, and found the prophet sitting by the fire, in his low-crowned brown hat and long coat, between two low women, drinking hot whisky and water with them. The landlord informed them that Wroe had been there several days. Lees went home, burned his white robes, destroyed all his books and tracts belonging to the society, shaved off his beard, and next Sunday was in the parish church, which he had been in the habit of attending before he fell under the influence of Wroe. But Lees's humiliation did not end here. His daughter gave promise of becoming a mother by Wroe. In vain did the prophet assure him that the child which would be born was the promised Shiloh. It turned out to be a girl. Lees put Wroe out of doors. It was soon after this that the prophet was met by Masterman and Walker, and the scandal of the virgins was exposed. Lees, hearing that Wroe was coming to Ashton, exasperated at the dishonour of his daughter and the dupe that had been made

of himself, stationed himself behind a chimney and fired a gun at Wroe. The ball whizzed past his hat, and fortunately did him no injury. But the rumour of these scandals, and the death of a child named Wood whom he had circumcised, caused a riot at Bradford when he visited it shortly after. The mob broke into the Tabernacle, tore up the benches, smashed the windows, and would have maltreated Wroe if they could have caught him; but the wary prophet made his escape in time.

After this exposure of his disgraceful doings, the prophet took refuge with his wife at Pudsey, where he again began to practice on the credulity of his Yorkshire dupes, who, of course, could not believe that the herald of the expected Shiloh had been guilty of the enormities charged against him. Tiring of the peaceful seclusion of Pudsey, Wroe discovered that he had a vocation to go on a "mission." His followers accordingly raised him a handsome sum to pay his expenses. Wroe at once departed with a well-lined pocket. Soon afterwards the Pudsey unbelievers observed that the prophet's spouse passed a certain public-house in the neighbourhood every day.



PROPHET WROE.

When Wroe had been absent for a fortnight, his wife, on one of her daily journeys, was followed at a distance. The ambuscade watched her down a valley to the edge of a corn field, where she made a signal. The delighted spies then observed Wroe, in obedience to the signal, creep out of the standing corn. The wife opened her basket, displaying a tempting dish of potatoes, a mutton chop, and a four ounce bottle of wine. He then drew a horse-rug

from the corn, and spread it on the ground, but, before he could begin operations, the hidden enemy burst upon him. The mob conveyed him in triumph into Pudsey, reviling him for his doings. He was then mounted on a donkey and driven through the town. His captors next tied a rope round his waist and dragged him through a horse-pond till he was nearly drowned.

The horse-pond immersion had caused him to leave inhospitable Pudsey. When he was residing at Bolling, he had a so-called trance which lasted about twelve days. While he was thus shamming insensibility, he lay in state on a stump bedstead, and people came from far and near to see him. But the prophet had always an eye to the main chance, and the exhibition was, of course, highly remunerative. "At the foot of the bed was a basket, in which the visitors deposited silver and copper; and all who came were expected to give a trifle. There was a fixed hour at which the cottage door was opened and closed, and when it was closed the key was turned in the lock, and no one was admitted on any excuse." Yet Wroe was here again found out. One night Mrs. Wroe went out, while the prophet lay in the "trance," and forgot to lock the door behind her. Several suspicious neighbours, who had watched their opportunity, quietly opened the door, and peeped in. And here was another miracle! The prophet, who had previously appeared "stiff and stark," was discovered sitting cozily by the fireside, pegging away at a beefsteak, pickled-cabbage, and oat-cake. Next day the prophet was in a trance as usual, and the faithful, of course, would not believe that he had been again detected at his old tricks.

John soon hit upon a another device for raising money. He announced that "the Lord had declared to him that every member of the Society of the House of Israel was to wear a gold ring of the value of £1 3s. 6d." As conducive to the complete "working of the oracle," the rings had to be supplied by the prophet. The ring was to be a "sign and a seal" to the members that they were the elect. This high announcement was made in 1856, and by the following year, we are told, all the members were supplied with rings. At this time the number of the members was thought to be about 6,000, of whom 701 were in Ireland. The business, as may be surmised, was speedily exploded. One weak-kneed brother, of an inquiring turn of mind, had the metal tested, when it was found that the rings were worth less than two shillings each!

Notwithstanding all the money Wroe had obtained from the believers on so many pretexts, he still wanted more. Consequently, about 1854, he had a "command from the Lord" to build a mansion. The treasury of the "House of Israel," so said the prophet, was empty, and the brethren would, of course, have to raise the funds. The head men of the sect agreed to let Wroe have the

"Flying Roll" money. This was a fund, we are told, to which, after the death of Joanna Southcote, all "sealed" members paid according to their income and ability. "It was a sacred fund retained by the society for the purpose of publishing the Eternal Gospel, and sending it to all parts of the world, proclaiming the millenium, the outpouring of the Spirit, and the Great Desolation." This Eternal Gospel was to be published thirty years after the death of Joanna. The "Flying Roll" fund, it is stated, amounted to nearly £2,000, all of which was handed over to the prophet towards building his mansion. Wroe bought a piece of land at Wrenthorpe, near Wakefield, and then began to build. The mansion, he said, was to be dedicated to the Lord, and was to belong to all the "members of the House of Israel gathered out of all the nations." No architect was to be employed, and the edifice was to be "built as the Spirit directed." Subscription-books were issued to all the societies over the country. "Every member's contribution was to be entered separately, and no man was to know what his neighbour gave." The poorest workman was to contribute no less than ten per cent. of his earnings. During 1855 and 1856, post-office orders poured in from all parts, and it was commonly said in Wakefield that the prophet cashed more orders than all the tradesmen of the town put together. The female believers were allowed the high privilege of furnishing the mansion, and in doing so they were not to tell their husbands how much they gave towards this object. Many of the sisters, it is said, in their blind zeal, set down their names for sums which they were totally unable to pay, and had actually to sell their husbands' effects to keep up their promised payments to the end of 1856. When the land was purchased whereon the mansion was to be erected, Wroe took good care that it should be conveyed to himself and not to the members of the society. In addition to the ground for the mansion, Wroe purchased a farm of 100 acres, which was also conveyed to himself. As soon as it became known that the property had been thus dealt with, a deputation of twenty members, from divers societies, waited upon him to get explanations. Wroe, however, assured them that the mansion and land would go to the society when his pilgrimage was ended. In the presence of the deputation he drew up a will in which he devised the whole estate to the society. Four leading pillars of the Church appended their signatures to the will, and the deputation returned to their homes quite satisfied. But this arrangement was not likely to suit Wroe. "A fortnight after, he sent for a solicitor of Wakefield, and privately drew up a new will cancelling the old one, and in this latter will he devised the mansion and ninety-eight acres of land to his grandson, James Wroe; and to his daughters, Susannah and Sarah, property producing about £50 per annum

each; and to his only son, Joseph, property of the value of £60 per annum."

From 1850 to 1862, Wroe made nearly a dozen voyages to Australia and America, no doubt "raising the wind," according to his usual manner, wherever he went. "In his last voyage to Australia in 1862," says Baring-Gould, "Wroe fell upon the deck of the ship when it was rolling, and dislocated his shoulder. The doctor set it, but it soon fell out of place again, and never was right after. On the day of his death, which occurred at Fitzroy, in Australia, he had been out walking as usual, and seemed in his wonted health. On his return from a walk he seated himself in his chair, and suddenly fell forward on the floor, and was taken up a corpse. He had been collecting money in Australia, and directly it was rumoured that Wroe was dead all the members in Melbourne demanded back their money, and threatened to roughly handle Benjamin Eddow, Wroe's companion and secretary, unless he restored the subscriptions. Eddow was obliged to surrender some of the cash, and to conceal himself. He got away the following day, and remained hidden in a blacksmith's shop till he could find a ship on which to get back to England. He brought with him between six and seven hundred pounds. The Melbourne society complained that Wroe had not kept faith with them, for he had promised them he would never die!"

We are greatly indebted to Mr. J. Horsfall Turner, of Idel, Bradford, for the sketches which accompany this article.

HENRY KERR.

Morton the Dramatist.

ONE of the most successful of modern dramatists, Thomas Morton, died on March 23, 1838, in the 74th year of his age. This distinguished man was born in Durham in 1764. The early death of one or both of his parents placed him under the care of an uncle of the name of Maddison, after whom he named his second son, and by whom he was provided for when young. He was sent to a then celebrated school in Soho Square, which was remarkable for having produced several popular actors and dramatists. Holman was Morton's class fellow, and had the character of Alonzo in his first play, "Columbus." Morton acquired his earliest theatrical taste while at school. At the proper age he was entered by his uncle a student of Lincoln's Inn, but he was never called to the bar. While keeping his terms he was a constant play-goer, and it ended in his own experiment as a play-writer, and his abandonment of the profession for which he was destined, but for which he had no predilection. He accordingly became a dramatist, and was singularly successful. Had the Dramatic Copyright Act been in existence twenty years earlier, Mr. Morton would have realised a fortune by his writings. To show the confidence

placed in his abilities by theatrical managers, it need only be stated that when his "Town and Country" was to be brought out, in March, 1807, Mr. Harris, of Covent Garden, before the parts had been written out for rehearsal, agreed to give him a draft for £1,000 for it, the theatre taking all risks of success or failure. Mr. Harris was well rewarded for his liberality, for "Town and Country" was long a stock piece of every theatre in the kingdom. John Kemble was the original Reuben Glenroy, but it was also a favourite part with Kean. Morton had previously written "Columbus," "The Children in the Wood," "Zorinski," "The Way to Get Married," "A Cure for the Heartache," "Speed the Plough," "Secrets Worth Knowing," "The Blind Girl," and "The School of Reform." Among Morton's later productions were "A Roland for an Oliver," acted for the first time in 1819, and "The Invincibles," brought out in 1823. Of the one Miss Foote was the heroine, and Madame Vestris of the other. Morton's judgment was so good, his skill so great, and his popularity so general, that he was always the "surest card" in the hands of a manager. The "School for Grown Children," which is by no means one of his best comedies, was played twenty-four times at Covent Garden in the season of 1826-7.

The Streets of Newcastle.

Mosley Street and Bean Street.

MOSLEY STREET is comparatively modern, having been begun in 1783. It was named after an alderman of that day, and was regarded as a decided improvement. And so it was; but it is to be regretted that, when it was made, some of the monuments and tombstones sold by auction at the restoration of St. Nicholas' Church the same year, should have been employed in its construction. This contempt for sacred monuments was too common at that time. Alderman Hornby, an antiquary of the period, who lived in Pilgrim Street, preserved in his garden portions of the monuments thus disposed of. Amongst others, Mrs. Carr's effigy, from George Carr's monument, was so preserved; it is now in the old Castle. Such disregard for the memory of the dead and the feelings of the living would scarcely be tolerated to-day; at least, not without an earnest protest. But the work was in itself a street improvement all the same. At the time the Cloth Market ran in a continuous line to the churchyard, whilst the Groat Market went as far as its north-west corner; but narrow passages permitted the pedestrian to pass from the one end of the exterior of the church to the other.

Beginning at the Pilgrim Street end of Mosley Street, we note that the building at the southern

corner is Messrs. Woods's Bank, the old establishment of Sir Matthew White Ridley and Co. Mrs. Jameson, when a child, resided with her father, Mr. Brownell Murphy, a miniature painter, above the shop of Richard Rutter in Mosley Street, as related in vol. i., page 15, of the *Monthly Chronicle*. It was in the premises occupied by Messrs. Mawson and Swan that Mr. Joseph Wilson Swan conducted the experiments in electric lighting that led to the invention of the Swan Lamp. These same premises were gutted by a great fire which occurred on January 17, 1880.

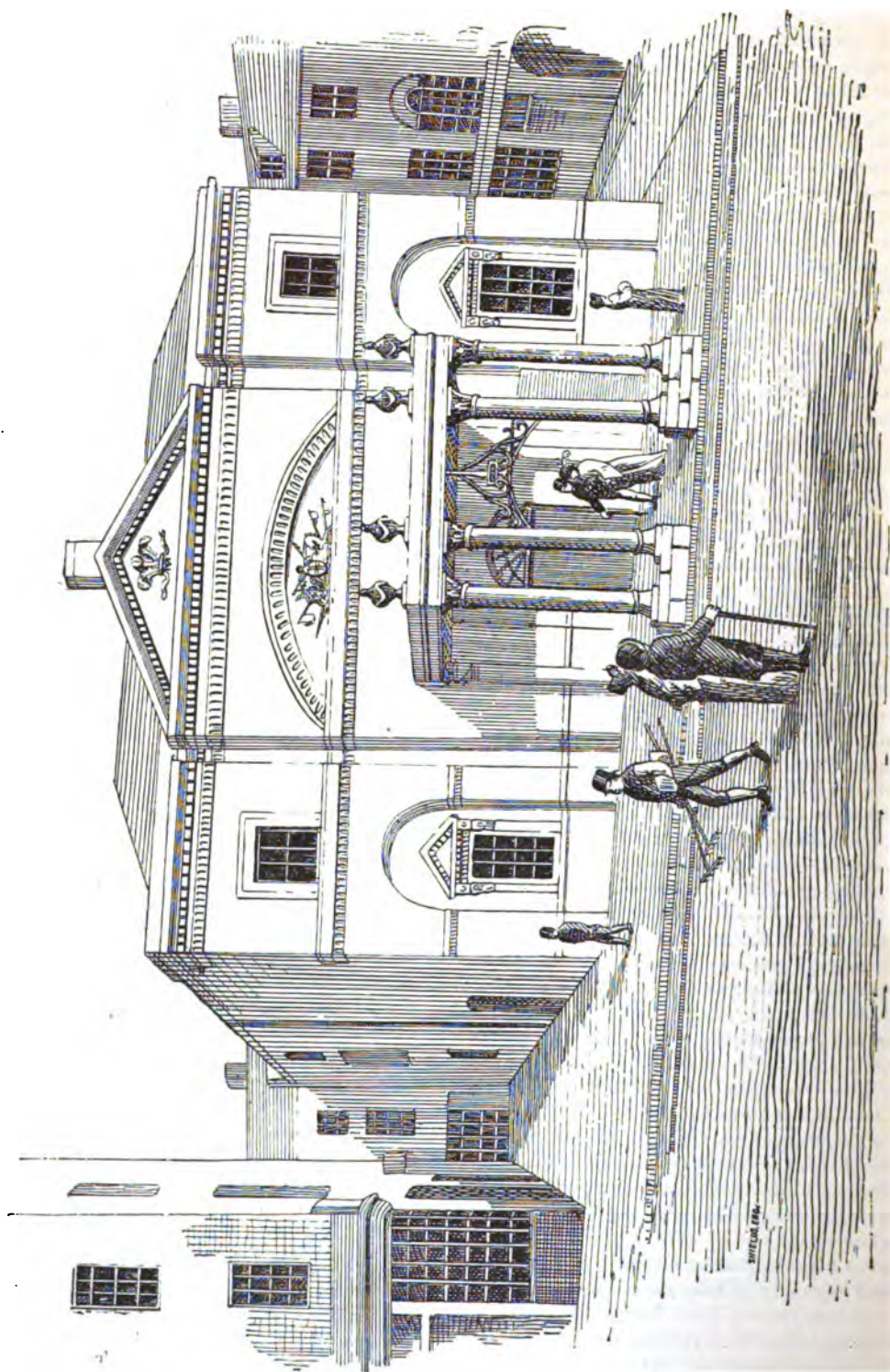
When we arrive at the centre of Mosley Street, we find Dean Street meeting it from the south. The formation of Mosley Street caused the Corporation to take in hand also the improvement of the neighbouring portion of the town. What is now Dean Street was then an awkward and unsavoury dean, or dene, with high and precipitous banks on either side. The Lork, Lort, or Loot Burn—for the name has been spelt in all these ways—ran down it to the Side, where it had been covered over. The authorities saw that they could no longer leave this locality alone. Some three years, therefore, after Mosley Street was constructed, the work of improvement was begun. It was found necessary to remove the old Nether Dean Bridge (the thoroughfare is still called the Low Bridge), which, it may be remembered, crossed from Pilgrim Street to St. Nicholas' Churchyard. The bridge was a very ancient structure. The old Roman Wall probably ran along it, passed the north side of the mother church, near the present site of the Turf Hotel, and then onward up Westgate Hill. Bourne, copying Gray, says, "the river ebbed and flowed above this bridge, and the boats came under it with the wares and commodities of the merchants." Dr. Bruce quotes Mr. Wardle, an architect of Newcastle, as having told him "that in examining, some years ago, a cellar at the corner of the Painter Hengh and Dean Street, he noticed what he took to be the remains of a quay," that "an iron ring was inserted in the masonry," and that "the masonry in the vicinity of the ring was marked as if by the action of boat-hooks." Baillie, in his history, says that boats came as far as the foot of the hill up which Dean Street runs. And this seems the most feasible theory of the three. The statements of Bourne and Gray, at any rate, are rather improbable. Dr. Wolcot—"Peter Pindar"—satirised George III. once for not knowing how in the world the apples got into the dumpling. Similarly, it is not easy too see why the river should not find its level before getting so far up the hill as the Low Bridge.

The North-Eastern Railway crosses Dean Street over a lofty and beautiful arch, from which a fine view of Grey Street might be obtained if the directors of the company could only be induced by the parapet. (For views of this structure, see vol. i., p. 80.)

The circumstance which most of all gives Mosley Street its historical interest is its association with dramatic art. True, the drama was popular in Newcastle long before Mosley Street was thought of. Not to mention the old miracle plays, which were probably performed in the open air on the Sandhill, there were bands of strolling players in Newcastle from the times of the Plantagenets. In modern times dramatic entertainments were given in the Moot Hall, Castle Garth, and in a booth set up in Usher's Raff Yard, near at hand. Then, in 1748, a third establishment was fitted up in the Turk's Head Inn, not the present hostelry in Grey Street, but the original house of that name in the Bigg Market, subsequently converted into a chemist's shop. Amongst others, Munden acted here. But this did not long meet the wants of the day; and accordingly, in 1785, it was resolved by some of the literary men of Newcastle to build another theatre, elegant in plan and commodious in structure. We have already said that Mosley Street had just been formed. It was rightly regarded as an ornament to the town; and here it was settled that the site of the new theatre should be. It was a brick building, with a decorated portico, as seen in the picture, facing down Dean Street. On its west side was Drury Lane, an old passage leading from the Fleah Market, or Cloth Market, to the Lort Burn. Some of the entrances to the theatre were in this narrow by-way, and as it is still standing and retains its designation, the position of the building may be easily traced. A royal license for the performance of stage plays was obtained in 1787, and on the 21st of January following the theatre was opened with Arthur Murphy's comedy, "The Way to Keep Him," and "The Sultan." The enterprise began well, nor did public favour fail to support it through many succeeding years.

Among the earliest performers in the new theatre was George Frederick Cooke, one of the very ablest actors of his day, though assuredly, also, as erratic as able. Cooke's Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, Sir Archy Macsarcasm, Iago, Falstaff, and Richard were admitted by his own contemporaries on the boards to be beyond challenge by the best of them. In the Mosley Street theatre, he opened, as the players say, in Othello. "Here," he says, "I met with most flattering applause, which I continued to receive while I remained attached to the theatre. My own night the first season was 'Richard the Third,' in which Miss Duncan, now of Drury Lane Theatre, acted the Duke of York." Mrs. Siddons and he appeared together in Newcastle in 1789; and in the same year, on the same boards, he first saw and played with Mrs. Jordan, an actress who stood as unrivalled in comedy, particularly in girls of every description, as Mrs. Siddons did in the sublime, the terrible, and the pathetic of tragedy.

Stephen Kemble, who used to play Falstaff without stuffing, became sole manager of this Mosley Street Theatre in 1792, and continued so for fourteen years. He



OLD THEATRE ROYAL, MOSLEY STREET, NEWCASTLE.

was a remarkable member of a remarkable family; brother of John Kemble—"Black John" and "King John," Cooke would sometimes call him when in one of his sarcastic moods, though they were good friends for all that; of Charles Kemble, the finest light comedian of his time; and of Mrs. Siddons, so unapproachable in graver parts that she sat to Sir Joshua Reynolds as the representative of the Tragic Muse. Stephen himself excelled in the old men alike of tragedy and comedy; yet he had a curious fancy for playing Hamlet, even when he weighed



eighteen stones. A caricature likeness of him in this part, with the quotation beneath, "Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt," rather checked his ardour in the indulgence of this hobby at last. He wrote several plays, odes, and lyrical pieces; and Brinsley Sheridan pronounced him to be the very best declaimer he had ever heard, on or off the stage. He died in retirement at his seat, the Grove, Durham, where his remains were interred in the Chapel of the Nine Altars, at the east end of the Cathedral, and on the north side of the shrine of St. Cuthbert.

The inimitable comedian, Liston, the original Paul Pry, was a member of one of Stephen Kemble's stock companies in Newcastle. Commencing life as a pedagogue of humble pretensions, a teacher's assistant in a day school, Liston possessed such rich comic powers as carried him to the very front rank in his profession. "How is it possible," asks John William Cole in his *Life of Charles Kean*, "to fancy boys looking seriously for a moment on that magazine of fun which his countenance must ever have exhibited? By some strange infatuation he imagined himself destined to excel in the heroes of tragedy, and was not a little mortified when on benefit nights he played Romeo and Octavius in sober seriousness that the audience insisted on receiving them as burlesque.

George IV. encored him from the royal box in Mawworm's Sermon (in "The Hypocrite") which ever afterwards stamped that unbecoming mummery with a singular reputation and a similar call." Liston died in 1846, aged sixty-nine, in the possession of a handsome fortune.

William Macready succeeded Stephen Kemble in the management, and remained in it for twelve years. His famous son, William Charles, commenced his career as an actor in Mosley Street.

A melancholy incident in connection with the old theatre must be mentioned. On the 19th of February, 1823, "Tom and Jerry" was produced, under Mr. De Camp's management. Hardly had that play commenced, when a cry of "Fire!" was raised, a flash was seen, and a great quantity of smoke soon after penetrated through the floor of the gallery. Panic ensued; the inevitable ugly rush came; the gallery stairs were blocked up; the check-taker, in attempting to open the barriers, was thrown down the stairs; and when at length the results came to be ascertained, it was found that seven persons had been killed.

In the face of a record such as we have given above, who shall deny that "Newcastle can boast of having been a famous nursery for dramatic genius"? Here, in this one theatre, at various times in its history, Newcastle had Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Jordan, Miss Duncan, Cooke, the Kembles, Liston, and Macready. Some came as stars; others, who came as strangers and as members of the stock company, the kindly yet discriminating criticism of Newcastle audiences sent away to become stars. A sorry day will it be for the real interests of the drama in Newcastle if that criticism should ever cease to be discriminating as well as generous! It remains only to add that the projects of Richard Grainger caused the Mosley Street Theatre—or Drury Lane, as it was at other times called—to be pulled down; and with its destruction there closed no inglorious chapter in the artistic history of Newcastle.

Shields Ghosts.



AILING in from the sea on a moonlight winter's night the voyager to the Tyne can scarcely resist the spell that is cast upon his fancy by the high and rugged outline of the twin towns perched above the water-way. Let the snow be resting on the high-pitched roofs, the wind whistling in the cordage, and the tide bounding to its call, there is a scene so weird, with accompaniments so solemn, that the imagination of one who is looking on it for the first time is powerfully prepossessed in favour of any ghostly legend his shipmate or fellow traveller may have to tell. The harbour lights, the ship lights, the peeping street lights, struggling unitedly, yet almost in vain, for notice

in the sheen of the silver moonlight, prepare the mind of the listener for stories of love, loss, grief, and death, or for joyous home comings, fond greeting, and a golden usury for years of toil and peril. Nor does the daylight altogether exorcise the quaint old towns with their storm-spoiled gables and glowing tiles. Any tale of mystery, especially if grim and woeful, might well have had its birth and nursing in such a spot. Shall we take our stand on deck, and as we slowly pass amid the shadows of the ships, give ear to strange traditions of crime, remorse, and ghostly haunting?

Yonder high range of houses, clouded now with the shadow of the grim ballast hill, is Millbourne Place, the site still sometimes walked by Fatty's Ghost. It was long years ago, when India was still a land of gold and gems, where fortune might be won by force, or craft, or honest trading. Few and far between were the ships that left old Tyne for the far-off country of Golconda, but ever and again raw lads went forth in quest of adventure, and, perchance, with dreams of avarice beguiling them to the daring enterprise. Sometimes they were seen no more, and sometimes the raw cabin boy returned rich in rupees and jewels to raise his father's home to affluence and rest from the mire of toil and want in which he left them. It so chanced that one Fatty sailed from Shields in an Indian trader, a common seaman, and the child of poor, struggling parents. Never a word did they hear from across the sea of their absent son. The ship came home, but not the sailor boy, nor were there tidings of his fate. They had lost him, they knew not how; but he had run his ship, his messmates said, and tears of disappointment—not from the deeper fount of certain loss—fell from parental eyes as they heard the brown sailors tell the simple fact that Fatty had been missed, and they knew not what had come to him.

Time rolled on leaving its tide marks on the mother's brow and its snows upon the father's head. Age had worn out even the longing for their long-lost son; but yet their memory and fondness would come back to them when a weather-beaten tar slouched past their door, and, poor as they were, they would have shared their crust and pittance with a penniless and homeless son of the sea for the sake of their absent boy. Nay, they would fain have given guest-room to a wayfaring man, provided he savoured of the salt sea and tarry ropes. And so it chanced that on a wild and stormy night their married daughter came to their house, bringing with her a mariner in search of lodging for the night. Yes, they would give him shelter and make him welcome. He should pay them by tales of the sunny climes to which their thoughts had often travelled in quest of the absent child. And so he did. They gave him of their lowly fare, and as his rough nature warmed to their kindness, he threw off the guard of prudence, and boasted of his golden store in belt

and pouch, and many a lac at usury. Nay, he showed them dazzling coin and splendid jewellery; and the old folks glared at the unwonted sight with greedy eyes and hungering souls. They were poor—so very poor, and old, and cold, and weary. How delightful could they clutch that shining hoard, and bury it deep where no eye could trace it and no hand touch it but their own! But how to get it from the strong man's grip? Ah, then, the foul fiend whispered, "Death—death—death. He is silent and clove, tells no tales, betrays no trust, makes no sign. Put your faith in death. Steep your lean, palsied hands in the blood of the stranger who has broken your bread and eaten your salt in child-like confidence. That crimson blood shall change to golden yellow, and none shall know whence the colouring came, for none will care to ask." Thus worked the tempter, and the aged pair gazed at each other with stiffening horror, and vile avarice wound about their heart, as if some strong and slimy snake were coiling its long length around them to constrain or crush. Never a word spoke they; but words were needless. Each read the fatal purpose of the other.

The guest reeled off to his hard and humble bed. There he slept, heavily slept, and slept to wake no more. The wretched host waited till all was quiet save the breathing of his guest and the beating of two guilty hearts. Stealthily he sought a cruel knife, sharp, strong-bladed. The pale stern woman motioned him to speed his errand, and, shading the candle with her wasted hand, she led the way to the chamber of rest. A look, a tiger-leap, a deadly lunge upon the sleeping form, a broken sob, a shivering spasm, a long last sigh, and all was still—all save two throbbing hearts, stirred to a painful fever heat that would never more subside. Then came the rifling of the dead. There was gold enough, and none forbade the seizure. Yet the crimsoned hands changed not their hue. Oh, that stain would not "out" for ever. It might be hidden, but it would sink, it would burn, it would eat through the withered flesh until it became a fire in the bones, and a fiery worm of remorse in the soul. Then they buried their dead out of their sight, yet so that they must tread on his grave with every remaining step of life. Day and night they would be in the presence of the haunting spirit and the unhouselled corpse.

Betimes the daughter came to ask about the guest, and when they told her he had got up early and gone away, she cried out, "Gone away—wherever to?" They did not ask; they said they did not know. "Why, mother," exclaimed the woman, "did ye not ken him? Did he not tell you?" "Tell what?" the aged mother asked in fierce alarm—"who was he?" "It was Jim, mother, and you not to know him!" But what ailed the mother? She sank into her chair, and, fixing her stony gaze on the blank wall before her, went into a fit. The old man, too, seemed petrified with horror. "Jim," he said, "poor Jim; never, it couldn't be, Maggie; it never could

be Jim." "But it was, father, for all that; he came and told me all about it, and showed me his gold, and said how he had come home to comfort his old father and mother, and make all our fortunes for us. Oh, he's not gone far; he'll soon be back, I warrant ye." "Never, Maggie, he'll come back no more." But he did come back.

That very night he came, and every night as the clock struck twelve the door moved on its hinges noiselessly, in spite of bars and bolts. Then there entered a huge Newfoundland dog that came up to each in turn, fondling with its paws, laying its great head on the mother's knees; and gazing up with soft melancholy eyes into hers, as if reproaching her, it slunk away to the other room and there kept watch at the foot of the bed on which the stranger had met his cruel fate, lying there till the cock crew, then dashing from the house with fearful fury, howling as he passed. It needs not to be told that the murderers profited little or nothing with their ill-gotten wealth. They dare not spend. They could only hoard and hide the spoils of crime. Wasting and sickness fell upon them. The mother pined to death, the father lingered but a short while; when the end came, he unburdened his guilty soul with the terrible confession that he had murdered the son whose return he had longed and prayed for many a weary year. The house was accursed and haunted. None dare bide in the stricken and polluted dwelling. It crumbled to ruins, and so long as brick remained on brick the black dog prowled amidst the rubbish; but when at last the ground was cleared the ghost ceased its wanderings, its dismal howlings were heard no more.

South Shields can boast of its ghost as well as North Shields. As both ghosts have "ceased to revisit the pale glimpses of the moon" for many years, owing it may be supposed to the fact of their local habitation having been dismantled, the rivalry in spirit lore between the two towns has died away. The best account we can lay hands on for the South Shields ghost is in a paper by Mr. William Brockie in the *Northern Tribune*, 1855. It is as follows:—

The "Old Hall" in West Holborn, South Shields, was formerly the residence of some wealthy shipowner, whose name must have stood high on the "register," although I have at present forgotten it. It has long lost its aristocratic standing and been let out in tenements, and part of it is now occupied as a public-house, so that the most incredulous total go-ahead man may well believe it to be a rendezvous of evil spirits. A lady whom I know lived in it for some time, and she and all her family used to hear and see strange things in it. Dreadful deeds must have been perpetrated some time or other in its spacious and once-splendid, but now ghostly, rooms. On one of the grand mantelpieces, she tells me, are the marks of two bloody fingers and a thumb, which no chemical art known to her mother, who is a notable housewife and up to all points of domestic economy, could efface. Scrubbing and scouring had no effect, and even through successive coats of paint the marks reappeared. So true is it that the stains of murder are indelible, and that when everything else is silent the very walls cry out. The finger marks are doubtless those

of some female victim of lawless brutality, for the shade of her who impressed them is sometimes seen.

One night, Mrs. C— could not sleep, so she sat up in the bed reading. About midnight she saw, to her astonishment, a tall, handsome lady, dressed in white, with a scarlet waistband, glide across the room, from a door which was always shut up, towards one of the windows on the opposite side, where she disappeared. She made no sign, however, nor intimated any wish to disclose her secret. But the spot where she disappeared could, perhaps, have afforded a clue had it been searched; for beneath the sill of that window—a huge old-fashioned affair—there was a recess that nobody ever thought of prying into. Through a knot having dropped out of the wood, there was a hole into this place, down which small articles, such as thimbles, cotton balls, &c., were constantly falling, and, though often stuffed up in various ways, it always got open again. One of the family undertook one day to fish the things up with a hooked wire. He did so, and with them drew out lots of beetles and other vermin such as infest graves; an indication, one would think, of what was below. Mrs. C— regrets to this day that she did not cause the sill to be raised.

But it was not that room alone that gave the house its bad name. My informant once saw what she fancied to be the apparition of a soldier standing on the landing-place at the head of the stair, and others of the family at different times saw him likewise. There was one apartment in the house which no soul ever entered, barring, of course, disembodied souls, for of such it was deemed the favourite haunt. No earthly tenant would have it for nothing, let alone pay rent for it; so it remained shut up from year's end to year's end. What was in it beside the ghost nobody knew or dared to investigate, for even to peep into it through the keyhole would have needed more courage than most people possess. Strange noises were heard in it occasionally, as if the ghosts were kicking up a racket among themselves. Perhaps a hidden treasure lay under the floor, with the mouldering bones of murdered men. The elements had free entrance into it, for not a pane of glass was left in the window; but the door was nailed up fast, and the window so situated that it would have been difficult to get a glimpse through it into the interior.

Speaking of another old house in Thrift Street, South Shields, Mr. Brockie states:—

A servant girl, going one evening down to the cellar in the dark, was surprised to see an "ancient lady" there, who spoke to her, contrary to the established etiquette in such cases (but there are differences, doubtless, among ghosts as regards stiffness), and made her promise to come back without a candle at the same hour next night, when she would "hear of something to her advantage," as Joseph Ady used to write. She went accordingly, but took a candle with her, although the courtesy she had met with from the ghost might have taught her better. The old lady again appeared, and informed her that, if she had not brought a light, she would have told her "such a tale." As it was, she would give her something for keeping her appointment. So she bade her put her hands into a certain crevice, which she did, and there she found the title deeds of the house and a purse of money. What became of the title deeds I do not know, but the girl wisely kept the purse to herself, and, immediately leaving off service, was "a grand lady" ever afterward.

Mr. Brockie gives the legend about Jack the Hammer as follows:—

Jack the Hammer is quite a modern myth, his living prototype having walked the earth within the recollection of many persons yet in Shields. He is remembered as a tall, fine-looking old man, with a slight stoop, white hair, a Roman nose, a high forehead, and quite an intellectual cast of face. He went about the country mending pots and pans, and was not remarkable for anything that I know, except it might be weather wisdom. He lived alone in a house on the bank next Henderson the pipe maker's, and in that house he died. The separation

between soul and body was, perhaps, not witnessed by any mortal eye, for the poor man had no known relations. The corpse may have lain unstretched as the death struggle left it, till the neighbours became curious to learn what was come of Jack, and broke open the door. That any hidden treasure prevented his spirit's rest seems unlikely. That he had a secret load of guilt on his mind is equally so. But, at all events, Jack came back. His appearance was invariably the sign of a gale of wind and loss at sea. With his hammer he used to strike the end of the house with such force that it was heard over the whole bank. Nobody would live in the house after Jack's death, and it consequently stood tenanted for some time. At last an old man of the name of Bowles, constitutionally imperious to the dread of ghosts, was put into it by the landlord to redeem it from its bad character.

Earldom of Northumberland.

A Trunk-maker's Claim to it.

MUCH zeal and pertinacity were displayed by an Irish trunk-maker to establish a legal right to the Earldom of Northumberland two hundred years ago. From the Norman conquest till the death of Jocelyn Percy (more than six centuries) the Percies had enjoyed an uninterrupted male descent, counting no less than nine barons by feudal tenure, four barons by Royal writ, and eleven Earls of Northumberland, the last of whom was Jocelyn Percy, who died in 1670, leaving no heirs male, and only one daughter. This was the Lady Elizabeth Percy, who was married at twelve to the Earl of Ogle, then at fourteen to Thomas Thynne of Longleat ("Tom of Ten Thousand"), and finally, after Mr. Thynne had been assassinated, to Charles, the "proud Duke of Somerset."

On the death of Jocelyn, a claimant to his immense estates almost immediately presented himself. A man named James Percy, a native of Dublin, and a trunk-maker to trade, preferred a claim to the ancient title, which he prosecuted with all the vigour and obstinacy of one who firmly believed he had law and justice on his side. For the period of fifteen years he persisted in his endeavours to prove that he was the rightful heir. It was a great stake that James Percy played for. No wonder, then, that it was zealously defended. Both parties were before the House of Lords in November, 1672, when Percy craved for time; but his petition was dismissed, as he refused to show any probability that he had a just right. This decision did not frighten him, however, for he next appealed to the Common Law Courts. Between the years 1674 and 1681 he had no fewer than five suits heard.

One James Clark was sued for scandal, he having declared that the claimant was an impostor. Percy was non-suited; but this result, he asserted, was due to the collusion of his attorney. According to Percy, that great lawyer, Sir Matthew Hale, who was then Chief Justice, protested against the decision in open court, and

declared "that the claimant had proved himself a true Percy by father, mother, and grandmother, and that he did verily believe that the claimant was cousin and next heir-male to Jocelyn, late Earl of Northumberland, only he was afraid he had taken the descent too high." While getting into his coach, Sir Matthew (so it was affirmed) said to Lord Shaftesbury, "I verily believe James Percy hath as much right to the Earldom of Northumberland as I have to the coach and horses which I have bought and paid for."

The claimant subsequently brought another action for scandal against a man named Wright, who had asserted that he could prove his illegitimacy. This case was tried before Hale's successor, Sir Richard Rainsford, and resulted in a verdict for Percy, with £300 damages. In a third "action for scandal," however, he was not so fortunate. John Blackstone, agent to Lady Elizabeth Percy, was sued by the claimant, in the Guildhall, London. The defendant pleaded privilege. This so frightened Percy's counsel that they wanted to retire from the case, which brought upon them a severe rebuke from the judge. It was a long and costly affair for the poor trunk-maker, who ultimately suffered a non-suit in this case also.

In January, 1684, the claimant by petition humbly addressed himself to Charles II. and the Lords of the Privy Council, and he received, he said, a gracious verbal answer, that the whole matter should be heard and determined in the next Parliament. But nothing came of the promise, and, finally, in 1699, the House of Lords decided:—"That the pretensions of the said James Percy to the Earldom of Northumberland are groundless, false, and scandalous, and that the petition be and is hereby dismissed the House; and that the said James Percy shall be brought before the four courts in Westminster Hall, wearing a paper upon his breast, on which these words shall be written: The false and impudent pretender to the Earldom of Northumberland."

If we are to believe Sir Bernard Burke, the pretender made two separate statements, and broke down in both. In his first story, he stated that his grandfather, Henry Percy, of Pavenham, was son of Sir Richard Percy, a younger brother of Henry, ninth Earl of Northumberland; but, if this were so, Sir Richard must have been a grandfather at eight years of age. It was clearly proved, moreover, that Sir Richard died without issue. The claimant's next story was that his grandfather was the eldest of the four children of Sir Ingram (or Ingelram) Percy, who was third son of Henry, the fifth earl, and that the said four children were sent out of the North into the South about the year 1599, in hampers, to one Dame Vaux, of Harrowden, in Northamptonshire. But Sir Ingelram Percy died unmarried, and left an illegitimate daughter only.

What became of the poor trunk-maker, after all his persevering efforts had failed and all his great expectations had been blasted, is not known. We find, how-

ever, that his son, Sir Anthony Percy, held the office of Lord Mayor of Dublin in 1669. Sir Anthony died in 1704, leaving a large family of sons and daughters, who all seem to have prospered and filled more or less important positions in society.

The Duke of Wellington in the North.



ARTHUR, DUKE OF WELLINGTON, "the hero of Waterloo," paid a visit to his old companion-in-arms, the Marquis of Londonderry, at Wynyard Park, Durham, in the autumn of 1827. Advantage was taken of the occasion, by men of all sides in politics, Whigs, Tories, and Radicals, to show their sense of the great military achievements of the distinguished warrior, irrespective altogether of his policy as a statesman and a Minister of the Crown.

The Duke was met at Yarm Bridge by Lord Londonderry, at the head of a grand procession of the nobility and gentry of the district. Having taken his seat in Lady Londonderry's carriage, which was drawn by six horses, he was driven in state into Stockton, where, at the entrance into the High Street, a triumphal arch had been erected, formed of laurels and other evergreens, wreathed with flowers and surrounded by seven flags, with appropriate mottoes, all non-political. Previous to entering the town, the horses were taken from the carriage in which the duke rode, and he was drawn by a number of men, wearing blue ribbons inscribed "Wellington for ever," to the Town Hall, amid the fring of cannon and other marks of rejoicing. Addresses from the corporate bodies of Stockton and Hartlepool were presented to his Grace by the Mayors of those towns, accompanied by the recorders and aldermen; and Colonel Gray also read an address from the inhabitants of Stockton and its neighbourhood. His Grace took leave of the Stocktonians "amidst the most deafening cheers."

The party assembled at Wynyard to meet the duke included the Earl and Countess Bathurst, Earl Grey, the Bishop of Durham (Dr. Van Mildert), Lord Beresford, Lord Ravensworth, Sir Henry and Lady Emily Hardinge, Sir Thomas Lawrence (the celebrated portrait painter), Sir Cuthbert Sharp, Matthew Bell, M.P., the Rev. Dr. Wellesey (the duke's brother), the Rev. Dr. Phillpotts (afterwards Bishop of Exeter), and Rowland Burdon, of Castle Eden.

It was on Friday, the 28th of September, that the duke paid a visit to Newcastle. No exertion had been spared to receive him in a manner due to his elevated rank and creditable to the character and public spirit of the town. Notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather, the influx of strangers from the different towns and villages in the neighbourhood was immense. At the turn-

pike gate at the head of Gateshead, a large body of people, together with a guard of honour consisting of Lancers from the barracks, were in waiting to receive his Grace. The horses were taken from the carriage—an open one—which contained the duke, the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry, and Field-Marshal Beresford; and it was drawn through Gateshead by men engaged for the purpose, across Tyne Bridge, to the front of a platform raised before the Guildhall, on the Sandhill, Newcastle, amid the booming of the Castle guns and those of the ships in the harbour, and the ringing of the bells in all the churches. The procession was headed by a band of music, playing "See the Conquering Hero Comes," after which followed the Union Jack, succeeded by standards bearing such inscriptions as "Assaye," "Vimiera," "Douro," "Talavera," "Busaco," "Ciudad Rodrigo—Badajoz," "Salamanca," "Vittoria," "The Pyrenees," "Orthes—Toulouse," "Waterloo—Europe Delivered," and "Welcome to the Immortal Wellington," which were carried by men who had been present at the different battles. Business was entirely suspended. The windows of the houses on each side of the Sandhill were crowded with elegantly-dressed ladies, the roofs of the houses were covered with spectators, and there was not, in short, a single place, however dangerous and difficult of attainment, likely to command a view of the proceedings, that was unoccupied. The Duke of Wellington, on appearing upon the platform, was greeted with applause. The freedom of the town was then presented to his Grace by the Mayor (Archibald Reed), and the addresses of the Corporation and the town by the Recorder and Mr. Christopher Cookson. His Grace replied to both with becoming brevity. As soon as the ceremonies were concluded wine was introduced, and the Mayor, filling a glass, drank to the health of the duke, and called upon the populace to receive him in a manner worthy of the occasion. The populace answered this appeal with cheers, which, however, were principally confined to that part of the crowd that was nearest to the platform; among the multitude at a greater distance there were scarcely any plaudits. The procession then proceeded to the Town Moor, where the South Tyne Hussars, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, and the Northumberland and Newcastle Yeomanry Cavalry, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Bell, were assembled for the purpose of being inspected. On arriving at the lines, the duke rode through the troops, but a thick fog and drizzling rain which had set in deprived the spectacle of much of its attraction. His Grace afterwards proceeded to the Mansion House, where he dined with a large party. In the evening there was a grand ball in the Assembly Rooms. The duke left the rooms about one o'clock, and was escorted on his way from the town to Ravensworth Castle, where he slept, by twelve torch-bearers on horseback, six before and six behind the carriage.

Next day (Saturday) the duke inspected the coal works

of the Marquis of Londonderry. His Grace and suite arrived at Pitlington from Ravensworth Castle, at half-past two o'clock, where Mr. Buddle, attended by the marquis's miners, was in attendance to receive them. At six o'clock the distinguished party sat down at Mr. Buddle's seat, at Painsher, to a sumptuous dinner. The house and the neighbouring pitmen's cottages were illuminated, and a dinner was provided in a building on the premises, of which 600 people partook, so that it was a day of general rejoicing in the vicinity.

On Wednesday, the 3rd of October, his Grace paid a visit to the city of Durham, on his return from Alnwick Castle, where he had gone in the beginning of the week, on a visit to the Duke of Northumberland. A guard of the Yeomanry Cavalry, accompanied by the band belonging to that corps, a number of men carrying banners and flags, many of which bore the names of some of the duke's most splendid victories, the carriage of the Marquis of Londonderry, and several of his lordship's friends, and hundreds of spectators, repaired to Aykley Heads, to await the arrival of the duke and to accompany him into the town. Leaving his own travelling carriage, he entered that of the noble marquis, from which the horses were instantly taken by the populace, and his Grace was drawn into the town, amidst the warmest greetings, the firing of guns, the ringing of bells, and every demonstration of the most perfect enthusiasm. His Grace was afterwards escorted to the Castle, where most of the leading gentry of the county were invited to meet him, and where an entertainment in a style of the greatest splendour was given by the bishop in honour of the illustrious visitor. In the evening there was a ball at the Assembly Rooms. Upwards of 270 ladies and gentlemen were present, being a greater number than was ever known upon any former occasion. The duke retired at an early hour, and returned to Ravensworth Castle.

Thursday was devoted to a visit to Sunderland, where his Grace got a most cordial and flattering reception. He was met by an immense number of persons at the Wheat Sheaf Inn, Monkwearmouth, on his approach from Ravensworth Castle; and by them the horses were taken from his carriage, and he was dragged in triumph across Wearmouth Bridge, through the streets to the Exchange, preceded by a band of music and several flags, the crowd increasing at every step, until there were at least from fifteen to twenty thousand persons present. The windows of the houses were graced by numerous ladies, to whom the Duke bowed with the greatest affability as the procession passed along. Innumerable flags were displayed throughout the town; and from a splendid triumphal arch, which had been erected over the High Street of Bishopwearmouth, at the expense of the ladies of the town, half-a-dozen children dressed in white showered flowers upon his Grace as he passed beneath. On arriving at the Exchange, he quitted his carriage, and accompanied by the Marquis and Marchioness of London-

derry, &c., ascended a platform erected in front, upon which Sir Cuthbert Sharp and several other gentlemen were assembled for the purpose of presenting him with an address from the freemen of the borough and the magistrates, clergy, and inhabitants of Sunderland, Bishopwearmouth, Monkwearmouth, and their vicinities. During the time of the presentation and reply, the cheering from the populace was deafening, and it continued without intermission till his Grace entered the Exchange, where a splendid dinner was provided in the newsroom, to which, at about half-past six o'clock, 204 persons sat down, there not being room for more. The Marquis of Londonderry was in the chair, and on his right were seated Earl Bathurst, the Marquis of Douro, Lord Beresford, Captain Cochrane, Sir H. Hardinge, and Lord Castlereagh. On his left were the Duke of Wellington, Lord Ravensworth, Sir Walter Scott, Dr. Wallesey, and the Hon. H. T. Liddell. Sir Cuthbert Sharp filled the vice-chair. Among the numerous toasts was one which the celebrity of its object induces us to particularise—the health of Sir Walter Scott, to whose



genius the Marquis of Londonderry, who proposed it, paid a warm tribute, and who, on his rising to return thanks, was received with the most tumultuous cheering, so much so, indeed, as to render what he said completely inaudible to the reporters. After the dinner party broke up, there was a ball in the Assembly Rooms, which were crowded to excess. At this ball, Sir Walter Scott says in

his *Diary*, published in the last volume of his *Life by Lockhart*, "there was a prodigious anxiety discovered for shaking of hands. The duke had his share of it, and I came in for my share; for, though jackal to the lion, I got some part in whatever was going." The noble party did not retire till after one o'clock, and got home far on in the morning, "sufficiently tired."

The dinner was served in the large news room of the Exchange, over the mantel of which was painted the decoration shown on page 350. This room is about to be entirely altered, the old Exchange being on the point of conversion into a Seamen's Mission Chapel. The alteration will involve the removal of the chimney breast shown in the above sketch, which was drawn by Mr. William Scott, of Tyne Dock. The inscription on the ribbon immediately above the fireplace reads as follows:—"The inhabitants of Sunderland received the Duke of Wellington to dinner in this room, 4th October, 1827, and the above Decoration (painted for the occasion) has been ordered to remain in commemoration thereof."

Paul Jones's Plan of the Tyne.

THE accompanying plan of the Tyne, from the bar at Tynemouth to Newcastle Bridge, is copied from a reduced plan in "Great Britain's Coasting Pilot" (1723), signed by the celebrated privateer, "Captain Paul Jones, Bon Homme Richard, 1779," now in the possession of the Tyne Improvement Commissioners. The original plan includes the whole coast from beyond Cambois, then spelled Camos, at the mouth of the Wansbeck, to the neighbourhood of Ryhope, two miles south of Sunderland. It is on the scale of two inches to the mile; it purports to have been "humbly presented and dedicated to the worshipful the master and the rest of the gentlemen brethren of Trinity House, Newcastle upon Tyne, by Captain G. Collins, Hydrographer to the King"; and it was engraved by H. Moll, who was famous for this sort of work.

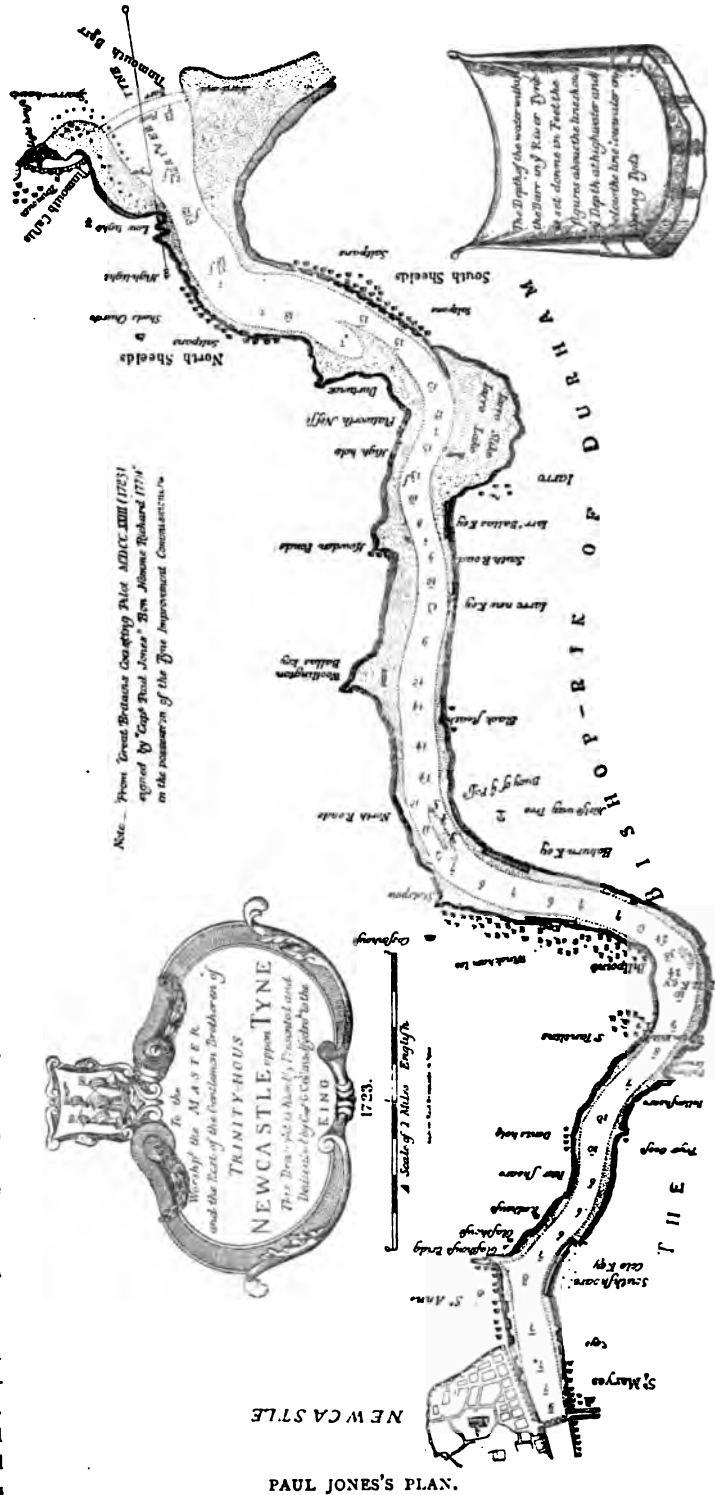
A careful examination of it shows what vast changes in the way of improvements have taken place in the Tyne within the last century, and particularly since the conservancy of the river passed out of the hands of the Corporation of Newcastle into those of the River Commissioners. It gives the depth in the channel both at high water and low water, on spring tides, from the bar up to the Tyne Bridge. The rock outside the bar, the Sparrowhawk, Sparhawk, or Sparhakke (so named by the Danish rovers), is the boundary seaward of the jurisdiction of the Conservators, which is understood to extend upwards as far as a somewhat mythical place called Hedwin Streams, near Newburn. The depth on the bar when Collins surveyed it was seven feet at low

water and twenty-one at high water. It must have lessened very considerably under the management of the old River Jury, for a pilot in South Shields once actually waded across the bar holding on by the stern of a boat, and touching the bottom the whole way. The entire channel up to Tyne Bridge is shown on the plan to have been an alternation of pools and shallows, rendering navigation, even for ships of light draught, exceedingly difficult. Thus, while there were eighteen feet at low water spring tides in Shields harbour from opposite the Low Light to the high end of North Shields, there was only seven or eight feet between Jarrow Ballast Quay on the south side, and Howdon Ponds on the north, and only six or seven from the low end of Hebburn (Haburn) Quay to a small quay which appears on the plan a couple of miles further up, about half-way between Low Walker, then called Winokhamlee, or Wincolmlee, and Bill Point, a place long the special dread of skippers frequenting the river as the scene of innumerable wrecks. Opposite Bill Point the depth suddenly increased to thirty-six feet at low water, the channel being contracted to about half the normal width by a shoal in the centre, dry at low water, combined with a trap rock—a dyke which ran almost right across—obstacles not got rid of till our own time. From opposite St. Anthony's up to Newcastle bridge, the depth of the stream varied from six to eight feet only, except for a short distance below Friars' Goose, known as Dent's Hole, where it was ten feet, and immediately below Tyne Bridge at the high end of Newcastle Quay, where it was nine. The depth at low water abreast of the quay for the greater part of its length was only seven feet. At the Narrows, near the mouth of the river, the channel was contracted to less than half the width either above or below. The Durtwick or Dortwick Sand, now happily removed, is seen on the plan to run a long way down into Shields harbour, ending in a narrow spit opposite the high end of North Shields. Half the bed of the river was dry at low water on spring tides from that point up to past Wincolmlee, abreast Flatworth Ness, the High Hole (now called Hay Hole), Howdon Ponds (now Howdon Pans), Wollington (now Willington) Ballast Quay, and Cossen or Cousin's House, now Carville, near which latter place the Roman Wall terminated, being a point where there must have been a clear view, seaward, in primitive times. The names of several places have undergone a great change since the date of Collins's survey. Opposite the "Half-way Tree" between Jarrow and Hebburn Quay, there was an extensive shoal in the middle of the river with eleven feet depth in the channel on the north side and only from two to four feet on the south. It is indicated on the plan by a "buoy of ye passe" or ferry, at the place where the "North Road"—that is, the road leading past Willington to Murton, Monkseaton, and Whitley, and crossing the Newcastle and North Shields Turnpike at right angles—ran down to the river. The "South Road," shown on the plan, no

longer exists, the recent rapid growth of the town of Jarrow having caused numerous divergencies in that neighbourhood so as almost wholly to obliterate the original features of the district. The towns of North and South Shields were in those days confined to a single long street each, running close to the river, under the high banks. North Shields Church is seen a considerable way back in the open country towards Cullarcoates (now spelled Cultercoates), and no species of industry is shown to have been carried on, at the time the plan was drawn, on either side of the river near its mouth, except the manufacture of salt, for which Shields was once famous. Guston Mill, which seems to have been driven by the dammed-up water of a small burn which rises near Nether Heworth, no longer exists, having disappeared long ago, like so many other little country corn mills. Further up is the "Fallen Creeck" and the "Fallen Shore," names now corrupted into the Felling, according to a vowel modification peculiar to the Tyneside dialect. Peter's Shoar on the north side is now St. Peter's, and St. Tantlins is now St. Anthony's.

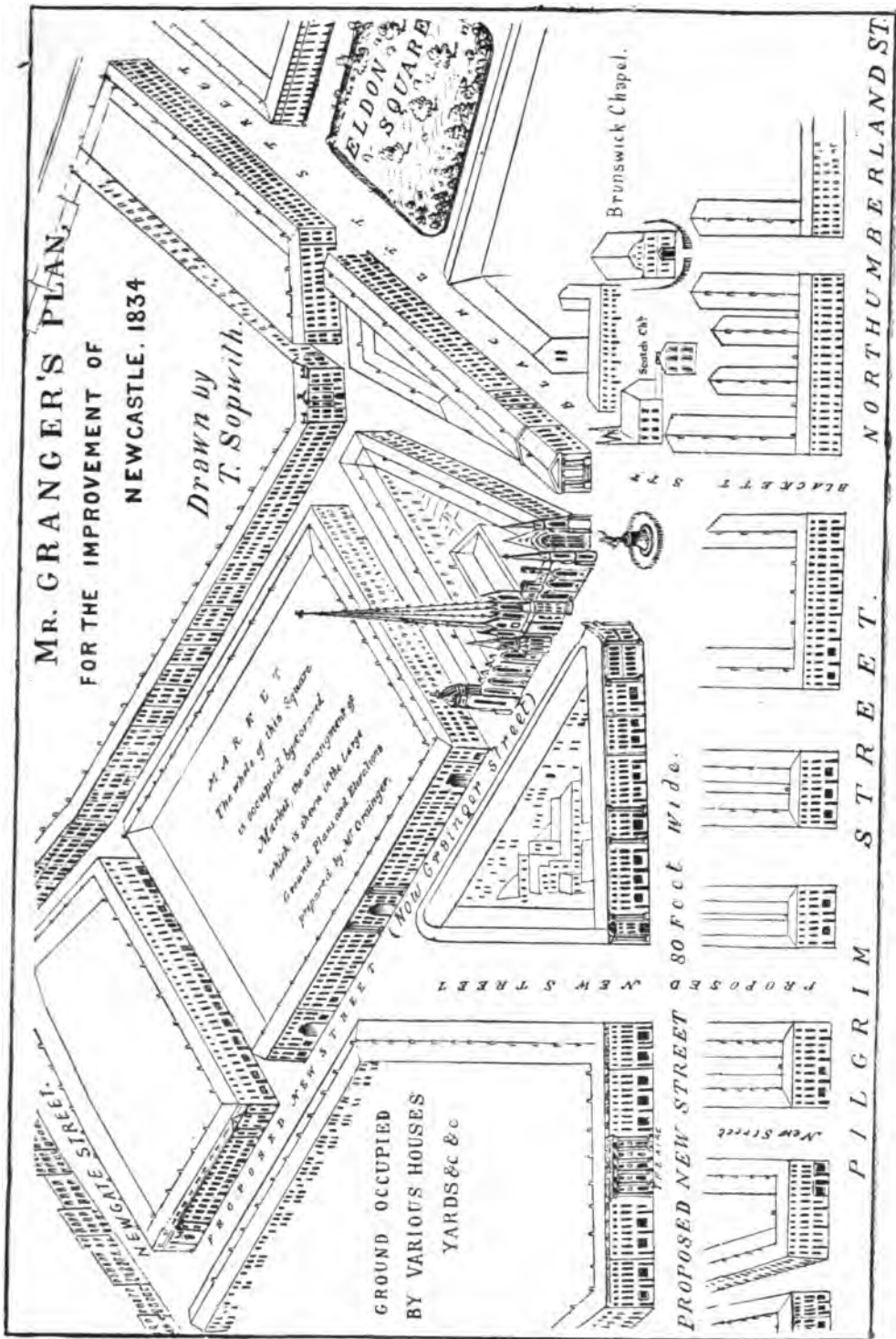
John Paul, commonly known as Paul Jones, was born at Arbigland in the vicinity of the Solway Firth, in July, 1747, his father being a respectable Scotch gardener. In later years Paul assumed the name of Jones in addition to his surname, and by that he has since generally been known. At an early period of his life he showed a taste for the sea, and at the age of twelve he joined a merchantman bound for America. Eight years afterwards he joined, as mate, a slave-dealing vessel, but, says an American authority, he "abandoned the slave trade in disgust, and took to commercial speculation."

When the American colonists rose in rebellion against the mother-country, Jones, who was at the time in America, quickly joined them. In 1775 they had formed a small navy, and Paul was appointed first-lieutenant on the Alfred. After being transferred to several vessels he at length obtained command of a small ship, the Ranger, and it was



Note.—From Great Britain's Geographical Atlas, MDCCXXXIII (1733) signed by Capt Paul Jones. From Abbeaux Richard 1774 on the occasion of the Fire Improvement Commission's.

PAUL JONES'S PLAN.



on board this vessel that he first determined to make his famous descent on Whitehaven. The following account of the descent is given in the "Annual Register" for 1778:—

The town of Whitehaven, in Cumberland, was, on the 23rd of April, 1778, suddenly alarmed by a party from an American privateer, who landed in the night, and set fire to one of the ships in the harbour, with a design to burn the town, which, however, was providentially prevented by the exertion of the inhabitants, who extinguished the flames before they had reached the rigging. One of the party who was left behind, on his examination, declared that the party consisted of thirty men; that they belonged to the Ranger privateer, fitted out in New England, Captain Jones, commander; that she mounted 18g uns, besides swivels, and had on board between 140 and 150 men; and that she had taken two prizes and sent them into France.

The greatest naval action with which the name of Paul Jones is associated was the capture by him, on the 23rd of September, 1779, of the English ships Serapis and Countess of Scarborough. The action occurred off Flamborough Head, and lasted about six hours, both the British commanders fighting their ships with the greatest bravery. At last, however, it turned in favour of the Americans. Captain Pearson, the commander of the Serapis, surrendered to the Bon Homme Richard, while the Countess of Scarborough surrendered to another American ship, the Pallas, which accompanied the Bon Homme Richard.

After this action, Jones performed other exploits for America, and, until the end of the war, he continued in the service of the Congress. In later years he was appointed Rear-Admiral in the Russian navy. His position there, however, was anything but a happy one, and he at length left it, not without reflections having been cast upon his character. In July, 1792, he expired at Paris, where he was interred.

Grainger's Plan of Newcastle Improvements.

MANY people in Newcastle, by no means very old, will be able to remember the Nun's Field, a vacant piece of ground now covered by East Clayton Street, Nelson Street, Nun Street, and the Markets. As a lad, Richard Grainger formed his own opinions with regard to this splendid site. The conceptions of the young genius were not castles in the air, but spacious streets and useful public buildings, and his young ideas were ultimately carried out almost to the letter. The old inhabitant will also remember the stately mansion Anderson Place, perhaps the finest house within a walled town in England, which to the great regret, and even indignation, of many, was swept away by Mr. Grainger's army of workmen in 1834. This property was purchased by Mr. Grainger for £50,000; and when he exhibited his plans to the public, their daring character created much excitement; but the great majority of the inhabitants approved of them, and, supported by the popu-

lar voice, he changed the whole appearance of the town in an incredibly short time.

The accompanying plan is copied from an isometrical drawing by Mr. Thomas Sopwith, and we can get from it, in a small compass, a capital idea of the improvements which took the town by storm fifty-four years ago. Considering the stupendous changes which these plans effected, it seems very singular how little the original design has been departed from. It is scarcely necessary to explain the drawing. The proposed new street, 80 feet wide, is, of course, Grey Street; the proposed new street, from Pilgrim Street to Grainger Street, is Market Street; and the short street to the left is Shakespeare Street. The cathedral-like structure at the corner of Grainger Street was never erected; the theatre was built on the east instead of the west side of Grey Street; and the Central Exchange occupies the triangle formed by Grainger Street, Grey Street, and Market Street. With these exceptions, the design of 1834 has been carried out most faithfully.

From east to west, Clayton Street would have been a noble thoroughfare had not Mr. Grainger's plan been interfered with by vested interests. This accounts for its divergence from the straight line, and its want of breadth. "Vested interests" will also explain the reason why so many eyesores were left standing in close contiguity to handsome streets, as, for example, High Friar Street, the High Bridge, Nun's Lane, &c.

There is, perhaps, no other town in the empire that has been so much altered and improved by the efforts of one individual as Newcastle. In a wonderfully short time Mr. Grainger erected more than eight hundred houses, not including important public buildings, such as the banks and the Theatre in Grey Street, the Central Exchange, the Markets, &c. With Richard Grainger "to see was to resolve, and to resolve was to act," and Newcastle is now reaping the benefit of his courage, industry, and his wonderful foresight.

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford,

AUTHOR OF "A HISTORY OF NEWCASTLE AND GATESHEAD," &c.

Benjamin Bennet,

AUTHOR OF THE "IRENICUM."



HE pastoral charge of the church assembling in the Old Meeting House at the Close Gate, Newcastle, which had been held for a long period of years by Dr. Richard Gilpin, author of the "Demonologia Sacra," was committed after his death to Benjamin Bennet, born in the year 1674. Bennet, a native of Willsborough, near Market Bosworth,

Leicestershire, had been educated for the dissenting ministry. Having passed his student course with honour, he was appointed in 1697 to a pulpit at Templehall, not far distant from the place of his birth. With three other students he was ordained in a chapel at Oldbury, a few miles from Hales Owen, on the 30th of May, 1699, five of the ejected clergy taking part in the services of the day. How soon thereafter he left Leicestershire does not appear; but the Rev. John Worthington, of Durham, who



Mr. Benjamin Bennet.

preached his funeral sermon in 1726, said he remained "till Providence, intending him for a higher sphere and more public service, called him to Newcastle."

It is not improbable that his early days on the Tyne may have been beset by difficulties. Timothy Manlove was Gilpin's assistant in Newcastle at the time of Bennet's ordination at Oldbury, and died in August 1699. Thomas Bradbury succeeded him at the age of 22, and would be at the Old Meeting House when the Doctor died in the second month of 1700. Bennet may have come before or after the death of the aged pastor; but, however this may have been, it would seem that the young men were in Newcastle at the same time, and that Bradbury, the younger of the two, was much chagrined that the church would not make him co-pastor, but gave the sole charge to Bennet.

Well did the young successor of Dr. Gilpin justify the wisdom of his election. Diligent in school, he was a student ever after. Faithful and judicious, practical and catholic, he united and increased his flock, and was ever ready in the good work of a peacemaker, "sometimes undertaking an ungrateful office"; and, as will readily be understood by men of experience, "his services were not always received so well as they deserved." His ministerial duties were never neglected; yet, by husbanding his time, he found spare moments for the press. He

printed as well as preached, and spoke by his pen to an audience extending beyond the range of his pulpit. He published "Discourses on Popery" in 1714; about which time, according to Neal, there were some two thousand Dissenting worshippers in Newcastle, one hundred of whom were Independents, and the remainder Presbyterians. His "Memorial of the Reformation and of Britain's Deliverances from Popery," &c., has passed through several editions, and is a standard work on the subject. He issued his "Irenicum," in 1723—a "Review of some late Controversies about the Trinity, Private Judgment, Church Authority, &c., wherein the right of Christians to judge for themselves in matters of religion is vindicated, and objections to the contrary answered; some remarks concerning fundamentals are offered; and the certain and only terms of peace and union are laid down." His "Christian Oratory, or the Devotion of the Closet Display'd," which first appeared in 1725, has been many times reprinted, and is described by Bogue and Bennett as "The Dissenters' Whole Duty of Man."

Mr. Bennet laboured in Newcastle from the latter years of William III. to the meridian of the reign of George I.; now with the aid of Nathaniel Fancourt (ordained at Newcastle in 1712); now with the assistance of William Wilson, the learned schoolmaster of Mark Akenside (baptised by Bennet in 1721). His ministry flourished till the "handsome new meeting house" of the time of Charles II., not far removed from the foot of Tuthill Stairs, was to be exchanged for a more eligible place of worship at the summit. Certain enterprising inhabitants of Newcastle had bought a piece of ground on which they proposed to build "a square of houses for their several places of residence, to be called, in testimony of their attachment to the reigning family, Hanover Square." But, long before Burns wrote the words, the "best-laid schemes of mice and men" were often nipped in the bud. The chapel was built, but not the square. Only a few of the intended dwellings rose up to sustain the historic name. Nor was this the whole sum of the disappointment. The promoters of the project had presented a site for a "new" in lieu of the "old" meeting-house; and on Sunday, the 28th of August, 1726, Hanover Square Chapel was to be opened by Mr. Bennet. But on Saturday, the 27th, the beloved pastor fell sick of a fever, and the doors remained closed. Swiftly the fatal malady ran its course, and calmly its subject awaited the end. He had not one uneasy thought about himself. "Death is no awful thing to me, but will be a happy remove to the Church above, where I have long been desirous to be." His son-in-law, Dr. Latham, watched by his bedside as a physician, and sought leave to call in other advice. The suffering patient was willing; his friend and adviser might take whatever course he thought necessary; but, "Doctor," he added, "I shall pray against you." Thus, in the prime of life and the flower of his usefulness, Benjamin Bennet sur-

veyed his lot; and on the 1st of September, at the age of 52, he died, the last minister of the Old Meeting House at Newcastle Close Gate.

Roger Bertram,

LORD OF MITFORD AND JUSTICE ITINERANT.

At an early period of English history—in the times of Norman and Plantagenet, kings—the noble family of Bertram filled a considerable place in the annals of Northumbria. Members of it were the reputed builders of Mitford and Bothal castles, and the founders of Brinkburn Priory; they had large possessions; they contributed statesmen, warriors, and judges to the service of their country.

Roger Bertram, of the Mitford branch, was the son of William Mitford, by Alice, daughter of Robert Umfraville. His father must have died about the first year of King John's reign, for in 1199 he had a grant, as son and heir, though a minor, of a market and fair in his manor of Felton. As soon as he came of age, if not before, he joined the confederacy of the insurgent barons, by whose aid Magna Charta was forced from the king. For this act of insubordination he was heavily punished. A band of Flemish mercenaries was sent to Mitford to take it, if they could, for the Crown. They stormed the place, and were successful; the castle was garrisoned by the king's friends, and the barony was bestowed upon Philip de Ulcotes, who was that year, and after, Sheriff of Northumberland. On the death of King John, in 1216, Roger Bertram made peace with the advisers of the Crown, and, upon payment of a fine of £100, obtained an order for the restitution of his lands.

From the evidences quoted by Hodgson it would appear that after his restoration the lord of Mitford became a faithful servant of the Crown, and was frequently employed in State affairs of considerable importance. Thus in July, 1220, he was one of the English barons who pledged themselves to the fulfilment of an obligation into which the young king entered to marry his sister to Alexander II. of Scotland, and the following August he was witness to a convention between his sovereign and Geoffrey de Marisco, who had been appointed justiciary of Ireland. It is believed that he was the Roger Bertram who, at various times from 1225 to 1234, sat in the courts of the Northern Counties as one of the justices itinerant, for a note of his acting in that capacity in the first-named year is entered upon the old rent rolls of the Earls of Northumberland. When Henry III. was about to be married to Eleanor of Provence, Roger Bertram was among the barons of the North who received a royal mandate to conduct the King and Queen of Scotland to the wedding; the following year he was witness to an agreement between the two sovereigns concluded at York under the presidency of Cardinal Otho, the Papal legate. He was unable to accompany his royal master into Gascony in 1242, and his name appears in the Sheriff's

Roll credited with payments of thirty marks fine for non-attendance. This was his last recorded transaction. Before May 24th in that year he was dead, for on that date his lands at Mitford and elsewhere were delivered into the custody of Walter de Crepping on behalf of his son and successor, also named Roger.

The times in which the Bertrams of Mitford lived were times of conflict between the aristocracy and the Crown. Although the Great Charter had been forced from John, his son, Henry III., reverted to the regal despotism with which his predecessors had governed, and the right of resistance to arbitrary power had to be asserted anew. In 1258 the barons compelled the King to recognise a form of representative government which, developing into an elective parliament, laid the foundation of the present legislative assembly. Roger Bertram No. 2 was brought into friendly communication with the leader of the movement, Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester. When, a few years later, the earl raised the banner of war, the young lord of Mitford enrolled himself under it. Into the details of the struggle it is not necessary to enter. At an early stage of the conflict Bertram was taken prisoner. He had sold portions of his widespread lands to provide the sinews of war, and now the remainder were forfeited to the Crown, and he himself was held to ransom. William de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, the King's half-brother, had a grant of the Mitford property, and it is supposed he provided the means of procuring the release of the captive. To him Bertram, in 1269, conveyed Great Ealand, Mordefen, and other property in Northumberland, and his descendants continued to have an interest in the castle and estates of Mitford for several generations.

Thus, with alienations and redemptions, the second Roger Bertram found himself in the prime of life a comparatively poor man. He survived his captivity nine years, and then departed, leaving his son Roger heir to a good name and an impoverished fortune. With this son, who died in 1312, leaving an only daughter, the Bertrams of Mitford became extinct.

John Bewick,

WOOD ENGRAVER.

John Bewick was a younger brother of the famous engraver, Thomas Bewick, whose biography appears in this volume. (See page 12.) He was born at Cherryburn in 1760, and when he was seventeen years of age was apprenticed to his brother, who was beginning business in Newcastle in partnership with Ralph Beilby. In his autobiography Thomas Bewick tells us that he was extremely happy in his apprentice's society, for the lad was constantly cheerful, lively, and very active. "Mr. Beilby was as well pleased with him as I could possibly be; for, besides his affable temper, he took every kind of work in hand so pleasantly, and so very soon learned to execute it well, that he could not miss giving satisfaction.

This he continued to do as long as he was with us; but other parts of his conduct when he arrived at manhood were not so well, and gave me great uneasiness."

As soon as I thought my brother might be able to work his way in the world," continued Thomas, "I gave him his liberty, and he set off to London, where, being freed from his former associates, his conduct was all that could be desired, and he was highly respected and esteemed. He was as industrious in London as he had been with us, and had plenty of work to do. His close confinement, however, impaired his health—on which account he engaged to teach drawing at the Hornsey Academy, then kept by Mr. Nathaniel Norton, which obliged him to keep a pony to ride backwards and forwards. Thus dividing his time between his work office in London and the school for some years, his health began again to decline, and he finally left London early in the summer of 1795, and returned once more to the banks of the Tyne, where, on the 5th of December, aged 35 years, he died.

John Bewick's work, though inferior to that of his brother, has a grace of its own, which professors of the Bewick cult appreciate and admire. Like Thomas, he was an admirable illustrator of children's books. His early career in London was devoted to that class of engraving. "The Children's Miscellany," which he illustrated with twenty-nine cuts, and a frontispiece; "The New Robinson Crusoe," with thirty-two engravings; "Proverbs Exemplified," with fifty pictures; and "The Progress of Man and Society," with upwards of one hundred

soms of Morality" (forty-seven cuts). Shortly before his death he undertook a commission from William Bulmer, of the Shakspeare Press, a native of Newcastle, to execute blocks for Way's translation of the "Fabliaux" of L. Grand and for an edition of Somerville's "Chase." Some of them he finished before his final departure from London, others were completed at Cherryburn; to those that were left at his decease his brother put the finishing hand.

"The last thing I could do for him," writes Thomas, "was putting up a stone to his memory at the west end of Ovingham Church, where I hope, when my 'glass is run out,' to be laid down beside him." The wish was gratified. Side by side the brothers sleep, and pilgrims who visit the little churchyard in which their remains lie read the fraternal tribute—"In memory of John Bewick, engraver, who died December 5th, 1795, aged 35 years. His ingenuity as an artist was excelled only by his conduct as a man."

The Rt. Rev. John William Bewick, D.D.,

BISHOP OF HEXHAM AND NEWCASTLE.

Upon the estate of Minsteracres, the lofty seat of the ancient Catholic family of the Silvertops, was born on the 20th April, 1824, John Wm. Bewick. His father held a position of trust under one of the worthiest and most popular representatives of his race—George Silvertop—



John Bewick.



and twenty cuts from his graver, are favourable specimens of his versatile talent. Among the more important books which he illustrated were an edition of "Gay's Fables" (sixty-eight cuts), "The Emblems of Mortality" (fifty-two cuts), "Looking-Glass for the Mind" (seventy-four cuts), "Tales for Youth" (thirty cuts), and the "Blos-

a man whose early taste for literature and foreign travel was reflected at a later period in the management of his property and the training of his dependents. Patronised by the squire, and encouraged by his father, young Bewick grew up a bright, intelligent lad, with such manifest in-

clinations towards a studious and pious life, that his friends were induced to send him to study for the priesthood. Placed behind his father on horseback, one morning in 1838 he trotted across country to Ushaw College, where the admiring parent introduced him to the authorities with the significant remark, "I bring you a young bishop, Mr. Vice-President."

At Ushaw, the young man's career responded to his father's expectations. By the time his course was completed he had earned reputation as a sound scholar, and given promise of remarkable ability in organization. Clearer indications of fitness for the ministry could not have been exhibited, and, after the usual course of study, he was ordained by Dr. Hogarth, who was then Vicar Apostolic of the Northern District.

Mr. Bewick entered the service of his Church on the eve of a peculiarly trying time. His ordination took place on the 25th of May, 1850, and he was assigned to a curacy at St. Mary's pro-Cathedral, Newcastle, under the care of the Rev. Joseph Humble. Before the year was out, Pope Pius IX. decreed the restoration of the episcopal hierarchy of his Church in England. Thence arose great excitement all over the kingdom. The country rang with denunciations of "Papal aggression." Newcastle joined in the outcry, for the Pope, reviving memories of the old faith upon Tyneside, created Dr. Hogarth Bishop of Hexham. It needed fortitude and tact to be a Catholic priest at such a time. Mr. Bewick and his fellow-clergy were equal to the occasion. Possessing their souls in patience, pursuing without ostentation their ordinary round of duty, they neither shrank from, nor defied, the storm of indignant protest which burst upon them, their Church, and their people. By the summer of 1853, the scare of Papal aggression had passed away. Catholic and Protestant alike were confronted by an enemy more deadly than unsound theology—more difficult to appease than the quarrels between Presbyter and Papist, Churchman and Conventicler. Cholera came stalking through the land.

Canon Franklin tells us that his friend's watchword was "duty," and that he was never found wanting either at college, or in the mission, in obedience to the rules, or in attending the sick on their death-bed. The cholera visitation called forth his best qualities. To those among his flock who were smitten, he ministered by day and by night, regardless of danger. Such, indeed, was his devotion to his people during this fearful crisis that he caught the disease himself. His robust constitution fortunately enabled him to overcome the attack, and as soon as he was convalescent he resumed his ministrations, and continued them until the epidemic passed away and the town was free from peril.

In 1854, Mr. Bewick was appointed assistant to the Rev. Thomas Gillow, of St. Cuthbert's Church, North Shields, and upon the death of that venerable priest, in March, 1857, he became his successor. A few years later

he received the appointment of diocesan treasurer and a canonry in the cathedral at Newcastle. In 1868, he became vicar-general of the diocese, and then, resigning his pastorate at North Shields, he removed to Tynemouth, and founded a mission church under the patronage of "Our Lady and St. Oswin." There he fulfilled the various duties of his important offices (receiving from the Holy See in 1875 the title of D.D.) until 1882, when with one consent he was named as the most worthy among local clergy to take up the pastoral staff of St. Cuthbert which death had taken from Dr. Chadwick's hand. His nomination was ratified by the Pope; the prediction of the elder Bewick was fulfilled; the pious Ministeracres boy became the Right Reverend John William Bewick, D.D., third Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle.

Dr. Bewick was consecrated in St. Mary's Cathedral, Newcastle, on St. Luke's Day, 1882. Unfortunately his crowning honour came too late. Disease was beginning to undermine his powerful frame. He succeeded in establishing the Chadwick Memorial Industrial School for Boys at the abandoned Grand Stand upon Newcastle Moor, and its sister institution for girls in Ashburton House adjoining; helped to found St. Cuthbert's Grammar School in Bath Lane, and the Drysdale Memorial Hall, Marlborough Crescent, Newcastle; and took his part in consecrations, ordinations, celebrations, and the usual work of a wide-spreading diocese. But it soon became evident that the strain of his duties was silently wearing him away. Although relieved of a great part of his routine work by his faithful vicar-general, Canon Franklin, he did not rally. On the 18th of October, 1886, after three months' absence, he was able to assist at the celebration of the fourth anniversary of his consecration, and the next morning presided at his eighth diocesan synod. This was his last public appearance. On the 29th of that month he died, and on the 2nd of November he was buried in the newly-opened cemetery of the Holy Sepulchre at Gosforth.

Bishop Bewick had a facile and graphic pen, which he occasionally used to record the vicissitudes of his Church in the four Northern Counties. In the annual issues of "The Northern Catholic Calendar" are a number of "Lives of the Saints of the Diocese," and a series of articles entitled "Historical Sketches of Missions," which illustrate his intimate acquaintance with local history, and show abundant literary research. Among the last acts of his life was one of authorship. He wrote for the Catholic Truth Society's Biographical Series a little book upon "St. Bede, Monk and Mass Priest," and it was printed just in time to be distributed among the friends who wept around his death-bed.

George and Robert Stephenson.



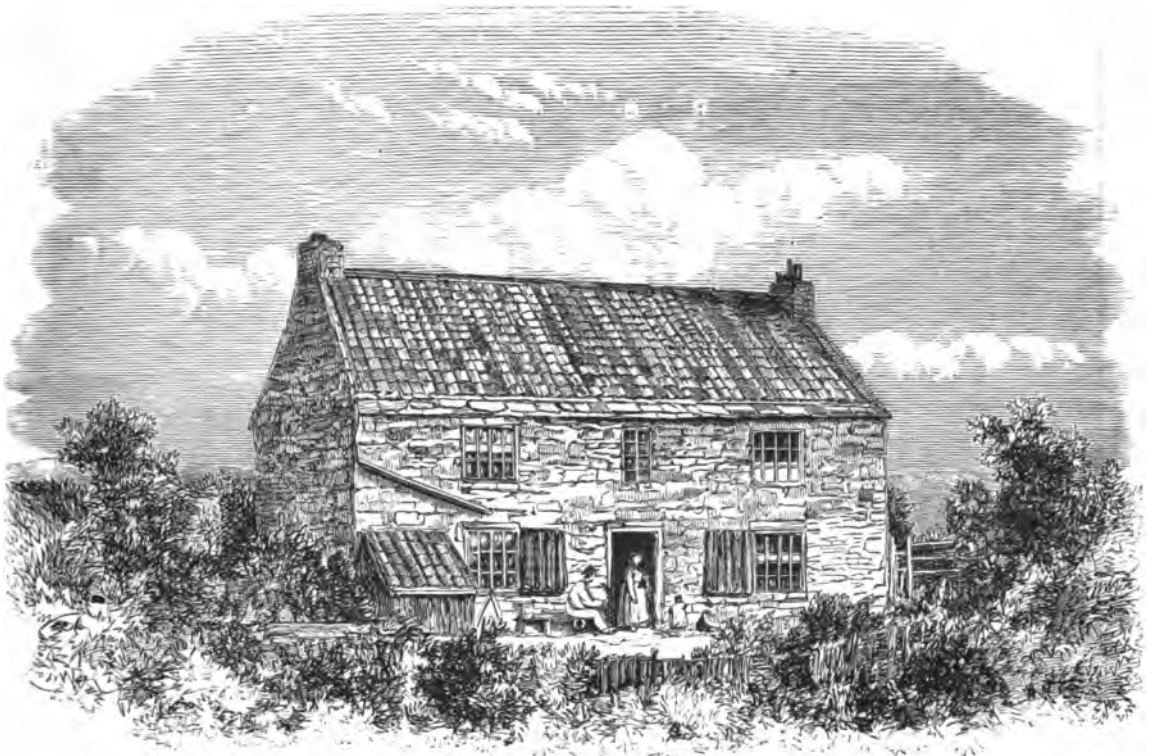
ANY facts embodied in the subjoined memoir are borrowed from Dr. Smiles's admirable biography, but other writers less known have also been laid under tribute.

George Stephenson was born on the 9th of June, 1781, near the little colliery village of Wylam, about eight miles west of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. His parents were named Robert and Mabel Stephenson, and at the date of George's birth his father was earning only twelve shillings a week. Their little home was a small, poor cottage situated close by the roadside. A pitman who worked with old Robert Stephenson described him as follows:—"Geordie's feyther was like a pair o' deals nailed together, an' a bit o' flesh i' th' inside; he was as queer as Dick's hatband—went thrice about an' wadn't tie. His wife Mabel was a delicat' boddie, an' varry fighty. They wor an honest family, but sair hadden doon i' th' ward."

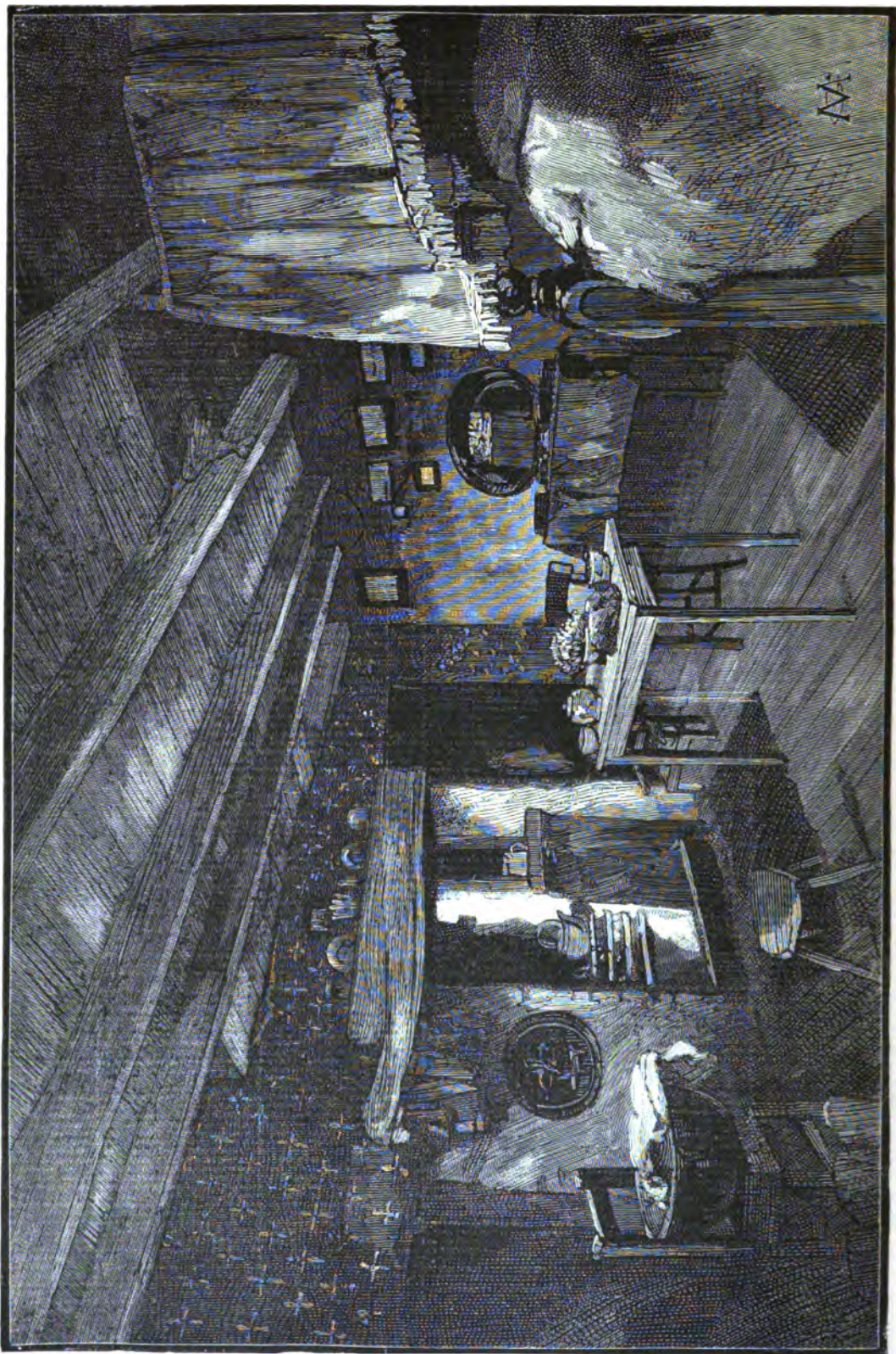
There appears to have been nothing characteristic about the childhood of George Stephenson. His life was just

that of an ordinary working-man's child. "He played about the doors," says Dr. Smiles, "went bird-nesting when he could, and ran errands to the village." When he was eight years of age, his father removed to Dewley Burn Colliery, and here, says Mr. Summerside, in his anecdotes of the great engineer, "George was employed in herding cows, for which he received twopence a day; he then led the horses at the plough for fourpence a day; next he earned sixpence as a waler or picker of bats and brasses out of good coal. I have heard him say he was then so small that he had to hide himself when the head master came upon the works." The person whose cows he tended was a widow named Ainalie. This was about the time when the first symptoms of mechanical genius became apparent; for whilst tending the widow's cows he amused himself by constructing toy mills on the little water streams which ran into the Dewley bog.

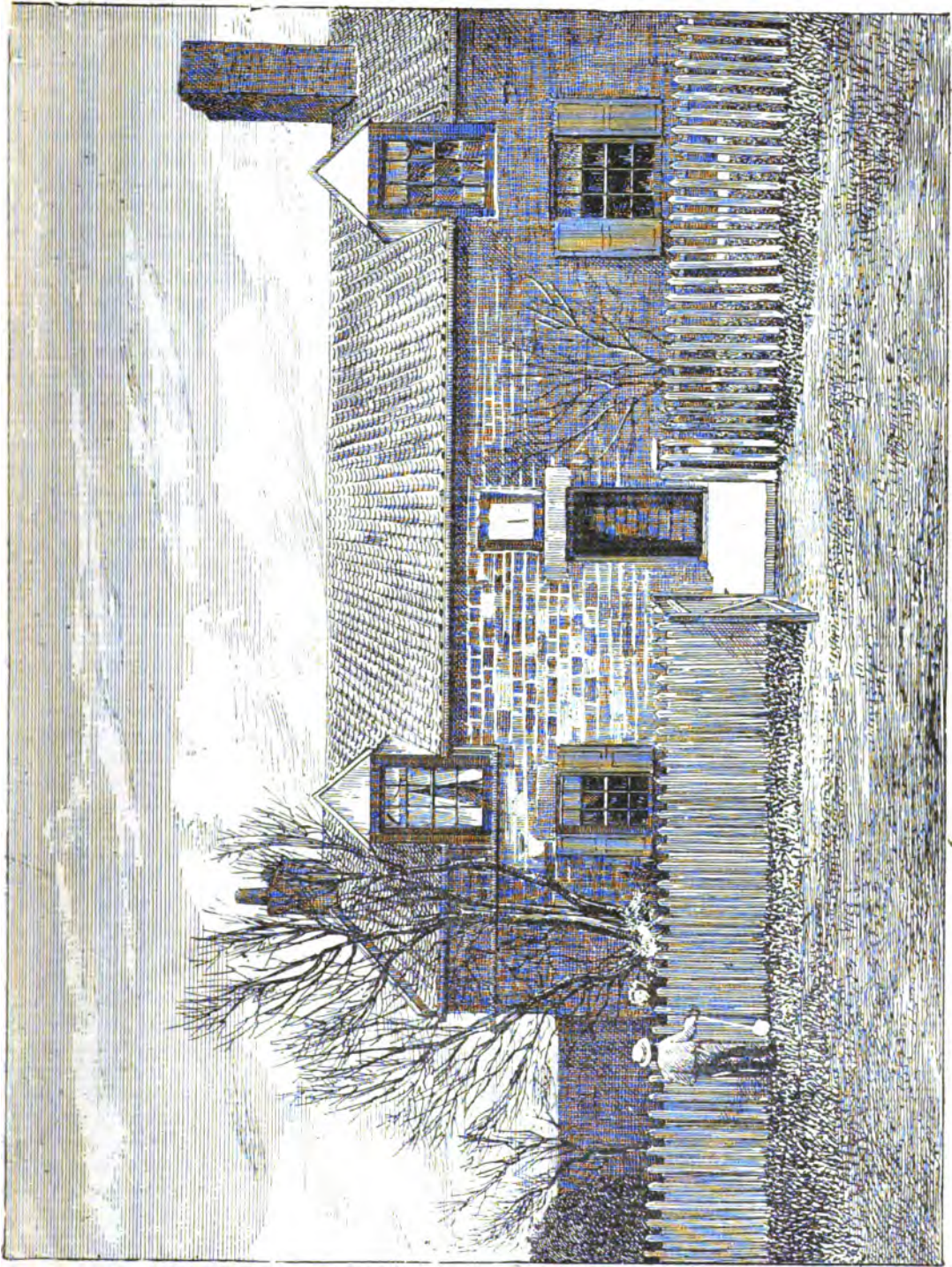
When he was about fifteen years of age the Dewley Burn coal was worked out, and George's father had again to shift his home. The family removed to Jolly's Close, near Newburn. Soon after their arrival, some new workings of coal having been opened, George was put to work at one of them as a fireman on his own account.



GEORGE STEPHENSON'S BIRTHPLACE, WYLAM-ON-TYNE.



INTERIOR OF STEPHENSON'S BIRCHBARK HUT.



DIAL HOUSE, KILLINGWORTH II.

Here his pay was a shilling a day. The family appeared to have lived at this time in a state of great discomfort. Their dwelling consisted of a cottage containing but one room, in which slept and lived the eight members of the Stephenson family. All this while, it should be remembered, Stephenson had been growing up absolutely without education, for at the age of eighteen he was unable to read. All his time was devoted to studying his engine, so as to become qualified for the post of engineman, with better pay than he was now earning. It is noteworthy that in the estimation of his fellow-workmen he was merely a steady, industrious young man. By-and-by George was sent to a pumping engine near Throckley Bridge, when his wages were raised to 12s. a-week. "I am now a made man for life," was his remark as he came out of the office with the first week's increased salary in his pocket. Among his favourite occupations at this time was the modelling of engines in clay. He modelled from objects which he had seen or from objects which he had heard described. His ignorance of reading, however, he discovered to be an insuperable bar to his progress even in his mechanical recreations, and at last he put himself to school to one Robin Cowens, a poor teacher in Walbottle who kept a night school, to whom George paid threepence a-week. He thus learnt to read, and after a manner to write, and at the age of nineteen was just able to sign his own name, a feat of which he was greatly proud.

In the year 1801, we find him brakesman at the Dolly Pit, Black Callerton, earning about a pound a week, and in love with a girl named Fanny Henderson. Their courtship is described as of a rather amusing kind, through George's shyness. The marriage took place at Newburn Church, on November 28, 1802. Here is a tracing of his signature as it stands in the register:—

George Stephenson

Mr. Smiles says of it that the handwriting is that of a person who seems to have just learned to write. After visiting old Robert Stephenson, whom age had now rendered infirm, and who was then living at Jolly's Close, the young couple started for their home at Willington Quay, where George had been engaged as brakesman. They were mounted both of them on a large cart horse, the husband in front, and the wife holding on by him behind, whilst on another cart-horse there rode the "best man" and the bridesmaid. In this manner they performed the journey of fifteen miles, passing through the old streets of Newcastle, on by Wallsend, and so home. Very shortly after his marriage we find him trying to discover perpetual

motion. He made a machine for this, consisting of glass tubes and quicksilver. For its construction, he accumulated a great number of tools, all of which he afterwards found useful for repairing clocks and other jobs of that kind, by which work he added a few shillings to his weekly earnings.

On the 16th October, 1803, was born Robert Stephenson, who was hereafter destined to achieve almost equal distinction with his father. The infant was christened in the old school-house at Wallsend, and his god-parents were the couple who had officiated as best man and bridesmaid at George's marriage. Three years after his son was born George lost his wife. This was a terrible blow. For some years the journey of life was to be performed alone. All accounts represent Mrs. Stephenson as a most amiable woman. It was necessary, however, that Robert should have some one to look after him, and so George engaged a housekeeper.

It would be impossible in the space allotted to the present memoir to recount the various improvements in machinery specially connected with mining operations effected by Stephenson at this early period of his life; nor is there room to trace the history of the many tentative efforts which prior to the birth of Stephenson were made in the direction of steam-locomotion. George's plans for his first locomotive were submitted in 1813 to the lessees of the Killingworth Colliery, whither he had removed, and where he was employed as enginewright at a salary of £100 a-year. While residing at Killingworth he placed a sun-dial over the door of the cottage he occupied. This sun-dial, shown in our engraving, still adorns the humble abode. At the opening of the Newcastle and Darlington Railway in 1844, he referred to the locomotive we have just mentioned as the first he had made "at Killingworth Colliery and with Lord Ravensworth's money." "Yes,"

he remarked, "Lord Ravensworth and partners were the first to entrust me, thirty-two years since, with money to make a locomotive engine. I said to my friends, there was no limit to the speed of such an engine if the works could be made to stand." Yet his difficulties were many, and some indeed seemed insuperable. Such tools as he could obtain were rude and clumsy; he could not find experienced workmen; and his leading mechanic was a colliery blacksmith. At length the engine was completed, and on the 25th July, 1814, it was placed on the Killingworth Railway. It drew eight loaded carriages of 30 ton-weight up a gradient of 1 in 450 at five miles an hour; it was called Blucher; and it continued regularly at work for some time.

Many deplorable mining disasters had resulted in fixing public attention upon the problem of obviating such catastrophes. In 1813, Dr. Clanny, of Sunderland, invented an apparatus to which air was communicated by

means of a bellows, and the light in which went out in inflammable gas. It was, however, found too unwieldy, and was, therefore, little used. A committee, formed for the purpose of investigating the causes of explosions, applied to Sir Humphrey Davy, and begged him to turn his attention to the subject. But, meanwhile, George Stephenson was busily and quietly at work. After repeated experiments, lasting over a period of two years, he procured the manufacture of a lamp from designs of his own which was found to be perfectly safe. His lamp was on the principle of Davy's, it anticipated Davy's, and yet Davy has always been credited with the invention, and actually received a sum of £2,000 as "the inventor of the safety lamp," when a purse of 100 guineas only was voted to Stephenson "in consideration of what he had done in the same direction." However, his friends, not being at all satisfied with the scanty recognition afforded him, raised a subscription, and, in 1818, presented him with a silver tankard and the balance of £1,000.

Mr. Edward Pease, in 1817, projected a railway from Darlington to Stockton-on-Tees. The project was opposed by the Duke of Cleveland because the proposed line passed close by one of his fox covers. A new survey was made, and in 1821 the Royal Assent was given to an Act for the construction of the railway. That year, George Stephenson, accompanied by Nicholas Wood, called upon Mr. Pease at Darlington, and introduced himself as an enginewright of Killingworth. He explained that his object in calling was to request permission to carry out the railway project. Mr. Pease immediately saw that this "enginewright" was the very man for his purpose; but he was rather astonished when Stephenson proposed that the cars should be drawn, not by horses, as the projectors contemplated, but by a locomotive that would do the work of fifty horses. Mr. Pease, having made inquiries respecting Stephenson's character and abilities, obtained for him the post of engineer to the directors of the proposed line, and the first rail was laid with considerable ceremony near Stockton on the 23rd May, 1822.

Whilst employed in surveying, George would frequently call on Mr. Pease and have long talks with him, one of the most important subjects of discussion at these meetings being the establishment of a manufactory at Newcastle for the building of locomotive engines. Mr. Pease had witnessed with wonder and admiration the action of George's engine at Killingworth, and was sure he could not err in embarking a part of his fortune in Stephenson's schemes. Accordingly a piece of land was purchased in Forth Street, Newcastle, in August, 1823, and here a small building was erected that was destined to be the nucleus of one of the most celebrated factories in the world.

Meanwhile, the Stockton and Darlington line was progressing, and was finally completed in September, 1825. Thousands of persons assembled to witness the opening.

The train consisted of six waggons loaded with coals and flour, a passenger coach, and twenty-nine waggons filled with people, and six waggons full of coal, in all thirty-eight vehicles. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. i., p. 368.) "The signal being given," says a contemporary writer, "the engine (driven by Stephenson) started off with this immense train of carriages, and such was its velocity that in some parts the speed was frequently twelve miles an hour!" This was the first public railway made and opened. The traffic was out of all proportion to the modest schemes of the directors, who never, for an instant, contemplated a larger carriage than 10,000 tons of coal a year to Stockton, whereas in a short time the annual shipments led by the line to Stockton and Middlesbrough exceeded 500,000 tons!

Stephenson soon had to wage war against the prejudices that had grown up against his views of the locomotive's powers. He had diffidently stated that he had hopes of being able to impel his locomotive twice as fast as stage-coaches ran. This was scouted. Nobody would hear of travelling faster than eight or nine miles an hour. "We would as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off upon one of Congreve's ricochet rockets," wrote the *Quarterly Review*, "as trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine going at such a rate!" "We trust," the writer added, "that Parliament will, in all railways it may sanction, limit the speed to eight or nine miles an hour, which we entirely agree with Mr. Sylvester is as great as can be ventured on with safety."

The construction of the Manchester and Liverpool Line is memorable for the opposition that was offered to the bill in the House of Commons, for the examination to which Stephenson was subjected before the Committee, and for the derisive hostility his engineering schemes encountered, more especially that portion which contemplated the construction of a railway across Chat Moss, then a huge and dismal bog. He did not dare assert that his locomotive could travel faster than 10 to 12 miles an hour lest his assurance should excite such consternation as would result in the defeat of the bill. Questions which must strike readers of to-day as absolutely imbecile were put to him, and he was teased by counsel with suppositions of the most idle kind. One answer he made is so famous as hardly to need repetition. An honourable member said, "Suppose, now, one of these engines to be going along a railroad at the rate of nine or ten miles an hour, and that a cow were to stray upon the line and get in the way of the engine, would not that, think you, be a very awkward circumstance?" "Yes," replied Stephenson, "varry aakward—for the cow!"

The bill was withdrawn, but shortly after a second application proved successful. The task that now lay before Stephenson was such as only his gigantic mind could have coped with. The whole story of the undertaking, more especially that part of it which relates to

Chat Moss, is the record of a miracle of engineering skill. Weeks rolled by; effort upon effort yielded no satisfactory result; the directors got tired, lost heart, and were for abandoning the work; jealous engineers crowed and chuckled over the apparent failure; but Stephenson toiled on, and at last succeeded. The line was made, but when made it seemed only to doom the chances of the locomotive. The system proposed was to divide the railroad between Liverpool and Manchester into 19 stages of about a mile and a half each, with 21 engines fixed at the different points to work the trains forward! The best practical engineers of the day decided in favour of fixed engines! Undismayed, Stephenson continued to plead the merits of the locomotive, until at last the directors determined to offer a prize of £500 for the best locomotive which on a certain day should be produced on the railway and perform certain indicated work.

The theatre for this competition was a level piece of railroad two miles in length. Four engines were entered: the Novelty, the Sanspareil, the Perseverance, and the Rocket. This latter was Stephenson's. Thousands of persons attended to witness the trial. Of the four, the Rocket alone proved successful. And its success was complete. The others broke down or ran sluggishly, while the Rocket moved at the rate of 24 miles an hour, dragging 13 tons weight. From that day no more was heard of the 21 fixed engines.

The opening of the line for regular traffic was clouded by a lamentable disaster. Among the distinguished persons invited to the ceremony were the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Huskisson. At a distance of 17 miles from Liverpool the engines stopped to take in water. Mr. Huskisson had alighted from the carriage, and the Duke of Wellington, seeing him, motioned in a friendly way with his hand. Mr. Huskisson went to him: but at that moment the Rocket was coming along, and before Mr. Huskisson could regain his seat he was thrown down and one of his legs was fearfully crushed. He was carried to a house at Eccles, but died the same night.

In 1836, we find George Stephenson at work upon the northern part of the Grand Junction Railway between Warrington and Birmingham. This line contains one of the finest of Stephenson's viaducts—namely, the Dalton viaduct across the valley of the Weaver. The Manchester and Leeds line was also in progress. In this year, too, the Act for the Midland Railway was obtained, and the first ground was broken in February, 1837. Full as his

hands were, Stephenson had yet time to survey lines in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, and along the East Coast from Newcastle to Edinburgh. He used to say in after years, "I have planned many a railway travelling along in a postchaise and following the natural line of the country." It is computed that in three years he travelled by postchaise no less a distance than 20,000 miles! And such were his duties that in one session



GEORGE STEPHENSON.

alone, that of 1836, it is stated that powers were obtained for the construction of 214 miles of new railways under his direction, at an expenditure of £5,000,000.

Stephenson was also very active abroad on railway business. He was particularly helpful in Belgium to the engineers of that country who were laying out the national lines: and he was held in such high honour in that kingdom that he owned himself he never knew how great a man he was until he attended a ball, accompanied by the King and Queen of the Belgians, at Brussels, where, on entering the room, the general and excited inquiry was, "Which is Stephenson?"

We have no space to dwell upon the numerous other railways constructed by George Stephenson. A whole crowd of new ventures appeared to spring up at once. Thus, in 1840, the Midland, the York and North Midland, the Chester and Crewe, the Chester and Birkenhead, the Manchester and Birmingham, the Manchester and Leeds, and the Maryport and Carlisle Railways were all publicly opened in whole or in part. But the "mania" had not yet commenced. It was not until 1845 that Parliament sanctioned the construction of 2,883 miles of new railways in Britain at an expenditure of £44,000,000! Very few indeed of these lines were ever made. Most of the companies had to be wound up. "Cardiff and Yarmouth!" once exclaimed

where he devoted some attention to the working of the Clay Cross Collieries. His amusements at home were those of a country gentleman. He built melon-houses and vinerias, he was an enthusiastic cultivator of exotic plants, and he delighted to compete for prizes in vegetables. He was three times married, his last wife having been his housekeeper, but few memorials are preserved of these ladies. It was at Tapton that he died on the 12th August, 1848, in the 67th year of his age. Trinity Church, Chesterfield, is the spot where his body lies, and the memory of the great engineer is perpetuated there by a simple tablet.

Robert Stephenson, the only son of George, was born, as we have said, at Willington Quay, on the 16th October, 1803. His father, sensible how much he had himself suffered in his youth from the want of education, procured him the best instruction in his power. Placed under the care of Mr. John Bruce, father of the historian of the Roman Wall, he was ever afterwards grateful for the training he had received in the Academy in Percy Street, Newcastle. Shortly after leaving school, he was bound apprentice to Mr. Nicholas Wood, the eminent mining engineer, with whom he remained for three years. In 1820, his father sent him for a single session to the University of Edinburgh, where he studied natural philosophy under Leslie, natural history under Jameson, chemistry under Hope, and practical chemistry under Murray. In 1821, 1822, 1823, he assisted his father in the survey and execution of the Hetton Railway, a local coal line, and of the Stockton and Darlington Railway; and in 1822 he assisted Mr. William James in the second survey of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway. In June, 1824, he was engaged to superintend some mining operations at Mariquita, in the Republic of

Columbia, in South America, where he remained for three years.

In 1827, at the urgent desire of his father and the other partners in the locomotive engine works which had been started in Newcastle, he returned home by way of



ROBERT STEPHENSON.

Vice-Chancellor Knight Bruce; "Baffin's Bay and Behring's Straits next!"

Towards the close of his wonderful career George Stephenson almost entirely withdrew from active business. In 1840, he settled at Tapton, near Chesterfield,

the United States and Canada, and assumed the management of the business. The Rocket and its successors were built there under his immediate superintendence. In 1830 he was appointed joint-engineer, along with his father, of the London and Birmingham Railway, the execution of which immense work was ultimately almost wholly entrusted to him. Thenceforward he was extensively employed on most of the railway adventures of the time, the greatest engineering works yet known having been designed and executed under his eye. Amongst them may be specified the Royal Border Bridge across the Tweed at Berwick, the High Level Bridge at Newcastle, the Victoria Bridge over the St. Lawrence at Montreal, and the two tubular bridges across the Nile at Damietta.

The immense amount of work which he went through, both at home and abroad, proved too much, at length, for his constitution, which was originally delicate. While in Norway in 1859 he was seized by an illness which soon afterwards ended his brilliant career. He died on 12th October, 1859, when just on the point of completing his fifty-sixth year.

Thrushes, Blackbirds, Field-fares, and Redwings.

FOUR charming members of the Turjus family are skillfully figured by Mr. John Duncan in the accompanying sketches. All are well known in the Northern Counties; but thrushes and blackbirds, owing to their rich and melodious notes, are great and special favourites.



The Song Thrush, the mavis of the poets, is best known as the greybird in Northumberland and Durham. Here

it is with us all the year round. As to its song, many writers contend that it will bear comparison with that of the nightingale, which has rarely, or never, been heard north of Yorkshire, say, Bridlington.



The Blackbird has a variety of common names—blackie, black thrush, merle, ouzel, garden ouzel, &c. It also remains in the Northern Counties all the year round; but, being of a more pugnacious habit than the thrush, as well as capable of eating almost any kind of food, it often fares better in severe winters. Numbers of blackbirds also cross the seas from Scandinavia and Central Europe to winter in the Northern Counties. Some writers prefer the song of the blackbird to that of the thrush, but this does not seem to be the general opinion.



Of all our autumn and winter visitors from Northern Europe, the Fieldfare is probably the most familiar. It is known in Northumberland and Durham as the felty, or feady. Being of gregarious habits, fieldfares are often seen in very large flocks. They seldom come to us across the stormy North Sea before the middle of October, leaving again for their breeding haunts in spring. The

migratory reports show that they seem to wait for a fair wind before crossing the ocean either way.



Like the fieldfare, the Redwing, so called from the tinge of some of its feathers, is a winter visitor from Northern Europe. It often accompanies fieldfares on their over-sea migration, and may be found, during the time it remains with us, associated with the same birds. Fieldfares and redwings are sometimes mistaken for each other; but the latter birds are somewhat smaller in size than the former. The song of the redwing is so delightful in summer that the bird is called the nightingale in Norway and Sweden.

Dicky Chilton.

THE father of Richard Chilton, gentleman (for so he styled himself), a respectable joiner and cabinetmaker in Sunderland, had seven children, of whom three were boys, viz., Richard (commonly known as Dicky), Wilson, and Farrer. Wilson established himself as a shipbuilder at Hylton, while Richard and Farrer followed the trade of their father. The family was related, we believe, to the Chiltons of Seaham Harbour, one of whom was famous locally as a naturalist, having a good collection of stuffed birds and quadrupeds—in fact, a little museum. At the death of his father, Dicky Chilton inherited a considerable amount of house property, on or about Bishopwearmouth Green, including the substantial two-storey mansion, which was long one of the sights of Sunderland that strangers were taken to see. We are indebted to Mr. J. G. Brown, assistant borough surveyor, for an excellent sketch of it made by his son, as well as for a portrait of Dicky himself by the same hand.

The following is Mr. Brown's graphic description of Dicky's "dowly domicile," which he occupied alone for many years, and which his neighbour Mr. Alderman Kayll not unaptly characterized as labouring under a chronic "winderpest":—

Long before my time the old mansion on Wearmouth Green presented a ruinous aspect, and to all outward

appearance was uninhabited. Its wretched condition was all the more apparent by comparison with its trim neighbour, the residence of the prince of glassmakers (Mr. James Hartley). The Featherstonhaugh mansion was very large, with spacious pleasure-grounds in the rear, and Mr. Hartley had extensively improved the premises by alterations and plate-glass windows. Furthermore, Mr. Hartley had a family, kept much company, and, being a popular citizen and public man, the house had always a bright and cheerful look. The windows adorned with flowers, gay with life and beauty, formed a striking contrast to the cheerless desolation next door. The wrecked house had all the gruesome accessories of a haunted building, or one left to the tender mercies of the Court of Chancery. This fact, no doubt, prevented the rising generation from demolishing it altogether, while the neighbours and passers-by would not allow its eccentric owner to be meddled with. The house was exactly twelve yards square, with a door in the centre, ascended by some two or three well-worn steps outside. The walls were built of rubble, with stone quoins and "in-and-out" bands to openings, over which was "rough-cast" (plastered with lime and dashed with gravel). Most of this skin had "shelled off," exposing the heterogenous composition of its rubble. On the ground floor were four large rooms, and a come-and-go staircase up to five bedrooms. The yard in the rear was only six yards deep, and was singular in not having a back entrance, the only opening being from the midden hatch, through which the mysterious owner often crept, using it as a door.

Dicky's personal appearance was singular enough. His round face and head, flat features, broad shoulders, squat neck and stumpy legs, gave him a sturdy look. He generally appeared bare-headed, in his shirt sleeves, with a long waistcoat, and corduroy knee-breeches, with grey stockings and thick-soled shoes, innocent of blacking. He seemed to be insensible to the weather, as he would stand out in the rain, when it was pouring down ever so fast, without his hat. In the early mornings he used to be seen "pottering on," in front of his house, making "crowdies" for young ducklings and chickens, or feeding his brood of turkeys; for, during what might have been termed his better days, he had pigs, geese, hens, ducks, and turkeys all under his roof. He used to go to church one day in the year, about Christmas time, and kept a pair of top boots to show off in on that special occasion; but he never entered the sacred edifice at any other time, and the boots were always laid by for the next anniversary. It may fairly be inferred from this that Dicky was no Sabbatarian. On the contrary, he used to have his week's wash, such as it was, on the Sunday morning, and it was his constant custom to come out, bare-legged and unslipped, when the people were passing his door on their way to church, and hang his wet stockings out to dry on the rails enclosing the village green. The enclosure of that green he constantly protested against, as an unwarrantable encroachment on the common rights of the parishioners; and he took the trouble, at least once a year, as long as he could, to climb over the rails, and walk through the shrubbery to the opposite side, in order to preserve these rights.

Nobody, by any chance, ever got inside Dicky's domicile as long as he was able to stir about. But old age and its infirmities crept gradually upon him; and at

length one day, at the end of a very "backery" harvest, it became rumoured that he was missing. We shall let Mr. Brown tell the result of his search after him in his own words:—

Going home, I usually passed through the Church Walk from High Street and crossed the Green close to Dick's door. One evening, I "jumped" with Joe Ridley near the Drum and Monkey Tavern, and, as the old house hove in sight, I suggested that we might try and get in to ascertain, if we could, what might be Dick's fate. He at once agreed, and we stepped briskly up to the door, which had nothing to fasten it, beyond a wooden prop leaning against the inside. My friend, being a builder, easily knocked the prop aside, and the door was opened. Entering quickly, we shut to the door, lest our visit might attract attention. The interior would require the pen of a Dickens to describe it properly; nothing short of an earthquake, or a siege, could have wrought such havoc—dilapidated stairs, rotten floors, broken glass, windows with shutters dropping to pieces, doors off the hinges, and the centre of the rooms littered by piles of old broken furniture and wood rubbish of every description. Looking up the staircase, which could not be safely ascended, we saw the spars of the roof were bare of tiles—so that the floor and ceiling, saturated with the rains and snow, were the only cover. The south-east back room seemed to be Dicky's living room, as in the centre of it was a large dining table—the space underneath being enclosed by old doors, set on side, to screen a "shakey-down bed". How a human being could exist in such discomfort was beyond comprehension! The owner evidently had determined never to mend or repair, and indeed he had been known to help on the work of destruction by using the stair balustrades for "kindling" his fire. Perched on the top of some old clothes was Dick's low crowned hat, but no living thing was to be seen. Finding the house deserted and darkness setting in, we hastily left, carefully closing the door by letting the wood billet fall after us, thus barricading the entrance as we had found it.

A few days after his mysterious disappearance, Dicky turned up, safe and sound, full of glee, and fresh as a daisy, having had a royal time of it, while away, with kirn and mell suppers and harvest homes. Mr. Brown continues:—

There was never a "ploughing day" in which Dicky did not "coach" the incoming tenant, and become master of the ceremonies. The kind indulgent wives of the farmers did not forget that the lone man on "the Green" sometimes wanted a pair of warm stockings or a clean shirt. Dick was proud of his patrons—telling how "friendly" they all were at "the Hall," by which he meant the Low Barnes, the residence of the Pembertons, where he was entertained to many a good feed in the servants' hall. He used to carry up his turkeys to show them as his own breeding, and on one occasion he returned brimful of good humour, with a fine hen turkey under each arm, and a butcher's basket, well laden, strapped over his shoulders.

No doubt, without such acts of kindness done to him, Dicky would have had some difficulty in making ends meet. Although his property would have brought him in as much as would have maintained him very comfortably if he had kept it in anything like order, he allowed it to go to wreck for want of repairs. The house he himself lived in has been already described; but there was at least another he owned in Littlegate which stood tenantless and roofless for years, the last poor family who lived in it having been literally starved out.

Mr. Brown goes on to say:—

Chilton was a terrible man at Easter vestry meetings, where he exposed with a loud voice anything he considered "jobbery," or, as he termed it, "nowt but a bag o' tricks." The motions he moved were a terror to the churchwardens, and the rector as well. When the new cemetery was being formed, Mr. Neil, the contractor, endeavoured to make bricks for the boundary wall in the ground, and as soft ones were being here and there built in, an indignation meeting of the ratepayers was held in the Police Court. Here Dicky astonished the audience by tossing on to the table a blue paper parcel, which burst, and a crumpled brick fell to pieces as he shouted, "De ye call that a brick? Aa tyeuk it oot o' the cimmittary wall, Mr. Mayor. Thor's lots on 'em as soft as sugar—"



Dicky Chilton.

good sho'or o' rain 'll melt 'em." Of course the contractor was written to by the architect (Mr. Thomas Moore), and the soft bricks were removed. His ready wit, although sometimes offensive, was sure to hit the mark. When the Corporation fixed the drinking fountain close to the gates of Bishopwearmouth Church, he took the opportunity, when the rector was approaching, to comment aloud to a passer-by, "That's the best thing the Corporation's done for a lang time. The folks will be able to wash the dry-as-dust sermons doon as they come oot o' church."

Innumerable anecdotes are current respecting Dicky, but the greater number of them are such as cannot be re-

produced in print. He visited the different newspaper offices in the town almost every time he came in from the country, and brought all sorts of items of news for insertion, particularly country weddings, births, and deaths, independently of the registrar, with funny remarks in most cases, which the reporter could not set down. He was once spending the Sunday afternoon with a certain farmer up Hylton Lane, when the pair went out to have a look at the pigs. Pointing to one of them, Dicky asked, "What's thou gannin to tyek for him?" "Ye must mind this is Sunday," said the farmer. "Oh, aye, but suppose it was Monday?" "Well, so-and-so." A bargain was duly struck there and then, and Dicky carried the pig home, after dark, in a poke the farmer lent him.

While Mr. Jeremiah Summers (usually called Jerry Summers), the last historian of Sunderland, was the champion of the freemen and stallingers of the Town Moor, Dicky Chilton was no less distinguished for his services in keeping bridle-roads and country lanes and footpaths across fields from being stopped up. His memory was wonderful to the very last, and he could recite all the leading events during his lifetime with a minuteness as to day and date seldom met with. He used to say he was born in "bonny June," on the 23rd day of the month, in the year of our Lord 1793; and that, when a little "gobby toad," he minded seeing the bulls baited on Warmouth Green.

Mr. Brown tells us he used to endeavour to persuade Dicky to sell his property, so that his last days might be spent comfortably; but he always appeared reticent as to title, so that Mr. Brown concluded he had only a life interest in it. However this may have been, when Dicky's age and infirmities prevented him from wandering abroad and going out and in among his farmer friends, he appeared to be so badly off that he was removed to the Union Workhouse. But when his domicile was being invaded by the neighbours, previous to his being carried away, and when a woman was making a fire in the rusty grate, where none had been kindled for years, the poor man rushed forward, and pulled out of the chimney a bag, which was currently believed to have been filled with watches that he had deposited there for safety. Many articles were afterwards found, on a closer search, stuffed into the most unlikely places. Dicky had papers of great local interest among his gatherings; but they were all lost, or at least dispersed irrecoverably, previous to his death. When taken to the Workhouse, he was in such a filthy state that he had to be stripped and scrubbed. While the Workhouse people were busied in this delicate operation, Dicky only remarked:—"It'll not be often ye get such a pig as me into the weshin' tub."

Poor old Dicky died in the Workhouse on the 28th November, 1875, aged 83 years. Shortly after his death, his property passed into other hands, and was soon altered and improved beyond identification.



Dicky Chilton's House
The Green, Bishopwearmouth.

The Death of Percy Reed.



ABOUT the middle of the sixteenth century, Percival Reed, of Troughend, near Otterburn, Northumberland, commonly called Percy Reed, was keeper of the district of Redesdale, under the Warden of the Middle March, his duty being to ferret out and apprehend offenders against the Border laws, so as to have them brought up for judgment at the Warden Courts. For this service his yearly allowance was ten pounds sterling—no great sum even then, though much more considerable in purchasing power than it is now; but it is likely that his income would be materially increased by perquisites and fees, since persons who had lost their goods by the hands of thieves were generally fain to get at least a part of them back, in case the country-keeper could manage to recover them by any means, fair or foul. In the execution of his duty, it seems Troughend incurred the displeasure of a family of brothers of the name of Hall, who were owners of Girsonsfield, a farm about two miles east from his residence. These Halls, three in number—Johnnie, Willie, and Tommy—were invited one day by their neighbour, the country-keeper, who does not appear to have had the least suspicion of the ill-will they bore him, to accompany him on a hunting expedition.

Percy's wife had strange dreams anent his safety on the night before his departure. Moreover, next morning, at breakfast, the loaf of bread from which he was supplied chanced to be turned with the bottom upward—an omen which is still accounted most unfavourable all over the North of England. Conceiving these presages undeserving of notice, however, Percy set out in company with the Halls. After enjoying a good day's sport, the party withdrew to a solitary hut in Batinghope, a lonely glen stretching westward from the Whitelee, whose little stream forms one of the chief sources of Reedwater. The whole of this arrangement had been previously planned between the Halls and a clan called the Croziers, who were at deadly feud with Percy. When the Croziers appeared on the scene, they found their victim altogether a defenceless man. The Halls not only deserted him, but had previously driven his sword so firmly into its scabbard that it could not be drawn out, and had also moistened the powder with which the very long gun he carried was charged, so as to render both useless when he came to rely upon them for protection. Accordingly, the Croziers instantly put him to death; and so far did they carry out their sanguinary measures against his lifeless body that tradition says the fragments thereof had to be collected together and conveyed in pillowslips home to Troughend.

After this foul murder, the three false-hearted Halls, we are told, were held in such universal abhorrence and

contempt by the inhabitants of Redesdale for their cowardly and treacherous behaviour, that they were obliged to leave the country. And many a long year it was, and a complete social change had taken place in the surrounding district, before the ill-blood between the Reeds and the Halls oozed wholly out. It is said that when one of the latter class entered a house to obtain refreshment, it was customary to set the cheese before him with the bottom uppermost, to express the host or hostess's dislike to his company, that being in those days, and perhaps even still, considered a token of great disrespect to the person so treated, who, it was implied, had lost caste on account of some mean, cowardly, or treacherous act.

The Reeds, of Prendwick, Old Town, Cragg, Hoppen, and Heathpool, all in Northumberland, are septes or cadets of the ancient Redesdale clan of which Sir Walter Scott, in his notes to "Rokeby," writes:—"These Reeds of Troughend were a very ancient family, as may be conjectured from their deriving their surname from the river on which they had their mansion. The epitaph on one of their tombs affirms that the family held their lands of Troughend, which are situated on the Reed, nearly opposite to Otterburn, for the incredible space of nine hundred years." A manuscript of the time of Elizabeth, quoted by Surtees, says of them:—"A ruder and a more lawless crew there could not be." But they never had the evil reputation of the Halls.

In Hodgson's "Northumberland" we read that the spirit of the murdered man could find no rest, but was seen wandering far and near, in trouble, and in various forms, until at length somebody turned up gifted with words to lay it to rest. It chose the banks of the Reed, between Todlaw Haugh and Pringle Haugh, and there

Of by the Pringle's haunted side
The shepherd saw the spectre glide.

It had five miles of riverside scenery to range among in which it flitted about by night, and roosted on some stone or tree by day. One of its favourite haunts was about the Todlaw Mill, where the people often saw it as they were going to the Presbyterian meeting-house at Birdhope Craig. When they did so, it was their custom to uncover and bow their heads as they passed; and the courteous phantom, not to be wanting in civility, bowed in response. Ultimately an intrepid thatcher spoke to the perturbed spirit, while he was following his ordinary occupation at the Hoollaw, near Rochester. No sooner had the spell been thus broken than the thatcher "felt something touch him like the wing of a bird whiaking by, came down the ladder, was seized with a cold trembling, shivered, and died."

Mr. Robert Roxby, of Newcastle, published, in 1809, a poem, entitled "The Lay of the Reedwater Minstrel," descriptive of the peculiar scenery of that sequestered dale, and containing allusions to the traditionary lore of

its inhabitants. The author says he had the particulars of the story of Parcy Reed of Troughend, and the Halls of Girsonfield, from a descendant of the Reed family.

The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stokoe.

THE BALLAD OF PARCY REED.

The ballad bearing the title, "The Death of Parcy Reed," was first published in 1844 by Mr. Robert White, the historian of the Battle of Otterburn. After relating the legend pretty much as told in the preceding article, Mr. White said:—

The annexed ballad was never before published, having been taken down by my valued friend, Mr. James Telfer, of Saughtree, Liddesdale, from the chanting of an old woman, named Kitty Hall, who resided at Fairloans, at the head of Kale Water, Roxburghshire. She was a native of Northumberland, and observed she never liked to sing the verses, as she knew them to be perfectly true, and consequently could not bear to think there had been, of her own surname, such wretches as the betrayers of Parcy Reed. Mr. Telfer had the honour of presenting a transcript of the piece to Sir Walter Scott, who placed it at the end of his copy of the "Lay of the Reedwater Minstrel."

Doubts, however, have been expressed as to the statement that the ballad was "taken down" by Telfer at all. Mr. William Dodd thinks it more likely to have been "Telfer's own composition." But Mr. H. Kerr, writing in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, states that he distinctly remembers, when visiting Saughtree with Mr. White, "Telfer saying he had taken it down from the recitation of the old woman mentioned."

Mr. John Bell, many years secretary to the Antiquarian Society of Newcastle, and the editor of "Rhymes of the Northern Bards," had in 1829 a letter from a Mr. Henderson, of Redesdale, who was 83 years of age at that time, in which he stated that, although he could not recollect the ballad of "Parcy Reed," he remembered the gun at Troughend when he was a lad, and it was about "twe yards i' the barrel."

The traitorous conduct of the Halls was commemorated down to recent times by the appellation of the "fause-hearted Ha's" given to all of the name. When a late landlord of Horsley in Redesdale, whose name was Hall, had taken his "allowance" freely, he not unfrequently disburdened his mind by thus reverting to the circumstance:—"Wey, noo, as winna disguise me neame; me neame's Ha's—Tommy Ha's"—and here tears used to flow down the cheeks of the worthy host—"but as trust to me myaker as's nit come o' the fause-hearted Ha's that betrayed Parcy Reed."

The direct line of the Reeds of Troughend, I believe, is now extinct, and it seems curious that the estate is now

in the possession of a gentleman of the name of Hall. The *Gateshead Observer* of March 15, 1829, had the following:—"Died on the 15th inst., at the house of his daughter, Mrs. Hall, Windmill Hills, Gateshead, Mr. Elrington Reed, aged 86 years. He was the venerable representative of the Reeds of Troughend, the chief of the family of that name in Northumberland, and one of the most ancient in the county."

The tune to which this ballad is sung is from a small collection gathered by Mr. Telfer and presented by him to Algernon, Duke of Northumberland, in 1857, as a contribution to a proposed collection of Border melodies. His Grace, in turn, presented the book to the Newcastle Antiquarian Society, in whose library it now is. The tune is there called "Hey sae green as the rashes grow," but I have seen it in other manuscript collections of the last century under "Laird Trowend" (Troughend) and other titles.

God send the land de - liv - er - ance frae
eve - ry reav - ing rid - ing Scot! We'll
sune hae nei - ther oow nor ewe, We'll
sune hae nei - ther staig nor stot.

The outlaws come frae Liddesdale,
They herry Redesdale far and near;
The rich man's gelding it maun gang,
They canna pass the puir man's near.

Sure it were weel, had ilka thief
Around his neck a halter strang;
And curses heavy may they light
On traitors vile oursel's amang.

Now Parcy Reed has Crozier ta'en,
He has delivered him to the law;
But Crozier says he'll do waur than that,
He'll make the tower o' Troughend fa'.

And Crozier says he will do waur—
He will do waur if waur can be;
He'll make the bairns a' faitherless,
And then the land it may lie lee.

"To the hunting, ho!" cried Parcy Reed,
"The morning sun is on the dew:
The cauler breeze frae off the fells
Will lead the dogs to the quarry true.

"To the hunting, ho!" cried Parcy Reed,
And to the hunting he has gane;
And the three fause Ha's o' Girsonfield
Alang wi' him he has them ta'en.

They hunted high, they hunted low,
By heathery hill and birken shaw;
They raised a buck on Rookan Edge,
And blew the mort at fair Ealylawe.

They hunted high, they hunted low,
They made the echoes ring amain;
With music sweet o' horn and hound,
They merry made fair Redesdale glen.

They hunted high, they hunted low,
They hunted up, they hunted down,
Until the day was past the prime,
And it grew late in the afternoon.

They hunted high in Batinghope,
When as the sun was sinking low;
Says Parcy then, "Ca' off the dogs;
We'll bait our steeds and homeward go."

They lighted high in Batinghope,
Atween the brown and benty ground:
They had but rested a little while,
Till Parcy Reed was sleeping sound.

There's nane may lean on a rotten staff,
But him that risks to get a fa':
There's nane may in a traitor trust,
And traitors black were every Ha'.

They've stown the bridle off his steed,
And they've put water in his lang gun;
They've fixed his sword within the sheath,
That out again it winna come.

"Awaken ye, waken ye, Parcy Reed,
Or by your enemies be ta'en;
For yonder are the five Croziers
A-coming owre the Hingin' Stane."

"If they be five and we be four,
Sae that ye stand alang wi' me,
Then every man ye will take one,
And only leave but two to me:
We will them meet as brave men ough,
And make them either fight or flee."

"We mayna stand, we canna stand,
We daurna stand alang wi' thee;
The Croziers haud thee at a feud,
And they wad kill baith thee and we."

"O turn thee, turn thee, Johnnie Ha'—
O turn thee, man, and fight wi' me;
When ye come to Troughend again,
My gude black naig I will gie thee;
He cost full twenty pounds o' gowd,
Atween my brother John and me."

"I mayna turn, I canna turn,
I daurna turn and fight wi' thee;
The Croziers haud thee at a feud,
And they wad kill baith thee and me."

"O turn thee, turn thee, Willie Ha'—
O turn thee, man, and fight wi' me;
When ye come to Troughend again,
A yoke o' owsen I'll gie thee."

"I mayna turn, I canna turn,
I daurna turn and fight wi' thee;
The Croziers haud thee at a feud,
And they wad kill baith thee and me."

"O turn thee, turn thee, Tommy Ha'—
O turn now, man, and fight wi' me;
If ever ye come to Troughend again,
My daughter Jean I'll gie to thee."

"I mayna turn, I canna turn,
I daurna turn and fight wi' thee;
The Croziers haud thee at a feud,
And they wad kill baith thee and me."

"O shame upon ye, traitors a';
I wish your hames ye may never see;
Ye've stown the bridle off my naig,
And I can neither fight nor flee.

"Ye've stown the bridle off my naig,
And ye've put water i' my lang gun;
Ye've fixed my sword within the sheath,
That out again it winna come."

He had but time to cross himsel'—
A prayer he hadna time to say,
Till round him came the Croziers keen,
All riding graithed, and in array.

"Weel met, weel met, now Parcy Reed,
Thou art the very man we sought;
Owre lang hae we been in your debt,
Now will we pay you as we ough.

"We'll pay thee at the nearest tree,
Where we shall hang thee like a hound."
Brave Parcy raised his fankit sword
And fell'd the foremost to the ground.

Alake, and wae for Parcy Reed—
Alake he was an unarmed man:
Four weapons pierced him all at once,
As they assailed him there and then.

They fell upon him all at once;
They mangled him most cruellie:
The slightest wound might caused his deid,
And they hae gi'en him thirty-three.
They hackit off his hands and feet
And left him lying on the lee.

"Now Parcy Reed, we've paid our debt,
Ye canna weel dispute the tale."
The Croziers said, and off they rade—
They rade the airt o' Liddesdale.

It was the hour o' gloamin' gray,
When herds came in frae fauld and pen:
A herd he saw a huntaman lie,
Says he, "Can this be Laird Troughen'?"

"There's some will ca' me Parcy Reed,
And some will ca' me Laird Troughen':
It's little matter what they ca' me;
My faes hae made me ill to ken.

"There's some will ca' me Parcy Reed,
And speak my praise in tower and town:
It's little matter what they do now,
My life-blood rudds the heather brown.

"There's some will ca' me Parcy Reed,
And a' my virtues say and sing;
I would much rather hae just now
A draught o' water frae the spring!"

The herd flang off his clouted shoon,
And to the nearest fountain ran;
He made his bonnet serve as cup,
And wan the blessing o' the dying man.

"Now honest herd, ye maun do mair—
Ye maun de mair as I you tell;
Ye maun bear tidings to Troughend,
And bear likewise my last farewell.

"A farewell to my wedded wife;
A farewell to my brother John,
Wha sits into the Troughend tower,
With heart as hard as any stone.

"A farewell to my daughter Jean;
A farewell to my young sons five:
Had they been at their father's hand,
I had this night been man alive.

"A farewell to my followers a',
And a' my neighbours gude at need;
Bid them think how the treacherous Ha's,
Betrayed the life o' Parcy Reed.

"The laird o' Clennel bears my bow;
The laird o' Brandon bears my brand;
Whene'er they ride i' the Border side,
They'll mind the fate o' the Laird Troughend."

The Battle of Newburn.

By the late James Clephan.

IN the interval between the two Parliaments of 1640—one of them dissolved on the 5th of May after a session of about a month, and the other opening early in November for a duration of many years—the battle of Newburn was fought, on Friday, August 28. "Battle," maybe, it should hardly be called. "Infamous, irreparable rout," is the description of it in Clarendon; the Scots "putting our whole army to the most shameful and confounding flight that was ever heard of; our foot making no less haste from Newcastle than our horse from Newburn; both leaving the honour, and a great deal of the wealth of the kingdom arising from the coal-mines, to those who had not confidence enough (notwithstanding the evidence they had seen of our fear) to possess that town in two days after." So far Lord Clarendon.

Charles I. had been ruling without a Parliament from the year 1628 to 1640. The year 1637 witnessed in Scotland the experiment that "swept away at once the whole structure of the Presbyterian Church"; Jenny Geddes flinging her historic stool at the Dean of Edinburgh in St. Giles's Church, as her practical protest against the introduction of the Liturgy; although, perhaps, we should rather say Mrs. Mein, for the distinction of throwing the first stool is not without dispute. A shower of missiles followed in the wake of the flying tripod, some of them hurled with a vigour that suggested the suspicion of apprentices in feminine garb. In 1638, the "dragon's teeth" yielded, as their appropriate harvest, the revival of the Covenant; and in 1639 King Charles made his progress through England with an army for the Tweed, and marched back again. Then in the month of August, 1640, the adherents of the Solemn League and Covenant crossed the Borders, their numbers estimated to be 20,000 foot and 2,500 horse, under the command of General Lesley. Some portion passed the Tweed at Coldstream, others lower down the river. On the 20th May they were all encamped on English ground, with "For Christ's Crown and Covenant" written on their flag; and ever as they marched there were "daily sermons from their ministers, prayers morning and evening under the canopy of heaven, to which they were called by beat of drum; besides reading of the Scriptures, praying, and psalm-singing, in every tent." Their advent was marked by the appearance of a manifesto throwing the responsibility of the war on the King. "Not the kingdom of England" were they arrayed against, "but the Canterburian faction of

Papists, Atheists, Arminians, Prelates, the misleaders of the King's Majesty, and the common enemies of both kingdoms." Two royal proclamations were also issued simultaneously with the Scottish appeal; one, "to summon all such as held of his Majesty by grand sergeantry, escuage, or knight's service, to do their services against the Scots, according to their tenures"; the other, "for the levying and payment of the ship-money in arrear."

The English commander, Lord Conway, was lying at Newcastle with the Royal forces. He had written to Secretary Sir Francis Windebank on the 15th of August, to the effect that the Scots (as he was apprised) proposed on Monday or Tuesday, the 17th or 18th, to come into England, and in due time present themselves before the town, "which they say they will take, or here be broken: from hence they intend to go to Yorkshire." For York, accordingly, the King began his journey from London on the 20th; and, having reached his destination, his Majesty had intelligence from Lord Conway, early on the 27th, that the Covenanters, who had sought the Tyne by way of Wooler, Eglingham, and Netherwitton, would that night be near Newcastle; whereupon the King called together the gentry of the shire then in York, and the Earl of Strafford, Lord Lieutenant, addressed them in the Royal presence, reminding his audience of their forwardness to attend their sovereign in 1639 to prevent an invasion, and urging that much greater should now be their willingness, England being actually invaded, to repel the advancing foe.

John Rushworth, M.P. for Berwick 1659 and 1660, was now newly-come from London to York; and the author of the "Historical Collections" records that the Earl of Strafford, having closed his address, prepared a packet to be dispatched to Lord Conway in Newcastle. Hither, in the messenger's company, came Rushworth on the 28th, in the morning. His lordship was gone to the English army, and the messenger and his companion found him with the field officers in a council of war at Stella. The packet was delivered and opened, and found to contain instructions to prepare for an engagement. Whilst they were in debate on the matter, there came a herald in all haste to acquaint them that the army was already engaged with the Scots, "which seemed strange to them, because orders were given not to fight but on the defence; and, as it was reported, Colonel Goring came out of the room where the council of war sate, and publicly said to some of the officers, that the Lieutenant-General of the Army [Strafford] needed not to have sent orders to bid them fight, whatever came of it, for the enemy had begun the work to their hands."

Let us now hear what John Rushworth has to say to us on the eve of the battle. He states that on Friday, the 27th of August, General Lesley sent his drummer from Newburn towards Newcastle, at which time Sir Jacob Astley, Sergeant Major General of the Army, Colonel

Goring, and others in command, were riding a little out of town, viewing the ground near the walls, and met him on the road. Demanding whence he came, he said from General Lealey, and showed two letters of which he was the bearer, one addressed to the Commander-in-Chief, the other to the Mayor of Newcastle. Sir Jacob, in regard of their being sealed, gave them back, and bid him remember his service to the general, and tell him no sealed letters ought to be received; and if he sent any more, the bearer thereof had better stay at home; so the man with his kettle-drums on horseback returned, and the contents of the letters were not known, but were conceived to be some kind of summons.

That night the Scots pitched their tents on Heddon Law, above Newburn, with a continuous descent to the Tyne before them. Great fires were made in and about their camp on open moorish ground, coal being plentiful on the spot, so that in the darkness the army seemed to be of large compass and extent. Night and morning they suffered any Englishmen to come into their camp, and made them welcome, with expressions of great love, and protestations of doing harm to none but those who should oppose them in demanding justice of the King against incendiaries.

The same night, part of the King's army, consisting of 3,000 foot and 1,500 horse, were drawn forth into a plain meadow ground, near a mile in length, close on the south side of the Tyne, called Stella Haugh, to hinder the Scots from passing the river after dark. Two several sconces of breastworks were raised by the English against the two fords, where the Scots might pass at low water, for till then they could not pass the Tyne; and into each sconce were put four hundred musqueteers and four pieces of ordnance. The horse were drawn into squadrons in the haugh at some distance from the foot; and in this posture horse and foot guarded the river all that night and the next day, till the engagement.

The Scots all the forenoon watered their horses at one side of the river and the English on the other, without affronting one another, or giving any reproachful language. Having the advantage of the rising ground above Newburn, the Scots easily discerned the posture and motion of the English army below, on the opposite side of the river; but the posture of the Scots army the English could not discern, by reason of the houses, hedges, and inclosures, in and about Newburn. The Scots brought down cannon into Newburn town and planted some in the church steeple, a small distance from the river. Their musqueteers were placed in the church, houses, lanes, and hedges in and about Newburn.

The skirmish, as the author of the "Collections" was informed ("being then upon the place"), began thus:—A Scottish officer, well mounted, having a black feather in his hat, came out of one of the thatched

houses in Newburn, and watered his horse in the Tyne, as had been done all day. An English soldier, perceiving that he fixed his eye towards the English trenches on the south side of the river, fired at him—whether in earnest or to affright him could not be known—but the officer was wounded by the shot, and fell from his horse; whereupon the Scottish musqueteers immediately fired upon the English; and so the fight began with small shot, and was continued with great shot as well as small.

The Scots played with their cannon on the English breastwork and sconces. The King's army played with their cannon to beat the Scots out of the church steeple. Thus they continued firing on both sides, till it grew to be near low water; and by that time the Scots with their cannon had made a breach in the greater sconce, which Colonel Lunsford commanded, wherein many of his men were killed and others began to retire. Yet the colonel prevailed with them to stand to their arms. But presently after a captain, a lieutenant, and some other officers were slain in that work. Then the soldiers took occasion to complain that they were put upon double duty, and had stood there all night and day to that time, and none were sent from the army at Newcastle to relieve them. But Colonel Lunsford again prevailed with them not to desert their post; till another cannon shot falling in the works amongst the soldiers, and killing some more of them, the men threw down their arms, and would abide in the fort no longer.

The enemy on the rising hill plainly discerned the posture of the King's army, and how the soldiers had quitted the great work; and there being low water, a forlorn hope of twenty-six horse of the College of Justice troop was instructed to pass the river, which they did with some swiftness; their orders being only to make discovery in what position the soldiers were about the uppermost work, and not to come to close engagement, but fire at a distance, and retreat. This troop, consisting altogether of one hundred and sixty gentlemen, was commanded by Sir Thomas Hope.

The Scots, playing at this time very hard upon the furthest trench, forced the English foot to retreat from that work also; and, this being discovered from the rising ground, more horse commanded by Sir Thomas, and two regiments of foot under Lord Craufurd Lindsay and Lord Loudoun, waded through the river; while General Lealey, at this instant of time, played hard with 9 pieces of cannon from a new sconce raised on a hill to the east, and so galled the King's horse, drawn up in plain meadow ground, that it much disordered them. Then, sending more forces over the river, a retreat was sounded, and Colonel Lunsford drew off the cannon. Immediately, Commissary Wilmot, son of Lord Wilnot; Sir John Digby, a Romish recusant; and Daniel O'Neill, an Irishman, jointly engaged the enemy, and had a sharp

encounter with their horse, they being commanded to bring up the rear, whilst the foot retreated up Ryton and Stella banks; but the Scots, with their fresh supply newly come over the river, environed these three commanders, and took them, and some others of their troops, prisoners; General Lesley (adds Rushworth) treating these commanders nobly in the Scottish camp, and afterwards giving them their liberty freely to return to the King's army.

In the course of the engagement, Cornet Porter, son of Endymion Porter of the Bedchamber, was slain; and during the whole fight there fell of the English about sixty men, says Rushworth, "as the Scots told us after the cessation of arms was agreed unto; for the Scots buried the dead; and afterwards they further told us that most of them that were killed lay about the works. How many of the Scots were slain we know not. At the engagement with the King's horse none of the Scots of quality were slain but Captain Macgee, son of Sir Patrick Macgee, Sheriff of Galloway, and one Mr. Thomas Dacolmy, a gentleman of the General's Life-guard."

After the engagement, Lord Conway called a council of war; and it was resolved at twelve at night that the whole army should retreat to Durham, horse and foot and train of artillery.

There had been no lack of courage on the side of the English more than on the side of the Scots; but the generalship was with the invaders, who, as Macaulay states, "marched across the Tweed and the Tyne, and encamped on the borders of Yorkshire." Lieutenant-General John Fenwicke, recurring to the engagement in 1643, taunts the fugitives:—"There was flying to purpose. The swiftest flight was the greatest honour to the Newcastleian new-dubd knights. A good boat, a paire of oares, a good horse (especially that would carry two men), was more worth than the valour or honour of knighthood. Surely Vicar Alvey, too, would have given his vicaridge for a horse, when he for haste leapt on horseback behinde a countrie-man without a cushion." Eager was the stampede; and not to be envied the plight of hundreds who were left behind.

Saturday, August 29, the day after the battle, Lord Conway and Sir Jacob Astley, by five of the clock in the morning, caused the soldiers in Newcastle, both foot and horse, to march away with the ordnance and other warlike provision to Durham, leaving the town naked of soldiers; and in the afternoon, Douglas, Sheriff of Tivdale, came with a trumpet, and certain troops of horse, to the gates of Newcastle, which were shut against him; and, after some parleying, and threatening to plant ordnance against the town, the Mayor, Sir Peter Riddell, Knight, who was destitute of men and arms to defend the place, opened the gates, and suffered him to come in. Next day, being Sunday, Douglas and fifteen lords came

and dined with the Mayor; drank a health to the King; and had three sermons by their own divines.

Rushworth is in error as to the Mayor. Robert Bewick, not Sir Peter Riddell, held the office of Chief Magistrate from the Monday after Michaelmas, 1639, to the Monday after Michaelmas, 1640. Sir John Marley and the Dean of Durham had resisted his election, invoking and receiving the countenance of the King and Government against the choice of a Puritan Mayor; but Bewick was chosen nevertheless.

Lesley, pitching his tents on the high grounds of Gateshead on the 31st of August, demanded supplies of bread and beer from the Mayor of Newcastle; but the Mayor being loth to undertake the service, the Scots employed men for the purpose, giving money in part, and notes in writing as security for the rest. Armies are hungry and athirst; Tyneside, with two to feed, must have been shorn bare.

The current of society had everywhere been troubled by the invasion. Industry was paralyzed. The coal trade fell dead when Tyneside became a battle-ground. Newcastle and the coal mines (says Rushworth) had been wont to employ ten thousand men all the year round, some underground, some above, others upon the water in keels and lighters; but now, not a man to be seen, not a coal wrought, all abeconding, being possessed with a fear the Scots would give no quarter. Not a ship durst come into the river. A hundred and more, arriving off the haven the day after the fight, went away empty; and tradesmen in the town kept their shops shut for days. Families left their homes and goods to the mercy of the Scots, who possessed themselves of such corn, cheese, beer, &c., as they found, giving the owners thereof, or others in their stead, some money in hand, and security in writing for the rest, to be paid at five or six months' end, in money or corn; "and if they refuse, such is the necessity of the army, the Scots must take it without security, rather than starve." Hungering and athirst, the Covenanters reminded the inhabitants of the plague of locusts. One of the stories told of them is that they "drank a well dry at Eachwick, and bore away all the cattle, giving receipts in exchange." Spearman's Manuscripts, which treasure the tale, do not say how long it took the fountain to recover from their exhaustive draughts.

The city of Durham, following in the flight of the royal army, "became a most depopulated place, not one shop open," according to Rushworth, "for four days after the battle; not one house in ten that had either man, woman, or child in it; not one bit of bread to be got for money; for the King's army had eaten and drunk all in their march into Yorkshire. The country-people durst not come to market, which made the city in a sad condition for want of food."

The Bishop of Durham (Morton) first retired to his castle at Stockton after the battle, and then passed over

into Yorkshire. "The Dean of Durham fled in great haste, because he understood the Scots gave out that they would seize upon him as an incendiary for writing the King's large declaration against the Scots. All the rest of the clergy of Durham fled away also; and the Scots shortly after employed men to receive their rents, and the rents of Papists, for the use of the Scottish army." So runs the story in Rushworth's Collections.

A Typical Peel Tower.

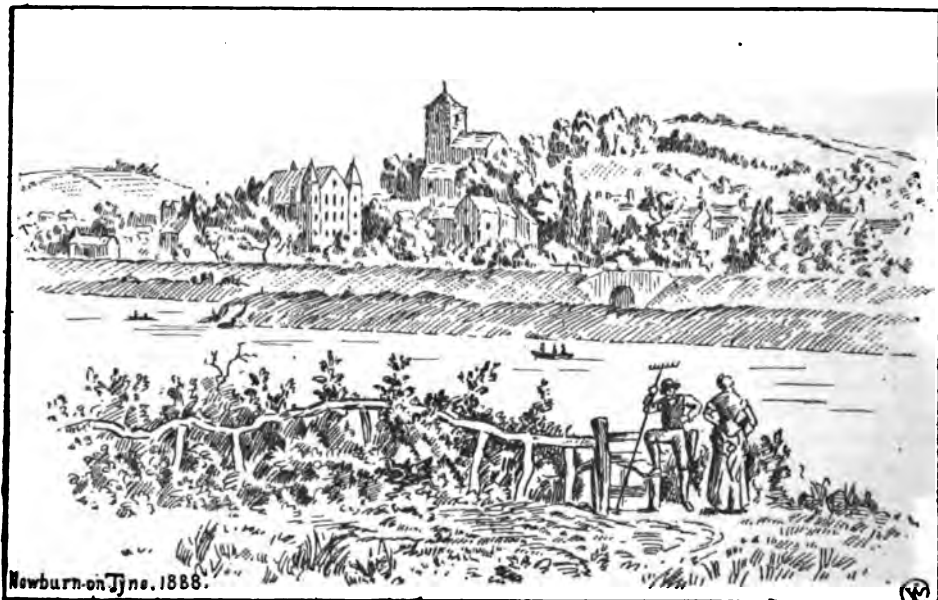
SCATTERED about the borderland of England and Scotland are the ruins of a great number of peel towers, belonging to that disturbed period when the mostrooper or cattle reiver was a terror to all engaged in the peaceful pursuit of agriculture. These towers were incapable of prolonged defence against a numerous and well-appointed force, but were well suited to resist the attacks of roving bodies of imperfectly armed assailants. The prototype of the peel tower was, it is thought, the Norman keep, and there is no doubt that, in the majority of instances, there was a courtyard connected with them enclosed by a good wall, although few specimens are now to be found. The court, or barmkin, was essential as a protection for cattle, stables, and offices, and as additional security for defending the tower from sudden assault.

The peel consisted in general of a square or oblong

tower, with thick walls, built sometimes with ashlar and sometimes with rubble-work, and defended from the parapet at the roof, the angles of which were sometimes rounded or projected on corbels in the form of round open bartizans. The parapets and bartizans had frequently open machicolations; but sometimes merely corbels without openings, and sometimes the parapet was carried up flush with the wall, without projection or string-course, and then defended by projecting wooden galleries. The ground-floor was nearly always vaulted with a plain tunnel vault, generally semicircular, though occasionally pointed, and was used solely as a store room. There was no communication between the ground floor and the first floor, except by a hatch in the vault. The principal entrance to the tower was usually on the first or second floor level, and was approached by a movable stair, ladder, or drawbridge.

Writers on this subject, says Mr. F. R. Wilson, the well-known architect of Alnwick, frequently omit to draw the line between Edwardian and Elizabethan peels. The former were placed strategically in connection with the castles for defence against the common enemy, the Scots, and the towers and castles of that period had wooden galleries thrown out upon beams: hence the non-projecting battlements. Holes for these beams may still be seen round the walls at Warkworth Castle. After the survey in Elizabeth's time, corbelled bartizans were adopted, and machicolated battlements came into vogue. That was the period more of feuds between man and man than of wars between English and Scotch.

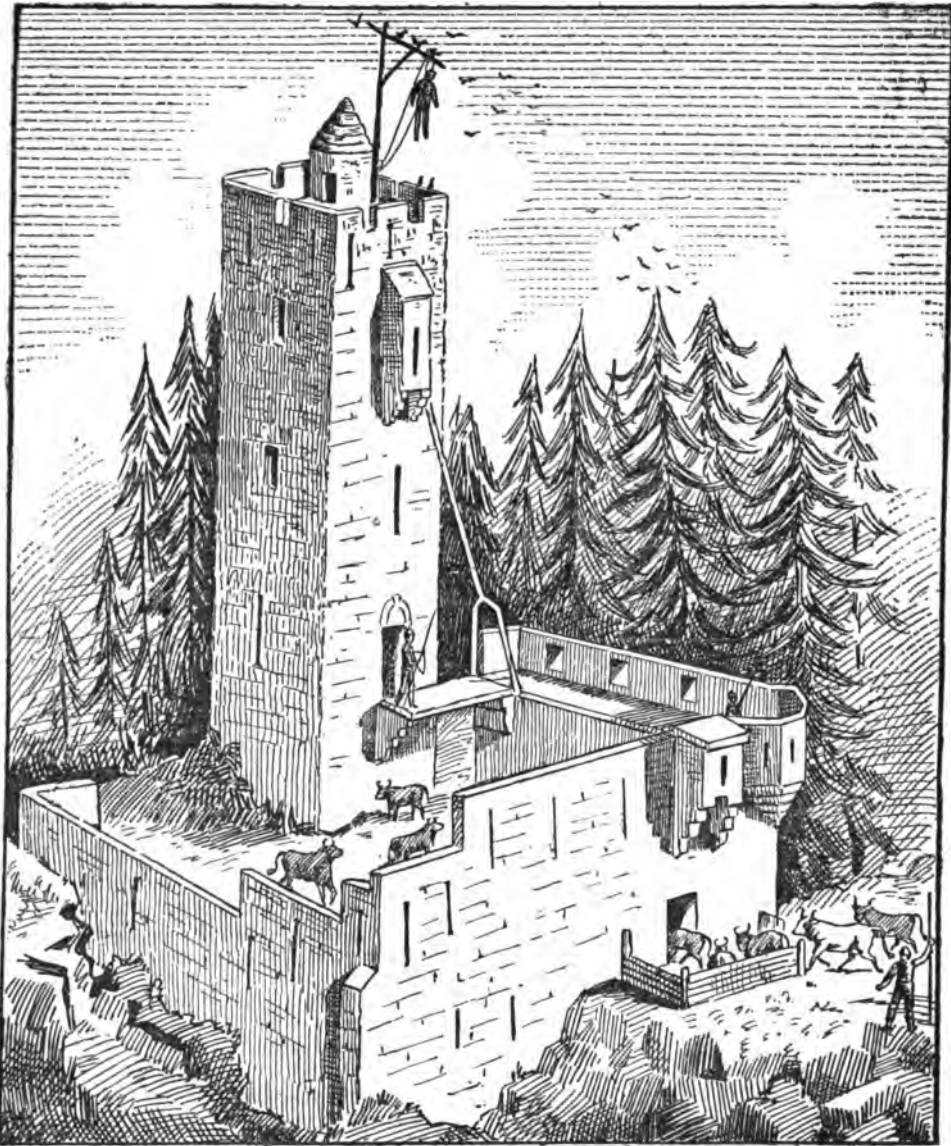
The drawing of a typical peel tower (for which we are



ndebted to Mr. F. R. Wilson) conveys a good idea of these erections. They were generally built on the edge of a ravine as a means of protection in that direction. That plan has been adopted in the case of fortalices at Eldon, Biddleston, Whitton, and many others. The occupants of the tower are seen to be preparing to defend themselves against a raid, while, as a sort of warning to the enemy,

the body of a prisoner taken in a former raid is observed to be dangling from a gallows on the roof of the stronghold.

M. Violet-le-Duc, the great French archæologist, who is the authority Mr. Wilson has followed for the details of his sketch, has shown that the English built similar towers during their occupation of the Pyrenees.



TYPICAL PEEL TOWER.

Notes and Commentaries.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

ROBINSON BOUTFLOWER.

Amongst the multitudinous manuscripts left by John Bell, compiler of "Rhymes of the Northern Bards," which passed into the possession of the late Mr. Robert White, there are several relating to a Robinson Boutflower, who is credited by Bell with the authorship of "Titus in Sandgate," together with a few songs still popular up Reedwater way, such as "The Sands of the Rocking, or the Reedsdale Gamblers," "Wandering Sandy's Lament for the Loss of his Goods," "Belling-ham," "The Choice of a Husband," "The Choice of a Wife," &c. (The last two songs I have.) Bell states that Robinson Boutflower was of the Apperley family, one of whom was Sheriff of Newcastle in 1701. Dorothy, sister of Robinson Boutflower, married one of the Reeds of Troughend, a descendant of Percy Reed, Warden of Reedsdale, whose murder by a family of moonstroopers called Crozier is commemorated in the Border ballad printed on page 371. Boutflower was a thick, well-made man, and was bred as an attorney in Newcastle or Hexham. He was for some time deranged. After he left Newcastle, he lived a short time at Bamborough, but spent the last two or three years of his life at Troughend, living with his sister. He occupied himself with fishing in Reedwater, and in winter mostly sat in the house. He was long very poorly before his death, and died in the room by himself. When at Troughend, poor Boutflower wrote the songs of which I have copies. The entry of his burial in the register of deaths at Elsdon Church reads thus: "1763, June 16.—Robinson Boutflower, of Troughend—pauper—buried."

JOHN STOKOR, South Shields.

BUFFALOES AT ALNWICK.

Buffaloes were kept at Hulne Park, near Alnwick, in a field near the Park Farm, otherwise known as the "Aad Hoose." They were introduced by Hugh, third Duke of Northumberland; but I believe his successor, Duke Algernon, discontinued having them about forty years ago. They were not wild, but had a picturesque appearance in the field, which is called the "Buffalo Field" unto this day. About the time of their discontinuance or extinction the park was thrown open to the public on two days in the week, with very slight restrictions, and it was visited by many thousands of people, especially on excursion days. I remember the buffaloes well. I remember also Egyptian geese in the river, imprisoned eagles at Hulne Abbey, a tame gull about Alnwick Castle, and other curious bipeds and quadrupeds.

L., Alnwick.

A STROKE OF BUSINESS.

A clockmaker, meeting a customer to whom he had just previously sold a clock, inquired how the timepiece had suited. "She gans gay weel," replied the purchaser, "but she elwis strikes thorteen at twelve o'clock." "Nivvor mind that," explained the clockman, with a patronising smile; "as'll charge ye nowt for the extra stroke!"

VIBRATING.

A miner of the old school was listening to a "marra" reading, when the word "vibrating" struck his ear. "Had on, Bob," he said, "whaat does that mean?" Bob hastened to explain that it meant trembling or quivering, when he was again interrupted with the remark, "Dear me! hoo things gets altered! When as was a lad, foaks wad called that wabblen'!"

A GREAT HONOUR.

An old lady, not twenty miles from Walker, happened to die on the same day as the late Emperor of Germany. A female relative, reporting the circumstance to a neighbour, said in her own vernacular:—"De ye knaa about the late Emperor of Jarmany? Wor Jinny deed the same day. Noo, thor's an honour for ye!"

A BROWN BREAD BAKER.

As two workmen were wending their way through one of the main streets of Gateshead to their work the other morning, one called his mate's attention to a Scotch baker standing in a doorway, whose face, arms, and clothes were in a very dirty state. Pointing to him, he said: "Whaat a dorty beggor te be a bakor!" "Wey, man," replied his friend, "it's him whaat myeks the broon breed!"

WHERE WAS SHE?

A "menage man" or "tally man" was going his rounds one day. As he knocked at a door in a certain street in Scotswood Road, Newcastle, a little fellow, who was watching him, called out—"She's in wor hoose." "Is she, little chap?" said the travelling draper: "will you tell her she's wanted?" Away ran the messenger, and returned in a second or two with the reply—"She says she's not in wor hoose!"

THE BUMS.

A well-known character "somewheres aboot Choppington" was once in financial difficulties. The bailiffs, in fact, were in possession. "Noo, Hannah," said he to his wife, when the men of the law had quietly seated themselves in his cottage, "thoo can just gan oot of the way wi' the bairns." "What for, Jake?" said the astonished wife. "Nivvor thoo mind for whaat. Just get away canny wi' the bairns. But before thoo gans put the poker in the fire and bring doon the keg o' powder. As's gan to the devil wi' the bums!" Of course the "bums!" very soon made themselves scarce.

AN ARMY CONTRACT.

A soldier belonging to one of the regiments at present stationed in Newcastle so dirtied his boots the other day that he deemed it advisable to have them cleaned. Forthwith he proceeded to the Central Station, where he engaged a shoeblick to carry out the process of polishing. After the "swaddy" had placed his foot, which, by the way, was of more than ordinary dimensions, on the rest, the shoeblick dropped on to his knees, and, glancing knowingly at the boot which he was about to clean, turned to one of his "pals," who was standing by, and exclaimed: "Hie, Jim, give us some of yor blacking; aa've gotten an army contract heor?"

North-Country Obituaries.

On the 16th of June, Mr. James Crozer, a chemist, who for many years carried on business in Clayton Street, Newcastle, expired suddenly at his residence, Jessamine Cottage, Brandling Village, in that city. The deceased was a man of very retiring and somewhat eccentric habits. He was born at Alnwick on the 9th of June, 1813, and was the eighth child of James Crozer, nurseryman there. He served his apprenticeship as a chemist at Berwick, and was afterwards employed by Mr. Garbutt, at Gateshead. Through the instrumentality of the late Dr. White, he next obtained a situation as dispensing chemist in America. After a brief sojourn in the United States, he visited Cuba, Jamaica, and other places in the West Indies. He again journeyed to America, where for a time he earned his livelihood as a common labourer on the highways. Eventually returning to his native land, he took up his residence with his father at Wallsend; but he soon set out once more for India, and settled at Benares. After remaining there for three years, he proceeded to China, and resided at Hong Kong and Shanghai. At these places he acted as dispenser in a hospital, and then as surgeon on board the *Rajah* and on other vessels running between Shanghai and the Indian Ocean. About twenty-five years ago, Mr. Crozer returned to England, and commenced business in the shop in Clayton Street from which he retired about eighteen months since. His shop was conspicuous from the fact that the shutters were seldom taken down, and this was a sign which enabled many strangers to find his place of business. The little room in which he lived and died was scantily furnished; but among the surroundings were found a harmonium, several musical boxes, and one or two tin whistles, while in a drawer were discovered several manuscript copies of Moody and Sankey's hymns. The deceased, on his mother's side, claimed relationship with the famous navigator, Captain Cook.

The Rev. George Trevor, D.D., Canon of York and Rector of Beaford, died on the 8th of June, at the residence of his son, the Rectory, Marton-in-Cleveland. The rev. gentleman, who was in his eightieth year, was the author of a number of works.

Mr. John Suggitt Fowler, farmer, of Crook Hall, Durham, died at his residence in that city on the 19th of June. The deceased, who was brother to Alderman Fowler, of Durham, was about sixty years of age.

In the *Weekly Chronicle* of June 23 was announced the death, as having taken place at Philipsburg, Pennsylvania, U.S., on the 14th of May, of the Rev. William Bell, a native of Northumberland, who first went to America in 1863. He was a prominent member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Mr. Bell was about 57 years of age, and, before settling in America, he was officially connected with the Bedlington Co-operative Society.

Mr. Henry Kinch, who for many years carried on a grocery establishment at Waterloo, Blyth, died there on the 24th of June. Deceased was a man well known on the North-East Coast, and was the hero of a thrilling incident which occurred on the 28th of October, 1841. A lifeboat was on that day launched from the shore in a heavy sea, in response to the wish of the owner of the ship *Sibsons* which had arrived off the port, and with which the owner wished to communicate. There were twelve persons on board the boat, including the owner of the ship (Mr. Richard Hodgson) and the deceased. It encountered heavy seas, the oars were knocked out of the hands of the rowers, and the whole of the crew were thrown into the sea. Only two out of the entire crew—Hodgson and Kinch—were saved. Mr. Kinch was 67 years of age.

The death occurred on the same day of the Rev. David Bruce, late Vicar of Ferryhill and Merrington, and honorary Canon of Durham Cathedral. The deceased gentleman was in his 78th year.

Mr. Thomas Snook, head ticket-collector in Newcastle for the North-Eastern Railway Company, and who for upwards of thirty years had been employed at the Central Station, died on the 28th of June, at the comparatively early age of 53 years.

On the 29th of June, Mr. William Graham, of 3, Lovaine Terrace, North Shields, died there after a long illness. The deceased took great interest in local affairs, and was twice elected to a seat in the Tynemouth Town Council.

On the same day, died, in London, the Hon. and Rev. Robert Liddell, M.A., for thirty years Vicar of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, and fifth son of Thomas Henry, first Lord Ravensworth. The deceased gentleman was in the 80th year of his age.

From Spreydon, Christchurch, New Zealand, the death was announced, on the 30th June, of Mr. George Booth, shipbuilder, formerly of Monkwearmouth. He took a prominent part in public affairs, and was for some time a member of the Sunderland Town Council. Mr. Booth, who left England with his family for New Zealand in 1859, was 79 years of age, and was first Mayor of the borough of Sydenham.

At the Percy Arms, Percy Street, Newcastle, the residence of his nephew, Mr. Henry Innes, there died on the 1st of July, Mr. Henry Alexander Watt, who was chief engineer of the steamer *Cagliari*, which in the year 1857 sailed from Genoa to the aid of the political prisoners of the King of Naples. The vessel was captured by a Neapolitan war vessel, and its occupants, including Mr. Watt and the second engineer, Mr. Charles Park, were taken to Naples and imprisoned. They suffered severely, and were only released on the protest of the British Government, compensation being allowed them. As the result of his long imprisonment, Mr. Watt, who was a native of Newcastle, was never able to work again. The story of the *Cagliari* and its adventure is told in detail

in the first volume of the *Monthly Chronicle*, p. 60. Mr. Watt was 57 years of age.

On the same day, at Plymouth, where he had been staying with some friends, died Mr. James Henderson, of Sunderland. He was a native of the latter town, and in 1833 he was elected a member of the Council for East Ward. He was also for several years a member of the Sunderland Board of Guardians. Mr. Henderson was in the 53rd year of his age.

In the *Newcastle Chronicle* of July 3, was announced the death, in his eightieth year, of Mr. John Watson, a native of Morpeth, in which town for many years he carried on a successful business. In 1862 he filled the office of Mayor, but some years ago he took up his residence in Newcastle, where he died. Mr. Watson contributed occasionally to the columns of the *Weekly Chronicle*.

On the 4th of July, Mr. William Mitcheson, a highly cultured and scholastic man, died at his residence in Hamilton Street, Newcastle, aged 54 years. For seventeen years he held the position of master of St. Andrew's National School for Boys; and he was also, for some time, librarian to the Elswick Mechanics' Institution. As a skilful chess-player he had acquired considerable fame, extending even beyond the district with which he was more directly associated. The deceased had had an almost lifelong connection with the local press, and he contributed from time to time to the *Weekly Chronicle*.

On the 7th of July, the remains of Mr. J. Nicholas Parker, a prominent Templar, who had died at Harrogate, were interred at Ryton Cemetery.

Mr. William Fenwick, one of the oldest of Tyne ship-owners, died at his residence, Prudhoe Street, North Shields, on the 9th of July, his age being 80 years.

On the 10th of July, Mr. John Rogerson died at his residence in Hylton Road, Sunderland, at the age of 79. The deceased was one of the old standards of Sunderland, and was for a long time in business as a builder of wooden ships at South Hylton.

Mr. William Cumming, of Biggen Farm, near Esh, in the county of Durham, died there on the 10th of July. Mr. Cumming, who was a member of the Durham Board of Guardians and other public bodies, was 73 years of age.

On the 11th of July, at the age of 45, Mr. William Burnett, district agent for the southern section of the North British Railway, died at his residence, Carlisle Terrace, Hexham.

On the 12th of July, intelligence was received of the death, by accident, on the previous day, of Mr. Clarence Stewart Lindsay, mining engineer, at Kimberley, in South Africa. A fire had occurred at the entrance to the shaft of the De Beers diamond mine at that place, and among the large number of persons, estimated at several hundreds, who perished, was the deceased gentleman. Mr. Lindsay, who was only 28 years of age, was a native of Sunderland, being the son of Mr. James Lindsay, superintendent-registrar of births, deaths, and marriages in that town. Although young, he had greatly distinguished himself as a mining expert in this country, and he had a remarkable escape on the occasion of the terrible explosion at Usworth Colliery on the 2nd of March, 1885. Mr. Lindsay left England about the beginning of last June; and it is supposed that he could not have been more than a week in his new position in South Africa when the melancholy accident which resulted in his death took place. (See p. 384.)

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

JUNE.

15.—The closing meeting of the seventeenth session of the Durham College of Science was held in the Wood Memorial Hall, Newcastle, under the presidency of Dean Lake, Warden of the College.

16.—The boiler of the steam-tug *Admiral*, lying at the Teesside wharf, Middlesbrough, exploded, and the vessel immediately sank, while the ensignman, John Mitford, was drowned.

—In response to a widely circulated invitation, a large number of the inhabitants of Leamside, the Raintons, and neighbourhood, assembled at Pit House Lane, Leamside, to protest against the action of Mr. E. F. Boyd, of Moor House, with reference to a foot-path leading from Woodside farm to the river Wear, at a point opposite Finchale Abbey. Mr. Boyd, who, it appeared, complained of the destructiveness of certain excursionists, had of late posted watchers in the adjoining wood, and pedestrians had been informed that the road was private.

—By the acceptance of the employers' offer of 5 per cent. advance in piece prices, and 1s. 6d. per week in time wages, to take effect from the first pay in July, the strike of shipbuilders on the Tees and at the Hartlepoons was brought to an end. The disputes in the shipyards on the Tyne and Wear were settled by the adoption of the same compromise. The joiners in the Tyne and Wear yards were offered, and agreed to accept, an advance of 1s. per week, to take effect immediately, and a further advance of 6d. per week on the first pay in August. The dispute between the employers and employed in the Mid-Tyne engineering trade was settled on the 30th of June, the men having been promised an advance of 8d. per week all round, and 6d. additional advance on the first pay day in August to men rated above 30s. Work was resumed on the 1st of July.

—In accordance with the resolution of the recent annual delegate meeting (page 333), a deputation of the Northumberland miners waited upon the coalowners at the Coal Trade Office, Newcastle, and made formal application for an advance of wages amounting to 15 per cent. The chairman (Mr. R. O. Lamb) stated that the coalowners were compelled to give a reply in the negative.

—The Bishop of Durham laid the foundation stone of a new church intended to be erected at Cornhill, Southwick, Sunderland, and dedicated to St. Columba.

18.—A number of gentlemen connected with the gas industries of France, Italy, Switzerland, and Spain, and members of "La Societé Technique de l'Industrie du Gaz en France," paid a visit to Newcastle, for the purpose of studying the coalfields of the North of England.

—A crew of thirty Chinese sailors arrived at Sunderland, from Shanghai, to take over the screw-steamer *Shin Sheng*, built by Messrs. William Pickersgill and Sons, Southwick, to the order of the China Merchant Steam Navigation Company. On the 22nd, one of the men died in Sunderland Infirmary from heart disease, and the body was embalmed, with a view to its being taken in the vessel to China.

—The jubilee of the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway

was celebrated by the display of flags and decorations at various stations along the line.

—Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the American millionaire, and a party of friends, on a coaching tour through England to Scotland, arrived at Durham. The company consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie, Mr. James G. Blaine, the American statesman, Mrs. and the Misses Blaine, with other ladies and gentlemen. On the following evening, the excursionists reached Newcastle, having in the interim visited Sunderland and been entertained by Mr. S. Storey, M.P. On the morning of the 20th, the party resumed their journey to Scotland, by the west, a short stoppage being made at Blaydon to enable Mr. Blaine to visit Mr. Joseph Cowen at Stella Hall.

—The summer meeting of the Newcastle Races was commenced at Gosforth Park, extending over the customary three days. With the exception of the opening day, which was fine, the weather was most unfavourable. The Northumberland Plate, on the 20th, was won by *Matin Bell*.

—Concurrently with the race-meeting, the Newcastle Temperance Festival was held, as usual, on the Town Moor, the opening day being devoted to Highland games. Though somewhat marred by the unpropitious weather, the proceedings were, on the whole, very successful.

19.—It was announced that Mr. T. Y. Strachan, having obtained an appointment as general manager to the Mortgage Insurance Company in London, had tendered his resignation of the office of secretary to the Newcastle Permanent Building Society, which he had held since its commencement in 1861. Mr. John Heppell, of South Shields, late chief clerk in the office of the society, was appointed his successor.

21.—Mrs. Leech, residing at Hall Terrace, Gateshead, fell between the footboard and the platform while entering a carriage at the Central Station, Newcastle, and was killed.

23.—It was announced that Miss Moon, of Nottingham University College, and one of the three young ladies who had gained scholarships at Somerville Hall, Oxford, formerly resided at Gateshead, and was one of the earliest members of Uncle Toby's Dicky Bird Society in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*.

—The Hesleyside estate, in Northumberland, or at least several farms which formed portions of it, were offered for sale by Messrs. Walton and Lee, of London, in Newcastle. Several of the lots were withdrawn, and for the others there was animated bidding. For four of the largest farms a sum reaching in the aggregate £32,200 was bidden; but as this did not represent the value of the lots, they were withdrawn. Four lots that were sold, embracing the smaller holdings, brought respectively £4,600, £2,200, £6,200, £3,900, or £16,900 in all, which, with two portions of land sold to Mr. Little for £700, brought the amount realised in public up to £17,600. One of the lots fell to Mr. William Charlton, of Newcastle, a relative of the well-known family who had been for generations connected with the estate. Two of the unsold lots were subsequently disposed of by private treaty to Mr. John Clayton, of The Chesters, for £30,000.

24.—The 601st known anniversary of St. John's Parish Church, Newcastle, was celebrated by special religious services, the preacher in the morning being the Bishop of Newcastle (Dr. Wilberforce), and in the evening the Rev. Seymour Coxe, M.A., Vicar of Stamfordham.

25.—A summary was published of the provisions of the

will of the late Mr. T. E. Harrison, engineer-in-chief to the North-Eastern Railway Company, the personality being valued at £131,791 9s. 2d.

—A committee of ladies was formed, including the Mayoreess as convener, for the purpose of considering measures for the benefit of the Royal Infirmary in Newcastle.

Some leading volunteers and a number of private gentlemen from the Hartlepoons and Stockton, assembled in the Council Chamber, Middlesbrough, for the purpose of hearing suggestions from representatives of the War Department with a view of strengthening the defensive force of the Tees. Among those who attended were Admiral Sir Vasey R. Hamilton, K.C.B., and General Sir Lothian Nicholson, K.C.B., and it was stated that the War Department was ready to assist the local Corporation in considerably increasing the defensive powers of the Tees. On the following day, a similar meeting was held in the Council Chamber, Newcastle, with reference to the defences of the Tyne, the chair being occupied by the Mayor. In the latter case, a committee was appointed to consider the question.

26.—A fire, attended by disastrous results, broke out on the premises of Mr. Stobbs, chemist, Saville Street West, North Shields.

27.—At the meeting of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries, Mr. John Robinson read a paper on a number of old letters and other documents relating to the Delaval family of about the middle of last century, which he had been fortunate in securing from destruction in the Hartley Bottle Works.

—The congregation of Barras Bridge Presbyterian Church, Newcastle, resolved to join the new church in course of erection at Jesmond. The persons associated with the Jesmond Church met on the following evening, and adopted a resolution approving of the proposed union, which was subsequently confirmed by the Presbytery.

—Colonel Addison Potter, C.B., was presented with a congratulatory address by the members of the Willington Quay Local Board, on the completion of his twenty-fifth anniversary as chairman of that body.

28.—Mr. C. N. Cresswell, barrister-at-law, as commissioner appointed by her Majesty's Privy Council, held an inquiry in the Council Chamber, Town Hall, Gateshead, as to a proposed alteration of the number and boundaries of wards in the borough. Under the new scheme the borough was divided into fifteen wards, the numerical constitution of the Council remaining unchanged.

29.—It was reported that, in the course of some digging operations in the garden attached to the Rectory of Ebchester, there had been discovered a small regular building in the form of a square, which was surmised to be a Roman sentinel tower, and the workmen afterwards found what was supposed to be one side of the northern gateway into the camp. In the excavated tower were found a piece of Romano-British pottery, a stone, and the bones of animals.

—At a meeting held under the presidency of the Mayor a committee, consisting of Messrs. George Charlton, Amos Atkinson, and Edward Culley, was appointed to draw up a circular setting forth the objects and scope of the recently formed Newcastle Tree Planting and Protection Society.

—A very successful entertainment, in aid of the funds of the Royal Infirmary, was given by the Garrick Amateur

Dramatic Club, in the Theatre Royal, Newcastle, the sum realised, after the payment of expenses, being £83.

—Sir E. W. Blackett, of Matfen, laid the foundation-stone of a new church, to be named All Hallows (Bishop Ridley Memorial), and estimated to cost between £1,200 and £1,300, at Henshaw.

30.—A man, who seemed to be about 40 years of age, and gave his name as John Watson, of Numbers Garth, Sunderland, died in the Infirmary of that town from the effects of injuries received by leaping from Monkwearmouth Bridge on the previous evening. The deceased had remained unconscious from the time of the occurrence almost to his death; and it was not known whether the jump was an attempt at suicide or made out of bravado. This was the third occasion on which leaps had been made from the bridge within a few weeks.

30.—Lady Strathmore opened a new club which Lord Strathmore had provided for the use of the Conservative working men at Barnard Castle. In the evening, a public meeting was addressed by Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, M.P.

JULY.

2.—A seaside camp for street boys was opened on the links between Hartley and Blyth. The movement was initiated by Dr. John Burdon, of Gloucester Road, Newcastle, the object being to give poor lads a healthy summer outing.

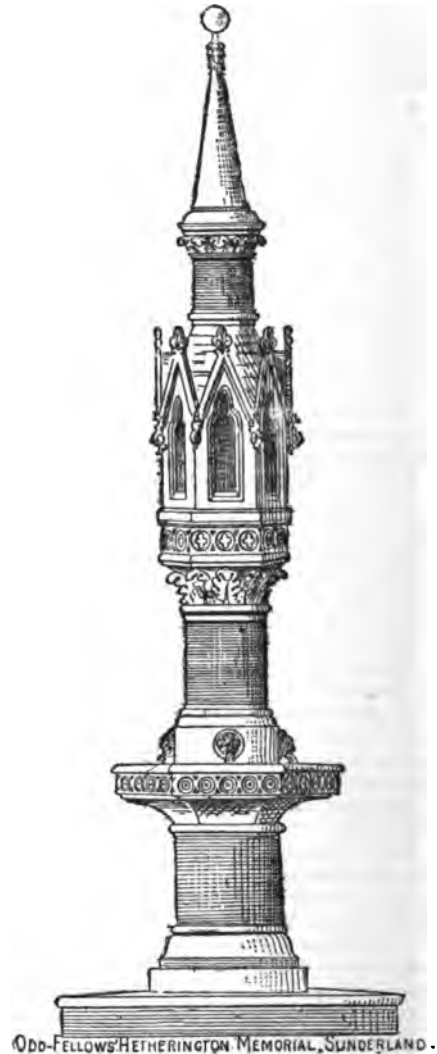
—The East Coast Express, better known as the "Flying Scotchman," commenced running between London and Edinburgh in 8½ hours, and accomplished the journey in four minutes less than the appointed time.

—A Gothic monumental fountain, placed in Burnfield Park, Sunderland, in memory of the late Mr. Thomas Hetherington, who for many years took an active interest in the Order of Oddfellows, was unveiled by the Mayor of the borough. Mr. Hetherington was born on the 29th



November, 1819, at Brampton, in Cumberland. He went to Sunderland as a millwright in the autumn of 1839, and on the 4th of April, 1842, was initiated in the Earl Durham Lodge, Manchester Unity of Oddfellows, in the Bishopwearmouth district, and was elected assistant-secretary for the lodge the night following. Mr. Hethering-

ton proceeded rapidly through the various lodge offices, and his brethren showed their confidence by appointing him permanent secretary in December, 1844, the duties of which office he performed until his death.



Mr. Hetherington had the honour of representing Bishopwearmouth district at the A.M.C.'s held in all parts of the country for a large number of years. The fountain, of which we here give a drawing, is the work of Mr. John Macmillan, sculptor.

3.—The foundation stone and four corner stones of the new Workhouse at the Teams, in course of construction by the Gateshead Poor-Law Union, were laid in the presence of a large concourse of spectators.

5.—In lieu of a garden party, which was to have been held at Moor Lodge, but which had to be abandoned on account of the unfavourable weather, the Sheriff of Newcastle held a conversazione in the Town Hall, about 400 guests being present.

5.—The Rev. Dr. H. Adler, delegate Chief Rabbi of the United Kingdom, in prosecution of a pastoral tour of the Northern provincial congregations, visited Newcastle.

7.—A shocking case of attempted murder, followed by the suicide of the perpetrator, occurred at Dunston, near Gateshead. About eight o'clock in the evening, Sergeant Green and Police-Constable Lindsay, the only two policemen in the place, were informed that John Swaddle, a waterman, had gone into the house of Thomas Dawson, and assaulted him with a poker. They went and turned Swaddle out, the latter making no disturbance about the matter at the time. An hour later, however, the officers came across Swaddle carrying a double-barrelled gun, which he immediately levelled at the sergeant and fired. Green reeled and fell, shot in the left side. Lindsay rushed at Swaddle, who fired at him also, the result being that the constable fell to the ground. Swaddle, after a moment's glance at his two victims, ran off, taking the gun with him, in the direction of the river Tyne. Green, meanwhile, assisted by the people of the village, his wounds being serious, was conveyed with all speed to his home. Lindsay had received a large number of pellets in his arm and back, but was not so dangerously hurt as his superior. Swaddle, on reaching the river-side, threw his gun into a boat, and jumped into deep water. He soon rose to the surface, and was seized by a man who was in the boat and dragged on shore. An unattached locomotive soon afterwards came steaming along the Redheugh Railway close by the river towards Gateshead. Swaddle jumped to his feet, sprang over the low wall at the side of the railway, and flung himself upon his face right in front of the advancing engine, which literally cut him in two. Swaddle, who was 41 years of age, left a wife and a large family; and the jury, at the inquest on his body, returned a verdict of death by suicide.

9.—It was announced that, owing to increasing age and failing health, Mr. Joseph Snowball had resigned the office, which he had held for nearly twenty-two years, of commissioner for the Duke of Northumberland's estates. Mr. E. G. Wheler, of High Legh, Knutsford, Cheshire, is Mr. Snowball's successor.

10.—A considerable quantity of hail fell at Berwick, some of it remaining on the streets and housetops till the evening; and throughout the North of England generally the weather was, for the season, exceedingly cold and stormy. Between the night of the 10th and morning of the 11th, snow fell in the outskirts of Newcastle; and a correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* stated that a rolley-man, who was early astir, gathered sufficient of the fallen flakes from the boards of his rolley to make a snow-ball of respectable size.

—The provisions of the National Defences Bill, as they affect the volunteer force, were discussed at a meeting of the North of England Volunteer Institute, under the presidency of Colonel Potter, C. B.

—A committee, consisting of representatives from the various public, scientific, literary, and social bodies in the district, was appointed to carry out the arrangements for the contemplated meeting of the British Association in Newcastle in 1889.

—The freehold estate, ironstone mines, blast furnaces, workmen's dwellings, manager's residence, plant, &c., belonging to the South Cleveland Ironworks Company (Limited) at Glaisdale, were sold by public auction to Mr. Dixon for £8,900; the original cost of the works, which had long lain idle, being computed at £200,000.

12.—The Rev. Dr. A. N. Ross, of Reading, was inducted to the pastorate of Trinity Presbyterian Church, Newcastle, in succession to the Rev. J. B. Meharry.

13.—While a horse belonging to Mr. Brown, farmer, Twizell, near Belford, was having a shoe removed which had been on a considerable time, it was stated that a buttercup was found to have taken root between the hoof and the shoe, and that the plant was in full bloom.

14.—The annual gathering of the Durham miners took place on the racecourse at Durham. Mr. W. Crawford, Mr. C. Fenwick, Mr. A. Jones, Mr. Conway, Mr. Burt, and Mr. O. Bradlaugh, all members of Parliament, were amongst the speakers. There were, it was computed, 40,000 visitors to the city.

16.—It was announced that, as the result of a Government inquiry conducted on the spot, the old graveyard at Wallsend would be formally closed, as being practically full, and that henceforth it would be under the guardianship of the district Burial Board. For view and history of the neglected churchyard, see p. 153.

General Occurrences.

JUNE.

16.—The result of the polling in the Ayr Burghs was declared as follows:—Sinclair (Gladstonian), 2,331; Ashley (Unionist), 2,268; majority, 63.

18.—William II. the new Emperor of Germany, issued a proclamation announcing that he had assumed the reins of government. The Emperor also issued proclamations, to the Army and Navy.

20.—The first railway in Persia, which runs from Teheran to Shah Abdul Azim, was formally opened.

—Dr. J. H. Zukertort, the distinguished chess player, died in London, after a short illness.

22.—Intelligence received from Khartoum reported the arrival in the Bahr-el-Ghazal province of a "White Pasha" with a large force. It was surmised that the "White Pasha" was Mr. H. M. Stanley.

26.—About 1,500 persons perished in certain inundated districts of Mexico.

27.—Two men, named Richard Northall and Henry Johnson, were killed through falling down a pit shaft, at Old Hill, Staffordshire. Their remains had to be gathered together in sacks.

29.—In the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice, before the Lord Chief Justice and a special jury, judgment was given for one farthing damages against the *Licensed Victuallers' Gazette* in an action for libel brought by Charles Wood, jockey.

30.—The result of the polling for the Thanet division of the county of Kent was announced as follows:—Lowther (Conservative), 3,547; Hugessen (Gladstonian), 2,889; majority, 658.

JULY.

3.—Intelligence was received at Durban from Zululand to the effect that four chiefs of the Jukandhla district had attacked the loyal chief, Sokotgata, and looted his cattle. They afterwards attacked the residence of the district magistrate, who, with the help of the native police and Sokotgata's men, repulsed the enemy with heavy loss, after several hours' fighting. The loss on the British side was trifling.

5.—Before the Lord Chief Justice and a special jury was concluded the hearing of an action brought by Mr. F. H. O'Donnell, publicist and journalist, against Mr.

having broken. The skip, running down the inclined shaft, caused the lamps to ignite the wood casing of the shaft. The smoke having filled the mine and extin-



MR. F. H. O'DONNELL.

John Walter, proprietor, and Mr. George Edward Wright, printer, of the *Times*, for alleged libels published by them in that newspaper. The plaintiff, who laid the damages at £50,000, stated that it was implied in the articles entitled "Parnellism and Crime," that he, Mr. Parnell, and the leaders of the National League, were the trusted and intimate friends of Byrne and the Invincible conspirators; that they knew of the intention to carry out the Phoenix Park murders; that they allowed the weapons with which those murders were to be committed to be secreted in their offices; and that they assisted the murderers to escape. The case collapsed on the fourth day of the trial, and by the judge's directions a verdict was returned for the defendants. Mr. G. E. Buckle, editor of the *Times*, was present in court during part of the proceedings.

6.—Mr. Parnell made a statement in the House of Commons, denying the authenticity of certain letters read in the case of O'Donnell v. Walter and Wright.

7.—At the Cumberland Assizes, a case of disputed right of way to the top of Latrigg Fell, near Keswick, was compromised. It was agreed that the public should have access to the summit of the fell, but by another route than that which was claimed.

11.—A terrible disaster occurred at the De Beers Diamond Mine, South Africa, owing to the hauling wire

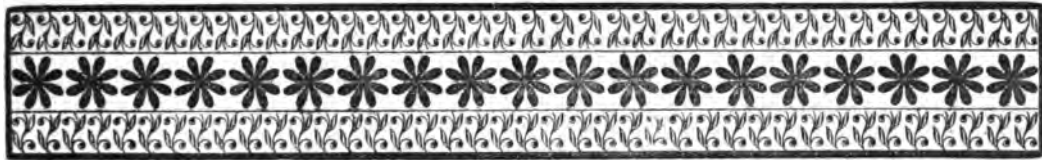


guished all the lamps, a panic occurred amongst the men. Two hundred natives and 24 whites, including Mr. C. S. Lindsay, late of Sunderland, lost their lives.

13.—A duel with swords, between M. Floquet, the French Premier, and General Boulanger was fought near Paris. M. Floquet received slight wounds in the right hand and the left breast, while his adversary was dangerously wounded in the neck. The conflict was caused by General Boulanger having accused the Premier in the Chamber of having "impudently lied." M. Floquet the same day unveiled a statue of Gambetta, and was received with great enthusiasm.

14.—The weather during the greater part of June and July was extraordinary for its inclemency in the North of England. Cold rains prevailed, and the mountain tops and higher lands were at one time covered with snow, whilst in some places the ponds were covered with a thin sheeting of ice. The oldest inhabitants could not remember such unseasonable conditions.

—A dispute having taken place between the King and Queen of Servia, the latter left her husband and proceeded to Germany with her son, the Crown Prince. King Milan demanded a judicial separation; but the Queen having raised many objections to the jurisdiction of the Servian Holy Synod, King Milan gave orders that the matter should be referred to the Belgrade Consistorial Court. A demand was afterwards made for the surrender of the Crown Prince, and the child was, much against the Queen's wishes, sent to Belgrade with an escort.



The Monthly Chronicle

OF

NORTH-COUNTRY•LORE•AND•LEGEND

VOL. II.—No. 19.

SEPTEMBER, 1888.

PRICE 6D.

The Linnels.

AN old State document speaks of "a place called Linnells, on the water Devylle," referring to a spot in Northumberland that is charming in its natural beauty, and yet more interesting in its historical associations. The "water Devylle" is the famous Devil's Water, familiarly known in the neighbourhood as Deel's Watter, in the manor of Devilstone, or Dilston, as it is now called. The tributary stream is a mere burn in comparison with the greater river; but the valley through which it flows is as

wide as the vale of Tyne itself. Looking up both dales we see the westward Tyne closed in by an amphitheatre of hills in the near distance, whilst the great valley of the Devil's Water to the south-west widens out as it goes, revealing vast fields of heaving upland, bounded far away by moors, "where heaven's water deals" on the highest ridge, at a height of sixteen hundred feet and more above the sea. Trackless and treeless, these farthest fells contrast with the richly wooded foreground, and with the deep denes intersecting them. And this wild and



beautiful country is the ancient regality of Hexhamshire, where the Archbishop of York was sovereign, and where, down to a comparatively late time, the king's writs could not run. Like the portal to this strange country is the narrowing dene where stands that "pleasant Dilston Hall," yet echoing from roofless room and shattered wall the farewell of the young Lord Derwentwater, its last lord.

As we enter and pass up the vale we find, beautiful though the distant scene had promised, the half had not been told us. The deep dell opens wide as we enter, and the view is over rich pastures where the Devil's Water has cut a sinuous way through broad haughs, round which rise on all sides richly wooded shaws. And again it closes in narrowing defile where the stream has cleft its way through scar and bank, and dashes among the rock masses at the foot of precipices rising sheer above it. The hall is behind us, and its tragic story haunts the place. It is but a generation since the trampling of hoofs and the clatter of harness was heard on the brink of the steep here, revealing to the trembling listener that "the Earl" yet galloped with spectral troops across the haugh. Undisturbed, as the reverent hands of his people had laid him and his severed head, the Earl himself had rested hard by in the little vault for a whole century; yet the troops have been seen by the country people over and again as they swept and swerved through the dim mist of the hollow dene—

And "Ave, Ave, Ave," said
"Adieu, adieu," for evermore.

Yet higher up, "a mile, but barely twa," do we follow the defile till we come out into the wider open valley where the Devil's Water is crossed by the Linnels Bridge; and here is one of the bonniest bits of landscape in all Northumberland. The glamour of the way behind grows in interest as we reach the Linnels, and look over a scene in yet more romantic association with crises in our national history. Here in this valley, and close to this spot, the rout of an army and the fall of its commander in his flight decided the fate of Northern England; and on the very field before us was long after lost for the house of Lancaster the crown of England itself.

To the research of the Rev. Canon Greenwell we owe the identification of the spot where fell the great British prince and leader, Caedwalla, after the battle of Heavenfield, in A.D. 655. The battle was joined on the field near the Roman Wall, now marked by the church where the English Saint Oswald—he of the incorruptible right hand—set up the cross. "It was made in haste," says Bede, "and the hole dug in which it was to be fixed, and the king himself, full of faith, laid hold of it and held it with both his hands, till it was set fast by throwing in the earth; and this done, raising his voice, he cried to his army, 'Let us all kneel.'" All did as he commanded, and, accordingly, advancing towards the enemy with the first dawn of day, they obtained the victory. "The

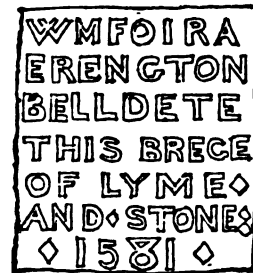
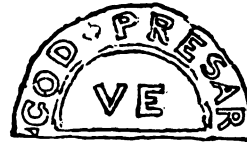
impious commander of the Britons was slain, though he had most numerous forces, which he boasted nothing could withstand, at a place in the English tongue called Denisesburn, that is, Denis-brook." So wrote the Tyneside historian from his cell at Jarrow within a hundred years of this momentous fight. The name of Denis-burn had become forgotten, and conjecture fixed the locality of Caedwalla's death in various places till the Rev. Dr. Greenwell settled the spot as close to the Linnels by producing a charter of the 13th century. The name appears on this document in a description of—"Twenty acres of land out of the waste in Ruleystal" (Rowley Steel, where the Rowley burn joins the Deel's Water). These acres are said to be—"Between these bounds, to wit, between *Deniseburn*, and *Divelis* (Devil's-Water), beginning upon the east part upon *Divelis* and ascending to the great road which leads as far as to the forest of *Lilleswude*" (Linnels Wood). Here at once we identify the very spot, and realize the last episode of that great English victory. The day had been lost upon Heavenfield, and the retreat of the British chieftain was directed so as to secure the fastnesses of the Pennine range with the wreck of his forces. But his rear had been closely followed down the northern slope, across the Tyne, up the Devil's-Water, to the Linnels. Here was made a last stand for very life, to end in utter and final rout, and in the death of the commander, where Rowley Burn joins the stream. The victory of the English, and the death here of the most powerful of the British princes, marked a new epoch for England. At the Linnels, Oswald was able to realize his dream. The old English deities had hitherto been invoked to help in the battle; but a mightier than Wooden, a stronger than Thor, had this day wrought the victory. So the cross prevailed, and Aidan came to tell of the Christ that was to be; and Lindisfarne showed its light across the wet salt sands. That the servant might not be above his master, these gentle ministers showed in their shaven foreheads the badge of slavery; and, lowliest of the low, they carried among the people the message of the Western Church. Oswald himself became Bretwalda, and Northumbria rose to its highest position as the centre of Christianity and culture for all England.

Thus early was the Linnels associated with the greater history of the State. It was yet to be known in connection with another royal fugitive—and who knows not the fate of Queen Margaret and the robber? Here is the very scene of the story, which has been fully told in earlier pages (see page 26.) At the Linnels was fought that fateful battle of 1464, when the house of Lancaster made its last rally, to fall finally before its rival, York. To this place belongs that legend of the stately Margaret of Anjou "which lights up the gloom of the time with a gleam of poetry." The dene hard by is Deepden, or Dipton, on whose southern bank is shown the "Queen's Cave" (see illustration, page 29). The site of the "battle of Hexham," from which the fugitive Queen escaped,

says Mr. Hodgson Hinde, "is called the Livells in contemporary records." In the first volume of Mr. Richard Welford's history of Newcastle, we read how the Lancastrian lords "took their king Henry, with all their power of people, and took their field in Hexhamshire, in a place called Linnels, on the water Devylla." The reader will find in Mr. Welford's pages the sad roll-call of the defeated Lancastrians and the list of noble victims who perished at the block in Hexham and Newcastle ere that same month of May was out. Just ten years before the battle the lord of Dilston, in a deed of 1454, defines his "woods, moors, peat mosses, and other things within the woods and pastures of Corbrig, on the south part of Diveles" (Devil's-Water), wherein he reserves to himself "free chace as accustomed to have, except in the close of Lynel." This "close of Lynel" is the ground extending from the spot marked Linnels Wood on the south to the Linnels Bridge on the north, known as "The Linnels," and marked on the Ordnance map as the site of the battle of Hexham. It lies wholly within the parish of Corbridge; but the sappers who made the survey, apparently, took the various readings of Linnels, Lennolds, Lynels, and Livells, and, in accordance with their custom, corrected the native orthography, making it into "Levels." To this they prefixed the name by which the battle is known in history, and boldly wrote "Hexham Levels," a place-name up to the time of the survey unknown in the locality, and a most unfortunate piece of officialism, as a substitute for the simpler original of the Linnels.

Instead of following the valley, if we make our way to the field by Hexham, the high ridge to the south is climbed, and the road leads south-eastward, down the further slope, past Sunnyside. At the foot of the descent is the approach to the Linnels Bridge, which is set in an environment of green. On the left rises the wooded bankside, and through the trees on the right peep the quaint gable and ridge of a nestling homestead; whilst through the single sweeping arch the merry burn laughs as it dances over its tinkling rock bed. The bright stream is not suggestive of its dark name of Devil's Water; nor does it look in its wimpling haste like the water that once mirrored in blood the red flames of the northern sky, when "Darwentwater leets" flared over the scaffold of the last lord of Devilstone. Here, as we look across burn and bridge, we are far from the stir and stress of such moving accident, and realize before us the ideal of a pastoral seclusion. But the whole place lives and moves in those dim pages which we have turned over. Beyond the house and stacks that crown the rising upland, is fixed the scene of the conflict which gave to Montague the earldom of Northumberland, and of that earlier episode which gave Oswald the Kingship of Northumbria. Like a centre of rest in all this is the curious tablet built into the parapet of the Linnels Bridge which stands over the mid-stream before us. The slab is of cunning workmanship, "its decorations of fully

developed *renaissance* character," says Mr. C. C. Hodges, our kindly expositor of such matters. It has been graven within and without, but the inner face of the stone has had most of its raised letters effaced. We must therefore climb round it to read the outer inscription; and here we see—



The devout breathing of the old Elizabethan scribe begins with "God presarve";—and the sculptor has raised this like a canopy over the secular part of the record. The surname Erenqton comes easy to the chisel of the letterer—for who in the country-side but knew of Erenqton of Cocklaw, as in later days was known "The Chief of Beaufront"?—but it will be seen how he has wrestled with the Christian name of Humphrey. On the inner side he has almost hit it exactly in "WMFRA"; but when he turned the stone he appears to have lost his way among the letters, and painfully spells out "WMFOIRA." Perhaps this expanded form was more in keeping with the equivalent of letters which fills the next line, and forms the surname of the "hedesman" of the house of Errington, who built the original Linnels Bridge. Rare indeed is such an inscription in the vernacular of the period, and as we spell out the legend in the native manner we find that its author intended it for "poetry," and that the rhyming triplet was meant to read

God presarve Humfra Erenqton,
Belldete this brig of lime and stone,
Fifteen hunder an' eighty wone.

Leaving this outward and visible sign of an older time, we may pass on as we reflect that even in classic Northumberland few places are more delightful, or possess a higher historical significance, than the Linnels.

R.D. OLIVER HESLOP.

Surtees of Mainsforth.



THE life of a country gentleman residing on his paternal estates affords little variety of incident. That he was born in 1779, married in 1807, and died in 1834 comprises, together with accounts of occasional migrations to London, to Edinburgh, and once to the Continent, almost the whole personal history of the author of the standard History of the County Palatine of Durham—Robert Surtees, Esq., of Mainsforth.

Mr. Surtees's grandfather, Hauxley Surtees (merchant-adventurer in Newcastle), was the fourth son of Edward Surtees, Esq., of Mainsforth, and of Crawcrook, by his first wife, Jane, daughter and co-heir of George Crosyer, of Newbiggen; and he succeeded, on the death unmarried of an elder brother, to the Mainsforth estate. The historian's father, named like himself Robert, married his first cousin, Dorothy, daughter and co-heir of William Steele, Esq., of Lamb Abbey, in Kent, and Robert was their only child who survived beyond infancy. Each parent, we are told, possessed considerable talent. The father was a skilful amateur painter; and from his graver some etched vignettes of great spirit ornament the volumes of his son. The mother was likewise an accomplished lady, with a spice of poetry in her composition, which Robert inherited and cultivated.

The lad, who was born in the city of Durham, in the Bailey, on the 1st of April, 1779, passed his school-boy years at Houghton-le-Spring, under the superintendence of Mr. Fleming, and was thence removed to Marsden, in Kent, where he was placed under the care of Dr. Bristow. Entered as a Commoner at Christ Church College, Oxford, in October, 1796, he obtained a high reputation for Greek scholarship. At the end of his academic course, he became a student at the Middle Temple. But on the death of his father in 1802, before he was of standing to be called to the bar, he retired to Mainsforth, and relinquished his connexion with the law.

Five years after his father's death, on the 23rd January, 1807, he married Anne, daughter of Ralph Robinson, Esq., of Middle Herrington, who made him an excellent, dutiful, appreciative life partner, but brought him no children.

During the greater part of his life, but particularly after his marriage, he devoted the energies of his highly cultivated mind to the study of the antiquities of his native county, and at length conceived the idea of writing its history. The first volume of this splendid work (which Dr. Dibdin, in his *Bibliographical Decameron*, styles "a princely folio") appeared in 1816; the second followed in 1820, and the third in 1822. He did not live, however, to complete the fourth and concluding volume

of this great undertaking, which was published posthumously in 1840.

Mr. Surtees died on the 11th of February, 1834, and was interred at Bishop Middleham on the 14th. The funeral was private, and attended only by a few friends, the coffin being carried to the grave on the shoulders of his tenantry, to whom his many amiable qualities had endeared him. An elegant monument was subsequently erected to his memory by his widow.

Having few personal expenses, except those involved in the beautiful form in which his history was brought out, Mr. Surtees was enabled to indulge towards others a liberality as extensive as it was delicate. Though childless himself, he was ever ready to become the companion of children, and when with them he would improvise such wild stories as charm young minds, concerning "monsters and hydras and chimeras dire."

Did there happen to be, in any society in which he was, a person who appeared to feel himself out of his element, he would delicately direct his conversation to him till he had wheedled him into a state of comfortable self-complacency. Of his familiar conversation it may be observed that he used to tell quaint personal anecdotes, often drawn from antiquarian sources, with a peculiar raciness. He had, too, a rare knack of improvising rhymes, for the most part of a humorous character



Robert Surtees

thus he greeted Mr. Nichols, jun., the son of his publisher, when he came to visit him at Mainsforth, with:—

Welcome, young stranger, to my green retreats:
Forget my proofs, and sleep between my sheets.

Towards the neighbouring poor, by whom he was much beloved, he often carried his consideration to a fanciful refinement. He would frequently drop small sums of money on the road, and enjoy the notion of the unexpected pleasure that the next poor person passing by would feel in possessing them, unencumbered with the debt of gratitude. He extended his sympathies to the brute creation, and in his love for dogs was a successful rival of his friend Sir Walter Scott, who immortalised his Maida

in a Latin epitaph containing a false quantity, which Surtees would have avoided.

Mr. Surtees's manner was generally distinguished by courtesy and consideration : but false pretension of any sort he could not bring himself to tolerate, and unlucky was the man who, in his presence, ostentatiously affected to know more than he really did ; for, besides that he was unusually ready in wit and sarcasm, it might be said of him on such occasions, as was said of Dr. Johnson, that if his pistol missed fire, he would knock you down with the butt-end of it.

Mr. Surtees was the author of several poems, which, if not of the highest order, were at least very respectable. He has more important claims on our notice, however, than his dallying with the muses ; for the example which he gave of a North-Country gentleman turning aside from races and fox-hunting, and from the squabbles of parish vestries and petty sessions, to the more dignified pursuits of literature and antiquarianism, was a service to society which ought never to be forgotten.

The biography of the historian was written by Mr. George Taylor, father of Sir Henry Taylor, the author of "Philip Van Artevelde." A very large portion of this work, a revised edition of which, edited by the late Dr. Raine, forms the first volume of the Surtees Society's publications, consists of letters from Sir Walter Scott, with whom Mr. Surtees was on terms of the closest intimacy, though he did, as we shall see, impose upon his friend in the matter of Border ballads.

Surtees's Tricks in Border Ballad Composition.

The earliest ballads extant, as the word is now generally understood, are those of England and Scotland, beginning about the fourteenth century ; and the Anglo-Scottish borderland is generally allowed to have produced the best examples. For the preservation of these precious relics we are mainly indebted to Bishop Percy, and, in a less degree, to David Herd, John Pinkerton, and Joseph Ritson, from the stores industriously collected by whom, and by their predecessor, Allan Ramsay, Sir Walter Scott drew the main part of his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." The whole of these collectors, however, except Ritson, took great liberties with the ballads, many of which they transformed almost beyond identification. In most of the collections, likewise, and particularly in the "Border Minstrelsy," were included modern imitations of the ancient ballad style, some of them founded upon old traditions which had not hitherto found a bard to enshrine them in verse, and others purely imaginary and fictitious. Besides such acknowledged imitations, there was another class of ballads, which were nothing more nor less than downright literary forgeries. These latter, which pur-ported for the most part to be taken down word for word

from the mouths of old men or women who had heard them sung in their youth, were really the composition of the persons who professed to have recovered them. In this department of literary mystification, few men were ever more successful adepts than Robert Surtees.

Mr. Surtees's facility and tact in manufacturing what he represented to be ancient verses threw every similar attempt that we are acquainted with into the shade. Chatterton's fabrications scarcely deceived Horace Walpole, while Thomas Warton at once pronounced them to be forgeries ; but Surtees's pseudo-antiques deceived Sir Walter Scott himself, who gave them ready admission into the "Minstrelsy." That beautiful fragment, "Barthram's Dirge," with its simple pathos—

They shot him dead on the Nine Stane Rigg,
Beside the headless cross,
And they left him lying in his blood
Upon the moor and moss—

was said by Mr. Surtees to have been taken down by himself from the recitation of Annie Douglas, an old woman who weeded in his garden, adding that he had only inserted some words of his own, within brackets, to supply such stanzas as the chantress's impaired memory left defective. In full faith that this was true, Sir Walter penned an introduction to the ballad, in which he entered particularly into the question of its probable locality and date, leaving it doubtful, however, whether Barthram, whoever he was, was murdered in Liddesdale or Northumberland. The late Dr. Raine's suspicion as to the authenticity of the fragment was awakened, we are told, by the introduction into it of a Grey Friar, as he knew that, although the Mendicant Friars of that order were established in Newcastle as early as the time of King Henry III., they never had any convent in Northumberland excepting in Newcastle. That it is exquisitely beautiful and touching no person of real taste will deny. Indeed, in our opinion, it is equal, if not superior, in true poetic feeling, to any genuine old ballad extant.

Another most successful imitation of the old ballad is that which relates how

—the Riddleys, and Thirlwalls, and a'
Ha' set upon Albany Featherstonehaugh,
And taken his life at the Deadmansbaugh.

The rude, coarse spirit of the whole of this—the downright merriment with which the disasters of those who either "gat a skelp," "a claw," "a twist o' the craig," or a lamed leg, are narrated—even the carelessness with which the murder outright of "the auld man" is recorded, coupled with that passing touch of superstitious horror, "lay him now wi' his face down,"—the address to the widow to leave off weeping, since such a loss might soon be repaired by a "new gude-man,"—and the counsel to the lads to "hoo away," lest they should "a' be hangid," when the legitimate vindicator of the law of the land, "the Bailey o' Haltwhistle," arrived, but not till after the fray was over,—all seem to us to render "The Death

of Featherstonehaugh" one of the most remarkable instances that the history of literary forgeries can produce. It was sent to Scott, with the remark that it was taken down from the recitation of a woman eighty years of age, mother of one of the miners in Alston Moor, by the agent of the lead mines there, who communicated it to Mr. Surtees. She had not, she was averred to have said, heard it for many years, but, when she was a girl, it used to be sung at merry-makings "till the roof rung again." Scott first printed it in the notes to "Marmion," and afterwards inserted it, in what he deemed its proper place, in the "Border Minstrelsy." Scott did not for one moment doubt its authenticity. In a letter to Surtees acknowledging its receipt, found among that gentleman's papers at Mainsforth after his death, Sir Walter says:—"Your notes upon the parties concerned give it all the interest of authenticity; and it must rank, I suppose, among those half-serious, half-ludicrous songs in which the poets of the Border delighted to describe what they considered as 'the sport of swords.'" It is well known now that this ballad was entirely written by Mr. Surtees himself, and that the story of its being communicated to him by the agent of Alston Moor lead mines was a pure fiction. It was always said that the hoax was perpetrated to test Sir Walter's acuteness in detecting such impositions as were practised on Jonathan Oldbuck, as related so amusingly in the "Antiquary," and that Surtees never intended to suffer Sir Walter to remain long imposed upon, but that, after the publication to the world of his grotesque production, with all its paraphernalia of learned topographical and biographical notes, he either dared not or did not think it judicious to disclose the secret.

The ballad of "Lord Ewrie"—which is described as "apparently a strain of gratulation upon the event of Sir Ralph Ewre, or Ewrie, or Evers, who was killed at the battle of Ancrum Moor, being created a Lord of Parliament during his father's lifetime, in the 35th year of Henry VIII."—was written down for Scott by his "obliging friend, Robert Surtees, Esq., of Mainsforth, from the recitation of Rose Smith, of Bishop Middleham, a woman aged upwards of ninety-one, whose husband's father and two brothers were killed in the affair of 1715." This Rose Smith, we are strongly inclined to think, must have been another of Mr. Surtees's rhyme-haunted "ancient dames," known to himself only. At any rate, the whole strain of the ballad betrays the cunning hand that forged the others so cleverly.

Nor was the Wizard of the North the only collector of old ballads whom Mr. Surtees thus beguiled. The ballad of "Sir John Le Spring, who was murdered in the arms of his Leman, in his Bower at Houghton-le-Spring, 1311," which was first printed in Sir Cuthbert Sharp's "Bishopric Garland," and afterwards inserted, without preface or apology, in Richardson's "Local Historian's

Table-Book," is believed to have proceeded from the fertile brain and facile pen of the squire of Mainsforth, though the truth cannot now be ascertained; and "Derwentwater's Farewell," which was communicated to the Ettrick Shepherd by Mr. Surtees, and included in Hogg's "Jacobite Relics," was to a moral certainty Surtees's own composition, though he professed to have taken it down from recitation, as in the other cases, and to have merely inserted some verses in brackets to supply an hiatus. This Richardson gives as his firm conviction, founded "on the eloquence of the composition and its resemblance to some of his (Surtees's) other poems." The Ettrick Shepherd, we have no doubt, accepted the Derwentwater ballad as a genuine production of the period to which it refers—some time between the 'Fifteen and the 'Forty-five; but whether Sir Cuthbert Sharp was really deceived or not, it is impossible to say—only he made no protest against the mystification.

WILLIAM BROOKIE.

Daniel O'Connell in Newcastle.

IN the rising of Parliament in 1835, Daniel O'Connell set forth on a progress, or mission, as he termed it, to propagate the then current views of the Radical party in Parliament as to the necessity of reconstituting the House of Lords into a useful branch of the Legislature. He preached his doctrines in all the large towns on his route, in Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds, Newcastle, Edinburgh, and Glasgow; but though "the common people heard him gladly," and the more advanced reformers crowded eagerly round him, those who considered themselves the respectable classes of society, even in the middle ranks, kept aloof from his banquets and exhortations.

It was on the 14th of September, 1835, before O'Connell reached the banks of the Tyne. The time of his arrival having been fixed and announced beforehand, arrangements had been made to give him a grand dinner, as a token of the admiration of his friends in Newcastle and neighbourhood. Considerable animation was visible in the streets from an early hour. At noon a number of gentlemen assembled in St. Nicholas' Square, where a large hustings had been erected, and, shortly after, Mr. John Fife, surgeon, subsequently better known as Sir John Fife, having taken the chair, an address of congratulation was agreed upon for presentation to Mr. O'Connell. The parties then left the hustings and proceeded to Gateshead, with three bands of music and numerous banners, to meet the learned gentleman. Shortly after reaching Sunderland Road End, Mr. O'Connell and a number of friends made their appearance from the South, and the party—which by this time had increased to an immense concourse—then returned to

Newcastle. About three o'clock the procession reached St. Nicholas' Square. Mr. Fife again took the chair, and Mr. Charles Larkin presented the address. Mr. O'Connell afterwards made a speech to the assembly at some length, and amidst great enthusiasm. He spoke in terms of contempt of the House of Lords, and stated that he would draw by ballot one hundred and seventy-five of the audience before him who would be more fitted for the office of making laws for the people than so many of the hereditary law-makers. Nay, he would draw fifty members belonging to any mechanics' institution, and then draw ten from them, and he had no doubt but they would possess more good sense and real knowledge and ability than the whole body of their lordships. He thanked God they now had a Government (that of Lord Melbourne) which desired a safe, gradual, and necessary reform in the institutions of the country—a reform, however, which it was hopeless ever to see accomplished if the House of Lords were allowed to block up the path. The orator concluded by saying:—

I inculcate peace. I do not want the stones to mutiny. But I recommend to you perseverance and perpetual agitation, until you obtain the amelioration of your institutions. The cry will go through England; each man will look at his neighbour and say—Are you for the slavery of England, or for the improvement of her institutions? Will you suffer the Peels and the Goulburns to prey upon the people of England, to tarnish that which they cannot destroy, and to prey upon that which is too bright and too glorious for animals so obscene?

In the evening three hundred and thirty-nine gentlemen sat down to dinner in the Music Hall in Blakett Street, Mr. Fife presiding. Mr. O'Connell sat on his right hand. The vice-chairs were filled by Messrs. Addison Langhorne Potter, Emerson Charnley, J. Rayne, H. Shield, Anthony Nichol, and Matthias Dunn. On the chairman's right hand sat Sir David Erakine (son of the eccentric Earl of Buchan), Mr. Thomas Doubleday, Mr. Charles Larkin, Colonel Campbell, Mr. Loeh (of Loeh, Wilson, and Bell), the Rev. Mr. Gillow, of North Shields, &c. On his left were Mr. Morgan O'Connell, M.P. (Mr. O'Connell's second son), Mr. Henry Morton (Lord Durham's land agent), Mr. C. Rayne, Mr. James Mather, of South Shields, Mr. G. T. Dunn, the Rev. William Riddell, afterwards Coadjutor Bishop to the Right Rev. Dr. Mostyn, Vicar-Apostolic of the Northern District, &c.

After the company had drunk to the health of "The King," "The People," "The Princess Victoria" (with the addition "may heaven protect her against the machinations of Orangemen"), and "The Duke of Sussex," Mr. Fife, the chairman, proposed the health of Mr. O'Connell, concluding his speech by saying: "It is not more by the misfortunes of his country than by his own talents and his own virtues that Mr. O'Connell has become the *vox publica* of Ireland, the *Hannibal ad fores* of the House of Lords, the conqueror of Wellington." Mr. O'Connell returned thanks in an eloquent speech,

which was, however, merely an echo, with variations, of that delivered by him on the platform before dinner. A variety of complimentary toasts followed, and the assemblage broke up shortly before midnight.

Mr. O'Connell set off next day on his way to Edinburgh, having made many friends in Newcastle, and, perhaps, as many enemies.

It will give the reader some idea of the rancorous party spirit which then prevailed if we quote a few samples of the bitter things that were said on both sides.

Mr. Charles Larkin, who had taken a very prominent part in welcoming O'Connell, having been appointed by the Reception Committee to present the complimentary address to him, received a double share of the abuse lavished on all and sundry who attended the meeting. The late Mr. John Hernaman, of the *Newcastle Journal*, had published, it seems, certain placards, in anticipation of the meeting, with a view "to warn his townsmen against seeming to countenance a person of Dan O'Connell's discreditable character." This proceeding on Mr. Hernaman's part led to the following outburst from Mr. Larkin:—

I am astonished at the patience of the people, that they suffer such a wretch to insult and outrage their feelings—that they permit him to pollute the town with his presence. What! shall a wretch like this be permitted to insult O'Connell? to asperse him with the foulness of his calumnies? A wretch, a thing, a reptile like this! What! shall a bat, a foul, hideous, night-flying, obscene beast or bird like this, dare affect to despise the beak and talons of the eagle? Shall the lion of the forest be provoked and outraged by a despicable creature like this—a worm and beetle of the earth, that tempts, as it crawls or runs along, your feet to crush it? I am sorry to have offended your ears by the introduction of the name of John Hernaman on an occasion like the present; but notwithstanding the loathing and disgust which the very thought of him excited in me—his very name is an emetic—still I have thought it my duty to overcome the strong loathing and disgust, in order to repel the slanders, not that he has written, for the fellow has no talents to write, but which, at the instigation of others, or for a paltry remuneration, he has printed and publicly placarded on the walls of the town against Mr. O'Connell. I apologise for having mentioned him. Flinging the scoundrel aside, I pursue my subject.

The Tory papers said Mr. Larkin's speech was an infamous appeal to "the Popish Irish rabble" of Newcastle, giving them a broad hint to resort to lynch law. That Mr. Hernaman should be murdered by the Papists was at least the obvious tendency, they maintained, of Mr. Larkin's speech, and of the plaudits of his hearers. "Mr. Larkin," observed one, "is probably a countryman of O'Connell's, for the name is, we believe, exclusively Irish—translated *Mud-head* in the Gaelic dictionaries." "Fellows like him," it was added, "are wisely permitted by Divine Providence to open their mouths, and spit forth their venom, and show their poison fangs, in order to unmask the real character of the faction."

The *Times* spoke of the Manchester and Newcastle banquets as "free and easy feeds." O'Connell's out-door auditors were described as "a scanty, scurvy lot." O'Connell himself was "a Ministerial mountebank." He

had got off his lies "specially by heart." It was to "the malignity and the mendacity" which characterized his "rabid and ruffianly attacks upon the most eminent and accomplished statesman of the age" (Sir Robert Peel) that they were to attribute the praise with which certain Ministerial writers had lately "plastered Daniel." Finally, the readers of the *Times* were told that O'Connell was "one of the most barren humbugs that ever appeared as a star out of the Land of Blarney,"—"a sheer mob mummer."

The Amateur Pitmen.

THE five gentlemen represented in our sketch, dressed in pitmen's or deputy overmen's working clothes, made their descent together, about the year 1849 or 1850, into Wearmouth Pit, near Sunderland, then the deepest in the world, and an object of great interest to scientific men; and they were daguerrotyped or photographed on returning to bank.

No. 1 is Mr. John Reay, of Sunderland and Houghton-le-Spring, head of the firm of Reay and Usher, iron manufacturers, South Hylton. He is likewise a clever artist, and one of the portraits executed by him was that of the heroic Grace Darling, which he went down to the Farne Islands expressly to take, and narrowly escaped losing his life in doing so. On the 11th of October, 1838, he left North Shields where he then resided, and took passage on board the Northern Yacht steamer from Newcastle for Leith, intending to be put ashore at North Sunderland. It was with great difficulty that this could be accomplished, as a violent gale had come on in the meantime, which made it next to impossible for a boat to leave the shore, or to approach the vessel if it did. Mr. Reay, however,

managed to get into a fishing coble, which was brought alongside at great hazard, and was safely put ashore. The Northern Yacht proceeded on its course; but neither it nor its occupants—eight passengers and thirteen men—were ever seen more. Mr. Reay was a sufferer in the dreadful Brockley Whins railway accident, where five persons were killed and forty injured.

No. 2 was a young man, named Grant, home from India, a brother of No. 5.

No. 3 was the well-known George Cooper Abbes, of Cleadon Hall, naturalist, antiquary, humourist, virtuoso, and clergyman *in partibus*, of whom we lately gave a full and particular account. (*Monthly Chronicle*, vol. ii., page 1.)

No. 4 was the late Mr. Frederick Henry Johnson, surgeon, of 9, Fawcett Street, Bishopwearmouth, a gentleman of refined literary and scientific tastes, and a diligent collector of rare curiosities.

No. 5 was the late James Gregor Grant, who died in London, in 1875, having left Sunderland, where he resided during the greater part of his life, a few years before. He was a poet, dramatist, novelist, and critic of some note, as well as an able lecturer on literary and other topics. His genial disposition and courteous manners made him friends on all hands. His chief literary works are "Madonna Pia, and other Poems," in two volumes 8vo, and "Rufus, or the Red King," a historical novel, in three volumes. Mr. Grant likewise contributed largely to local, London, and Edinburgh periodicals and journals, and for some time, we believe, edited the *Durham Advertiser*.

It may be added that Monkwearmouth Pit, originally the property of Messrs. Pemberton and Co., now of the Wearmouth Coal Company (Limited), has always been reckoned one of the most scientific.



cally constructed coal mines in the kingdom; and its winning afforded a most striking example of enlightened speculative enterprise and steady determined perseverance. The shaft, which is of cylindrical form, and 12 feet diameter, is 279 fathoms (1,675 feet) in depth. The sinking was commenced in 1826, and not completed till 1836; and, during the slow progress of the work, Mr. Pemberton was frequently annoyed by hearing it said that, after all the expense he had been at, he would never succeed in reaching coal, it being impossible that there could be any under the magnesian limestone. "Well," said he, one day, to one of the sceptics, "we'll go on till we sink down to hell, and then, if we don't get coal, we'll get cinders." The face-workings of the mine are at this time more than two miles from the bottom of the shaft; but the pit is exceeded in depth by Silksworth and Dukinfield Collieries, respectively 1,782 and 2,151 feet deep, and by Rosebridge Colliery, near Wigan, which has the deepest shaft in England, being nearly 2,500 feet deep. The Lambert pit, in Belgium, however, is much deeper than that, being no less than 3,490 feet, or upwards of 580 fathoms. The discovery of coal at Wearmouth, after ten years of labour and expense, was, as may be supposed, hailed with much satisfaction, and a song was composed by some local rhymers in commemoration of the event, beginning as follows:—

You may talk of the coals of the Tees and the Tyne,
The Wallsend so good, and the Primrose so fine;
But I would engage to drink up byeth the rivers,
If the Wearmouth Wallsend waddn't beat them to shivers.

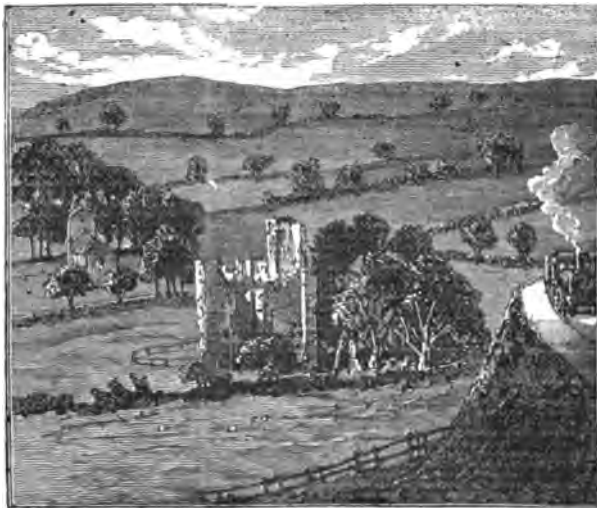
Edlingham Castle.

THE remains of Edlingham Castle, consisting of an old grey tower and other ruins, are pleasantly situated at the head of a narrow valley on the Alnwick and Cornhill Railway. There is very little to tell about the old structure, which contains a newel staircase, some interesting chimney-pieces, doorways, &c. In the reign of Henry II. the castle was held by John, son of Walden, of the Barony of Earl Patrick, by "payment of one soar hawk or sixpence." It has since been successively owned by Sir Roger Hastings, the Swinburnes of Nafferton, and the Swinburnes of Capheaton.

The Witch of Edlingham.

Brand tells us that Perkins defines witchcraft to be "an art serving for the working of wonders by the assistance of the Devil, so far as God will permit." The end or effect of it,

to use the erudite Newcastle antiquary's own words, "seems to be sometimes good and sometimes the direct contrary. In the first case, the sick are healed, thieves are bewrayed, and true men come to their goods. In the second, men, women, children, or animals, as also grass, trees, or corn, &c., are hurt." An able writer in Chambers's Cyclopædia observes that, "when, along with the knowledge of the one true God, the idea of a purely wicked spirit, the enemy of God and man, was introduced, it was natural that all supernatural powers, not proceeding directly from the true God, should be ascribed to him. Those who practised witchcraft in Christian times must be in compact with the Devil, and have renounced God and the true faith. Merely to be a witch was in itself a sin and crime that filled the pious mind with horror. This feeling, zealously fostered, first by the Catholic clergy, and then no less by the Protestant, rose to a frenzy that for four centuries filled Europe with the most shocking bloodshed and cruelty." In Great Britain the witch mania set in strong about the beginning of the sixteenth century, and continued to rage, with more or less virulence, during that and the two following centuries. By the Statute 33 Henry VIII., c. viii., the law adjudged all witchcraft and sorcery to be felony without benefit of clergy; and by 1 Jac. I., c. xii., it was ordered that all persons invoking any evil spirit, or consulting, covenanting with, entertaining, employing, feeding, or rewarding any evil spirit, or taking up dead bodies from their graves to be used in any witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment, or killing or otherwise hurting any person by such infernal arts, should be guilty of felony without benefit of clergy, and suffer



death; and if any person should attempt by sorcery to discover hidden treasure, or to restore stolen goods, or

to provoke unlawful love, or to hurt any man or beast, though the same were not effected, he or she should suffer imprisonment and pillory for the first offence, and death for the second. The British Solomon, under whose auspices this precious Act was passed, wrote an elaborate treatise on Demonology, wherein he quaintly designates his Satanic Majesty as "God's ape and hangman," and gravely informs his subjects and readers that the reason why so many more women are given to witchcraft than men is that, "as that sex is frailer than man is, so it is easier to be entrapped in these grosse snares of the Divell, as was well over proved to be true by the serpent's deceiving of Eva at the beginning, which makes him the homelier with that sex sensitive." Under these ridiculous but pernicious statutes, the witchcraft delusion which had theretofore committed but occasional local mischief, became an epidemical frenzy, devastating every corner of the land. The poor creatures who usually fell victims to it are thus described by Gaule, in his "Select Cases of Conscience touching Witches and Witchcraft," published in 1646:—

In every place and parish, every old woman with a wrinkled face, a furred brow, a hairy lip, a gobber tooth, a squint eye, a squeaking voice, a scolding tongue, having a rugged coat on her back, a skull-cap on her head, a spindle in her hand, a dog or cat by her side, is not only suspected but pronounced for a witch. Every new disease, notable accident, miracle of nature, rarity of art, nay, and strange work or just judgment of God, is by the people accounted for no other but an act or effect of witchcraft.

That execrable witch-finder, Matthew Hopkins, who, as Butler says—

after proved himself a witch,
And made a rod for his own breech,

being regularly tried in his own way, condemned, and, as it seems, executed, was the means of bringing to the gallows no fewer than sixty reputed witches in his own county of Essex. In Newcastle-upon-Tyne, on the evidence of a Scotchman, whom the magistrates entered into an agreement with, for the discovery in this town of the devil's imps, by pricking suspected persons with pins, bearing his travelling expenses and giving him twenty shillings a-piece for all he could condemn, one wizard and fourteen witches were tried and convicted at the Assizes in 1649-50; and they were all afterwards executed, as appears not only from Gardner's "England's Grievance," but also from the parish register of St. Andrew's, wherein the names of the sufferers are recorded. Three thousand persons, conceived to be guilty of witchcraft, are said to have perished, by legal executions, in England, during the Commonwealth era, independently of those put to death summarily by the mobs. Under the Restoration, Sir Matthew Hale, one of the wisest and best men of his time, and Sir Thomas Browne, who wrote an able work in exposition of Popular Fallacies, were not superior to the prejudices of the age, the former having tried and condemned two women, in 1664, at

Bury St. Edmund's, for bewitching children, and the latter having borne the strongest evidence against them. Two generations subsequently, in 1716, a Mrs. Hicks and her daughter, aged nine, were hanged at Huntingdon for selling their souls to the devil, and raising a storm by pulling off their stockings and making a lather of soap. The statutes against witchcraft, or Witch Acts, as they were called, were not repealed till 1736, when, by statute 9 George II., c. v., it was enacted that no prosecution should in future be carried on against any person for conjuration, witchcraft, sorcery, or enchantment; nevertheless, the misdemeanour of persons pretending to use witchcraft, tell fortunes, or discover stolen goods by skill in the occult sciences, is still deservedly punished with a year's imprisonment, and till recently by standing four times on the pillory.

It was not to be expected that the cessation of judicial proceedings against the alleged satellites of Satan would at once put a stop to the popular outrages on supposed witches. In fact, it did no such thing. It merely went to convince sincere believers in the reality of diabolical influence and possession, that the rulers of the land had become sceptics or infidels—for whom the oft-quoted text of Scripture, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," had lost its terrible significance. In 1751 an aged female pauper and her husband were killed for having sold themselves to the devil by a mob near Tring, in Staffordshire; and when one of the perpetrators was tried and executed for the murder the villagers regarded him as a martyr to God's sacred truth. Not longer ago than 1863 a reputed wizard was drowned in a pond at the village of Hedderingham, in Essex, and it was considered worthy of notice that nearly all the sixty or seventy persons concerned in the outrage were of the small tradesmen class. Wise men and wise women, or white witches, as they are sometimes styled, are still to be found by such as seek for them in most parts of the country; and provincial newspapers, every now and then, supply their readers with "modern instances" of debasing credulity.

A case of witchcraft occurred in the neighbourhood of Alnwick in 1682-3. The alleged witch was a poor old woman, named Margaret Stothard, who lived at the village of Edlingham. The depositions, which have, happily for the curious in such matters, been preserved, are given at length in Mackenzie's History of Northumberland. They were taken on the 22nd day of January in the above year, before Henry Ogle, of Edlingham, one of his Majesty's justices of the peace for Northumberland, whose father, John Ogle, was high sheriff of the county in 1655, and who himself died so late as 1711, the ninth year of Queen Anne.

John Mills, of Edlingham Castle, yeoman, confessed before this worthy magistrate, and solemnly swore that, about the spring-time of the year, three years bygone or

thereby, "on a Sabbath day at night, being lyeing in his bedd," but not having alept any, he "did heere a great blast of wind as he thought goe by his window, and immediately following there was something fell with a great weight upon his hart, and gave a great cry like a catte, and then after another in the same manner, and just as those was ended there appeared a light at his bedd foot, and he did in the some light see Margaret Stothard or her vision to the best of his knowledge; so the poore of his speech being taken from him at the tyme, and as soune as ever he recovered strenth to speake, he cryed out, "The witch! the witch!" Soe his familie asking what was the matter with him, informant assured his wife and the rest of the familie that the witch Margaret Stothard had been upon him. Soe the said informant was in such a condition that they were forced to hold him, and they could not get him holden, but was forced to come and fetch a brother of his to help them. And several times this informant haith had that truble, and alwayes before it came he would heere the blast of wind as aforesaid come by his window, that he would been of such a fright that the very hairs of his head would stand upwards, till such times that he gote up and lighted a candle and taken his Bible and readd, which would something qualifie his feare."

"Some tyme about somer gon a yeare," that is, a year and a half before the information was laid, John Mills had been away at his landlord's paying his rent, and when he was coming down the street, and hard by Margaret Stothard's door, a flash of fire came over before him, and, as he thought, "went to her doore." He was "not at all afraid for the fire," he said, until his horse took to a stand, and would neither go back nor forward. Then he began to be afraid, and his hair stood upward on his head. But he had the presence of mind left to cry out, "O Lord, deliver me for Thy mercy saike, and for Thy own name saike!" Then the horse went forward and he got home. But he continued in great pain all that night, so that he was forced to send for his brother and other neighbours to stay with him till next morning.

William Collingwood, of Edlingham, deposed that about eight or nine years before, to the best of his knowledge, one Jane Carr, of Lemendon, had some discourse with him about Margaret Stothard, when that good woman, "with weeping teares," told him how Margaret had charmed a child of hers that was unwell. One day, according to her statement, a woman came in and said, three times over, "Here's a fine child!" and no sooner had this woman gone away than the child "took a shrieking and crying that it had almost skirled to death." But Margaret Stothard chancing to be in the town in the meantime, and being a reputed charmer for such sudden distempers, Jane Carr called her in to see the child, telling her she believed it had "received wronge." Margaret took her child in her arms, and

what she said to it the mother knew not; but she put her mouth to her child's mouth, and made such "chirping and sucking" that it seemed as if she "had sucked the child's heart out," which frightened poor Jane very much. Then Margaret gave the child back to its mother, and said she would warrant it to be well enough. So saying, she "went forth and satt downe on a stone in the entrie of the house, and there began to rave herself and rift and gaunt in such an odd manner that she had almost frightened the mother of the said child out of her witts." And when she rose up and went away, a little calf that was tied in a band in another room "went perfectly madd," so that they saw nothing for it but death. The poor beast was consequently killed, and the conclusion was that Margaret Stothard, by her charming or witchcraft, had taken the distemper out of the child, and laid it upon the calf.

Jacob Mills, of Edlingham Castle, told another cock and bull story of the same kind. Only two days before the depositions were taken, one Alexander Nickle, of Lerbottle, and his wife, told him, he averred, that they had had a child died about eight years previously; and that, before it took ill, Margaret Stothard had come into their house and "asked hir almes" of the good wife, who, "being afraid of her by the ill fame she bore in the country that she was a witch," either refused to give her anything, or said she had it not to give her. Whereupon Margaret went away, of course very much dissatisfied. As soon as she had gone, one of the children said to her mother, "Did you not see what the woman did to you when she went away?" "No," answered Mrs. Nickle. "She waved at you a white thing three times," replied the child, whereat the mother rejoined, "I do not care for her, whatever she does; for I hope the Lord will protect me from any such as she is." But next morning, before day, the child grew unwell, and continued all that day very ill, still crying out, "The woman that waved the white thing at you is above me, pressing of me, and like to break my back and press out my heart!" And so the child continued, still crying out in that manner, until next morning again about cockcrow, when it died. The parents verily believed that Margaret Stothard was the death of it. The father, Alexander Nickle, who was present before the justice, deposed to the same effect, adding further, that, seeing the child in so sad a condition, he went up to Cartington to my Lady Widdrington, and told her the case, whereupon the lady answered that she could not understand any distemper the child had by the circumstances they told her, unless it was bewitched. And Lady Widdrington being a person of quality, and moreover a good friend of the poor, her opinion had considerable weight.

Isabel Maine, of Shawdon, spinster, was the last informant that day against the reputed witch. She

said she had been in the service of one Jacob Pearson, of Titlington, about three or four years before or thereabouts to the best of her knowledge, and had charge of that gentleman's house and milkness. The milkness somehow went wrong, so that she could not get any cheese made from it as she used to do formerly; and she really believed it had been wronged by some witch or other. So, accidentally meeting with a woman that lived at Edlingham, she desired her that she would speak to her neighbour, Margaret Stothard, whom she had often heard tell of as a reputed charmer, and tell her in what condition their milk was. This the woman did, when Stothard told her she would warrant to make their milk well enough again; and, about eight days afterwards, the charmer came to Titlington and asked the housekeeper how her or her master's milk now was. The reply was to the effect that it was pretty well now. Isabel then asked Margaret why the milk had come to be in such bad condition, and she was told that it had been "forespoken," and that some ill eyes had looked on it. When further asked why it was that her master's cows "swett soe" when they stood in the byre, her answer was that to prevent this she ought to take salt and water and rub upon their backs. Moreover, Margaret Stothard said, as touching the milk, "Always when you go to milk your cows, put a little salt in your pail or skeel." But as Isabel Maine demurred to doing that, the witch gave her a piece of rowntree wood, and bid her take that always along with her when she went to the cows, which would answer the purpose. Thinking there was no need for any such thing, however, the milk being then "in a very good condition, as usually before," the piece of wood was laid aside: yet from that day forward both butter and cheese could be got from the milk, which had not been possible before. When offered a penny, as charmer's dues, in payment for "soe mending or charming of the said milke," Margaret Stothard would not accept it, saying, "No; a little of anything will serve me." So Jacob Pearson, on being told what she said, gave his housekeeper a fleece of wool to give to the woman, and the canny housekeeper, by her own account, "gave her a little more to it." After that, they always had their milk in very good order. Before finally leaving, Margaret Stothard said to Isabel Maine: "If you judge that any person hath wronged your milk, take your cow tie and ask the milk again, for God's sake"; but Isabel, who seems to have been a very devout person, replied that she would never do that, "if their milke should never be right any more." And it would seem that the occasion for it never arose.

The result of this tragic-comic affair cannot now be ascertained. Whether Margaret Stothard was permitted to die in her bed, or in a ditch, nobody can tell. It does not appear, at any rate, that she either suffered death by the law or was hunted to death by her superstitious neighbours.

Boy Bishops.

KING EDWARD THE FIRST, on his way to Scotland, in 1299, granted a charter to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, conveying to the burgesses and good men of that town the adjoining town of Pandon, then called Pampedon, so that it and Newcastle might ever after become one town. This same year Edward honoured a chapel at Heaton with his presence to hear "a certain bishop of boys" say the vespers of St. Nicholas there, "and to the said bishop, and to certain boys who came with him and sang along with him, his Majesty gave an alms of forty shillings to be divided amongst them, by the hands of Lord Henry, his almoner." So we learn from the Wardrobe Account of the 28th year of Edward I., published by the Society of Antiquaries in London, and quoted by Brand. The sum of forty shillings presented by the king to the boys would be equivalent in weight to one hundred and thirty-two of our modern shillings, and in purchasing power to at least twice as many.

The curious practice of electing a boy bishop on St. Nicholas' Day (6th of December) in each year, is said to have been observed in pre-Reformation times in almost every parish in England. Bishop Hall, in a work quoted by Brand in his "Antiquities," tells us—"In some places, upon St. Nicholas, St. Katherine, St. Clement, or Holy Innocents' Day, children were wont to be arrayed in chimera, rochets, and surplices, to counterfeit bishops and priests, and to be led, with songs and dances, from house to house, blessing the people, who stood grinning in the way to expect that ridiculous benediction. Yea, boys on that holy spot were wont to sing masses, and to climb into the pulpit to preach (no doubt learnedly and edifyingly) to the simple auditory." Strype, quoted by Hone, says, in his "Memorials," the boy bishop or St. Nicholas was commonly one of the choristers, and therefore in the old offices was called *Episcopus Choristerum*, Bishop of the Choristers, and was chosen by the rest to the honour. But afterwards, Strype goes on to say, "there were many St. Nicholases, and every parish, almost, had its St. Nicholas. And from this St. Nicholas' Day to Innocents' Day at night [28th December] this boy bore the name of a bishop, wearing the mitre and the pastoral staff, and the rest of the pontifical attire; nay, and reading the holy offices. While he went his procession, he was much feasted and treated by the people, they, as it seems, much valuing his blessing, which made the people so fond of keeping this holiday."

There is printed in the Notes to the Northumberland Household Book, from an old manuscript communicated by Thomas Astle, author of the "History of the Origin and Progress of Writing," an inventory of the splendid

robes and ornaments belonging to one of these boy, bearn, or bairn bishops. We modernise the spelling :—

Imprimis. One mitre, well garnished with pearl and precious stones, with notches (dents or jags) of silver, and gilt before and behind.

Item, four rings of silver and gilt, with four red precious stones in them.

Item, one pontifical with silver and gilt, with a blue stone in it.

Item, one ouch (collar), broken, silver and gilt, with four precious stones, and a pearl in the midst.

Item, a cross, with a staff of copper and gold, with the image of St. Nicholas in the midst.

Item, one vestment, red, with lions, with silver, with braids of gold in the orfrays of the same.

Item, one alb to the same, with stars in the pare.

Item, one white cape, stained with tristles and orfrays, red silk, with dors of gold, and white napkins about the necks.

Item, four capes, blue silk with red orfrays, trailed, with white branches and flowers.

Item, one stained cloth of the image of St. Nicholas.

Item, one tabard of scarlet, and a hood thereto lined with white silk.

Item, a hood of scarlet, lined with blue silk.

On the day of his election the bairn bishop was escorted by the rest of the boys in solemn procession to church, where, with his mitre on, he presided during the time of divine worship; this ended, he and his companions went about singing from door to door, and collected money, not begging it as alms, but demanding it as the bishop's subsidy. The most handsome youth was commonly chosen to act as bishop—at least this is recorded to have been the case at York.

The boy bishop of Salisbury is actually said to have had the power of disposing of such prebends there as happened to fall vacant during the days of his episcopacy, If he died during his office, the funeral honours of a bishop, with a monument, were granted to him. Bishop Hall says that in his time (A.D. 1640) in the Cathedral Church of Salisbury there was still to be seen (unless it had been lately defaced) a perfect monument of one of these boy bishops, who died in the time of his young pontificality, accoutred in his episcopal robes.

On St. Nicholas' Eve, it was customary for children to fast, and to hang up their stockings, or place their shoes or slippers outside their bedroom doors, for the saint to fill them before morning with good things, such as sweetmeats, nuts, apples, pears, and other such valued trifles. In some places it is said to have been customary to throw purses that night in at the windows of poor "tocherless" maids, to be marriage portions for them. And when the bishop went about in the procession next day, "the ignorant but well-disposed people received the boys gladly in their houses, and set before them as much good cheer as ever was wont to be had."

Strype, in his "Memorials," already quoted, speaking of the boy bishop, says: "I shall only remark that there might this at least be said in favour of this old custom, that it gave a spirit to the children, and the hope that they might one time or other attain to the real mitre made them mind their books."

St. Nicholas, who was born at Patara, a city of Lycia,

mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles, was chosen to be the patron of boys on account of his having, by dint of fervent prayer, restored to life two school boys, the sons of an Asiatic gentleman, who were murdered by the landlord at an inn where they stopped on their way to Athens. The baggage and effects they had with them were too great a temptation for Boniface, who suffocated them in their sleep, and then cut them into pieces. St. Nicholas, however, being bishop of the place, had a vision of this impious transaction, and immediately went to the inn, where, calling the host to him, he reproached him for his horrid villainy. The man, perceiving that he was discovered, confessed his crime, and entreated the bishop to intercede on his behalf; whereupon the saint, being moved with compassion at his contrite behaviour, besought Almighty God, not only to pardon the murderer, but also, for the glory of His name, to restore life to the murdered innocents. Hardly had he finished his prayer, when the mangled and detached pieces of the two youths were re-united. This curious legend explains the well-known emblems of St. Nicholas, two naked children in a tub.

From the circumstance of scholars being anciently denominated clerks, the fraternity of parish clerks adopted St. Nicholas as their patron. Robbers are also called St. Nicholas' clerks or St. Nicholas' knights, which is accounted for by his once compelling some thieves to restore a quantity of stolen goods, and bringing them back "to the way of truth." St. Nicholas was also the mariners' saint, owing to his having preserved from a storm the ship in which he sailed to the Holy Land, and also certain mariners who in a storm invoked his aid.

The show of the boy bishop was abrogated by royal proclamation in the reign of Henry the Eighth, rather on account of its levity and absurdity than of its superstition. It was restored in all its wonted pomp by Queen Mary, and again put down when Queen Elizabeth came to the throne. Yet it seems to have been exhibited in the remoter country villages down to the latter part of her reign; and the anniversary custom at Eton of going "ad Montem" is said by Mr. Warton, in his "History of English Poetry," to be only "a corruption of the ceremony of the boy bishop and his companions, who being, by Henry the Eighth's edict, prevented from mimicking any longer their religious superiors, gave a new face to their festivity, and began their present play as soldiers." The day was changed, for some reason or other, from St. Nicholas' Day to Whit Tuesday, when the scholars used to go in procession, once in three years, to a certain mound known as the Salt Hill, near the Bath Road, levying by the way from any chance passer, as well as from every person present, tribute to buy "salt." These juvenile tax-gatherers were attired in fancy dresses of silk, so that they made a very fine appearance. The King and Queen, besides many members of the nobility, frequently honoured the procession with their presence;

and on such occasions the money collected (sometimes as much as a thousand guineas) was given to the senior scholar to support him at Cambridge. This custom was discontinued in 1847.

The Lambton Worm.

THE SIN.

IT was the holy Sabbath, and—as some have told—Easter Day, the high Sabbath of the Christian year. The matin-bell was clanging in the old chapel by the Wear, where Lambtons, sire and son, for many a year had made their solemn vows. Here and there throughout the woodland all about troops of maidens with downcast eyes, or sprightly children, and sober matrons, and stout yeomen dressed in homespun, were seen wending their way to keep the feast of the resurrection with sacrament and psalm. The squire, leading his goodly dame, and his household gravely following, bent his steps to the sacred shrine. All his strong sons and daughters fair were in the train—all save one, and that, not then but afterwards, the heir of all his ancient lands and name. John was the spoiled laddie of the house, wayward and wild; nor recked he of good or evil, could he but come at all he wished. Vainly rang the bell for him, and the sweet strains of worship had no charm for him. He loved not to kneel in prayer, or to join in pious chant. Better far did he love the bright free air of the beauteous spring-time, with the song of merry birds and the plash of leaping waters. And so when others passed to prayer he took his gay strong rod, and, sauntering adown the rich green banks of the Wear, set himself down to fish. Long he sat and sore fretted that no silly trout would take his clever bait. Ill could he brook that he, forsooth, should toil and watch for nought; so it came at last that he cursed his luck, and cursed the fish, and cursed the silvery water that yielded him no sport. Oaths were a bait that could not wholly fail. Did not the old wives tell him that “curses, like chickens, would come home to roost”? Perchance his would come again; he cared not so that none should mock him for his folly on the holy day. Once again he threw the line, when, lo! there was a tug, a strain, a catch. And such a catch! It pulled so hard he thought it was a salmon, or a bigger prize. But when it reached the water’s top, ah me! it was a little ugly worm—an eft, a thing of slime, and fearsome to look upon, with gaping mouth, and nine little mouths on each side its head besides. Wrenching it from his hook, the angry John flung it from him far away, and it alighted in the silent waters of a well on the river banks. To him came a stranger, old and worshipful, who bade him good morrow, and asked him what sport. To the which greet-

ing John roughly answered, “I think I’ve caught the devil”—and so he had, though he believed not what he idly said. The aged stranger looked into the clear, bright waters of the well, and there espied the filthy newt, which seeing, he devoutly crossed himself and sighed for the woes the fish-fiend would surely bring upon the home and lands of Lambton.

THE CURSE.

The evil worm thrrove fast in the clear sweet water of the well, and it soon outgrew the bounds of its watery cradle, nor could its huge maw be staid with fluttering midge and lowly moss. It grew and grew most wondrously, and sought another resting place and other food. In the centre of the river was a peeping rock, grassy and moist. Thither by day the elfish worm would come, and, coiling itself round and round, basking in the sun, slumber to the music of the prattling stream. By nightfall it would wend its way to Penser Hill, coiling its long length around until it circled the hill’s wide base. But, spirit of evil as it was, the night was its hour of going forth to seek its prey. And, ever as it grew, it roamed further afield to stay its hunger; and as it fed it grew in length and bulk, until there seemed no end to its devouring or its size. It drained the cows of their milky treasure, and worried the lambs in their play, seizing them, rending them, and crushing their tender bones in its now gigantic jaws. When it had laid desolate all the region on one bank of the river, it passed over to the other side, and made its way, eating all things as it went, towards Lambton Hall, where the old squire sat sullen and sad in the gloaming of his age, sorrowing for his four dead sons, but most of all for the living one who ere this had gone to the wars. Great was the terror of the squire’s household when the scaly dragon was seen making for the hall. The old steward gave counsels of peace, and at his bidding the great trough in the courtyard was filled with sweet new milk. The grim worm drew near to the trough, and shortly drained it to the last drop; thus his hunger and rage were soothed, and he crawled back to his rocky lair in the bed of the river. Sure as the morning was his return day by day; and if perchance there was shortness of milk—the trough would hold the yield of nine cows—he would suddenly rage with great fury, lashing his vast tail round tall trees, and tearing them up by the roots. Far and wide the bruit of the cursed worm went out, and many a gallant knight sought Lambton Hall, girt with right trusty lance or sword, bravely mounted and armed from head to foot; but the strong worm wound round and round the knights as erst around the trees, and crushed both horse and rider in its folds; or, if some true cut severed the loathsome carcase, the pieces came together quickly, and the worm was as before. Sadness and weeping were in Lambton Hall. All the land lay blighted, and the stricken folks could only groan and tell their beads, awaiting Heaven’s good will.

THE PENITENT'S RETURN.

It must be told that he who had brought this evil to pass had laid to heart his devious ways, and had gone to fight the Saracen in the Holy Land. Seven long years he wandered and fought, and then turned his footsteps hastening homeward. What woe is this? 'Twere meet that the heir's returning should be the beginning of gladness for those who had mourned him absent. Death had spared the old man only this one of his many sons: why then comes he not forth to welcome, as of old the father came to meet the trembling prodigal? Alas! grief upon grief had well-nigh wasted the last drop of oil in the old man's lamp of life. Yet a father's love was hidden beneath the ashes of a smitten heart, and knightly John was lovingly embraced. Strange tidings had that woeful sire to tell his son; and the son, learning of the fate so often dared and suffered by the knights who had so bravely sought to slay the impish worm, warily, as became a well-trained warrior, pondered the greatness of the peril—not that he shrank, but that he would win deliverance to his father's house, and solace to his own most troubled heart, albeit he died in winning it. He had brought this curse on all he loved, and it was no meet atonement that he should simply die, and so add grief to the grief he fain would heal.

THE WITCH.

Now there dwelt in a lonely hut an aged wife, wrinkled and yellow, with matted locks and piercing eyes, and rugged, screaming voice. Her commune was with the dead and the lost, and the outer darkness whence come pestilence, devilry, despair, and death to the children of men. To her the troubled chieftain went, that he might know the dreadful truth of all this mischief, and perhaps also how the ill should be undone. The witch was crooning over her smouldering fire of stolen wood, humming the mystic chants of her darksome craft, as she dozed above the dying embers. Brave John had come to learn the worst and best, if any best there was, or worse than had been yet. The haggard wife lifted upon him her piercing eyes, and in hot breath as of the nether pit reproached him as the cause of all this death and grief. But when she read his true heart in the tear-dimmed eyes, and knew that he was ready to do all man might do in such a strait, she bade him tell the castle armourer to stud his coat of mail with spear heads, sharp-edged as well as pointed, that so the brute, entwining itself about him, should, the more it pressed, the more hurt itself and waste its strength. Moreover she named the dreadful price of victory. He must vow to Heaven that the first living thing he met on his return from the encounter should be by him slain in sacrifice of thanks, for that, if he failed, the nine mouths of the dragon must needs be stopped, and so nine Lambtons, sire and son, should die by shock of accident or battle.

THE COMBAT.

By prayer and fasting, making his peace with Heaven,

and donning his spear-studded suit of mail, brave John made ready for the fight; then sought his father's benison. Then thought he of his vow, and, fearing much how it might be, he bade his father listen till he heard his bugle blast, then slip his favourite hound, that this, his faithful friend in life, might be the first of living things to meet the victor in the strife, and so become his victim for the vow. Then forth he went about the time the monster was on his way to gorge himself at the courtyard trough. Not long was the knight in espying the huge beast rolling over the mead in hungry haste; but what a monster, and how small the ugly eft he once had likened to the devil! This was the devil in good sooth—

Between his head and his tayle
Was xxii. fote withouten fayle;
His body was liken a wine tonne.
He shone full bright agenst the sunne.
His eyes were bright as any glasse,
His scales were hard as any brasse.

The knight lifted his soul in prayer, then rushed upon the dragon, might and main, as he paused on the river bank. Fiercely he struck and smote, now here, now there, but naught availed. The serpent rose, and, seizing hold, wrapped the strong heir of Lambton in its deadly coils. Then was the witch's wisdom seen. The more the serpent pressed, the more it cut those hard scales no sword in mortal hand could more than dint. Its pain fed its fury, and it clutched so hard that the razor-like spears cut it in many a piece, and the severed masses floating down the blood-stained stream, were never seen or heard of more.

THE FATAL VOW.

The combat over, the victor dashed the throbbing head and loathsome tayle of the worm's corse from off his path, and, hasting homewards, blew a blast upon his horn so loud and joyous, that the woods were filled with far-reaching music. The father, waiting that welcome signal, forgot his part, and, leaving his hound in leash, himself ran forth to meet his victor boy. Not joy, but tears and heavy groans, returned the father's greeting. Amazement and great sorrow seized upon the gallant warrior in the triumphal hour; for his vow, that dreadful vow, was falling like mist of death between the father and the son. And yet this dear old father must not, shall not die. What said the witch-wife with her shrill, screaming voice? That if the heir of Lambton failed him of his vow, nine heirs of Lambton, one for every one of those false mouths upon the dragon's head, should die by force. Good, so let it be. This aged lord has borne the brunt of all these ills; spare him, just Heaven, and let nine heirs of Lambton pay the vow, in painful deaths away from couch and loving hands to tend them. Heaven heard and registered the vow. The sager hound was slipped from the thongs that held him; and on he rushed to the well-known bugle call, and when he reached his noble master's feet, the hand that should have stroked his silken head drew forth a dagger and stabbed him to

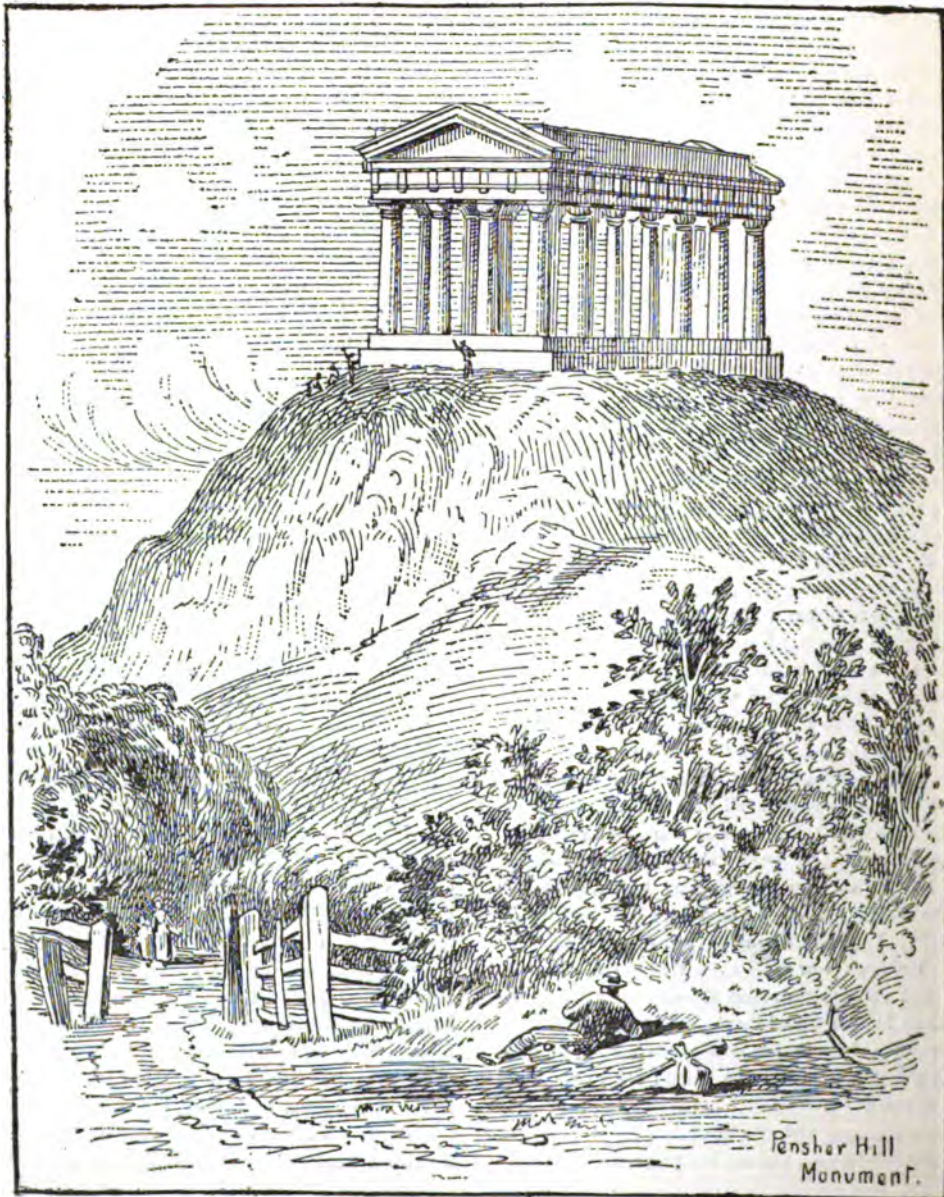
the heart. Alack-a-day, this too late offering served not to stave away the dreary fate from nine succeeding Lambton lords. Some in battle, others in hunting, each by some ill chance, met death, until the vow was redeemed, as Henry Lambton, member for the City of Durham, died in his carriage, on June 26, 1761, when crossing the new bridge in Lambton Park.

The Pensher Hill Monument.

The foundation stone of the monument that adorns the hill around which the Lambton Worm is traditionally said to have coiled itself, was laid on Wednesday, August

28th, 1844, by Thomas, Earl of Zetland, Grand Master of the Free and Accepted Masons of England. The monument was erected to the memory of John George Lambton, Earl of Durham, who died at Cowes on the 28th of July, 1840, for "the distinguished services he rendered to his country, as an honest, able, and patriotic statesman, and as the enlightened and liberal friend to the improvement of the people in morals, education, and scientific acquirements." Pensher Hill was chosen as the site, owing to its having been for many years connected with the property of the Lambton family.

It was estimated at the time that no fewer than 30,000



Pensher Hill
Monument.

persons congregated at Penser to witness the ceremony of laying the foundation stone. The following inscription, which was placed on the lower stone, was tastefully engraved on a brass plate:—

This stone was laid by
THOMAS, EARL OF ZETLAND,
 Grand Master of the Free and Accepted Masons of
 England, assisted by
 The Brethren of the Provinces of Durham and North-
 umberland, on the 28th of August, 1844,
 Being the Foundation Stone of a Memorial to be erected
 To the Memory of
JOHN GEORGE, EARL OF DURHAM,
 who,
 After representing the County of Durham in Parliament
 For fifteen years,
 Was raised to the Peerage,
 And subsequently held the offices of
 Lord Privy Seal, Ambassador Extraordinary and
 Minister at the Court of St. Petersburg, and
 Governor-General of Canada.
 He died on the 28th of July, 1840, in the 49th year
 of his age.

This Monument will be erected
 By the private subscriptions of his fellow-countrymen,
 Admirers of his distinguished talents and
 Exemplary private Virtues.

John and Benjamin Green, Architects.

The design of the monument is copied from the Temple of Theseus. The dimensions, however, are exactly double those of the original. Thus, the columns of the Temple of Theseus are 3 ft. 3 in. in diameter, while those of the Durham Memorial are 6 ft. 6 in. The total length of the structure is 100 ft., the width 53 ft., and the height from the ground 70 ft. at one end, and 62 ft. at the other. There are eighteen columns—four at each end, and seven at the flanks or sides, counting two of the end ones on each flank. The monument

occupies so commanding and conspicuous a position that it can be seen from almost all parts of the district between the lower reaches of the Tyne and the Wear.

Featherstone Castle.

SIDNEY GIBSON informs us that "the old tower of Featherstone, on the wild and wooded banks of the South Tyne, formerly the inheritance of an historic family of Northumberland, is a good example of a peel tower, merged, so to speak, in a modern castellated mansion." But old writers tell us that the tower which formed the stronghold and refuge of the Featherstones in the turbulent Middle Ages stood on the higher ground, in the vicinity of two standing stones, fancifully compared to feathers, memorials of some otherwise unrecorded fray, and that when this old peel fell into decay a castle was built for better accommodation on the haugh below: hence the name of Featherstonehaugh.

The castle stands on the east bank of South Tyne, between Haltwhistle and Alston. The meadows around it are uncommonly rich; the trees in the hedgerows and on the lawn are large and luxuriant; and the plantations throughout the whole estate are remarkably healthy, dense, and beautiful. When Hutchinson wrote, in the year 1776, he speaks of the castle, of which he gives a fine view, as "little more than a square tower, calculated for defence against those tribes of robbers, the mostroopers"; and he adds that it had two exploratory turrets, the prospect from which, however, was narrow, being



confined to "some cultivated lands on the skirts of the hills, little groves hanging over the brink of the river, grassy plains forming the depth of the vale through which the Tyne rushed, and a few scattered cottages—over which solemn and gloomy mountains on every hand impended." In Hutchinson's view, a number of out-offices is shown surrounding the tower on two sides, probably barns, stables, and cow houses, and there is also what seems to be a modern dwelling-house attached. The tower, like a great many other Border peels, was vaulted underneath for the purpose of securing flocks and herds in the time of assault; and the family lived in the upper stories, which were reached by a stone stair. The appearance of the place is now completely changed, alterations and additions having been made to the original building, all more or less in keeping with the old edifice, so as to convert the whole into a handsome castellated mansion. The spacious front is pleasantly varied by projections, additional turrets, and dissimilar windows; and ivy adds to the picturesqueness of the walls. Scarcely anywhere can there be found in this part of the kingdom scenery more beautiful than that which surrounds the place.

The estate is known to have been in possession of the Featherstones for many long ages. The first of the family who assumed the present name is said to have been Thomas de Featherstonehaugh, who lived in the reign of King Edward III., but the estate had belonged to his ancestors long before that, since, according to tradition, a Saxon chief of the line, though without the surname, settled in the valley of the South Tyne, and most likely built the tower, as early as the eighth century. The name occurs many times in records of different periods, and representatives are now found widely scattered in several English counties, in Ireland, and the colonies, though no longer in their primal seat. One of the most noted of the family was Sir Albany Featherstonehaugh, High Sheriff in 1530, who was killed in a Border feud—an event commemorated in Surtees's famous but apocryphal ballad, beginning—

Hoot awa', lads, hoot awa',
Ha' ye heard how the Riddleys and Thirlwalls and a'
Ha' set upon Albany Featherstonehaugh,
And taken his life at the Deadmanshaugh?
There was Willimoteswick,
And Hardriding Dick,
And Hughie of Hawden, and Will o' the Wa'.
I canna tell a', I canna tell a',
And mony a mair that the de'il may know.

In the latter end of the reign of Elizabeth, the manor was sold to the Earl of Carlisle; but the castle and estate came afterwards into the possession of Matthew Featherstonehaugh, Esq., of Newcastle, who was lineally descended from the Sir Albany of the Elizabethan era; and his son, Sir Matthew, who was member of Parliament for Morpeth, and after that for Portsmouth, and a Fellow of the Royal Society, sold the house and property to James Wallace, Attorney-General in 1780-83, father of

Thomas Wallace, created Baron Wallace of Knarsdale, 1828, having previously as a member of the Administration filled several public offices and sat in Parliament for many places, lastly for Weymouth. Lord Wallace died without issue, the title became extinct, and the representation of the family devolved upon the issue of his uncle. The castle is now the property of John George Frederick Hope-Wallace, eldest son of the Hon. James Hope, who assumed the additional name of Wallace on succeeding to the estates of Lord Wallace above mentioned, who in his will "placed his own right heirs at the end of the entail."

Bowrie Charlton.

THE Charltons rank amongst the four oldest families of North Tynedale. Conspicuous amongst those who took an active part in the stormy and dangerous politics of the Stuart period was William Charlton of the Bower and Reedsmouth, commonly known in his lifetime and in the traditions of the locality as Bowrie Charlton. This robust specimen of the old Tynedale squire was more than once in trouble with the authorities. One of his escapades arose out of a quarrel about a horse. It was for many years a ticklish thing for a Jacobite gentleman to be known to be a "horsey man," but Bowrie was as fond of a horse as any of his day. By way of side-light on this subject we may extract an anecdote from Dr. Charlton's valuable little book of memorials of North Tynedale. In a note to the record of Bowrie's famous duel (to be presently described), the writer says:—

In these times the penal statute, by which no Papist was allowed to possess a horse of the value of more than five pounds, was strictly enforced. In 1745, Sir William Middleton, of Belsay, seized the horses at Healesyde; and in the Leadbiter family there was a tradition of the devices resorted to to preserve a valuable horse belonging to the then owner of Warden. The horse was first hid in the wood that borders Homer's Lane; but having been heard to neigh when a picket of soldier's was riding by, it was thought dangerous to leave him there. He was accordingly brought back to Warden, and was lifted by cords up into the loft above the cart-horse stable, and there a chamber was built round him of trusses of hay and straw. His neighing here would, of course, attract no attention, unless the soldiers were actually in the stable. A few days after, while the house at Warden was closely watched by bailiffs from Hexham, the inmates were unable to go to the loft to give the horse water, and the poor animal consequently became entirely restless, stamping furiously on the floor of the loft. One of the Charltons, whose descendant still lives in Hexham, resolved to rescue the animal. While his friends led the bailiffs round to the back of the stable, to which they had been attracted by the noise, Charlton lowered the horse down through the trapdoor, and, jumping on his back, urged him at full speed across the haugh to the Tyne. It was a heavy flood, with much floating ice; but he dashed bravely in, and had nearly reached the opposite bank, when the bailiffs became aware of his flight, but none dared to follow him; and he never

drew bridle till he reached the friendly shelter of Nafferton, which was at that time occupied by the Leadbitters.

On the 21st February, 1709, Bowrie was at Bellingham Races with many others of the Tyneside gentry. The course was at Dodd Heaps, close to the town. Here, before any race was run, Bowrie got into a hot quarrel with Henry Witherington, or Widdrington, of Buteland. The two forthwith repaired to a sequestered glen hard by, known as Reedswood Scroggs, where, beneath a grove of ash trees, in their wintry bareness, they presently fought with swords. It so chanced that two brothers—William and James Laidlaw, of Emblehope—came upon the scene. There lay poor Widdrington in the last extremity, and near him was Bowrie Charlton, with blood upon his face, and also on his sword, which he was then returning to its scabbard. Bowrie bade William Laidlaw run fast to the Dodd Heaps for help; but the wounded squire was already dead. On hearing this, Bowrie took off his own cloak and sorrowfully threw it as a pall over the man he had slain. Leaping upon his horse, which was standing tethered to a neighbouring tree, he never slackened rein till he rode into the court-yard of Warden—the residence of Nicholas Leadbitter. Here Bowrie found asylum until pardoned by Queen Anne, as for a “chance medley.” By way of blood-mulct, the body of Widdrington was buried right athwart the manslayer’s pew in Bellingham Church, so that he could never reach his place of prayer without passing over the dust of his dead enemy. If this was designed as a torment to the homicide, it failed in its object, for Bowrie never crossed the sacred threshold more.

Whatever obligations Bowrie might have recognised towards Queen Anne, who had given a free pardon for his misfortune in Reedswood Scroggs, he owed, he thought, no allegiance to the “wee German lairdie” from over the sea; wherefore, he was quite ready to strike a blow for his exiled sovereign in the rising of 1715. No doubt he did take a conspicuous part in that affair, for he was at Preston, and there is a vague tradition of bravery connected with his name. But somehow his figure looms dingily through the mist of that gloomy time, and proofs of his rebel propensities must be sought elsewhere, and later. Dr. Charlton, speaking on the subject of Bowrie’s Jacobitism, and certain relics illustrating the same, says:—

Among the articles preserved by his descendants is a Venice glass with a rose and oak leaf engraven on the bowl. Between these is a single star, to which, when the King’s health was given, the loyal Jacobite placed his lips, and drank his Majesty’s health “under the rose.” Another glass, of which but very few now remain, has Prince Charles’s head and bust, with the motto, “Audentior Ibo.” Another huge Venice glass has on it, “Pero (dog), take your advantage,” which may, however, have been only a drinking word of the old squires. No doubt Bowrie, after his release, continued to cherish the memory of the Stuarts, and perhaps to plot a little in their favour when an opportunity occurred. Nothing was more likely than that he and his family should love to collect memorials of the Stuarts, and there is preserved a mull, dated 1745, with

the inscription, “O, Charlie, ye’ve been lang a cummin’.” A pair of the well-known Jacobite silk garters, woven probably at Lyons, bears the inscription, “Come let us with one heart agree to pray that God may bless P.C.” and a pincushion bears the names of the victims of 1746 on the Jacobite side. We suspect these pincushions to have been likewise made at Lyons. Another relic connected with these times is a letter written evidently by a conspirator, and couched in the most ambiguous terms. The original is addressed to Mr. William Bell, supervisor, Hexham, but there can be little doubt that it was intended for no such servant of King George, as the individual addressed in the letter itself is termed Dr. Cambray. This was no doubt a *nom de guerre*, and we have no means of knowing who was the Pontifex Maximus, nor do we believe that Wylam is the real place spoken of as the place of meeting appointed.

The following is a copy of the letter to which Dr. Charlton refers:—

Dr. Cambray,—I had yours, and nothing could give me greater pleasure than to hear that our generous and worthy friend Bowrie is still able to bend a bicker. Long may he live to teem a cog, and, while he disdain the little superficial formalities of our modern gentry, or those that would be thought such, to receive his friends with the old undisguised, gentlemanlike, hearty welcome. The proposal he made concerning Carmichael is of a piece with the general tenor of his benevolent sentiments towards the honest or the indigent portion of mankind. When he takes his flight among your Northumbrian mountains towards the Elysian fields, he’ll scarcely leave a fellow. Nor am I so partial to the Caledonian hills as to believe they ever produced a man of more honour and honesty. Carmichael is a good honest lad, but infected with that d—d Scots disease, never to spare his property or purse where friendship or necessity calls. Notwithstanding, he has three callants will receive no arguments instead of a dinner, and the good wife a yell-kid in her kilting, so that if the affair could be carried on I would willingly contribute my mite, but I want courage to beg for a countryman. If you see Bowrie, offer him my warmest good wishes, which extends to the tenth generation after him. Accept the same for the bairns, especially Bessie Bell, for I have had none to talk to since she left me. Tell her Madame Padrons has a pair of bonny bairns, and swears revenge on her for deserting her office, as she was formerly nurse. Make my compliments to her ladyship with all the havings you have, and believe me to be, with paternal as well as pastoral affection, Dr. Cambray, yours awhile.

PONT: MAX.

From the face of the deep waters, July 17th, 1750.

P.S.—I almost daily see men from south and north entirely strangers to the habitation of the young Goodman, of Bellnagih; only they tell me his father alone knows where he is, assures them he is well, and desires they may be content, and ask no more questions. Tom of Lubeck is here from Lond: and greets you kindly in the covenant, he intends to kiss your hands at Wylam, Sunday comes a week, when I must attend the conclave, but if he’s diverted by his friends I shall give you notice. Mention the honest Bp: to Bowrie. He was once his guest upon the Bellingham tramp.

To Mr. Wm. Bell, Hexham.

In 1745, Bowrie was somewhat too old to engage effectively in the final struggle for the cause of the Stuarts; but he was just the sort of man to give countenance, counsel, and comfort to the enemies of the House of Hanover. He was, therefore, thrown into prison as a suspected person, though it was thought by many to be only a ruse to keep the old rebel out of mischief. Bowrie found confinement hard to bear, and he wrote very pathetically to his good friend Collingwood, the Squire of Chirton, that he should use his

good offices to procure his release on bail. Collingwood replied as follows :—

I received the favour of yours with no small concern, and am very sensible how uneasy your confinement must make you. I shall be glad if it were in my power to put an end to it by admitting you to bail, and hoped the transmitting above such informations against you as had come to my knowledge, together with your own examination, might have procured leave to bail you; but, instead of that, the Duke of Newcastle told me in his answer that it was not proper to admit you to bail. I own, I thought that answer cruel, unless it were occasioned by some further charge against you, which you must be the best judge whether probable or not. As you stand committed by the Mayor of Newcastle, the bench of Northumberland cannot aid you, and, as the Mayor is acquainted with the Duke of Northumberland's directions, I am apt to think he will not act contrary to them. I will, however, communicate your letter to him, and do all the service I am able, but am afraid you must apply to the Duke of Newcastle for leave for the Mayor to bail you before that step can be taken. This is the true state of your case, which I thought it not improper to acquaint you with, that you might be apprized that I want power more than inclination to relieve you; for as I wish and hope you will prove innocent, I hereby sympathise with you in your suffering, and am, as I always have been, dear sir, your real friend and humble servant,

EWD. COLLINGWOOD.

Bowrie led a wild and roystering life, the life of a "fine old English gentleman, one of the olden time," fond of hunting, and still fonder of good beef and good liquor. He appears to have been, moreover, a sharp hand in the way of bargains, especially with his own kinamen, if we may credit a letter produced in Dr. Charlton's work from the steward of Hesleyside to its new owner in 1736, Mr. Edward Charlton. The letter is as follows :—

Bowrry Charlton was all wayes vearry a-Bousiffe and scornfull man to my Master—and would a made him fouldelled and sould him deare Bargains and abused him when he had done.

Bowrie had no legitimate issue, but he left behind him in the care of Edward Charlton's wife two illegitimate daughters, who were brought up with strong Jacobite sympathies, and who, while in later years residing in Hexham, were in the habit of walking out of church in a stately fashion when the prayer for the reigning family was about to be read.

The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stokoe.

DERWENTWATER'S FAREWELL.



HOUGH the feelings of a portion of the community for the cause of the Stuart family did not find such expression in ballad and song on the south side of the Border as it did on the north, yet we have reason to believe that, if the same amount of care had been exercised in the collection and preservation of those poetic memorials of the

time, many songs now figuring as Scottish Jacobite relics would be found to have originated in our own district, and south of the Tweed.

The romantic and pathetic history of the unfortunate James Earl of Derwentwater was naturally an appropriate subject for poetic fancy, and in the dearth of other Northumbrian Jacobite songs, the ballad of "Derwentwater's Farewell" is usually accepted as an interesting reminiscence of the times, notwithstanding that it is not free from the grave suspicion of being the offspring of the inventive brain and facile pen of the late Robert Surtees, of Mainsforth, Durham, although he represented it to his friend and correspondent, Sir Walter Scott, as an original poem of the time to which it refers. It was, on Scott's recommendation, inserted in James Hogg's "Jacobite Relics of Scotland," published in 1819. Mr. Surtees, in furnishing the song to the Ettrick Shepherd, said there seemed to be a hiatus at the end of the first twelve lines, and he suggested the eight lines inserted in brackets, to bring in connectedly,

Then fare thee well, brave Witherington.

The ballad bears out the popular tradition that the earl did not enter into the rebellion with the enthusiasm that might have been expected from his intimacy with the Pretender, with whom he was educated at St. Germain, in France. His large estates, the great number of men employed in his lead mines at Alston, his interest among the Catholic gentry, and, above all, his popularity in the county, could not have failed to procure him many hundreds of followers, had he been zealous in the cause. The Ministry of the day, knowing this, had issued warrants for the apprehension of himself and his brother Charles; but the secret had leaked out, and they went into hiding. Desirous of an interview with his wife and child, he stole secretly into his own hall (Dilston), when Lady Derwentwater reproached him with some asperity, saying, "It was not fitting that the Earl of Derwentwater should continue to hide in hovels when the gentry were up in arms for their rightful sovereign." Moreover, so history saith, she at the same time threw down her fan, indignantly exclaiming, "Take that, and give your sword to me." These taunts spurred the earl to set forth with such retainers as he could get at once together, and he joined General Forster in the neighbourhood, on the 6th of October, 1715, experienced the varying fortunes of the rebels, was taken prisoner at Preston, and was beheaded on Tower Hill on the 24th of February, 1716.

The tune to which this ballad is set is of considerable antiquity, and was very popular in England in the early part of the seventeenth century, under the name of "I'll Never Love Thee More," probably from the refrain or recurring final line of the stanzas of the song to which it was sung. It has been found in the "Commonplace Book" of John Gamble (a musical composer), dated 1659, under the title of "My Dear and Only Love, Take

Heed." Numberless songs have been written to it from that date to later times : amongst others, the song written by the celebrated James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, beginning

My dear and only love, I pray,
This noble world of thee,

and ending with the old refrain,

I'll never love thee more.

This song made the tune very popular in Scotland, where it has often appeared in collections under the title of "Montrose's Lynes." Oswald, in his "Collection of Scottish Airs," 1781, inserts the melody, but gives it as the tune to which the ballad of "Chevy Chase" is sung; and in Sir Walter Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" a mutilated fragment of the tune is given as the melody of the ballads of "Jock o' the Syde," "Dick o' the Cow," &c. These adaptations are both erroneous, as the ballads named have each their own particular melodies.



No more along the banks of Tyne,
I'll rove in autumn gray ;
No more I'll hear at early dawn
The lav'rocks wake the day.
[And who shall deck the hawthorn bower,
Where my fond childhood strayed ?
And who, when Spring shall bid it flower,
Shall sit beneath the shade ?]
[With me the Radcliffe's line must end,
And seek the silent tomb ;
And many a kinsman, many a friend,
With me must meet their doom.]
Then fare thee well, brave Widdrington,
And Forster, ever true ;
Dear Shaftesbury and Errington,
Receive my last adieu.
And fare thee well, George Collingwood,
Since fate has put us down.
If thou and I have lost our lives,
Our King has lost his crown.

Farewell, farewell, my lady dear ;
Ill, ill, thou counsell'dst me ;
I never more may see the babe
That smiles upon thy knee.
And fare thee well, my bonny gray steed,
That carried me aye so free ;
I wish I had been asleep in my bed
Last time I mounted thee.
The warning bell now bids me cease,
My trouble's nearly o'er ;
Yon sun that rises o'er the tide
Shall rise on me no more.
Albeit that here in London town
It is my fate to die,
O, carry me to Northumberland,
In my father's grave to lie.
There chant my solemn requiem,
In Hexham's holy towers,
And let six maids of fair Tynedale
Scatter my grave with flowers.
And when the head that wears the crown
Shall be laid low, like mine,
Some honest hearts may then lament
For Radcliffe's fallen line.
Farewell to pleasant Dilston Hall,
My father's ancient seat ;
A stranger now must call thee his,
Which gars my heart to greet.

Tower at Long Horsley.

THE old tower represented in the drawing here given occupies a commanding position to the west of Long Horsley, a village situate about seven miles north of Morpeth, in the county of Northumberland. This fortalice has apparently undergone little change in its outward features since the time it was built ; but, instead of being now the residence of a Border



OLD TOWER, LONG HORSLEY.

chieftain, it has been converted into a manse and a chapel in which Divine service is performed every Sunday according to the Roman ritual. The place is not mentioned in the list of Border towers existing in the county at the beginning of the reign of Henry VI., when Robert Horsley, who died in 1445, resided in the tower of Thernham, now called Farnham, in Coquetdale, which tower continued to belong to that line of the Horsley family till their heiress carried it to the Carnaby, of Halton, in the reign of Henry VIII.

Hodgson, from whose "History of Northumberland" we quote, could give no particulars as to the building of Long Horsley Tower or its founder, because he had seen no record, hint, or tradition. The historian, however, thought there could be no doubt that it belonged to Sir John Horsley in the time of Henry VIII.

The Streets of Newcastle.

Westgate Street.

WESTGATE STREET is one of the best known thoroughfares in all Newcastle. But the visitor who may first make its acquaintance at the lower part will not be favourably impressed with it. The very first lane was the Back Row, which had as bad a reputation as any locality in the town, but which has now disappeared. (For view of the Back Row, see p. 137.) Through this narrow and insalubrious connecting link between the Westgate and the Black Gate it was the custom in former days to convey condemned criminals in the Northumberland jurisdiction from the Castle cells to the place of execution "beyond the walls," sometimes in batches at a time.

We should remember, though, that Brand, one of the future historians of Newcastle, worked as an apprentice here. Here, too, was born Thomas Thompson, merchant, in 1773, noted in his day for his dexterity in computation and mercantile correspondence, no less than for his good nature in social life. He was the author of several local songs, of which "Canny Newcassel" was one of the most popular, as also of some graver pieces. He died in January, 1816, near the Windmill Hills. William Bell taught drawing here also. A native of Newcastle, where his father was a bookbinder, he was one of the first gold medallists of the Royal Academy, and had the honourable token presented to him by Sir Joshua Reynolds himself. The figures in his picture, "Venus Soliciting Vulcan to Forge the Arms of Æneas," were all portraits. Willie Carr, "the herculean smith of Blyth," was Vulcan. Bell was patronised by the Delaval of that day, who gave him house-room in his London house whenever he needed, and £50 a year and a cottage in the North. Most of the portraits still at Delaval Hall were painted by Bell.

Proceeding along this unattractive part of the town, in which there is nothing to detain us, except the town house of the Earls of Derwentwater, soon to disappear, like the Back Row, to make room for railway extensions, we come to Library Place, where the Natural History Museum was until recently located; to the home of the Literary and Philosophical Society; and to the Wood Memorial Hall.

Dr. Bruce, writing of the Lit. and Phil. says "the present buildings of the society are upon the site of the

town house of the Earls of Westmoreland"—otherwise the Nevilles. Mr. W. H. D. Longstaffe reported at a meeting of the Society of Antiquaries in 1858 that he had "lately inspected the inquest upon the death of Ralph Neville, the great Earl of Westmoreland, dated 4 Henry IV., and found that his house in Westgate, Newcastle, now occupied by the building of the Literary and Philosophical Society, was termed Neville's Inn." Greater authorities than Bruce and Longstaffe on Newcastle topography do not exist.

The Postern Gate, which was close at hand, had its tower named the Neville or sometimes the Denton Tower, and a subterraneous passage is said to have run from the house to the tower. We know from our local historians that when the Scots besieged Newcastle in the year 1342 Lord John Neville was governor of the town. He was the means of taking the Earl of Moray prisoner, and some traditions affirm that it was through this Postern Gate that Lord John sallied with his forces against the Scots.

Long before the Conqueror invaded England the Nevilles were a noble family—Earls of Northumberland in Saxon times. "Old Siward," the earl of his time, who fought against Macbeth at Dunsinane, according to Shakspeare's immortal play, and who lost his son in the fight, was connected with the family by marriage with one of the daughters of the house. The name of Neville is Norman, whilst its ancestry was Saxon. This is explained by the intermarriage of the Normans with noble Saxons, as a matter of policy. We read: "Robert Fitz-Maldred, lord of Raby, married Isabella, sister and heiress of Henry de Neville, a Norman of distinguished family, who had himself been heir, through their mother, to Bertram de Bulmer, lord of Brancepeth and Sheriff Hutton. Out of gratitude for this large inheritance, or in compliance with the fashion that obtained to Normandize, the Saxon lords of Raby then assumed the name of Neville."

Richard II. created the first Earl of Westmoreland. But the earl, somewhat unthankfully, deserted that king's cause for that of "the haughty Bolingbroke," and had the first Earl of Northumberland of the Percy family for his comrade in so doing. The students of Shakspeare are familiar with the story. The first Earl of Westmoreland became brother-in-law to the king just mentioned through his marriage with John o'Gaunt's daughter, by whom he had twenty-one children. The youngest of these became the mother of Edward IV. and Richard III. Richard Neville, "the last of the Barons," Earl of Warwick, and "the king maker," was one of the most powerful members of the same family. The sixth and last Earl of Westmoreland and the seventh Earl of Northumberland sought to restore the Catholic religion by the Rising of the North, their idea being to drive Queen Elizabeth from the throne, and place Mary, Queen of Scots, then her prisoner, thereon instead. The attempt

was made in vain. Northumberland escaped into Scotland, but was given up by the Earl of Morton. He lost his head at York. As for Westmoreland's last earl, he managed to get away to Flanders, where he ended his days in great poverty.

We have seen that the Nevilles played a considerable part in the national history of their day. It may be news to many amongst us that for a long time they had an annual charge on the cash box of Newcastle into the bargain. It was so, though. In 1352, Edward III. granted to the Westmoreland family an annuity for ever out of the fee-farm of Newcastle. In 1420 this amounted to a sum of £90 16s. 8d., as a receipt given to the mayor, sheriff, and burgesses of Newcastle by Ralph, Earl of Westmoreland, bearing date November 12 of that year, testifies. In 1441, Henry VI. granted a license to the then earl to give and grant to certain clerks his manors of Bywell, Bolbeck, and Styford, held of the king in chief; "also £90 16s. 8d. of rent, with the appurtenances in the town of Newcastle, of the fee-farm of the same town, the which also he holds of the king." There are other records to the same effect extant; but of course this annual payment must have long since ceased and determined, as the lawyers say.

The building known as Westmoreland Place, adjoining Neville's Inn, was levelled to the ground in 1872, and the Memorial Hall to the late Mr. Nicholas Wood was erected in its place by the Northern Institute of Mining and Mechanical Engineers. This distinguished man (who, by the way, had much more the look of a bluff country farmer, "whose talk is of bullocks," than of the skilled man of science which he undoubtedly was) is to be remembered as one of the pioneers of the railway system.

Adjoining the Wood Memorial is the home of the Literary and Philosophical Society, opened in 1825, at a cost of £16,000. The society itself was founded in 1793 for the purposes indicated by its name. The Rev. Edward Moises, head of the Grammar School, and the Rev. William Turner, a distinguished Unitarian minister of his day, were the leading spirits of the movement. At first, the members whom they gathered together met in a room in St. Nicholas' Churchyard; thence they went to the Groat Market; finally, in 1821, they took courage to purchase the present site for £3,500, which sum was guaranteed by Dr. Headlam and a few other gentlemen at their own risk, "in order that the society might have for £1,000 a piece of ground 80 feet by 46, with a front looking into Collingwood Street."

The Duke of Sussex was asked and consented to lay the foundation-stone of the new building. Accordingly, he was escorted to the Gateshead toll-bar by Mr. Lambton and Lady Louisa Lambton. There the royal visitor had the horses taken out of his carriage, and was dragged down Gateshead to the Tyne Bridge by the excited populace. On the bridge he was met by the Sheriff of Newcastle (Mr. Alfred Hall), and the members for the

borough, Mr. Cuthbert Ellison and Sir M. W. Ridley. The people on the Newcastle side of the river, taking their share of loyal work in the carriage shafts, dragged the Duke to the Mansion House, where he received an address from the Corporation. The foundation-stone was afterwards laid in due form. A piece of extravagance was here indulged in; not without its reason, though. "A plate with a suitable inscription, and an elegantly cut vase (which was presented for the purpose by Joseph Price), containing the coins of George IV., were deposited in a cavity in the stone. This vessel, 13 inches long by 3 diameter, was richly cut with pointed diamonds, strawberry diamonds, rings and twist, and the following inscription, under the arms of the Duke of Sussex, which were elegantly carved:—'Deposited by his Royal Highness Augustus Frederick, Duke of Sussex, on 2nd September, 1822.' The stopper with which it was closed was cut with pointed diamonds, starred, and highly polished; on the bottom of it was engraved, 'Presented by Joseph Price, Proprietor of the Durham and British Glass Works, Gateshead, 1822.' The whole was completed with a cap, also richly cut, to correspond with the opposite end. One object of Mr. Price in bestowing such high finishing upon this elegant present was to afford to posterity a specimen of the height to which the art of glass-making and cutting had arrived at the time of its deposit."

An amusing squib, entitled "Gathering of the Literati, in the Literary and Philosophical Society, at the Anniversary, 1831," makes some references to the local supporters of the institution in that day. It is an imitation of William Garret's "Gathering of the Whigs," and as a sample of ingenious play on names familiar at the time is not at all bad in its way:—

Little wat ye wha's comin';
Losh o' Jesmond Ha's comin',
Headlam's comin', Cookson's comin',
And every jawin' friend's comin'.

Goodlad's comin', Oldman's comin',
And baith Young and Senior's comin',
Bells are comin', Fifes are comin',
Wi' four great lords and a' comin'.

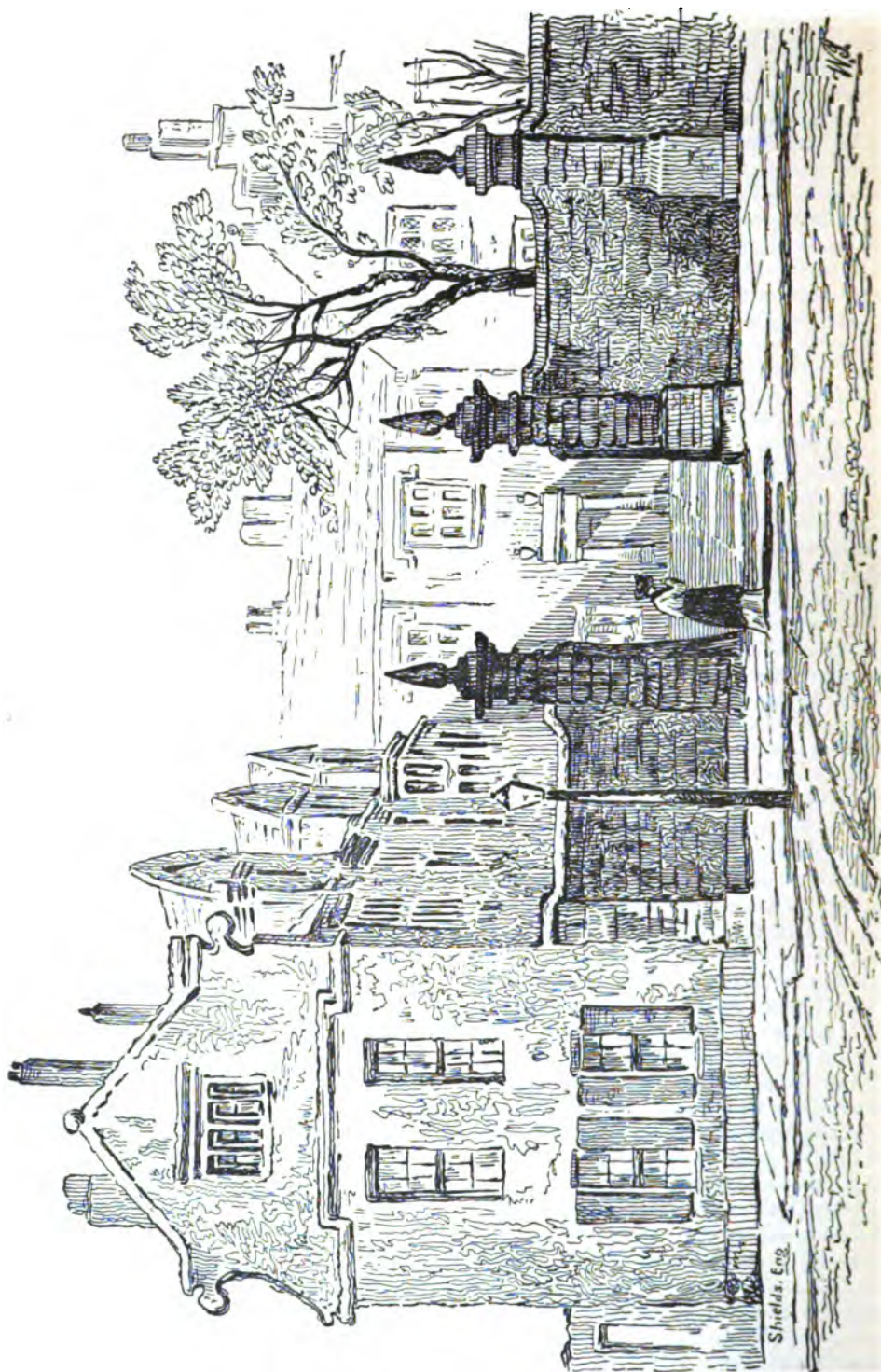
Peacock's comin', Sterling's comin';
The Blackbird, Swan, and Hawk's comin',
Roughhead's comin', Reedhead's comin',
And ev'ry Akenhead's comin'.

Taylor's comin', Turner's comin',
Plummer, Smith, and Wright's comin';
Baker's comin', Potter's comin',
Chapman and a's comin'.

Temple's comin', Garret's comin',
The Stable, Kirk, and Hall's comin';
The Frost's comin', the Fair's comin',
Wi' Fairweather and a's comin'.

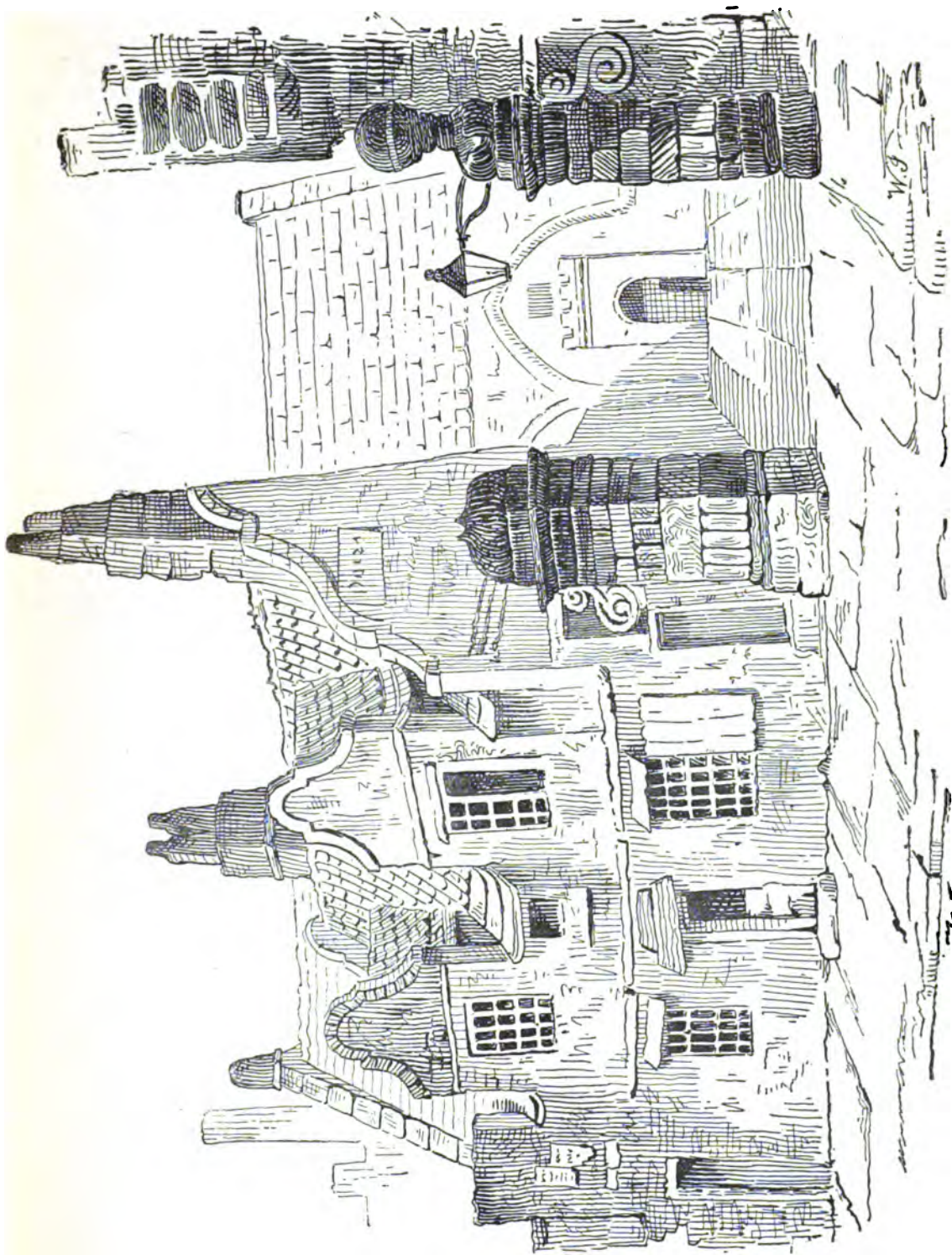
Scarlett's comin', Green's comin',
Dunn, White, and Brown's comin';
Spencer's comin', Hood's comin',
And a decent Coat's besides comin'.

Fryar's comin', and Monk's comin',
Wi' Clark and the Usher comin',
Noble's comin', and Mark's comin',
Wi' baith Small and Bigge comin'.



WESTMORLAND PLACE.

Shields, Eng.



ENTRANCE TO THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, NEWCASTLE, 1843.

The Kidd's comin', the Lamb's comin',
An' Bacon, Pigg, an' a's comin',
Cookson's comin', and Cram's comin',
An' Cramlington an' a's comin'.

Attwood's comin', Greenwood's comin',
Collingwood an' a's comin',
Alder's comin', Reed's comin',
An' every stick an' stone's comin'.

Bradshaw's comin', Greenhow's comin',
Allerdale an' a's comin',
Moor, Hill, an' Dale's comin',
Wi' Hindnaugh and Heath comin'.

The Freeman's comin', the Proctor's comin',
Wi' Bailey, Wolf, and Fox comin',
The Major's comin', the Hunter's comin',
Wi' Belt, Bragg, and Bowe's comin'.

Then haste ye a', baith great an' sma',
To hear much nonsense bawled o'er;
Let some be near each scrutineer,
When a' the list be caal'd o'er.

Opposite the "Lit. and Phil." is Denton Chare (p. 136), which brings the pedestrian by a short cut to the main entrance of St. Nicholas' Church. About the year 1325, John Denton, warden or master of St. Edmund's Hospital at Gateshead, died. It is supposed that one of his family built Denton Tower, and that he gave his name to this chare. A few years later, another John Denton was one of the bailiffs, and in due course Mayor of Newcastle; and he may very well have been the son of the aforesaid warden. Whoever he was, his plight was an evil one, for he was executed as a traitor in the autumn of 1344. In October, 1345, the king (Edward III.) sent two of his judges to investigate the circumstances. His commission appointed them "to inquire into the death of John Denton, lately killed in Newcastle, and as to certain other things done there." Accordingly, one Thomas Greathead was produced before the judges by the sheriff of Northumberland (Robert Bertram), and indicted, "for that he, with Richard Galloway, lately Mayor of Newcastle, Gilbert Dolphanby, 'who is drawn and hung,' and others seized upon Denton, and subsequently interrogated him. They sought to find out "as to whether he received from the hands of Alan Noble, a Scotch enemy of the king, a large sum of money, on condition that he (Denton), with other traitors, should hand over the town of Newcastle on the vigil of the king's birthday in the sixteenth year of his reign [1342]; whether he was to have opened the West Gate for three consecutive nights, that the Scots might enter therein; and whether at the time when David the Bruce lay at Hedwynlaws with his army, he supplied David and other Scots with victuals through one Adam Palfreyman, his servant." Denton made no reply, but remained mute. Galloway, Dolphanby, Greathead, and others, then "adjudged in punishment that Denton should remain in prison until he died. And so Denton lay in prison, and was by them feloniously killed without warrant and without cause." To this charge Greathead surrendered for trial, as we have just seen; but no evidence was given against him, and he was accordingly discharged.

We may just add, before passing from the spot, that

the house at the corner of this part of Westgate Street and Collingwood Street, now in the occupation of Mr. Pape, gunsmith, was formerly one of the residences of Sir John Fife, the eminent surgeon, who obtained a knighthood for his energy as Mayor at the time of the "Battle of the Forth."

The Hospital of St. Mary the Virgin stood near to Westmoreland Place until 1844; or, rather, all that remained of it. That year, the ruinous chancel was razed to the ground. The monument to George Stephenson's memory now stands as nearly as possible on the site of the chancel of the chapel which was attached to the hospital. Long before 1844, though, the six poor brethren of the charity had been removed from this place to a house in the Pudding Chare, almost opposite Rosemary Lane. There each of them had a room and two fother's of coal in the year, with six pounds in cash, or about two shillings and fourpence per week. The brethren were removed to Rye Hill about thirty years ago, and there they are still located.

The property of the hospital must at one time have been considerable. Founded by one Aselack, of Killinghowe, or Killingworth, in the reign of Henry II., ample treasures soon flowed in; so that we read: "In 1290, the brethren of the hospital, on their petition to the king in Parliament, setting forth that the new town wall of Newcastle had been built through the middle of their courtyard, leaving the greater part of their edifices on the outside thereof, obtained a patent for making a postern-gate of communication through the said wall." At the Dissolution, the hospital had property in twenty districts in Newcastle, and other places in Northumberland also. Like its many neighbours, the hospital was seized for the Crown, but, unlike most of them, it was never suppressed.

The Royal Free Grammar School has also its traditions associated with this same ground.* In Queen Elizabeth's time, the institution was removed to the chapel of the Virgin Mary Hospital above-mentioned, which thus became virtually the high school of the borough. It remained there till 1844, when the building was knocked down to make way for Neville Street. Then it migrated to the premises in Charlotte Square, and now it is handsomely quartered in Rye Hill, and near St. Mary's Hospital, as of old. This school had some notable men for its masters whilst situated in the Westgate; and some notable lads for its scholars too. We should but weary our readers

* The sketch of the entrance to the old Grammar School which appears on page 409 is taken from an etching by T. M. Richardson, made in 1843, the year before the building was razed to the ground. The picturesque houses seen to the left of the entrance faced toward the present Union Club. Our readers will notice the two pillars of the gateway. It may help to a better understanding of the situation of the old edifices if we mention that one of the pillars—that shown to the right of the sketch—may still be seen in its original position, but now forming a corner of the Express Inn.

were we to attempt to enumerate them all; but one or two of the masters' names may be briefly referred to. Robert Fowberry (1600-1618) was the first master of the "Free Grammar School of Queen Elizabeth in Newcastle-on-Tyne." Amor Oxley (1637-45) suffered for his loyalty to King Charles. The Common Council paid him £40, part of the arrears due to him at the time of his discharge, "in consideration of the great want and necessities, and poverty and indigent condition of the said A. Oxley," who was re-appointed head-master in 1662. George Ritschel (1648) was a learned Bohemian, who gave up his estate to his younger brother rather than renounce the Protestant faith at the bidding of Ferdinand II. After one year's experience, the Corporation granted him £10 additional salary for "his industry and careful discharge of his duty." In 1662, when the king had "come to his own again," and poor Oxley to his own too (in the same sense), Ritschel became minister and lecturer of Hexham Abbey, where his remains rest in the chancel. James Jurin (1710-1715) was styled by Voltaire "the famous Jurin." Whilst in Newcastle he gave lectures in experimental philosophy, and saved a thousand pounds, which enabled him to prosecute his plans at Cambridge and take a doctor's degree in physic, and in due time to become president of the Royal College of Surgeons. He was a fellow of the Royal Society also, and its secretary, Richard Dawes—but we must have a fresh paragraph for the redoubtable Dawes.

This head-master was appointed in 1738. It is said that his father was a searcher after the philosopher's stone. Even when an undergraduate at Cambridge, Dawes "distinguished himself by some peculiarities of conduct, which probably arose from a mixture of insanity in his constitution; and in his conversation he occasionally took such liberties on certain topics as gave great offence to those about him." His health suffered at college from his indolent habits, wherefore he betook himself to the exercise of bellringing, in which his native energy displayed itself. "He quickly became the leader of the band, and carried the art to the highest perfection." After his appointment to the Grammar School, he was also made master of the Virgin Mary Hospital. Greek studies absorbed his mind, and in 1745 he published his "Miscellanea Critica," which was spoken of in terms of distinguished applause by some of the first literary characters in Europe. Unfortunately, Dawes, with all his learning, had a most ungovernable temper. On some knotty questions of scholarship he differed with Dr. Bentley, and therefore with words of splenetic contempt only would he speak of that great man. He had the misfortune also to quarrel with the Corporation; and his revenge was unique. He taught his scholars to translate the Greek word for "ass" into "alderman"! The scholars dwindled away, and at last Dawes resigned his appointments for a pension of £80, and removed to Heworth Shore, where his favourite amusement was that

of boat-rowing. By his own desire, he was buried in Heworth churchyard.

Another paragraph is due to the two masters named Moises, uncle and nephew. Hugh Moises (1749-87) was so successful in restoring the tone of the school that the Corporation, early in the year following his appointment, raised his salary from £50 to £120 a year. In 1761, they gave him also the morning lectureship of All Saints', and in 1779 appointed him to the mastership of St. Mary's Hospital. One excellent piece of advice he used to give those of his pupils who were intended for holy orders. By way of exercise in prose composition, he set them to write sermons, but he was careful to add: "These will not be such, perhaps, as you will approve of in maturer years; but they will give you such an habit of study and composition as will be of essential advantage. Having used them, burn them and write others." Edward Moises was also a man of scholarly tastes and habits.

Leaving the interesting neighbourhood of the once famous Westmoreland Place, we cannot fail to notice the monument erected in memory of George Stephenson. We have already said that it stands on the site of the ancient chapel of St. Mary the Virgin, otherwise often enough called the Spital. This site was regarded as an appropriate one, not because the self-taught miner had any association with the ancient seat of learning, but because he was one of the pioneers of that railway industry of which the Central Station may be regarded as one of the triumphs and citadels, and also because the ancient Spital and the modern Stephenson's works are almost within a stone's throw of each other. Moreover, it was thought, reasonably enough, that the monument would most fittingly occupy the vacant spot at liberty at the time. Opinions have differed, and do differ, as to whether the monument is a worthy ornament of the town or not. On this question it is not for us to express any opinion; but certain it is that when the monument was inaugurated on October 2nd, 1862, the spectacle was imposing. Most of the trades and public bodies walked in procession; and those amongst them more immediately connected with the construction of steam engines appropriately carried models of their craft. The late Lord Ravensworth delivered the inaugural address on the occasion, as was fitting. As to the monument itself, it may be sufficient to remark that it is the work of J. G. Lough, himself a Tyneside worthy; and that the figure of Stephenson is regarded as an admirable likeness. The brawny figures at the base—four in number—typify the mining and iron-founding industries.

We leave behind us the *Chronicle* buildings, and the adjoining Union Club and the establishment of Messrs. Emley and Sons on either hand, with the observation that they must be admitted to be worthy specimens of modern street architecture. We pass, too, on the other side, the Express Inn, which stands where the lads of a former generation are pourtrayed in an old and rare

print, sketched by J. Walker, as engaged in a mimic "choosing the mayor," at the time that the real Simon Pures—the Corporation—are filing round the corner to the Grammar School in procession to appoint the in-coming Mayor, as was the custom prior to the passing of the Municipal Reform Act, 1835. The youngsters, ready as usual to ape the solemnities of their elders, had a mock election at such times. They appointed some enterprising youth to be their mayor, dressed him up in as many colours as they could manage to lay their hands upon, mounted him on a chair or board, and then carried him in state (!) round the town, to the accompaniment of drums, tin-pans, pots, and anything else capable of making a noise—the more hideous the better, we may be sure. These youngsters had an eye to business; they sought to levy blackmail on all passers-by, and with some success. This is the scene pictured in Walker's old print; and there alone may it be seen in these days.

The venerable church of St. John next attracts our attention. Of the original structure probably only the tower remains; but the building itself was certainly in existence in 1287. Robert Rhodes (who died in 1474), the reputed originator of the famous steeple of St. Nicholas, restored much of the tower and body of this church also. His arms, which are also in two other churches of the town, are here under the belfry. The building has been repeatedly tinkered since then; at present it is in good condition. According to Mackenzie, "the internal repairs of this church are frequent and expensive, it being peculiarly liable to the dry-rot, for which no effectual remedy has yet been devised."

In 1419, a curious mandate was issued by the Bishop of Durham (Thomas Langley), which is illustrative of the times. The document was addressed to the Archdeacon of Northumberland and the Vicar of Corbridge, and it commands them to receive in St. John's Church, Newcastle, the purgation of William Medcalf of Morpeth, clerk [priest], charged with stealing a horse and saddle, value 20s., from John Rauchif, of Morpeth. It seems that Medcalf had been put in gaol for this theft, and now claimed to purge himself ecclesiastically, in order that he might be restored to his previous good character. Therefore the Bishop, through the Dean of Auckland, orders proclamation to be made in the churches of Newcastle, the church of Morpeth, and elsewhere, that on a certain day, in the church of St. John at Newcastle, Medcalf will appear before his clerical judges, and that John Rauchif, or his executors, or anyone who can allege any reason why Medcalf should not proceed with his purgation, are to come forward and give evidence. How the erring John Medcalf fared at this trial we know not; history is silent, perhaps because horse stealing was no uncommon affair in his day.

The register of the church begins in January, 1587-8.

We quote an extract or two, some of them bearing on a terrible visitation of the plague in Newcastle:—

- 1589, May 13.—Alice Stokoe, the 13 May, buried. She was servant to Thomas Hodgshon, butcher, and did put downe herselfe in her maister's house in her own belt. [That is, she hanged herself.]
- " July 4.—A poor man buried. The firste which died of the plague.
- " " 29.—John Phiff, servt. to Mr. Simpson, drowned in the river at the Close Yait, going to swimme.
- " Aug. 23.—Edward Erington, the townes fool, buried, died in the peste.
- " Sept. 25.—Widow Unthanke, which died at Elswicke Staithe. Pest.
- " Oct. 16.—Thos. Hairhope, musishioner. Pest.
- " " 20.—Robert Trot began to be gravemaker.
- " " — Died this moneth of October on hundred 208 persons thre score and 3 children 32 young men and maids and 33 of marid folks being householders 1589.
- " Dec. — Died in thys monethe December Mr. Willm Selbie maior and John Gibson sheriffe 11 persons in the plage so that in all which hath died befor this daie being the firste of Januarj in this towne it is counted by all the records in number to be in all 1727 persons whereoff 3 hundrede and 40 persons in St. John's 5 hundred and 9 persons at the chapell 3 hundred at Al-halows 4 hundred 9 persons at St. Andrews on hundred and. . . .
- 1591, April 7.—A pore woman dieinge on the Donghill buried.
- 1596, Oct. 20.—James Niffe, colier, bur. He was slaine in a coal pit.
- 1598, Jan. 2.—Elisabeth Nicolson, bur. She was drowned in the Bigg Marcott Pant.
- 1605, May 12.—Alexander Davison, a prisoner hanged in the hye-castle, bur.
- " Nov. 14.—Renold Charlton, Henry Dods, Arthur Robson, Arche Rogers executed in the castle, bur.
- 1613, June 27.—Elizabeth Middleton, cast awaye in the Tyne.
- 1634, Sep. 28.—Dorothie Murtherer, d. Gabriell Murtherer, yeoman
- 1640, June 20.—Thomas Eskott, slaine by a trooper
- 1644, Nov. 18.—Robert Wentworth, seller of hot waters.

We learn from the Milbank MS. that in the year 1639, "when the Scots sought to deface the ancient monuments, and said they were papistry and superstition, they began with the spoon of this church's font, and broke it all to pieces. It had been given by one John Bertram. For there was written about it: 'For the honour of God and St. John, John Bertram gave this font stone.' Cuthbert Maxwell, a mason, observing the barbarity of the Scots, came in haste to St. Nicholas, and saved the spoon of that font in its vestry, and also that of All-Hallows'. He lived, after the king returned, to set them up again." The present font seems to have been the gift of Andrew Bates, lecturer of the church in 1689, for it bears the arms of his family.

For some account of St. John's Churchyard, see an article by the late Mr. James Clephan in the *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. i., page 20.

Pallas's Sand Grouse.

THE present year will always be remembered by naturalists for the remarkable immigration of Pallas's sand grouse. The habitat of the bird is the extensive sandy plains of Central Asia. It is found as far north as Lake Baikal, and in winter it makes for those parts of the Gobi Desert which are free from snow, and for Ala-Shan, whence General Prjevalsky, the Russian explorer, writes that it is seen from October onward in flocks of several thousands. "The birds," says Dr. Brehm, "are usually met with singly or in pairs, except when such as occupy the desert plains resort to water, which they do in flocks. When flushed, they rise with a low chuckling call, fly for a short distance, and then alight. If followed, they run along the ground for a short distance, and then rise again. The food of this particular species of sand grouse consists of hard seeds, bulbs, and insects, mixed with fine gravel. It makes no regular nest, but deposits two eggs on the bare ground, shaped like those of the golden plover."

The sand grouse is about the size of a pigeon. In the male the tail and wings are prolonged to a point, which gives the birds the appearance, when standing at a little



distance, of having two long forked tails; in the female these elongations are absent. The colouring of the bird is very pretty, being on the upper parts of a bright yellowish buff, spotted and pencilled with dark brown and black. The head and throat are of orange hue, and the under parts grey and black. The legs of the bird are covered with fine feathers, and the feet have three short claws. An excellent idea of the sand grouse may be obtained from the accompanying drawing made by Mr. John Duncan, of Newcastle.

The sand grouse was first noticed in 1773, when Pallas, the Russian naturalist, described it as an inhabitant of the Kirghiz Steppes, west of the Caspian. From that time it has been identified with his name. The first straggler was seen in Europe about 1848. In 1859, one was captured in Norfolk, and a few more were seen. By the end of the year, however, they had all been slaughtered or driven away. The most noteworthy irruption of these birds was in 1863, when they penetrated so far north as Archangel, and as far south as the Adriatic. About the middle of May of that year they were noticed at Thropton, in Northumberland, and soon afterwards accounts of their arrival were received from all parts of the United Kingdom. They were ruthlessly destroyed wherever seen, and it is estimated that about seven hundred were killed either for amusement or curiosity. They were next reported in 1872. A few were met with in Northumberland and Ayrshire; but the irruption, so far as Great Britain was concerned, was by no means general. In May, 1876, a pair was seen at Killoock, in Ireland, but in no other part of the United Kingdom at that time.

So far as can be ascertained the area of the present invasion is more extended than that of 1863. Indeed, the sand grouse has been met with from the Orkney and Shetland Islands to the Channel Islands. The first instance reported in the Northern Counties was a bird that had been killed near Rothbury by striking against the telegraph wires. Since then large numbers have been seen, caught, or shot in various parts of Northumberland and Durham. A live specimen is now in the aviary in the Northumberland Park, North Shields. This specimen—a hen bird—was caught in a storm early in June, on board the trawler *St. Oswin*, some forty miles east of Tynemouth Castle.

Whether our latest visitors are to remain and breed in England is a matter which the public has to decide. Since the first arrival was chronicled in May last, we read of little else but indiscriminate destruction. Sand grouse have more than the usual number of enemies of birds of their class, because the taxidermist regards them as worthy of his skill. Hence fine specimens bring a considerable price. Indeed, dead birds have been sold for as much as two guineas apiece. If the sand grouse were allowed to make a home in this country, there are many places suited to its habits, such as sand dunes and heaths, where it might settle. Should it be permitted to acquire a habitat among us, a rare, and, indeed, a beautiful game bird would be added to the existing list. Many sand grouse found a resting place early in the year on the estate of Sir John Haggerstone, at Ellingham, in Northumberland. And there, we understand, special care has been taken to protect them. How they may fare hereafter, however, we should not like to say.

No satisfactory theory has been given as to the cause of the present irruption. It is supposed that it is due to a

late season, great increase of numbers, or that peculiar disposition to roam which is seen in so many animals in different countries. The real reason, however, must be left for the future to determine.

Jack Crawford's Memorials.

DUE honour is at length to be done to the memory of the Sunderland sailor, Jack Crawford, who nailed the colours to the mast at the Battle of Camperdown. Stirred into activity by the narrative of Jack's exploit which appeared in the first number of the *Monthly*



Jack Crawford
From J.S. Copley's Painting.

Chronicle (see vol. i., page 8), some public-spirited inhabitants of Sunderland commenced a movement to erect a memorial over the hero's grave, as well as a monument in his honour elsewhere. The movement has been so far successful that a handsome gravestone in Sunderland Churchyard was unveiled on Monday, August 6, 1888, by Mr. S. Storey, one of the members for the borough.

The proceedings of the day included a gathering of Naval Reserve men, seamen, and Volunteers, in the West Park, a procession through the town, a special service at the newly-erected monument, and an address by Mr. Storey. The procession proceeded by Fawcett Street and High Street to Pottery Bank, the birthplace of Crawford, whence the route lay by the northern edge of the Moor to Sunderland Churchyard. Much enthusiasm was displayed by the populace, and flags and banners adorned all the streets in the neighbourhood, as well as the ships in the docks and river. The veritable flag which Crawford nailed to the mast was lent by the Earl of Camperdown, a descendant of Admiral Duncan, the victor in the great sea fight, to grace the gravestone of the hero at the ceremony of unveiling.

Neglected though the memory of Jack Crawford may have been, yet it is but fair to state that some thirty years ago an energetic effort was made to collect a fund for erecting a monument to his honour. Captain Edward Robinson—familiarly known among his seafaring friends as "Ned Robinson," and by the public as "Spottee," from his inimitable rendering of the local song of that name, which he sang in character—hit upon the happy idea of getting "benefit nights" at the several local and seaport theatres. The piece played was "Black-Eye'd Susan," in which the captain danced sailors' hornpipes, sang sailors' songs, and told sailors' yarns with such a natural humour as to delight the gods and bring down the house. By this means a considerable sum was gathered; but as Captain Robinson acted single-handed, being at once chairman, committee, and treasurer, his untoward misfortunes so beset him as to entirely sweep away both his ship and the fund. Hence the memory of Jack Crawford fell out of sight for a time.

Early in 1887, however, the matter was again revived by the publication of the narrative in the *Monthly Chronicle*. A professional showman, who has been recognised as a local man (although he has chosen to somewhat shuffle the letters of his name in dealing with the public), had secured, among his many curiosities, the heart of Jack Crawford. On his relinquishing the part of showman, his museum was dispersed, and he presented, through his brother (who was then a town councillor), the "precious relic" to the Borough Museum. A Sunderland antiquary wrote to the local press, pointing out that, as the writer in the *Monthly Chronicle* stated that the hero had died from cholera

during the terrible visitation of 1831, it was rather a hazardous thing for such a relic to be publicly exhibited. Signor Durland (the showman in question) then came forward, and offered to erect a monument at his own expense over the hero's grave, provided the authorities would consent to his doing it in his own peculiar way. This, of course, could not be allowed; but the subject was much discussed, both in public and private, until at length Mr. Ralph B. Annison, a member of the Town Council, and Mr. F. B. Baverstock, paymaster of H.M.S. Durham (then used as a training ship), with a few leading men of the town, took the matter in hand. At the instance of these gentlemen the Mayor called a public meeting, which there and then resolved to raise a fund for the purpose of doing honour to Jack's memory.

So soon as the Earl of Camperdown was informed of the movement to honour Jack Crawford's memory in his native town, he took an opportunity to visit the grave of the hero, which was readily found through the foresight of old John Crosby, the sexton and bellringer, he having planted a tree on the grave to mark its place. Crosby, who is now stone blind, used to often remark that "Jack was buried between two soldiers' wives," and, sure enough, the adjoining gravestones attest the fact.

Shortly after this visit, Lord Camperdown communicated his wish to the committee to present Jack Crawford's silver medal—the medal which the people of Sunderland had presented to the heroic sailor—to his native town. The offer was, of course, cordially accepted by the Corporation, and the relic is now exhibited in the Borough Museum.

The Memorial Committee, besides erecting the gravestone, has resolved to erect a statue also. A design by Mr. Percy Wood, of London, has been accepted, and the sculptor is already busy with the work. Mr. Wood has received great assistance in preparing the details of his model from the Admiralty, Lord Camperdown, and Admiral Hopkins. The design, as will be seen from our sketch, shows Jack in the act of performing his memorable feat. It ought to be noted, however, that all published accounts make out that the instrument used by the hero was a marling-spike, though there is a tradition that Jack himself said he used a horse-pistol, as seen in Mr. Wood's design.

The Pottery Bank, Sunderland, of which we give an engraving from a sketch by J. G. B., is said to be the birthplace of Jack Crawford. It was in the corner room of the tall house seen to the right of our picture—the room with the window under the lamp—that the heroic sailor is believed to have first seen the light. The fine old brick building seems to date back to the Queen Anne period. It was probably in former days the residence of a wealthy merchant, and must have occupied a pleasant site at the time it was built. The place derives its

name from an ancient pottery, which was in recent years carried on by Messrs. Phillips and Dixon, white-ware manufacturers. But the pottery has now given place to



a huge educational block, founded by the late Edward Backhouse. The locality must have presented a lively scene when Sunderland Fair was being held; for here swings, roundabouts, sparring tents, and canvas theatres (Billy Purvis's among them) were at such seasons in full vigour on the Pottery Bank.

Two drawings from celebrated pictures of the Battle of Camperdown are also presented to our readers—one showing the great conflict itself, with Jack in the rigging of the Venerable, from the painting by P. J. de Louthembourg, R.A.; the other showing the surrender of



Admiral De Winter to Lord Duncan, from the painting by J. S. Copley, R.A., now in the possession of the Earl of Camperdown. The personages represented in Copley's work are some of them actual portraits, notably Lord Duncan himself. The seaman seen in the rigging to the left of the picture is understood to be Jack Crawford

Whether it be a correct portrait of the hero or not, it is the only one that can be got now, and it is certain that he sat for it. Philip James de Louthembourg, the painter of the Battle of Camperdown, was born at Strasbourg in 1740, and was one of the most distinguished artists of his time, while John Singleton Copley, the painter of the second





historical picture we have engraved was born at Boston, United States, in 1738. Mr. Copley, who died in 1815,

was the father of Lord Lyndhurst, Chief Baron of the Exchequer and Lord Chancellor of England.



Men of Mark Twipt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Melford,

AUTHOR OF "A HISTORY OF NEWCASTLE AND
GATESHEAD," &c.

Robert Bewicke,

THE FIRST PURITAN MAYOR OF NEWCASTLE.

A practical world based on belief in God; such as many centuries had seen before, but as never any century since has been privileged to see. It was the last glimpse of it in our world, this of English Puritanism: very great, very glorious; tragical enough to all thinking hearts that look on it from these days of ours. *Carlyle.*



FOR more than a hundred and fifty years the name of Bewicke, or Bewick, appears in the lists of those who held positions of trust and influence in the town of Newcastle; for more than a hundred and fifty years after it dropped out of the municipal record it occurs in the rolls of honour of the county of Northumberland. In the town the Bewickes were aldermen, sheriffs, mayors, and governors of the Merchants' and Hostmen's Companies; in the county they filled the offices of high sheriff and justice of the peace. Here is a list of them and their honours during three centuries:—

Peter Bewicke, Sheriff of Newcastle, 1477-78; Mayor and Governor of the Merchants' Company, 1490-91.

Andrew Bewicke, Sheriff, 1528-29; Mayor, 1538-39.

Peter Bewicke, Sheriff, 1534-35.

Thomas Bewicke, Sheriff, 1535-36.

Robert Bewicke, Sheriff, 1615-16; Mayor, 1628-29; High Sheriff of Northumberland, 1637-38; Mayor again 1639-40.

Thomas Bewicke, High Sheriff of Durham, 1655; nominated Knight of the Royal Oak, 1660; Governor of the Hostmen's Company, 1689.

Robert Bewicke, High Sheriff of Northumberland, 1695.

Robert Bewicke, High Sheriff of Northumberland, 1725.

Sir Robert Bewicke, High Sheriff of Northumberland, 1760.

Calverley Bewicke, High Sheriff of Northumberland, 1782, and M.P. for Winchelsea in the Parliaments of 1806, 1807, and 1812. To his memory is dedicated the beautiful Gothic monument in the south aisle of St. Nicholas' Church, the work of Baily.

The central figure in this group of notables is Robert Bewicke—first of his name, and last of his race, to occupy the Mayoralty of Newcastle. He was the elder son of Andrew Bewicke (the Mayor of 1538-39), and married, in 1597, Eleanor, daughter of Alderman William Huntley, and sister, presumably, of the lady who, a little later, by her union with Cuthbert Gray, became the mother of the author of the "Chorographia." A coalowner and merchant, a member of the Hostmen's and Merchants' Companies, he entered the governing body of the town with every advantage in his favour, and in 1615 was selected for the office of Sheriff. Purchasing, in 1620, the manor of The Close and the hamlet of Houghton, both in

the parish of Heddon, he gave to his race the territorial designation by which they have ever since been known—that of "the Bewickes of Close House."

At Michaelmas, 1628, having waited the unusual period of twelve years from the expiration of his shrievalty, he was elected Mayor of Newcastle. The same year he was appointed Governor of the Merchants' Company. Nothing appears in local history, or in the records of the State, to show that his mayoralty was in any way noteworthy. He had what is called a quiet year. Soon after his term of office ended, however, both political and municipal affairs began to run into perilous courses. The Scots, alarmed at the prelatical innovations of Laud, were drifting into rebellion, and their sympathisers in the Northern Counties were increasing in numbers and importance. Burgesses of Newcastle, not wholly of the meaner sort, were secretly holding meetings, and publicly agitating for redress of grievances. Puritanism, stimulated by coercion, was spreading among all classes of the Northumbrian people. In 1637, a few months after Jenny Geddes threw her stool at the Dean of Edinburgh's pate, Robert Bewicke was selected to be High Sheriff of Northumberland.

We have no clue to the opinions of the new High Sheriff at the time of his appointment. He collected the ship money, and discharged his other official functions without exciting criticism or provoking complaint. Yet we know that when he left office he was in active sympathy with the Puritan party. To this course he was possibly led—in it he was certainly encouraged—by his half-brother, Dr. Jenison, who held the curacy of All Saints. The doctor was a thorn in the flesh to the vicar, the bishop of the diocese, and all the courtly and knightly persons who ruled Newcastle. They wrote about him to the king, they complained of him to the archbishop, they exhibited articles against him in the ecclesiastical court, and finally they secured his suspension. This persecution of Dr. Jenison helped to strengthen the Puritan cause in the town. Some of the leading burgesses began to take the popular side, and in the summer of 1638, a few weeks after Charles I. returned from the "Pacification of Dunse Law," Sir John Marley, then newly knighted, was constrained to admit that there was danger of these Radical reformers getting the upper hand. "Unless it be prevented," he wrote (18th August) to the Dean of Durham, "the Puritan faction in our town, which has much troubled us, is like to multiply; for it is reported Dr. Jenison is coming home [from suspension], but that is no great matter—he may be looked to. But what is worse, there is an intention to make Robert Bewicke Mayor at Michaelmas next, who is the doctor's half-brother, and strong for that faction." And he added that a letter from the king or the Lords of the Council, addressed to the Mayor and his brethren, recommending them to be careful in their choice, would prevent it.

The king sent a letter, as Sir John Marley had advised.

His Majesty, having a special care of the good of their great and populous town—signified his pleasure that “they should be very careful in choosing the Mayor for this next succeeding year, and by no means admit any factious or seditiously affected person to the place.” Within a month from the receipt of this communication, in defiance of Crown and Church, Robert Bewicke was elected Mayor of Newcastle, with a Puritan Sheriff to keep him countenance. And, with contempt of authority unparalleled, the Corporation appointed John Bewicke, M.A., “a near kinsman of the Mayor,” lecturer at St. Nicholas’.

Growing community of feeling led to interchange of opinions between the burgesses of Newcastle and the Scots. Lieut.-Colonel John Fenwick and Giles Bittleston, a tanner, went into Scotland and subscribed the Covenant; leading Covenanters came to Newcastle and were received by the Mayor. Among the State Papers are various letters from Royalists relating to the doings of the Puritans in Newcastle. The result of these missives was that Robert Bewicke, and his nephew Ralph Gray, were summoned to London to give an account of their proceedings. They were both detained there for some time, practically as prisoners, and it was not until he had personally petitioned the king, and declared that he never was nor ever would be any favourer of Covenanters, or other factious persons, but was always conformable to the order of Church and State, that the Mayor obtained his release, and was allowed to resume his official duties in Newcastle.

Difficult, indeed, was the part which the Mayor, upon his return from London, had to perform. The Scots were threatening to cross the Border; and he, as head of the municipality, was bound to assist the Royalist commanders in defending the town against them, although he disapproved of the policy which had made such defence necessary. How the Scots came, and after a preliminary skirmish at Newburn, entered Newcastle, are matters of history. The victorious general, Alexander Lealey, on Sunday, the second day after the fight, “accompanied with the lords and divers gentlemen, rode into Newcastle about noon, where they were met upon the bridge by the Mayor and some few aldermen,” writes one chronicler; “came and dined with the Mayor, drank a health to the king, and had three sermons by their own divines,” says another; “came to the town, the Mayor entertaining him with great state,” adds a third. All of them agree that Robert Bewicke received the Covenanters with the dignity becoming his office, and entertained them with the kindness which became their friend and sympathiser—the first Puritan Mayor of Newcastle.

Mr. Bewicke did not live to see the further triumphs of his principles. He went out of office at Michaelmas, 1640, while the Scots were in possession of the town, and on the 15th March, 1641-2, when the dispute between the

king and Parliament had gone so far that the latter had determined to embody the militia and equip the navy for their service, he passed away. He was buried in St. Margaret’s Chapel, St. Nicholas’, where all the Bewickes lie, and upon a stone there may yet be traced the inscription:—“Heere lieth Buried the Bodies of Robert Bewick, Marchant Aduenturer & twice Maior of this Towne, & also high Sheriff of the county of Northumb., & Ellenor his Wife. He Depted this life the 15 Day of March, 1641. She depted this life the 1 day of June, 1661.”

Charles William Bigge,

THE LIBERAL SQUIRE.

The surname of Bigge is very antient; for in the time of Edward the Confessor, Egelric Bigge, with the consent of that monarch, gave to the convent of St. Augustine, in Canterbury, Bodesham and Wirington, on condition that Wade, his knight, and Loswaine should occupy them for their lives, and after that to remain to the said monastery for ever.

Thorn’s Chronicle.

The Rev. John Hodgson, in the elaborate pedigree of the Bigges which appears in his “History of Northumberland,” imagines that the immediate progenitor of the local branch of the family lived in Essex, where there is a manor of Biggs (held by one of the same name in 1534), and that they came to the North in 1666, when William Bigge, attorney-at-law, a supposed descendant of the Bigges of Essex, married Isabel, daughter and co-heir of Thomas Dent, of Newcastle. However that may be, it is certain that William Bigge, the attorney, acquiring by his marriage considerable landed estate on the north side of the Tyne, founded the family which, ever since, has been connected and identified with the county of Northumberland.

Charles William Bigge, fifth in descent from the attorney, was born at Benton House on the 18th October, 1773, and in 1794, on the death of his father, succeeded to the family estates. He married, in 1802, Alice Wilkinson, of Thorpe, in Yorkshire, a descendant on the maternal side of the Fenwicks of Stanton, and the Erringtons of Beaufront. His mother was a daughter of William Ord, of Fenham, so that by birth and marriage he was related to some of the principal families in the county. In the year of his union to Alice Wilkinson, he was appointed High Sheriff of Northumberland. A few years later, having purchased the estate of the Earl of Carlisle and other property in Longhoreley parish, he erected the family mansion, which, taking its name from the rivulet adjoining, is known as Linden House. Thither, from the old family seat at Benton, he removed in 1814, and there he afterwards resided.

While still a young man, Mr. Bigge interested himself in the public life of the county and the social progress of the town of Newcastle. At the age of twenty-five he obtained the lieutenant-colonelcy of the second battalion of the Northumberland Militia, and being about the same time honoured with the commission of the peace,

he became known as a punctual and painstaking county magistrate; later in life he was elected chairman of Quarter Sessions. In the town he made himself especially useful, and spared neither time nor means to promote the welfare of the people. He helped to establish the Racket Court, adjoining the Assembly Rooms, and was one of the trustees of that place of recreation. When the necessity arose for erecting a library for the Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Society he was one of the few public-spirited gentlemen who purchased, upon their own responsibility, the ground on which the present building stands, and was an active member of the committee to



which the successful issue of the undertaking was entrusted. His interest in the institution never abated; it was so marked, and so highly appreciated, that upon the retirement of Sir John E. Swinburne from the presidency, he was elected to the office, and held it for the rest of his life. So also, when, at a meeting held in Fletcher's Long Room, Bigg Market, on the 26th Feb., 1824, with George Stephenson in the chair, it was resolved to establish in Newcastle a Mechanics' Institution, Mr. Bigge was the man to whom the promoters turned for their first president, and that office, also, he held for the remainder of his days.

In politics Mr. Bigge was a reformer of the Whig school, and led his party in the county for the better part of half a century. At the great election in 1826 he supported the candidature of Lord Howick, the present Earl Grey, but, sharing the dislike of the orthodox Whigs to Mr. T. W. Beaumont, divided his vote between his lordship and Mr. Matthew Bell. The Reform Bill found in him a warm and courageous defender, and at the first election after the measure became law, and the county of Northumberland had been separated into two political divisions, he acted as chairman of a committee

to secure the return, for the lower half of the county, of his cousin, William Ord, of Fenham, and Mr. Beaumont. In the contested election for the northern division of the county in 1841 he proposed his old friend Lord Howick, intimating at the same time that this was his last appearance on the hustings, and that he should retire into private life with the consciousness of having performed his last duty to his country.

As a landlord and agriculturist, Mr. Bigge pursued a course of enterprise and experiment that helped John Bailey to remove the stigma which Arthur Young had cast upon Northumbrian landowners and farmers in the closing years of the century. The soil about Linden "being a poor clay," writes Mackenzie, "all the beauties that are springing up around are the creation of its spirited and intelligent proprietor." Hodgson writes in a similar strain:—"Mr. Bigge found the whole estate in a wretched and worn-out condition: but by zealous and judicious management, directed by his own superintendence, it has begun to assume a new and favourable aspect." It was under his auspices that, in March, 1836, the "Northumberland Agricultural Society" started upon its useful and successful career.

When the new Poor Law came into operation, Mr. Bigge evinced an intelligent interest in its administration. As far as his influence went, he endeavoured to attempt the rigours of the law to the varying circumstances of those who by ill-fortune or improvidence were driven to seek its aid. Nothing, however, could reconcile the poor to the "infamous Imprisonment and Starvation Poor Law," as they termed it. In many parts of the country the Act was administered with ruthless severity; in the North, more discrimination was shown. Yet even here the measure was hated and denounced, and those who were appointed to carry out its provisions were reviled and detested. Among the public men who joined in the popular outcry against the Act, Robert Blakey, afterwards editor and proprietor of the *Northern Liberator*, became conspicuous. In the year that he was Mayor of Morpeth (1836-7), he attacked his brother Guardians of that town in a series of pungent letters in the press, which were afterwards published in a volume. Mr. Bigge defended the action of the Morpeth Board in a moderate and temperate manner. He presided over a meeting of the Guardians convened to discuss these charges, and appears to have acted, in accordance with his general character, as a pacificator throughout the quarrel.

The esteem in which Mr. Bigge was held by his fellow magistrates found expression when declining health compelled him to resign the chairmanship of the Bench. On the 22nd October, 1840, the justices met at Alnwick, thirty-five in number, and presented him with a copy of the Parliamentary edition of the Statutes. The books were elaborately bound, and in the first volume was a letter, signed by the Bench, and an inscription stating

that the work was presented by them "in testimony of their admiration of his public and private character." Three or four years earlier, in commemoration of long service in the office of president, a portrait of Mr. Bigge was presented to the Newcastle Mechanics' Institution by Mr. Snow, the artist.

The year 1849 was fatal to several public men in the North of England. Among the best known of them were Alderman Archbold, George Silvertop, Matthew Culley, and Sir Cuthbert Sharp. On the 8th of December, in that year, at the ripe age of seventy-seven, Mr. Bigge was summoned to follow them.

Mr. Bigge had eight sons. His eldest, Charles John, was the first Mayor of Newcastle after the Municipal Reform Act, and once contested the Parliamentary representation of the borough; the third son, Edward Thomas, was the first Archdeacon of Lindisfarne; the fifth, John Frederick, became successively Vicar of Ovingham and Stamfordham, and was an eminent naturalist and antiquary; the sixth, Arthur, was many years stipendiary magistrate at Brighton.

The Rev. Thomas Binney,

MINISTER OF THE KING'S WEIGH HOUSE CHAPEL.

The county of Northumberland has produced famous men in many departments of public enterprise and private endeavour—heroes of industry and pioneers of commerce, brilliant mathematicians and great inventors. Yet it has brought forth but few learned divines, still fewer pulpit orators, and not many notable contributors to theological exposition. "Great was the company of the preachers" 'twixt Tyne and Tweed, but of only a limited number of them can it be said that "their sound has gone out into all lands, and their words unto the ends of the world." While Northumbria's sons hold foremost rank amongst men who have triumphed over the forces of Nature, they take but a subordinate place amongst those who have grappled with problems that perplex the Soul.

Upon this scant and meagre muster-roll stands out prominently the name of one who has not long since gone to his reward—the Rev. Thomas Binney. It is a name that suggests no well-known local descent, and revives no memories of affluence and position in the county. Truth to tell, the family to which it belonged were immigrants, in very humble life, from beyond the Border—Scotchmen, and not Northumbrians at all. But he who made it familiar throughout Christendom first saw the light in Newcastle; and, therefore, Tynesiders claim him for their own, and take a pardonable pride in his career. It was a career of which any community might be proud. For this child of Scottish parents, cradled in obscurity and bred to manual labour, became one of the famous preachers of his time, a writer of books that are read and remembered, and a recognised leader of public opinion upon matters of faith and morals, religion and social duty.

Thomas Binney was born in 1768, at a house in Pandon Bank, long since demolished. His father, it is said, was a mason, or "something in the building line"—a poor and respectable man, who brought his religion with him across the Tweed, and trained up his family in accordance with his views of its precepts. At the time of Thomas's birth he was an elder of the Presbyterian congregation which assembled in Wall Knoll Chapel under the pastoral care of the Rev. Hugh Coulter, and, after Mr. Coulter's death in 1800, under that of the Rev. Andrew Robson. To his four sons the elder Binney gave such education as his limited means afforded, and upon



Thomas, the third of them, who grew up a bright and intelligent lad, with gifts and graces beyond his years, he bestowed a large share of fatherly care and attention. In due time he bound him apprentice to George Angus, bookseller and bookbinder, in the Side.

The opportunities for mental improvement which apprenticeship in the early years of the century afforded to aspiring youth were limited; but young Binney, being of a serious and studious turn, made the best of them. With a lad of his own age (afterwards the Rev. Richard Fletcher, of Melbourne) whose father was an elder of the Silver Street Presbyterian Chapel, and a dozen other youths like-minded, he formed a society for the study of the Scriptures, prayer, and mutual religious improvement. These lads met on Sunday evenings in the vestry of Silver Street Chapel, and read out to each other sermons and essays as aids to spiritual advancement. Meanwhile, he was supplementing the defects of his education by reading classics with the Rev. William Syme, minister of the Anti-Burgher meeting-house in the

Close—a humorous and eccentric preacher, who had a special faculty for teaching, and was successful in training several Newcastle youths for the pastoral office.

By the time he was out of his apprenticeship, if not before, Mr. Binney had chosen the profession of a Christian minister as the one most congenial to his tastes, and best suited to the intellectual tendencies of his mind. Why he did not seek admission into the pulpits of the denomination to which he belonged is not known. Perhaps he found the standards of the Church of Scotland too rigid for the liberal views he had formed upon questions of theology and Church government. However that may have been, he was admitted, by letters recommendatory from the Rev. George Atkin, Presbyterian minister at Morpeth, to the Theological Seminary established at Wymondley, in Hertfordshire—a Congregational institution that became merged, later on, in New College, London. There he remained three years, and then, deeming himself qualified for the work, he went to Bedford, and assumed the spiritual oversight of the New Meeting, an Independent place of worship, which John Howard had assisted to found, and which is now associated with his name. Thence he proceeded to the Isle of Wight, and, on the 24th of December, 1824, he was formally ordained to the pastoral office at St. James's Street Chapel, Newport, in that island.

After five years' labour at Newport, Mr. Binney accepted an invitation from the church and congregation at the King's Weigh House, London, and in the autumn of 1829 he entered upon a ministerial career which for forty years exercised a powerful influence upon the intellectual and religious life, not only of the metropolis, but of the English-speaking people at large. It suddenly dawned upon city men that a great preacher had come among them, and they flocked to the Weigh House to hear him. They found there a man of commanding presence and lofty stature, with an intellectual brow, a speaking countenance, and a mind cast in the same mould as his body. His ministry, writes one of his biographers, was remarkable for sermons of great massiveness and power, often of rich imagination and highly cultured beauty. They were "elaborate statements of truth, with strong reasonings thereupon, wrought in a masculine imagination, and transfused with the warmth of a great and earnest soul."

Side by side with his power in the pulpit there grew up in Mr. Binney a marvellous literary faculty. Article after article, pamphlet after pamphlet, book after book, issued from his pen. The best known of them are "Is it Possible to make the Best of both Worlds"—a book which, for a year after it was published, sold at the rate of a hundred copies a day; "Lights and Shadows of Church Life in Australia"; "The Christian Ministry not a Priesthood"; and "The Service of Song in the House of the Lord."

Into details of Mr. Binney's public life, his polemics

and controversies, his headship and leadership in Nonconformity, his travels at home and abroad, it is not proposed to enter. They may be found in any good book of biography, and, more amply, in Dr. Stoughton's "Memorial"; Paxton Hood's "Thomas Binney: His Mind, Life, and Opinions"; Dr. Allon's introduction to the "King's Weigh House Chapel Sermons," vol. ii.; and the "Congregational Year Book" for 1875. It is sufficient here to add that throughout his life Mr. Binney had a warm side for his native county, often revisited and preached in it, retained its strong and rugged accent, and frequently told to the youths who gathered round him at the Weigh House the life-stories of its notable men. In a funeral sermon on the death of Algernon, fourth Duke of Northumberland, speaking as a Northerner to Southerners, he summarised the debt which the world owes to the northernmost English county in the following graphic paragraph:—

Our coal and coasting trade used to be the nursery for your navy. We gave you Collingwood, one of the most perfect and symmetrical of characters. We gave you a Lord Chancellor, who, whatever were his delays, had fewer of his decisions reversed than most others. We gave you the Prime Minister who carried your Reform Bill. We have given you poets and mathematicians; and you have some men in London now, moving in the higher paths of general literature, who came from us. The subject of this discourse gave you your screw fighting ships; another North man gave you your Armstrong guns. What is still better, one of our colliers, or at least one who had to do with the Northumbrian coal pits—a man who thought he was "made for life" when he got twelve shillings a week—was the father of your railway system. And his son, inheriting his genius, has left a name that the world will not easily let die. The poor Killingworth boy earned for himself his public funeral, and now sleeps in Westminster Abbey with poets, and orators, and statesmen, and warriors, and nobles, and kings.

Mr. Binney received in 1848 the highest honours which the denomination to which he belonged can bestow—the chairmanship of the Congregational Union of England and Wales. The University of Aberdeen conferred upon him, in 1852, the degree of LL.D., to which an American university added that of D.D. For several years he was chairman of the council of New College, and shortly before he died he accepted the chair of Homiletics in that institution.

When he had been forty years in the ministry at the Weigh House Chapel, the infirmities of age warned him to seek repose. He resigned his charge there in February, 1871, but continued to preach occasionally till November, 1873. In that month he delivered, at Westminster Chapel, his last sermon. On Tuesday, the 24th of February following, he passed away. At the beautiful cemetery of Abney Park, London, in the hearing of five thousand persons, with the Earl of Shaftesbury, several members of the House of Commons, and leading ministers of all denominations standing around, Dean Stanley pronounced the benediction over all that was mortal of Thomas Binney, the Newcastle apprentice, the great Nonconformist preacher.

Sir Henry Taylor's Reminiscences of his Family.

SIR HENRY TAYLOR, the author of "Philip Van Artevelde," and of two volumes of interesting autobiography published by Longmans in 1883, was a native of the county of Durham. George Taylor, Henry's father, was a scholar and an agriculturist. We learn from the memoirs of his son that he wrote occasionally for the quarterly reviews, and that he was so great an admirer of William Godwin that he rode all the way from Durham to London to make his acquaintance. Perhaps the best known of his literary productions is the biography of his friend Robert Surtees, the historian of Durham, now forming the first volume of the Surtees Society's publications. The elder Taylor, whose first wife was the daughter of an ironmonger in Durham, seems to have occupied at various times farms at Bishop Middleham, St. Helen's Auckland, and Witton-le-Wear. Henry's youthful recollections are mainly of the latter place. Early in life the author of the autobiography



spent a year at sea, after which he obtained some small Government employment. A year or two later he was fortunate enough to obtain an appointment in the Colonial Office, to which department he remained attached to the end of his official career. Mr. Taylor was so able and efficient a servant of the country that he received the honour of knighthood, and would have been made a peer of the realm if Parliament had sanctioned the creation of life peerages. Brought into connection, in consequence of his official position, with Mr. Spring Rice, afterwards Lord Monteagle, he eventually married one of the daughters

of that statesman. And his wedded life was in every way pleasant and happy. A large part of his memoirs was written more than twenty years ago. Continued at intervals during the next twelve years, they were privately printed in 1877. It was only in 1883, however, that they were placed in the hands of the general public. The volumes, as the author explained in his preface, were originally intended for posthumous publication. "But," he pathetically added, "publication in the eighty-fifth year of a man's life comes rather near posthumous publication." Sir Henry Taylor did not long survive the issue of his reminiscences. He died on March 28, 1868. The following is his own account of his family:—

I was born at Bishop Middleham, in the county of Durham, on October 18, 1800. My father, George Taylor (born June 6, 1772), was the son of George Taylor (born 1732), who inherited from his father, William Taylor (my great-grandfather), the estate of Swinhoe-Broomford, in the parish of Bamborough, in Northumberland. It was entailed, but when my grandfather's eldest son attained his majority the entail was broken. I am the sole surviving heir in the male line of my great-grandfather, and a plan of the estate is all of it that has come into my possession. From the plan I find that it consisted of 717 acres; and I infer that the status of my great-grandfather was that of an inconsiderable squire. From some Latin and other books in my library, in which he had written his name, I infer that he was a not uneducated squire. The only other thing I know of him is, that one day when following the hounds close at the heels of the husband of a lady who was said to be the most beautiful person in the county, the said husband's horse fell, and my great-grandfather, unhappily riding over him and killing him, was in due season married to his widow.

My grandfather, George Taylor, married (May 5, 1761) Hannah, the daughter of Thomas Forster, of Lucker. All that I know about them is what I find in a letter of February, 1807, to Sir Walter Scott, from Robert Surtees, the antiquary and historian of Durham, who, in giving an account of a search after Jacobite ballads, writes:—"Much of the above, such as it is, I owe to a very intelligent neighbour, now a temporary resident in this county, who has a hereditary right to be a retailer of Jacobite poetry, for his maternal grandfather, Thomas Forster, Esq., of Lucker, a near relative of General Forster, was condemned in 1715, and escaped out of Newgate by an exchange of clothes with his wife, and afterwards recovered his estates [Sir G. Grey tells me this is a mistake, and that it was General Forster himself, and not his brother, who escaped by the exchange of clothes]; and Mr. Taylor's paternal ancestor was beget between the double walls of Chillingham Castle, where his father was secreted in the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion. Mr. Taylor remembers that his own father, whose estate was at Swinhoe, in Northumberland, used to maintain an old man in the capacity of writing-master to the children, who had been engaged in 1745, and was supposed to have been a person of some rank and property. He used, on particular occasions, when tipsy, to sing a Latin Jacobite song, which I am sorry Taylor does not remember a word of." General Forster took refuge in Italy, whence he sent to his mother a present of a fan, which has come down to me with a memorandum of his history attached to it.

With the estate of Swinhoe-Broomford, my grandfather inherited a disputed title to an estate of greater value called Lineage, in Kent, and the law suit thereto appertaining, the expenses of which brought incumbrances upon Swinhoe-Broomford, and these incumbrances increased until the sale of the estate after it had come into my father's possession on the death of his eldest brother. The sale, which produced £23,400, did little more than pay off the incumbrances. Thus my grandfather, who died before I was born, had been latterly in embarrassed circumstances, and had left Swinhoe to live by himself in

a lodging in the village of Rothbury; and from the silence maintained about him and his separation from his family, I imagine that there must have been something amiss in his habits of life. His children, three sons and two daughters, went to live with his younger brother John, who had no children of his own, and was supposed to be rather rich, having married a lady of good fortune, a daughter (if I recollect right) of Sir George Wheeler. Afterwards the three boys were sent to a grammar school at Witton-le-Wear, whence the two elder went to Trinity College, Cambridge. My father, the youngest, had had bad health, through which the sight of one eye was lost and that of the other impaired, and he was kept at home with his uncle, who could not be brought to any decision as to what was to be done with him.

At about twenty-three years of age, however, circumstances led him to take a decision for himself. He fell in love with Eleanor Ashworth, the daughter of an ironmonger in Durham. I do not know whether provincial tradesmen were more frequently well educated in those days than in these, or whether this ironmonger was exceptional. I have no reason to think that his birth was above his station, not having heard anything about it; but I believe he was a man of some education: for I recollect to have seen when a boy a literary correspondence extending over many years between him and an eminent man of that time, Dunning (afterwards Lord Ashburton); and his house was the resort of such scholars and men of literary tastes as a cathedral town may be supposed to bring together.

During the short time of their married life, my father and mother seem to have been seldom separated; but once, in 1798, my father rode up to London, and some letters which then passed between them still exist. They are expressive of devoted attachment on the part of both, and portions of them are curious as exemplifying the enthusiasm on one side and the hostility on others which was then felt for Godwin, author of "Political Justice," "Caleb Williams," &c., and his wife Mary (born Wollstonecraft), authoress of "The Rights of Women" and "Letters from Norway," who had then lately died, after giving birth to another Mary (afterwards married to Percy Bysshe Shelley). I believe my father's ride of between two and three hundred miles to London was chiefly with a view to make Godwin's acquaintance.

More Berwick Characters.

THE sketches of Berwick characters which accompany this article were drawn by Mr. James Menin—one representing "Wull Strength," a son of the Tweedmouth patriarch, and the other a worthy from the ranks of the Freemen, named George Curry.

William Stuart, who was a hawker, lived to the age of 64 years. He was a son of "Jammy Strength," or James Stuart, who was alleged to have reached the age of 116 years, and whose career has already been sketched in the *Monthly Chronicle*. (See vol. i., p. 400.) "Wull Strength" left Berwick on the 6th of December, 1879, to go to Paxton, a village five miles north-west of Berwick. He did not return at night, and, on a search being made for him, he was found dead on the road near Letham Shank, in Berwick bounds. He had apparently lain down from weariness, caused by trudging in the snow, and had died from exposure to the cold. The pedlar's pack which he carried was partly lying under him. He appeared to have perished during his return

journey from Paxton. Although the son of an eccentric character, William Stuart himself was not distinguished by any peculiarity. Nevertheless, as our sketch shows, his appearance was very singular, and he was regarded with a feeling akin to fear by the younger generation.

On the 14th of August, 1879, George Curry was found dead in his house in Lower Ravensdowne, Berwick, where he lived alone. He was a freeman of Berwick, and from a Guild Roll for 1848 we observe that at that time he was a teacher in Edinburgh. He had a brother named Vaughan Curry, who was of weak mind, and who during his lifetime might have been daily seen on the Walls of the old town looking for the ship which, he used to say, was coming across the sea with a cargo of money for him. George Curry, after his career of teaching was over, re-



turned to his native place to end his days and enjoy the pecuniary benefits which accrued to him as a freeman by a residence there, such as "meadow and stint money." Though somewhat eccentric in his habits and peculiar in his views, Curry was a man of considerable ability, and

had received a superior education. The fact that he should be engaged in teaching at such a seat of learning as Modern Athens may be taken as sufficient proof of his ability. When Curry returned to Berwick, a great number of the freemen were, as they are now, dissatisfied with the manner in which their affairs were conducted by



the Town Council, and they frequently held meetings to protest against the management. At these gatherings Mr. Curry always presided, and by degrees he came to be known as Chairman of the Freemen. One of the objects of his fiercest denunciations was the Corporation Academy. Having been a teacher, it is to be presumed he considered himself qualified to condemn the manner in which that institution was worked. One of the teaching staff seemed to have greatly provoked his ire by taking an interest in Berwick Museum, which was started about twenty years ago. Mr. Curry, in his gait and personal appearance, had a

most pedantic air, and gave one the impression that he considered himself of no small importance. He tried to eke out his scanty means by giving lectures upon scientific subjects, particularly electricity, for the illustration of which he had batteries and other appliances. He also gave some time to the study of shorthand, and professed to have invented a system superior to any that had then seen the light. It was, however, never published. When Curry was discovered dead, his gold watch was lying on a table beside his bed, and in his room was the sum of £15 14s., showing that the ex-teacher had at least provided for a decent exit from the stage of life.

An Ancient Comet.

MENTION is made in the biography of Ambrose Barnes, the Puritan alderman of Newcastle, of a portentous phenomenon that alarmed the pious people of England in 1680. The unknown author of the biography concludes his preface with the remark:—"That the comet in 1680, in the judgment of some skilled in these things, has not yet done its errand. The message it brought was as universal as it was visible, and will be as long a doing as the stream or tail extended."

No wonder the brilliant phenomenon excited the wonder and speculation of its observers in the reign of Charles II. "One night," says the writer of the Barnes memoir, "when the great comet began to appear in 1680, Mrs. Mary Fenwick, sister to Sir John Fenwick, Bart., who was beheaded on Tower Hill, a great confidant of Mr. Barnes, sent for him, to hear his opinion of it. He told her he was not philosopher enough to say whether comets were stars that had no regular course, or whether they were fiery meteors ingendred of celestial matter and grosser terrestrial exhalations. But that which then appeared had, he thought, the longest tail of that sort of comets. And because he confest himself not so expert an astronomer as to tell whether Jupiter, Saturn, and Mars were in conjunction, he owned himself to be so little of a prophet as not to be able to explain what this phenomenon portended. It was probably a sign of changes to follow; yet he supposed it would be presumption to apply the indication of it to private persons, and it was unsafe to look into the fates of princes." A circumspect answer, highly to be commended in the cautious Puritan alderman, and justifying the remark of the Rev. Dr. Gilpin that he was a "politick engineer."

Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Calphurnia words more decided—words which challenge the impartiality of the stars. Her husband had observed that the portents which she invited him to heed "were to the world in general as to Cæsar." But she replies:—

When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

The biographer of Barnes seems to have shared the superstition imputed to the wife of Cæsar. "With that fear and caution which becomes us when we enter into the deep abyss of God's judgments, we may notice," says he, "the remarkable examples of Divine displeasure in the case of the opposite party." One of his examples is—"Sir John Fenwick lost his head upon a scaffold." Poor Sir John "lost his head" before he put it in bodily peril; and there had not been in "the opposite party" to himself such freedom from fatal disasters as to make it safe to record his fall as a divine judgment.

The comet on which Mrs. Mary Fenwick consulted Alderman Barnes, and which, says Haydn, "terrified the people from its near approach to the earth," was visible to our forefathers for a period of more than four months. Thrice, since that day, has Halley's Comet been seen, enabling the astronomer to identify it with comets of the past, and to prove that even such apparently erratic visitants as these are loyal members of our solar system, and concern themselves no more with the fortunes of beggar or of prince than the sun which warms and sustains them both alike. Since the tragedy on Tower Hill, men have learnt, with some exceptions, while gazing with admiration on the brilliant train of the careering charioteer of the skies, to fear it no more than the "summer's cloud" of the poet, which "overcomes us without our special wonder."

Notes and Commentaries.

THE WRECK OF THE SALDANHA.

Many people of the present generation suppose that the building of war ships on the Tyne extends no further back than the days of Messrs. Palmer, or of Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co. But, during the wars of the French Revolution, not only the Tyne, but the Wear also, turned out fighting vessels for the Government. Amongst the shipbuilders who thus contributed to the naval strength of Britain was Mr. Simon Temple, of Jarrow. Local records tell that in 1803 Mr. Temple celebrated the opening of his colliery at Jarrow by great rejoicings, and a banquet at which 300 gentlemen were entertained, whilst 500 of his workmen were treated to a dinner and its concomitants. Again, in 1810, there were similar rejoicings when his new colliery at South Shields was opened. The guests on that occasion, including many of the notabilities of the district, were entertained at Hylton Castle to a dinner, a supper, and a ball. Templetown, near Jarrow Slake, was named after him. One of the vessels which Mr. Simon Temple built for the Government was the Saldanha, a frigate of 36 guns. Her career was short and her end disastrous. The commander was the Hon. William Pakenham, and she was lost with nearly all her crew at Lough Swilly, on the coast of Ireland, on the 4th of December, 1811. The wreck was com-

memorated in some verses by a poet whose name I never heard. The poem is, however, of sufficient merit to be reprinted, and is worthy of being preserved. I give it from memory, but, not having seen the lines for upwards of forty years, there may be some inaccuracies in the text.

"Britannia rules the waves!"

Heard'st thou that dreadful roar?
Hark! 'tis bellowed from the caves
Where Lough Swilly's billow raves,
And three hundred British graves
Taint the shore.

No voice of life was there;
'Tis the dead who raise the cry;
The dead who heard no prayer,
As they sank in wild despair,
Chant in scorn that boastful air
Where they lie.

"Rule, Britannia," sang the crew,
Where the stout Saldanha sailed,
And her colours, as they flew,
Flung her warrior cross to view,
Which in battle to subdue
Ne'er had failed.

Bright rose the laughing morn,
The morn that proved her doom;
Dark and sad is her return,
And her watch lights, as they burn,
Faintly flit across her stern,
'Mid the gloom.

On the lonely beacon height,
As the watchman gazed around,
He saw that flashing light
Drive swift athwart the night,
Though the wind was fair and right
For the sound.

There are spirits of the deep
Who, when the signal's given,
Rise raging from their sleep
On rock or mountain steep,
Or 'mid thunderclouds that sweep
Through the heaven.

O'er Swilly's rocks they soar,
Commissioned watch to keep;
Down! down! with thundering roar
The exulting demons pour;
The Saldanha floats no more
On the deep.

The dread behest is past;
All is silent as the grave,
One shriek was first and last,
Scarce a death sob drank the blast
As sunk her towering mast
'Neath the wave.

"Britannia rules the waves!"
Oh, vain and impious boast;
Go, mark, presumptuous slaves,
Where he who sinks or saves
Strews the shores with countless graves
Round your coast.

T. D. R., Redcar.

CUMBERLAND STATESMEN.

The people in the Cumberland dales called *estatesmen*, or *statesmen*, are the same as yeomen tilling their own land. The tenure of these statesmen is allodial—i. e., free—inso far that many of them acquired their estates at a very remote period by establishing themselves like settlers in Australia and elsewhere. Several possess estates which have descended in their families since the time of Richard II. The Holmes of Mardale have inherited

their lands since 1060, when a certain Jan Holme came from Norway and settled in the district. When James II. came to the throne, he set up a claim to all these small estates, on the plea that the statesmen were tenants of the Crown. The claim was met in a manner which he little expected. The dalesfolk met to the number of two thousand at a place called Ratten Heath, and publicly declared "that they had won their lands by the sword, and by the sword they would keep them."

The costume of the dalesmen was picturesque—that is, down to eighty years ago—when the nicest touch of art had not yet invaded this British Arcady. It was made of homespun fleeces of white or black, or mixed, and all undyed. The coats had brass buttons; so had the waistcoats, which were made open to show a frilled shirt-front. Knee breeches without braces were worn. The stockings were home-made, and clogs or buckled shoes completed the outfit. The daleswomen wore homespun linsy-wolsy petticoats and gowns, with blue linen aprons. Their clogs were bound with brass. Their bonnets were made of cardboard, covered with black silk, and of the coal-scuttle shape.

Their houses were constructed of unhewn stone and clay. Oak was used for beams, rafters, and floors, and the roofs were of slate, which is abundant in the county. The food of the dalesmen was chiefly the product of their farms. They consumed a large proportion of animal food, and, as sheep and cattle were in best condition for slaughter in autumn, it was then that the dalesfolk stocked their wide chimneys with a supply of meat for winter and spring. Haver and maalin bread (oats or rye mixed with wheat) were in common use, and they brewed their own beer, untaxed, at every meal. Such, with milk, butter, and cheese, was the food of these honest folks. When tea, coffee, and sugar came into use, an old dalesman said "he didn't know what t' warl wad come tew arter a bit, when folks couldn't get a breakfast without hevving stuff fra the East and West Indies."

The above information is chiefly taken from *Chambers's Journal*.
H. P., Rotherham.

* * *

The bulk of the statesmen acquired their position on the union of England and Scotland, having previously held their land in tenure of feudal service to be rendered to their lords in repelling the attacks of the Scotch, or in prosecuting wars against them. After the union of the two kingdoms this became unnecessary, and their occupation was gone. The lords thereupon sought to impose rents upon the occupiers in lieu of service, and in some cases succeeded in this by intimidation (notably in the case of the powerful Lord of Naworth, whose retainers signed an agreement to pay a reasonable rent on the understanding that neither they nor their immediate successors should be disturbed in their possessions); but a large portion of them stoutly and successfully resisted the claim, arguing that if their service had become

unnecessary to their lords, so their lords' service had become unnecessary to the State. In this way a large portion of the bold statesmen acquired the independent possession of their land.
LANEBOOST, Carlisle.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

A CROSS-EXAMINATION.

A witness in a Tyneside court was severely cross-examined by the attorney for the other side, with a view to elicit a confession from the man that some attempt had been made to get him to differ in his evidence. "Now," said the man of the law, "have there not been some persons trying to get you to alter your statements?" "Yes, sor." "How many?" "Lots o' them." "Now, just tell us who they are?" "Wey, to tell the truth, thoo's tried aboot as hard as onny on 'em."

A NARROW ESCAPE.

An old minister was making a collection towards building a chapel at a certain village up the Derwent. After telling the congregation how poor the people were at the place where the chapel was to be built at, he went round himself with his hat, but got nothing. When he returned to the pulpit, he said, "Aa's got nothing; but aa feel thankful aa's gotten' ma hat back fra such a congregation!"

WHO'S THE THIEF?

Some sheep belonging to a farmer named Reed having been stolen in the neighbourhood of a colliery village in Durham, a local preacher, having a collection to make, thought he would turn the event to good account; so he said—"We have a collection to make this morning, and, for the glory of God, whichivvor of ye stole Mr. Reed's sheep, divvent put onnything on the plate!"

GOING SOUTH.

The following conversation took place in a public house at Gateshead Fell one New Year's Day:—Willie: "Wey, Tam, if thoo's not mindin' thy wark, thoo'll be gettin' the bag." Tom: "Wey, aa divvent care nowt. Aa's not married, marra." Willie: "Wey, where will thou gan te, lad?" Tom: "Aa'll gan sooth." Willie: "Which way will thoo gan for sooth?" Tom: "Wey, mara, aa wad tell thoo if aa seed the weathercock." A hearty laugh followed the expression, and Willie said: "Aa'll hev that joke put into the *Weekly Chronicle*." Tom: "Wey, aa divvent care, marra, ee lang ee aa caana read't mesel!"

A REBUKE.

Some years ago, an elderly humourist was employed on the Stockton and Darlington Railway as warehouseman. One day a snobbish gentleman came to the warehouse, demanding a fish which he expected by rail. The fish was found, but the wrapping had disappeared. This condition of the fish not agreeing with the gentleman's tastes, the warehouseman suggested that it would be

better packed in straw, and forthwith commenced the process, no doubt expecting the usual "tip" in such cases. None being forthcoming, the warehouseman remarked, "Aa say, sor, if you find you've lost onnything, remember ye nivvor had yor porse out heor!"

AMBULANCE WORK.

A few weeks ago, not over a hundred miles from Murton Colliery, a few pitmen were sitting conversing over their Saturday night glass of beer, when the conversation turned upon ambulance work. One of the company was explaining how a deputy, who was an ambulance man, had set his finger which had been injured, when another pitman remarked: "That's nowt, man; wor depitty set ma heed!"

WHICH ONE WAS IT?

"D'ye knaa onnybody here they caall Broon thet's a grossor?" asked a new comer of a resident at a Durham colliery. "Thor's twe brothers here o' that nyem, and they're byeth grossors," was the answer. "Wey, man, but aa mean the yen that hes a sistor at Ryhope!"

THE HEATHEN CHINEE.

In a workshop not a hundred miles from the Central Station, Newcastle, some workmen were getting their breakfasts, and listening to one of their number reading the papers. The news that was being read had reference to the Chinese question in Australia. One of the men remarked upon it thus:—"Yis, the varry plyce is wick wiv 'em. Aa waddent care, but the beggars warks for nowt, and sends aall thor money hyem!"

THE PITMAN'S COLLAR.

A short time ago a pitman told his wife he was going to see some of his friends. "Weel, then, ye'll hev to mense yorsel a bit," said she, and, after some persuasion, she induced him to put on a high stand-up collar. As this was the first time Geordy had ever worn a linen collar, he was by no means comfortable. On arriving at his destination, his friends, as usual, asked after his health. "Oh," he said, "aa cannat complen; but," pointing to his collar, "aa's brattish'd up to the varra e'es!"

North-Country Obituaries.

On the 16th of July, Mr. Theophilus Wood Bunning, who for nearly a quarter of a century had been intimately connected with the mining industry of the North, died somewhat suddenly at Jugenheim, near Darmstadt, Germany, whither he had gone with a view of settling down in retirement. The deceased gentleman, who was born in Hunter Street, London, was 66 years of age. Having been educated as an engineer, he came to Newcastle in 1851 to take charge of the marine department of Messrs. R. Stephenson and Co.'s establishment. Subsequently he was similarly employed at Messrs. Robert Morrison and Co.'s Engine Works, Ouseburn; and after having been in private practice for some time as a consulting engineer, he was appointed, in 1866, Secretary to

the Coal Trade and the Mining Institute, on the retirement of Mr. Thomas Doubleday, of literary fame. In that capacity, he took an active part in the establishment of the Durham College of Science in Newcastle, of which he was elected the first secretary. He also did much towards improving the relations between masters and men, among his efforts in this direction being the sliding scale



MR. T. W. BUNNING.

arrangement for the regulation of wages in the Durham coal trade, which he framed jointly with Mr. Crawford, and which came into operation in 1877. Mr. Bunning held his various offices till March in the present year, when he retired into private life, having previously received several substantial expressions of the esteem in which his services were held.

On the same day, Mr. Creswell Ward, of Neasham Hill, Darlington, died from the effects of injuries which he had received a few days previously, at the residence of his son, Ravenstone, Leicestershire. Mr. Ward was about 70 years of age, and was well-known for the great interest which he took in agriculture.

The death was announced, as having taken place on July 19, at Birtley, in the county of Durham, of Mary Long, at the age of 110 years. She left a sister aged 104, and her brother died a few months ago, aged 100 years. The two deceased were blind, as is also the surviving sister.

The death was announced, on the 23rd of July, of Mr. Joshua Watson, of Gateshead, uncle of Dr. R. S. Watson, and well known as an unobtrusive supporter of local philanthropic movements. The deceased gentleman was a member of the Society of Friends.

At Bellaize Park, Hampstead, on the 22nd of July, died Mr. Edward Turnbull, who between 1869 and 1888 was several times chairman of the now defunct Improvement Commission of West Hartlepool. Mr. Turnbull was 69 years of age.

Mr. John Sordy, farmer, of Greenfield, Alnwick, died on the 22nd of July, from the effects of an accident with which he had met the same evening, while being driven in a trap from Green Rigg Kennels, near Bilton.

On the 24th of July, the remains of Mrs. Janet Ellis Annandale, widow of Mr. James Annandale, paper manufacturer, Shotley Bridge and Lints Ford, were interred in Benfieldside Cemetery. The deceased lady, who had died a few days previously, was 80 years of age.

On the 25th of July, the remains of Mr. Thomas Smith, who had been thirty years in the employment of Messrs. Anderson and Mack, Newcastle, and who was the oldest member of the Independent Order of Mechanics, Albion Lodge, were interred in Elswick Cemetery. The deceased was 74 years of age.

On the 25th of July, died, from the effects of a fall, Mr. Edward Marmaduke James, for many years clerk in the office of Messrs. J. and G. Joicey and Co., iron-founders, Forth Banks, Newcastle.

The remains of Mr. David Finnie, who many years ago, came from Dalkeith to Newcastle to work as a blacksmith, but who, in 1854, enlisted into the 68th Light Infantry, were interred in Elswick Cemetery, on the 26th of July. As a soldier, the deceased had been engaged in active service in the Crimea; and on the fall of Sebastopol, he was one of the first members of the British army to enter that city. He also served in the Maori campaign in New Zealand, under General Cameron.

On the 28th of July, particulars were received of the death by drowning, under mysterious circumstances, on the 20th May, of Mrs. Mackenzie, eldest daughter of Mr. W. Nixon, of Stonecroft Mines, near Haydon Bridge, who went out to New Zealand about five years ago, and settled on the Waioara River.

On the 31st of July the remains of Mr. Thomas Scott, who had served for nearly fifty years as staiths master at Tyne Dock, were interred at Westoe Cemetery, South Shields.

On the 2nd of August the Rev. Dr. Alexander Henry Lowe, an accomplished classical scholar and linguist, died at his residence, Rye Hill, Newcastle. The deceased gentleman, who had devoted himself to preparing students for the Universities, was 55 years of age.

Mr. William Wright, partner in the old-established firm of Messrs. Thompson and Wright, ironmongers, Alnwick, died at a ripe age on the 3rd of August.

The death was announced, on the 4th of August, of Mr. William Begg, landlord of the Northumberland Arms, Arthur's Hill, Newcastle. He was grandnephew of the Scottish poet, Robert Burns, his father having been Robert Burns Begg, a schoolmaster at Kinross. The deceased was 49 years of age.

Mr. Brathwaite Poole, who many years ago was interested in the promotion and management of railway schemes in England, and was personally associated with George and Robert Stephenson, and other contemporary engineers, died at Birkenhead on the 5th of August, at the age of 83 years.

Mr. R. P. W. Rutter, a member of the Sunderland Town Council, died on the 6th of August, in the 50th year of his age.

On the 7th of August the Rev. J. Baillie, M.A., senior residentiary canon of York Minster, died after a short illness, in the 78th year of his age. The rev. gentleman, from 1854 to 1876, was Rector of Elsdon, in Northumberland.

On the 8th of August, the remains of Mr. Abraham Shield, of Burn Law, Keenley, a member of the Society of Friends, who had died at the age of 79 years, were interred in the Friends' burial ground at Allendale Town.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

JULY.

16.—At a public meeting, held in the Council Chamber, Newcastle, under the presidency of the Mayor, it was resolved to form a District Council for Northumberland, Durham, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and North Yorkshire, in unison with the London Plumbers' Company, to carry out a system of registration for that district, the council to consist of representatives from the master plumbers, the operatives, and the public.

—Mr. Robert Donkin, jun., Rothbury, was elected Secretary to the Northumberland Agricultural Society.

—On trial at Durham Assizes, Thomas Hogan, aged 37, charged with the manslaughter of Jane M'Neil, at Gateshead, on the 22nd of April, was found not guilty, and discharged.

—Dr. R. Spence Watson was presented by his friends with a silver and ormolu clock with two side ornaments and two silver fruit vases, on the celebration of his silver wedding; and at the same time a congratulatory address was presented to him on behalf of the Newcastle Liberal Association, of which he was president.

17.—On this and the following day, the sixth general meeting of the National Veterinary Association was held in the Assembly Rooms, Newcastle, the chair being occupied by Professor W. Williams, F.R.C.V.S., of Edinburgh.

—The twenty-second annual conference of the North-Eastern District of the Young Men's Christian Association was held at Sunderland.

18.—An elaborate report on an outbreak of scarlet fever at Jesmond was presented to the Sanitary Committee of the Newcastle Corporation, by Dr. H. E. Armstrong, Medical Officer of Health, who entertained no doubt whatever that the disease was disseminated by means of milk.

—At a meeting of the North of England Steamship-owners' Association, it was announced that Sir C. M. Palmer, M.P., had retired from the directorate of the Suez Canal Company.

—William Henry Carter, a clerk in the Borough Accountant's office at North Shields, was committed for trial, on a charge of stealing £2494 belonging to the Corporation.

—Sir Wilfrid and Lady Lawson entertained at dinner, in their residence in London, the Northumbrian and Cumbrian members, to meet Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone.

19.—The annual show of the Northumberland Agricultural Society was held at Berwick, and was, in point of the number and quality of the exhibits, as successful as any of recent years.

—In celebration of the tercentenary of the Spanish Armada, the members of the Newcastle Bowling Club, Bath Lane, indulged in some private social festivities, Sir Francis Drake, the English naval hero, having dearly loved a game of bowls, and history having it that it was while trundling a bowl on the green sward at Plymouth Hoe that he received the news of the Spaniards' approach.

20.—The auxiliary steamer Labrador, commanded by Captain Wiggins, arctic navigator, accompanied by Mr. Morier, son of Sir Robert Morier, Russian ambassador;

Mr. Sewall, Edinburgh Botanical Society; and Mr. Sumlen, civil engineer for gold mining districts, Siberia, left the Tyne with a general cargo for the river Yenesei, Siberia, with a view of engaging in trading business in conjunction with the steamer Phoenix, which had previously left the Tyne for the Yenesei.

—At an influential meeting in Newcastle, presided over by the Duke of Northumberland, and attended by the Earl of Ravensworth, Lord Armstrong, and others, a committee was formed to consider the proposals of the Government with respect to the defences of the Tyne. (See under June 25, page 381.)

—Details were published of a residential club, with Stanhope Castle for its home, which had been formed for a limited number of gentlemen and ladies during the holiday and shooting seasons.

21.—The annual demonstration of the Northumberland miners was held on the Castle grounds at Morpeth, the chair being occupied by Mr. John Nixon. The speakers were Mr. C. Fenwick, Mr. T. Burt, Mr. John Morley, and Mr. C. Bradlaugh, members of Parliament. The weather was fine, and the proceedings were very successful.

—The foundation stone of a new Presbyterian Church, in Park Terrace, Windmill Hills, Gateshead, intended to supersede the building in use in Ellison Street in the same town, was laid by Mr. H. M. Matheson, London, corner-stones being also laid by Mrs. R. Spence Watson, Mrs. Scott, and Mrs. Crawford Smith.

23.—Lord Armstrong and Sir M. White Ridley, M.P., having found it incompatible with other duties to accept the honour, the Mayor of Newcastle (W. D. Stephens, Esq.), by previous arrangement, formally entered upon the office of president of the recently-formed Newcastle Tree Culture and Protection Society. This society was the outcome of a persistent and long-continued agitation on the part of "Robin Goodfellow," the well-known contributor to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*. On the 1st of August, the members of the committee made a tour of inspection through several streets of the city, with the view of selecting suitable sites for trees.

24.—On this and the following day the seventeenth annual meeting of the conference on Local Poor Law administration in the Northern Counties was held at the Shaws Hotel, Gililand, under the presidency of Mr. J. L. Wharton, M.P.

25.—The Right Rev. Dr. Wilkinson was consecrated Bishop Auxiliary of Hexham and Newcastle, at Ushaw College, near Durham.

—A thunderstorm of considerable severity passed over Newcastle and the North of England, and a good deal of damage was done to property. The rain, which fell in torrents, also proved very destructive, more especially in the county of Durham. Three persons were struck and injured by the lightning at Silksworth, and at Ferryhill the storm for a time put a stop to all operations. At Seaham Harbour, the burn which runs through Dawdon Dene overflowed its banks, and the miniature park recently formed by Mr. J. J. Candlish there was entirely destroyed. There was a renewal of the storm and rain on the following day, and one of the most disastrous floods ever experienced in the district swept down Swaledale and Arkingthdale, in Yorkshire.

—One of the auxiliary floating hospitals belonging to the Tyne Sanitary authority sank at her moorings at Jar-row Slake.

27.—The Magdalene Hospital Bill having passed

through all its stages, what it was stated would be the last meeting of the Schools and Charities Committee of the Newcastle Corporation was held under the presidency of Mr. T. Richardson.

18.—From the certificate of the accountants, Messrs. Monkhouse, Goddard, and Co., and Mr. Edward Sparkes, Newcastle, it appeared that the net average selling price of coal in the Durham Coal Trade, for the months of April, May, and June, 1888, had been 4s. 3-9ld. per ton; and it was intimated that the prevailing rate of wages would, therefore, be reduced by 1½ per cent.

—At a meeting of residents of Rainton, Leamside, and district, it was resolved to form a branch of the National Footpaths Preservation Association.

29.—The Rev. S. E. Pennefather, vicar of Jesmond, Newcastle, announced his decision to resign that office, in order to undertake charge of St. George's Church, in course of erection at the expense of Mr. Charles Mitchell, of Jesmond Towers, in Osborne Road, in the same city.

—A youth named Patrick McBride, 19 years of age, who resided with his mother in Whitburn Street, Monkwearmouth, leaped from Wearmouth Bridge into the river Wear, at low water, and was drowned. This was the fourth attempt of the same foolish kind within a few months, and the second death in consequence.

30.—On the invitation of the Bishop of Durham, the American, Colonial, Missionary, and Metropolitan Bishops, to the number of nearly sixty, who had taken part in an Episcopal Conference at Lambeth, arrived on a visit to the city of Durham. In the evening, the Dean of Durham (Dr. Lake) held a reception at the Deanery, to which the whole of the diocesans were invited to meet a large and fashionable gathering. On the following day, there was a series of religious and musical services in the Cathedral; and in the afternoon a special convocation of the University was held in the new Cathedral Library, when the highest honorary degrees of the university were conferred on several of the visiting prelates. In the evening, a banquet was held in the Castle Hall, over which the Bishop of Durham presided. The proceedings extended over several days.

—Roger Robson, a butler in the employment of Mrs. Allgood, of The Hermitage, near Hexham, was found dead in St. John Lee Wood, having been shot through the head. The coroner's jury found, by their verdict, that the occurrence had been accidental.

30.—The Bishop of Durham and several of the foreign bishops on a visit to the diocese, commemorated the thousand-and-fifth anniversary of the consecration of the church at Chester-le-Street.

AUGUST.

1.—The Great Northern and North-Eastern Railway Companies began running the "Flying Sootaman" between London and Edinburgh, by the East Coast route, in eight hours; and the first journey was accomplished within the given time. The London and North-Western Railway Company, on the 6th, commenced running a train from London to Edinburgh, *via* Carlisle, also in eight hours. On the 10th of August, the East Coast train from London to Edinburgh was further accelerated from 8 to 7½ hours. The example was followed, on the 13th, by the London and North-Western Railway, whose ten o'clock express from Euston, by the West Coast route, reached Edinburgh at 5:38 p.m., or seven minutes short

of seven hours and three-quarters. On the 14th, the "Flying Scotsman" arrived at Newcastle two minutes before her time, and, departing punctually, she reached Edinburgh at 5'33, or twelve minutes before her scheduled time. The record was thus beaten by five minutes.

—At a meeting of the Newcastle City Council, on the motion of Ald. Newton, seconded by the Mayor, it was resolved that the Science and Art Classes hitherto conducted at the Public Library, under the Corporation, be transferred to Dr. Rutherford's School in Bath Lane.

2.—A fire broke out in the shop of Mrs. Thompson, confectioner, corner of Lee Street and Jibbet Street, South Shields, completely gutting the premises, and destroying the dwelling-house on the same floor.

—Mr. David Dale, J.P., High Sheriff of the county of Durham, was married at Well Parish Church to Alice Frederica, eldest daughter of Sir Frederick Milbank, Bart., of Thorp Perrow, near Bedale.

—A boy named Robert McKie, 11 years of age, committed suicide by hanging, in Newcastle, the reason being that for some time past he had suffered from pains in the head.

4.—The special committee recently appointed to inquire into the salaries in connexion with the Northumberland Miners' Union issued the result of their deliberations to the various collieries in the county. In reference to the agents' wages, they found that, from information they had received from secretaries of similar associations in other districts, the Northumberland miners' agents were paid considerably less salaries than the average wages paid to miners' leaders elsewhere. In dealing with the M.P.'s' salaries, the committee stated that they were beset with difficulties, especially with regard to Mr. Fenwick's salary, as that gentleman was not directly connected with or chosen by the Northumberland Miners' Association, but by a Liberal organisation in Northumberland. The committee advised a joint meeting of representatives from each of these associations as the best means of settling the question. Mr. Burt was present at the deliberations of the committee, and handed in a written statement, in which he said he was quite willing to accept £100 per annum less salary, which would leave him £400 per annum, if that would be the means of once more creating peace, harmony, and good-will in the county. The committee left all the questions to be finally decided by the county.

—The Bishop-Auxiliary of Hexham and Newcastle (Dr. Wilkinson) laid the corner-stone of a new building intended to be used as a school-chapel by the Roman Catholic community at Chester-le-Street.

—It was announced that a number of the leading engineering firms on the Tyne had conceded an advance of wages to their workmen.

5.—In the morning, the Bishop of Honolulu, and in the evening the Bishop of Dakota, preached in St. John's Church, Newcastle.

—In the south transept of Durham Cathedral, a memorial tablet to one officer and 56 men of the Second Battalion of the Durham Regiment, who fell in the Egyptian and Soudan Wars, was unveiled, an address being delivered on the occasion by Dean Lake.

6.—A miners' hall was opened at Hebburn Colliery.

—On this and the succeeding day the annual conference of the Catholic Young Men's Societies of Great Britain was held in the Drydale Hall, Newcastle, under the presidency of Mr. Fitzpatrick, of Liverpool.

—Mr. S. Storey, M.P., unveiled a monument in Sunderland Churchyard, erected by public subscription, over the grave of Jack Crawford, the hero of Camperdown. (See page 414.)

—Joseph, aged 5½, and Bernard, aged 10 years, sons of Bernard Malloy, an ironworker at Consett, died very suddenly from the effects of having eaten some poisonous herbs.

—The highest honours of the year (a silver medal and £5), given by the City and Guilds of London Institute, on the subject of mechanical engineering, was awarded to Mr. Wilfrid J. Lineham, a Newcastle gentleman.

7.—At a meeting of the Newcastle Town Moor Management Committee, it was agreed to recommend an application for a provisional order for the purchase of the Freeman's rights to the herbage of the Town Moor.

8.—In prosecution of a series of naval manœuvres in connexion with the English fleet, several of her Majesty's warships passed along the coast, and attacks were made on Tynemouth and Sunderland, replies from the shore being frequently made. A warship also fired on West Hartlepool. The manœuvres also supposed that Newcastle was bombarded by the Rodney, the flagship of Admiral Fitzroy.

—The Mayoress of Newcastle (Mrs. W. D. Stephens) held a highly successful garden party in Jesmond Dene.

—The building and stock, composing the sawmill of Messrs. Towns and Ripley, Wallsend Quay, were destroyed by fire.

—David Tait, 24 years of age, died in the Royal Infirmary, Newcastle, from injuries alleged to have been inflicted by his brother, Edward, on the 8th of July, and the coroner's jury returned a verdict of manslaughter.

9.—The Tynemouth Town Council having decided to withdraw its contribution of one-third towards the expense of the Time-Gun at Shields, it was resolved at a meeting of the Tyne Improvement Commissioners that the arrangement, so far as that body was concerned, which was responsible for another third, should terminate, and, as the remaining third could come only from the South Shields Corporation, the firing of the gun was regarded as having practically ceased.

10.—A dividend of 5½ per cent. was declared at the half-yearly meeting of the North-Eastern Railway Company at York.

11.—The extensive granaries of the North-Eastern Railway Company, at the north end of the Redheugh Bridge, Newcastle, were destroyed by fire.

—William Sothern, a miner, who was attacked by a party of men near Sheriff Hill on the 4th, died from his injuries at Felling.

—A memorial stone to the miners who were killed by the explosion at Walker Colliery in October last year, was unveiled in Walker Churchyard by Mr. Thomas Burt, M.P.

—The Right Hon. G. J. Goschen, M.P., Chancellor of Exchequer, took part in an outdoor demonstration at Wynyard Park, Durham, the seat of the Marquis of Londonderry, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and in the evening he addressed a meeting in the Exchange Hall, Stockton.

—A party of ladies and gentlemen, to the number of about seventy, in connection with the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries, paid a visit to Stella Hall, the residence of Mr. Joseph Cowen, who gave a description of the building, and of its historical associations.

12.—A man named Patrick Murphy, over 40 years of age, and his wife, living at the High Rows, Usworth, were drowned in a quarry pond between Usworth Colliery and New Washington.

13.—The annual conference of the Northern Union of Mechanics' Institutes was held at South Shields, under the presidency of Mr. J. M. Moore. The hon. secretary, Mr. Whitfield, was presented with a beautiful timepiece and ornaments in recognition of his services.

—At the Newcastle County Court, an action was brought by Mr. Hugh J. Barclay, Colney Hall, Norwich, against Michael Robson, North Sunderland, fisherman, to recover £5 damages for wrongfully entering upon Farne and Staple Islands, and carrying away therefrom sea birds' eggs belonging to the plaintiff. A verdict by consent was taken for the plaintiff for £1, and costs on the £5 scale.

14.—A concert of secular and sacred music was given in All Saints' Churchyard, Newcastle, by the Constabulary Band, under the leadership of Mr. Wheatley.

General Occurrences.

JULY.

14.—A frightful railway accident occurred on the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Line. One of the carriages of an ordinary passenger train which left London Road Station, Manchester, for Gloseop, was struck by the engine of a goods train going in the opposite direction, killing four women and seriously injuring many other persons.

—The death was announced of Sir John Henry Brand, President of the Orange Free State, South Africa, aged 65.

15.—An encyclical letter of the Pope to the Irish bishops was read in the various Roman Catholic Churches of Dublin. His Holiness condemned the untoward excitement which had arisen out of the previous declaration by the Holy Office respecting boycotting and the plan of campaign, declaring that the Pope worked with full knowledge, after the facts had carefully been inquired into. The letter concluded by ordering that steps be taken so that no doubt be left as to the force and meaning of the decree.

17.—The police discovered twelve dynamite bombs, a revolver, and a dagger, in a suspected house in Chicago, U.S. Three persons were arrested, the chief of whom was an Anarchist who took a prominent part in the recent bomb scheme. About twenty men who were in the conspiracy were to have destroyed simultaneously the houses of the two judges and others prominent in the execution of the Chicago Anarchists.

18.—At the Manchester Assizes, before Mr. Justice Grantham, John Jackson was tried for the murder of Assistant-Warder Webb in Strangeways Gaol. The jury returned a verdict of guilty, and Jackson was executed on August 7th.

28.—Two shocking murders took place in Ireland. James Ruare and a farmer named David McAuliffe, his employer, were working in a field at Glounanukle, when a man, whose face was covered by a cloth, approached

with a double-barrelled gun, told Ruare to go down on his knees, and deliberately shot him twice. Ruare died an hour afterwards. "He had worked for an unpopular man." The other murder was committed at Mountcoat, near Tralee. A farmer, who had some years ago taken an evicted farm, was shot dead on the high road. Another murder was attempted on the same day near Tralee. A man, who had a red cloth over his face, shot twice at Thomas Murphy, whose employer had taken a road contract contrary to the wishes of his neighbours.

—An American aeronaut named Baldwin successfully performed the feat of dropping from a balloon, by means of a parachute, when at a height of 1,200 feet, at the Alexandra Palace, London. His fall at first was dangerously rapid, the parachute remaining closed, but it distended itself in good time, and brought him safely to the ground.

AUGUST.

2.—A heavy thunderstorm passed over London and suburbs during the night, doing great damage. The land for many miles between Barking and Tilbury was flooded, the railway being six feet under water. A great number of bridges were washed away, and many hundreds of cattle, horses, and pigs were drowned.

3.—An inquest was held at Putteridge Park, Luton, on the body of Lieutenant-Colonel Spenserby, who, while in a paddock showing a gentleman a spotted stag sent to him from Egypt, was gored to death by the animal. A verdict of accidental death was returned.

4.—Baldwin again dropped from a balloon to the ground by means of a parachute at the Alexandra Palace. He ascended more than 3,000 feet before he detached himself from the balloon.

5.—A despatch from Rome announced that a destructive volcanic eruption had occurred in the Lipari Islands, in which the great volcano Stromboli is situated. Immense damage was done.

—The death was announced of General Philip Sheridan, of the United States Army, aged 57.

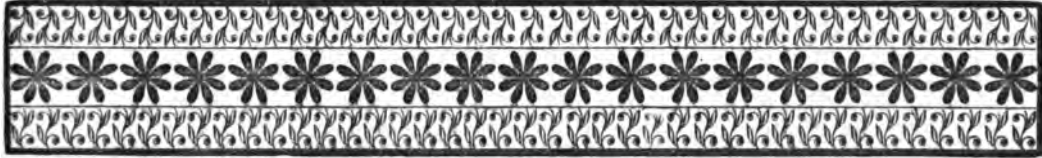
7.—A disastrous collision occurred on the South-Western Railway at Hampton Wick, near London. A train from Waterloo Station ran full speed into a light engine which had been allowed to get on the wrong line. Five persons were killed, and eight others seriously injured.

—Larry Donovan, who claimed to be "the champion diver of the world," was killed in jumping from Charing Cross railway bridge into the river Thames at low water. He had previously dived from the Brooklyn, Niagara, Clifton, London, and other bridges.

8.—Serious riots occurred in Paris at the funeral of Eudes, the ex-Communist general. Several bombs were thrown, the crowd was vigorously charged by the police, and a great number of persons were wounded.

10.—Mr. J. J. O'Kelly, M.P., was sentenced to four months' imprisonment, at Boyle, County Roscommon, for inciting persons not to give evidence at a Crimes Act Court.

12.—A telegram received from Valparaiso announced that a terrible disaster had occurred there. A large reservoir burst, reducing to ruins nearly a hundred houses, and drowning nearly a hundred people.



The Monthly Chronicle

OF

NORTH-COUNTRY•LORE•AND•LEGEND

VOL. II.—No. 20.

OCTOBER, 1888.

PRICE 6D.

The Ducking Stool, the Branks, and the Pillory.

STRANGE would now be the apparition of the Tumbrel—Cuckstool—Ducking Stool—in our streets; yet it existed in England at the time of the battle of Hastings—flourished through a long succession of centuries—and lingered into our own. Various in name and in form, yet alike contrived for the ignominious exposure of offenders, it lived its rude life from generation to generation, but is now as obsolete as the pillory—a relic of former days that was formally abolished by Act of Parliament in the year 1837.

Dead as is the ducking stool in the present age, a fine fell upon the borough of Gateshead in 1627 for its want of one; and the omission was supplied at a cost of 12s. in 1628. Perchance there was a general overhauling of the parishes in the reign of Charles I. In 1629, as we learn from the Household Books of Lord William

Howard, who had a mansion in the Strand, he paid 10s. "to the collectors within the parish of St. Clement's for a sesement for making stocks, sock-houses [lock-houses ?] duckinge stools, and other things for correction of rouges and malefactors."

Newcastle, at a later day, was reproached for the absence of a ducking stool. John Willis, of Ipswich, quoted by Ralph Gardner in his "England's Grievance Discovered in Relation to the Coal Trade" (1655), indicts our forefathers for the use of the Branks and the Barrel—the Scold's Bridle and the Drunkard's Cloak—and for the requirement by the Merchants' and Cordwainers' Companies of a ten years' apprenticeship: usages not granted (says Willis) by the charter laws of the borough, and "repugnant to the known laws of England," which laws he sets forth to be—an apprenticeship of seven years; a fine of 5s., or half-a-dozen hours in the stocks,

for drunkards; and "scoulds to be ductt over head and ears into the water in a ducking stool." Whether the scold would prefer a gag or a dip, is a question on which we can offer no opinion. But in 1686 the historian of Staffordshire, Dr. Plot, pronounces the iron crown a more successful remedy than the wooden throne. "They have an artifice," says he, "at Newcastle-under-Lyne and Walsall, for correction of scolds, which it does so effectually that I look upon it as much to be preferred to the ducking stool." This, he observes, "not only endangers the health of the party, but also gives the tongue liberty 'twixt every dip; to neither of which the bridle is at all

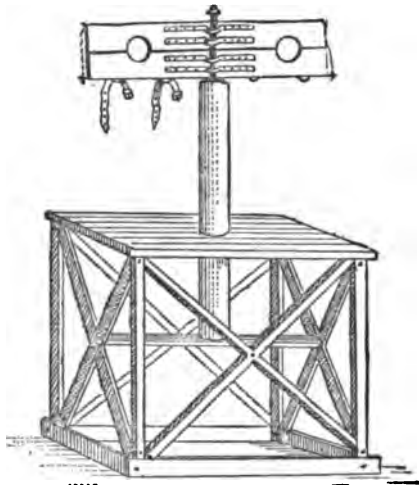
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SCOLD'S BRIDLE AND DRUNKARD'S CLOAK.

liable." To what pain the woman wearing the bridle was liable, let Pennant's "Tour in Scotland" declare. He was at Langholm in 1772, within a month of the application of the branks, and saw the instrument—its iron gag "as sharp as a chisel"—which "cut the poor female till blood gushed from each side of the mouth"—"not only the inhumanity, but the legality of the practice," calling for consideration.

We have no note of the time to which the use of the branks came down in Newcastle. It appears, by Willis's deposition, to have displaced the ducking stool in the earlier half of the seventeenth century. Ducking had been practised in the days of Queen Elizabeth. Poor sinners were scourged—ducked—pilloried—in the reign of "Good Queen Bess." The pillory was so venerable an instrument in the time of the Tudors that five shilling had to be spent over a new "tree" for it in 1551. In



A View of the Pillory, made in Newcastle, Decr. 1812,
for Johnson Reed, a crimp.

that same year Gavin Aydon, who lived near St. Andrew's Churchyard, Newcastle, was "settyng a man in the pallerye," and "syurgyn a boye about the town," and receiving sixteenpence for the "two dayes." He also turned his hand to the "duking of Jannat Sawter," in 1563. In the year preceding, "Peter Gracobe, the dukar in the watter," had "for his quarterich" a crown—a payment which, if the Ipswich deponent had witnessed it, would have received his constitutional approval; while he would equally have condemned the bestowal of a groat, in 1595, on the officer who conducted "a woman through the towne for skoulding, with brankes."

To the use of the ducking stool on the Tyne in Elizabethan days we have the further testimony of one of the Ecclesiastical Courts of Durham. In the year 1562, when Peter Gracobe was a ducker, Janet Clerk had a

suit in progress against Agnes Aydon, Guy or Gavin's wife. They had been "chiding in the streit"; and "William Lee, collyer, hard Gawan Aidon's wyf say to the said Janet Clerk, 'Go thy way, like nowghth, as thou art, and cut a purse, as thou haist done bfore tyme, and thou may be duckt in Tyne, as thou haith beene.'"

There had been ducking of scolds in Newcastle long before Agnes and Janet were chiding by the churchyard. The cuckstool had stood thereabouts in an age when the church was a "kirk" in the vernacular, and the merchants' booths gave life to the suburban quarter. There is an allusion to the apparatus in "the curious account of the wards preserved in the archives of the Corporation, in a very old hand, but without date," made use of by the Rev. John Brand in writing his history of Newcastle. "Andrew Tower," says the manuscript, "shall have in warde fro' the Great Nun Yate, so upwarde upon the East Rawe unto a burne beside Lam Place, that rynnis to Lork Burn, with all the Cokstole Bothes, and with all the West Rawe of Sid Gate, fro' Gallowe Gate unto the Water Myln beside Saint James Kirk." The tributary babbling to the burn, and the water-mill rumbling beside the kirk, fall harmoniously on the ear with the ducking stool of unknown days that gave its name to the booths of our early merchants. With easy effort the imagination may revive on the spot some such sheet of water as was in the mind of the love-lorn maid in Gay's pastoral, when she exclaimed, with a saving "if"—

I'll speed me to the pond, where the high stool
On the long plank hangs o'er the muddy pool;
That stool, the dread of every scolding quean;
Yet, sure a lover should not die so mean!
There, placed aloft, I'll rave and rail by fits,
Though all the parish say I've lost my wits;
And thence, if courage holds, myself I'll throw,
And quench my passion in the lake below.

By lake or stream, in long-gone days, stood the ducking stool in permanent occupation; or it was brought thither from its place of repose when wanted. It was a fixed or locomotive engine at the pleasure of the town or parish. It had firm possession of the earth, or it ran over its surface on wheels. What was called the "tumbrel" had its chair at the termination of a long tram, and the culprit was tipped into the water at one end, and restored to the air by the pull of a rope at the other. Sometimes—for there was a fashion in correction as in costume—a transverse bar moved like an engine beam, upward and downward, at the summit of a perpendicular post. At this end of the bar was a rope—at the other end a suspended chair; and near the ground was a low platform on wheels. Off rolled the machine, when wanted for active duty, with a parish rabble at its wheels; and when the convenient water was attained, the miserable sinner was alternately hoisted and dipped by the "proper officer." At the head of the late Mr. W. H. Brockett's "Notes on Ducking Stools," the scene is depicted by the graver of Mr. Jewitt. The culprit sits in the chair over a running

stream. A dozen parishioners, led by a sober senior with bands and a grave matron with a muff, represent the village community. A quaint official handles the rope, prepared to inflict the cooling penalty; a feathered pair come calmly swimming down the flood, so used to a ducking that they are unexcited by the ceremony; and the lady awaiting her bath looks as placid as the ducks or the beadle.

Occasionally the machine was of the fashion described by "Sparabella" in the "Shepherd's Week"—the seat



occupying one end of a horizontal plank moving on a post by the water's edge, so that the offender could be made to revolve, and was now over the land, now over the more mobile element, and ready for momentary depression. Ingenuity found ample exercise in the adaptation of the several modes to the same hydropathic end; and in Chambers's "Book of Days," and elsewhere, the varieties are sketched by the pencil and engraved in wood.

The punishment is generally associated in the popular mind with scolds, and scolds of one particular sex; but in Leicester, in the thirteenth century, brewers who made indifferent beer were dipped in indifferent water; and men and women alike, who could not bridle their tongues, were in peril of a muddy bath. Mr. Kelly quotes, in his "Notices of Leicester," an ordinance of the Mayor in 1467, "that alle manner scholdys that are dwellyng withinne this towne, man or woman, that are found defectyf by sworne men before the Maire presented, that than hit shall be lefull to the same Mayre for to ponysh them on a cukstool a fore there door as long hym lyketh and thanne so to be caried forth to the iiij. yates of the towne." Cold water formed, here, no portion of the penalty.

Commonly, however, the chair and the plunge went together. "Roges and vagabonds," Harrison tells us in the sixteenth century, "are often stocked and whipped; scolds are ducked upon cucking stools in the water." "Witches," also, were brought to this ordeal; and the Regent of Scotland, Mary of Guise, doomed wandering

vocalists of her own sex to the cuckstool. Poets and prose writers make passing reference to the process. Butler descants in "Hudibras" on those

Who, mounted on a chair curule,
Which moderns call a cucking stool,
March proudly to the river's side,
And o'er the waves in triumph ride.

The pride and the triumph are doubtful—a poetic license. The prime mover in the march would probably have consented most readily to cede her seat to any of the vociferous followers at her heels. Let us hear what a less-known poet, quoted by Mr. Brockett in his tract, has to say on the rustic scene. Benjamin West, a Northamptonshire rhymmer, sang in 1780:—

There stands, my friend, in yonder pool,
An engine called a ducking stool:
By legal power condemned down,
The joy and terror of the town.
If jarring females kindle strife,
Give language foul or lug the coil;
If noisy dames should once begin
To drive the house with horrid din:
"Away," you cry, "you'll grace the stool;
We'll teach you how your tongue to rule."
The fair offender fills the seat
In sullen pomp, profound and great.
Down in the deep the stool descends,
But here at first we miss our ends:
She mounts again and rages more
Than ever vixen did before.
So, throwing water on the fire
Will make it but burn up the higher.
If so, my friend, pray let her take
A second turn into the lake,
And, rather than your patience lose,
Thrice and again repeat the dose.
No brawling wives, no furious wenches,
No fire so hot but water quenches.

Society has come to the conclusion that there is no cure for the fiery tongue in cold water, or cold iron either, and has laid them both aside. Chair and bridle are now mere matters of curious interest in town-museums. Banished from practical life, their story is to be read in books. Scotland and England had them in common. We read in the "Book of Days":—"Dr. Wilson, in his 'Prehistoric Annals of Scotland,' mentions the brank as a Scottish instrument of ecclesiastical punishment for the coercion of scolds and slanderous gossips. The use of the apparatus occurs in the Burgh Records of Glasgow as early as 1574, when two quarrelsome females were bound to keep the peace, or on further offending, 'to be brankit.' In the records of the Kirk Session at Stirling for 1600, 'the Brankes' are mentioned as the punishment for a shrew. In St. Mary's Church at St. Andrews, a memorable specimen still exists, known as the 'bishop's brank,' sketched and noticed in the Abbotsford edition of 'The Monastery.' Ducking stools and branks, however, with all their terrors, seem to have been insufficient to frighten the shrews of former days out of their bad propensities."

The ducking stool did more, during its protracted reign, than "endanger the health." It imperilled the life. It was a rough, rude penalty, and exposed its victim to the violence of a throng. Chambers refers in his Calendar to the old chap-book entitled "Strange and

Wonderful Relation of the Old Woman who was drowned at Ratcliffe Highway a Fortnight Ago." Like Ophelia, she had "too much water," and died of the excess. The ducking was not at all times administered by machinery, nor by licensed hands. The poor woman on whom displeasure fell received her doom, mayhap, in the court of Judge Lynch, and was hurried off by unofficial feet, and lawlessly dipped, regardless of her cries.

Something in the nature of stocks has existed from a remote period. In a specimen of those used by the Romans, found at Pompeii, were the leg-bones of four skeletons. Sometimes the stocks bore inscriptions. One at Hapton, in Norfolk, had the following:—

Those that fear God, and keep an honest name,
Shall not come here and undergo the shame;
Then you that suffer, don't true justice blame.


Scotland had a curious device, akin to the stocks and the pillory. This was the *jougs*, "which, in the country churches, were fixed to the two sides of the maine doore." Mr. Daniel Wilson, in his "Reminiscences, of Old Edinburgh," published in 1878, gives one of his storied pages to curiosities of public discipline. Having touched upon the transformation into a tolbooth of the old Parliament House, with the kindly appellation of the Heart of Midlothian, he remarks that incongruities of this sort seemed in no way inappropriate to our fathers. "The City Cross (he says) wedded itself to the Maiden, and divided its duties between civic festivals and public executions, with the interlude of the pillory as an occasional pastime. The cross of the neighbouring burgh [Canongate], still surmounted by its legendary stag's head and holy rood, retains the iron staple to which culprits were secured by means of the jougs—an iron collar and chain, which not only secured them beyond chance of escape, but placed the resentful victim in imminent danger of being hanged. Sometimes the branks were substituted for the jougs; and a curious specimen of the latter instrument of punishment was discovered in 1848, in the vicinity of the Canongate Tolbooth, behind the oak panelling in one of the rooms of Moray House. It is a skeleton iron helmet, with a gag which entered the mouth, and effectually *brankit* or bridled that unruly member, the tongue. Hence its special application to scolds, as in the case of one Bessie Tailzefer, who was accused before the Bailies and Council of the Canongate, on the 31st of October, 1567, of slandering one of their number. Therefore they 'ordanit the said Bessie to be brankit the morne, and set upone the croce of this bruche, thair to remane the space of ane houre.'" In another neighbouring burgh—that of Broughton (swallowed up in the extension of Edinburgh beyond the Nor' Loch)—the tolbooth was still standing prior to 1829, "with the village stocks in front of it"; for Scotland, like England, had wooden fetters for the feet as well as the neck—stocks and pillory, and jougs to boot. We know not if, in North Britain, the iron collar, as we have seen

it dangling at the church gate of old, still lingers *in terrorem*; but south of the Tweed, pillory and whipping post are gone; and "the stocks" (says Chambers in the "Book of Days") "are in most places removed as an unpopular object, or we see little more than a stump of them left."

The stocks had a longer reign in Newcastle than in many other places. Sykes records an instance of their application in 1826, when England had a General Election, and there were two contests for the representation of Northumberland in one year. On Sunday, August 26, an enthusiastic joiner shouted "Bell for ever" so lustily that he disturbed the congregation of St. Nicholas, and had a free sitting assigned to him in the churchyard stocks, on the eastern side of the north porch. We cannot say whether this was the last time they had a tenant on the Tyne. Silent and unobserved they seem to have passed away—we know not when. There was some thought, on the 16th of November, 1869, of bestowing their discipline on a poor fellow in Newcastle who had exceeded in his cups and could not pay the drunkard's fine; but not only was his money gone—the stocks also were gone; and the toper was told that he might be gone too.

For the loan of some of the sketches which have been copied for this article we are indebted to Mr. Matthew Mackey, jun., of Newcastle.

Mungo Park, the African Traveller.

N the right bank of the Yarrow, in Selkirkshire, about three miles above the county town, on the road leading to St. Mary's Loch, the tourist has pointed out to him the ruins of the farmhouse of Foulshiels, the birthplace of the celebrated African traveller, Mungo Park. Mungo first saw the light there on the 10th of September, 1771. After receiving instruction at home, along with his brothers and sisters, from a tutor engaged during the college vacation to teach them reading, writing, and arithmetic, he was sent to Selkirk Grammar School to be initiated in the higher branches, including the rudiments of Latin and Greek, being destined by his father to enter the Church. His taste, however, lay in a different direction. He preferred becoming "a member of the *Æsculapian* line." His parents deferring to his inclination, he was bound apprentice, at the age of fifteen, to Mr. Thomas Anderson, a respectable surgeon in Selkirk. With this gentleman he resided three years, during which time he improved his acquaintance with the classics by attending the Grammar School for an hour or so every day. He had shown a great love of reading even when a child; at school he was always at the head of his class; and while

servicing his apprenticeship he spent most of his leisure time in mental improvement, giving particular attention to botany, a study for which the neighbourhood afforded a rich field. In 1789, he proceeded to Edinburgh University, where he attended during three successive sessions the course of lectures prescribed to all who wished to graduate as surgeons. In the vacations, he was accustomed to make botanical excursions to the Highlands, in company with his brother-in-law, Mr. James Dickson, one of a Roxburghshire family more than locally distinguished as gardeners, nurserymen, and seedsmen, who had settled in London in that capacity, and risen to such eminence in it as to attract the notice of Sir Joseph Banks, then president of the Royal Society. To Sir Joseph young Park was introduced by Mr. Dickson, as



Mungo Park.

one anxious to see the wide world, and through the worthy knight's interest he obtained the appointment of assistant-surgeon to an East Indiaman, in which he sailed in the month of February, 1792, on a voyage to Sumatra.

At the time of Mungo's return to England, the African Association, of which Sir Joseph Banks was an active member, were anxiously inquiring for an explorer to supply the place of Major Houghton, one of the early victims to the spirit of African discovery. Park offered himself for the dangerous post, and was accepted. After spending some time in preparations, he sailed from Portsmouth for the river Gambia in May, 1795; and on arriving there he proceeded without delay to fit himself, by learning the Mandingo and other native tongues, for accomplishing the mission on which he had been sent. As almost every school-boy has made himself more or less acquainted with "Park's Travels," it would be a sheer waste of room

to enter into any detail about them here. Suffice it to say that, after enduring months of wandering, captivity, and misery, he found himself in the large city of Segou, on the banks of the mysterious Niger or Toliba river, the course of which had from the earliest ages been an unsolved puzzle to geographers, and which some had sought to identify with the Senegal, others with the Congo, and others again with the Nile, while many supposed it to be lost in a vast morass somewhere near the centre of the continent. But before he had proceeded much further he was compelled reluctantly to abandon all idea of continuing his journey eastward, his means being exhausted, as well as his bodily strength. So he made his way back painfully to the sea coast, where he was received by the British Resident "as one risen from the dead," after upwards of nineteen months' lonely and toilsome wanderings through a hitherto unexplored country.

Mr. Park's unexpected return, and the rumours which went abroad regarding his adventures and the strange countries he had visited, excited eager curiosity in the public mind. In the Metropolis he might have been quite a lion, but he wisely devoted himself, for upwards of a year, to preparing for the press an account of his travels, in which he was assisted by Mr. Bryan Edwards, secretary to the African Association, and that distinguished map-maker Major Rennell. The summer and autumn of 1798 he spent among his relatives in Scotland, his headquarters being Foulshiel, at that time occupied by his mother and one of his brothers. The accounts subsequently collected from his family represent him as leading then the life of a hard student, employed on his papers during the whole of the morning, and allowing himself scarcely any recreation beyond a solitary walk on the banks of the Yarrow. When he had finished the account of his travels, he went up to London and got it published. The work was well received, two editions being rapidly sold off; and the profits of publication, added to the liberal remuneration he received from the association, placed him for the moment in easy circumstances.

Thus freed from immediate fear of want, he retired once more to his native county; and in August, 1799, he married the daughter of the Mr. Anderson with whom he had served his apprenticeship. He continued to reside for upwards of two years subsequent to his marriage in the house of his mother, unable or unwilling to settle to any steady employment. Here he was introduced to the Sheriff of the county, Mr. (afterwards Sir Walter) Scott, by his brother, Archibald Park, a man remarkable for strength both of mind and body, and then tenant of a large farm on the Buccleuch estate. The poet and the traveller soon became much attached to each other; and Scott supplied some interesting anecdotes of their brief intercourse to the editor of Park's posthumous journal, published in 1815. Scott long afterwards told his

biographer, Lockhart, that, in conversing with Park, he was struck with the traveller's reticence with respect to his own personal adventures and escapes during his eleven hundred miles' solitary eastward journey from the Atlantic to the Niger. This he accounted for by the disgust he felt with the indirect questions which curious visitors would often put to him upon the subject of his travels, seeking, as he was apt to imagine, "how they might entangle him in his talk." Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller, he well knew, had been pestered and irritated almost beyond endurance in that way; and he had no mind to furnish materials for carping critics' use for classing him with Sir John Mandeville and Ferdinand Mendez Pinto. He contrasted such conduct, says Lockhart, with the frankness of Scott's revered friend, Dr. Adam Ferguson, who, the very first day the traveller dined with him at Hallyards, spread a large map of Africa on the table and made him trace out his progress thereupon, inch by inch, questioning him minutely as to every step he had taken. "Here, however," said Scott, "Dr. F. was using a privilege to which he was well entitled by his venerable age and high literary character, but which could not have been exercised with propriety by any common stranger."

Calling one day at Foulshiels, and not finding Park at home, Scott walked in search of him along the banks of the Yarrow, which in that neighbourhood passes over various ledges of rocks, forming deep pools and eddies between them. Presently he discovered his friend standing alone on the bank, plunging one stone after another into the water, and watching anxiously the bubbles as they rose to the surface. "This," said Scott, "appears but an idle amusement for one who has seen so much stirring adventure." "Not so idle, perhaps, as you suppose," answered Mungo; "this was the manner in which I used to ascertain the depth of a river in Africa before I ventured to cross it—judging whether the attempt would be safe by the time the bubble of air took to ascend." At this time Park's intention to undertake a second expedition had never been revealed to Scott; but he instantly formed the opinion that these experiments on the Yarrow were connected with some such purpose.

At length what was deemed a favourable opportunity for commencing the practice of his profession as a medical man occurred in Peebles, and he settled with his family in that town in October, 1801. He soon obtained a good share of the business of the neighbourhood, but the profits were inconsiderable. William Chambers, in his "History of Peeblesshire," tells us that a small projecting building, east from the Chambers Institution, is said to have been the surgery of the lamented traveller; and he adds that "in this miserable den did Park experience some of the difficulties incidental to the life of a country surgeon, and pine for that kind of employment as a traveller which he felt to be his destiny; and who," he asks, "in

looking at the place now, can wonder at his resolution to prosecute his career in a more fitting field of enterprise?" Persons still alive in Peebles when Mr. Chambers wrote, twenty-five years ago, remembered Mungo Park, and his Arabic teacher, Sidi Omback Boubi, a native of Mogadore, whom Park had found in London, and carried down with him to Tweeddale. Omback the Moor, as he was familiarly styled, was a considerable marvel in his way to the people of Peebles; for he was a staunch Mussulman in his belief and usages, and probably the only specimen of a Mohammedan who, by a singular conjuncture of circumstances, had ever been resident in the borough. During the whole time of Park's residence in that quiet county town, his thoughts always continued to be haunted with Africa. He said that rather than wear out his life in long and toilsome rides over Minchmoor and round about Duchar Law and Dun Rig and Dunsclair and Black Knowe, for which the pay was hardly enough to keep body and soul together, he would again brave Africa and all its horrors, although he confessed that, whenever he awoke suddenly in the night, owing to a nervous disorder with which he was troubled, he fancied himself still a prisoner in the tent of Ali, the Moorish tyrant of Ludamar, who had kept him close confined for four or five months, and from whom he had made his escape with the utmost difficulty.

Park had the gratification, it is true, of being appreciated by such men as Scott, Ferguson, Dugald Stewart, Playfair, and others of his most distinguished countrymen; but the pleasure of their society, and the happiness he might have enjoyed in his own family circle, were no sufficient counterpoise to the harassing reflection that his income was inadequate to meet respectably the increasing wants of his household; and this, coupled with the tedium of such a life as that of a remote country surgeon, after the excitement of an expedition into regions which had probably never been trodden before by a white man, had the effect of so unsettling his mind that he was ready to undertake any commission that would lead him back into foreign adventure, however arduous. It was not to be marvelled at, therefore, that he should have accepted most gladly a proposal made from the Colonial Office, at the head of which Lord Hobart was at the time, that he should go out to Africa once more to explore the rest of its interior at the charge of the Government. Towards the end of autumn, in the year 1804, when he was on the point of quitting his native land for the last time (he sailed in the month of January, 1805), Park paid Scott a farewell visit, and slept at Ashestiel, where the Wizard of the North then resided. Next morning, Lockhart tells us, his host accompanied him homewards over the wild chain of hills between the Tweed and the Yarrow. Park talked much of his new scheme, and mentioned his determination to tell his family that he had some business for a day or two in Edinburgh, and send them his blessing

from thence, without returning to take leave. When they reached the Williamhope ridge, the autumnal mist, floating heavily and slowly down the valley of the Yarrow, presented to Scott's imagination a striking emblem of the troubled and uncertain prospect which his friend's undertaking afforded, and he said as much. Park, however, remained unshaken, and at length they reached the spot at which they agreed to separate. A small ditch divided the moor from the road, and, in going over it, Park's horse stumbled, and nearly fell. "I am afraid, Mungo," said Scott, "that it is a bad omen." To which he answered, smiling, "Freits (omens) follow those who look to them." With this expression Mungo struck the spurs into his horse, and Scott never saw him again. His parting proverb was probably suggested by one of the Border ballads—"Edom o' Gordon"—in which it occurs; for in that species of lore Park was almost as great a proficient as Scott himself.

We need not pursue our narrative further. Park's second expedition added comparatively little to the geographical knowledge he had already brought to Europe, and it cost the intrepid traveller his life. After reaching the banks of the long-sought-for Niger, and seen it, "with infinite pleasure, glittering to the morning sun, as broad as the Thames at Westminster, and flowing slowly to the eastward," he embarked upon its waters and sailed down as far as Boussa, thus marking, indeed, its continuous progress for a thousand miles; but it was reserved for Richard Lander to trace the windings of the mighty river for about eight hundred miles more, and see it finally emptying itself into the Atlantic. While making his way down the river, Mungo Park and his whole party of seven or eight—reduced to that number by disease—were attacked at a place called Yaour, where a rock extends across the channel, with only one opening, through which the current runs with incredible velocity; and there they were all either drowned or killed by the spears of the natives.

For many years after this sad catastrophe, people at home generally would not believe that Park was dead. The present writer recollects quite well the warm fireside discussions which used to take place in the farm-houses and hinds' cottages on the Border as to the strong probability of his being still alive, and certain to come back once more with marvellous news from the land of the blacks. Reports were spread abroad of his having been seen by one or other intelligent Arab or negro who had travelled into the interior or who had heard accounts of him. Considerable rewards were offered for finding him. So late as the year 1827, the hope that he was yet alive was still cherished by some of his family; and his second son, Thomas, a fine youth, glowing with ardour to qualify himself for launching into the heart of Africa, like another Telemachus in search of his lost father, actually set out that year with the purpose of

penetrating into the interior and completing the discoveries his father's death had left unaccomplished. But he arrived on the Guinea Coast only to die there, in the Aquamboe country, on the east bank of the Volta, it was thought by poison, though not before he had showed powers of observation that made his fate more to be deplored.

The great traveller's eldest son died in India, in the situation of assistant-surgeon to the forces there. Another son and a daughter completed his family. His widow, who is said to have been a very pretty and amiable woman, survived him many years, having died in 1840.

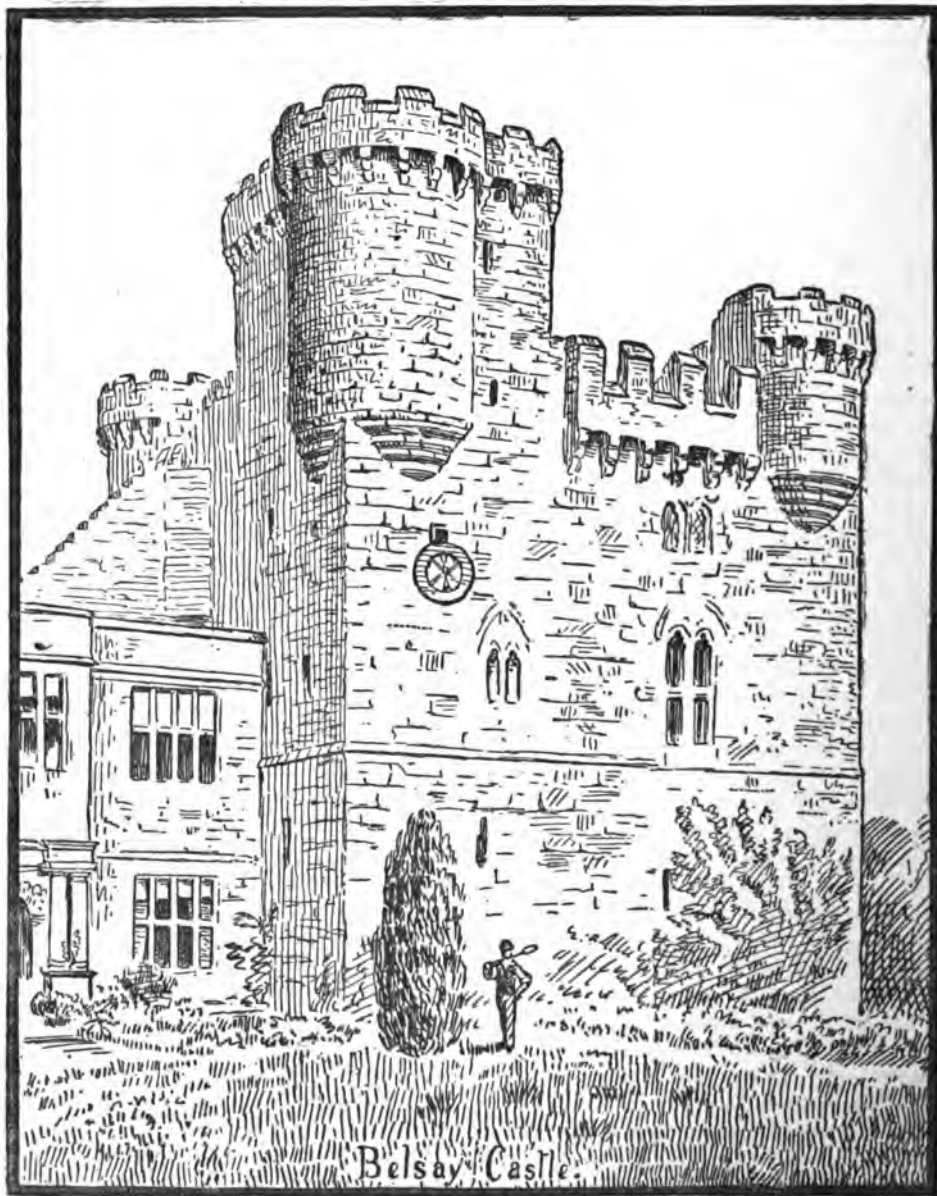
WILLIAM BROOKER.

Belsay Castle.

BELSAY CASTLE is, architecturally, the most interesting of the lesser Northumbrian strongholds which are still partially in a habitable condition. It had many additions made to it by Sir Charles Middleton about the beginning of the seventeenth century; and the old tower, shown in our engraving, is the only remaining portion of the original structure. This tower, and the lands surrounding it, were the property of the Middletons from an unascertained remote date; and during the disorderly days of the wars between England and Scotland, when Northumberland was sometimes in the hands of the Scots and sometimes in those of the English, and was constantly, except during brief terms of truce, liable to be overrun and devastated by hostile bands, the Middletons, like most of the Border chieftains on both sides, were little better than freebooters, now professing fealty to one king and anon to another, but generally most inclined to fight for their own hand. During the weak reign of the unfortunate Edward II., Belsay was forfeited by Sir John de Middleton for being in league with the Scots; but it was regained under King Henry V., through the marriage of one of John's descendants to the daughter and heiress of Sir John de Strivelyn, to whom it had been granted. Since that time it has been transmitted, with sundry alliances with distinguished families, particularly the Lamberts and Moncks (the latter famous in the Commonwealth time), to the present possessor of the domain, Sir Arthur E. Middleton, Bart. As the old tower has the arms of Middleton impaling Strivelyn over the uppermost window of its south side, it is thought probable that it was built by John de Middleton, and Christian, his wife, in the time of Henry VI. However that may have been, the tower is certainly one of the most perfect specimens of castellated architecture to be found in Northumberland. The additions to the tower, seen to the left in our view, were,

from the time of James I., the residence of the Middleton family, but probably added at different times. Belsay House, a new mansion of Doric design, was erected about sixty years ago. Since that time the greater part of the old residence adjoining the tower has been taken down, and that which is left has been converted into a steward's house. The oldest and handsomest part of the additions has on its south front this inscription on a tablet:—"Thomas Middleton, and Dorothy, his wife, builded this house, anno 1614"; and on another tablet, immediately

below, the arms of Middleton quartering Strivelyn, and "T. M., 1629." The new mansion house stands on a dry knoll to the north-east of the old castle, and partly occupies the site of the ancient chapel of Belsay, in which the vicar of Bolam did duty in Queen Elizabeth's time. The name of Belsay is spelt in many different ways in old writings—as Bellesso, Bellesho, Belsha, Belshaw, Belshou, and Belso, in which last form it appears attached to a beautiful view in Russell and Price's "England Displayed," published in 1769.



Swarland Hall.

THE estate of Swarland, situated about two miles north-west from Felton, on the left hand side of the old turnpike road leading from Morpeth to Alnwick, is said to have belonged to the distinguished English family of Haselrigg previous to the Norman Conquest; and it remained in the hands of their descendants till the seventeenth century, when it was forfeited during the Great Rebellion, as writers of Jacobite tendencies term the Commonwealth. It was restored to the original owners by James II.; but the last of the family dying about 1740, it was, with many other estates in Northumberland which they possessed, such as Weetaled, Woolington, Fawdon, &c., sold by the Court of Chancery. Swarland was bought by Richard Grieve, of Alnwick, whose son, David Richard Grieve, built Swarland Hall, on an allotment given to the estate at the enclosure of the neighbouring common in 1765. (An account of the Grieves, and especially of George Grieve, who played so conspicuous a part in the French Revolution, appears in the *Monthly Chronicle*, page 173.) The widow of David Richard, who died without issue, sold the hall and the estate, in 1795, to Alexander Davison, who had been a Government contractor during the early part of the long French war, and who greatly improved the house and pleasure grounds, so as to render it one of the most handsome rural seats in the county. The extensive park was tastefully diversified by him with clumps of trees and other ornaments.

In front of the hall, and close to the high road, Mr. Davison erected a monument to the memory of Lord Nelson, with whom he had been on terms of intimate friendship; and he so arranged the



Alexander Davison.

trees in the immediate neighbourhood as to show the order in which the ships were placed at the battle of Trafalgar. The monument is an obelisk, formed of white



freestone, of considerable height and size. On the body of the obelisk appear the words, "England expects every Man to do his Duty"; and on the pedestal, "Not to commemorate the Public Virtue and Achievements of Nelson, which is the Duty of England, but to the Memory of Private Friendship, this Erection is Dedicated by Alexander Davison." The estate was sold by auction by the late Mr. Samuel Donkin, the Robins of the North, about twenty years ago; and it is now the property of Mr. Hugh Andrews, one of the acting magistrates for the county of Northumberland.

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Melford.

Sir William Blackett (1)

THE FIRST BARONET OF HIS NAME AND RACE.

WHE name of Blackett is written high and large in the political history of Newcastle, and figures conspicuously in the commercial life of the Northern Counties. There were Blacketts, or Blackheda, at Woodcroft, in the county of Durham, dating from the fourteenth century; there were Blacketts in Newcastle dating from the next century, if not before. The Registers of St. Andrew's Church contain entries of the marriage, in 1598, of William Blackett to Margaret Potter; the death, in 1605, of Thomas Blackett; the marriage, in 1642, of another Thomas Blackett "to his dame Marie Greene," with the sympathetic addendum that "she did love him in his master's time." Across the water, the parish books of Gateshead, under date 1630, show the name of William Blackett among those of the churchwardens. The books of the Company of Merchant Adventurers of Newcastle record, in 1636, the apprenticeship of William Blackett, son of William Blackett, of Jarrow, yeoman, to William Sherwood, merchant adventurer and boothman.

The first of the Blacketts who rose to eminence in Newcastle bore the name so much preferred by the Blackett race—that of William. Whether he was the son of the yeoman at Jarrow, as Mr. M. A. Richardson and Mr. John Clayton suppose; whether he was the son of William Blackett, of Hoppyland, a descendant of the Woodcroft family, as Mr. Hodgson asserts; or whether William of Jarrow and William of Hoppyland were not one and the same person, are questions into which we need not enter. It is sufficient for the purpose of these sketches to know that at the Restoration there was a merchant in Newcastle of that name who had become a man of mark and position, and who subsequently

made his patronymic famous throughout the North of England.

To build up a successful business when civil war was raging required talents of no mean order. Yet it was during civil war, followed by the precarious decade of the Commonwealth, that Mr. Blackett ran his early commercial career. We read nothing of him in the public life of Newcastle at this time. He was a Royalist, and, therefore, while the Protectorate lasted, out of harmony with the prevailing opinions of the municipal body. But in 1660, when Cromwell was dead, and the Royalists were beginning to conspire for the return of the Monarchy, he was put forward for the shrievalty. His friends were strong enough to render a compromise desirable, and the electors chose him to be Sheriff, and John Emmerson, the Puritan Sheriff of Robert Bewicke's year, to be Mayor. They had not been long in office before the Commonwealth was tottering to its fall. The whirligig of time was already bringing in his revenges; the Sheriff, who had officially received General Lealey in 1640, when the enterprise first began which ended in the subversion of the Crown, was fated as Mayor to receive General Monk and the advance guard of the Restoration. A few months later tar barrels were burning, all the bells in Newcastle were ringing, and Mr. Sheriff Blackett was spending £22 for a tun of wine to run through a pant in honour of the coronation of his Sacred Majesty King Charles II.

When his shrievalty ended the Corporation made Mr. Blackett an alderman. At Michaelmas 1666 (the Incorporated Company of Hostmen having twice in the meantime appointed him to be their governor), he was elected Mayor, with Timothy Davison, who married his daughter Elizabeth, as Sheriff. In that capacity one of his first duties was the quelling of a riot. Local trade had been languishing all the summer, and the colliers and keelmen of the Tyne were on the verge of starvation. When, therefore, at the end of November the collectors of hearth-money went into Sandgate, where most of the pitmen and keelmen lived, they were saluted with curses, threats, and stones, and were twice driven out of the thoroughfare. On the morning of the 7th of December the Mayor himself went down to assist the collectors, but Sandgate set them all at defiance. In the afternoon his worship returned, accompanied by the Recorder and aldermen, and tried conciliation. He talked in a friendly way to the multitude, explaining that the tax was small, and promising that it should be taken from those only who were able to pay it. To which the residents replied that they had not bread to eat, that hundreds of them had lived for weeks upon oatmeal and cudbush boiled in water, and, therefore, had no money for taxes. The parley ended in an order from the Mayor that the duty should be taken from those only who were willing to pay, and so the tumult was appeased. On the

11th of the month the Government was informed that all had been quieted "by the prudence of the Mayor and the Commissioners," and that the hearth-money was being peaceably collected.

Twice again—in 1667 and 1668—the Hostmen of Newcastle appointed Alderman Blackett to rule over them. But higher positions and greater honours were coming to him. With the Restoration the authorities in Newcastle had turned intensely loyal. All those whom the Commonwealth had disabled were restored to their places, and Sir Francis Anderson and Sir John Marley, two of the oldest and strongest partisans of the Stuart dynasty, had been triumphantly returned to represent the town in Parliament. In October, 1673, Sir John Marley died, and, on the 27th of that month, the House of Commons ordered a new election. With one consent the electors turned to Alderman Blackett, and on the 3rd December they put him in Sir John Marley's place. In making this appointment, besides pleasing themselves they gratified the Court, and the King celebrated the event by a special mark of royal favour. Before the return to the writ could have reached the Speaker, letters patent, conferring the lower order of nobility upon the elect of Newcastle, were in course of preparation. By the 12th December they were completed, and thus, within the space of a fortnight, William Blackett, the Newcastle alderman, became Sir William Blackett, Baronet and M.P.

It does not appear from the journals of the House of Commons that Sir William Blackett contributed much to the deliberations and discussions of the Legislature. He was re-elected 7th February, 1678-9, with Sir Francis Anderson, and 3rd September, 1679, with Sir Ralph Carr, as his colleagues. During the whole of his Parliamentary career, excepting as a member of committees of the House, his name occurs but twice, and on both occasions it is attached to complaints of breaches of privilege.

Successful in business beyond the common run of Newcastle merchants, and enjoying the highest honours which his fellow citizens could bestow, Sir William was happy also in his domestic relations. By the wife of his youth, Elizabeth, daughter of Michael Kirkley, of Newcastle, merchant, who died the year after her husband was elected to Parliament, he had a numerous family. The more notable of them were Edward, his successor (Sir Edward Blackett, of Newby Hall, Yorkshire, M.P. successively for Ripon and Northumberland); Michael, Sheriff of Newcastle in 1676; William (Sir William Blackett, of Wallington), of whom more presently; Elizabeth, married to Timothy Davison, of Beamish; and Christian, who became the wife of Robert Mitford, of Seghill. These all grew up around him in one of the fine old houses whose gardens sloped down to the Tyne, at the western side of the Mansion House in the Close. But after the death of Lady Blackett, he

purchased from his Parliamentary colleague, Sir Francis Anderson, the great mansion in the centre of the town known as the Grey Friars, and, in later years, as Anderson Place. To either end of this stately building he added a wing, and thus completed the princely residence which local historians never tire of extolling. Into his new home he brought a second wife, Margaret, daughter of Henry Cock, and widow of John Rogers, and there, four years after his purchase, on the 16th May, 1680, he died.

The great undertakings in coal and lead in which Sir William Blackett was engaged, and the extent of the property he had acquired, are disclosed in his will. At the time of his death he held the Manor of Winton, and the collieries there; possessed large shares in collieries at Newburn, Whorlton, Brunton, Fallowfield, Acomb, Ryton, and Kyo; was lessee of lead-mines in Alston Moor and Weardale; owned the estates of Wellhope and Killhope, and lead mines, houses, and lands in East and West Allendale, the manors of Melkridge and Woodhall in the parish of Haltwhistle, lands at Slaley, Duxfield, and Colepita, the patrimonial estate at Woodcroft near Stanhope, the messuage and mill called Hatherwicke's Mill, and the Grey Friars and other houses and property in Newcastle.

Sir William Blackett (2)

BLACKETT OF WALLINGTON.

Edward, eldest son of the first Sir William Blackett, succeeded to the title, and out of the vast wealth which the old baronet had accumulated received a portion adequate to his position as the head of the family. William, the third son, inherited his father's genius and the bulk of the property.

Thus equipped for public life, offices and honours flowed in upon William Blackett with more than usual rapidity. The Corporation of Newcastle made him an alderman, and, without asking him to fill the intermediate office of Sheriff, elected him at Michaelmas, 1683, three years after his father's death, to be Mayor. A few months after the expiration of his term of office his cup of happiness must have been full to overflowing; for on the 4th January, 1684-5, he was appointed Governor of the Hostmen's Company; on the 23rd, King Charles II. made him a baronet; on the 27th, he was united in marriage, at St. Nicholas' Church, to Julia, daughter of Sir Christopher Conyers, and granddaughter of Richard, Viscount Lumley. Nor was this all. Within a fortnight of the wedding King Charles died, and on the 23rd of March, when he had been a baronet but a month, and before his honeymoon was over, he was elected member for Newcastle in the first—and last—Parliament of King James II.

Settling down after his election, Sir William Blackett made the Grey Friars his home, and there, surrounded by

"walks and grass plots, beautified with images, and beset with trees," in the heart of Newcastle, he exercised a magnificent hospitality. Kip's view of the house, published a few years later, enables us to see for ourselves the baronet's happy domestic environments, and to realise the picture which Richardson draws of him and his wife parading the chequered pavement, wandering to the brink of the burn that skirted the western bounds of the gardens, entertaining a thousand or so of the brethren of the Incorporated Companies, or entering the gilded coach, drawn by six horses, which Kip shows at the great entrance gate.

The part which Sir William played in the local squabbles that characterised the short and unhappy reign of James II. may be read in Richardson's reprint, "The Eve of the Revolution in Newcastle." He is exhibited therein as a powerful burgher, and the head of a strong municipal league—the leader, in fact, of the dominant party in the town. To him, when the Revolution had been effected, and King James had fled, the burghers again turned for a representative, and he was elected on the 10th January, 1688-9, a member of the Convention Parliament which voted the crown to William and Mary. When the next Parliament was ordered to assemble he was Mayor of Newcastle for the second time, and two members of the Carr family were returned; but in the two succeeding elections—1695 and 1698—he was again the choice of the constituency. Another period of retirement followed, during which William Carr and Sir Henry Liddell sat three times for Newcastle, and on the 6th June, 1705, he was elected for the last time. Thus, out of nine Parliaments that met after his marriage, he sat in five.

Sir William's record in the journals of the House is creditable, if not conspicuous. After his second election, he had charge of a bill which, receiving the royal assent on the 25th July, 1689, established a Court of Conscience in Newcastle. In the Parliament of 1695-6, he was entrusted with the preparation and introduction of an unsuccessful bill to ascertain the damages and settle the rents upon coal wharfs and wayleaves in Northumberland and Durham, and in 1698 he piloted through the House a measure for the better supplying Newcastle with fresh water.

Shortly before he became High Sheriff of Northumberland—in 1689—Sir William purchased the fine estate of Wallington, and other property belonging to the unfortunate Sir John Fenwick. The price to be paid to Sir John Fenwick for this alienation of property inherited from a long line of illustrious ancestors was £4,000, and an annuity of £2,000 to Sir John and his wife for their respective lives. Under its new possessors, Wallington lost none of its traditional magnificence and proverbial hospitality.

Shew's [show us] the way to Wallington!
had been a favourite air in Northumberland for many

generations, and, when the property changed hands, a local poet, weaving the punning crest of the Fenwicks—a Phoenix—into his rhyme, was able to sing—

Fair Wallington has been decreed by fate
To be the cap'tal of a large estate;
The wine of Wallington old songsters praise;
The Phoenix from her ashes Blacketts raise.

Early in December, 1705, Sir William, being in London attending to his Parliamentary duties, fell ill and died. Elaborate arrangements were made to give him a public funeral in Newcastle. The body was brought in a series of stately marches from London, and nearly a month after death, with Sir Henry Liddell, Lionel Vane, Mark Shafto, Ralph Carr, and Nicholas Ridley as pall-bearers, and a procession that must have extended far beyond the distance from the mansion to the church, it was buried in St. Nicholas' with unwonted pomp and circumstance.

By his will Sir William directed £1,000 to be invested and the interest to be given, one-third to the binding of apprentices for seven years in Newcastle, another third to poor householders in the parish of St. Andrew, and the remainder to a schoolmaster to teach thirty children of poor people in that parish how to read English and repeat the Church Catechism without book. Subject to the payment of these and other legacies, he left all his vast possessions—inherited and acquired—to William, his son and heir.

Thomas Wotton, in "The English Baronetage" (1741), describes Sir William Blackett as being "very popular in his country, of remarkable probity, and a good speaker in the House of Commons." Mr. John Straker, in a biographical sketch of the family, referring to both first and second baronets, adds, "The estimation in which the Blacketts were at this time held, and the success with which their undertakings were crowned, was such as to become almost proverbial. The advice that a kind master gave to his favourite apprentice, and the utmost wish that a father could have for his darling son, was that he would be through life a—William Blackett."

Sir William Blackett (3)

A SUSPECTED JACOBITE.

Sir William Blackett (3), of Newcastle, Wallington, and Hexham Priory, succeeded to the title and estates of his father in his sixteenth year. As soon as he had attained the age of manhood he was elected (November 1, 1710) to his father's seat for Newcastle in the House of Commons, not unanimously—for there was a contest—but by such a majority as showed that the opposition was not directed against him, but against Mr. William Carr, one of the retiring members. Mr. Carr, who had occupied one of the Newcastle seats for several years, found himself faced by a stranger—William Wrightson, of Cusworth, Yorkshire, grandson of Sir Thomas Beaumont, of Whitley Beaumont, and husband of a Newcastle lady, Isabel, widow of Thomas Matthews, and daughter of Francis Burton, sword-bearer. The polling was heavy; it ex-

tended over two days; and when it ended Sir William Blackett was returned with 1,177 votes, and Mr. Wrightson with 886, Mr. Carr receiving only 609 votes.

Possessing neither the ability nor the aptitude for business which characterised both his father and grandfather, Sir William Blackett the third made no great mark in the House. The only matter of public importance with which his name became identified at this early stage of his career was a bill for the establishment of the Keelmen's Hospital. Sir William took a leading part in carrying this measure through the House, and managed to smooth down a good deal of local friction that had arisen between the Hostmen's Company and the Keelmen.

Triennial Parliaments were in operation at this time, and when the next election fell due, at the end of August, 1713, Sir William and Mr. Wrightson were returned without opposition. They were not so fortunate at the election in 1715—the first of George I. James (afterwards Sir James) Clavering went to the poll against them, but was left in a hopeless minority. Sir William again took the lead, receiving 639 votes to Mr. Wrightson's 550. Mr. Clavering, although in the rear with only 263 votes, claimed the seat on the ground that Mr. Wrightson was not qualified. Nothing appears to have resulted from his petition. The aggregate polling shows that large numbers of the freemen must have abstained from voting for any of the candidates.

And now came a time of trial to the house of Blackett and to many other local families. The standard of rebellion was raised in Northumberland, and Sir William Blackett came under grave suspicion of being friendly to the cause of the Pretender. For many a month after the rising had been put down, the real intentions of Sir William Blackett continued to be the theme of discussion in the North-Country. The suspicion against him in Newcastle was strong and lasting enough to lose him the Mayoralty when, at Michaelmas, 1717, he was nominated to that office, and his appointment the following year was not secured until he had obtained letters from two Secretaries of State testifying that he was well-affected to the House of Hanover. By 1722, however, the prejudice had greatly diminished. The first septennial Parliament expired then, and Sir William Blackett went to the poll, with Mr. Wrightson and Mr. Carr. He did not head the list this time with a wide interval between himself and his colleague; but he ran a good second, the figures being—Carr, 1,234; Blackett, 1,158; and Wrightson, 831. Nothing is to be learned about his career in Parliament during all these years. The journals of the House are silent, and local history makes no sign.

Sir William lived unmarried till he was six-and-thirty. He had formed an irregular alliance with Miss Elizabeth Ord, of West Ord, in the county palatine, who had borne

him a daughter, and was in no hurry to change his condition. But on the 20th September, 1725, he was united to Lady Barbara Villiers, daughter of William, Earl of Jersey. In various local publications we may read of the banquets and bonfires, the bell-ringing and beer-drinking, the flowing punch-bowl hewn out of the solid rock on the highest pinnacle of Shaftoe Crags, the nuptial rhyme, composed for the occasion by a local versifier, and other glowing details of the manner in which this marriage was celebrated by the Blackett tenantry and Sir William's admirers in town and country.

The death of George I. in June, 1727, brought on a new election and a new candidate for the representation of Newcastle. The retiring members were opposed by the Mayor, Nicholas Fenwick, and the wheel of fortune this time sent Mr. Carr to the bottom of the poll, and placed Sir William at the head of it. Mr. Carr petitioned against the return. The House referred the petition to the proper committee, but before anything was done in the matter, on the 25th of September, 1728, in his fortieth year, Sir William Blackett died.

Having no children by his wife, and the baronetcy becoming extinct at his death, Sir William left all his estates to his daughter Elizabeth Ord, upon condition that within twelve months of his decease she should wed his nephew, Walter Calverley (the only son of the marriage of his elder sister Julia with Sir Walter Calverley, of Calverley and Esholt, in Yorkshire), and that he and his issue should assume the name of Blackett. Failing issue of this marriage, the property was to descend to the heirs male of his remaining sisters.

Sir Walter Calverley Blackett.

KING OF NEWCASTLE.

In obedience to his uncle's will, Walter Calverley married his cousin, Elizabeth Ord, on the 29th of August, 1729. The inheritance of the Blacketts had been neglected during his uncle's time, and he found it so crippled that the lands would scarcely pay the incumbrances upon them. By good management the mines and mills were brought into a healthy condition, and, by the time that Mr. Calverley had obtained a private Act enabling him to take the surname and arms of Blackett (March, 1734), his estate was worthy of the name he bore. To follow in the footsteps of his grandfather, to fill the same public offices, and render the same public services as he had done, were among the first objects of ambition to which this untitled heir of the Blacketts aspired. As soon, therefore, as he had rehabilitated his impoverished estates, he petitioned the Corporation of Newcastle to admit him to the freedom of the town. The Corporation, delighted at the prospect, readily complied with his request, and at the first vacancy made him their youngest alderman. From these points of vantage he shaped his course to aims beyond. Ingratiating himself with the electors, he waited till

a dissolution under the Septennial Act should enable him to try for the seat in the Commons which Newcastle had so often given to his maternal ancestors. In the meantime he served the office of High Sheriff of Northumberland.

Parliament was dissolved on the 17th April, 1734, and the electors of Newcastle went to the polling-place a few days afterwards to decide whether Mr. Blackett should realise the object of his ambition. At the close the figures were:—Blackett, 1,354; Fenwick, 1,083; Carr, 716. Thus the name of Blackett was once more at the head of the poll in Newcastle, and the seat was again held by a representative of the house which Mr. Carr had defeated at the previous election. The new member gave



Sir Walter Blackett Bart

early and regular attendance to his parliamentary duties, was soon selected for committee work, and before many months were over had charge of a local bill—a bill for lighting and watching the town. The bill, in Mr. Blackett's charge, went as far as the second reading, but it was some years before a satisfactory measure was obtained.

On Michaelmas Monday, 1735, Alderman Blackett was appointed Mayor of Newcastle. During his term of office he erected the building which disfigures the south side of St. Nicholas' Church (the lower part to form a vestry—the upper storeys to accommodate the old Church Library and the books presented to the town by Dr. Thomlinson) and endowed it with an annuity of £25, to serve as salary for a librarian. He was Mayor again in 1748-9 (the municipal year that followed Dr. Thomlinson's death), in 1756-7, in 1764-5 (a few months after the *Newcastle Chronicle* was started), and in 1771-2—five times altogether.

At the next Parliamentary election (May 1741) four aldermen were candidates—Blackett and Fenwick, retiring members, representing the Tory, or Country party,

and William Carr and Matthew Ridley, nominated by the Whig, or Court party. "The Great Contest," as it was called, created an unusual degree of excitement in Newcastle. The old members were favourites all through, though at the finish, Mr. Ridley was only a hundred votes behind the lowest of them. Ald. Blackett topped the poll with 1,453 votes, Ald. Fenwick received 1,231, Ald. Ridley, 1,131, and Ald. Carr, 683. When the next election came round in 1747, Mr. Fenwick withdrew, and Mr. Matthew Ridley succeeded him as the colleague of Mr. Blackett without opposition. Mr. Straker tells us that at the election of 1741 Mr. Blackett was at the height of his popularity, the majority of the freemen striving to excel each other in wreathing laurels to decorate his brow. They styled him the Patriot, the Opposer of the Court, the Father of the Poor. From other sources we know that from about this time through many years he was styled the King of Newcastle.

Sir Walter Calverley died in 1749, and Ald. Blackett succeeded to the title of baronet, and the inheritance of Calverley, Esholt, and Horsforth. Desiring to limit his landed interest to the counties of Northumberland and Durham, he sold the Yorkshire estates, purchased the property at Wallington when it was sold by order of the Court of Chancery to pay his uncle's debts, and was thenceforward known only as Sir Walter Calverley Blackett, Bart., of Wallington and Hexham Priory, M.P. for Newcastle. To this latter title he clung tenaciously, and in defence of it was ready to fight all comers. No one ventured to oppose him at the elections of 1754, 1761, and 1768. He and Mr. Matthew Ridley held their seats undisturbed. But in 1774 there was a contest, and a very lively one too. Mr. Ridley retired in favour of his son, Sir Matthew White Ridley. Sir Walter had offended some of the freemen by espousing the unpopular side in the Town Moor struggle. There were other forces at work of a less local character. The treatment of John Wilkes by the House of Commons had created a formidable agitation; the question of reform in the representation of the people was coming to the front; and there was dissatisfaction at the absolutist tendencies of the Court. In anticipation of the election, a series of treat articles were drawn up and presented to Sir Walter and Sir Matthew for signature. Neither Sir Walter nor Sir Matthew would sign this programme, whereupon invitations were sent to Thomas, brother of Sir Francis Delaval, and Captain the Hon. Constantine John Phipps, who agreed to adopt the articles and contest the borough. They had on their side the prolific pen of the Rev. James Murray, author of "Sermons to Asses," &c. This earnest divine wrote a vigorous pamphlet of forty pages entitled "The Contest," with the motto, "Give the Devil his Due," and conducted for six months a political serial called "The Freemen's Magazine, or Constitutional Repository." In both these publications Sir

Walter Blackett was handled with characteristic freedom, and, it must be added, no small amount of scurrility. More than six hundred new freemen were admitted for voting purposes just before the election came off, but it was a hollow affair after all. The votes for Sir Walter were 1,432; for Sir Matthew, 1,411; for Captain Phipps, 795; for Mr. Delaval, 677.

Sir Walter Blackett had now been forty years representative of Newcastle in Parliament; he was the father of the newly-elected House of Commons. With increasing age his courtly tendencies had deepened. The American difficulty occurred, and he steadily supported the King and his Ministers in their struggle with the colonists. In October, 1775, there was a great meeting on the Forth, and 1,210 burgesses of Newcastle signed a petition to the King against the declaration of war with their brethren across the Atlantic. Sir Walter declined to present it; his colleague followed his example, and the duty was undertaken by Sir George Saville. A counter petition was hawked about, it was signed by 169 persons, and Sir Walter laid it at the feet of his Sovereign. He lived long enough to see the American States declare themselves free and independent, but before the conflict was finally decided he had passed away.

Lady Blackett died on the 21st of September, 1759 (having had only one child, a daughter, who predeceased her), and was buried in St. Nicholas', with the accustomed pomp and ceremony. Sir Walter died in London on the 17th of February, 1777, and was interred in the family vault at Calverley. His entailed estates went to Sir Thomas Wentworth (son of his aunt Diana Blackett and Sir William Wentworth), through whom it came to the Beaumont family. The magnificent property at Wallington he bequeathed to his only sister, Julia, wife of Sir George Trevelyan of Nettlecomb, and on her death to her eldest son, Sir John Trevelyan, who succeeded him in the representation of Newcastle. To her other son—named after him, Walter—he left £40,000. Mr. Straker's pamphlet contains a list of other legacies and annuities, extending over a couple of pages, which he bequeathed to friends and institutions in Newcastle and Northumberland.

The character of Sir Walter Blackett is drawn by Mr. Hodgson in the "History of Northumberland," and by Mr. Straker in his biographical sketch, in terms of glowing eulogy. He improved and beautified Wallington; erected the mock ruin of Rothley; built the market place with piazzas at Hexham, and laid out the open space there called "The Seal" for the recreation of the inhabitants; augmented seventeen church livings in Northumberland; endowed an almshouse in the Manors, Newcastle, which, till swept away by the railway, was known as Blackett's Hospital; gave munificent gifts to the Infirmary; distributed annually, on his birthday, beef, bread, and money to hundreds of poor people; and subscribed liberally to all the local charities. "His splen-

dour was the power that kept many thousand hands in motion—that cheered and comforted the feeble and the destitute." His was the only place visited by Arthur Young in his "Six Months' Tour" where fees were not taken, and thereby hangs a tale which may be read at length in "Richardson's Table Book," ii., 89. "In his equipage and establishment there was a decent grandeur; in his hospitality and household affairs sumptuousness and regularity. His gallantry is often mentioned, and his manners are said to have been dignified." "He was tall, well-proportioned, and of a carriage erect and stately; his features were regular, manly, and expressive; his complexion florid; and over his countenance was diffused an air of benignity, though accompanied with that presence which, whilst it inspired esteem, commanded reverence and respect."

As an orator, we are told, Sir Walter made no figure in the House, yet he had considerable influence as a member, "being truly independent." He was a Tory, "in opposition to the intriguing court of George II.," but on the accession of George III. "he kept consistent to the principles he had supported and lost the applauses of such as do not distinguish between good government and tyranny." He voted against the expulsion of Wilkes, but repented, and in November, 1770, at the opening of the session, made public acknowledgment of his error.

Dr. Carlyle, of Inveresk, in his autobiography, gives a slightly different turn to the eulogies of Hodgson and Straker, and a writer in the *Northumberland and Newcastle Magazine* for August, 1818, slyly states that, if Sir Walter did not shine as a senator, "in canvassing at elections he was unrivalled," for he was, on these occasions, "attended often by above five hundred gentlemen, tradesmen, &c., some of whom had weight with almost every freeman."

Portraits of Sir Walter Blackett, by his friend Sir Joshua Reynolds, adorn Newcastle Infirmary, and the drawing-room at Wallington. Ours is copied from Fittler's engraving of the Infirmary portrait, which forms the frontispiece to the first volume of Brand's "History of Newcastle."

Charles Waterton, Naturalist.



CHARLES WATERTON, a representative of one of the most ancient untitled families in England, was born at Walton Hall, near Wakefield, in 1782. On his mother's side he was near of kin to the Charltons of Healeside and the Swinburnes of Capheaton. He was educated at Tudhoe, in the county of Durham, and at Stoneyhurst under the Jesuit Fathers. Whilst at school he developed a strong taste for natural history, and many were the scrapes that he got into by breaking the bounds to pursue his favourite hobby. In 1827 he married Annie Mary,

daughter of Charles Edmonstone, of Demerara. Miss Edmonstone's mother was the daughter of William Reid and Minie, an Indian "princess" of the Arowak tribe. Mrs. Waterton died in 1828 in giving birth to her only son. Waterton never married again.

On leaving college he went to Spain, and was at Malaga when the plague broke out, fourteen thousand people dying from the effects of it, and about fifty thousand deserting the city. Two of his uncles who resided in Malaga died of the plague, and he himself got the infection, but, becoming convalescent, he escaped from the city by the aid of a Swedish captain who took him on board his vessel. It got to be known that a plague patient was on board, and two ships of war were sent in pursuit, but the Swede eluded his pursuers, and Waterton landed safely in England.

The old family house known as Walton Hall, built a thousand years ago, was a fine castellated building. Waterton's father pulled it down, and built a modern mansion in its place. He left on the edge of the lake a picturesque old gateway with a central and two flanking towers covered with ivy—the abode of colonies of birds. Indeed, the whole park and grounds were a veritable Noah's Ark. All sorts of contrivances for the comfort and convenience of birds and animals were erected. The park was very extensive, picturesquely undulated, and adorned with groups of majestic trees. Waterton surrounded his domain with a high wall at a cost of £10,000 to protect his favourites from marauders. The hall was a perfect museum of stuffed birds and animals collected in his travels, all prepared by his own hand, or under his direction, by a method devised by himself, so as to display the natural characteristics of the creatures.

Waterton's wanderings appear to have commenced about the year 1808, when he was commissioned to carry some despatches to the Spanish Government on the Oronoko. He made four voyages to America—in 1812, 1816, 1820, and 1824. The last year was occupied chiefly with a tour through the United States; the others were spent almost exclusively in the forests of Demerara and the Essequibo, which he ranged fearlessly, dressed only in a shirt, a pair of trousers, and a hat. He went barefooted, carrying with him a gun to provide food and to enable him to obtain specimens of rare and new animals. He cared little for jaguars, alligators, or serpents of any kind, and was perfectly fearless when in pursuit of some rare specimen of the animal kingdom. It was while in America that an artist named C. W. Peile painted the portrait from which our engraving is taken, Waterton being then in his 42nd year.

The great naturalist had many narrow escapes from death. For instance, he was passing down a river in a canoe, when he saw a huge Laboris snake—a powerful and deadly creature—on the bank. He wounded it with a gunshot, and caused the canoe to be brought up to the

bank in order to secure his specimen. Laying hold of the branch of a tree, he was preparing to grasp the snake by the throat, when the tillerman, terrified at the aspect of the reptile, turned the boat off, and left Waterton swinging from the branch, half in the water, which swarmed with caymen. Another man, however, seized the helm, and brought the boat back, and Waterton was rescued from his perilous position. Determined not to lose his prize, he seized it by the neck, dragged it into the boat, and despatched it.

On another occasion he was in danger of coming to harm through his anxiety to secure a snake called a couracalle, about 14 feet in length, without wounding its skin by his shot. The animal was lying coiled up under some woodbine which had grown round the roots of an old tree. The head was not visible. Two negroes whom he had taken



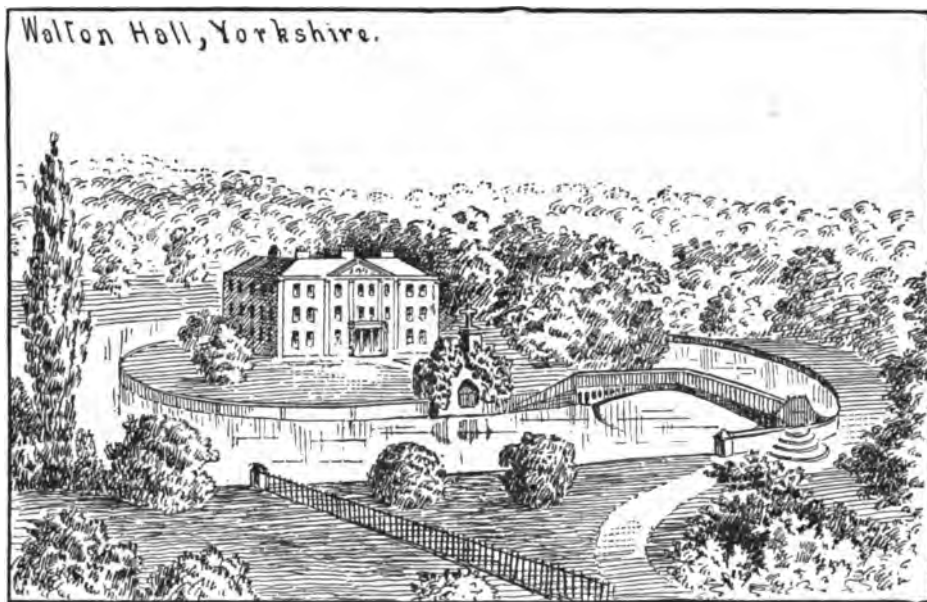
with him were terribly alarmed as Waterton endeavoured to pin the snake by the neck to the earth, and they prayed that he would shoot it; but he threatened to cutlass them if they ran away. He then approached silently, and, gently kneeling on one knee, cut away the woodbine till the head of the snake appeared. He succeeded in pinning it to the ground with a lance which a negro held firm in its place. After a struggle, Waterton got hold of its tail, and the snake was overpowered and put into a large sack. Another time he found a young couracalle, 10 feet long, which he irritated by seizing its tail. The serpent turned and came at him open-mouthed; but he dashed his hand, covered with his cap, into its mouth, grasped the creature by the neck, and let go its tail, when it coiled itself round his body, pressing him hard, notwithstanding which he marched off with his prize.

The famous cayman ride, which gave rise to so much derision from the critics, occurred in his third journey, on

the Essequibo river. Waterton was anxious to procure a specimen uninjured by shot. Accordingly he went in pursuit, accompanied by Daddy Quashi, his faithful negro, and some others—Indians and negroes. They found a cayman ten and a half feet long, which they vainly tried to catch. An Indian constructed a hook and bait, which was attached to a strong rope, and fastened to a post driven into the bank. In the morning it was found that a cayman had swallowed the bait, and was tugging at the rope. Waterton wished to draw him out alive, but the Indians declared that he would worry them; and Daddy Quashi, terribly afraid, prepared his gun to shoot. This he was only prevented from doing by his master threatening him with a knife. Waterton walked up and down some time, revolving in his mind various projects. Then he sent for the boat-mast, eight feet long, round which he wrapped the sail. Kneeling down with the mast projecting before him, he gave orders to haul away. After some plunging and splashing, the cayman was brought to bank. "By this time," says the naturalist, "he was within two yards of me; I saw he was in a state of fear and perturbation, so I dropped the mast, which I intended to ram down his throat, and jumped on his back, turning half round as I vaulted, so that I gained my seat with my face in a right position. I immediately seized his fore legs, and by main force twisted them on his back; thus they served me for a bridle. He now seemed to have recovered from his surprise, and, probably fancying himself in hostile company, began to plunge furiously, and lashed the sand

with his long and fearful tail. He continued to plunge and strike, and made my seat very uncomfortable. It must have been a fine sight for an unoccupied spectator. The people roared out in triumph, and it was some time before they heard me tell them to pull me and my beast of burthen further inland. I was apprehensive the rope might break, and then there would have been every chance of going down to the regions under water with him. We were dragged forty yards inland. Should it be asked how I managed to keep my seat, I would answer I hunted some years ago with Lord Darlington's foxhounds. When by exhaustion he became a little tranquil, I managed to tie up his jaws and secure firmly his forelegs over his back. I then worked myself back upon his tail to prevent his kicking up a dust with it. The people then ventured near, conveyed him to the boat, and from it to the hammock, where his throat was cut." He was then dissected, and Daddy Quashi feasted on the flesh.

It is not a little remarkable that Waterton, after braving almost every possible danger in foreign countries, should meet with his death from a comparatively simple cause. He died from the results of a fall in his own park in 1865. He was buried, according to his declared wish, amidst his pet birds and beasts, and a stone cross bore the following inscription:—"Orate pro anima Caroli Waterton, cujus ossa-juxta hanc crucem—sepeliuntur ossa. Natus 1782; obiit 1865." It is recorded that, after the coffin had been deposited in the grave, and when the benediction canticle was being



sung, a linnnet in an overhanging tree added its little voice to the harmony of the choristers.

Waterton at Tudhoe.

Waterton, as we have said, was partly educated at Tudhoe. Of his life in that village, he gives the subjoined account in his autobiography :—

Towards the close of the last century a Catholic school was founded at Tudhoe village, some four or five miles from the venerable city of Durham. The Reverend Arthur Storey, a profound Latin scholar, was the master. My father put me under Mr. Storey's care about the year 1792. Mr. Storey engaged a holy and benevolent priest, by name Robert Blacoe, to help him in the school. He was ill in health, having severely injured himself in his escape over the walls of Douai, at the commencement of the French Revolution. To this good priest succeeded another, the Reverend Joseph Shepherd. He was a very correct disciplinarian, and, one morning, whilst he was treating me to the unwelcome application of a birch-rod, I flew at the calf of his leg, and made him remember the sharpness of my teeth. I wish I had them now; but no one has a right to lament the loss when he is fourscore years of age. In the days of Mr. Shepherd priests always wore breeches and worsted stockings, so these were no defence against the teeth of an enraged boy, writhing under a correctional scourge.

But, now, let me enter into the minutiae of Tudhoe School. Mr. Storey had two wigs, one of which was of a flaxen colour, without powder, and had only one lower row of curls. The other had two rows, and was exceedingly well powdered. When he appeared in the school-room with this last wig on, I knew that I was safe from the birch, as he invariably went to Durham, and spent the day there. But when I saw that he had his flaxen wig on, my countenance fell. He was in the schoolroom all day, and I was too often placed in a very uncomfortable position at nightfall. But sometimes I had to come in contact with the birch-rod for various frolics independent of school erudition. I once smarted severely for an act of kindness. We had a boy named Bryan Salvin, from Croxdale Hall. He was a dull, sluggish, and unwieldy lad, quite incapable of climbing exertions. Being dissatisfied with the regulations of the establishment, he came to me one Palm Sunday, and entreated me to get into the schoolroom through the window, and write a letter of complaint to his sister Eliza in York. I did so, having insinuated myself with vast exertion through the iron stanchions which secured the window; "*sed revocare gradum.*" Whilst I was thrusting might and main through the stanchions, on my way out—suddenly, oh, horrible! the schoolroom door flew open, and on the threshold stood the Reverend Mr. Storey—a fiery, frightful, formidable spectre! To my horror and confusion, I drove my foot quite through a pane of glass, and there I stuck, impaled and imprisoned, but luckily not injured by the broken glass. Whilst I was thus in unexpected captivity, he cried out, in an angry voice, "So you are there, Master Charles, are you?" He got assistance, and they pulled me back by main force. But as this was Palm Sunday, my execution was obligingly deferred until Monday morning.

And thus I went on, month after month, in sadness and in sunshine, in pleasure and in pain; the ordinary lot of adventurous schoolboys in their thorny path to the temple of erudition. Some time about the year '94, there came to Tudhoe four young grown-up men, to study for the Church. These four young men all happened to be endowed with giant appetites, but oily Mrs. Atkinson, the housekeeper, thought that, now and then upon a pinch, they might struggle on with a short allowance. This was absolutely contrary to the law of nature; so they, seeing that I was a dashing and aspiring lad, it was arranged amongst us that I should cater for them surreptitiously, from time to time, under the cover of the night. Accordingly, I stormed the larder, and filled my pockets full of

bread and cheese, &c. My exertions were always successful, and my movements were never suspected, as I planned most cautiously during the day what I had to mature in the dead of night. In due time, these four promising young men left Tudhoe, and were located at a place called Crook Hall, where they may be said to have been the foundations of the future college of Ushaw.

But let us return to Tudhoe. In my time it was a peaceful, healthy, farming village, and abounded in local curiosities. Just on the king's highway, betwixt Durham and Bishop Auckland, and one field from the school, there stood a public-house called the White Horse, and kept by a man of the name of Charlton. He had a real gaunt English mastiff, half-starved for want of food, and so ferocious that nobody but himself dared to approach it. This publican had also a mare, surprising in her progeny; she had three foals, in three successive years, not one of which had the least appearance of a tail.

One of Mr. Storey's powdered wigs was of so tempting an aspect, on the shelf where it was laid up in ordinary, that the cat actually kitteden in it. I saw her and her little ones all together in the warm wig. He also kept a little white and black bitch, apparently of King Charles's breed. One evening, as we scholars were returning from a walk, Chloe started a hare, which we surrounded and captured, and carried in triumph to oily Mrs. Atkinson, who begged us a play-day for our success.

On Easter Sunday, Mr. Storey always treated us to "Pasche eggs." They were boiled hard in a concoction of whin-flowers, which rendered them beautifully purple. We used them for warlike purposes, by holding them betwixt our forefinger and thumb, with the sharp end upwards, and as little exposed as possible. An antagonist then approached, and with the sharp end of his own egg struck this egg. If he succeeded in cracking it, the vanquished egg was his; and he either sold it for a halfpenny in the market, or reserved it for his own eating. When all the sharp ends had been crushed, then the blunt ends entered into battle. Thus nearly every Pasche egg in the school had its career of combat. The possessor of a strong egg with a thick shell would sometimes vanquish a dozen of his opponents, all of which the conqueror ultimately transferred into his own stomach, when no more eggs with unbroken ends remained to carry on the war of Easter week.

Tudhoe had her own ghosts and spectres, just as the neighbouring villages had theirs. One was the Tudhoe mouse, well known and often seen in every house in the village; but I cannot affirm that I myself ever saw it. It was an enormous mouse, of a dark brown colour, and did an immensity of mischief. No cat could face it; and as it wandered through the village, all the dogs would take off, frightened out of their wits, and howling as they ran away. William Wilkinson, Mr. Storey's farming man, told me he had often seen it, but that it terrified him to such a degree that he could not move from the place where he was standing.

Our master kept a large tom-cat in the house. A fine young man, in the neighbouring village of Ferryhill, had been severely bitten by a cat, and he died raving mad. On the day that we got this information from Timothy Pickering, the carpenter at Tudhoe, I was on the prowl for adventures, and in passing through Mr. Storey's back kitchen, his big black cat came up to me. Whilst I was tickling its bushy tail, it turned round upon me, and gave me a severe bite in the calf of the leg. This I kept a profound secret, but I was quite sure I should go mad every day for many months afterwards.

There was a blacksmith's shop leading down the village to Tudhoe Old Hall. Just opposite the shop was a pond, on the other side of the road. When any sudden death was to take place, or any sudden ill to befall the village, a large black horse used to emerge from it, and walk slowly up and down the village, carrying a rider without a head. The blacksmith's grandfather, his father, himself, his three sons, and two daughters, had seen this midnight apparition rise out of the pond, and return to it before the break of day. John Hickson and Neddy Hunt, two hangers-on at the blacksmith's shop, had seen this phantom more than once, but they never durst approach

it. Indeed, every man and woman and child believed in this centaur spectre, and I am not quite sure if our old master himself did not partly believe that such a thing had occasionally been seen on very dark nights.

As you went down the road below the blacksmith's, you were close on the village tailor's cottage. His name was Lawrence Thompson, but everybody called him Low Thompson. He had lost half of the fore-finger of his right hand, was a facetious and talkative fellow, and could sing a good song. He would now and then get an evening invitation to the school, where he sang the popular song of the "White Hare."

Opposite Low Thompson's cottage, across the road, stood Tudhoe Old Hall, tenanted by a family named Patterson. A wall flanked the house, and close to this wall there grew some ancient sycamore trees, with holes in them, frequented by starlings. I used to climb these trees and take the starlings' nests. Formerly a Squire Salvin of the Croxdale family used to live at this Old Hall, and here he kept his harrier hounds.

The vicinity of Tudhoe produced vast quantities of hazel nuts; we were allowed to go in quest of them, and to bring off as many nuts as we could stow away upon our persons. The nut season always closed with a recreation evening at the school. It was termed Nut-crack-night, and Low Thompson invariably honoured the festival with his smirking presence, never forgetting the song of the "White Hare."

Close to us was a field where Mr. Storey's cattle used to feed. It was called the Little Garth. One morning two of the bigger boys coaxed me to get up on one of these cows, promising that they would stand by my side. When I had got my seat, the beggars ran away. Off went the cow at full speed. I kept my seat for a time, and then I fell clear over her head, not much worse for the fall.

Mr. Storey kept one bay mare, admirably calculated to convey him backward and forwards to the city of Durham on business, and occasionally to Bishop Auckland. He was very frugal in his establishment, apart from the school, saving all he could spare to comfort the poor. Bishop Gibson, a learned and holy prelate, was his guest, together with his faithful servant Thomas, for more than a year and a half whilst I was there.

Between Tudhoe School and Ferry Hill, there stood an oaken post, very strong, and some nine feet high. This was its appearance in my days, but formerly it must have been much higher. It was known to all the country round by the name of Andrew Mills's stob. We often went to see it, and one afternoon, whilst we were looking at it, an old woman came up, took her knife from her pocket, and then pared off a chip, which she carefully folded up in a bit of paper. She said it was good for curing the toothache.

The Streets of Newcastle.

Westgate and Westgate Hill.

WHAT is now known as Westgate Road, extending considerably over a mile, from Hanover Square to beyond the Workhouse on the West Turnpike, was at one time more conveniently divided into Westgate Street, Westgate, and Westgate Hill. We have already described Westgate Street as far as St. John's Church. From thence we have now to continue our account of the thoroughfare to its termination on the high road to Carlisle.

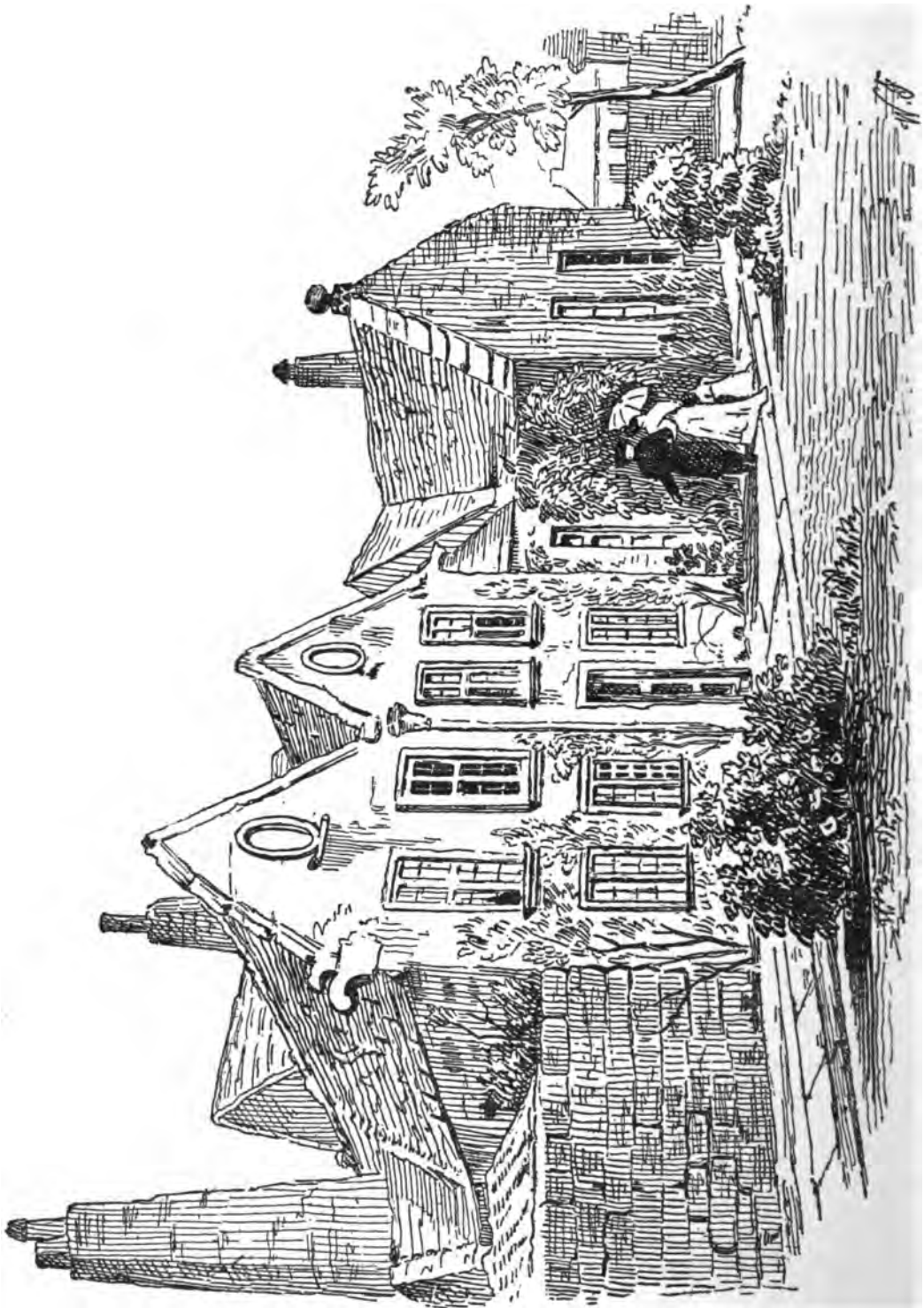
As we continue our stroll, we find ourselves crossing West Grainger Street. It is a credit to the town, if

any street is; yet old wayfarers remember the day when the scene was far different. St. John's Lane was anything but an inviting or a salubrious thoroughfare. Originally, it was known by the name of Copper Alley, from the circumstance that the workmen employed therein were mostly paid in copper. When the authorities sought to improve this neighbourhood some years ago, they were confronted with an unexpected difficulty. They desired to chop off a corner from St. John's churchyard, in order to make their proposed new street "plumb." The late Bishop of Durham (Dr. Baring) promptly interfered. There were huffs and snuffs over the controversy; but the Corporation eventually got its way.

We come to the Savings Bank. In its centre a pediment bears within the tympanum a beehive, supported by a cornucopia, and bearing the motto, "Industry." The south front is of the Ionic order. Four plain round shafts support a pediment carrying the Newcastle Arms. The east end is adorned with stained glass windows. The business room itself is a noble one; our merchant princes on the Quay may envy it, if they ever have time for such an ignoble feeling.

Still, the Newcastle man misses the venerable Vicarage and the Vicar's Pump. They are gone. The Savings Bank stands on one portion of the Vicarage site. A high wall separated the Vicarage from the street. The house itself was an attractive one for any man of studious tastes and refined habits. There was no gim-crack trumpery about its architecture; no ostentatious desire to crow over its neighbours. It was a low, old-fashioned building, as our drawing, copied from T. M. Richardson, shows, and bore evident marks of old age. Many notable men were its occupants in days gone by.

Notable men, truly, were some of the former vicars of Newcastle. John Heryn, LL.D. (1536), alienated the tithes of Cramlington for a cheese and a couple of capons, to be tendered on the 9th of May—St. Nicholas' Day—in every year at the porch of the mother church. Henry Aglionby, D.D. (1543), was deprived of his vicarage in 1549, on account of not paying his tenths to the king. Thomas Jackson, D.D. (1623), was a profound scholar, and is mentioned in Fuller's "Worthies" as "a magazine of theological knowledge, everywhere penned with neat elegance and dignity, so that his style is a pattern of perfection." He led a blameless life, "and whenever he went out he usually gave what money he had about him to the poor, who at length so crowded about him that his servant took care he should not have too much in his pocket." There is a copious biography of him in Wood's "Athenæ Oxonienses," and his works were republished in 1844 in ten volumes. Yeldred Alvey (1630), who was also Vicar of Eglingham, had a troublesome time of it, as Mr. Welford has already described in his "Men of Mark," *Monthly Chronicle*,



THE OLD VICARAGE.

vol. i., p. 194. After the Restoration, we find John March, B.D. (1679), a native of Newcastle, an advocate of passive obedience, non-resistance, and so forth. Nathaniel Ellison, D.D. (1694), was,



VICAR SMITH.

like too many of his time, a pluralist, being also archdeacon of Stafford, rector of Whitburn, prebendary of Lichfield, and prebendary of Durham. John Brown, D.D. (1761), a native of Rothbury, acquired fame as "an acute controversialist, an elegant satirist, and a successful dramatist." Joseph Dacre Carlyle, B.D. (1801), was a profound Greek, Syriac, and Arabic scholar. John Smith, A.M. (1804), "when inducted to this vicarage, devoted himself solely to the duties of his cure"—a striking contrast to many of his predecessors. Archdeacon Coxe, Vicar of Eglington and Canon of Durham, was the last of Newcastle's scholarly vicars. He was succeeded by Clement Moody, who came from Carlisle, and who in turn was followed by Henry John Martin, now Archdeacon of Lindisfarne, who came from Hartle-

pool. The present vicar, Arthur Thomas Lloyd, was brought from the South of England. Mr. Moody was the last occupant of the historic vicarage in Westgate Road. The present vicarage is simply a big house in Rye Hill, with no associations attaching to it at all.

Dr. Gibb's house and the County Court also stand on the site of the old Vicarage. Next to the County Court and still on a part of the Vicarage site—the garden—stand the Assembly Rooms, built from designs by Mr. Newton, a well-known architect in his day. The building was erected by subscription in 1773 and 1774, the ground having been leased from Dr. Fawcett, then vicar, for 999 years, at an annual ground rent of £20. The foundation-stone bears the following inscription:—"In an age when the polite arts, by general encouragement and emulation, have advanced to a state of perfection unknown in any former period, the first stone of this edifice, dedicated to the most elegant recreation, was laid by Wallace Lowes, Esq., on the 16th of May, 1774." The rooms were first opened in the last week of June, 1776—the Race Week. They cost about £6,700, to which the Corporation gave a subscription of £200. Downham's picture of Sir John Falstaff and Mrs. Ford is one of the valued treasures of the Assembly Rooms. The room in which it hangs is known as the Falstaff Room.

Next to the Assembly Rooms stands a square, solid, substantial house—a building with "no nonsense" of an architectural kind about it. It is the town residence of Mr. John Clayton, formerly Town Clerk of Newcastle. At this point Westgate Road is at its widest; but it is divided into two parts by the building known as Cross House, formerly the Vicarage of St. John's, but now converted into offices. Continuing on from Mr. Clayton's



WESTGATE STREET.

house, we find the right-hand portion of Westgate Road changing its name to Fenkle Street; formerly, Fennel (so spelt in Corbridge's plan) or Fenchale Street. Turning from this short street into another on our left—Cross Street—we are again in the main thoroughfare. Mackenzie is responsible for the statement that this little thoroughfare was formerly called Ratten Raw. In Welford's "History of Newcastle," however, we read that Ratonne Rawe (so spelt in a deed of 1308), or Raton Rawe, "appears to have led from the Cloth Market to the Westgate." In this view Mr. Welford is certainly supported by Brand, who quotes from an ancient MS. as follows:—"Newgate shall have in ward all Raton Rawe, as it opens towards the pillory in Cloth Market, with them that dwell in the north side of St. Nicholas, upon that east rawe of the Cloth Market unto the Overdene Brig end"—that is, the end of the High Bridge. Perhaps the question now-a-days is not of very great importance. As to the name itself—not an uncommon one in several parts of the kingdom—Hodgson remarks that it has had a good deal of ink and oil expended over it as solvents. In his opinion it is derived from the German word "rotten"—a tumultuous and rebellious concourse of people; the same as "rout" in English and French, that is, the scene of a riot. Camden derives it from "rotteran," to muster; hence Muster Row. Dr. Brewer plausibly suggests another derivation—the Norman "Ratten Row," or roundabout way in which corpses were carried to avoid the public streets. Charlotte Square, the temporary home of the Grammar School in Dr. Snape's time, is in this neighbourhood. It was built by Mr. Newton, architect of the Assembly Rooms, on the property of the Black Friars, he obtaining a lease for 104 years at £9 a year.

We do not find so much to interest us on our left hand as we go from the Express Inn to the corner of Cross Street. The coach works of Messrs. Angus and Co. are in this neighbourhood. It was in connection with these works that the proprietors became involved in prolonged and costly litigation with the Government itself, which eventually ended in their favour. We should hopelessly befog our readers, and ourselves, were we to attempt to set forth clearly the highly technical issues involved in this dispute. Broadly speaking, the question was one concerning the respective rights of private owners and the rights of the Crown; it was occasioned by the reconstruction of the Probate Office next door to Messrs. Angus's establishment, by which the latter was seriously damaged; it was fought from one court to another till it at last reached the House of Lords; and it so hopelessly puzzled the law lords there that they called upon the whole of the common law judges to advise them in the matter. The judges themselves were pretty evenly divided in opinion—an evident proof of the thorny difficulties of the case; but in the end, as we have said, the coach manufacturers obtained judgment in their favour. New Court is just

above these works. There was a Baptist chapel there once, but it has long been absorbed into business premises.

Pleasant must this part of Westgate Street have been in former days, when the houses had their stone fronts, their inner court yards, and their gardens behind, to which the Grammar School lads paid only too much attention. Dr. Bruce refers to one of these houses when he tells us that he has a "pleasing reminiscence of the red streak apples which grew in Dr. Smith's garden behind his house in Westgate Street." We may be sure, though, that the good doctor in his boyish days respected those same apples—he was never a scampish John Scott! Another of these houses was the residence of Sir M. W. Ridley. It boasted, in its garden, of a fine apple or pear tree, whose branches overshadowed Forth Lane, as all the urchins of the neighbourhood knew well!

The West Gate, which, according to Leland, was a "mighty strong thing," had four wards, or divisions, and was secured by massive gates of oak and iron doors. It is said that Roger Thornton built this "strong thing." There is a tradition that Roger came to Newcastle a very poor man. Bourne tells us that

At the West-gate came Thornton in,
With a Hap, and a Half-penny, and a Lamb-skin.

Or, as Mackenzie, quoting Leland's Itinerary, has it:—

In at the West Gate came Thornton in,
With a happen hapt in a ram's skynn.

It seems, therefore, more likely that the gate was standing when Thornton came to the town, and that he only repaired and strengthened it, when a prosperous man.

The West Gate was sometimes utilised as a prison. This was done in the time of the Civil Wars, for instance, as the following curious statement shows:—"On Monday night last, August, 1648, in the time of the storm, all that were in West Gate in the town of Newcastle, to the number of seventeen of the prisoners, lately taken in Northumberland, escaped away. Having had friends come to visit them several times, divers ropes were brought in to them, which was not known till they were gone. In the dark of the night, when the storm was violent, blew hard, and much rain, by the ropes let themselves down by a privy." Unruly apprentices were also laid by the heels in the West Gate prison, which had a regular gaoler at a salary of forty shillings a year.

The gloomy gateway became in course of time a serious obstruction to the traffic. It was accordingly pulled down in 1811, and its place knows it no more.

The Peace and Unity Hospital, erected in commemoration of the peace of Europe in 1814, and intended for aged freemen and their widows, stood near the site of the West Gate down to our own time. It formed a quadrangle, was of stone, and was built on the monastic pattern. The rooms used to be assigned "to old married freemen, and to the decayed unmarried daughters of freemen." Each inmate received five shillings a week,

paid monthly, and four fothers of coal in the year. But the hospital was quietly transformed some years ago into the Westgate Police Station! The police grew dissatisfied with their lodging; accordingly, down came the Peace and Unity Hospital to the ground, and up has risen in its place the new police station, which stands at the corner of Thornton Street.

Look now across the road to the Waterloo Inn at the corner of Bath Lane. That house stands where the Westgate gallows stood. We have already said that prisoners taken into custody for crimes committed in Northumberland were confined in the Castle. If doomed to death, they were taken therefrom, by way of the Back Row, to the place where we now are.

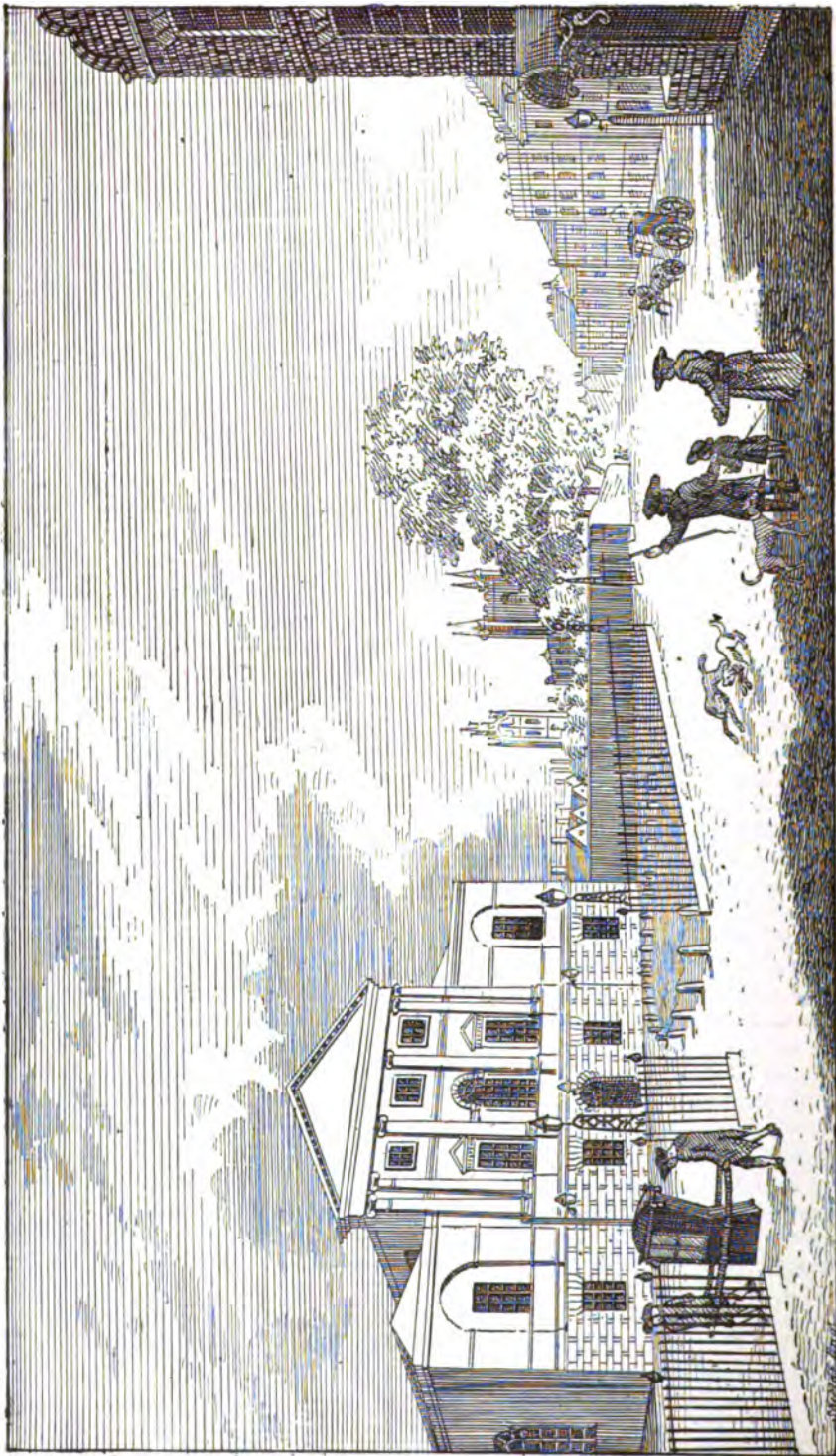
We now enter upon the more modern portion of the Westgate Road. And, first, our attention is attracted to the Tyne Theatre, a place of public entertainment more or less familiar to all playgoers of the North Country. This building was first opened to the public on September 23, 1867, under the management of Mr. George Stanley. The play selected was "Arra-na-Pogue," which was then produced for the first time in Newcastle. The cast included some strong names—for example, Mr. J. F. Young, a sterling actor, since dead; Mr. James O'Sullivan, an Irish comedian of undoubted merit, now also gone over to the great majority; Mr. F. W. Irish, who was very popular as a low comedian in those days; and Miss Desborough, now his wife, another great favourite on Tyneside; and Miss E. Brunton, a sister of T. W. Robertson, the author of "Caste," "School," "Play," and kindred comedies, and herself favourably known in connection with these pieces. For something like sixteen years Mr. Stanley continued his lesseeship of the establishment with varying fortunes. It is much to his credit that during that period he was spirited enough to introduce to us the famous Haymarket Company (Buckstone, Compton, the Kendals, Rogers, Everill, Clarke, Coe, &c.), Mr. Barry Sullivan, Madame Titiens, and the Italian Opera Company; more, he persuaded Helen Faucit (Lady Martin) to return to the town of her earlier triumphs and enable a younger generation to witness her Rosalind and her Portia. At last, for one reason or another, Mr. Stanley thought it time to retire from the lesseeship; and, after a little chopping and changing, the proprietors found a successor in Mr. R. W. Younge, a veteran player, who had hereditary reasons for the sympathetic countenance of Newcastle playgoers. Since Mr. Younge's death, the theatre has been under the management of Mr. Augustus Harris, the lessee of Drury Lane, London.

The part of Westgate beyond the Tyne Theatre was at one time a pretty suburb of Newcastle. Our well-to-do tradesmen had much favour for the neat and commodious houses beginning to be built here. If not exactly "out in the clear," they had at any rate their pleasant flower-gardens and other attractions dear to many minds.

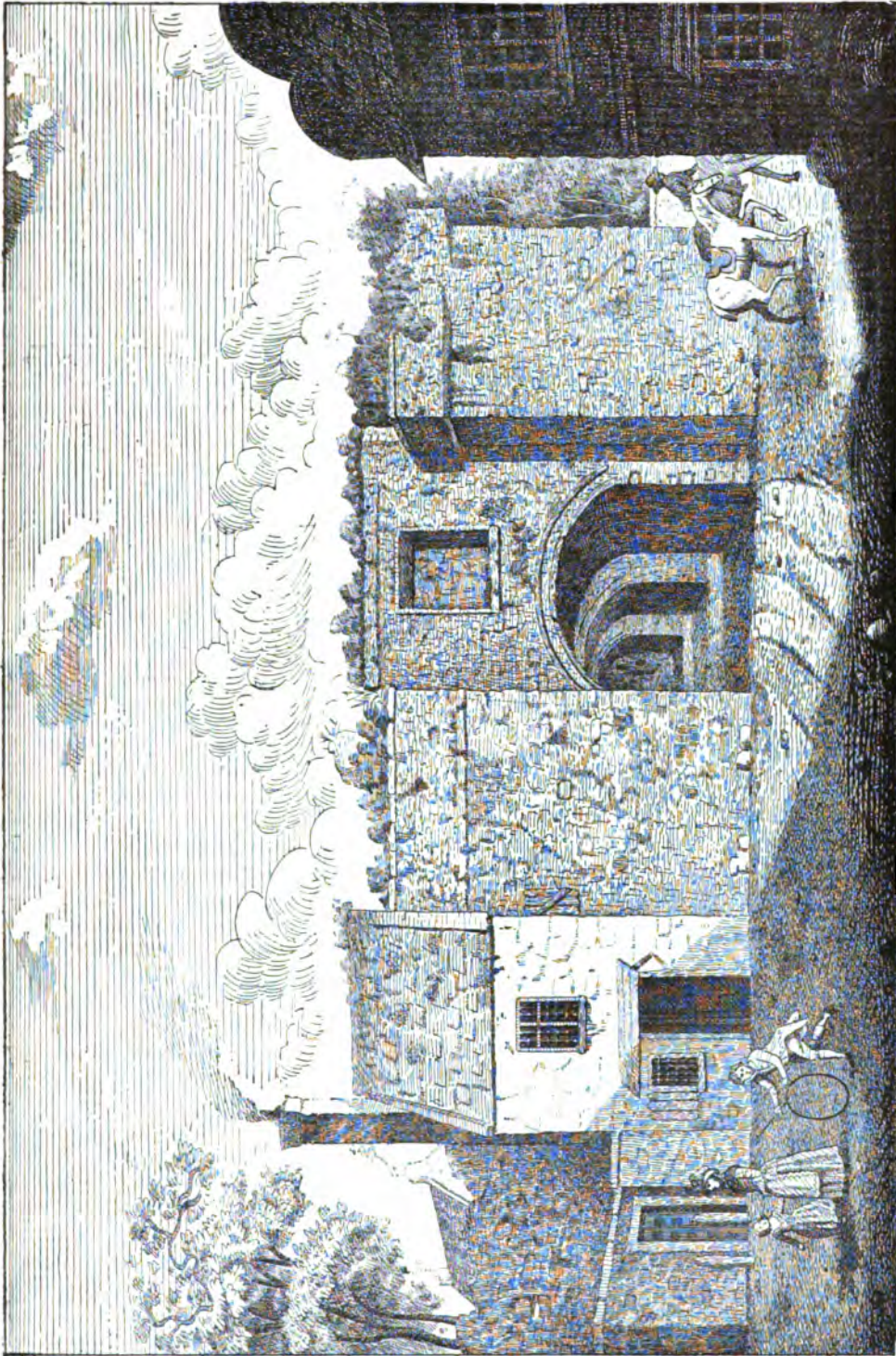
Notably was this the case with the long range of buildings on our right hand, which went by the name of Cumberland Row; indeed, it still does so. The lowermost house here has been converted into a Nunnery. Cumberland Row is raised above the level of the roadway at its lower end, but as we proceed we find this gradually diminish, so that the houses have a tolerably uniform appearance, so far as height is concerned.

Summerhill Terrace is opposite Cumberland Row. The neighbourhood is a quiet quadrangle, surrounded by a number of good and substantial houses. In the centre are a series of gardens, not likely, as we have been told on very good authority, to fall into the hands of the builders. The terrace obtains its name from the circumstance that it faces the Summer Hill, for so the rising ground to the west was named more than a century ago by Joseph Barber, the famous bookseller of Amen Corner, great grandfather of Joseph Barber Lightfoot, the present Bishop of Durham. Mr. Barber came from Summer Hill, close by Dunshaughlin, a village adjoining the Irish metropolis; and when he had acquired a competence under the shadow of St. Nicholas' Church, he built himself a house at the top of Westgate Hill, and what more natural than that he should name it after the home of his childhood? Local records tell us that on the 6th of March, 1773, Mr. Barber's house at Summer Hill was set on fire, after he had received a couple of threatening letters demanding that he should place money upon his garden wall. In the same locality, too, Mr. Hadwen Bragg erected a lofty mansion, and when Mackenzie wrote his history Mr. Bragg's house bore the name which Mr. Barber had previously adopted. Passing onwards up Westgate Hill, we come to Swinburn Place, then to Greenfield Place, and then to High Swinburn Place; all of them capital places for peaceable folk to live in; but—alas for our purpose!—without a history.

Continuing still onwards, and passing Elswick Road as we do so, we find ourselves between the Westgate Cemetery on our left and St. Paul's Chapel on our right. The cemetery was opened on Sunday, October 18, 1829, when the remains of Mrs. Joseph Angus were buried here. At first, this burying ground had, in its formation, much the shape of an equilateral triangle, with the principal side to the road, where the entrance is. More recently, part of the south angle was taken off, that the entrance into Elswick Road might be widened. The ground was purchased from the late John Hodgson Hinde by a company of Nonconformists, and consisted of about three acres. There are but few monuments of interest to attract the notice of visitors. The most striking is that which marks the family burying-place of John Bruce, father of the venerable Dr. Bruce. There are two inscriptions on this monument. The shorter of them runs thus:—"The family vault of John Bruce, Newcastle. John Bruce departed this life, October 31, 1834, aged 59. George



THE ASSEMBLY ROOMS, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, 1776.



THE WEST GATE, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, 1789.

Youll, nephew of the above, died September 21, 1836, aged 26. Margaret Smith, his sister, died August 7, 1854, aged 78. Charles Bruce, his son, died June 8, 1865, in his 54th year. Mary Bruce, his widow, died June 22, 1872, aged 90." The other inscription is eulogistic of the virtues of John Bruce, who, like his distinguished son, the antiquary, was a schoolmaster in Newcastle; and records that this memorial, which must be familiar to all who pass the cemetery on its Elswick Road side, was "erected by his pupils."

St. Paul's Chapel is a very plain, unpretending structure. It was originally built as a chapel of ease for the parish of St. John's, but it fell into the hands of the Nonconformists some years ago, under circumstances which are detailed a few pages further on. The first minister was the late Rev. Andrew Reid, whose son, Mr. T. Wemyss Reid, was formerly editor of the *Leeds Mercury*, and is now manager of the great publishing house of Cassell and Co. Mr. Reid at the time was minister of the Congregational Chapel at the corner of West Clayton Street and next the Cattle Market; but his relations with a section of the congregation became so strained that a split ensued, and Mr. Reid, with his adherents, took possession of St. Paul's.

From this point to the Workhouse we pass many narrow, dirty lanes, that sadly need the besom of improvement, and some fine new streets also; but there is no historic interest connected with them. It may be mentioned, though, that one of the last murders committed in Newcastle occurred in Westgate Road, and beside the higher end of the cemetery. The facts of the case are short, and miserably simple. Thomas Richardson, a miner, was in a beer shop just a little above the cemetery on the same side, on the afternoon of the 9th of November, 1878, which was "pay Saturday." A man named John Hart was also there, and began dancing. Richardson, who seems undoubtedly to have been in a quarrelsome mood, criticised the performance in ungentle terms. The dispute went on as to who was the best dancer, until at length the landlord thought it time to interfere; wherefore out into the street he turned Richardson. This did not improve the temper of the latter, we may be sure. He waited about until Hart left the house, when the quarrel was renewed, and Richardson stabbed the unfortunate dancer three times, with the result that death ensued shortly afterwards. For this, on January 15, 1879, he was put on trial at the Newcastle Assizes, before Mr. Justice Lopes; found guilty of murder, without any recommendation to mercy: and sentenced to death accordingly. "Keep up your hearts, lads," shouted the condemned man to the gallery as he left the dock. On the 30th of January, in consequence of the exertions of some who interested themselves in his behalf, the sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life.

We shall not catalogue the remaining streets which lie

between us on either hand as we approach to our journey's end, for they are mostly new, and there is really nothing to say about them. Gloucester Road, however, has its niche in the criminal records; for there, it being a respectable and quiet neighbourhood, lived Thomas Hutchinson, joiner, for some time, until, on January 15, 1880, he was provided at the Assizes with less comfortable lodging for fifteen years. He was, in fact, an accomplished burglar. Yet, though well-known to the police, he managed to live comfortably in a well-furnished house, within an area of five hundred yards of which fourteen dwelling-houses had been burglariously entered within six months previous to his arrest. He would take anything; a box of pills, a bag of flour, a piece of ribbon, a suit of clothes, an ordinary mustard-pot, a set of valuable plate—his great appetite had stomach for them all! In many respects he resembled—in features, in mode of work, and in his ostensible business—the infamous miscreant, Charles Peace.

Nearly opposite Gloucester Road stands a square stone mansion to which a certain amount of amusing interest attaches. The firm of Laidler and Dunn, tailors, whose place of business was at the corner of Denton Chare and Westgate Street, had the honour of repairing the garments of the Duke of Gloucester on the occasion of his Royal Highness's visit to Newcastle. Thereupon they dubbed themselves "tailors to the Duke of Gloucester." Years afterwards, when Mr. Laidler had made a competence and built himself a commodious residence on Arthur's Hill (the higher part of Westgate Road), he named the mansion Gloucester House. But the facetious populace called it Cabbage Hall. And by this name it is still popularly known.

Pause we now at last in front of the Workhouse. This last refuge of those who, whether from fault or misfortune, have fallen in the grim struggle for existence, is a spacious building, with its large flower garden in front, its infirmary at the further side, and its vagrant ward in the west; and the internal arrangements and management are understood to be of a generally satisfactory character.

We might go still a little further, for even now we have not got to the end of Westgate Road. But we have seen enough. The condemned felon and the learned philosopher; the poet and the player; the grave divine amidst his ponderous tomes, and the gay maiden in all the exhilaration of her first ball; the well-to-do and the stricken in life: we have rubbed shoulders with them all. And now as, with memory's grasp and imagination's eye, we linger still in this theatre of history, behold the lights fade, the actors are mute, and the curtain falls!

Our sketch of the West Gate is copied from Brand's "History of Newcastle," 1789. So also is the view of the Assembly Room. The sketch of the Vicarage is from a drawing by Thomas Miles Richardson, which was

shown in 1835 at the first exhibition of the Newcastle Society of Artists. Richardson also made the drawing of Westgate Street for Collard's Views of Newcastle.

Long Lonkin.

PREVIOUS to the construction of the Newcastle Water Works, some half century since, Whittle Dene was a quiet, sequestered place, known to the outer world chiefly because the lower part of it was the site of an extensive bleach-green, the waters of the burn being peculiarly soft and clear, and specially fitted for whitening linen cloth. Among the romantic thickets, the projecting rocks, and the deep whirling pools, which gave variety to the scene, spots used to be pointed out by the villagers of Ovington and Ovingham as the favourite retreats of the fairies, where they used to dance by moonlight, leaving palpable traces of their revels in the rings formed by their feet on the grass. Our incomparable Tyneside artist, Thomas Bewick, got many hints for his tail-pieces during his frequent strolls through this picturesque ravine. The remains of an ancient building said to have been not unlike a religious house, occupied a fine position not far from the banks of the stream. By what order of secular or regular churchmen the house was occupied when entire, there is no record or tradition; but it would appear that it had become the abode of robbers during the troublous times when the Wars of the Roses were being waged, particularly in the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV.

The Border ballad of "Long Lonkin," published in Richardson's "Local Historian's Table Book," refers to this locality; but it is impossible to tell at what period the hero of it flourished. The ballad is a mere fragment, which is said to have been taken down, seventy or eighty years ago, from the recitation of an old woman at Ovington, and the person who obtained it gave a copy to a friend, who communicated it to Miss Landon (L. E. L.), by whom it was first published in the "Drawing-Room Scrap Book" for 1835. The scene of the occurrence it describes was laid by Miss Landon, without any authority, in Cumberland; but Richardson states that it was "a ruined tower seated on the corner of an extensive embankment, and surrounded by a moat, on the western side of Whittle Dene, near Ovingham." From the evidence of popular tradition, he adds, the ballad appears to relate the circumstances of a murder committed by a freebooter named Long Lonkin, through the treachery of a servant maid. It is so imperfect, however, as to leave a great deal to conjecture, both as to the time it occurred and the character of the actors. The

ballad commences with a warning given, and twice repeated, by the lord of the hall to his lady, as he mounted his horse and rode away on a long journey, to "beware of Long Lonkin that lay in a moss" presumably not far off. The poor lady was quite confident of her ability to defend herself against the freebooter. The ballad represents her as saying:—

What care I for Lonkin,
Or any of his gang?
My doors are all shut,
And my windows penned in.

There were six windows, which had all been carefully barred, but another little window had been left open, either through inadvertence or purposely, by one of the servant maids, who had been bribed by the miscreant, and had agreed to betray the family—

And at that little window
Long Lonkin crept in.

A dialogue now ensued, between the ruffian and the false domestic, whose name, it seems, was Orange. "Where's the lord of the hall?" says the Lonkin. "He's gone up to London," says Orange. "Where are the men of the hall?" says the Lonkin. "They are at the field ploughing," says Orange. "Where are the maids of the hall?" says the Lonkin. "They're at the well washing," says Orange. "Where are the ladies of the hall?" says the Lonkin. "They are up in their chamber," says Orange. Lonkin then asks, "How shall we get them down?" And he is told by the wicked maid to prick the babe in the cradle. She then does it herself, meanwhile crooning with affected tenderness—

Rock well my cradle
And bee ba my son;
You shall have a new gown
When the lord he comes home.

All the while she continued pricking it and crying "bee ba," and begging her "dearest mistress" to come down and quiet the baby. The lady shouted back, "Oh! still my child, Orange; still him with a bell." But the only answer she got was, "I can't still him, my lady; you must come down yourself." There is a blank in the ballad at this point, so that we can only infer that the lady came down in order to quiet her child, and that she was brutally murdered by Lonkin, though for what object, whether for plunder or revenge, does not appear, the ballad at this place being so fragmentary as to be unintelligible. Only one distich and a single quatrain was recollected by the Ovington crone. The purport of them was that some one was commanded to hold the gold basin for the lady's blood to run into; and that it seems to have been the lady's daughter who was thus forced to act the part of the daughter of Herodias, as the ballad finishes abruptly thus:—

To hold the gold basin
It grieves me full sore;
Oh! kill me, dear Lonkin,
And let my mother go.

We learn from a communication addressed by the Rev. Canon Greenwell, of Durham, to Mr. Richard Oliver

Healop, that there actually was in the fourteenth century a real person called Lonkin. This appears from a document in the Durham Library :—"Miscellaneous Charters, No. 6.596. May 5th, 1516: Grant from Robert, son of Walter de Glaswriste of the Neweland (parish of Whittonstall), to John, son of Adam de Meneville, of all the land he has in the Neweland." The name of "John Lonekyn" is appended as a witness to the grant. Canon Greenwell adds:—"No doubt the Whittle Dene hero was one of this family, and it is interesting to find that the name is not an imaginary one, but that there were persons who bore it."

A deep pool in the burn flowing through the dene used to be known, fifty years ago, as "Lang Lonkin's Hole"; and it was stated to have been the death-place of the freebooter, who must have been drowned in it by the outraged people, though, according to Mrs. Blackett, who communicated the ballad to Richardson, others ascribed his end to a different means.

The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stokoe.

THE BONNIE PIT LADDIE.

HERE are two old Newcastle rhymes which are sung to the same melody—"The Bonny Pit Laddie," and "My Bonny Keel Laddie." The authorship is unknown, and the words are almost identical in both, "keel" being substituted for "hole," "huddock" for "cracket," and so forth. The tune is said to be "as old as the hills," and is a unique specimen of a popular melody, from the peculiarity of its rhythm. When played as march or quickstep, there are only three bars in each division of the tune, instead of four, the usual number; so that when the ballads and tune are combined for singing it is necessary to repeat the first and fourth full bars of each part to the second and fifth lines of the ballad (similar to the effect of placing the musical term *Bis* over the first and fourth bars in each part). The late Mr. William Kell had been told that the original title was "The Bonny *Bit* Lad," *i.e.*, small boy. We have never met with it under this name, and prefer popular tradition to speculative theory as a safer guide.

The air has always been a favourite with candidates for Parliamentary honours who have been connected with the coal trade. At the great election contests in Northumberland in 1826, the tune of "The Bonnie Pit Laddie" and dark blue banners and favours were the distinguishing marks of the late Matthew Bell, of Wool-sington, and in later days the same tune was appropriated

to serve Sir George Elliot during his contests for a seat in North Durham in 1868 and 1874.

The march of engineering science has to some extent lightened the hard manual labour of the bonnie pit lad; but it has almost extinguished the keel laddie. Our venerable friend Dr. Bruce, in one of his lectures on Northumbrian music, expressed regret that the long row of keels which in his boyish days were to be seen plying between the spouts at Benwell, the Felling, Wallsend, &c., and collier brigs at Shields, are already things of the past. Doubtless the present state of things is better than the former; but the scenes of one's youth have a sunnier aspect than those of our age.



The bonnie pit laddie,
The cannie pit laddie,
The bonnie pit laddie for me, O!
He sits in his hole,
As black as a coal,
And brings the white siller to me, O!

The bonnie pit laddie,
The cannie pit laddie,
The bonnie pit laddie for me, O!
He sits on his cracket,*
And hews in his jacket,
And brings the white siller to me, O!

THE BONNIE KEEL LADDIE.

My bonnie keel laddie,
My cannie keel laddie,
My bonnie keel laddie for me, O!
He sits in his keel,
As black as the de'il,
And he brings the white money to me, O!

Hae ye seen owt
Of ma canny man,
And are ye sure h's weel, O?
He's gyen ower land
Wiv a stick in his hand,
To help to moor the keel, O!

The cannie keel laddie,
The bonnie keel laddie,
The cannie keel laddie for me, O!
He sits in his huddock,
And claws his bare buddock,
And brings the white money to me, O!

The following improved version of "The Bonnie Keel Laddie" was contributed to that unique collection of songs

* Cracket is the Northumbrian and Lowland Scotch form of "Cricket," meaning "a low stool." Bailey defines it "a low stool for a child." It is from the root of the verb "crook." "Crook your hough" is familiarly said to a person asked to sit down and rest for a while. "Crook your hough, canny man, for you're welcome," is a line in the song of "Canny Newcassel."

for the social circle, "Whistle Binkie," in 1853, by the late Mr. Robert White, of Claremont Place, Newcastle from his MSS. :—

The bonnie keel laddie,
The cannie keel laddie,
The bonnie keel laddie for me, O,
He plies at his wark,
In his blue woollen sark,
An' he brings the white money tiv ma, O!

Throughout the haill raw,
He's the nicest of a',
And se sharp is the glance iv his ee, O!
Sey tight, and sey toppin',
Sey smart, aye an' strappin',
Ah! dearly he's welcome tiv me, O!

Frev his hat tiv his shoe,
When he's drest braw and new,
He's gentility's 'sel tiv a tee, O!
His hue is sey bonnie,
There's nyen like my Johnnie
Owre a' the wide world tiv me, O!

The cannie keel laddie,
The bonnie keel laddie,
The cannie keel laddie for me, O!
My heart aye lowps leet,
When he comes hyem at neet,
Tiv his cozie hearth styen, an' tiv ma, O!

Burns in Northumberland.

ROBERT BURNS visited Northumberland in 1787. Unfortunately, little is known of the incidents connected with his journey. It was in the company of a friend named Ainslie, that he travelled southward.

Robert Ainslie, one of the warmest of the early friends of Burns, was long known in Edinburgh as a Writer to the Signet. At the period when he made the acquaintance of the poet he was serving his apprenticeship in the office of Mr. Samuel Mitchelson, respecting whom it may not be uninteresting to mention that the haggis scene in Smollett's "Humphrey Clinker" was depicted from an incident that occurred in his house. When Ainslie visited Northumberland with Burns, he was scarcely twenty years old, while the poet was twenty-eight. Ainslie, we may remark, is a name well known in Edinburgh to this day, and it is somewhat significant that a "Bob Ainslie" figures conspicuously in Dr. John Brown's famous story of "Rab and his Friends."

On his way to Newcastle Burns stopped at Alnwick and Warkworth. Respecting both these places a few brief entries were made in his diary. Thus he records that Mr. Wilkin, the agent of the Duke of Northumberland, "a discreet, sensible, ingenious man," showed him the curiosities and treasures of Alnwick Castle. Warkworth, which was reached by byways, is described by the poet as being very picturesque. From Warkworth he made his way to Morpeth.

The following entries in the diary supply nearly all the information that is to be had about the poet's passage through Morpeth and Newcastle :—

Monday, 28 May, 1787.—Slept at Morpeth—a pleasant enough little town—and on next day to Newcastle. Met with a very agreeable, sensible fellow—a Mr. Chattox, who shows us a great many civilities, and dines and sups with us.

Wed., 30.—Leave Newcastle early in the morning, and ride over a fine country to Hexham to breakfast.

There is, however, a tradition that Burns, when dining with Mr. Chattox, was startled on seeing the meat served before the soup. "This," said his facetious friend, "is in obedience to a Northumbrian maxim, which enjoins us to eat the beef before we sup the broth, lest the hungry Scotch make an inroad and snatch it." At this touch of Northumbrian humour Burns is said to have laughed heartily.

Here, then, is all we can gather of the visit of the Scottish bard to Northumberland. It is little, but it is interesting. Would that we had more!

The Baydale Banks Tragedy.

BLACKWELL, near Darlington, now the property of Sir Henry Havelock-Allan, Bart., is also popularly known as Baydale, said by philologists to be an archaism for "battle." Traditions still linger round the locality of bloody conflicts that took place in the neighbourhood of the Castle Hill, at the passage over the Tees, in the old troublous times, though no particulars have been preserved as to special dates, actors, or occasions. But Baydale was the scene, two hundred and sixty years ago, of a tragedy remarkably illustrative of a superstition once widely prevalent, that "the blood runnes out of the wounds of a man murdered, long after the murder is committed, if the murderer be brought before the dead bodie."

An old man named Christopher Simpson, of Thornaby in Cleveland, labourer, was murdered at Baydale Banks Head, near Blackwell, late on the night of Saturday, the 5th of June, 1624. His corpse was found early next morning, by a lad named Averil, who gave the alarm. The neighbours at once rushed to the spot, and found the body lying under an old thorn tree, round which the grass was much trodden down, as if there had been a hard struggle. Suspicion immediately fell upon the murdered man's nephew, one Ralph Simpson, of Aldbrough, a village in Richmondshire, about seven miles from Darlington, as he had last been seen in his unfortunate uncle's company; and not a moment was lost in starting in hot pursuit of him. A "man of might," named Middleton, mounted a strong and swift steed, and, ac-

accompanied by another man named Cornforth, basted "by slope and slack, over causeway and moor, away by Darn-ton trod," while the matin bells were still chiming, till they arrived at Aldbrough, where they, without ceremony or parley, seized Ralph Simpson in his garth, and brought him straight away with them to Baydale.

The neighbours had meanwhile scattered far and near to find Francis Raesbia, the deputy-coroner, whom they roused and brought to the spot; and so the inquest was held there and then—"the better day the better deed." The evidence brought forward is printed at length in Longstaffe's "History of Darlington." From it we learn that Christopher Simpson had gone to Aldbrough on the preceding Thursday, and took Ralph with him the next day to the house of John Metcalfe, of Gunnershields in Swaledale, where he bought a little black mare and returned on the Saturday to Aldbrough, passing through Richmond, where Ralph bought a pair of shoes. What transpired subsequently appears from the information given before the deputy-coroner by Francis Rawlings, of Aldbrough; Thomas Wilson, of Manfield House, in Yorkshire; and Bartholomew Harrison, of Nether Coniscliffe.

The first-named witness said "that he did, upon Satterdays in the evening, see Christopher Simpson passe by him on foote, and saluted him, and presently after Raph Simpson cam rydinge upon a littill blacke maire, and did leade a baye mayre in his hand after old Christopher."

Thomas Wilson deposed "that upon Satterdaye the fift day of June, laite in the evening, he and his wife having had an occasion to walke into their grounds, which lye upon the Hyghway side that leadeth from Manfield to Neather Countsccliffe [Coniscliffe], to see their goods, that he their espied two men cominge rydinge towards Countsccliffe; that they one did ryde upon a littell blacke, and the other upon a dunnish baye, and that he of the blacke did lead the way to him of the baye, and opened the gaitte unto him; and he stayinge and earnestly lookinge after him, two of his tennants did come from Manfield unto them, to whom he said 'What men weer those did passe by yowe even nowe?' whoe answered that it was Raph Simpson, of Audborrow, and an old man with him, and they passed towards Nether Countsccliffe; and he with his wife and tenants went into their owne house."

Bartholomew Harrison deposed "that he did meete Raph Simpson upon Sunday morning before the sunne did arise, within twelve score of the place where Christopher laye murdered."

The alleged murderer was thereupon questioned "if that he had bene of that ground this day or not," when he answered and said that he was not there. But Harrison being recalled, and set face to face against him, he could not deny that he was upon the ground; but said it was because he had intended to have gone into Darlington to buy a pair of boots, till, being within half a mile of

that place, he found that he had not enough money to pay for them, and therefore went home.

Thereupon, Ralph Simpson's pockets were ordered by the deputy-coroner to be searched, which was done by Thomas Emerson, "hye constable," and there was found in them "a corde made of throumes [the warp end of a weaver's web] which was bloody, and beinge demanded to what end he had kept it, he answered that he did use it to tye a wallet with it, and, being asked how the blood did come on it, which was fresh and undried, he could not answer thereunto."

William Middleton, of Blackwell, who had brought the prisoner to Durham gaol, said he wished him, when on the road, "to confesse his fault and aske God forgiveness to [which] Ralph Simpson replied and said, 'Alas! it would doe yow noe good that I should confesse it, and it would undoe and cast me awaye.'"

The cord found in Ralph's pocket was finally "applied to the cirkle that was about the necke of the party murdered, and it did answer unto the cirkle"; whereupon they "caused the said Ralph to handle the bodye; and upon his handlinge and movinge, the body did bleed both at mouth, nose, and ears." This was considered proof demonstrative, independently of all other testimony; and so the jury did "find and thinke that Ralph Simpson, of Audborrowe, within the countye of York, weaver, did, by the instigation of the Devill or of somme secret malice, murder and strangle Christopher Simpson, late of Thornabye in Cleveland, within the countye of York, labourer, at and in a place of ground commonly called Baydale Banckes Head, it being the fift day of June at night, this present year 1624."

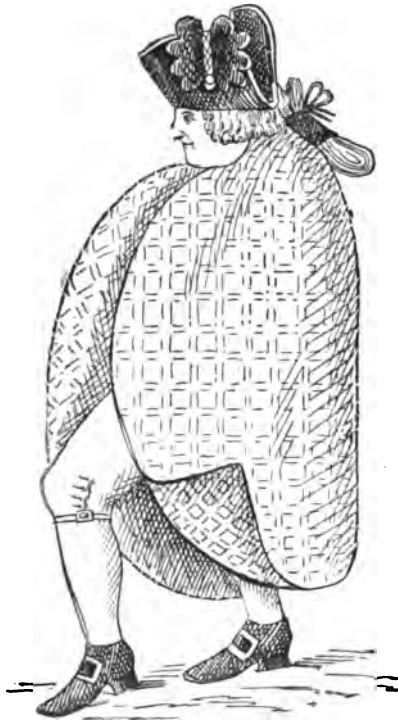
The funeral of the murdered man took place the same day—everything being thus done with marvellous despatch; and the concluding scene of the tragedy is summarised in the following lines, extracted from one of the numerous ballads of which it has been made the subject:—

Long crowds are pacing Franwellgate, full thoughtfully
and slow;
And smothered all their footsteps sound as if on driven
snow;
Yon man must die—he gazes up, and views a gallows tree,
With its sable cord suspended, and he writhes in agonie.
Oh, Jhesu! look in pity on that guilty son of clay,
Reveal to him thy boundless love before he pass away.
A grave yawns open for him; but the fountain thou has
given
The vilest soul can purify, and make it meet for Heaven.

Peter Waggy.

NINETY years ago a retired military officer, who was known to the children by this nickname, died in Newcastle-on-Tyne. A curious sketch of Lieutenant Hamilton—for such was his real rank and name—is preserved in the local collection of Mr. Matthew Mackey, Jun. The

sketch which is here copied, shows the gallant officer arrayed in a cloak of strange cut and colour. So eccentric an appearance in the streets must have been a source of much amusement to the townfolk of the last



Joseph Hamilton.

century. Attached to Mr. Mackey's sketch is the following memoranda:—

DIED.

On Saturday last (September 29th, 1798), in the 66th year of his age,

JOSEPH HAMILTON, ESQUIRE,

late Lieutenant in his Majesty's Land Forces, and for near 20 years a resident in this town, a gentleman of the strictest honour and integrity, and beloved by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

Vide Newcastle newspaper.

Joseph Hamilton, Esq. (or, as he was called, Captain Hamilton), lodged at the first or second house on the right-hand entrance of Lisle Street, Newcastle, where one Saturday morning, whilst dressing, he dropped down, and instantly died. Owing to a gunshot wound received in his side when in service, the ball of which not being extracted, he acquired a stiff neck, and a particular gait that made him turn round when he met anyone who noticed him, which, from his extreme politeness and gentlemanly manners, was almost every person he met, and, owing to his wearing a red-checked plaid, winter and summer, which, swinging round in his numerous movements when walking, made the common people and children call him Peter Waggy. The churchyard of St. Andrew's received his remains.

J. B.

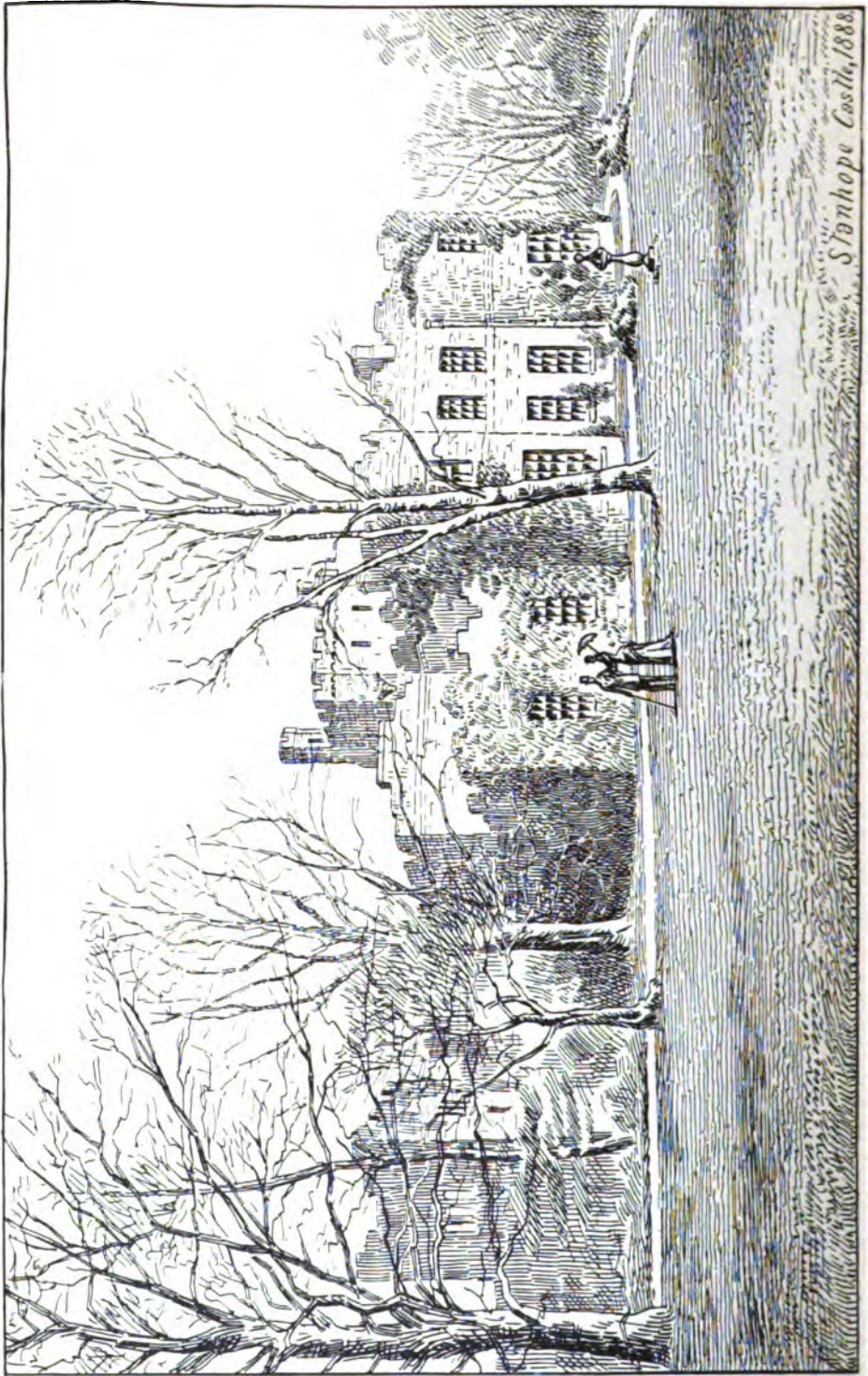
Stanhope Castle, Weardale.

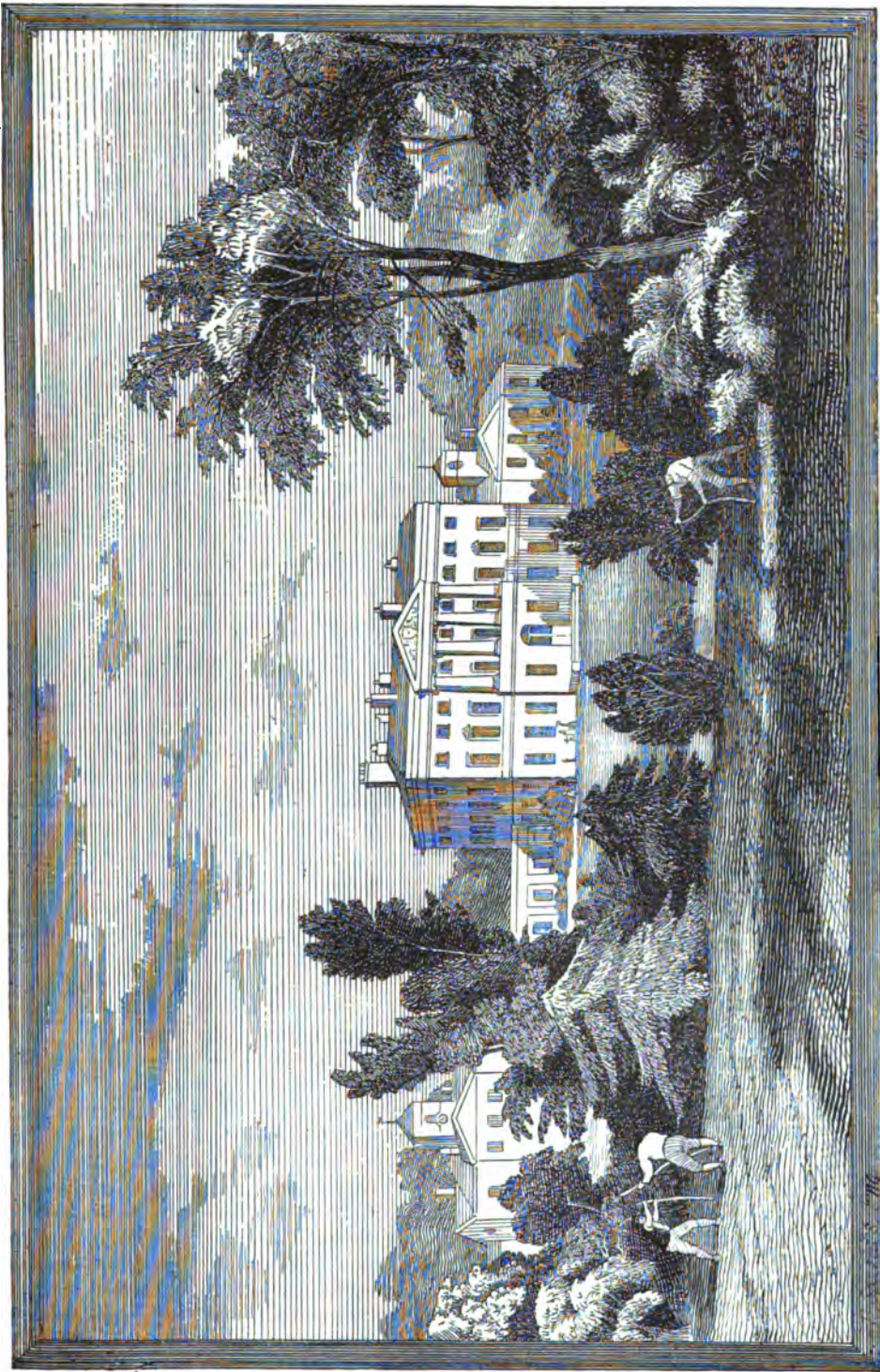
ATENTION has recently been directed to Stanhope Castle by the announcement that it is intended to form it into a residential club for the accommodation of a limited number of ladies and gentlemen during the holiday and shooting seasons.

Stanhope Castle was built at the close of last century by Mr. Cuthbert Rippon, member of Parliament for Gateshead from 1832 to 1837, on the site of an old fortress which existed in the days of Bishop Beck. Unfortunately, there are no records of this old building. Hutchinson refers to Castle Hill, or Castle Heugh, as being washed at its foot by the Wear. "The crown of the hill," he says, "forms a plain of an oblong figure, and is thirty paces in width; to the north and east, where the ascent is easiest, it is defended by a deep ditch; a ditch crosses the crown of the eminence, and divides into two irregular parts; the ascent from the river we measured 108 perpendicular feet." "On an inquiry and search by the late Mr. Ward, of Newlandside," Hutchinson adds, "a wall was discovered, which appeared to defend the whole summit of the hill, built of ashler work, strongly cemented. Tradition reports this was a fortress of great antiquity, and was demolished by the Scots." Mr. W. Morley Egglestone in his Guide to Stanhope, states that this wall was doubtless the remains of the old castle which existed at least six hundred years ago; for Bishop Beck, 1283-1310, granted to Walter de Berington, subject to his rendering homage and the usual services, one toft or messuage with 162 acres of land out of the bishop's wastes in the plains of Witton, Escomb, and Stanhope.

The original portion of the present castle consists of a quadrangular pile of buildings, enhanced on the two sides by semicircular projections. The edifice is two stories high, is embattled, and has a southern and south-western aspect. The present appearance of the edifice may be gathered from the drawing which is here given. A conservatory was added on the east by the late owner, Mr. Cuthbert Rippon. This leads to a lofty square tower, lighted by large windows, divided with mullions and arched. Mr. Rippon made considerable alterations in the appearance of the estate by the judicious planting of trees.

Stanhope and the district present many attractions to the historian and antiquary. The old Norman church is an interesting pile; in the graveyard old tombstones are supposed to date as far back as 1183; and amongst the church books in the custody of the parish clerk is that which is known as "Butler's Book," containing eight autographs of the famous prelate of that name. Other parish documents are also signed by the author of the "Analogy." It is alleged that Bishop Butler wrote his





HOWICK HALL.

celebrated theological work while acting as rector of Stanhope from 1725 to 1740; but there is some doubt as to this statement. In the rectory grounds is a Roman altar which was found on Bolihope Common about the year 1735. This stone was dedicated to the invincible Silvanus by Caius Tetius Veturius Micianus, commander of a wing of cavalry, in consequence of his having taken a wild boar of extraordinary size which many of his predecessors had in vain endeavoured to accomplish. Wild boars, it may be mentioned, undoubtedly existed at one time in Weardale, as proved by the boar tusks found in Heathery Burn Cave. There are numerous caves in the district, in addition to that just mentioned, which will reward exploration. Westernhope Cave, locally called "Kittly Huels o' Whesnep," is formed of a considerable line of grottoes connected by narrow passages. Amongst its curiosities are a number of stalactites and a cascade.

Howick Hall.

THIS noble mansion, our sketch of which is taken from Allom's Views in Northumberland and other Northern Counties, published in 1833, is the seat of Earl Grey. It is delightfully situated about six miles east-north-east of Alnwick, and rather more than a mile from Little Mill Station on the North-Eastern Railway. "The little pile" or tower of Howick, mentioned by Leland, "was," according to Wallis, "entered by a flight of steps, and was a fair structure, to the end of which the first Sir Henry Grey built a large, handsome house, and elegant offices." This pile was taken down in 1787, when the present structure was commenced. Payne and other architects gave designs for it, but it was chiefly executed under the directions of Mr. Newton, of Newcastle. Its internal arrangements, furniture, and decorations were almost entirely renewed in the second Earl Grey's time. The wings were likewise joined to the centre by two additions, the fronts of which were so arranged as to form the arcs of a quadrant. The freestone of which the mansion is built was procured from a quarry on the sea-shore, about a mile distant.

The park by which the hall is surrounded is watered by two fine trout streams, which unite in the grounds. One of them, Howick Burn, skirts the lawn in the park, and is crossed by a neat stone bridge of ashlar work. About four hundred yards from the hall is a well-stocked fish-pond, which covers five acres, and was formed in 1819. Near the east side of the park are the remains of a Roman encampment, where, about the year 1763, several pieces of broken spears and swords and some coins were found. Northward from the above-mentioned quarry, the rocks assume a dreary, rugged aspect, being intersected by basaltic and clay dykes, and partly covered over with a great overflow of basalt. This truly iron-bound

coast extends northward as far as Dunstanborough, a distance of more than three miles. It is altogether one of the most interesting localities to the geologist in this part of the kingdom. Near the boat-house an extraordinarily high spring tide in 1849 laid bare a submarine forest, giving evidence of a considerable change of level in the coast within a comparatively recent period. This forest consisted of a number of oak, fir, elder, and hazel trees, some lying prostrate, and others still rooted and having short upright stems; hazel nuts were also found. These interesting remains were embedded in peat, as is usual in such cases.

The manor of Howick was held of the barony of Muschamp, in the reign of Henry III.; but shortly afterwards it became the property of Adam Ryband, who rendered for it the service of one knight to William de Vesci. In the year 1317, however, Hentercombe, one of the representatives of the Muschamps, is recorded to have died, seized of a moiety of the manor, while the other part was possessed by a member of the illustrious family of the Greys of Chillingham, whose lineal descendant, Sir Edward Grey, fourth son of Sir Ralph Grey, of Chillingham and Wark, who died in 1632, became the owner of the whole manor, which his descendants have ever since retained.

The Gibside Column & Statue.

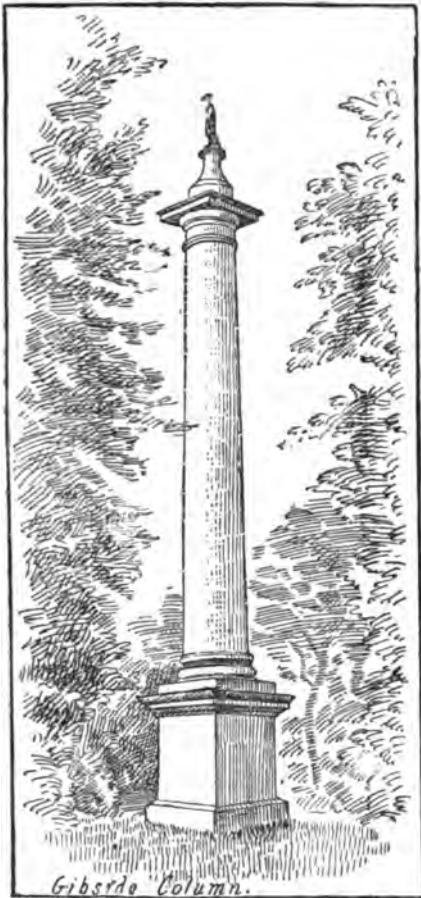
THE statue in Gibside Park, commonly known as "Liberty," or "British Liberty," carries us back to the days when George II. was king, and when the Duke of Newcastle, colleague of the first Mr. Pitt (afterwards Earl of Chatham), was his Minister.

George Bowes, of Streatlam and Gibside, was sent to the House of Commons in 1727, at the commencement of the reign of George II., having John Hedworth, of Chester Deanery, as his colleague. Mr. Bowes had four other elections, viz., in 1734, 1741, 1747, and 1754. In the midst of his fifth and last Parliament, on the 17th of September, 1760, George Bowes died.

It was prior to the election of 1754 that Mr. Bowes took in hand the embellishment of the grounds at Gibside, by the erection of a column, 140 feet in height, with a gilded statue in addition, 12 feet high. The date of the pillar is fixed, incidentally, in the records we owe to the patient pen of Sykes. On the 7th of October, 1756, Newcastle and the neighbourhood had been visited by a violent hurricane, causing loss of life and great destruction of property by land and water, and the local newspapers made a note of its ravages. The following letter, addressed to one of the newspapers, also mentioned the column:—

Though it is the pleasure of people of taste in the North to pay an annual visit to Gibside Woods, yet few

of your readers can form an idea of their present desolation by the late dreadful hurricane. Trees out of number have been destroyed. Some are torn away by the roots; others split down to the bottom of their prodigious boles; many have their unwieldy boughs twisted off, and scattered on the tops of the neighbouring hills. The walks, lawns, and roads are strewn with their ruins. The elegant banqueting-house fared little better in the fury of this storm, part of the south front and roof being greatly damaged. But, what is above all astonishing, the noble column which stands on an eminence, and rises to near the height of 140 feet from its base, with all its scaffolding round it, had not a rafter moved, while the strangest ruin is seen in the valleys and deepest shades, as if many whirlwinds had gathered together, and, with collected force had aimed destruction at the most secure



retreats, the noblest oaks being levelled to the ground, while the slender saplings that bended to the storm still stand unurt, save what are crushed by the cumbrous weight of their towering neighbours.

In this letter, so far as we are aware, is the only contemporary notice of the Gibside column. We have searched newspaper files in vain for further information. We can find nothing in addition. All that comes down to us from the period is contained in the communication

just quoted. To the "ill wind" and the newspaper correspondent we owe the record of 1756. The Eddystone lighthouse was wrecked by the November storm of the reign of Queen Anne. The Gibside pillar was spared by the hurricane of the reign of King George.

Mr. Bowes had been returned to every Parliament of the latter reign—a reign which closed five or six weeks after the member's death. He ran repeatedly the gauntlet of opposition, although it never seems to have reached a poll; and after his fifth triumphant return he followed up his victories by throwing into the air, at a height of a hundred and fifty feet, the statue which has survived so long a succession of storms and mutations. We had hoped to find in the record of his death some allusion to the Gibside column, but were disappointed. His worth was warmly remembered in the local journals. From the circumstance that forty coaches, at a time when private carriages were comparatively rare, followed the hearse in the funeral procession, we gather how well and widely he was esteemed; and it is also recorded that the pall was borne by Lord Ravensworth and seven members of the House of Commons. But not a word about this enduring ornament of his park rewarded our search.

Further light on the subject has, however, been thrown by the researches of Mr. James F. Robinson, of Burnopfield. Mr. Robinson is of opinion that the column was erected, not to commemorate any great political or patriotic event, but simply to embellish the grounds of Gibside. The situation of the structure, the known prevalence of a new taste in the matter of landscape gardening, and the absence of any record connecting it with a public event, all combine to justify Mr. Robinson's conclusion.

But Mr. Robinson, if he has not quite succeeded in solving the mystery surrounding the origin of the monument, has at least discovered in the original cash-book of the estate a variety of interesting particulars concerning its cost, the period of its erection, and the methods employed in rearing it. We will now let him tell his own story:—

With the exception of the chapel, which had just been commenced when George Bowes died, the column seems to have been the last of the buildings erected by him at Gibside. A few particulars of its erection, and the sums paid for certain portions of the work, cannot fail to be interesting.

On September 24, 1750, John Armstrong and his partners were paid £3 2s. 2d. for boring in various parts to find a foundation for the column. This having been found, operations commenced forthwith for its erection; for on September 29, Thomas Hope was paid £3 2s. 7d. for winning stones at Wheatley's Quarry at Crook Gate for the column, and on November 3rd Matthew Douglas received £1 10s. 1d. for mason work at the same.

The masons seem about the 13th November to have required some assistance, as £2 5s. was then paid for helping them. James Watson would seem to have been a skilled workman, since on November 17 he was paid £7 6s. 3d. for dressing stones for the column. A little later, on November 23, Willie Hall and his son were paid the balance due to them, 16s. 3½d., and told that their

services would in future be dispensed with. But on the same day James Watson was paid £4 11s. 6d. for attending the column, probably as an inspector.

A considerable amount of stone seems to have been prepared during the next summer at Wheatley's Quarry, for on August 24, 1751, a bill for £13 1s. 2d. was paid for winning and dressing stones at that place.

During the succeeding five years, the column was gradually raising itself skywards; until in 1756 we find preparations being made for its crowning figure. On November 22, in that year, Thomas Hope was paid a bill for winning two large stones for the statue. Again in the spring of 1757 Thomas Hope was paid several bills for winning and dressing stones for the same. From the number of stones that were won and dressed for the figure, it would almost seem that some had been rejected; but the figure may include all the work from the top entablature upwards. It must be remembered that the mass of masonry from which the figure was cut was erected as a solid block, the figure being carved in its position on the top of the column.

Matters must have been pretty well advanced by May 18, 1757, for on the 7th of that month £1 4s. 1d. was paid for making a shed for the carver. This shed would be placed at the top of the scaffolding, and would serve to protect the carver from the weather. On the 14th May, Willie Johnson and John Leybourne had £2 5s. for assisting the carver, and on the 10th of June John Leybourne had £1 15s. for two weeks' work in helping the carver, which shows that the weekly wage was 17s. 6d. These men would probably do the rough hewn work at the figure. On July 20, the carver's tools would seem to have got out of order, as Thomas Young had 12s. 2d. for sharpening them. On August 11, John Leybourne was paid £3 10s. 11d. for cramping the figure, which would mean that precautions had been taken that the figure did not fall to pieces from the effects of the weather or wind.

An important contract seems to have been completed on August 29. Christopher Richardson was that day paid in full for making the figure the sum of £40, not a very large sum apparently for so important a work of art. But the figure does not seem to have been completed when Christopher Richardson had done his part, for on September 6 Mary Haxwell received £3 1s. 2d. for 80 yards of barn for covering the figure when gilding. Preparations for completing the work were now in progress, as, on September 7, Joseph Palleter got £3 11s. 7d. for taking down "ye carver's shed." Still more ornamentation had to be paid for, since on September 16 Francis Courtney was paid five guineas on account of "painting and gilding ye figure."

On October 18, an item occurs for winning and dressing the stones and flags for the channel and flagging round the base of the column; and on October 29, £8 0s. 9d. was paid for levelling the ground. The figure holds what appears to be a staff in its hand, with an inverted cup on the top. These are of copper, and cost £3 14s. The last item we note is for 66 books of leaf gold for "gilding ye figure," £5 15s. 6d.

The total cost was about £2,000, and was all done under the management of the estate workmen and agent, without contract work.

This year I have seen a nestling caged, and in good condition and plumage. The descriptive and scientific name of the bird (*curvirostra*) implies that it has a curved beak—a crossbill, in fact.

The late Dr. Brehm, the eminent German naturalist, tells us that the crossbills, of which but a few species are known, may be said to form a separate family. They not only differ from the *Passeres*, but from all other birds, in the formation of their beaks. This very remarkable instrument is thick and very strongly arched; its ridge, or culmen, is high and rounded; the mandibles are high at the origin, but suddenly separate, and terminate in sharp points that are bent across each other, the under jaw being inclined sometimes to the right side, sometimes to the left, without any general rule being observable. There are, indeed, as many that have their beaks twisted to the right as in an opposite direction. The muscles moving the lower jaw are unequally developed on the two sides of the head, an arrangement which must be considered as a necessary consequence of the sidelong movements of the jaw. The head is large in comparison with that of other finches; the body short, but slender and high; the keel and the breast bone are long and arched, resembling those of the woodpecker. The plumage is thick and soft. The tarsi and bones of the leg are bowed inwards, and are short and strong; the toes long, with stout, curved, pointed claws; the eyes small and prominent. The internal construction of the body does not differ from other birds of the order.

This interesting species, as Mr. John Hancock observes, "sometimes appears in considerable numbers, during the winter, in fir plantations, feeding on the seeds of the fir cones; and at other times not a single individual is to be seen throughout the whole winter months. Occasionally a few pairs remain with us during the summer to breed, though most of the individuals are migratory; it ought, therefore, to be considered a resident, as on such occasions it must be in our district the whole year." Mr. Hancock adds that he had known of three pairs breeding in Northumberland and Durham from 1838 to 1869. Of late years the crossbill has been found nesting—I speak from personal experience—in the fir woods of North Cumberland, near the river Lyne, and in the fir woods on the Netherby estate.

The crossbills appear to be of a wandering disposition, and when they are seen in numbers in this country in autumn or winter, they must have come from their breeding haunts in the North of Scotland, or over sea from the Northern Countries of Europe. They are almost invariably found frequenting pine and fir woods, to the seeds of which they are partial. They also feed on wild fruits, such as hawthorn berries and the seeds of thistles and other weeds. They are lively, chattering birds, and make a shrill noise when engaged in hunting for food, and may frequently be seen swinging on the

The Crossbill.

THE common crossbill (*Loxia curvirostra*), also called the European crossbill, shell apple, &c., is closely allied to the bullfinch. There are three species of crossbills known in this country—the parrot crossbill, the white-winged crossbill (very rare visitors), and the species under notice. Mr. John Hancock ("Birds of Northumberland and Durham") describes the common crossbill as a resident in the Northern Counties. Of late years it has bred more freely there than formerly.

branches of the trees, often head downwards, like the tits. They are nimble in their motions, and by no means shy. The call note, common to both sexes, is "Gop, gop," "gip, gip," and "yok, yok, yok," which is uttered either flying or at rest, and so gentle is its sound that the listener must be quite close to the tree in order to hear it. The flight of the crossbill is undulating and rapid. The nest is built in a tree, not far from the ground. The last nest I saw was in a fir, about twelve feet from the earth, on a horizontal branch, and contained four eggs. The nest was loosely compacted of small twigs, grass, straw, and moss, and lined with dry leaves and feathers. The eggs, which vary, are of a bluish white ground colour, tinged with blue or green, and spotted, chiefly at the thicker end, with reddish purple markings.

The male and female crossbills differ much in plumage, that of the former being red, and the latter green. On the first moult, both sexes attain their adult plumage. The length of the male is from six inches and a quarter to seven and a half; the bill, which varies considerably in length, curvature, and the degree of elongation of the lower mandible, is above principally dark greyish brown, as is the tip of the lower bill, the remainder being dull



yellowish. The moult takes place in autumn, and in the height of summer all the tints are paler, and the plumage on the back only shows darker from this cause. The female is slightly smaller than the male. Mr Duncan's drawing shows the male bird in full plumage.

The Germans have a legend that the ruddy hue of the crossbill was caused by its endeavours to extract the nails from the hands of the bleeding Saviour on the cross. Longfellow has beautifully translated the "Legend of the Crossbill," embodying this idea, from the German of Julius Mosen:—

On the cross the dying Saviour
Heavenward lifts his eyelids calm,
Feels, but scarcely feels, a trembling
In his pierced and bleeding palm.

And, by all the world forsaken,
Sees he how with zealous care
At the ruthless nail of iron
A little bird is striving there.
Stained with blood and never tiring,
With its beak it does not cease;
From the cross 'twould free the Saviour,
Its Creator's Son release.

And the Saviour speaks in mildness:
"Blest be thou of all the good!
Bear as token of this moment,
Marks of blood and holy rood!"

And that bird is called the crossbill,
Covered all with blood so clear;
In the groves of pine it singeth
Songs, like legends, strange to hear.

HENRY KERR.

Stella Hall.



VISIT was paid to Stella Hall by the members of the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle-on-Tyne on August 11. Mr. Joseph Cowen, being requested by Mr. Blair, secretary to the society, to explain to the visitors the points of interest about the building, and give some account of its successive owners and occupants, delivered an explanatory address. Of that address we subjoin a condensed report.

I have not before attended a meeting of the Society of Antiquaries, and I scarcely know what I am expected to say or do. When Mr. Blair informed me of the desire of the members to visit Stella, I told him I feared, if they did so, they would be disappointed, as there was little to learn and less to see.

The Hall is an old building, but it has never been the residence of a feudal lord, and its walls have never rolled back the tide of war. Incidents of local interest have occurred in connection with it; but it has never been the scene of any important historical event. It was originally a religious house. There is a tradition—whether well or ill-founded I cannot vouch for—that as long ago as the reign of Edward the Confessor, a convent existed here. But the first authentic record we have of the place is in the year 1143, when it was granted by William De St. Barbara, Bishop of Durham, "to God and St. Bartholomew, and the Nuns of Newcastle." Some years afterwards, the Nuns appear to have been deprived of it by Bishop Pudsey, Regent of England under Richard I. Pudsey had little regard for laws, charters, or vested rights if they clashed with his private purposes. When he wanted to provide a retiring pension for a favourite official, he did not hesitate to deprive the Nuns of their patrimony, and hand it over "with all its appurtenances in woodland, champain, roads, ways, metes, boundaries, mills, meadows, waters, fishdams, and fisheries, free of forest right

and pasturage of the Bishop's hogs, to William the Moneyer," from whom it descended to his son. The fame of this "Moneyer" was so great that we are told his heir needed no other description than to be "of such a sire the child."

Except during the period when the Master of Pudsey's Mint and his nameless son occupied Stella, it continued in the possession of the Nuns until the Dissolution of the Monasteries in 1540. St. Bartholomew's was the oldest monastic institution in Newcastle of which any distinct traces are left. In addition to the Priory and its grounds, the Nuns owned the Nuns' Moor and property at Tynemouth, Marsden, Hartlepool, and Pelton. At Gateshead they had a church and a hospital; and here they had a building that probably combined the treble characteristics of a Grange, a Country house, and a Convalescent Home. It is easy to suppose that Stella at that time would be a pleasant place of residence. There were then neither factories nor collieries near it; the atmosphere would not be saturated with chemical fumes nor disturbed by the roar of forges; the land was fertile, and the landscape pastoral and picturesque, while the river was full of fish, and the woods of game. The civil wars did not disturb it, nor did it suffer, like Ryton, from the attacks of the Scotch armies, or the predatory visits of marauding freebooters. The Nuns, however, although thus favoured and fortunate, were not without their troubles. On more than one occasion their ecclesiastical superiors issued commissions to inquire into the management of their possessions, and to settle disputes with the Prioress. But, barring these transient differences, the Nuns dwelt here in peace and contentment for over 400 years. The only evidences of their residence that have come down to modern times, were certain cloistered appearances that parts of the building retained till it was renovated, and the remains of some tapestry that is believed to have been worked by the Nuns. Henry VIII. conferred the Nunnery in Newcastle-upon-Tyne (by letters patent granted at Hampton Court, September 1, 1545) on William Barrantyne, and the Nuns' Moor on John Broxholme. The first property came ultimately into the possession of the Andersons, and the other, into the possession of the Freeman and Corporation. There is no evidence as to who got Stella; but it may be presumed that it passed into the hands of Bishop Tunstall.

Shortly after the Suppression, we find the estate owned by the Tempests, who, according to Surtees, "were one of the most ancient, honourable, and branching of all the English county gentlemen." The family had been seated for centuries in the county of Durham, and many of its members had held places of great trust in the times of the Edwards and the Henrys. The head of the house in 1570 unfortunately joined in the Rebellion of the Northern Earls, was

attainted, and had his estates confiscated. Younger members of the family were merchant adventurers in Newcastle. One of them, becoming wealthy, retired, bought Stella, and built the present house on the foundations of the old house of the Nuns. It has undergone many internal changes since then. But the main structure, which is in the form of a cross, remains as rebuilt 300 years ago. Nicholas Tempest was created a baronet by James I. in 1622, and six successive baronets resided here, in Catholic splendour and loyalty. One was colonel of a regiment of horse in the service of Charles I., and fought for the king till the last. Other members of the family held positions of influence in connection with the Court and Government of the Stuart kings. By marriage with neighbouring landowners, their property was substantially augmented, the most notable accession being obtained when Sir Thomas Tempest married the second daughter and co-heir of William Hodgson, of Hebburn. By this marriage, the Tempests became owners of three-eighths of the manor of Winlaton, and considerable possessions in the parish of Ryton. At an earlier date they obtained an estate at Stanley, in the parish of Tanfield, from the Lumleys. Sir Francis Tempest died unmarried in 1698, when the estates passed to his sister, who married William, the fourth Lord Widdrington, and the title descended to his cousin, who died in 1742 without an heir. The baronetcy then became extinct.

In 1640, a battle, which had disastrous consequences for the Royalists, was fought on the haugh land to the north of the Hall. John Rushworth, the author of the "Historical Recollections," records that the Earl of Strafford sent a messenger from York to Lord Conway, the king's commander, ordering him to attack the Presbyterians, who had penetrated to Tyneside. Rushworth accompanied the messenger. They found Conway at Stella in conference with his officers. There are reasons for believing that the Council of War thus referred to was held in this house. But whatever doubt there may be as to Conway's sojourn here, there is none as to Cromwell's.

When the Protector went north in 1650 (to Dunbar) he passed through Newcastle, but his artillery and heavy baggage crossed the Tyne at Stella. They left the main army at Whickham, came down Clockburn Lane, through Winlaton, and forded the river opposite here at a place which was then named, and is still called, "Cromwell."

On his return, the year following, he traversed the centre of Northumberland, re-crossed the Tyne on Old Lammas Day, and encamped his force—which consisted of nine regiments of foot and three of cavalry, with their baggage and train—on Stella Haughs, the scene of the battle fought eleven years before between Conway and Lealia. Cromwell sojourned in the Hall,

while some of his officers took up their quarters in a thatched house on the other side of the road, which was then an inn.

Lord Widdrington lived here sixteen years, during which time he renovated the Hall and made valuable additions to the property. The Widdringtons had been settled in Northumberland since the Saxon period. The family rose to opulence and influence during the reigns of the Norman and Plantagenet kings. There was scarcely a transaction in war or peace that occurred for seven centuries in which some of them were not concerned. Bertram de Widdrington was challenged as to his right of tenure in his Northumberland estate by a person named Tascha. The case being referred to Baron Fitzwilliam, a "wager of battle" was ordered to decide the question. The lists being formed, the whole barony was summoned to witness the combat. But the Claimant did not appear, and being pronounced "craven," the manor was confirmed to the Widdringtons, the deed of possession being witnessed by the principal proprietors of the barony. The prowess and virtues of the family are woven and interwoven with Northern legend. The ballad of "Chevy Chase" has transmitted the heroic, while the ballad of "The Hermit of Warkworth" has transmitted the domestic side of the Widdrington character to posterity. No fewer than seventeen members of the family held the office of High Sheriff of Northumberland, and several represented the county in Parliament. Sir William Widdrington was Speaker of the House of Commons. He was committed to the Tower for having had candles brought into the House without a formal order, members being then—as they are sometimes now—averse to too much light. He was one of the 56 members who voted for saving the life of the Earl of Strafford. He was expelled the House for refusing to attend it, and for raising forces in defence of the king. Charles raised him to the peerage. After the battle of Marston Moor, he escaped to the Continent, and his estates were sequestered. Clarendon describes him as one of the goodliest persons of the age, a gentleman of very ancient lineage, of fair fortune, and one who was always chosen by the king to be about the person of his son. Carlyle, on the other hand, speaks of him as the "mellifluous" Widdrington, "learned and oratorical." He was a member of the famous conference called by the request of Cromwell to decide, amongst the leading men of the army and Parliament, "how the nation was to be ruled." In the march of King Charles II. to Worcester, Widdrington stayed behind at Wigan with the Earl of Derby and about 200 horsemen. They were surprised by the Parliamentary forces, and, after a valorous defence, were all either slain or taken prisoners. Amongst those who fell was Lord Widdrington, who disdained to take quarter. The second Lord Widdrington was made one of the Council of State when General Monk declared for a free Parliament. The third earl was

one of the councillors of James II. The fourth took no part in public matters, although his sympathies were as strongly loyalist as those of his father and grandfather had been. He and his brothers Charles and Peregrine joined the Jacobites in 1715, and all held command in that abortive insurrection. They were taken in arms at Preston, tried and found guilty of high treason, and sentenced to death. By this rash but chivalrous adventure, a family which had flourished in affluence and honour for centuries was broken up and scattered.

Lord Widdrington's estates, worth £12,000 per annum, were confiscated, but he and his brothers were pardoned, and in the year 1733, the property of Stella and Stanley was restored to him, as it had been acquired by marriage. He lived in retirement for the remainder of his life, and died at Bath in 1745. His son, Henry Francis Widdrington, who succeeded him, died without issue at Turnham Green in 1774. He left his property to his nephew, Thomas Eyre, and through him it descended to the Townseleys. Lord Widdrington said in his defence, made before the House of Lords, that he heard of the rising in Northumberland only the night before it happened, and, "being informed that all his neighbours and acquaintances had met in arms, a crowd of confused and mistaken notions hurried him into a precipitate resolution of joining them." This, no doubt, was literally correct; but it scarcely states the whole case.

The Stuart partisans, who had founded their hopes of the restoration of the exiled family on the well-known partiality of Queen Anne for her brother, were disconcerted by her sudden death, and by the immediate change from a pro-Jacobite to an anti-Jacobite Ministry. A year passed in consultation and planning. London was the centre of the conspiracy. From there intelligence was secretly conveyed by private hands, and under many disguises, to confederates in distant parts of the country. One of the emissaries despatched from the metropolis to the North was Captain Robert Talbot, an Irish officer, who came to Newcastle by ship. He held constant intercourse with the Jacobite sympathisers in Northumberland and Durham, and for a time resided at Stella Hall. There was no idea then of attempting an early uprising. All that was intended was the securing of concert and cohesion amongst the party. But the Government, becoming aware of the conspiracy, determined to crush it by arresting those suspected of being leaders. When that decision became known, the more ardent Jacobites resolved to fight, and an ill-concerted and immature enterprise ensued. The chiefs had no settled plan of action, and they marched hither and thither without purpose or result. They had no military knowledge, and their followers had neither arms, ammunition, nor materials of war.

Lord Widdrington was no doubt right in saying that he knew only the night before that the rising was to take place on the day it did; but there is every reason for

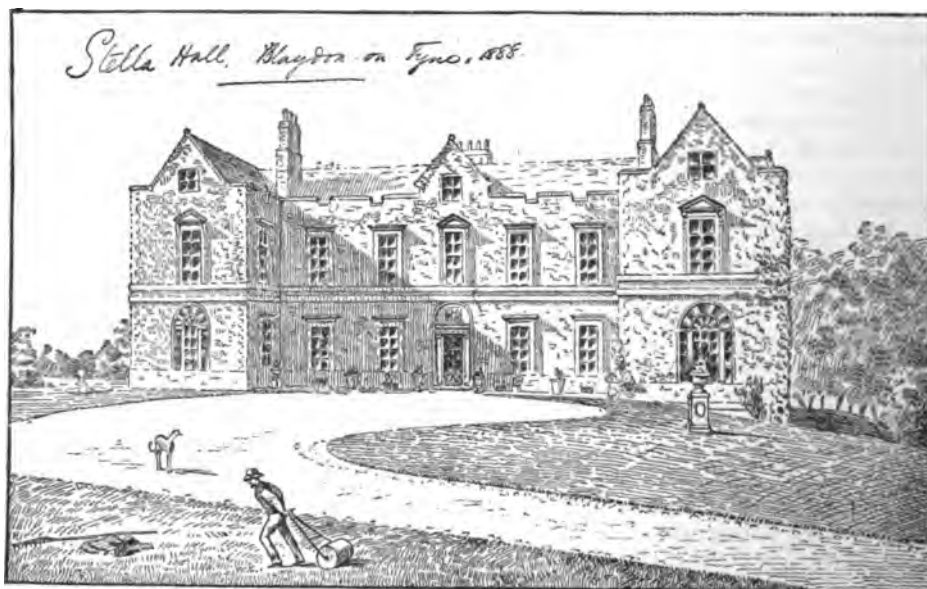
supposing that he had been for months previous privy to the designs of his friends. The Government knew his opinions, and Stella Hall had been closely watched. In some old papers belonging to the Clavering family, obtained by Mr. George Neasham from the late Mr. John Clavering, of Greencroft Park, there are sundry references to the "spying" on Tyneside. It appears that Captain Clavering was in command of a troop of horse in this district in 1715, and in his account rendered to the Earl of Scarborough, then Lord Lieutenant of the county, he gave particulars of his disbursements for "watching, apprehending, and seizing Papists." In the list are items for "sending to Stella," and for the "messenger riding all night." There were also in the Record Office in the Hall, numerous documents justifying the suspicions with which its residents were regarded by the Hanoverians. All this goes to support the theory that, while Lord Widdrington might not have absolutely known the time fixed for the rising, he would know that one was projected. It also shows how precipitate the actual insurrection was.

There is not much known about Lord Widdrington's character; but all that is known is honourable. He was unostentatious and unpretending; but while prepared to chivalrously stake life and property for the Stuart cause, he was not fitted either by taste or training for the part of a military or political leader in troublous times. Until he embarked in the insurrection of 1715, he had led the life of a quiet county gentleman—pious, charitable, genial, and neighbourly. Between him and Lord Derwentwater there existed a close friendship. On the morning of Lord Derwentwater's execution, there was doubt as to whether he or

Lord Widdrington would be reprieved. When it became known that Lord Widdrington's life would be saved, Lord Derwentwater, with characteristic modesty and resignation, expressed to the Catholic clergyman in attendance upon him his approval of the king's decision, saying that, as one of them only was to be saved, he was glad it was to be Lord Widdrington, as he was "a wiser man and a man of greater experience than himself, and he would, therefore, be better able to serve his king and country."

An old workman of ours, whose family had resided for many generations at Stella, told me that his grandfather, who lived to be a very old man, had told him that he (the grandfather) witnessed Lord Widdrington's departure from Stella Hall on Oct. 6th, 1715. According to his story, several of Lord Widdrington's friends and tenants met his Lordship in the Hall early in the morning of that eventful day. They breakfasted together, and at the end of the repast Lord Widdrington proposed the health of their legitimate sovereign, and wished success to the Stuart cause. The party then rode away. The old man, whose story I am quoting, accompanied them on a baggage horse. The saddle bags on one side were filled with ammunition, and on the other with provisions. They did not take the high road, but went by the river side to a hill near Corbridge, where they joined Lord Derwentwater and his friends. The old man accompanied his master through Northumberland to Preston, where he succeeded in making his escape and returning to Stella.

After Lord Widdrington left Stella, the house was occupied by a Catholic priest, and the agent who managed the estates. The Tempests had set aside a portion of the



Hall for worship, and there were Catholic services held in it uninterruptedly until 1831, when the new chapel was built in the village. Canon Wrennall has a list of the Catholic priests who have officiated here. Some of them received harsh treatment at the hands of their Protestant neighbours. The last incident of interest in connection with the house, was its occupation by Catholic refugees who were driven from France during the Revolution. The English Catholics had a college at Douai, in French Flanders, which was seized by the Republican army in the year 1793. Forty-five of the professors and students were conveyed to the fortress of Dourlens in Picardy. Some of them escaped, and finally reached the British camp. Others were not liberated till the fall of the Republic. Most of the escaped teachers and students came to the North of England. Some of them took up their residence at Crook Hall, and others at Stella. The Rev. Thomas Eyre, who was a Catholic priest at Stella at the time, interested himself in the formation of the college at Ushaw.

The house was considerably altered in the beginning of the century, and further alterations were made about 45 years ago, under the direction of the late Mr. John Dobson. The park, which was once much more extensive, was curtailed, and the house better fitted for the purposes of a modern residence than it had been during the Tempests' occupancy.

After Mr. Cowen's remarks, the visitors, who numbered about seventy, inspected the Hall, and subsequently proceeded to view the site of the Battle of Newburn.

Castle Eden Dene.

THE village of Castle Eden, formerly called South Eden, is situated between Stockton and Sunderland, in the county of Durham. This place is twice mentioned under the name of Jodene or Yoden before the Conquest—first, when the "whole country from Jodene to Billingham was oppressed with a sore and intolerable tribute" by Scuda, a captain of the Pagan King Ringwold; and, secondly, when Bishop Cutheard gave Yoden to Ealfrid, the son of Britulfinc, who, "flying from the pirates, came beyond the mountains towards the west, imploring the mercy of St. Cuthbert, and Cutheard the bishop, that they would give him some lands." Traces of a Saxon village are still to be seen in a field half-way between Harden and Castle Eden Hall. There is preserved at the hall the cup of the last Abbot of Bury, a spacious goblet of Dutch glass, mounted in silver, to which a silver cover has been added, as well as an Anglo-Saxon drinking vessel, found with a human skeleton in 1802. Near the house is the entrance to the celebrated ravine, known as Castle Eden Dene, which is justly considered one of the most romantic spots in the county of Durham. In its wider parts it is a tangled wood of yew, birch, and ash, intermixed with rocks; but here and there the ravine narrows, its sides being composed of steep limestone cliffs. At the upper end of the dene the finest of the precipices overhangs a chasm, where the stream which dashes through it has formed a



Castle Eden Hall, Durham.
From Alloms View.

deep blue pellucid pool in a basin of the rock, known as Gunner's Pool, from one Gunner, who was drowned there long ago. Some broken rocks near this, in the middle of the burn, gave rise to the tradition that the devil, who was assisting in the building of Durham Cathedral, fetched stones from hence, that when he was crossing here his apron strings broke, and that the stones which it contained, falling out, remain in the burn to this day. Castle Eden Dene is now the property of the Rev. John Burdon, son of the celebrated Rowland Burdon.

Notes and Commentaries.

THE CAPPING WELL.

In addition to the historic wells mentioned in the *Monthly Chronicle* (page 148), the old Capping Well near the village of Glanton deserves to be recorded. It is no longer available as a well. In the year 1868, the inhabitants of the village, by the permission of Mr. Pawson, of Shawdon, on whose property the spring rises, were permitted to cover it over, and replace the old tile pipes that conveyed the water to a tank at the west end of the village by metal pipes. The spring is one of the finest in the district. Besides supplying the village, the waste water supplies the residence of Mr. Collingwood, of Glanton Pike.

The spring rises on the south side of Glanton Hill, about a quarter of a mile north-west of the village. The situation very much resembles that of the Beggar's Rig at Rothbury. From it is seen the whole of Whittingham Vale, with Simonside and Harbottle hills in the distance. The fields that adjoin it are named the "Capping Fields." To cap, or meet, is a word in general use at the present day in the North of Scotland, and there is no doubt that the same word was used by the inhabitants on both sides of the Border in early times. The name of the "Capping Tree" near Jedburgh is a proof of the antiquity of the word.

From its situation and surroundings it is evident that in early times Glanton Hill had been a gathering place. It is of no great altitude; but from its top can be seen such a wide and varied landscape that the eye never tires of tracing the windings of the vales and watercourses that radiate from the Cheviots like rays from the setting sun. When the beacon blazed upon its top it would be seen along Glendale, in Upper Coquetdale, and as far eastward as Dunstanborough Castle.

JAMES THOMSON, Shawdon.

SALE OF ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL, NEWCASTLE.

On referring to Latimer's "Records," I find the following with respect to this chapel:—

Nov. 23, 1854.—The chapel of St. Paul, Westgate, Newcastle, erected in 1840 as a chapel of ease to St. John's, was sold by auction, by order of the mortgagee,

and was purchased by the Independent congregation worshipping at Tuthill Stairs Chapel, for about £1,300.

It appears, therefore, from the foregoing that the above building was encumbered with debt in the form of money borrowed by mortgage; that the mortgagee, in due course, gave notice of foreclosure, ultimately exercising his power to realize by a sale by auction. I have heard it said that the then Bishop of Durham had requested a local gentleman to attend the sale on his behalf for the purpose of "buying the property in," but, owing to some misunderstanding or forgetfulness, he failed to put in an appearance, and so St. Paul's became lost to the Church of England.
H., Newcastle.

* * *

I was only a schoolboy at the time, but my memory serves me that the then Bishop of Durham sent his agent to Newcastle on the day of the sale to buy the property. He arrived too late to make the episcopal bid (gossip had it, by the way, that he got drunk on the road!) and thus resulted its acquirement by the Nonconformists.

J. TREKVE EDGECOME, Inner Temple, London.

* * *

I extract the following from an article which appeared in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* for February 24, 1883:—

There is a current misconception that St. Paul's Church had been a "Chapel of Ease" to St. John's; but it never was so in any legal sense, and there is no mention of the place in any of the records of St. John's. The Rev. H. W. Wright, incumbent of St. John's, and brother-in-law of Richard Grainger, erected the building at his own risk and expense in 1840, so that it was distinctly a proprietary chapel under episcopal auspices, the building being consecrated by the bishop, and the services conducted by a curate of St. John's. The Rev. Mark Allen, M.A., curate, was buried in the graveyard in 1843, and a mural monument was erected to his memory in the church. Doubtless Mr. Wright's design had been that it should become the parish church of the then contemplated district of St. Paul's; but when the Act came into force it was found that no grant could be made for its purchase from Mr. Wright, owing to its having been erected previous to the passing of the Act. Under these circumstances Mr. Wright, being in need of money, raised a mortgage on the premises, and, payment of the interest having lapsed, the mortgagee determined to sell.

The whole advertisement, unique as it is in the history of the Anglican Establishment, may be given intact as it appeared in the *Newcastle Chronicle* of Nov. 17th, 1854:—

To be Sold by Auction (by order of the Mortgagee, with Power of Sale) at the George Inn, Newcastle, on Thursday, the 23rd day of November, 1854, at Two o'clock precisely,

By Mr. BROUGH,

The Building known as St. Paul's Chapel, Situated at Westgate Hill, Newcastle, together with the Beadle's House, and the adjoining ground, hitherto used as a Cemetery; the whole containing about 5,268 square yards. The Property is Freehold. The Chapel will be sold without Restriction as to Use or Application; but the Cemetery is subject to a Perpetual Trust, by which it was appropriated to the Purpose of the Interment of the Dead, according to the Rites of the United Church of England and Ireland, and it will be sold subject to that restriction. Burials have been discontinued since the 1st May last, under an Order in Council. Further particulars may be ascertained on application to

Messrs. STABLES & DEES, or
Messrs. ADAMSON & SONS, } Solicitors, Newcastle.

In accordance with the above, the building was put up to public auction on that date. Mr. Dees, solicitor for the mortgagee, read the conditions of sale, and the church was then put up for the sum of £1,200. Mr. Ridley, corn

merchant, bid £1,250, and Mr. R. H. Haggie bid £1,270. Mr. Dees then gave the reserve bidding of £1,600, and, as there was no advance upon it, no sale took place. The friends of the Rev. Alexander Reid (Congregationalist) obtained it the same day, however, by private treaty, at the reserve price.

The sale had but little space allotted to it in the local public journals, for they were crammed with particulars of the battle of Inkerman, news of which had just arrived. One of the Justices of the Peace for Newcastle is said to have somewhat splenetically described Mr. Wright as "having sold St. Paul's, emptied St. John's, and fulfilled only one part of a shepherd's duty, that, namely, of shearing the flock." The purchase money was only £1,600, and the building was opened, after repairs, for Independent worship on the 7th of March, 1855 (Mr. Reid's birthday and wedding day), by Drs. Raffles, Binney, Alexander, and Parsons. Dr. Alexander rather humorously selected as his text "What went ye out for to see; a reed shaken with the wind?" And it is added, though less abundantly confirmed, that his peroration contained reference to the "conquering Alexander."

But few alterations were made in the building, and, although it has been twice or thrice redecorated or renewed internally, there still remain, as tokens of its Anglican origin, the pews for the Corporation, the rests for the municipal insignia, the baptismal font, the Royal Arms, and the double-decked pulpit, while the bell (happily unique in the town) still sends forth its marvellous music from the torso of a tower that surmounts the structure.
OLIVER YOUNG, Newcastle.

WHICKHAM SCHOOL.

Whickham School is a very old institution. In the year 1711, Mrs. Jane Blackistone bequeathed £100, which was given in trust to Dr. Thomlinson, the Rector, who added £100 to it, with which he endowed the school at Whickham; and for its better support he subsequently erected two galleries and two pews behind the great door in Whickham Church, the profits of which were to be paid to the schoolmaster.

On the 3rd of December, 1738, died John Hewitt, who by his will bequeathed £100, the interest thereof to be distributed yearly on Easter Tuesday; £3 to be laid out on Bibles, Prayer-books, or other books of instruction in the Christian religion, and the remainder towards binding yearly one or more apprentices out of the school to some lawful trade or employment. The sum of £100 is in the hands of Lord Ravensworth, by whom interest is paid at the rate of 4½ per cent.

Robert Marshall bequeathed £20 to the churchwardens and overseers, to be placed out at interest, and the produce applied to the clothing of one of the poorest of the scholars in the school.

The most celebrated master of the school was John J. Robinson, familiarly known as Jacky Robinson. He was an excellent arithmetician, and an almost faultless penman. His system of teaching geography with the use of the map was admirable. Wednesday mornings were devoted to the teaching of this subject, when every lad in the first class was compelled to trace on the map with a pointer the various places and objects mentioned in his geography lesson. Friday afternoons were devoted to mental arithmetic, when apples and pence were the rewards to the successful students.

The method of training a dull lad was this:—"How many are 4 and 5?" The answer would very likely be 10. The lad's head would then receive a terrific blow to sharpen him for the question in another form. "Suppose, now, you had 4 black puddings, and your grandmother



Jacky Robinson.

gave you other 5, how many would you have?" The answer would now likely be correct; but, if not, Jacky would place on the dunce's head a pair of large horns, and compel him to walk backwards and forwards in the school until the lad's mental powers were sufficiently aroused to answer questions correctly.

But to see Jacky in a rage was a treat—only, however, to lookers on. If he heard a whisper in a class, he would ask the name of the transgressor, and, if no answer was forthcoming, he would exclaim, "By all 'at's good, I'll make the dust fly." And down the room he went, laying on his cane with all his might, until the dust rose like a sandstorm in the desert.

Robinson's scholars are in every part of the world—in America, India, Africa, New Zealand, and spread over the Continent of Europe. When he removed from the east-end and built himself a new school at the west-end of the village, his admirers and old scholars presented him with a silver tea and coffee service. Many of the contributions towards the testimonial came from a considerable distance. The last few years of Robinson's life were spent in retirement, away from Whickham, but his name is still a household word.

The epitaph on his tombstone in Whickham Church-yard reads:—

J. J. ROBINSON,
Died September 25th, 1874,
Aged 74 years.

WM. BOURN, Whickham.

THE REEDS OF TROUGHEND.

Mr. Stokoe states in his notes to the ballad of Parcy Reed (p. 371)—"The direct line of the Reeds of Troughend is, I believe, now extinct, and it seems curious that the estate is now in the possession of a gentleman of the

name of Hall." I find from my note book that the present mansion was built by Elrington Reed in 1758. The estate was sold by his son, Elrington, who, as the writer states, died at the house of his daughter, Mrs. Hall, aged 86. The son of Elrington Reed, whose name was Gabriel, leaving Northumberland, went to Scotland, became a sheep farmer in Sutherlandshire, and eventually one of the largest (if not the largest) in the kingdom. He married the daughter of Mackay of Bigghouse, a branch of the family of which Lord Reay is the present head, dying in 1851, leaving a family of two sons and six daughters, most of whom have offspring.

J. C., Painswick.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

BACHELOR OF MEDICINE.

Two youths were arguing a disputed point in a local library, when one of them, referring to a certain author, said: "He's like te knaa. Wey, he's a Bachelor o' Medicine." The other youth replied: "Wey, sartinless; aa knaa he's not marriet!"

THE SAME OLD GAME.

A Quayside gentleman, hurrying to catch a ferryboat on the Tyne a few evenings ago, had not time to wait for the change for a half-crown which he handed to the booking clerk in Newcastle for his ticket. Next morning he called for the two shillings odd which he ought to have received. "Oh, yes," said the wily booking clerk, "lots try that game on!"

RAILWAY TRAINS.

A railway porter at Leamside was asked by a pitman: "Dis the next train gan te Dorham?" "No," said the porter. "Wey," retorted the pitman, "aa thowt aall trains went te Dorham?" "Yo'r wrang," was the significant reply: "some on 'em gans te Sedgfield!"

THE INCUBATOR.

A pitman, living at New Herrington, who was reputed amongst his friends to be a "clever chep," a short time ago bought an incubator, and with the aid of his son Jimmy, a lad fond of a practical joke, he put it to work, filling it with a liberal allowance of hens' eggs. In due course they were hatched, but Geordie opened his eyes rather wide when he saw, instead of a brood of chickens, a clutch of ducklings. He pointed out the fact to Jimmy, who sagely remarked that the change had been brought about by his father looking at the eggs too much whilst moistening them. He therefore laid down a fresh hatching, and declared his intention of leaving all further attendance on them in the hands of Jimmy. A week before the chickens were due, the latter reported that the eggs had been hatched. Geordie hurried to the incubator, but found, instead of a stock of young fowls, a swarm of unfledged blackbirds. Addressing his grinning "young hopeful," he said: "Laddie, aa'll nivvor use that hatchor

agyen. Whe knaa but next time aa set it wi' hens' eggs they might aall torn oot te be cocksparres!"

ADAM.

Two miners were disputing on theology. One of them, an expounder of the divine revelation, was trying to impress the wisdom of Adam on the other's mind. "Noo," said he, "dis thoo not think, Geordie, that if Adam wis cummin here noo that he wad be the wisest man on arth?" "No, lad," replied the other, "if he was cummin back noo, he waddint knaa the way te the stayshun!"

A PRAYER.

In South Shields, as in most of the towns of the North, it is customary at New Year to hold in the different chapels united prayer meetings. A year or two ago such a gathering was held in St. John's Presbyterian Chapel, Saville Street, and a retired old salt of somewhat eccentric proclivities, thus concluded a fervent outburst of devotion:—"O Lord, hev marcy on the drunken elders; O Lord, hev marcy on the tipling ministers; and O Lord, hev marcy on them 'at stands in Hewison's Bar wiv halves of brandy in their hands!"

A TERRIBLE INCIDENT.

Old Nicholas Nicholson, a North-Country sexton, like most other grave-diggers, was very much addicted to his glass. One evening, in the company of a few of his pot companions, he held high jinks in the village tap. Shifting from other topics, the conversation turned upon a grave-digger's skill. "Hoo lang wad it tyek ye to myek a grave for me?" asked one of the company. "Get oot, hoo div aa knaa when you're gan te dee?" said Nicholas. "But aa can dig a grave as quick as onnybody here." "Whaat! an sad man like ye?" interposed a hewer who was more than half seas over. "If aa cudent put a grave together suener than ye, aa'll nivvor gan intiv yen." Highly incensed at such arrogance, old Nicholas retorted, "Aa'll tell ye whaat; aa want a grave for the mort, an' aa'll give ye a bottle o' whisky i' yer pocket, an' pay ye for yor wark, if ye can dig me yen between this and twelve o'clock te-net." "Agreed," said the hewer; "let's hev the bottle o' whisky an' the keys o' the chorch gate, an' mind an' be sure ye cum at twelve." Being informed of the spot whereon to operate, and taking a lantern from the house, the hewer repaired to the church-yard, forgetting to close the gate behind him. Eager to win his wager, and being rash with drink, he soon had a hole large enough and deep enough for a giant. Taking a pull at his whisky, he placed the bottle down at one end of the grave, and began to give a finishing touch to his work; but, stumbling over the lamp, he extinguished the light. Not liking the darkness in such a place, he endeavoured to get out. Vain were his efforts; so, sulkily crouching down, he sat to await the visit of Nicholas. Seeing the gate open, a passer-by, for a short cut, crossed the church-yard, and stumbled in upon the half-drowsy hewer, who, starting up, exclaimed, "Aa say, wheivvor ye are, divvent ye touch ma spirit there."

"Oh, oh," in agony exclaimed the intruder, "let me oot o' this." "Oot o' this?" cried the hewer; "aa's been trying a lang time, an' aa cannot get oot. Just sit doon, an' be quiet, an' reach me ma spirit; it's just behind thor sumway." "Oh, goodness all, help us!" cried the unfor-
tunate in piteous accents. "Sit doon," cried the hewer, "an' be quiet, ye'll suen be aall reet, man, for aad Nick's sure to be here at twalve?"

North-Country Obituaries.

On the 16th of August, Mr. William Snowdon, farmer, of Horton Down Hill, near South Shields, died in the Ingham Infirmary, Westoe, from the effects of injuries received by having been thrown out of his trap while driving home on the 14th. The deceased was about 60 years of age.

On the 20th of August, was announced the death, which had taken place in London, of Mr. John Dobbin, a well-known artist and a native of Darlington. Years ago he painted a picture of the first railway train, which Mr. Henry Pease, of Darlington, purchased.

Mr. Henry Angus Wilson, an active member of the local Baptist denomination, died on the 24th of August, at Heddon-on-the-Wall, his age being 83 years. The deceased had been connected with the old church in Tuthill Stairs, Newcastle.

Mr. Thomas William Usherwood Robinson, proprietor of the extensive brewery at Houghton-le-Spring, which had been founded by his ancestors upwards of a hundred years since, died also on the 24th of August, at his residence, Hardwick Hall, near Castle Eden. The deceased, who was 65 years of age, was formerly a captain in the North Durham Militia, and was a member of nearly all the public bodies of Houghton-le-Spring. He was also much interested in antiquities, of which he had made a great collection.

Dr. Andrew Arnold, the oldest medical practitioner at Bishop Auckland, died suddenly on the 25th of August.

On the same day, at the age of 78, took place the death of Mr. John Liddell, J.P., coalowner, of Benwell Hall, Newcastle. Deceased was a partner in the Mickley, Cowpen, and other Coal Companies.

Mr. George Smith Ranson, an ex-alderman of the borough of Sunderland, and a member of the firm of Ranson, Nelson, and Mesnard, solicitors, West Sunniside, died on the 26th of August. The deceased gentleman, who was 82 years of age, was Mayor of Sunderland during the municipal year 1856-57.

A New South Wales journal, of July 13, recorded the death, on the previous day, of Mr. Nicholas Nielson, father of the manager of Wallsend Colliery in that colony. The deceased, who had reached the great age of 82, had been identified with mining work for 74 years, having started in Hebburn Colliery, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, when only seven years of age.

On August 28th, Mr. Eldon Hastings, who for upwards of forty years had been connected as manager and partner with the firm of Messrs. Robinson and Co., printers and wholesale stationers, Newcastle, died very suddenly at his residence, at Tynewmouth, aged 63.

On the 2nd of September, Mr. Alfred Backhouse, J.P., of Rilmore Hall, Croft, died suddenly at Dryderdale, his estate near Wolsingham, at the age of 66 years. The deceased gentleman was a magistrate of the county of Durham, and in 1885-6 he occupied the office of High Sheriff.

Mr. Ephraim Lister, who for about 26 years had acted as local agent for the British and Foreign Bible Society, died in Newcastle on the 3rd of September, his age being 62 years.

At the age of 64 years, Mr. Oliver Young, one of the overseers of the parish of St. Mary's, Gateshead, and long a well-known tradesman in that town, died on the 5th of September.

On the 6th of September, the death was announced of Mr. Henry Benson, who for unwards of ten years had been employed as a reporter in connection with the press in Sunderland. He was 40 years of age.

On the same day, in his 72nd year, died Mr. Joseph Wm. Elliott, of South Shields. He was an active supporter of the local Mechanics' Institute, also of the old Mission Ship Debating Club, and more recently of the Literary and Debating Society. The deceased, in his earlier years, was in business as a chemist, but during the last fifteen years he had held the position of vaccination officer to the district of the South Shields Union.

Dr. Luke Armstrong, a well-known and extensive medical practitioner in Newcastle, died at Cullercoats, after a prolonged illness, on the 9th of September. Born in the district of North Tyne, on the 18th of October, 1835, he was in the 53rd year of his age. On the comple-



Dr. Luke Armstrong.

tion of his professional apprenticeship with Mr. Robert Wallis and the late Mr. Leonard Armstrong, surgeons, South Shields, he became, in 1856, assistant to Dr. Gibb, Newcastle, by whom he was subsequently received into partnership. He afterwards entered into practice on his own account, and in 1865 he was appointed surgeon to the

Newcastle Dispensary. In 1868, he was elected assistant-surgeon to the Infirmary, and within two years he was raised to the position of full surgeon. Dr. Armstrong was closely associated with the Newcastle College of Medicine as one of its lecturers; and when in 1870 the College was made into the Faculty of Medicine of the University of Durham, he was appointed Registrar. The deceased gentleman at one time took a keen and active interest in aquatics and other athletic pursuits.

On the 7th of September, Mr. Robert Walton Bainbridge, for fifty years superintendent of the London Lead Company's extensive mines in Teesdale and Weardale, died at Barnard Castle, his age being 83 years.

Mr. John Phanuel Roe, chief engineer of the Consett Iron Company, died on the 8th of September, at the age of 73 years.

The death was announced, on the 13th of September, of Mr. Thomas Crossling, glass merchant, Clayton Street, Newcastle, at the age of 59 years. The deceased was one of the leading members of St. James's Congregational Church, Bath Road.

On the 12th of September, Mr. Richard A. Proctor, the well-known astronomer, died at a private hospital in New York, U.S., of yellow fever, contracted in Florida. The deceased gentleman was the author of many popular scientific works. For many years he contributed a most valuable column of science gossip to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, and on several occasions he visited Newcastle on his lecturing tours. Mr. Proctor was in the 52nd year of his age.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

AUGUST.

16.—Colonel Ducat, R.E., held an inquiry at the Town Hall, Gateshead, into an application from the Corporation of the borough to the Local Government Board to borrow £1,556, for the purpose of carrying out improvements at the Saltwell Park and Windmill Hills.

—The foundation stones of a new Wesleyan Chapel were laid at Whitley.

17.—Damage, estimated to amount to about £3,000, was done by a fire which broke out in the shipyard of Messrs. John Blumer and Co., North Dock, Sunderland.

—A lad named William Wilkinson, aged 17, was fatally stabbed by William Pickering, another youth, 16 years of age, during an affray in which they were engaged at South Shields, and the coroner's jury returned a verdict of manslaughter against Pickering.

18.—The foundation stone of a United Methodist Free Church was laid at the village of Milkwell Burn, near Ebchester.

—The members of the Newcastle Literary Club visited Denton Hall, and were afterwards entertained by Dr. Hodgkin at his house in Benwell Dene.

—Ross Fraser, a young man, who, accompanied by a collie dog, was performing a pedestrian journey from Edinburgh to London, arrived in Newcastle. The walker and his canine companion reached London on the 26th.

20.—The Foreign Office published a despatch from Sir Robert Morier, the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg, to Lord Salisbury, dated June 30, in which his Excellency gave a detailed account of the enterprise of the Phoenix Merchant Adventurers' Company, of Newcastle, in opening up, with a vessel under the command of Captain Wiggins, of Sunderland, a trade between England and Siberia, *via* the Kara Sea. (See page 429.)

—The miners employed at Murton and South Hetton Collieries, to the number of nearly 3,000, came out on strike, the disaffection being due to the dismissal of two hewers, whose cause the men supported. Summonses were taken out by the owners against a number of the workmen for having absented themselves from their work. The men, however, returned to work on the 25th, and the police proceedings were formally adjourned, to give the defendants an opportunity of paying the several sums asked for, and the costs.

21.—Mr. W. G. Laws, City Engineer of Newcastle, issued a special report on the condition of the sewers in Jesmond, which he thought were in reasonably good order, and were exceptionally free from sewer gas.

—The Rev. Henry J. Walsley, the Roman Catholic priest of the neighbouring mission of Annitsford, was presented with the honorary testimonial in vellum awarded by the Royal Humane Society, for saving a boy from drowning. The rev. gentleman's congregation and many friends in the district also presented him with a purse of gold.

22.—On this and the two following days, the autumn show of the Durham, Northumberland, and Newcastle-on-Tyne Botanical and Horticultural Society was held in the Leazes Park, Newcastle. The total takings for the three days (two of which were very wet) amounted to £488 13s. 9d.

—What was described as a "cloud of bees" descended on the confectionery stalls in Bishop Auckland Market, and literally took possession of them. Business was stopped, and the owners of the stalls took to flight.

—Probate of the will of the late Mr. Anthony Wilkinson, J.P. and D.L., of Old Elvet, Durham, was granted to the executors, the value of the personalty being declared at £39,978 16s. 1d.

23.—The Italian cruiser *Piemonte* was launched from the shipbuilding yard of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., at Elswick. Lord Armstrong expressed his belief that the vessel, when she left the Tyne, would be the swiftest and most powerfully armed of her class in existence.

25.—It was announced that Mr. D. W. Chalmers, chief assistant in the reference department of the Newcastle Public Library, had been appointed librarian of the Norwood Public Library, one of the branches of the Lambeth Public Libraries.

—A lad named Robert Furtis, about 16 years of age, was killed by lightning during a severe thunderstorm at Blyth.

27.—The first meeting of the Local General Committee in connection with the visit of the British Association to Newcastle in 1889, was held in the Council Chamber, Town Hall, the Mayor presiding. The Mayor of Newcastle, *ex officio*, was chosen chairman, and Professor Philipson vice-chairman of the committee. Professor Merivale, of the Durham College of Science, was appointed secretary-in-chief.

—A meeting of the Tyne Defence Committee was held

in the Council Chamber, Town Hall, Newcastle, to receive the report of the Forth Defence Committee. On the motion of Lord Armstrong, seconded by Alderman Potter, C.B., a general resolution was adopted that the Government should provide the means and the locality find the men.

28.—A memorial stone to commemorate the death of the twenty-eight men and boys through the disastrous explosion at Elemore Colliery on December 2nd, 1886, was unveiled in St. Michael's Churchyard, Easington Lane, by Mr. Lishman.

29.—The Rev. H. T. Robson, of the Church of England Missionary Society, left Newcastle for London, en route for Lake Nyanza, in Africa.

30.—After an existence of nine years and a half, the *Tyneside Echo*, a halfpenny evening paper, published in Newcastle, appeared for the last time.

—The new church of St. Hilda was consecrated in Parkgate, Darlington.

31.—The members of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries, the Northumberland Archeological Society, and the Berwick Field Club visited Holy Island, and inspected Lindisfarne Priory.

SEPTEMBER.

1.—The railway race ceased, and the "Flying Scotsman" commenced to run between London and Edinburgh, *via* Newcastle, in eight hours and a half.

2.—A number of special religious services took place in Newcastle and Gateshead, preliminary to a conference of Bands of Hope, the principal preacher being Canon Wilberforce, brother of the Bishop of Newcastle. On the following day, a public meeting in connection with the proceedings was held in Brunswick Place Chapel, Newcastle, the Sheriff being in the chair. After a breakfast given by the Mayor of Newcastle, on the morning of the 4th, the annual Band of Hope Union Conference was opened in the Central Hall. In the afternoon there was a ladies' meeting, and in the evening the conference was held in the Central Hall. The chief feature of the programme on the 5th was a Garden Party given by the Sheriff in Jesmond Dene. The proceedings closed on the 6th, with a demonstration in the Town Hall, under the presidency of the Mayor of Newcastle.

3.—The steamship *Dragoon*, belonging to the Tyne Steam Shipping Company, stranded in the river Scheldt, while on a voyage from the Tyne to Antwerp, and after-



PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, JESMOND, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

wards became a total wreck. On the 15th, the steamer Earl Percy, the property of the same company, and bound for Rotterdam from Newcastle, sank off Whitby, after having been in collision with the Sunderland steamer, the Wear. On neither occasion, fortunately, was there any loss of life.

4.—A new Presbyterian Church, erected in Burdon Terrace, West Jesmond, Newcastle, and intended to be occupied unitedly by the Barras Bridge congregation and that recently formed in Jesmond, was opened by the Rev. Dr. Oswald Dykes. Mr. W. L. Newcombe was the architect of the building. (See page 79.)

5.—The Hylton Road Board Schools, Sunderland, built at a cost of about £8,000, and planned to accommodate 1,300 children, were formally opened.

—As chairman of a special committee appointed twelve months previously, Mr. William Smith presented to the City Council, Newcastle, an exhaustive report on the system of keeping Corporation accounts, and its business generally.

—Following the example of the other contracting bodies, the South Shields Town Council determined to discontinue its subscription towards the Tyne time-gun. Professor Piazzi Smith, ex-Astronomer-Royal for Scotland, who had taken an active part in the establishment of the gun, wrote to Mr. David Reid, Newcastle, suggesting that an application should be made to the Government to take up and continue the working of it. The matter was subsequently referred to the Financé Committee of the Tyne Improvement Commission.

7.—A new building, named the Jubilee Hall, for the purpose of holding public meetings and entertainments, was opened at Rothbury, the chair on the occasion being occupied by Lord Armstrong.

—It was announced that Councillor Walter Scott, of Newcastle, and Messrs. C. de Murieta and Co., of London, had purchased the Airside Steel and Iron Works, Hunslet, Leeds, for £29,000.

9.—The old colours of the first battalion of the Durham Regiment of Light Infantry were deposited in Durham Cathedral.

—A ship captain named George Harrod was found to have died under suspicious circumstances at Sunderland; and two women and a young man were arrested on the charge of having robbed him and caused his death.

10.—A new Board School was opened at Gosforth.

—It was announced that, under the will of Mr. William Johnstone Newall, of South Street, Park Lane, and Cannon Street, London, who died on the 26th of July, aged 86 years, his brother, Mr. Robert Stirling Newall, of Ferndene, Gateshead, had been left sole legatee, the value of the personal estate being declared at £257,385 13s. 3d.

12.—A boy named James Blackwood, 14 years of age, committed suicide by hanging at Gateshead.

13.—The boys' camp, after a successful career of seven weeks, on the sands between Blyth and Hartley, was struck for the season.

14.—The Rev. Joseph Bush, President of the Wesleyan Conference, and his assistant, the Rev. Talalun Newton, attended a reception meeting in Jesmond Wesleyan Church, Newcastle.

—A large ground shark, measuring about 12½ feet long, was caught off the Tyne.

General Occurrences.

AUGUST.

16.—A collision occurred between the steamers Thingvalla and Geiser, near Sable Island, in the Atlantic, when 100 persons were drowned.

19.—General Boulanger was elected for the Departments of the Somme, the Charente Inferieure, and the Nord, by large majorities.

20.—The first national co-operative festival was held at the Crystal Palace. Over 50,000 persons were present.

21.—The United States Senate refused to ratify the Fisheries Treaty with Great Britain.

22.—The Queen opened new municipal buildings at Glasgow, afterwards visiting the Exhibition. On the following day her Majesty visited Paisley.

24.—President Cleveland sent to the United States Congress a message urging a policy of retaliation towards Canada.

25.—Gordon Hare shot his father, Major Hare, at Surbiton, and afterwards committed suicide.

28.—Mr. Joseph Simmonds, the aeronaut, was attempting to descend from a balloon, near Maldon, Essex, when it became unmanageable. The balloon struck the ground, rebounded, was torn by a tree, and exploded with a loud report, fifty feet from the ground. The car fell to the earth with Simmonds and two companions inside. Mr. Simmonds was killed, the others escaping with severe injuries.

31.—A woman named Mary Ann Nichols was brutally murdered in Whitechapel. The event caused a great sensation, as the victim was horribly mutilated. It was the third case of the kind in the locality.

—A serious earthquake was reported from New Zealand. The cathedral of Christchurch was damaged.

SEPTEMBER.

4.—A terrible railway accident occurred in Dijon, France. A train ran off the line when another was approaching in an opposite direction. Twelve persons were killed and forty injured.

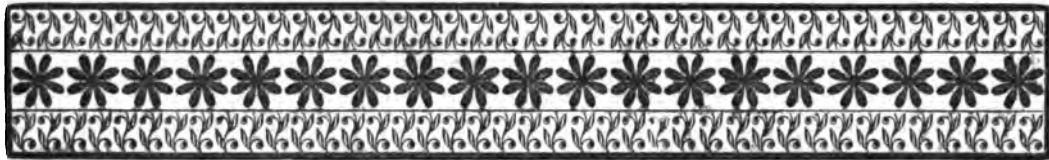
5.—The British Association commenced its sittings at Bath.

6.—A hundred and fifty persons lost their lives during a terrible cyclone in Cuba.

8.—Another terrible crime was perpetrated in Whitechapel, being the fourth in that part of London. The victim was again a woman. She also was horribly mutilated. It was subsequently found that her name was Annie Chapman. Up to the 15th no solution of these mysteries had been found.

14.—News was received of the murder of Major Barttelot in Central Africa. The gallant officer, second son of Sir Walter Barttelot, M.P., was in command of an expedition that had been sent out to assist Mr. H. M. Stanley, of whom no authentic accounts had been received since April.

—Mr. William Redmond, M.P., was sentenced to three months' imprisonment, for inciting people to obstruct the deputy-sheriff in the execution of his duty, at Coolree, Ireland, on August 16th.



The Monthly Chronicle

OF

NORTH-COUNTRY•LORE•AND•LEGEND

VOL. II.—No. 21.

NOVEMBER, 1888.

PRICE 6D.

The Thorngraston Find.

By J. Collingwood Bruce, F.R.S.

SEVENTEEN YEARS ago the Rev. Dr. Bruce, the historian of the Roman Wall, printed for private distribution an account of the remarkable discovery of coins in Northumberland known as the Thorngraston Find. The story, described by the learned doctor as "partly sad and partly gay," was thus dedicated:—"This little narrative, written at the behest of her Grace the Duchess of Northumberland, is, with the greatest respect, submitted to her Grace's approval by her obliged and obedient servant, J. COLLINGWOOD BRUCE." Few copies of the work were printed, so that it is now extremely scarce. The record is therefore reproduced in these pages at the author's instance and suggestion. It is, however, divided into two parts for our own convenience. We need not say that we are under great obligations to Dr. Bruce, not only for permission to reprint the narrative, but for the loan of the original cuts to illustrate it.

PART FIRST.

About midway between the eastern and western seas, on the northern rim of the basin of the South Tyne stands the hill of Barcombe. It is composed chiefly of sandstone, well fitted for building purposes. The surface of the hill is, for the most part, covered with heath, which, during a great part of the year, gives it a brown and forbidding aspect, but in the autumnal season clothes it with purple of a truly imperial character.

On the eastern shelf of this hill the early denizens of the land—the ancient Britons—have evidently had a settlement. The elevation of the platform renders it a strong position; but, in addition to this, one rampart of earth

within another, has given to the occupants of the camp additional security. Here is the stronghold of the chieftain; there are the pit-like dwellings of his followers; beyond, the enclosures for the cattle. We can readily conceive the consternation which the approach of the Romans would cause amongst the tenants of the heights of Barcombe. Fiercely would they frown upon the troops of Agricola, as they effected a lodgment upon the platform to the west of them—the station of Vindolana—and bravely, though, as the event proved, unsuccessfully, would they resist the aggressive claims of the strangers.

On the departure of Agricola the hardy natives may again have assumed a position of independence, only to have their hopes cruelly blighted not long afterwards by the legions of Hadrian. The wall of that emperor traverses the country in the immediate vicinity of Barcombe, and one of its principal fortresses, Borcovicus, which is hard by, manifestly takes its name from it.

The hill of Barcombe has evidently yielded some of the stone with which the Wall of Hadrian and its stations have been built. Here and there its surface exhibits cavities, half choked with rubbish and earth, over which the heath has spread a superficial covering. These are quarries which must have been abandoned ages ago. Besides all this, the tracks are visible by which the quarrymen, no doubt the oppressed natives, at the bidding of their conquerors, carried the stone from the quarries to the Wall.

From the time of the Romans until the dawn of the railway enterprise in England, the stores of freestone which the hill of Barcombe contains seem to have been little heeded. When the railway from Newcastle to

Carlisle was laid out, a demand arose for stone sleepers, on which to lay the rails. Once more the quarrymen visited Barcombe.

In the month of August, 1837, Thomas Pattison and some other labourers were engaged in "winning" stone from one of these old quarries. On removing a mass of stone chippings, they saw hid in a cleft of the rock a skiff-shaped bronze vessel, with a circular handle. It had not been accidentally dropped, but had evidently been placed with care in the position in which it was found. The lid of the vessel was made to fasten with a clasp, and its whole structure was such as to adapt it for being worn upon the arm. The accompanying woodcut represents it.

The quarrymen undid the fastening of this ancient purse, and found closely packed in its interior sixty-three Roman coins. Three of them were gold, the rest silver. Each of the gold coins was wrapped up in a piece of green-coloured leather, resembling that of which gloves are now made. On beholding the glittering treasure, the labourers congratulated themselves upon their good fortune, and proposed an immediate division of the spoil. It fortunately occurred to Thomas Pattison that the coins would bring a larger sum if kept together than if sold piecemeal, and he at once proposed that he should be entrusted with the entire find, promising that his companions should share with him in the proceeds of the sale. To this they agreed; and he brought away the purse with its whole contents.

Pattison was now frequently to be found in the public-houses at Hexham, at night, exhibiting the bronze vessel and the coins. At first he seemed to make light of the value of the medals, whatever his real opinion of them might be. He spoke of them as being but "button-tops," the size and thickness of them suggesting the comparison. A circumstance, however, soon occurred which greatly enhanced his estimation of the treasure. Two gentlemen of Hexham, Mr. Kirsopp, solicitor, and Dr. Stokoe were permitted to examine the coins, and they were so much pleased with the sight that one of them presented Pattison with a sovereign and the other with five shillings. This greatly exalted the man's ideas regarding his acquisition. The coins were no longer "button tops" in his eyes. He argued thus: "If a sight of them be worth £1 5s., what must their actual value be?"

The news of the discovery soon spread over the district. My friend, Mr. Fairless, a man of gentlest manners, and a universal favourite in the neighbourhood—a

man whose heart beats in unison with all that is great and noble in our country's history—was at Allen's Green when the tidings of the find reached him. He at once borrowed a horse, and, taking a look at the quarry on his way, went to Hexham, where he sought an interview with Pattison. The quarryman by this time had become chary of his treasure, and was unwilling to exhibit it to anyone. It was not without some difficulty, and the use of an emollient, vulgarly called brandy and water, that Mr. Fairless induced Pattison to yield to his request. At length, taking him into a private room at the White Hart Inn, Hexham, and carefully locking the door behind him, he produced the purse. Mr. Fairless ex-



amined the coins leisurely, and with the appreciation of one well acquainted with the subject. He arranged them according to their reigns, and took the number belonging to each emperor. It was fortunate that he did so, for by this means he was able afterwards to bear testimony to the integrity and completeness of the collection. On more than one occasion afterwards Mr. Fairless had an opportunity of examining the find, and of conferring with Pattison respecting it.

The news that some gold and silver coins had been found in a quarry in the township of Thorngrafton, which forms part of the great barony of Wark, of which the Duke of Northumberland is lord, came to the ears of the agents of the duke as well as to those of other people.

By the law of treasure-trove these coins were the property of his grace, and of this the duke's agents took care to inform Pattison. He gave no heed to their demands, but grasped the treasure tightly. The quarryman was a man who possessed more firmness of disposition than wisdom; he was one on whom advice was lavished in vain. The more pressing the demands of the agents of the duke became, the more resolutely he resolved to hold the prize. On one occasion Mr. Fairless went to Thorn-grafton, where the quarryman lived, in order to confer with him upon the subject. Pattison was from home, but his sister, with whom he resided, told Mr. Fairless, under promise of secrecy, that the coins were hidden at the bottom of the draw-well of the village. The man speedily acquired restless, roving habits. He had for some time maintained himself upon the proceeds derived from exhibiting the coins as curiosities. And now that the legal claims of the agents of the duke became pressing, he found it convenient to absent himself from his usual haunts. He had been told that, if he would give up the coins to the duke, he would doubtless meet with generous treatment from his grace. The information produced a certain amount of impression upon his mind; but, instead of availing himself of the ordinary channels of approach, he resolved that, if the coins were to be given up to the duke at all, he would himself, personally, place them in his hands. He had a brother who kept a public-house at Morpeth; he went over to him, and the two set off together on their travels to Alnwick, for the purpose of having an interview with the duke. It may be mentioned that Hugh, the third Duke of Northumberland, was at this time the bearer of the title. No man had a more kindly disposition than he; but the state of his health was such as to render it desirable that he should be disturbed as little as possible by the details of business. When, therefore, the Thorngraftern quarryman, supported by his brother, arrived at Alnwick Castle, and asked an interview with the duke, he was introduced to Mr. Blackburn, who was then the commissioner for the management of his grace's estates, and who expressed his readiness to enter upon any business which required the attention of the duke. Thomas Pattison, however, declined all discussion, except with the duke himself; and so trudged home again, chagrined and disappointed, more firmly determined than before never to give up the coins. On his way to Alnwick he called on the Rev. John Hodgson, the historian, and submitted the coins to his examination, which enabled Mr. Hodgson to supply a description of them to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, of December, 1837. In passing through Newcastle on his return home, Pattison called upon Mr. Brockett, a collector of coins, and showed the find to him. Mr. Brockett endeavoured to convince him that the coins did not possess the extraordinary value which he seemed to attach to them, and assured him that he (Mr. Brockett) had duplicates of the whole of them in

his own possession; he even showed him some in finer condition than those which Pattison produced.

The law agents of the duke would now brook no delay. They were the more zealous in the matter, because at this time it was of importance to show the inhabitants of the district the legality of the claims of the lord of the barony to all treasure of unknown ownership found within it. The Carlisle railway runs through a district which for centuries had been occupied by the Romans, and it was thought that in the course of the excavations requisite for that important work many valuable discoveries would be made. If the duke's rights were to be given up on this occasion, they could not afterwards be pressed with success.

An action at the suit of the duke was brought against the quarryman in the Court of Queen's Bench, and the defendant having suffered judgment to pass against him by default, a writ of inquiry of damage in the case of "The Duke of Northumberland v. Thomas Pattison," was executed at the Anchor Inn, Haydon Bridge, before Mr. Gibson, under-sheriff of Northumberland, and a jury. Mr. John Fenwick, the steward of the barony of Wark, appeared for the duke; the quarryman was unrepresented. The law was learnedly expounded, the finding of the box of coins proved, and Mr. Fairless and Mr. Brockett were called to give their opinion as to the commercial value of the treasure. Mr. Fairless said—"The defendant showed me the coins. I made a model of the vessel in which they were found, and a catalogue of the coins. There were three gold coins; one of Nero, one of Claudius, and another of Vespasian. There were sixty silver coins; one of Nero, three of Galba, one of Otho, fifteen of Vespasian, seven of Domitian, four of Nerva, fifteen of Trajan, three of Hadrian, and eleven which I could not appropriate. They were in good condition. From the best information that I can collect I think that the gold Nero and the gold Vespasian were worth £2 a-piece; the gold Claudius £5; and the sixty silver, on an average, 3s. a-piece." Mr. Brockett concurred with Mr. Fairless in thinking that £18 was a fair price for the coins. The Under-Sheriff summed up the evidence, and the jury immediately returned a verdict of £18 damages.

Pattison resolved that, notwithstanding these legal proceedings, he would neither give up the coins nor pay the amount at which the jury had fixed their value. He disappeared from the country, and for some time was not heard of. It appears that a relation of his was a game-keeper in the service of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, of Wynnstay, in Denbighshire. He took refuge with him for a time, and eventually obtained employment in the slate quarries of that neighbourhood. His retreat was, however, discovered, and he was soon lodged in Denbigh gaol, as a debtor to the extent of £18 and costs. Before he left Northumberland he had entrusted the keeping of the coins to his brother, William Pattison.

When Pattison had lain for some time in Denbigh gaol, his relation, Sir Watkin's gamekeeper, ventured to speak to his master upon the subject, and request his interference with the Duke of Northumberland, in order to procure the release of the prisoner. The result of this recourse to Sir Watkin was stated by William Pattison in the following words—"Lord Wynn saw the Duke of Northumberland in London, and asked him why he kept my brother in Denbigh gaol, and the duke knew nothing at all about it!"

The third Duke of Northumberland and Sir Watkin Williams Wynn were brothers-in-law. The immediate consequence of the matter being brought before his grace, personally, was an offer to Pattison of a release from imprisonment.

It might have been supposed that this offer would have been thankfully accepted: the prisoner, however, declined to be released, being aware of a statute then in force, by which it was provided that no debtor, imprisoned for a sum not exceeding £20, should be held in custody for a longer period than twelve calendar months. He evidently considered that, if he bore the full penalty of twelve months' imprisonment, the duke would lose all claims upon him, either for the coins or the sum at which they had been valued. He, therefore, resolved to remain in prison for the full time indicated by law.

Shortly before the arrival of that period Pattison caused the following notice to be sent to the duke:—

IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH,

Between the Most Noble HUGH, Duke and Earl of Northumberland, Plt., and THOMAS PATTISON, Deft.

Take notice, that I shall on the 30th day of April instant, or as soon after as counsel can be heard in this behalf, make application to Her Majesty's Court of Queen's Bench at Westminster, to be discharged out of the custody of the Sheriff of Denbighshire, as to this action at the suit of you the above-named plaintiff, according to the statute in such case made and provided. I have lain in prison for twelve successive calendar months in execution upon the judgment herein obtained by you the said plaintiff, for damages not exceeding the sum of £20, exclusive of costs, and herewith is delivered to you a copy of the affidavit upon which I shall ground the said application.

Dated this 20th day of April, 1839.

Yours, &c.,

THOMAS PATTISON.

To the Most Noble Hugh, Duke and Earl of Northumberland, the above-named plaintiff.

The affidavit simply detailed the facts of the case. The application was made under the Stat. 48, Geo. III., c. 123, s. 1. The duke's law officers felt that they were completely baffled. "We could make nothing of any opposition to his discharge," writes the steward of the barony, and, as a necessary consequence, Thomas Pattison, the defendant in this famous case of treasure-trove, was discharged.

He returned to the North, residing chiefly with his brother, William, who held a small farm in the neighbourhood of Blenkinsopp. But he was a lost man. His mind was soured—his habits of industry were broken.

He never afterwards did a day's work, but wandered restlessly over the country, and soon sank into the grave. If he could have read the history of "The Thorngraftern Find" from the beginning to the end, on the day when he and his companions first beheld it, he would as soon have taken a venomous reptile to his bosom as have removed the fatal treasure from its hiding place. Apart from the action of treasure-trove the fate of Pattison was peculiarly unhappy. He had in the Duke of Northumberland a man of princely liberality to deal with—one who would be the last person in the world to inflict one moment's misery upon any of his fellow-creatures. Had Pattison, in obedience to the law—hard as it is—given up the coins to his grace, he would have received in return much more than their commercial value. Even if the agents of the duke had neglected to represent the case to him, there were many persons having access to his grace who would gladly have done so. Pattison doubtless entertained an enormously exaggerated notion of the value of the find; but a determination to resist the advice of his best friends seems to have been at the bottom of all his misfortunes. He appears to have forgotten, too, that he was entitled only to a share of the coins; had he consulted his fellow-labourers, to whom, equally with himself, they belonged, as to the disposal of them, he would doubtless have been saved from most of the evils under which he suffered.

Pattison never removed the coins from the custody of his brother William, who had befriended him in his misfortunes, and with whom he had left them when he fled to Wales. William Pattison, like his brother, was an impracticable man. He held the treasure with peculiar tenacity. Many persons who came to see the coins were refused permission to do so. When the pilgrim band, of which I was the leader, traversed, in 1849, the Roman Wall, William Pattison lay upon a bank, near his dwelling, as we passed that way, with the coins upon his person. It is said that, had he been asked, he would then have shown them. None of us, however, knew of his intention, or knew of his being in our neighbourhood. He was disgusted at the alight we had unintentionally put upon him, and went home determined that none of "thor pulgrims" should have another chance. When I was preparing the first edition of my work upon the Roman Wall, I was anxious to give in it an account of the Thorngraftern Find, accompanied by engravings of the series of coins. With this object in view I requested Mr. John Storey, the artist, to call upon William Pattison, and ask him to allow him to draw the vessel and its contents. I did not, for an instant, anticipate a refusal. I knew he held the coins with great tenacity, but I also knew that an accurate description of them would increase rather than diminish their value. It was for his interest as well as mine that the artist should have the opportunity desired. The request was, however, firmly and perseveringly refused. Though Mr. Storey had taken the journey from Newcastle to Blenkinsopp on purpose to

draw the coins, he would not even let him look at the case in which the treasure was contained. In this extremity I applied to Mr. Fairless. I knew the power of his mild, persuasive eloquence, and of his gentle, winning manners. He went to the man, and succeeded in getting permission to take sealing-wax impressions of all the coins; and this he did. From these impressions the engravings of the pieces given in the first and second editions of my work upon the Wall were prepared.

Thomas Doubleday.

THOMAS DOUBLEDAY, poet, dramatist, biographer, political economist, and Radical politician, was born in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in February, 1790. His father, Mr. George Doubleday, was a respectable and intelligent man of business, but, so far as is known, without the least spark of literary taste. His uncle Robert, on the other hand, was a distinguished classical scholar, and possessed an extensive acquaintance with general literature, besides being an acute metaphysician, a theologian of liberal views, a practical philanthropist, and a promoter and



sustainer of every local movement for the benefit of his kind. Thomas was a keenly observant, lively boy, but exhibited no unhealthy intellectual precocity. He applied himself to his tasks at school with a fair share of industry, and reaped a more than average harvest of scholastic honours.

Head of a prosperous firm—that of Doubleday and Easterby, soapmakers in the Close, and oil of vitriol manufacturers at Bill Quay—his father naturally

destined him for a position therein. The lad's tastes, however, were of a literary rather than of a commercial character, and at a period of life when he ought to have been one of the most active and indispensable men in the counting-house he astonished his friends by the production of a graceful little volume of poems, intitled "Sixty-Five Sonnets, with other Poems," which was published in 1818. The preface to this volume, which may be styled an essay on sonnet writing, showed that the young author had no mean critical power. His next effort, which appeared in 1823, was "The Italian Wife," a tragedy in five acts. An accomplished critic says of it:—"The plot is full of interest, and constructed with considerable skill, although the 'prentice hand, as a matter of course, is visible here and there. The dialogue is more dramatic than the dialogue of young dramatists generally is, more especially in the case of those who, like Doubleday, have a large proportion of the dramatic element in their mental composition. The tragedy abounds with passages of great poetic beauty and dramatic force, and gives the author a respectable rank among the dramatic poets of the time." A few years subsequently, the late Rev. George Gilfillan stated, in an article in one of the magazines, that in the London literary circles "young Doubleday was considered one of the most promising *litterateurs* of the day." "The Italian Wife" was followed by "Babington: a Tragedy" (London and Edinburgh, 1825). Then came "Diocletian: a Dramatic Poem" (1829), and "Caius Marius: an Historical Drama" (1836). Of these plays it is enough to say that they all contain passages of great power, as well as beauty, and that many of the characters are coloured and delineated with consummate skill, but that, on the whole, they are better adapted to the study than the stage.

At the death of his father, Mr. Doubleday became junior partner in the manufacturing firm; but so far as active interest in its management was concerned, he was, on the whole, merely "a sleeping partner." Literature was his main business, not soap-boiling. In 1822, along with his friend Mr. Robert Roxby, he published what proved to be the commencement of a series of lyrical poems, which obtained a large circulation in their original fugitive form, and which have since been collected, under the title of "The Coquetdale Fishing Songs," in a handsome volume, with pictorial illustrations, that now brings a high price. Several of the songs from Doubleday's pen have the true poetic ring in them, though the majority cannot be said to have very much literary merit. The motto affixed to the title-page of the book is: *Nos hæc novimus esse nihil*; and this seems to imply that the jovial Coquetdale rhymesters themselves, or at least Mr. Joseph Crawhall, who undertook the task of editing their productions, were quite conscious that they were, at best, only pleasing trifles, valuable to the Izaak Waltons

of Northumbria for the associations they called up, but not adapted to the taste of the general public.

In a note prefixed to one of the songs—"The Fisher's Invitation to his Friend in Newcastle"—Mr. Doubleday makes a few remarks which throw an interesting light upon the part of his career that we have now to sketch. "This song," says he, "was, I believe, commenced and written in 1831, after the contested election for Northumberland, in which I threw away both money and time that I could ill spare. It was a sort of commemoration of one of the last very pleasant and successful visits which we paid to our 'Old Home of Weldon.' We went over (or at least I did) to get rid of the harass, worry, and empty shoutings, which were foreign to the disposition of both" (himself and Mr. Roxby). The fact is, the general call for Parliamentary Reform compelled every man with a soul in his body to take a more or less active part in the struggle which ended in the Reform Act. A writer in the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, for December 19th, 1870, summarised as follows the events of this stormy period of his life:—

A man of such intellectual activity as Mr. Doubleday could not fail to take a deep interest in the political measures of his time. The struggles of the people for political power, which, so soon as Europe was free from the great disturber of her peace, the First Napoleon, were renewed with such vigour, could not be viewed with indifference by a nature so sympathetic with the weak and the oppressed as was that of Mr. Doubleday. The political doctrines of William Cobbett recommended themselves to the understanding and the sympathies of one whose liberal instincts had been sharpened by his intercourse with his uncle, by his historical and classical studies, and by his observation of the social and political phenomena in the midst of which his youth had been spent. His partner in business, Mr. Easterby, was a Whig; Mr. Doubleday was that and something more. He aided the Whig party by voice and pen in carrying forward the Reform agitation, which culminated in the Reform Bill of 1832; but he never trusted them thoroughly. He acquiesced in the propriety of forming an alliance between them and the Radical party. He became secretary to the Northern Political Union, composed of Whigs and Radicals, and played an important part in the agitation which the union, subsequent to its formation, prosecuted in aid of Earl Grey and the Reform party in Parliament. A great public meeting was held in the Forth, Newcastle, in 1832, at which Mr. Charles Attwood, the chairman of the union, presided, and at which a speech was delivered by Mr. Charles Larkin that created great excitement throughout the country, and was referred to by several members of both Houses of Parliament. Mr. Doubleday also took part in the proceedings, and moved one of the resolutions passed on the occasion. Such was the excitement produced by this demonstration, that warrants for the arrest of Mr. Doubleday, Mr. Larkin, and other prominent members of the Northern Political Union, on the charge of sedition, were drawn out by the Tories then in power, and would have been served but for the fact that the Conservative Government remained in office only a few days, the unused documents being found in the archives of the Home Office when the Whigs assumed the administration of affairs. When the Reform Bill was passed and the Whigs deserted the people, Mr. Doubleday seized every opportunity of denouncing them. The cause of democracy was deserted by many who had been more loud in their professions of zeal in its favour than Mr. Doubleday had been, but he scorned to renounce convictions simply because there was no immediate prospect of their being carried into fact. Faithful among the faithless, he clung

to the political principles which he had deliberately adopted, and his unbending integrity and unvarying consistency gained for him the respect of even his political foes.

The union between the Whigs and the Radicals for the purpose of carrying the Reform Bill had never been very cordial, and many months did not elapse, after that measure became law, until it was brought to an abrupt conclusion. The Whigs looked upon the Reform Act as a final measure; the Radicals only regarded and valued it as promising the means of redressing those wrongs, and putting an end to those disabilities, of which the masses justly complained. In an Address to Earl Grey, published by the Northern Political Union, and understood to be the joint production of Mr. Attwood and Mr. Doubleday, the Reform Bill was declared to be by no means satisfactory to the people. This address advocated several of the objects which, six years afterwards, the Chartists attempted to attain. One of the Whig measures which the whole resources of the union were applied to oppose, in spite of the opposition of Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Fife and a few others, was the Poor Law Amendment Act, which Mr. Doubleday and his friends, following in this William Cobbett, denounced as un-English, and only meant to grind the faces of the poor.

Mr. Doubleday published in 1832 "An Essay on Mundane Moral Government," which attracted considerable notice. The object of the work, which was distinguished by a fine philosophical tone and a Saxon vigour of style, was to show that the Creator, who has subjected the material world to laws invariable in their action, has not left the moral world to the caprice of speculators or the fantasies of philosophers; that there exists an analogy between the moral and material government of the world; and that some great principle, like that of gravitation, may be its foundation. Mr. Doubleday finds the answer to the question "What is this principle?" in the word "Excitement," including under it all the various impulses, preferences, and motives by which the mind is moved. He takes a rapid, but masterly and comprehensive view, of the facts of the world's history, with the working and tendencies of all institutions, social, political, and domestic, which mark the progress or decline of the human race, and comes at length to the clear and consistent conclusion which he sought to establish. He shows that, while in the material world the law of perpetual change—of decomposition and recombination—under the influence of man's controlling agency, transforms the universal wilderness into the universal garden, in the moral world it is the same; that—

Civilization and science, morality and religion, act within the limits of a few great laws, the excesses of which they gradually mitigate and extinguish. Power becomes subdued, wrong becomes modified by the influences of right and duty; and law and order, and private and public morality, at last extinguish the fires of passion, the lusts of power, and the fears of possession; and man becomes, at one and the same time, a free agent,

moral, religious, and self-reliant, looking alone to those laws which he has helped to frame, and to that moral code which he has helped to establish. In both we equally behold the handiwork of an all-powerful and all-benevolent Creator, whose might we can only conceive to be subjected to one sole limitation, self-imposed—that of making less perfect than himself the varied beings to whom it is His will to give existence, and the power and sense to appreciate and enjoy it.

In 1842, a flood of light was poured by Mr. Doubleday upon a subject which Malthus was thought, by the great majority of political economists, to have definitely settled. This was done in a work of rare and sterling merit, intitled "The True Law of Population, shown to be connected with the Food of the People." An outline of the author's theory had been given in a letter to Lord Brougham, which appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* for March, 1837. Briefly stated, it is this:—The general law which regulates the increase or decrease both of vegetable and animal life, is, that wherever a species or genus is endangered, a corresponding effort is invariably made by nature for its preservation and continuance by an increase of fecundity; that this specially takes place whenever such danger arises from a diminution of proper nourishment or food, so that, consequently, the state of depletion, or the deplethoric state, is favourable to fertility; and that, on the other hand, the plethoric state, or state of repletion, is unfavourable to fertility, in the ratio of the intensity of such rate, and this probably throughout nature universally, in the vegetable as well as in the animal world. In other words, in the vegetable world fruitfulness is increased when danger arises from insufficient nourishment for the plant, and, on the other hand, is decreased when the peril springs from a surplussage of what is needful. Among animals, likewise, fecundity is totally checked by the plethoric state, and is increased and rendered doubly certain by the existence of the deplethoric or lean state. Expressed broadly, the rule is palpable and invariable that over-feeding checks increase, while, on the other hand, a limited or deficient nutriment stimulates and adds to it. A strictly analogous law is in operation with respect to the human species. Plainness, if not stringency of diet, is favourable to fecundity, while luxury invariably leads to enervation and sterility. In Ireland, as in China and India, where animal food is almost unknown, the population increases rapidly. In Russia, where butchers' meat is a drug and vegetable food a luxury, the number of inhabitants to the square league is trifling; while in Poland, France, Italy, and the Low Countries, where the diet is mixed, but plentiful, population is moderately dense. Quoting Sir Thomas Browne, Mr. Doubleday remarks that "old families last not three oaks," and in proof of the statement shows that of the 394 English, Scotch, and Irish peers, who existed in 1837, no fewer than 272 had been created after 1760. Mr. Doubleday supports his main argument by many ingenious considerations and facts

drawn from ancient and contemporary history, and shows the danger which lurks beneath the very prosperity of a nation. Evil may here arise from a superfluity of good; for if the bulk of people indulge in luxury to excess, the consequence must be not only an effeminacy of mind and morals, and a decay of the public virtues which are necessary to the existence of States, but, in addition to this, an actual physical decay and diminution of numerical strength, probably most rapid at the top of society, and extending downward as far as the luxury reaches in the ratio of its extent. Such States soon become the prey of other States, whose situation has not included the same tendencies towards national debility, or become the victims of some tyranny within themselves, which in either case works a sharp and bitter cure to an insidious disease. Mr. Doubleday's work excited a great deal of attention both at home and abroad, and provoked, as a matter of course, bitter opposition. A second and considerably enlarged edition appeared in 1853.

It is not our intention to enumerate Mr. Doubleday's numerous separate publications chronologically. All we can pretend to do is to notice some of the most important of them. In 1826, he published "Remarks on the Currency Question," in reply to Tooke's "Considerations." Believing firmly in Cobbett, who, in his *Register*, did all he could to make Tooke seem ridiculous, he combated the peculiar views of that painstaking statist with some very specious, if not solid, arguments; but while Tooke is still an authority, this brochure is well nigh forgotten. "The Political Life of Sir Robert Peel," "A Financial, Monetary, and Statistical History of England," "The Crimes of the Whigs," a clever political diatribe, and a great number of social, political, and literary articles, contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine*, the *Eclectic Review*, and other leading periodicals, as well as to the local weeklies and daily papers, attest the versatility as well as the vigour of his pen.

In the science of metaphysics, Mr. Doubleday took a warm interest; and a short time before his death he published, through Longman and Co., a volume entitled, "Matter for Materialists: a Series of Letters in Vindication and Extension of the Principles regarding the Nature of Existence of the Right Rev. Dr. Berkeley, Lord Bishop of Cloynes." An accomplished critic has characterised this work as "a model of clearness, verbal economy, and practical directness." It would be too much to say that its author has bottomed the subject, for that is what mortal man can never do; but he has probably let as long a plummet line down into its dark abyss as any other writer has done.

Writing seems to have been to Mr. Doubleday a source of perpetual enjoyment, and he tried his hand, with some creditable measure of success, in almost every department of literature. Thus he wrote a romance of Venice, in two volumes, called "The Eve of St. Mark." A series of letters over the signature of "Britannicus," contributed

to the *Newcastle Chronicle*, were afterwards published in a large-sized brochure, under the title of "The Touchstone," with a prefatory note addressed by the author to James Paul Cobbett, barrister-at-law. Another work of Mr. Doubleday's—"The Countess: a Romance of Genoa"—appeared in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* in 1871, the year after his death. This story, the last production of his prolific intellect, has never been republished. Though gifted with the pen of a ready writer, Mr. Doubleday was far from being a fluent speaker; and his diffidence, which never left him to the last, prevented him from speaking much at public meetings. But he was always listened to with attention when he did speak, because his opinion was known to be valuable.

From a commercial point of view his life was a failure, partly owing to his own mental temperament, and partly through circumstances beyond his own control. Subsequently to his becoming insolvent, and giving up all he had to his creditors, he was offered and accepted the office of Registrar of Births, Marriages, and Deaths in St. Andrew's parish, a post which he surrendered when he was appointed to the secretaryship of the Coal Trade. Neither of these offices was lucrative, but Thomas Doubleday was philosopher enough to be content with small things.

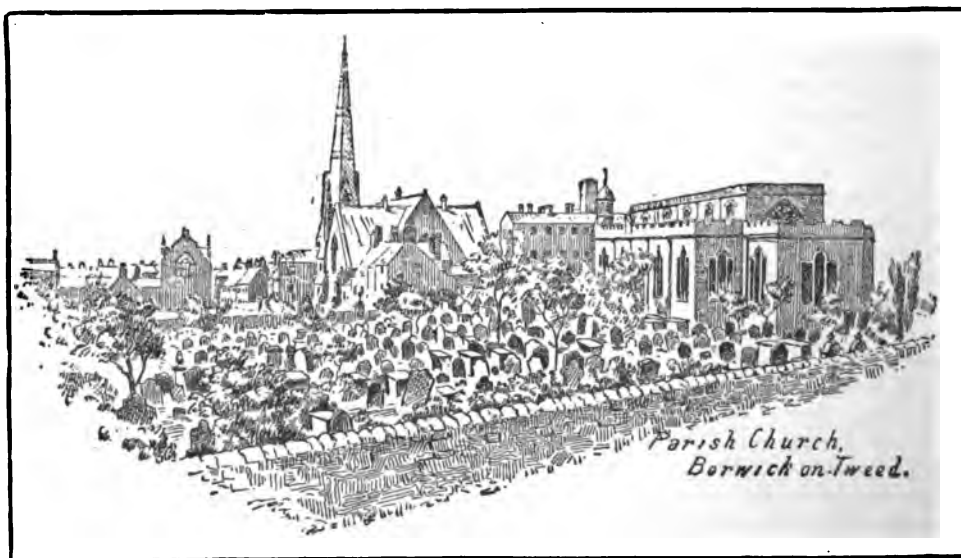
Mr. Doubleday expired at Bulman Village (now Gosforth) on the 18th of December, 1870, in his 81st year. He had been seized with paralysis about a month before, having up to that time, notwithstanding his advanced age, continued in the enjoyment of great physical and mental vigour. Throughout his long and active life he had preserved a most upright and consistent character, and the regret of his family at his death was shared by a large circle of literary and political friends.

Our portrait of Mr. Doubleday is taken from a photograph which has been kindly lent us by his daughter, Mrs. Sarah Kerr, of Dundee.

Oliver Cromwell in the North.

THE Moderate Presbyterians in Scotland having determined, in the year 1648, to reinstate the unfortunate Charles I. on the throne of North Britain at least, if not also of England, Lieutenant-Colonel Cromwell, who had a short time before totally routed the combined Royalist forces under Sir Marmaduke Langdale and the Duke of Hamilton at Preston in Lancashire, received orders from the Parliament to enter Scotland in pursuit of the fugitives, and to join the Earl of Argyll, the chief of the rigid Presbyterians, who, in their hatred of the more moderately inclined party in the Scottish Kirk, were willing to act even with the Independents they detested, for the purpose of destroying all chance of the reinstatement of a king who would not subscribe the Solemn League and Covenant.

The victory at Preston had meanwhile completely disheartened the Moderates, and Argyll and his party had risen into the ascendant. Clarendon, the Royalist historian, says Cromwell had long plainly foreseen that he would have a war with the Scots, but he had "so perfect a contempt of the whole strength of that nation, that he never cared what advantage-ground they had upon the field, or what place they ever possessed," and so he did not care to put a garrison into Berwick, which had been accordingly left undefended, so that it fell for a while



Parish Church,
Berwick on Tweed.

into the hands of the Royalists, who only evacuated it after Langdale and Hamilton's total defeat.

On the news of Cromwell's approach coming to Newcastle, all the town was agog with expectation; and numbers of the inhabitants rushed over Tyne Bridge, up what was then rudely styled "the clarty lang lane" of Gateshead, and out as far as Sheriff Hill, "the sooner to see him who was the hope and expectation of the age, and that famed host he led, whose doings were the theme of every tongue." So writes Mr. Charleton in his interesting account of "Newcastle Town." Mr. Charleton quotes the following words of one who may have stood by the wayside on this very occasion—a Newcastle apprentice—the same youth, Ambrose Barnes, who told the money for which the Scots had so lately delivered up King Charles:—

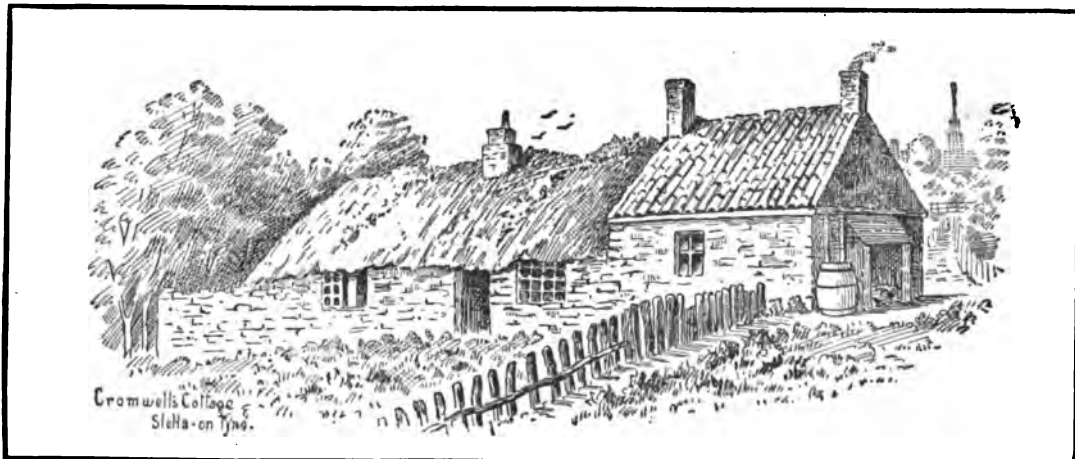
Not like other armies, composed of mercenaries, of rude, profligate manners, but of sober, judicious, serious volunteers, it being Cromwell's maxim to enlist none but such; many of them being gentlemen of good families and fortune, all of them of honest callings and trades, who, knowing the cause they had espoused, ventured their all for it, and were trained to the discipline of religion as well as of arms, both officers and soldiers making up so many pious Christians to be found this side heaven.

After resting awhile at Newcastle, where he is said to have been the guest of the Mayor, Thomas Ledget, Cromwell proceeded northwards to Edinburgh, which he reached without the least opposition. Here he was received by the Earl of Argyll and other prominent Covenanters with great distinction, and honoured with the thanks of the Presbyterian ministers as the preserver of Scotland "under God."

On the 16th of August, 1648, Cromwell left Edinburgh for Berwick by way of Dunbar, Argyll and the nobles of his party accompanying him some miles on his way, and taking leave of him with many demonstrations of respect. At Berwick he took the opportunity of visiting the parish church, which was then being rebuilt, conformably to letters patent granted by Charles I.; and tradition has it that, finding the castle ruinous, and not caring to have

it repaired, he ordered its stones to be appropriated to the building of the sacred edifice. Moreover, with his aversion to any ornament, or, as he termed it, "vanities," he directed that the church should be of the plainest possible description, and that it should on no account be furnished with a spire, holding, as he did, that a peal of bells were nothing but "a useless tinkling of brass and iron." The church, to this day, is without tower or steeple.

About the middle of October, Cromwell got back to Newcastle, where he stayed three days, partly to give his troops a little rest, and also to give time for the artillery train to get up to them. The Parliamentary officers are said to have been received "with very great acknowledgments of love." On the 19th of the month they were sumptuously feasted by the new Mayor, Thomas Bonner, at his house on the Sandhill, which was nearly opposite to the Water Gate, on that part anciently called the "Windowes." It was afterwards converted into a coffee house, known as Katy's Coffee-house and Bella's Coffee-house, and in more modern times contained the offices of Mr. Nathaniel Clayton, father of the late Town Clerk of Newcastle, Mr. John Clayton. There is a tradition that the town's waits or musicians stood and played on a small bridge thrown across the Lork Burn (now arched over), opposite to the Mayor's house, while Cromwell was being entertained at dinner, with some of his officers and members of the Corporation. The company were, of course, all "well-affected" men, and most likely all Nonconformists of the Presbyterian type, though Cromwell and his Ironsides were Independents. Mr. Bonner, we may remark, filled the office of Mayor three several years, viz., in 1648, 1651, and 1659. He was naturally no ways popular with the "Malignant" or Royalist portion of the burgesses; and on the night of his first election a violent affray happened as he and his friends were on their way from the Spital to his dwelling-house. The sergeants accompanying the procession



carried in their hands lighted torches, and one Edmund Marshall, who seems to have had no good-will either to his worship or to his Roundhead friends, threw a long stick at them, and struck divers of them out; whereupon the mob commenced throwing stones, mud, and other missiles, so that it was with difficulty that the party got through.

The next day, after leaving Newcastle, Cromwell proceeded to Durham, where he passed the night in the palace from which Bishop Morton had been driven, and which was then occupied by his friend, Sir Arthur Haselrigg, the younger. On the 24th he rode into Barnard Castle, from which several of the leading gentlemen went out to meet him, and conducted him to the lodgings they had taken for him, where he was presented, we are told, with burnt wine and short cakes. Next morning he proceeded southwards, and he did not again return to the North till after King Charles's head had fallen on the scaffold, the Commonwealth had been proclaimed, the hopes of the Royalists in England had been completely crushed for the time, and the rising in Ireland had been sternly suppressed.

But Charles II., having, after his father's death, been acknowledged as King of Scots by the Moderate party, as it was called, which had once again got the upper hand for a time, Cromwell, who had meanwhile been appointed Captain-General of all the Forces in England, had the duty imposed upon him of coercing the Scots, even as he had done the Irish. So, on the 14th July, 1650, he arrived once more at Durham, where he was met by Sir Arthur Haselrigg, Colonel Pride (he of "the Purge"), and other officers, who attended him to Newcastle on the day following. A sumptuous banquet was, of course, prepared for him by Sir Arthur, after which a fast was kept, to implore God's blessing on the army's undertaking. Five companies were drawn out of the garrison to serve as reinforcements; and the militia of Northumberland and Durham were called into requisition to take the place they had vacated. Great quantities of bread and other stores were at the same time sent forward from Newcastle to Berwick for the victualling of the troops.

With the eventful campaign in Scotland, finished by the battle of Dunbar, we have here nothing to do; but the day after that fight Cromwell sent a great number of the prisoners he had taken to Newcastle, expressly enjoining them to be treated with humanity. It was more easy to recommend this, however, than to do it, provisions being uncommonly scarce; and how badly the poor creatures fared appears from a letter from Sir Arthur Haselrigg to the Council of State, dated Newcastle, October 31st, 1650:—

When they came to Morpeth, the prisoners being put into a large walled garden, they ate up raw cabbages, leaves, and roots, so many, as the very seed and labour at 4d. a day was valued at £9, which cabbage (they having fasted, as they themselves said, near eight days) poisoned their bodies; for, as they were coming from thence to Newcastle, some died by the wayside.

When they came to Newcastle, I put them into the greatest church in the town; and the next morning, when I sent them to Durham, about 140 were sick, and not able to march. Three died that night, and some fell down on their march from Newcastle to Durham and died. On being told into the great cathedral church, there were counted to be no more than 3,000, although Colonel Fenwick wrote me that there were 3,500.

Those prisoners who were strong and hardy enough to survive the ordeal they had gone through were condemned to the sugar mills in the American colonies, and the English planters carried them all off to the West Indies, where most of them died from yellow fever.

On his return from Scotland in the summer of 1651, Cromwell seems to have followed the line of the old Roman Road, or Devil's Causeway, through the heart of Northumberland. He put up at the manor house of Netherwitton on the 10th of August. The estate had been shortly before sequestered by the Parliament, its owner, Sir Nicholas Thornton, the descendant of Roger Thornton, so justly celebrated for his numerous and liberal benefactions to the town of Newcastle, being a devoted Royalist. On the 11th, the Lord-General tarried and fed his troops of horse at Meldon Old Water Corn Mill, on the Wansbeck, above Mitford; and next day (Old Lammas Day) he crossed the Tyne at Newburn, and proceeded forthwith to encamp his forces, which consisted of nine regiments of foot, his horse guard, and two regiments of dragoons, with their baggage and train, on the haughs below Ryton, himself withdrawing to Stella Hall. (See page 468.) Here he took up his quarters previous to his departure southward for Worcester. Some of his officers slept in a small thatched cottage still to be seen in the hamlet, opposite the Catholic Chapel. It was then a public-house, and is still occupied as a private dwelling-house. Thirty or forty years ago, Mr. John Emmerson, a prominent Tyneside Radical, was its owner and occupier.

One of the fisheries in the river Tyne adjacent to Ryton and Stella is still called the Cromwell; but whether it received its name from the period of the Protector's visit, or got it from some other circumstance unconnected with that event, we cannot tell.

Recollections of Lion Tamers.

UPWARDS of forty years ago, Hilton and Wright's wild beast shows periodically visited South Shields when travelling in the North. Although these shows did not go in for the leading animals, such as lions and tigers, they always had a good selection of the lesser carnivorous and herbivorous beasts. Hilton's uncle resided in South Shields, where he was popularly known as Baron Hilton. This gentleman considered he was the rightful heir to the Hylton Castle estates, for the recovery of which I believe

he entered an action at law. One of the principal animals in Hilton's collection was a magnificent jaguar from South America—a richly marked beast as large as a lioness. In Wright's menagerie a large Siberian wolf was confined in the same den with a sheep, and above this den was painted in large letters the inscription, "The Scriptures fulfilled: the wolf shall lie down with the lamb." In 1852, Hilton's collection passed into the hands of William Manders, under whose management it rapidly improved.

About this time, and for years previously, one or other of Mr. George Wombwell's monster menageries wintered in Newcastle and the neighbouring towns almost every year, and it was a rare treat to see fifteen or sixteen large yellow caravans drawn into Shields market place by fifty or sixty powerful horses, the rhinoceros waggon alone being drawn by six splendid greys. Mrs. Wombwell, who travelled with the No. 1 Collection for several years after her husband's death, visited South Shields in 1860, when she remained a fortnight, and during this visit I first made the acquaintance of the family. George Wombwell made it a standing rule always to have two keepers, who looked after the beasts generally, and performed with the lions. During this visit Mrs. Wombwell's keepers were Ben McBain and John Drake, who took their turn on alternate days to describe the animals and perform with the lions, tigers, &c., while Thos. Davy, who had charge of two elephants, Tom and Chuby, used to put these huge beasts through a number of amusing tricks. It was in this collection that William Wombwell, a nephew of the late George Wombwell, was killed by the elephant Chuby, at Coventry, in 1842. A few years later, while the menagerie was at Lancaster, the same beast attacked the keeper, McBain, and would have killed him had it not been for the presence of mind of Thomas Davy, who, on hearing his cries for help, rushed into the den just in time to save him, and beat off the infuriated beast, who had the poor fellow pinned up in a corner between his tusks. This same elephant made a second determined attack on McBain at Glasgow, and was again beaten off by Davy, who had charge of the savage brute till its death, which took place at Hartlepool. When this menagerie was on exhibition at Chatham, in January, 1850, Miss Helen Blight, a niece of Mrs. Wombwell, was killed by a tiger whilst putting it through its performances.

About two years after Mrs. Wombwell's visit to South Shields and neighbourhood, while the menagerie was on a tour in Wales, a sad accident happened through two of the caravans being blown over during a terrific gale of wind. It seems that McBain, the keeper, had just come out of the lion's den, where he had been performing with his beasts, when, by a sudden gust of wind, two of the caravans fell with a crash on the keeper and two young men standing near, killing them on the spot.

Previous to Mrs. Wombwell turning her menagerie over to the Fairgrieves, she paid another visit to this district. Michael Hines had taken the place of John Drake, who

had gone to the Continent with a group of performing lions; and Tim Newsome, a brother of Mr. Newsome, circus proprietor, took the place of the ill-fated McBain. Both of these men were well up in their business, and excellent trainers of animals. On the 1st of January, 1866, Mrs. Wombwell transferred this collection to Mr. Alexander Fairgrieve, who had married Miss Blight, a niece of Mrs. Wombwell's. Mr. and Mrs. Fairgrieve, with Thomas Davy and Henry Topham as keepers, travelled with the show for a few years, visiting all the principal towns in the kingdom, and eventually selling off the menagerie by public auction in the Waverley Market, Edinburgh, in April, 1872. Mr. Fairgrieve informed me that most of the animals brought fair prices. The fine black-maned lion Hannibal was knocked down for £270 to the Bristol Zoological Gardens at Clifton, and other beasts sold in proportion.

During Mrs. Wombwell's farewell visit to the North, Manders, who was running in opposition, followed her to Shields and Newcastle, having previously placarded these towns with huge posters setting forth the exploits of the greatest of lion hunters, Macomo, with his beasts, to be seen in his show. Now Macomo was only an African sailor, picked up in Liverpool, who knew nothing of wild beasts or their habits till taken in hand by Tim Newsome. Nevertheless, Macomo was a dashing, athletic young fellow, with a skin as black as ebony, and when seen in full war paint, with his head-dress mounted with the gorgeous feathers of the blue and scarlet macaw, and his brawny arms and shoulders decorated with numerous strings of coloured beads and cowrie shells, he looked every inch a savage. During his career with Manders as a lion-tamer and hunter, he had some narrow escapes, and was on different occasions badly wounded by the beasts he performed with. Macomo performed with Manders's animals up till his death, which occurred at Sunderland in January, 1870.

When the collection came to Shields, Tom Macarthy took his place, although he had only one arm, his left arm having been torn off by a lioness in Bell's circus a few years before. Mr. Manders died of bronchitis a few months after the death of Macomo. The large collection then rapidly dwindled down, and a few years later it was entirely dispersed. Within a couple of years of the death of Macomo, poor Tom Macarthy, while performing in a den with five lions at Bolton, in Lancashire, was killed by one of the beasts. I knew him well. He was as bold as a lion, but rash and careless. Men who tame and perform with wild beasts are often bitten and torn by them. Tim Newsome showed me his arm all furrowed and indented by the teeth of a lion; and Mr. William Rice, an animal dealer in London, whom I had previously met in Fairgrieve's menagerie at Sunderland, was killed a few years ago by a tiger he was training. About twenty years ago Henry Scott, head-keeper at Belle Vue Gardens, Manchester, was sent to Shields by Mr. Jennison, proprietor

of these popular gardens, to see a Himalayan black bear which I had picked up handy from a ship, and which he purchased and took back with him to Manchester. A few years later I was surprised to see in the newspapers that the head-keeper Scott had been killed by a large grizzly bear which had escaped from its den.

After the sale of Mr. Fairgrieve's menagerie, Thomas Davy received a letter from Mr. Jennison, engaging him as head keeper at Belle Vue Gardens. Mr. Davy mentions an interesting incident which occurred at these gardens, showing the power man gains by firmness and kindness over the wild denizens of the forest. About two o'clock one morning Davy was suddenly called out of bed by the night watchman, who informed him that one of the animals had got loose. He did not know what it was, but it was a big thing. So, hurrying on his clothes, and calling up one of the under keepers to accompany him, on arriving at the carnivora dens they found a lioness, which had a litter of cubs, was pacing outside her den, the door being open. He ordered her back to her cubs, but on seeing the under-keeper looking at her through a window she made a dash at him. Davy then entered her cage, and brought out one of the baby lions, expecting to entice her back again; but the lioness, instead of going in, picked up the cub in her mouth, and trotted down to the Hyde Road entrance. Here was a predicament! The lioness loose, running down the gardens, and likely to escape into the open country. However, on Davy coming up with her, and threatening her with a stick, he ordered her to put the cub down, which she immediately did. Davy took it up in his arms, and carried it back to its cage. The lioness walked quietly along by his side, and, entering the cage, lay down beside her young as if nothing had happened. If she had been an untamed beast, she would likely have torn him to pieces for interfering with her cubs.

The late Mr. George Wombwell, in consideration of the valuable services of his niece, Mrs. Edmonds, who had sole management of No. 2 menagerie for several years previous to his death, left that lady the whole of the extensive collection which she had so long superintended. Mrs. Edmonds during her peregrinations frequently visited the North with her menagerie, which always contained some rare examples of wild animals. For years one of the attractions was an enormous Indian rhinoceros (the unicorn of the ancients), with its heavy overlapping falls of hide, which hang so massively over the shoulders and other parts of the beast, and which are said to be proof against a musket ball. There were also examples of the giraffe and that now almost extinct but grandest of American big game, the American bison or buffalo.

In the winter of 1861, when this collection was at Sunderland, I brought away in a sack an American skunk and a snake or two, which had just died, and placed them under the seat of an empty compartment of a railway carriagebooked for Shields. Now a skunk, with its shining dark chocolate-brown coat and white bushy tail, is a very

pretty and graceful animal to look at, but not to handle, even when it is dead. The compartment soon filled with passengers, and, the windows being drawn up, the train started. Whether it was from the handling and shaking while in the bag, or from the heat of the crowded compartment, I do not know; perhaps it was from both; but the train had hardly got started when one of the most disgusting odours imaginable filled the compartment. The company looked at each other, not knowing what it was or where it came from. One gentleman suggested that some one must have matches in his possession which had taken fire. I can compare the fetid smell to nothing less than sulphurous gas combined with garlic or asafoetida a hundred times concentrated. On arriving at Shields the passengers hurried out, and, taking up the bag, I made for home as quickly as possible. The night being cold, I left the animal out in the back yard, and by the morning the offensive scent had greatly subsided, so much so that I was able to take off and preserve its beautiful skin.

During the visit of Mrs. Edmonds with her extensive menagerie John Cooper was head keeper, performing with the lions and leopards, and training the young ones coming on. He also had charge of a very fine giraffe, a very sensitive beast and most difficult to keep alive in a travelling menagerie. After leaving Sunderland, the collection visited Shields and Newcastle. One night during this stay the night watchman, in great alarm, knocked up Mrs. Edmonds, informing her that some of the beasts had got loose, but on the arrival of the keepers with lights it was found that none of the animals had got out of their dens. A large savage tiger, named Nana Sahib, had, however, torn down a partition separating it from a fine South American jaguar, which it had attacked and killed by ripping up its abdomen with its claws. The same tiger some years before had killed a full-grown lion in a similar manner.

A few years later John Cooper went over to the Continent with a den of performing lions on his own account, and there he remained several years, visiting most of the principal cities of Europe, and ultimately returning to England, having realised a comfortable competence.

On Cooper leaving the establishment of Mrs. Edmonds, that lady engaged Ledger Delmonico, an African lion hunter, who had frequently performed with lions on the Continent, and who used to put his beasts through a most exciting performance, which he termed "the hunt, the fight, the capture, and the reconciliation." He remained with the menagerie till Mrs. Edmonds sold it off at Liverpool. He was then engaged by Mr. Fred. Jennet, circus proprietor, to perform with a den of leopards that that gentleman had bought at the above sale. The last account I had of Delmonico was that he and his leopards were at the Royal Westminster Aquarium.

While Mrs. Bostock was in the North, Thomas Cadona, her keeper, used to put his animals through some very graceful manoeuvres, entering the den of the lions, tigers,

leopards, and bears separately, and making them go through their performances in a masterly style.

Mdlle. Senide, the lady lion tamer, whose accident while having herself photographed [with her head in a lion's mouth, caused such a painful sensation a few months ago, is undoubtedly one of the most graceful and daring performers with these animals I have seen. Shortly after the accident, which happened in Dublin, she commenced an engagement with Mr. Richard Thornton at the Theatre of Varieties, South Shields. The lady's fine presence and calm, dignified bearing on entering the cage seem to awe her pets. Being only armed with a light dog whip, she puts her group of animals—which consists of two lions, a large, fierce Indian panther named Cæsar, and a Russian bear, all confined in a magnificent wind-up carriage—through several graceful evolutions, showing her complete mastery over them. This is effected by kindness instead of severity, for she passionately loves her beasts. The performance winds up by the animals taking their places at the table, where she feeds them with raw flesh from her naked hand, while Augusta, the bear, regales himself with a pint of Bass's beer, which he drinks by holding the pot up to his mouth between his paws. Mdlle. Senide stated that it was not through any ill temper that her lioness, Fatima, a forest-bred beast from Senegal, bit her in Dublin, but from the bungling of the photographer, who kept her head fully three minutes in the beast's mouth till it got tired. Then the turning on of the magnesium light startled the lion, causing it to close its jaws. She was frightfully wounded in the neck and face, one of the canine teeth being buried in her neck. Carl Beckman, her manager, rushed into the cage and dragged her from her perilous position.

This lady has often been bitten and scratched by her animals. She showed me her arm and shoulder, which were deeply indented by the long canine teeth of her favourite lioness Cora about a year previously. The beast had refused to go through a part of its performance, so that she was obliged to use her whip, when it turned upon her and threw her down, inflicting several wounds which laid her up for a month. WM. YELLOWLY.

The Ring Ouzel.

HAVING its habitat on the uplands, moorlands, and fells, the ring ouzel (*Turdus torquatus*) is not so well known as the other members of the thrush family, residents and migrants. It is a spring and autumn migrant, and in the breeding season it frequents high-lying and uncultivated districts. "The ring ouzel," remarks Mr. Hancock in his "Birds of Northumberland and Durham," "is a not uncommon spring and autumn migrant, breeding in the wild districts in both counties. It nests frequently at Haltwhistle,

where I have taken it, and at Rothbury." The late Thomas Edward, speaking of Banffshire, remarked that a few ring ouzels bred now and then among the higher districts of the county. In the hilly districts of Yorkshire, Lancashire, Derbyshire, Cumberland, and Westmoreland, it is a conspicuous bird in the breeding season, and also amongst the hills of Wales and Ireland.

The ring ouzel, which has a wide range from Syria and Northern Africa, and as far north as the Scandinavian countries, has, like many other birds, quite a variety of common names. It is known as the rock ouzel, mountain blackbird, moor blackbird, mountain ouzel, white-breasted blackbird, ringed thrush, and ringed blackbird. The French term it "merle à plastron blanc," that is, the blackbird with the white breastplate. In cultivated districts these birds are frequently seen feeding in gardens while on their migration southwards, and they are occasionally seen in similar localities while on their way north in spring. They arrive in this country in April, and leave again in October, passing their time of residence amongst us up in the hilly and mountainous districts. The bird, as will be seen by Mr. Duncan's cut, resembles



the blackbird, but is distinguished by the white gorget. It is a trifle longer than the blackbird, but its eggs are somewhat smaller, though very similar in markings, and the nest may easily be mistaken for that of "blackie." The bird has a rapid and steady flight, and except when near its nest it flies at a considerable height. It feeds on worms, insects, and snails, and on seeds and wild fruits, such as the bilberry, and the berries of the mountain ash or holly.

The ring ouzel's song mainly consists of a few plaintive notes, uttered in a clear and warbling whistle. The male bird sings best when his mate is hatching; then, perched on a heathery bank or on a fragment of jutting rock in a clough, not far from the nest, its pleasant warble may be frequently heard. When the female is flushed from the nest, she flies a few yards, utters a harsh chatter, and seems most anxious until the intruder has departed. The nest, which is a trifle more compact than that of

the blackbird, is built of fibrous roots, lined with clay, with an inner lining of dried grass.

The eggs, which vary much in size and colouring, are usually four or five, mostly four. They are of a pale greenish blue, speckled with pale purple and reddish-brown markings, except at the larger ends, where the markings conceal the ground colour.

The bird derives its scientific name (*Torquatus*), and some of its common ones, from the crescent-shaped white band on the front of the neck.

HENRY KERR.

The Streets of Newcastle.

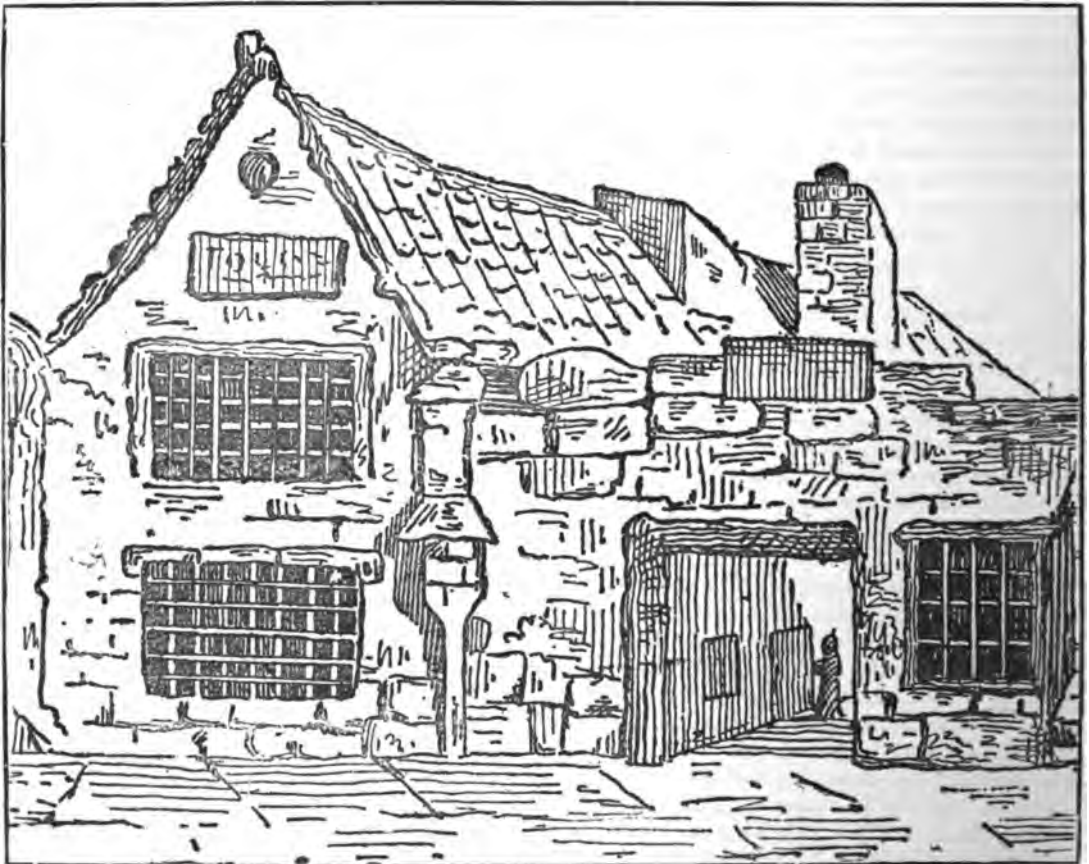
The Bigg Market.



WHEN Grainger Street was extended along the line of St. John's Lane to the Central Station, several houses in the Bigg Market were pulled down. In this way the ancient hostelry of the Fighting Cocks which gave its

name to the pant that stood just in front of it, disappeared. On the same side were the Unicorn and the Golden Lion—ancient inns both of them; these also have disappeared. Gone, too, is the Old Turk's Head, nearly opposite the Fighting Cocks, and described by Mackenzie as "a very commodious, well-conducted house, having the largest public room in the town attached to it." With these old inns have disappeared also from the neighbourhood those ancient stone steps provided for the help of travellers in mounting their horses. Gone also are the tubes for extinguishing the flambeaux, or links, which at one time it was the custom to carry for the assistance of pedestrians on dark nights. The last of these useful tubes in Newcastle was to be seen some few years ago at the right hand side of the door of a private house afterwards converted into Dickinson's tobacco establishment. In this respect, at any rate, "the light of other days" has vanished from the Bigg Market for good and all.

The name Bigg Market simply means that, when it was given, this was the market for the sale of bigg, a particular kind of barley, properly that variety which



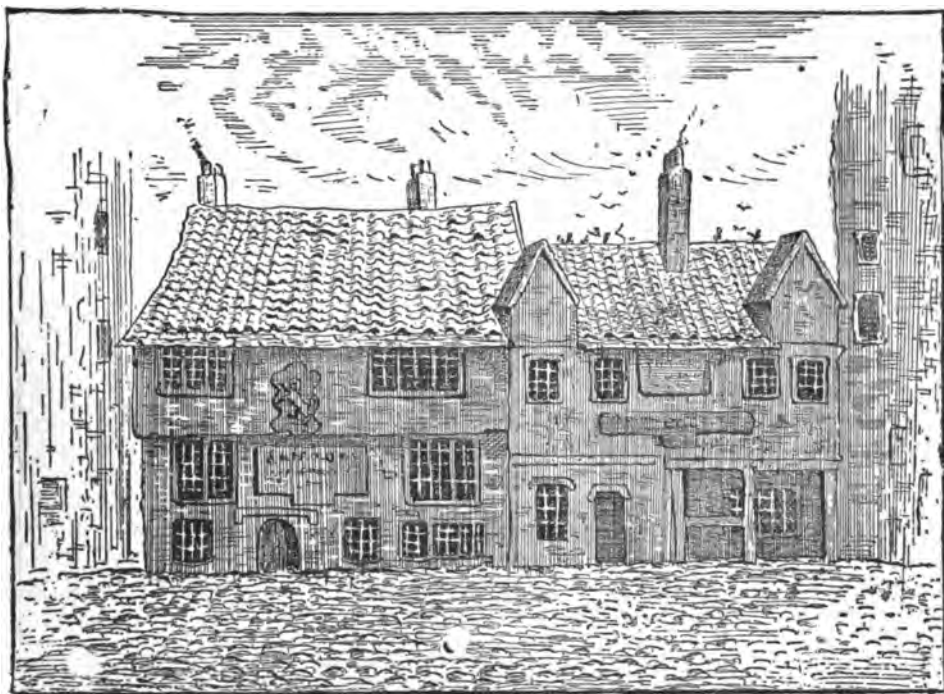
FIGHTING COCKS YARD, BIGG MARKET, NEWCASTLE, 1846.

has four rows of grain on each ear. It is now out of cultivation in England, and almost so in Scotland. But the street was also at one time called the Oat Market. It is now devoted to the sale of live poultry, rabbits, eggs, bacon, and butter on the mornings of Thursday and Saturday. There was a market for poultry also near at hand in the High Bridge at one time; "there are still," Dr. Bruce tells us, "some remains of the piazza in which it was held." This mart was called the Pullen Market.

On the right hand, as we go down the street, we come to the Pudding Chare, near the corner of which stood the famous book shop of the Charnleys. The name has already been discussed in the *Monthly Chronicle*. (See vol. i., p. 225.) The word chare, as we know, means simply a narrow lane. It is derived by some from the Saxon "cerre," *diverticulum*, the turning or bending of a way. Brockett derives it from the Saxon "cyrran," a turning. Others have it that it is simply the corruption of the word "ajar," partly open. The story has often been told of the witness in a criminal case tried at one of our assizes, who said that "he saw three men come out of the foot of the chare." Quoth the judge, pityingly, "Gentlemen of the jury, this evidence is worth nothing. The witness cannot be in his right senses. How can a man, much less three men, come out of a chair foot?" But the jury assured my lord that they knew exactly what the witness meant, and the case proceeded.

At one time there was a fine view of St. Nicholas' Church from the Bigg Market. But the authorities chose to erect a huge Town Hall just in front of the grand old church. A terrible eyesore it has always been to many amongst us native and to the manner born. Its merits were some years ago tersely summed up in the satirical words: "We've got a corn market where we shiver with cold; a hall where we can't hear anybody's speech; and an organ that won't play." To erect the Town Hall the Corporation had to knock down Middle Street, Union Street, &c., and so went by the board some interesting specimens of old Newcastle. (See page 232.) There were two rows of timbered and gable-ended houses. "They were low," says the Rev. Dr. Bruce, "and perhaps, according to our modern notions, inconvenient, but they were highly picturesque." As to the hall itself, the worthy doctor dismisses it with the dry remark that it is "a huge pile of buildings of modern erection, which greatly impedes the traffic of the street, and almost wholly obscures the view of St. Nicholas." The doctor is not alone in his evident dislike to the building. Several of our local satirists have had a shot at it now and again, just as an elder bard had lamented the destructiveness of the Corporation:—

Oh, waes me for wor canny toon,
It canna stand it lang—
The props are tumbling one by one,
The bealdin' seun mun gan.



OLD INNS, BIGG MARKET, NEWCASTLE, 1843

A poet thus criticises the internal arrangements :—

A fine new Toon Hall there's lately been built,
Te sewt mountybank dansors an' singers;
It's a sheym the way the munny's been spilt,
An wor Council hez sair brunt their fingers;
For the room's dull an cawd, tee, an' ghostly an' lang,
An thor fine organ 's not worth a scuddick;
An' if frae the gallery ye want te heer a fine sang,
Wey, ye might as weel be in a keel's huddick.

Another critic is impressed with the appearance of the building from the north. "Looked at from the Bigg Market, the entire pile has a most mean and beggarly appearance. A terminating tower has been erected at the extreme north, which suggests the idea of a pigeon-ducket. An aperture has been left apparently for a clock, which would certainly be of considerable use in that quarter. But our Corporation always finds it much easier to project than to carry out." This critic is somewhat severe, but certainly the Bigg Market end of the New Town Hall is—well, not very impressive!

A third writes on the same subject as follows :—

THE CLOCKLESS CLOCK TOWER.

Aloft I raise my head in air,
High o'er Bigg Market and its pant,
Proclaiming to the world my want
As down I look on Pudding Chare—
A want so plain that all may see;
And as they gaze, the passers-by
To fish's head without an eye
Compare the empty pate of me!
How many thousand pounds were spent
On me is more than I can tell;
But this I know, and know too well—
The public use which I was meant
To serve, I am not like to meet.
There is not left, it seems, so much
Remaining in the old town's hutch
As would the builder's work complete.

Ten thousand's gone, there can't be got
A hundred pounds the clock to buy;
An idle, wasted thing am I,
And on this busy town a blot.
'Tis true I am "a thing of beauty,"
But I shall have no "joy for ever,"
If I, a silent tower, am never
Allowed to do my proper duty.

Is there no councillor will rise
And in the Council Chamber ask
Why I'm not made to do my task
In all men's ears, to all men's eyes?
I fain would strike and show the hour—
Not made for ornament alone,
Like many another handsome drone :—
Save from that fate

THE TOWN HALL TOWER.

Having, then, this huge building in front of us, we must perforce tarry yet in the Bigg Market, whilst we look ahead and see what is before us, "in the mind's eye, Horatio." It stands, as we have said, on the site of what once was Middle Street. To our right is the Groat Market; the Cloth Market is on our left. Middle Street had formerly three names. Its upper part was called Skinner Gate; its lower parts Spurrier Gate and Saddler Gate. Bourne says of it: "It is a street as it was in Gray's time, where all sorts of artificers have their shops and houses." In particular, shoemakers much affected this street in former years. On the left hand of Middle Street was the Old Flesh Market, which consisted mostly of low old houses. The butchers were wont to erect their shambles here, each Friday night, for the next day's market.

Cuthbert Ellison, founder of the great local family of that name, lived and pursued his calling of a merchant hereabouts. In the closing days of February, 1556-57, he



was bidding farewell to municipal honours (he had been Sheriff and twice Mayor), and dividing his worldly goods among his family. "To my son, Cuthbert Ellison, my house, with the appurtenances, in Newcastle, in the Bigg Market, wherein I do now dwell." "To my daughter, Barbara Ellison, my house, &c., in the Middle Street of Newcastle aforesaid." So runs the record. A dozen years later, Barbara became the wife of Cuthbert Carr, of Benwell. She was married from the family dwelling-place, and they had high festivities there, ending in a quarrel between some of the guests, and a charge of defamation in the Ecclesiastical Court at Durham.

Of the Old Flesh Market, Bailie writes:—"The market for all kinds of flesh meat, held here every Saturday, is probably the largest and best stored single market of any in the kingdom. A stranger is struck with surprise when he views the long and extended rows of butchers' stalls, loaded with meat of the richest and most delicious kinds; the mutton, beef, &c., being mostly of the Scotch or Northumbrian breeds, and, gathered on the rich pastures of the graziers in the vicinity of Newcastle, possess a flavour unknown in the more Southern counties." Mackenzie rarely indulges in humour—he respects the dignity of history too much for that; but he unbends for once in mentioning the locality in the following delicious note:—"The Corporation has named this street the Old Butcher Market; but this appellation has been generally rejected, because it is in reality the Old Flesh Market, having for ages been used for the sale of *flesh*, and not of *butchers*!"

Writing on this subject in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* recently, Mr. Alderman Barkas tells us:—

"A large portion of the old buildings which formed Middle Street and Union Street were pulled down to make room for a new Corn Market, which was built by the Corporation in 1839 at an expense of about £10,000. Prior to that date Mr. Richard Grainger, who found Newcastle crumbling bricks and left it stone, offered the Corporation the freehold and exclusive use of the newly-built Central Exchange Art Gallery, on condition that it should be used as a corn market. Mr. Grainger, I am informed, also promised to rebuild the front elevations of the houses in the Groat Market and the Cloth Market in a Gothic style of architecture, and remove all the old buildings in Middle and Union Streets, and thus open a magnificent area in the centre of the town. This, as it now appears, generous offer on the part of Mr. Grainger was rejected in the Council by 32 votes to 17, after a long discussion, and during the mayoralty of Mr. Joseph Lamb, October 4, 1837."

Elsewhere in the same journal Mr. Barkas said:—"A new Butcher Market was opened on the 28th of February, 1807, and from that time the Flesh Market was known as the Old Flesh Market. Market Lane, now a *cul de sac* in Pilgrim Street, led into this new Butcher Market, which extended from the foot of Market Lane to the large open space in front of Watson's foundry in the High Bridge, and down to Mosley Street, near the old Theatre Royal, and would thus cover a great deal of ground."

The sketches which accompany this article will enable the reader to form some idea of the ancient appearance of the Bigg Market and its neighbourhood. Fighting Cocks Yard is shown in the first of these sketches, while



two other old inns which stood alongside it—the Unicorn and the Golden Lion—are represented in the second. Both sketches were made or copied by Mr. R. J. McKenzie. The views of the Bigg Market and the Old Flesh Market, as they were seen in 1820, are copied from T. M. Richardson. Pudding Chare will be noticed on the right hand of the first, with the old houses opposite which then formed Union Street. As for the Old Flesh Market, we may gather from Richardson's sketch of it that it must have been in his time one of the most picturesque corners of old Newcastle.

Near the Grainger Street end of the Bigg Market, and on the left hand side going to St. Nicholas' Church, a handsome gateway (shown in Richardson's sketch) led into Farrington's Court. The Farrington Brothers were cabinetmakers, and for many years had their showrooms and workshops here. The brothers were excellent specimens of the old tradesmen of Newcastle, men of great honesty and integrity. They were both bachelors, and the latest surviving brother, when on his death-bed, sent for Mr. Fenwick, attorney, to make his will. There were present at the time the doctor, the attorney, and his old foreman, Mr. Kinnear. When asked to whom he intended to bequeath his property, he told the gentlemen present that, as he had no near relatives, they had better divide it amongst themselves, which was accordingly done.

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Helford.

John Erasmus Blackett,

THE FATHER OF LADY COLLINGWOOD.

JOHN ERASMUS BLACKETT, son of Sir Edward Blackett, of Newby, and grandson of the first Sir William Blackett, was born on the 1st of January, 1728. He was brought up with one of the Cunliffes at Liverpool, and, coming to Newcastle, and obtaining the freedom of the Merchants' Company in 1753 by patrimony, entered into partnership with John Simpson, an eminent coalfitter, whose residence was in the Broad Chare, north of the great gate of the Trinity House. Mr. Simpson was an alderman of the town, Sheriff in 1733-34, Mayor in 1742-43, and governor of the Hostmen's Company from 1745 to his death in April, 1786.

Under Mr. Simpson's guidance, and encouraged by his relative (Sir Walter), John Erasmus Blackett interested himself in municipal affairs, and in 1756, when the baronet was Mayor for the third time, he was elected Sheriff.

Four years later, being captain and paymaster in the regiment of Northumberland Militia, which his brother, Sir Edward Blackett, of Matfen, had raised chiefly from among his tenantry, and being with the regiment at Berwick, he made the acquaintance of Sarah, daughter and co-heir of Robert Roddam, of Hethpool, to whom he made proposals of marriage. Her younger sister, Mary, was the wife of the Rev. Dr. Alexander Carlyle, in whose genial "Autobiography" the progress of the courtship and its happy ending may be read. John Erasmus Blackett and Sarah Roddam were married in June, 1761, at the Episcopal Chapel, Edinburgh, by the Rev. George Carr, a native of Newcastle.

After his marriage, Mr. Blackett lived for a time in Pilgrim Street, in a house near the Gate, directly facing the mansion of his relative, Sir Walter; his office was in the Broad Chare, where "Whitehead's Directory" shows him, later on, fitting Windsor's Pontop, Tanfield, Whitfield, and Marley Hill coals. On the death of Ralph Sowerby in 1764 (the year that saw the birth of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, and Sir Walter Blackett elected to a fourth Mayoralty, with Thomas Blackett as Sheriff) he was made an alderman. The following year he succeeded Sir Walter as Mayor. That honour was conferred upon him again in 1772, when Tyne Bridge lay in ruins, and the magistrates and freemen of Newcastle were engaged in a memorable contest about the control of the town moor.

Up to this point, Mr. Blackett's career had been one of uninterrupted prosperity and happiness. But trouble was in store, and in the next few years he sustained two crushing bereavements. The *Newcastle Chronicle* records the funeral, on the 18th July, 1775, of Mrs. Sarah Blackett, his amiable consort, and within twelve months announces the death of his son and heir.

Twice again—in 1780 and 1790—the Mayoralty of Newcastle fell to Mr. Blackett, and then came a marriage which helped him to forget the losses that had embittered his prime. His daughter Sarah was wooed and won by a young officer, whose after-life shines in the pages of naval history, and ennobles the annals of the peerage. The *Newcastle Chronicle* became the messenger of good tidings this time. On the 18th of June, 1791, it contained the following announcement:—"Thursday, Captain Collingwood, of H.M. frigate Mermaid, to Miss Blackett, daughter of John Erasmus Blackett, Esq., the Right Worshipful Mayor of this Corporation." In the "Memoir and Correspondence of Lord Collingwood" are more than fifty letters addressed by the hero of Trafalgar to his father-in-law, many of them breathing a spirit of affection and respect that only a good man could have elicited from so experienced an observer and ruler of men.

Some time before his last Mayoralty Mr. Blackett removed from Pilgrim Street to one of the fine new residences which Mr. Newton, the architect, had erected between the Westgate and the old Dominican Monastery.

and named Charlotte Square. At that place, on the 11th of June, 1814, at the ripe age of four-score years and six, he died. His name is cut on the floor-stone in St. Nicholas' which covered the remains of the first Sir William Blackett, and over the vestry door is a mural tablet which he erected "in testimony of the tender remembrance of an affectionate husband, whose grief for the loss of an amiable wife can only find comfort in full assurance of that promised reward which virtue inherits in the regions of immortality." These, and one other stone recording the decease of two of the first Sir William's children, are the only memorials which St. Nicholas' contains of the great family of Blackett, whose leading members were buried there with unusual parade and ostentation.

John Erasmus Blackett was the first Mayor of Newcastle with two baptismal names, and the last of his family to occupy the honourable position of chief magistrate in the home of his ancestors. The busy thoroughfare which stretches from Pilgrim Street to Gallowgate was called Blackett Street in his honour, and better, perhaps, than sculptured marble, preserves the name of a family that produced rulers of Newcastle—aldermen and sheriffs, mayors and members of Parliament—for the greater part of two hundred years.

John Fenwick Burgoyne Blackett,

THE POPULAR M.P.

According to the pedigree in Hodgson's "History of Northumberland," Christopher Blackett, an elder brother of the first Sir William Blackett, and an officer in the army of Charles I., married Alice, daughter and sole heiress of Thomas Fenwick, and with her received, at her father's death, the manor of Wylam. Upon this branch of the Blackett family no titles were conferred. With the exception of Christopher's son William, who was envoy from the English Court to that of Sweden, in the reign of Charles II., the Blacketts of Wylam were generally unambitious lords of the soil, who lived on the paternal acres, and married into other many-acred families, or went into the army to fight for their country.

So they continued until the beginning of the present century, when Christopher Blackett number two, coming into possession of the estate, instituted those world-renowned experiments at Wylam Colliery which assisted in solving the problem of the application of steam to locomotion. He died in 1829, and his eldest son, also named Christopher, succeeded him. This Christopher had been brought up to the profession of arms, and had served under the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsular campaign. Seeing no prospect of further military employment, he went into Parliament in 1830 as the colleague of Lord Lovaine in the representation of the pocket borough of Beer Alston. A few months after his election, the defeat of the first Reform Bill led to a disso-

lution, and amongst the members of the new Parliament he found no place. In 1836, upon the death of Sir Matthew White Ridley, he was brought out as a candidate for the representation of Newcastle. His opponent was Mr. John Hodgson (afterwards Hodgson Hinde), who had shared in the representation of Newcastle with Sir M. W. Ridley in three Parliaments, and had been defeated at the preceding election by Mr. William Ord. On this occasion Mr. Hodgson won back his seat; after a very close and exciting contest he received forty-eight votes more than his competitor, in a gross poll of 3,104. Mr. Blackett was elected for South Northumberland the following year without opposition, but at the next dissolution (1841) declining health compelled him to retire into private life. He died in January, 1847, and was succeeded by his son, John Fenwick Burgoyne Blackett, a young man of six-and-twenty.

Mr. J. F. B. Blackett was known in Newcastle as a cultered and gifted student. Educated at Harrow, he had gone in due course to Oxford, where he had taken second-class in classics and obtained a fellowship of Merton. Thence he had gone on the "grand tour" through Europe, and upon his return had qualified for the bar, written for the *Globe* newspaper, and contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*. It was known, too, that he held somewhat advanced views on political and social questions, and held them firmly; that he had leanings towards a Parliamentary career, and ability to justify and maintain his aspirations. When, therefore, after the death of his father, he entered into possession of Wylam, he became the rising hope of the Liberal party in Newcastle. At the general election in 1852, he accepted a requisition to come forward and claim the seat which William Ord, after twelve years' political service as one of the representatives of the borough, and fifty years' membership of the House of Commons, was relinquishing. The enthusiasm with which he was received surprised even his friends. "Frank, straightforward, and unassuming," wrote a contributor to the *Northern Tribune*, in 1854, "he won all hearts by his manly independence and evident sincerity. His principles not only commended him to the people, but the absence of all lawyer-like special pleading in their enunciation at once won him their heartiest sympathies." He obtained an overwhelming show of hands at the nomination, and when the votes were cast up, at the close of an exciting poll, it was found that he had been elected by 2,418 votes, and his colleague, Mr. Headlam, with 2,172, while Mr. Watson, Q.C. (afterwards Baron Watson), with 1,808 votes, had been defeated. Mr. Blackett had polled a larger majority than any other M.P. for Newcastle, with one exception, and had received the largest number of votes ever recorded for a candidate in the borough up to that time.

The writer above quoted describes Mr. Blackett's appearance in Parliament as an unqualified success. His first speech in the House (November, 1852), was in favour

of Mr. Villiers's motion for Free Trade. In the debates upon Sir Charles Wood's Indian measures, Mr. Blackett, being one of the most assiduous and effective leaders of the India Reform party, took an active part against the Government of Lord Aberdeen. He made a similarly decided stand in favour of the admission of Dissenters



into the universities. During the discussion on the Budget in 1853, he spoke several times, and the substance of a proposition which he made when a further extension of the income tax was under consideration, that an allowance should be given for bad debts, was conceded by Mr. Gladstone, then Chancellor of the Exchequer. To his acuteness was attributed the discovery that Mr. Disraeli, in pronouncing an eulogium on the Duke of Wellington, had appropriated, without acknowledgment, several passages from an article by M. Thiers on Marshal St. Cyr. Mr. Blackett, it is said, heard the speech, recognised the borrowed passages, proceeded to the *Globe* office, and either wrote or inspired the article which, quoting from the speech and the article in parallel columns, charged the leader of the House with plagiarism.

Out of Parliament Mr. Blackett was equally popular. He lectured in Newcastle and Shields in favour of Indian Reform, spoke in Newcastle and London at pro-Turkish meetings, laid the foundation stone and assisted at the opening of Blaydon Mechanics' Institute, founded a similar institution and schools at Wylam, "spoke generous words on behalf of struggling nationalities, to many of whose persecuted sons he rendered substantial help in the dark days of their exile," was kind and considerate to his workmen, active and indefatigable in the interests of his constituents, and had before him, to all appearance, a long and honourable career.

How all these fair promises failed most readers know. Political life, with its ceaseless activities, undermined a

constitution that was never robust. The health of Mr. Blackett gradually declined, and, although he bore up manfully, it became evident that, sooner or later, his exacting duties as a member of Parliament would have to be relinquished. He struggled on till February, 1856, and then, yielding to adverse fate, he resigned the trust which the electors had committed to him. In the climate of France it was thought that he might renew his strength; but that hope was not destined to be realised. One day, towards the end of April following, the great bell of St. Nicholas' announced his decease, and on the 3rd of May his remains were brought to Tyneside and buried among those of his ancestors at Ovingham.

John Blackwell,

PREACHER, NEWSPAPER PROPRIETOR, AND MAYOR OF
NEWCASTLE.

When I take the humour of a thing once, I am like your tailor's needle—I go through. *Ben Jonson.*

The Rev. Alexander Kilham, one of the ministers of the Wesleyan denomination in the Newcastle district, published at Alnwick, in 1795, a book entitled "The Progress of Liberty among the people called Methodists." For writing this treatise Mr. Kilham was censured, and, remaining contumacious, was formally expelled from the Wesleyan body. Many North-Country Methodists, sympathising with the ejected minister, gathered around him, and encouraged him to establish a rival organization. Their efforts were successful. The year after his expulsion, the "Methodist New Connexion" was inaugurated, and, in due time, its leaders mapped out the country into districts and circuits, similar to those of the older body.

Among the ministers sent to Tyneside by the new denomination was the Rev. John Blackwell. He was a



Aldermen Blackwell.

Yorkshireman, from Sheffield or its neighbourhood, and, being a preacher with clear and decided views, and ability to make them understood among the people to

whom he ministered, he acquired friends and followers. With two respectable local families, the Bruntons of Newcastle, and the Falconars of Howdon Pans, he obtained a more intimate acquaintance; and, by-and-by, Mary Falconar became his wife. Married, with the responsibilities of a household upon him, it was desirable to secure a surer means of providing for a family than the pittance of a Methodist preacher permitted. Resigning his clerical office, he quitted the pulpit for the counter, and went into trade. Through ill-health, the Rev. James Everett (destined to fame in after-life as another expelled Wesleyan minister, and founder of a further offshoot from the main body), was doing the same thing in the same town at about the same time. They both started in business as booksellers at Sheffield. Mr. Everett was a native of Alnwick, eight years or so the senior of Mr. Blackwell. They had known each other in Northumberland, and now, finding themselves thrown together—refugees, so to speak, from the pulpit and competitors in trade—they agreed to unite in a speculation that might be helpful to both. In Chew's "Life of Everett," under date 1823, is a characteristic note of the transaction from Everett's MSS. :—

A person of the name of John Blackwell, who had itinerated in the Methodist New Connexion, and retired from the work, commenced business as a bookseller in Sheffield. Being on terms of friendship with him, it was proposed that we should begin a stereotype establishment, verbally agreeing to bear an equal proportion of the cost of the experiment. He had got hold of a tramp, deaf and dumb, who professed to have learned the trade. This man was employed; but between the poor fellow's defect of speech and hearing, our difficulty in understanding him, and his apparent inadequacy to the work, we abandoned the design with the loss of a few pounds.

The leading newspaper in Sheffield at this time was the *Iris*. James Montgomery, the poet, was its proprietor and editor, and his genius had given the paper a reputation extending far beyond the district in which it was published. Everett and Blackwell were two of Montgomery's nearest and dearest friends. The former, in conjunction with Mr. John Holland, wrote a seven-volume biography of the poet; the latter became his successor in the ownership of the *Iris*. In September, 1825, the bargain was effected which transformed John Blackwell, ex-preacher and bookseller, into a proprietor and editor of a newspaper.

Five or six years passed away; Mr. Blackwell had acquired considerable experience in journalism, and met with some degree of success, when an opportunity offered of combining both experience and success with residence among his wife's friends and relatives upon Tyneside. Edward Walker, proprietor of the *Newcastle Courant*—a paper of the venerable age of 120 years, died—and the property came into the hands of his executor, the late Mr. Charles Henry Cooke. Mr. Cooke had no special aptitude for newspaper work, and no desire to carry on the business of printing, publishing, and patent medicine selling which his predecessors had built up. He offered

it for sale, and it was purchased for £8,000 by Mr. Blackwell and his relative, Mr. John Brunton Falconar, the elder. On the 7th July, 1832, No. 8,315 of the *Courant* was issued by Messrs. John Blackwell and Co. The new firm put new life into the concern. They increased the circulation of the paper, and developed the business attached to it. Mr. Blackwell came to Newcastle to manage the property, and shortly afterwards took up his residence in a handsome new mansion at the north-east corner of Ellison Place. Retaining his attachment to the Methodist New Connexion, he was put upon their plan as a local preacher, and generously assisted them by pen and purse. It was at a meeting held in his drawing-room in 1835, with James Montgomery as his guest, that the Aged Female Society of Newcastle was successfully launched upon its mission of mercy. There, also, the leading members of the New Connexion were entertained when they came, the following year, to open their new place of worship—Salem Chapel, now the Central Hall. In honour of that occasion Mr. Blackwell wrote a life of Mr. Kilham, and after it had been revised by James Everett (who had returned to the ministry and was stationed as one of the Wesleyan ministers in Newcastle) it was published, and became one of the standard books of the denomination. Steadily progressing in public usefulness, he was induced to enter into the municipal life of the town; and in 1839 the electors of North St. Andrew's Ward elected him to be one of their representatives in the Reformed Town Council. A writer of the period described him as "a reflective, sound-thinking man, imbued with a discreet spirit of enterprise, and not easily diverted from the opinions he forms; slow, perhaps, in developing the resources of his mind; in speech deliberate, but sufficiently emphatic; the interests of a constituency could scarcely be entrusted to safer hands."

Mr. Blackwell continued to be an active member of the New Connexion until disturbances occurred in that body through the latitudinarian preaching of the Rev. Joseph Barker. He followed Mr. Barker for a time; but when the latter began to preach Unitarian doctrines, and manifest eccentricities which astonished Newcastle, he left him; left Methodism, too, and joined the Established Church, in whose communion he spent the rest of his life. So sudden a change in the opinions he had held and taught for nearly forty years naturally excited unfavourable criticism among his Nonconformist friends, and an event occurred a couple of years later which brought him into collision with the majority of his colleagues in the Council. At Michaelmas, 1850, he had been proposed for the Mayoralty, and was beaten by Mr. William Armstrong (father of Lord Armstrong) by a small majority. At the same meeting Mr. Philipson was elected an alderman, but declined to accept the honour, and a few days afterwards a special sitting of the Council was held to make another appointment. Mr. Blackwell and Mr. Joseph

Hawks were put in nomination. It was objected before the voting took place that Mr. Hawks was not qualified, but the Council overruled the objection. For Mr. Hawks 31 voted; for Mr. Blackwell the figures were reversed, and he received only 13 votes. Proceedings were taken against Mr. Hawks, who, however, declined to contest the point, and allowed judgment to go by default. While the question was pending, Mr. Blackwell abstained from attending the Council; but at a meeting of that body in December, 1851, specially convened to consider the matter, he was present and claimed the seat. The Council would not admit the claim, and proceeded to another election. Mr. Robert Robinson received 25 votes, Mr. Blackwell 4 only, and Mr. Robinson was declared to be duly elected. But Mr. Blackwell was not to be shaken off so easily. He formally disclaimed the office of councillor in April, 1852, and Mr. Joseph Armstrong, who had been admitted a partner in the firm of Blackwell and Co., was elected as his successor. This brought matters to a climax. At the ensuing meeting of the Council Mr. Blackwell attended as an alderman; the Mayor "espied a stranger" present, and after some discussion the alleged intruder was formally ejected by the Sergeant-at-Mace. Mr. Blackwell brought an action for trespass against the Mayor and Sergeant, judgment was allowed to go by default, and the Corporation, it is presumed, paid the £25 at which the jury assessed the damages. Then he applied for a mandamus against the Council to show cause why they should not admit him to be an alderman. The Court of Queen's Bench granted the application, the Corporation had no valid defence, and at length, at Michaelmas, 1853, he was allowed to take his seat as an alderman unchallenged.

Mr. Blackwell was named for the office of Mayor again in 1855, but his conduct in the matter of the aldermanship had not been forgiven by the dominant party in the Council, and, when it was ascertained that Mr. Philipson was willing to accept the office, his friends did not venture to put him in nomination. Before the municipal year was out, however, circumstances happened which healed the feud and put the "Alderman by mandamus," as he was derisively called, in good repute with his quondam opponents. It was upon an amendment which he moved to a proposed reconsideration of his own report, as chairman of the Schools and Charities Committee, that Vicar Moody was appointed master of the Mary Magdalene Hospital. The thing was cleverly managed, although the appointment raised such a storm in the town as few remembered to have seen before, and no one has witnessed since. For a time the Alderman was the best—or worst—abused man in Newcastle. He was pilloried in public meeting, reviled in the press, and lampooned upon the walls. In "The High Priest of Epona," a clever parody on one of Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," beautifully printed by the Messrs. Figg, he was scarified under

the designation of Mentichus—"false Mentichus, that wrought the deed of shame":—

But when the face of Mentichus
Was seen amongst the foes,
A yell that rent the firmament
From all the town arose;
At the windows was no woman
But spat towards him and hissed,
No child but screamed out curses
And shook its little fist.

The storm, however, like all other storms, blew over. Alderman Blackwell's old antagonists had attained by his means an object upon which they had set their hearts, and they did not forget it. When, therefore, in 1859, he was nominated again for Mayor, they offered no opposition, and, with the single exception of a protest from Councillor Newton, he was elected unanimously. During his Mayoralty he was married to a second wife,—Ann, widow of Benjamin Tulloch, of Newcastle, surgeon, and, when he retired from office, Sir John Fife was able to say amid the applause of the Council that the Alderman had been punctual and attentive to his duties, generous in his hospitalities, and had discharged his high functions in a way that was satisfactory to the town, agreeable to the Council, and honourable to himself.

Through all these discussions the *Courant* had pursued the even tenor of its way. Mr. Blackwell was a Liberal, gave his first vote in Newcastle (in 1837) for William Ord and Charles John Bigge, and remained faithful to the party throughout his career. But very little about politics ever made its appearance in what might be termed the editorial department of the *Courant*. In like manner municipal partizanship found no place there. Letters to the editor sometimes dealt with both political and municipal topics, but the practice was discouraged, and the *Courant*, under Mr. Blackwell's management, was a high-toned family paper, and, being both old and neutral, it enjoyed the largest circulation in the district. When the repeal of the Stamp Act in 1855 made it possible to publish cheap newspapers, it was thought that the days of the high-priced weeklies were numbered. Mr. Blackwell shared this fear. He had some years before absorbed a rival sheet, the *Newcastle Advertiser*, and on the 3rd July, 1855, he started a tri-weekly journal—the *Newcastle Messenger and Advertiser*. By this means he hoped to forestall, if not to prevent, the advent of a daily paper in the town. To a certain extent he succeeded. The *Chronicle*, the *Journal*, and the *Guardian* were disinclined to move in the direction of more frequent issues, and from July to October the *Messenger* held the field. But in the latter month the *Northern Daily Express* was brought from Darlington to Newcastle, and very soon it proved to be a formidable rival. With Mr. Samuel Charlesworth, now co-editor of the *Christian Life*, at his right hand, Mr. Blackwell did his best to make his new venture successful. But it was not to be. The public rapidly acquired a taste for local news served up daily; they preferred spicy personal articles to decorous moral

essays; and as the *Express* rose the *Messenger* fell. At the end of March, 1857, when 273 numbers had been published, the tri-weekly paper was abandoned, and the firm limited their enterprise to the publication of the weekly issue as before.

Alderman Blackwell outlived both the partners of his prime, and having, in 1868, disposed of his interest in the firm, spent the rest of his days in comparative retirement. At the house in Ellison Place, which, for nearly forty years, had been his home, on the 12th of February, 1872, aged fourscore, he died. His widow survived little more than two years; the best known of his sons—Benjamin Brunton Blackwell, barrister—followed him in May, 1882; and now, in the town with which, for the better part of half a century, in good report and in evil report, it was prominent, the name of Blackwell finds no living representative.

John Wesley and Grace Murray.

JOHN WESLEY was a great and good man. The most determined enemy he had in the whole of his long life—and he had many—could never bring one charge against him affecting his moral character. Yet he had his weaknesses. One of his weaknesses was his excessive credulity, which rendered him liable to be imposed upon by every idle tale-bearer who came near him. He was also weak in another way. Although in many respects a man of strong and independent judgment, and also of determined will, yet in every one of the two or three affairs of love in which he was at different times involved, these qualities seem entirely to have forsaken him. Very foolish was his conduct towards Mrs. Grace Murray, of Newcastle, a charming young widow of thirty-two, to whom Wesley, who was thirteen years her senior, made love in 1748.

Grace Norman, for that was the maiden name of the heroine of our story, was born at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, on the 18th day of January, 1716. Her parents, whose circumstances were humble, were members of the Church of England. She tells us that "they feared God, but were much distracted with worldly cares and business." Early in life Grace became subject to strong religious impressions. She relates that she felt a continual desire of doing good to all, especially to the poor, and in consequence gave away whatever money was given her, and anything else she could spare, even taking bread and meat out of the house, without her parents' knowledge, to relieve her necessitous neighbours. On the 13th May, 1736, she married one Alexander Murray, a sailor. He was, we are informed, "nearly related to a considerable family of the same name in Scotland." His father, having been involved in the rebellion of the old Pre-

tender, had lost his estate, and, together with several brothers, had been banished from the kingdom. Four days after his marriage, Mr. Murray went on a voyage, on which he was absent ten or eleven months. Meantime, his wife returned to her paternal home, "seeking rest, and finding none." She tells us that her husband was always before her eyes, and engrossed all her thoughts. On his return to London, she rejoined him, and stayed with him four months before he went to sea again.

When her baby was about fourteen months old, she was summoned to Portsmouth to attend upon her husband, who had been taken ill there. She stayed with him about six weeks, at the end of which time they returned to London. In about a month her husband went to sea, and a fortnight after his departure their child died. She was for a long time inconsolable for her loss. One day a female acquaintance sent to ask her if she would accompany her to hear Mr. Whitefield preach. She went and heard him preach on Blackheath. She listened to him four days in succession. Whitefield was about to embark for Georgia, and these were his last sermons before his departure. When he was gone, Grace Murray was utterly disconsolate again. She says, "I wept much in secret; I walked up and down, but could find no comfort. I spent much time in the churchyard, reading the inscriptions on the tombstones, and then standing and crying over my child's grave." The Sunday after Whitefield's departure, however, she heard John Wesley preach at Moorfields, at five o'clock in the morning. From this time she lost no opportunity of hearing the preaching of the Wesleys, and ultimately she was received into full communion with the Methodists.

By and by her husband returned from sea. He was soon informed of his wife's conversion. Her relatives told him that his wife had gone mad through hearing the Methodists. The news threw him into a terrible rage. "You shall leave either them or me," he said. She replied, "I love you above anyone on earth, but I will leave you and all I have sooner than I will leave Christ." On hearing this, he threatened to send her to the West Gardens madhouse—a threat which he was not sufficiently hard-hearted to execute. Shortly afterwards, she had a long and dangerous illness. Her husband, afraid to lose her, granted her the one desire of her heart—to be visited by her religious friends. When she began to recover, the medical attendant recommended her to visit Newcastle, in the hope that her native air would effectually restore her. She took his advice, and her husband went again to sea. On returning from his voyage, Murray came to his wife at Newcastle. Early in 1741, they returned to London. In May of the same year another child was born to them. In August, Murray sailed for Virginia. He had then come to regard the Methodists with reverence,

although he had not actually joined them. On parting from his wife he said, "I am a great sinner; commend me to the prayers of your people." When his ship returned in October, she learned that her husband had been drowned on the voyage.

At the end of the same month, she, with her only child, went by sea from London to Newcastle. Here she entered zealously into the work of Methodist evangelization. It was at this time that her more intimate acquaintance with John Wesley commenced. Early in December of the same year (1742), Wesley purchased the land on which his Orphan House was afterwards built. On the 20th of that month the first stone was laid. He selected Grace Murray as housekeeper, and requested her to fetch from London "what she thought the best of her

goods, that she might live altogether in his house." Hereupon she engaged a passage, and was on her way to Shields, when a note from Mr. Wesley was placed in her hands, desiring her, when she arrived in London, "to stay there." She was amazed. She went at once to Mr. Wesley and asked him what was the matter. Wesley had been listening to the gossip of the scandal-mongers. "He immediately," says Grace Murray, "took me with him to S. Jackson's, who accused me of speaking many things against her before John Brydon and several others. Mr. Wesley had them all face to face, and they wholly acquitted me of the charge." Grace justly felt herself aggrieved by Mr. Wesley's treatment. She withdrew from her classes, went no more to Mr. Wesley's house, and retired to her mother's home.



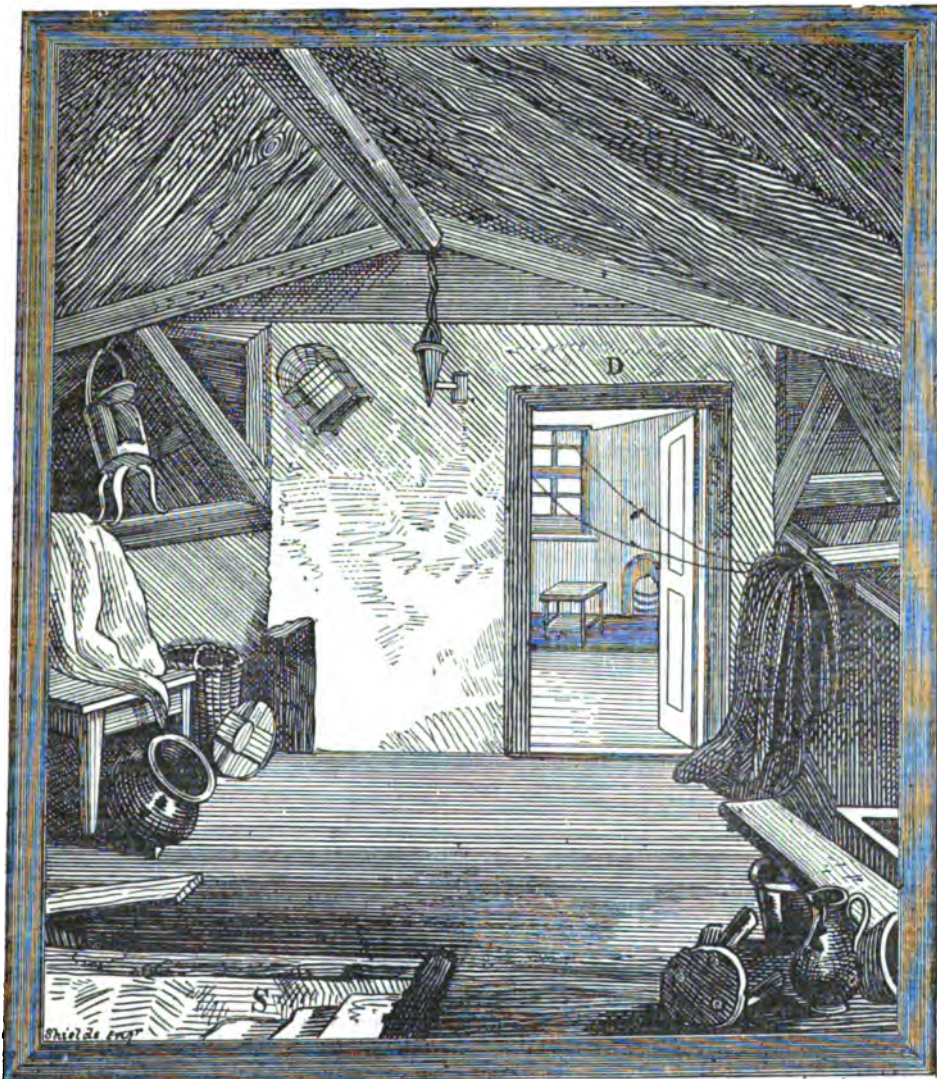
THE ORPHAN HOUSE.

She still, however, attended the morning and evening preaching.

Immediately after relating this temporary rupture between herself and Wealey, she says, "I was now more and more acquainted with John Brydon, and though there never was any engagement between us, yet it was commonly supposed we were on the point to marry." One morning Wealey advised her to go into the country without letting Brydon know where she had gone. She went to Tanfield, and, at that place, resumed her religious labours. Some time afterwards, Brydon married, "and," says Grace Murray, "soon grew quite light and callous. This shocked me exceedingly," she continues; "I was afraid his blood would be upon my head because I did not marry him." The despondency

to which this apprehension gave rise enslaved her mind for a long time.

In the early summer of 1743, Grace Murray went to London, where she stayed till autumn, when she returned to Newcastle, and entered upon her duties as matron of the recently-completed Orphan House. She continued in this office about a year, when she tendered her resignation to Wealey, alleging as her principal reason that she was "utterly unable to please S. Jackson in anything." From this time the religious gloom to which she was subject overwhelmed her. She remained in a state of despondency, harassed with doubts, about two years, at the end of which time the preaching of Charles Wealey brought back the peace she had lost. On Christmas Day, 1745, she resumed



THE ORPHAN HOUSE.

her duties in the Orphan House. One of the historians of Methodism, speaking of Grace Murray, says, "For several years, by her rare skill, her piety, and womanly amenities, she rendered the Orphan House a hallowed and favourite home, though always a brief one, for the great evangelist and his laborious itinerants." Not the least trying of her duties was nursing the sick. During the year 1746, four of Wesley's lay-assistants were nursed at the Orphan House by Grace Murray. One of these was John Bennet, to whom she was afterwards married.

John Bennet was born at Chineley, in Derbyshire. In 1739, when he was about 25 years of age, he went to Sheffield, and whilst there heard David Taylor preach. He soon began to preach himself, his "round" extending to Macliesfield, Burslem, Chester, Whitehaven, Bolton, and Manchester. On June 2nd, 1742, he first met Wesley, and subsequently at various times accompanied him on his journeys. On the 26th April, 1746, John Wesley arrived at the Orphan House. The following day, whilst the household, including Wesley and Grace Murray, were at dinner, a gentleman in black came up to the door. "It is Mr. Bennet," said Wesley; "I left him yesterday at Ferryhill." Grace Murray, in relating this event, says:—"The name struck me—I was amazed at myself, nor could I shake it off for some time." Soon after Wesley departed, leaving Bennet behind him. In a few days the latter was taken ill. The physician declared his state to be dangerous. None of the preachers would tell him this, so Grace Murray undertook the painful duty. She told him she believed he was a dying man. She then found her heart drawn out to prayer with and for him. "The Lord heard, and graciously answered," she continues. "Mr. Bennet cried out, 'All my pain is gone, I am well,' and from that hour he recovered, after having lain sick 26 weeks." He used afterwards to say that God gave her to him for wife in that prayer, when he lay sick on his bed at Newcastle.

Charles Wesley spent the last months of 1746 in Newcastle and the neighbourhood. When he went away, he took Grace Murray with him. She accompanied him in his journeys through Lincolnshire and Yorkshire, meeting the women in the societies, and settling the bands. In February she returned to Newcastle, where John Wesley himself arrived on the 2nd March. John took Grace with him in all his visits to the neighbouring societies. "At this," says she, "our sisters were much offended." During the summer, she had more sick preachers to nurse, and in the meantime the dissension among "the sisters" caused by Wesley's marked regard for her was increasing. She says she did all she could to reconcile them, but without effect. This state of things continued till July, 1748, when John Wesley again came to Newcastle. As before, Grace Murray accompanied him in all his visits to the country societies. Early in the following month he was taken ill at Newcastle, and for

two or three days Grace Murray nursed him incessantly at the Orphan House.

It is at this point that Wesley's account of his courtship of Grace Murray commences. The story, as he tells it, is long and tedious. For this reason, instead of repeating his narrative *in extenso*, we shall give just so much of it, in his own words or ours, as is necessary to convey a clear idea of the circumstances.

"In August," he says, "I was taken ill at Newcastle. Grace Murray attended me continually. When I was a little recovered, I told her—aliding into it I know not how—'If ever I marry, I think you will be the person.'" After a while he spoke to her more plainly. She was amazed, and replied, "This is too great a blessing for me; it is all I could have wished for under heaven." "From that time," says Wesley, "I conversed with her as my own." He remained in Newcastle about ten days, and the night before his departure told her he was convinced that God had called her to be his fellow-labourer. He promised to take her with him into Ireland the following spring, and added, "Now we must part for a time, but if we meet again, I trust we shall part no more." She begged him not to leave her so soon, saying, "It is more than I can bear." Moved by her appeal, he took her with him through Yorkshire and Derbyshire, "where," says Wesley, "she was unspeakably useful both to me and to the societies." She travelled with him about a fortnight, at the end of which they reached Chineley, where John Bennet resided. Wesley left Grace with Bennet, and, says he, "went on my way rejoicing." The following day, Bennet, who it seems had maintained a correspondence with Grace Murray from the time when he first believed God had destined her to be his wife, proposed marriage to her, and, strange to say, after a day or two's consideration, she consented. She then returned to Newcastle. Not long after, they both wrote to Wesley, asking his consent to their marriage. She said she believed it to be the will of God. Wesley suspected that they were already married; however, says he, "I wrote a mild answer to both." She replied in so affectionate a manner that Wesley believed her intention of marrying Bennet was at an end. This, however, was not the case. She corresponded lovingly with both Wesley and Bennet. When the former wrote to her, she replied that she would live and die with him. When she heard from Bennet, "her affection for him revived, and she wrote to him in the tenderest manner."

Early in 1749 Wesley requested her to join him at Bristol, in order to accompany him to Ireland. She immediately wrote to Bennet, saying that if he loved her he must meet her at Sheffield—which town she would pass through on her way from Newcastle to Bristol—for she was sent for to Ireland, and if he did not meet her there she would not answer for what might follow. Bennet, on receiving this message, determined to meet

her, as she desired him; but, just as he mounted his horse, word was brought him that his brother-in-law was dead. This prevented his departure for Sheffield, so Grace Murray went forward to Bristol without seeing him. On meeting Wesley she told him what had passed between Bennet and herself. She thought her contract with Bennet was binding; but Wesley, by reminding her of what had previously passed between themselves, soon convinced her that it was not.

On the 15th of April, Wesley and Grace Murray sailed for Ireland. They spent rather more than three months in the sister isle. She was, says Wesley, both a servant and a friend to him, as well as a fellow-labourer in the Gospel. "She provided everything I wanted. She told me with all faithfulness and freedom if she thought anything amiss in my behaviour. The more we conversed together the more I loved her." Before they left Ireland they contracted a *contract de presenti*. Meanwhile, her correspondence with Bennet was dropped. They sailed from Dublin to Bristol in July. Here she heard some idle tales about Wesley and one Molly Francis, which, says Wesley, were so plausibly related that she believed them. At all events, they provoked "a vehement fit of jealousy," in the midst of which she sent a loving letter to Bennet. The following day, in great agony of mind, "she told Wesley what she had done, but," says he, "it was too late." Bennet's love for her revived, and he wrote to her, saying he would meet her when she came into the North.

Wesley, however, took her forward to London, and from thence to Epworth, in Lincolnshire, his native village. Here they were met by Bennet. Wesley began to speak to him freely, but was stopped by his saying, "She has sent me all your letters." Bennet mentioned many other circumstances, of what nature we do not know. "I saw," says Wesley, "if these things were true, that he had the best right to her." So, the following morning, he sent her word that "he thought it was not proper she and he should converse any more together." On receiving this message, she immediately ran to him, and, in an agony of tears, "begged him not to talk so, unless he designed to kill her." "She uttered many other tender expressions," says Wesley, whereat he was distressed exceedingly. Before he could recover himself, Bennet came into the room, and peremptorily claimed her as his right. Wesley was stunned, and knew not what to say. He thought, "She loves him best; and why should I speak, to lay a ground of future uneasiness between them?" He feared that, if each should insist on his claim, it would be cutting her asunder. So he again determined to give her up. In this purpose he went home, sensible only of "deep anguish of spirit from a piercing conviction of the irreparable loss he had sustained." He determined not to converse with her any more. But he was in love, and his decision was soon

changed. About two o'clock the same day he was told that Sister Murray was very ill, and obliged to keep her bed. He thought he ought to visit her. Immediately she saw him, she said, "I love you a thousand times better than I ever loved John Bennet in my life; but I am afraid that, if I don't marry him, he will turn mad." After Wesley had gone, Bennet himself, accompanied by one David Trathen, visited her. Bennet urged his old suit, and his friend added his entreaties. They told her they would not leave her till morning unless she gave her answer. At length she said, "I will marry John Bennet."

The next morning she told Wesley what had passed. He was more perplexed than ever. For several days he was unresolved what to do, till one day he asked, "Which will you choose?" She then repeatedly declared that she was determined, both by conscience and inclination, to live and die with him. The same evening they reached Newcastle together. The following day Wesley wrote a long letter to Bennet, which one William Shent promised to deliver with his own hand, but failed to do so. The letter itself was not very wise, as these extracts will show:—

Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Sept. 7, 1749.

My Dear Brother,— . . . As one of my helpers, I desired you, three years ago, to assist me at Newcastle. In my house I had placed a servant (Grace Murray), whom I had tried several years, and found faithful in all things. . . . Both by the nature and rules of your office you were engaged to do nothing of importance without consulting me. She was likewise engaged . . . to take no step of any moment without my knowledge and consent. . . . Notwithstanding this, you were scarcely out of my house when, without ever consulting me, you solicited her to take a step of the last importance, without my consent or knowledge. . . . You, to whom I had done no wrong, wronged me, and that in an uncommon manner. You endeavoured . . . to rob me of a most faithful and most useful servant. . . . Three days after I left her [at Chinley] you, without ever consulting me, solicited her again, and in a few days more prevailed upon her to comply and promise marriage to you. . . . Upon her return from Ireland. . . . you rushed forward, and by vehement importunity forced her tender and compassionate mind to promise you again. . . . Was not your very first step wrong? Was it acting faithfully, even as a friend, to move such a thing without my consent and knowledge? Was it not much more wrong, considering you as a helper, who as such ought to do nothing without my advice? . . . Was not all this unjust and unkind, as well as treacherous and unfaithful? . . . I can say no more—only this—you can tear her away by violence, but my consent I cannot, dare not give: nor I fear can God give you his blessing.

JOHN WESLEY.

On the same day that Wesley wrote the above letter Grace Murray also wrote to Bennet. She declared that "she was more and more convinced both he [Bennet] and she had sinned against God in entering on any engagement at all without Mr. Wesley's knowledge and consent."

The next day Grace and Wesley set out together for Berwick, visiting all the intermediate societies. "Every hour," says Wesley, "gave me fresh proof of her usefulness and affection. Yet I could not consent," he continues, "to her repeated request to marry imme-

dially. I told her before this could be done it would be needful, first, to satisfy John Bennet; second, to secure my brother's consent; and, third, to send an account of the reasons on which I proceeded to every helper and every society in England, at the same time desiring their prayers." During their stay at Berwick, Wesley, at Grace Murray's dictation, wrote an account of her life, to which we are partly indebted for this narrative. They remained at Berwick five days. "The more I knew her," writes Wesley, "the more I loved her." She frequently said to him, "Now it is impossible we should part; God has united us for ever." They started for Newcastle on Thursday, the 14th September, and arrived on the Saturday morning. On the Sunday, they conversed together till late at night, and she gave him all the assurances that words could give of the most intense and inviolable affection. "The same," he says, "she renewed every day, yea, every hour when we were alone; unless we were employed in prayer, which, indeed, took up a considerable part of the time we were together."

Prayer and courtship on the Sunday. Monday and Tuesday he was employed very differently. On the latter days, "that I might be able to form a clearer judgment of her real character, I talked at large with all those who were disgusted at her, and inquired into their reasons for it." Sister Lyddell raised a charge against Grace Murray of having had "the impudence to ride into the town with Mr. Wesley; which," adds Wesley, "was accidentally true!" Mrs. Williams charged her with buying a Holland shift. Nancy and Peggy Watson accused her of buying a Joseph [i.e., a riding habit] before she wanted it; Ann Matteson, of being proud and insolent; and Betty Graham, of buying an apron worth ten shillings.

The following day (Wednesday) Wesley met Christopher Hopper at Horsley. Hopper was a young man of twenty-six, a native of Coalburne, near Ryton, and afterwards an itinerant preacher among the Methodists. Wesley told him the story of his love of Grace Murray. In his presence Wesley and Grace renewed the contract they had before made in Dublin. An hour later Wesley took horse for Whitehaven, leaving his sweetheart to "settle the bands in Allandale." She stood watching him ride up the hill till he was out of sight. Shortly afterwards Hopper started for Chinley, in order, if possible, "to satisfy John Bennet." When Wesley reached Whitehaven he became depressed in mind, and dreamed of Bennet and Grace. On Saturday, the 23rd September, three days after leaving her, he wrote to her, and commenced his letter with the following words: "There is I know not what of sad presage, that tells me we shall never meet again." Yet he records that even when he wrote these words he was persuaded that "neither life nor death would part them."

We have already alluded to Wesley's letter to Bennet, written in September. At the same time Wesley sent a

copy of it to his brother Charles, who was then at Bristol. As soon as Charles received it, he went to Leeds, where he learned that Grace Murray was engaged to John Bennet. He then posted forwards to Newcastle, where he met Jane Keith, a somewhat noted personage in the early days of Methodism. She told Charles Wesley that his brother was in love with Grace Murray beyond all sense and reason; that he had shown this in the most public manner, and had avowed it to all the societies; and, lastly, that all the town was in an uproar in consequence, and all the societies ready to fly in pieces. On hearing this, Charles started for Whitehaven, in the belief that he should find Grace Murray there with his brother. When Charles met his brother, he urged that all the preachers would leave them if John married Grace Murray. He was, says John, shocked above measure "at the thought of my marrying at all, but especially of my marrying a servant, and one so low born."

So soon as his brother had left him, Wesley began to consider, as he tells us, whether he was in his senses or not, and whether love had put out his eyes or he had the use of them still. As a means of determining these questions, he reviews the steps he has taken, and "writes down" a *short* account of them. This "*short* account," which covers several closely-written pages, sets forth, first, the reasons why he had not hitherto married; second, why he thinks he ought to marry now; and, lastly, why he regards Grace Murray as "the most proper person" to be his wife. He concludes that she is everything he could desire as a housekeeper, a nurse, a companion, a friend, and a fellow-labourer in the Gospel of Christ. A nurse, he says, his "poor shattered, enfeebled carcase now frequently stands in need of." He afterwards descants upon Grace Murray's spiritual gifts. "As to the fruit of her labours," he says, "I never yet heard or read of any woman so owned of God." Presently he waxes eloquent. "Show me the woman in England, Wales, or Ireland," he exclaims, "who has done so much good as Grace Murray. Show me one, in all the English annals, whom God has so employed in so high a degree, I might say, in all the history of the Church from the death of our Lord to this day!"

When Grace received that letter of Wesley's in which he spoke of a "sad presage, telling him they would never meet again," she was at Hineley Hill. She was exceedingly troubled, and in the midst of her sorrow was surprised by a visit from Charles Wesley, who, on accosting her, kissed her, and said, "Grace Murray, you have broken my heart." He placed in her hands a letter, written the day before by himself, but which he represented as having been written with his brother's knowledge and concurrence, which was not the case. The following extracts shall suffice:—

My dear Sister and Friend; what shall I say to you? I would not willingly grieve you, though you have well-nigh broken my heart; and still you will be the occasion

of bringing down my hairs with sorrow to the grave. Neither my soul nor my body will ever recover the wound ; in this life I mean. But *there* the weary are at rest. . . . The case thus appears to me : you promised John Bennet to marry him, since which you engaged yourself to another. How is this possible? And who is this other? One of such importance that his doing so dishonest an action would destroy both himself and me and the whole work of God. It was on the very brink of ruin ; but the snare is broken, and we are delivered. I am returning with my brother straight to London. . . . Oh ! how humbled, how thankful ought you to be at your almost miraculous deliverance ! Had not the Lord restrained you, what a scandal had you brought upon the Gospel ; nay, and you would have left your name as a curse upon God's people.

When Grace had read this letter, Charles asked her if she was willing to go with him to Leeds and meet his brother and Bennet there. She readily consented to do so. He took her behind him on his horse and started on his way, intending to travel by way of Newcastle. Two hours after they left Hineley Hill, John Wesley arrived there, expecting to find Grace Murray at the house of James and Hannah Broadwood. Mrs. Broadwood met him before he reached the house, and told him that his brother had left two hours before, carrying Sister Murray behind him. Soon after James Broadwood came into the house. Wesley said, "I must go on to Newcastle." "No," said Broadwood, "I will go, and, with God's leave, bring her back." In a quarter of an hour he started, and, says Wesley, "I calmly committed the cause to God."

Wesley, having completed his labours at Hineley Hill, started again on Friday, the 28th of September, for Whitehaven. He arrived there on the Saturday. On Monday, Joseph Cownley, one of the most valuable of Wesley's early helpers, brought him a letter from Whitefield, in which he was urged to meet Charles Wesley and Whitefield himself at Leeds on the following Wednesday evening. He accordingly started for Leeds the following morning, but, before we follow him thither, it is necessary to return to Charles Wesley and Grace Murray and recount their proceedings.

The morning after they left Hineley Hill, they reached Ferryhill, having in the meantime abandoned the intention of travelling by Newcastle from a fear of John Wesley overtaking them there. At Ferryhill, however, they learned that John Bennet was in Newcastle ; and Grace Murray exclaimed, "Let us go to him." Charles Wesley, however, was told that Bennet would have nothing to do with her. He, therefore, left Grace at one Mr. Bell's, two miles from Newcastle, and went forward alone, determined to reconcile Bennet to her.

He found Bennet at the Orphan House. He told him that no one was to be blamed but his brother. Bennet was easily brought to believe this, and so into willingness to be reconciled to Grace Murray. Charles Wesley and Bennet told their version of the story to the brethren and sisters of the Orphan House, and their excitement and wrath became well-nigh unbounded. Sister Proctor

would leave the house immediately. John Whitford would preach no more for Mr. Wesley. Matthew Errington dreamed the Orphan House was on fire, and another dreamed he saw John Wesley in the fires of hell. Jane Keith said : "John Wesley is a child of the devil." Bennet himself is reported to have declared that, "if John Wesley is not damned, there is no God !"

At this point Grace Murray was brought upon the scene. She fell at Bennet's feet, acknowledged she had used him ill, and begged he would forgive her. A person who was present assured her that Mr. Wesley had given her up, and would have nothing more to say to her ; and, moreover, had ordered him (the speaker) to procure some place amongst the country societies where she might live privately. On this being said, someone cried out, "Good God, what will the world say? He is tired of her, and so thrusts her into a corner. Sister Murray, will you consent to this?" She replied, "No! I will die first." By and by she declared, "I *will* have John Bennet, if he will have me."

The following Tuesday morning there was a wedding at St. Andrew's Church, Newcastle, and John Bennet and Grace Murray were made husband and wife. The newly-married couple, accompanied by Charles Wesley, at once started for Leeds. Whitefield was already there. John Wesley arrived there on the Wednesday night. He found Whitefield in bed. Whitefield told John that Charles would not leave Newcastle till Bennet and Grace Murray were married. Says Wesley, "I was troubled; he perceived it; he wept and prayed over me, but I could not shed a tear." He could not sleep, and felt that if the distress he then experienced continued long it would affect his senses.

The following morning some one arrived from Newcastle and announced the marriage of Bennet and Grace. Charles Wesley arrived an hour afterwards. On seeing his brother, he exclaimed, "I renounce all intercourse with you but what I would have with a heathen or a publican." Whitefield and John Nelson were present. They prayed, wept, and entreated, "till the storm passed away," and the brothers were reconciled. Now Bennet came into the room. Neither he nor Wesley could speak. They "kissed each other, and wept."

The next day (Friday) a message was brought to Wesley that John Bennet and his wife desired to see him. The meeting shall be related in Wesley's words. "I went; but, oh! what an interview! it was not soon that words could find their way. We sat weeping at each other, till I asked her, 'What did you say to my brother to make him accost me in the way he did?' She fell at my feet, and said 'she never had spoken or could speak against me,' uttering many other words to the same effect, in the midst of numberless sighs and tears. Before she rose, he fell on his knees too, and asked my pardon for what he had spoken of me. Between them

both, I knew not what to say or do. After dinner, I talked with her alone. She averred, with the utmost emotion, being all dissolved in tears, that she never laid the blame upon me, whom she knew to be entirely innocent," with much more of the same kind, attempting to justify her vacillating conduct. Wesley concludes his account with the exclamation, "Hardly has such a case been from the foundation of the world!"

The sequel is soon told. Bennet remained a preacher in Wesley's connexion till April, 1752, when, having accepted the tenets of Calvinism, he publicly separated from the Methodists, at Bolton, in Lancashire. The following year a meeting-house was built for him at Warbutton, in Cheshire, where he remained till his death, which took place on the 24th of May, 1759. His widow outlived him nearly forty-four years. She died on the 23rd of February, 1803, in the 89th year of her age.

Wesley and Mrs. Bennet only met once after the painful meeting at Leeds already mentioned. This was in the year 1788, when Wesley was 85 years old, and she was 72. Her son, William Bennet, was then minister of a Dissenting chapel in Moorfields, London. His mother came from Chapel-en-le-Frith, in Derbyshire, where she spent her later years, to pay him a visit. Thomas Olivers, one of Wesley's preachers, visited her, and to him she expressed a desire to see Mr. Wesley. Olivers told Wesley of this, and next morning the venerable evangelist, accompanied by Henry Moore, went to see her. "The meeting," says Moore, "was affecting; but Mr. Wesley preserved more than his usual self-possession. It was easy to see, notwithstanding the many years which had intervened, that, both in sweetness of spirit, and in person and manners, she was a fit subject for the tender regrets" which Wesley had expressed thirty-nine years before. "The interview," Moore proceeds, "did not continue long, and I do not remember that I ever heard Mr. Wesley mention her name afterwards."

By the following morning he had produced "Lucy Gray," which he offered to the managers of the place and got it accepted. It was suggested to him, as he tells us in his Autobiography, from having heard a Northumbrian friend relate the story of two unfortunate lovers belonging to Allendale—Lucy Gray and James Walton. The girl was a great beauty, and the toast of Allendale Town and neighbourhood; while her sweetheart was a neighbouring farmer's son, noted for his wonderful agility as a dancer. Lucy, however, was consumptive, and died in her seventeenth year; and James took her untimely death so to heart that he was seldom heard to speak afterwards, but haunted her grave, or her favourite seat—their place of meeting—in a dell, near a rivulet; and ere long, according to his request, "he was laid by the side of his Lucy in the parish churchyard."

Say, have you seen the blushing rose,
The blooming pink, or lily pale?
Fairer than any flow'r that blows
Was Lucy Gray, of Allendale.

Pensive at eve, down by the burn,
Where oft the maid they used to hail,
The shepherds now are heard to mourn
For Lucy Gray, of Allendale.

With her to join the sportive dance
Far have I stray'd o'er hill and vale,
Then pleased, each rustic stole a glance
At Lucy Gray, of Allendale.

I sighing view yon hawthorn shade,
Where first I told a lover's tale;
For now low lies the matchless maid,
Sweet Lucy Gray, of Allendale.

I cannot toil, and seldom sleep;
My parents wonder what I ail:
While others rest, I wake and weep
For Lucy Gray, of Allendale.

A load of grief preys on my breast,
In cottage, or in darken'd vale;
Come, welcome death! Oh! let me rest
Near Lucy Gray, of Allendale!

"Lucy Gray, of Allendale."

THE song printed below, which was for years a popular favourite, as sung to an air expressly composed for it, was the first attempt at poetical composition by Robert Anderson, the Cumbrian Poet, who was born at Carlisle in 1770, and died there in 1833, in destitute circumstances. Anderson received very little education, and that only at a charity school, from which he was removed at the age of ten, in order to be apprenticed to the business of pattern-drawing. His master having removed to London, he accompanied him thither; and it was one evening when he chanced to go to Vauxhall, and was disgusted with the songs he heard there, that the idea first struck him that he could write better ones himself.

Bamborough Castle.

ABOUT five miles to the eastward of Belford, upon an almost perpendicular rock looking over the North Sea, and about 150 feet above its low water level, stands the Castle of Bamborough, in long-past ages a fortress of might, and in our own a house of charity. A stately tower—the only original part that now exists of this once famous stronghold—appears to have been built on the remains of some still more ancient edifices, which may, perhaps, have formed one of a chain of fortresses believed to have been raised by the Romans, under the illustrious Stilicho, to protect this part of the coast from the ravages of the Saxon pirates. However this may have been, Bamborough Castle formerly possessed great strength, fitting it to be a secure place of refuge for the Anglican kings,

earls, and governors of Northumberland in the troublous times that preceded the Norman Conquest.

Its origin is thus narrated:—In the year 457, the Anglian chief Ida (who traced his lineage back to the mythical hero, Odin) landed at the promontory called Flamborough Head, with forty vessels, all manned with chosen warriors. Urien, the hero of the Welsh bards, opposed a strenuous resistance to the invaders, but the Angles managed to establish themselves on the coast. Fresh reinforcements poured in from the shores of Germany, and Ida, the "Bearer of Flame," as he was termed by the Britons, became the master and sovereign of the land he had assailed. He lost no time in erecting a tower or fortress, which was at once his castle and his palace; and so deeply were the Britons humbled by this token of the permanence of his power that they called the structure the Shame of Bernicia. Ida afterwards bestowed this building upon his queen, Bebba, in honour of whom it was denominated Bebban-Burgh, the burgh or fortress of Bebba, now abbreviated into Bamborough. The massive keep yet stands, as we have said, and the voyager, following the course of the Abbess of St. Hilda, in Scott's "Marrion," may yet see

King Ida's castle, huge and square,
From its tall rock look grimly down,
And on the swelling ocean frown.

Bamborough was besieged in 642 by Penda, the pagan King of Mercia, who, not satisfied with the victories he had already gained, burnt the royal city and its suburbs. Penda tried to destroy the castle also. He accumulated vast quantities of wood, and laid it close under the walls, setting fire to it as soon as the wind was favourable; but no sooner did it burst into flame, and clouds of fire and smoke rise above the castle, so as to be seen from the Farne Islands, than St. Aidan, who was there engaged in holy meditation, offered up a prayer to heaven for the deliverance of the place. Sooth to say, the wind immediately changed, and carried the fire back upon Penda's own camp, which forced him to raise the siege in haste.

Osred, son of Alfred, King of Northumberland (not Alfred the Great, as some modern writers have imagined), shut himself up within its walls in 705, when pursued, after his father's death, by the rebel Eardulph, who was taken and executed by Osred's adherents. The castle suffered greatly from the fury of the Danes in 833, but was afterwards repaired, and esteemed the strongest fortress in the earldom. William II. besieged it in person in the year 1095, when Robert Mowbray, Earl of Northumberland, had taken refuge there after the commission of sundry treasonable acts. At the appearance of the king, the earl made his escape, but was afterwards taken prisoner. Still, however, Morel, his steward and kinsman, defended Bamborough, against the king's forces. "The king had turned the siege into a blockade, and raised a fortress near it called Malvoisin (bad neigh-

bour), some time before the earl fled. But Morel held out with such great resolution that the king had recourse to policy to effect that which he had failed to accomplish by force. He ordered the earl to be led to the walls, and a declaration to be made that if the castle was not surrendered his eyes should be instantly put out. This threat succeeded. Morel no sooner beheld his kinsman in this imminent danger than he consented to yield up the castle to the king. For the servant's sake, probably, the incensed sovereign spared the life of the master, but kept him a prisoner in Windsor Castle, where he remained for thirty years."

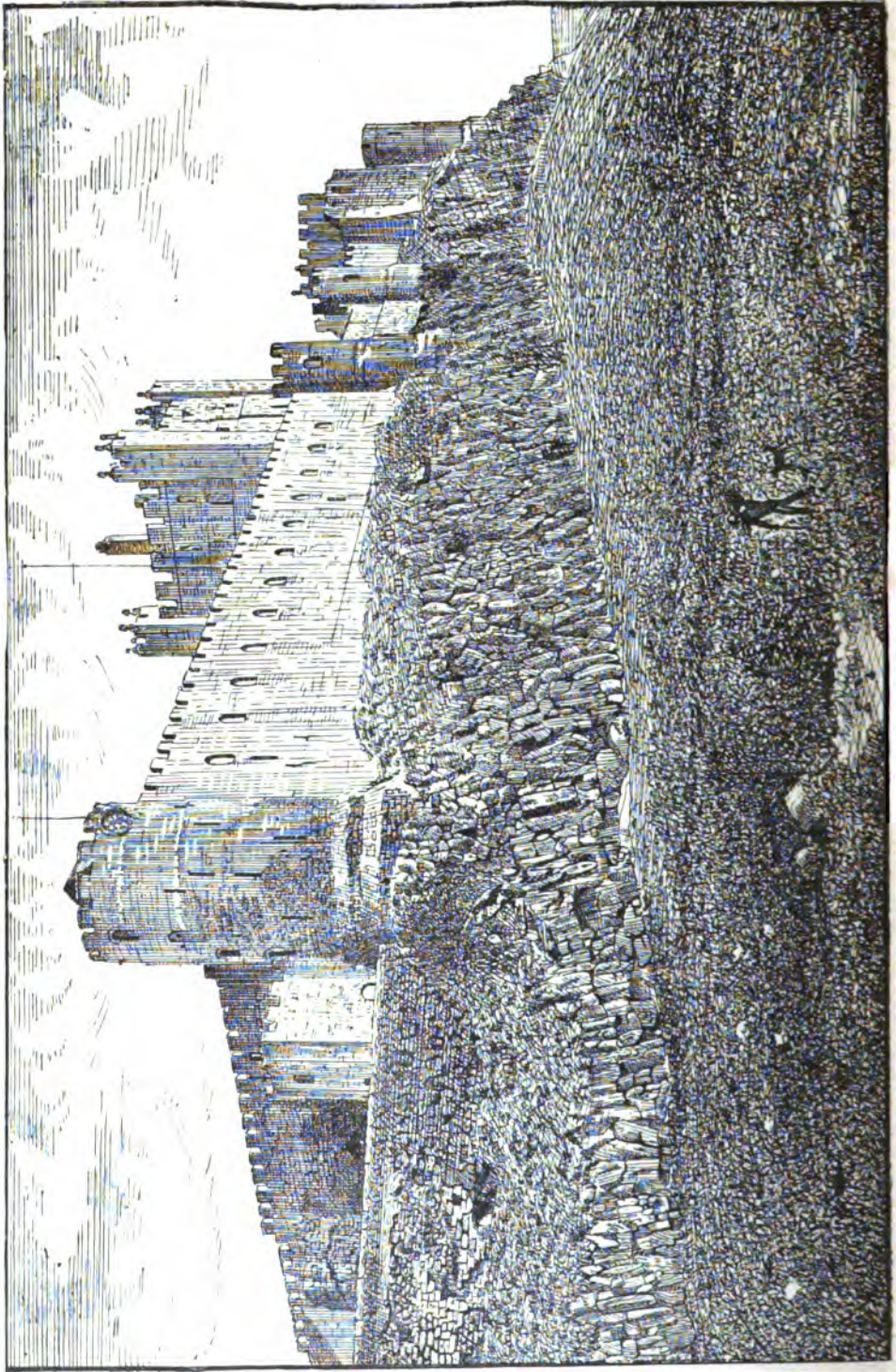
In 1463, Bamborough Castle was taken and re-taken several times by the generals of Edward IV. and Henry VI.; and a little before the Battle of Hexham, Sir Ralph Grey, the governor, surrendered it to the Earl of Warwick. During these Red and White Rose conflicts, the damage done to the building was very extensive. Since the accession of the Tudors, it has been in several instances used as a State prison.

The castle is undoubtedly one of the oldest in the kingdom (though Grose, Hutchinson, and other authorities differ as to its precise age). Within the keep is an ancient draw-well, 145 feet deep, cut through the solid basaltic rock into the sandstone below. It was first known to modern times in 1770, when the sand and rubbish were cleared out of the vaulted cellar or dungeon. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, after the memorable battle of Musselburgh, Sir John Foster, Warden of the Marshes, was made Governor of Bamborough Castle, and Sir John's grandson obtained a grant of it, and also of the manor, from James I. His Jacobite descendant, Thomas, forfeited both in 1715; but his relative Nathaniel, Lord Crewe, Bishop of Durham purchased the estates, and by his will, dated June 21, 1720, bequeathed them for charitable purposes. So that here, as Bowles sings:—

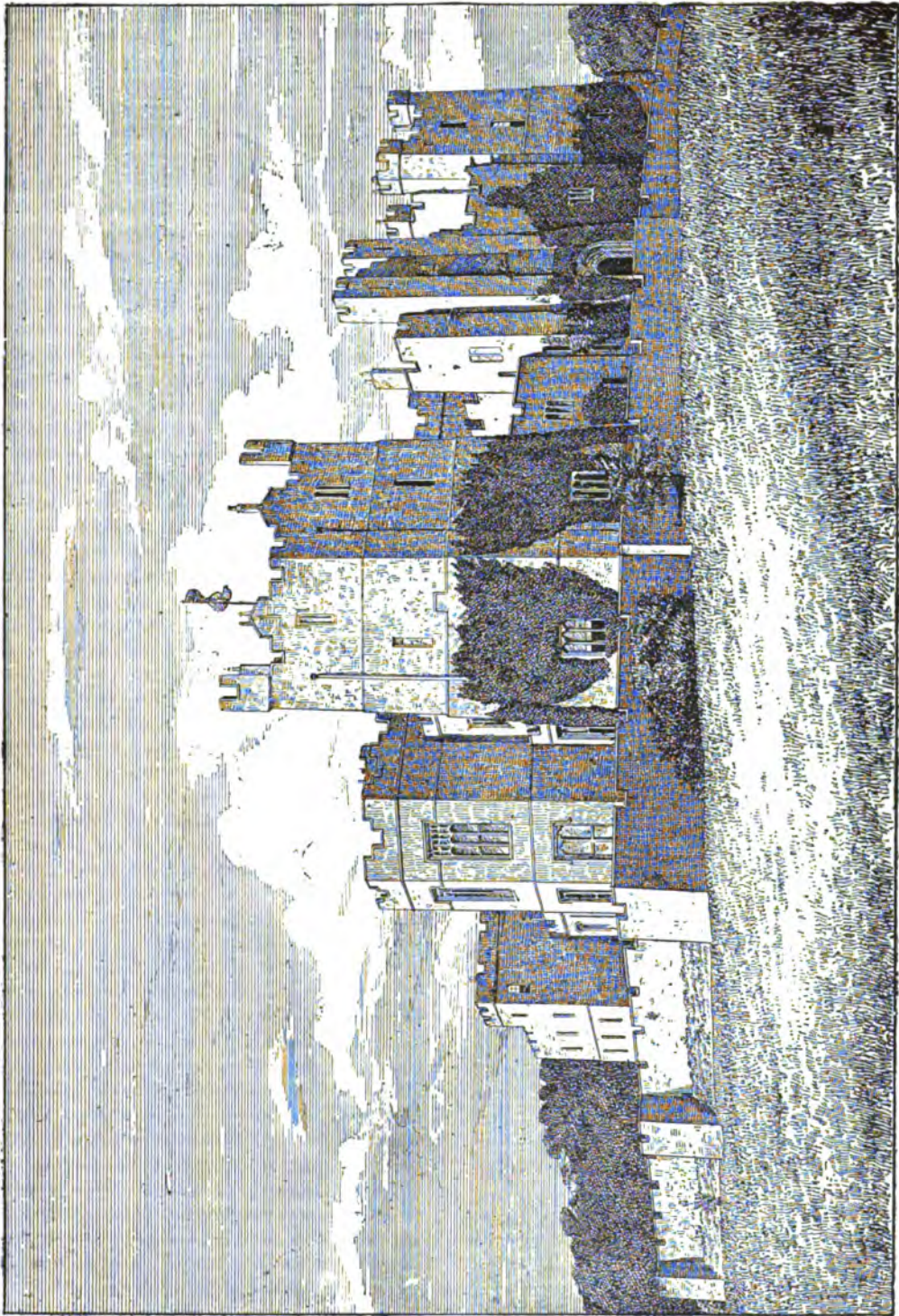
Charity hath fixed her chosen seat;
And Pity, at the dark and stormy hour
Of midnight, when the moon is hid on high,
Keeps her lone watch upon the topmost tower,
And turns her ear to each expiring cry,
Blest if her aid some fainting wretch might save,
And snatch him, cold and speechless, from the grave.

In 1757, the trustees for Bishop Crewe's Charity commenced the work of repair, which was very much wanted, on the keep or great tower of the castle. Dr. Sharpe, one of the trustees, converted the upper parts of the building into granaries, whence, in times of scarcity, corn might be sold to the poor at a cheap rate. He also reserved to himself certain apartments for occasional residence, that he might see his charitable objects carried into effect; and the trustees still continue to reside here in turn. Dr. Sharpe contributed to the repair of the tower, and gave property for other good work, bequeathing his library, valued at more than £100, for the use of the establishment.

Much has been done since his time, in reclaiming the



BAMBOROUGH CASTLE, NORTHUMBERLAND.



RABY CASTLE, COUNTY DURHAM.

venerable fortress from ruin, and converting it into apartments for benevolent purposes. A large room is fitted up for educating boys on the Madras system; and a suite of rooms is allotted to the mistresses and twenty poor girls, who are lodged, clothed, and educated. Various signals are used to warn vessels in thick and stormy weather, from the Farn Islands. A life-boat and implements useful in saving crews and vessels in distress are always in readiness. A constant watch is kept at the top of the tower, whence signals are made to the fishermen of Holy Island (a flag by day and a rocket by night), as soon as any vessel is discovered to be in need of assistance. Owing to the size and fury of the breakers, it is generally impossible for boats to put off from the mainland in a severe storm; but such difficulty occurs rarely in putting off from Holy Island. By these and other means, including a patrol of horsemen along the coast, many lives are saved, and an asylum is offered to shipwrecked persons in the castle for a week, or longer, if necessary. About a thousand persons are received on an average in the infirmary during the year. The funds amount to £8,000 per annum. Thirty beds are kept for shipwrecked sailors. It will readily be gathered from this that Bamborough is to sailors on the perilous coast of Northumberland what the Convent of St. Bernard is to the storm-beset traveller in the Lepontian Alps.

Raby Castle.

RABY, pointing by its name to a Dutch origin, is first mentioned in connection with King Canute, who, after making a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Cuthbert there, offered it, with Staindropshire, to the saint. Bishop Flambard wrested the rich gift from the monastery, but restored it again on his death-bed. It continued in the peaceful possession of the monks until 1131, when they granted it for an annual rent of four pounds and a stag to Dolphin, son of Ughtred, of the blood royal of Northumberland. To him, most probably, the first foundation of the manor may be attributed. Dolphin was, at all events, designated "Dominus de Raby," when, early in the thirteenth century, he married Isabel Neville, by the death of her brother the last of that line, and sole heiress of the great Saxon house of Bulmer, lords of Brancepeth and Sheriff Hutton. From their son Geoffrey, who assumed his mother's surname, dates the history of the Nevilles.

To Geoffrey's descendant, John Lord Neville, we owe the present castle. Lord John was sometime employed against the Turks. Being later appointed Lieutenant of Aquitaine, he restored peace to that province, which had been wasted by the wars with the French; and in his service in those parts he is recorded to have won

and restored to the English crown eighty-three walled towns, castles, and forts. Late in life he proceeded with the gradual reconstruction of Raby, and obtained from Bishop Hatfield, in 1379, a license to fortify it. It may fairly be concluded that, while some portions of the older fabric were incorporated with the new, Raby presents the work and ideas of one period. It continued to be the grand residence of the Nevilles till the reign of Elizabeth, when Charles, the sixth and last Earl of Westmoreland of that family, engaged in a weak conspiracy to dethrone his sovereign. Obligated to abandon his country, he fled to the Netherlands, where he died, a miserable exile, in 1584. His immense estates were declared forfeited; and, in the reign of James the First, they were consigned by grant to certain citizens of London for sale, when the castle and demesnes of Raby were purchased by Sir Henry Vane, Knight, from whom they have descended to the present possessor, the Duke of Cleveland.

The following account of the castle is given by Leland in his Itinerary:—"From S. Andres Akeland to Raby Castel five miles, part by arable, but more by pastures and morisch hilly ground, barren of wood. Raby is the largest Castel of Loggings in al the North Cuntery, and is of a strong building, but not set other on hil or very strong ground. As I entered by a causey into ther was a little stagne on the right hond; and in the first area were but two toures, one at ech ende as entres, and no other buildid. In the 2 area as in entering was a great gate of iren, with a tour, and two or three mo on the right hond. Then were al the chief toures of the 3 court as in the hart of the Castel. The haul and al the houses of offices be large and stately; and in the haul I saw an incredible greet beame of an hart. The great chamber was exceeding large, but now it is fals rofid, and divided into 2 or 3 partes. I saw ther a little chaumber wherin was, in windowes of colerid glasse, al the petigre of the Nevilles; but it is now taken down, and glassid with clere glasse. Ther is a touer in the Castel having the mark of two capitale B, from Berthram Bulmer. Ther is another touer, bering the name of Jane, bastard sister to Henry the 4, and wife to Rafe Nevile, the first Eel of Westmerland. Ther long 3 parkes to Raby, whereof 2 be plenished with dere. The middle park hath a lodge in it. And thereby is a chace, bering the name of Langley, and hath falow dere: it is a 3 miles in length."

Mr. Pennant, who visited the district about the year 1772, made the following notes:—"Raby Castle, the seat of the Earl of Darlington, is an entire fortress; was once the property of the See of Durham; and in the reign of Edward III. permitted by the Bishop to be embattled. It was at times the property of the Bulmers, the Cliffords, and the Nevilles; a tower bears the name of the first, and the gateway that of Clifford. It is an irregular but magnificent pile, and of great size; some part has been burned, and at present the great tower, called Bullmer's, is detached; all the towers are square. It is surrounded

by a great foss, only part of which is now filled with water. A fine parade goes quite round the castle, garnished with battlements. On Bullmer's tower is a great bas-relief of a bull holding a flag-staff in one foot, with a flag to it, and over his shoulder is a shield. The founder has also marked this tower with a great B. The chief entrance is on the west, and is very grand; it leads to a square, within which is a great hall, supported by six pillars, the capital diverging and running in ribs along the arched roof. A stair-case leads from this into an upper hall of the first magnitude, viz., 80 feet long, 36 broad, and 34 high; the roof flat, and made of wood. Here assembled, in the time of the Nevilles, 700 knights, who held of that family."

Raby is distinguished from the rest of the larger castles of the Northern Counties, such as Alnwick, Prudhoe, &c., by this—that whereas they consist of Norman cores, which have, as usual, agglomerated to themselves a heterogeneous mass of buildings at a later date, following more or less the lines of the walls of enceinte, we have, or rather had, in Raby, a perfect example of a fourteenth century castle, complete in all its parts, without any appearance of earlier work or later alteration whatever. The interior is distributed into a great number of apartments, many of them handsomely fitted up. The entrance hall is uncommonly grand; its vastness and apparent stability never failing to excite admiration. The roof is arched, and supported on six pillars, with capitals diverging and spreading along the ceiling. Here visitors quit their carriages, which are admitted into the hall, and afterwards pass off on the opposite side, through the inner area and covered way.

The lower chamber of Bulmer's Tower had, till lately,

a richly-groined vault of great strength and beauty. The hall tower has, inside and out, been wonderfully preserved. Vaults, windows, grilles, doorways, stairs, garderobes, are all nearly intact; it is really the most perfect thing in the place. The chapel, all mutilated as it is, still deserves notice. The sanctuary, which forms the central portion of a tower, has a boldly-ribbed quadrupartite vault; above it is a guard-chamber; its exterior window is masked by a very remarkable little hanging machicoulis for pouring down boiling water upon an assaulting foe. Of newel stairs every tower has had one; and there are other stairs within and upon the walls, and garderobes and their passages, with which the building seems literally to have been riddled.

There are many good paintings in the castle. In the dining-room in Clifford's Tower is a large music-piece, containing the group of figures which Rubens placed in the centre of the marriage feast of Cana, in which he disposed his own portrait as a chief musician, with his contemporaries as performers. There are also in this room, and in other parts of the castle, many excellent portraits of personages connected with the present family. Turner's picture of Raby is hung in the great hall, and in the Octagon Room stands the famous statue of the Greek slave by Hiram Powers.

The Village of Staindrop.

Not far from Raby Castle is Staindrop, or Stainthorp, meaning the stony village. It is a place of great antiquity. The principal object in it is the old church, dedicated to the Virgin Mary. It is the ancient burial



place of the Nevilles. The foundation of this building is said to be coeval with Canute, who, as already stated, presented his manor of Staindrop to St. Cuthbert. The present nave may, says Billings, date from about 1200, the period of transition from the Norman style of architecture to the Early English. The arches belong to the former style; the circular columns, some of which have foliage on their capitals, are of the latter. All the walls of the nave and chancel are of subsequent date. Those of the first portion appear to be of 1343, when the then Neville had license to found three chantries in the church; and the second is of about 1378, at which time the then lord founded a college for poor men, and erected houses against the north wall of the nave. Every vestige of this is obliterated, and the stall-seats and desks of its ancient occupants are the only objects testifying that such an institution ever existed. Within the building is the magnificent alabaster altar-tomb of Ralph Neville, first Earl of Westmoreland, who is represented in plated armour, with a lion at his feet, and the figures of his two wives to the right and left. In the centre of the chancel is Westmacott's white marble monument of the first Duke of Cleveland, placed there in 1843.

The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stokoe.

BUY BROOM BUZZEMS, AND BLIND WILLIE.

IN the early years of the present century, Newcastle was possessed of a motley group of eccentric characters, whose peculiarities of behaviour, of dress, or of habits were a prolific source of amusement and gossip to the townsmen, and afforded fruitful themes for the lyric effusions of the local bards. Captain Starkey (of whom the gentle Elia so pathetically wrote), Cull Billy, Bold Archy, Judy Downey, and others in turn were the subjects of lyric satire or praise; but none were more frequently and kindly sung about than William Purvis, more popularly known as Blind Willie. Thomas Thompson (in his songs of "Canny Newcastle" and "Jemmy Joneson's Whurry"), William Oliver, Thomas Marshall, and William Stephenson mention him in their local ditties; whilst Robert Gilchrist made him the subject of kindly eulogy in the songs of "Blind Willie Singing" and "Blind Willie's Deeth," and in fulfilment of a promise made during Willie's life, he also wrote "Blind Willie's Epitaph":—

Newcastle's now a dowly place, all things seem sore aclicht,
For here at last Blind Willie lies, an honest, harmless wight.

Nor wealth nor power now look with scorn
On this lone spot of one departed;
For fashion's gay and glaring sun
Ne'er beamed on one more happy hearted.

He was the poorest of the poor, yet ne'er complained of want;

He neither carried purse nor scrip, and yet was never scant;

Storms thundered o'er his hapless head,
Yet he ne'er once their rage lamented.

His was the lot too few have known—
To live content and die contented.

The Bard who sung of Starkey's death in tearful strains and true,

And planted on Bold Archy's grave the wreath ta'en from his brow,

His local reed in dust he lays—

Farewell!—there trill'd its final shiver—

It has been tuned for Willie's praise,
And now with him lies mute for ever.

This was Gilchrist's last poetical effusion. He who had sung threnodies on the deaths of Bold Archy and Captain Starkey laid his "local reed" in the dust over Blind Willie's remains.

Blind Willie was born in Newcastle about the beginning of 1752, having been baptised at All Saints' Church on the 16th February of that year. Willie never enjoyed the faculty of sight, and many Newcastle people who are closely approaching three score and ten in years will remember his sonny, contented, sightless face, as he trudged



along the old streets without a covering upon his head. Several attempts were made by presenting him with a hat to induce him to wear one; but after having borne the infliction for a day or two it was thrown aside, and the "Minstrel," as he was often called, appeared uncovered again, preferring the exposure of his hoary, but well-thatched pate to the pelting of the pitiless storm. Blind Willie was perfectly acquainted with all the streets,

lanes, and chares of his native town, making his way everywhere with the aid of a long stick, and he would indignantly refuse the aid of any guide. The late Mr. R. W. Hetherington, who contributed a valuable series of articles to the *Weekly Chronicle* on "Newcastle Fifty Years Ago," relates an interview with the "Minstrel" in the Big Market, which is worth quoting:—

On this occasion he seemed a little lost as to his whereabouts, for he said, "Whor aboots is aa?" We told him, "Just at the end of the High Bridge." "Oh, aye, aa's gannin te Rachel Dixon's" (the landlady of the well-known Golden Lion, now demolished, in the Bigg Market). Willie having to cross the street to that hostelry, we offered to conduct him to the house. "No, no," he replied, "aa knaa the way varry weel."

Willie did not often regale the public with a street performance, his more general practice being to attend some favourite public-house, where he never failed to attract a company to listen to his fiddling and singing the old Newcastle ditties:—

Which helped away wi' mony a gill
Mang fuddling men and queerish women.

He had his regular houses of call, where he was always welcome, and duly served. Thus he used to drop in on his rounds at Messrs. Clapham and Gilpin's chemist's shop, first in Silver Street, and afterwards in Pilgrim Street, for the purpose of getting a dole of Spanish juice, which was never denied him. His invariable address was, "Hinny, doctor, gie us a bit o' Spanish!" uttered in the confident tones of a simple, guileless boy: and "God blish the king—God blish the king—never sheed him—never sheed him; poor shoul—poor shoul!" was his regular form of thanksgiving. Willie's mother, Margaret Purvis, who died in All Saints' poor-house, had reached her hundredth year; and Willie, who breathed his last in the same place on the 20th July, 1832, was in his eighty-first year.

"Buy Broom Buzzems" was usually considered to be Willie's *chef d'œuvre*, and we have been told that when he used to sing it he was constantly adding new verses, either made by himself or made for him, and thus there were imported many feeble and meaningless rhymes, having no connection with the original theme. Some of these interpolations having been printed with the song in Bell's "Northern Bards," we give them here.

The melody of "Buy Broom Buzzems" has often been asserted to have been the composition of the "Minstrel" himself: of this we have no evidence except his partiality for it. It is certainly an English tune, and has never, as far as we can find, appeared in any Scottish Collection, although Robert Burns wrote an election song, "Wha'll Buy Troggans?" to it. Professor Colin Brown, Euing Lecturer on Music at the Andersonian University, Glasgow, writing to Dr. Bruce, after the publication of "Northumbrian Minstrelsy" (1882), and eulogising the work, mentions "Buy Broom Buzzems" specially, and describes it as one of the best examples of natural melody he had ever seen.



If you want a bus-zem, For to sweep your hoose,



Come to me, ma hin-nies, Ye may hae your choose.



Buy broom bus-zems, Buy them when they're new,



Buy broom bus-zems, Bet-ter nev-er grew.

Buzzems for a penny,
Rangers for a plack;
If ye winnot buy,
Aa'll tie them on my back.
Buy broom buzzems, &c.

If aa had a horse,
Aa wad hev a cairt;
If aa had a wife,
She wad tyek ma pairt.
Buy broom buzzems, &c.

Had aa but a wife,
Aa care not what she be;
If she's but a woman,
That's enyuf for me.
Buy broom buzzems, &c.

If she liked a droppie,
Her and I'd agree;
If she didn't like it,
There's the mair for me.
Buy broom buzzems, &c.

To the foregoing verses (writes John Bell in his "Rhymes of the Northern Bards") Blind Willie added the following simple rhymes:—

Up the Butcher Bank,
And down Byker Chare;
There you'll see the lassies
Selling brown ware.
Buy broom buzzems, &c.

Alang the Quayside,
Stop at Russell's Entry;
There you'll see the beer drawer,
She is standing sentry.
Buy broom buzzems, &c.

If you want an oyster
For to taste your mouth,
Call at Handy Walker's—
He's a bonny youth.
Buy broom buzzems, &c.

Call at Mr. Loggie's,
He does sell good wine;
There you'll see the beer drawer,
She is very fine.
Buy broom buzzems, &c.

If you want an orange
Ripe and full of juice,
Gan to Hannab Black's;
There you'll get your choose.
Buy broom buzzems, &c.

Call at Mr. Turner's,
At the Queen's Head;
He'll not set you away
Without a piece of bread.
Buy broom buzzems, &c.

Down the river side
As far as Dent's Hole;
There you'll see the cuckolds
Working at the coal.
Buy broom buzzema, &c.

North-Country Vampires.

WILLIAM, Canon of Newburgh, a priory of Black or Augustine Friars, near Coxwold, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, is one of the most veracious and highly-esteemed of English Church historians. Speaking of his history, compiled in the reign of Richard I., or immediately after, the Rev. Joseph Stevenson, M.A., of University College, Durham, who translated this and other works of the kind, says:—"Both in design and execution, it is worthy of the approbation which has generally been awarded to it. In criticism, William of Newburgh was in advance of his age." He tells a good many stories, however, in perfect good faith, as literally true, which we more sceptical moderns can only regard as old wives' fables.

Among the prodigious things recorded by Canon William are accounts of several dead men who wandered about after burial. One of the cases occurred at Berwick-upon-Tweed. In this town a certain man, very wealthy, but, as it afterwards appeared, a great rogue, fell sick, died, and was buried. Whether he died under the ban of excommunication, and was consequently refused burial in consecrated ground, we are not told, but the probability is that that was the case. For "after his death he sallied forth (by the contrivance, as was believed, of Satan) out of his grave by night, and was borne hither and thither, pursued by a pack of dogs with loud barkings." It was natural that this hideous apparition should strike terror into the neighbours. Night after night, the hell-hounds hunted the poor defunct sinner up and down the deserted streets, running him aground in his tomb as soon as daylight peeped out, but only to renew the chase again after dark. The consequence was that no one dared to be found out of doors after dark, for each dreaded an encounter with this "deadly monster"—this vampire, werewolf, ghou, lemur, or lycanthrope, who was doubtless cursed, like all his kind, with a ravenous appetite for human flesh, bent upon doing every manner of mischief to the living, biting every person that came in his way, and either worrying them to death or driving them stark mad. The historian goes on to say that "the higher and middle classes of the people held a necessary investigation into what was requisite to be done, the more simple among them fearing, in the event of negligence, to be soundly beaten by this prodigy of the grave, but the wiser shrewdly concluding that, were a remedy further delayed, the atmosphere, in-

fectured and corrupted by the constant whirlings through it of the pestiferous corpse, would engender disease and death to a great extent, the necessity of providing against which was shown by frequent examples in similar cases." They, therefore, resolved that "the horrible carcase" should forthwith be dug up, cut limb from limb, and reduced into "food and fuel for the flames." Ten young men, "renowned for boldness," either volunteered or were hired to perform the disgusting task. As soon as this had been done, says William, "the commotion ceased." He adds that a statement was currently believed in the place, that "while the monster was being borne about (as it was said) by Satan, it told certain persons whom it had by chance encountered, that as long as it remained unburnt the people should have no peace." But a pestilence arose soon afterwards, in consequence, as our historian thinks, of this vampire affair; and it carried off the greater portion of the inhabitants of Berwick. "Never did it so furiously rage elsewhere," says William, "though it was at that time general throughout all the borders of England."

Another vampire case that came under William of Newburgh's notice occurred at Melrose, on the south bank of the Tweed. The chaplain of a certain illustrious lady, whose name he does not give, "casting off mortality, was consigned to the tomb in that noble monastery." He had been a very worldly man, excessively secular in his pursuits, and so addicted to the vanity of the chase as to be designated by the infamous title of "Hundeprest," or the Dog-Priest. His small respect for the sacred order to which he belonged, was signally punished on his passing into the other world. For, issuing from the grave at night-time, and being prevented by the holy inmates from injuring or terrifying anyone within the monastery, he wandered beyond the walls, and hovered chiefly, with loud groans and horrible murmurs, round the bed-chamber of his former mistress. The lady, driven nearly frantic by his repeated nocturnal visits, demanded with tears that prayers more earnest than usual should be poured out to the Lord in her behalf. As she was a liberal donor to the Church, the holy fathers felt it their bounden duty to do all they could to relieve her. And so two stout-hearted friars and two powerful young laymen were deputed to mount guard at night over the cemetery where the miserable priest lay buried. They were well furnished with arms, and animated with courage, "safe in the assistance which each afforded to the other." Midnight passed by, and no monster appeared; whereupon three of the party went away to the nearest house for the purpose of warming themselves, as the night was cold. We must tell the rest of the story in the ingenuous old Austin Friar's own words:—

As soon as the fourth man was left alone, the devil, imagining that he had found the right moment for breaking his courage, incontinently roused up his own chosen

vassal, who appeared to have reposed longer than usual. Having beheld them from afar, the monk grew stiff with terror, by reason of his being alone; but, soon recovering his courage, and no place of refuge being at hand, he valiantly withstood the onset of the fiend, who came rushing upon him with a terrible noise; and he struck the axe which he wielded in his hand deep into the monster's body. On receiving this wound the monster groaned aloud, and, turning his back, fled with a rapidity not at all inferior to that with which he had advanced, while the admirable man (the friar) urged his flying foe from behind, and compelled him to seek his own tomb again; which, opening of its own accord, and receiving its guest from the advance of the pursuer, immediately appeared to close again with the same facility. In the meantime, they who, impatient of the coldness of the night, had retreated to the fire, ran up, though somewhat too late, and, having heard what had happened, rendered needful assistance in digging up and removing from the midst of the tomb the accursed corpse at the earliest dawn. When they had divested it of the clay cast forth with it, they found the huge wound it had received, and a great quantity of gore which had flowed from it in the sepulchre. And so, having carried it away beyond the walls of the monastery, and burnt it, they scattered the ashes to the winds.

The belief in vampires has been long current in many parts of the world, and still is entertained in several nominally Christian countries, particularly among the nations of Slavonian race, and such as are in immediate contact with them, like the Bulgarians.

Wull the Slowan at Harbottle.

MANY are the queer stories that used to be current some fifty or sixty years ago, of the roysterous ongoings at 'old-fashioned festivities, where the farmers congregated in friendly groups to pass away agreeably some vacant hours over their ale or their whisky. And several of these stories can still be recovered. The late Mr. Robert White, who was a genuine Borderer, had picked up not a few of them, which he used to relate at his own table with the most pawky humour; and he fortunately contributed one or two to his friend Richardson's invaluable "Local Historian's Table Book."

One of these relates to a Jeddart man, named William Turnbull, better known by the appellation of "Wull the Slowan," that is, the sleuth-hound, or blood-hound, an animal remarkable for its voracity. He was well-known on both sides of the Cheviot Hills to have as keen a scent as a piper's bitch for all sorts of "ploys," where good eating and drinking were to be had. He was a frequent visitor to the English side, Glendale, Coquetdale, and Redesdale, and nothing delighted him more than to make one at a Michaelmas or Christmas supper party, especially one at which, as was then a general custom, the sony good woman of the house's year's stock of stubble geese were to be played for by card-playing—either "catch-the-ten," "beggar-my-neighbour," or some other familiar game.

Wull's account of his achievements at one of these

"geese plays" will be best told in his own words, as set down by a friend of Mr. White's, who happened to ask him if he intended to go to Coquetdale again to make merry with his friends. His reply was as follows:—

O aye, ye may swear that—ye may swear that. Jacky Robson, o' Barrow, Raff Bolam, o' Clennel, an' Kit Cowson o' Werten, wad be awfully disappointed if aw didna visit them at least yince a-year. O man! what a time we had o't last year at Christmas, and what through-gangins! We garrd the week last for ten days, an' there was a guse-play every nicht, an' losh me, inan, sic feastin'! It was juist roast an' boiled for ever, an' dumplins an' puddens and pasties without number, and then sic lashins o' drink! O man, O man! But the best sport o' a' was at Harbottle, at auld Jacky Common's. It was on a Friday's nicht: there were feyftteen geese to play for, and the players sat doon exactly at six o'clock, an' juist as the clock warned for twal, the hinmost gemm was concludit. Jacky Robson had gotten twae geese, Kit Cowson three; neither Raff Bolam nor me had gotten ony. Nae less than eicht out o' the feyftteen was won by a little croose chantin' chieldie o' the name o' Tam Fenwick. Says auld Jacky Common, the landlord, "Now lads," says he, "as ye're through wiv the geese, an' as it's nit yet, what wad ye think iv a play for a Scots haggis." "The varra thing, Jacky," cried the hail company wiv a shout; "dy, man, put the haggis on the board." "Here's for ye, then, my hearties," cried Jacky, and doon he sets a gay an' sizeable gudely haggis, juist new ta'en out o' the pot, the clear beads o' fat sweatin' oot on't an stannin' ower't like draps o' mornin' dew. A single look o't was enouch to make a hungry heart rejoice. Weel, the cards war dealt, the play began, an' it wasna lang till the nashgab of a creter, Tam Fenwick, wins the haggis. "Hurray, lads," cries he, "I'm lucky! Bring spunes, Jacky, it's a haggis 'ill ser the hail company!" "Ser the hail company!" said I, "if it do, the company winna be ill to ser. I've seen a hungry man that wad ha lent it a gude lift hissel." "Weens, Scotsman," cries Tam, "if thou'll eat the haggis theesell, there where thou sits, an' have dune in an hour's time, I'll give thee't, aye, an' a' my winnins the nicht into the bargain." "Haud out yer hand, freend," said I, "Aw take the company to witness." Sae he held out his hand, an' the thing was choppit off. "Now, cut up the haggis, Jacky," said I, "an' bring me a horn spune—name o' yer pewter dirt,—an' aw call upon the company to see fair play." "Jethert yet," shouted the company, "ye shall have fair play, Scot-man, for the sake o' your noble stomach." "Weel, aw fa's to the haggis like a day's wark—it was a primegudeane, baith fat an' weel seasoned,—an', my certy, aw made few banes o't. When aw was within half a score o' spunefu's o' bein dune, aw cries out to Jacky Common to fetch a quairt o' yill, that aw nicht synd my throat. "Nit a drop," cries the mean creter, Tam Fenwick, "nit a drop! it's not i' the bargain." "If it binna i' the bargain," says I, "that's juist the reason ye canna hinder me to hae it,—aw refer to the company." "Jethert yet!" shouted the company again. "Nothing but fair play! Jacky, bring the quairt,—a gallon if he'll drink it." Sae the quairt was browt, an' nae sinner had aw gotten a waucht o' the yill than, my truly, aw wasna lang in clawing off what remained o' the haggis. "Now, frind," says I, juist as aw swallowed owre the last mouthfu' o' the bag, "ye'll be sae gude as table the echt geese." "Aye, table the geese, Tam," cried the company all at oncs; "everything's been dune fairly, an' the honest man shall have his bargain." "Here they ir, then," cries Tam, layin' the haill echt delightfu' craeters on the table—"here they ir; aw fancy aw needna wish ye a stomach to eat them." "Na," says I, "ye may save yersall that trouble, freend. I'll excuse ye for that pairt o't. If ye had had the mense to offer me the quairt o' yill when ye saw me in need o't, aw wad aibins, ready-lee, maybe hae gien ye a guse back agyen; but as ye behaved sae shabbily, ye need expect naething if ye were gaspin'; ye maunna think to put tricks upon travellers, especially upon a man like me." "Jethert for ever!—Dy, nowt can gang wi' Jethert," shouted the company

aggen ; an' the craetur, Tam, finding what a customer he'd gotten, hadna another word to say, but sneakit off like a tyke wi a shangy on his tail. Sae aw cam away conqueror, wi hail echt geese, an' gude anes they war. Aw wan other five by play, three at Rodbury, ane at Thropton, an' ane at Snitter—by that means aw had nae less than thirteen geese when aw cam hyem to Jethart. O man! what a shot it was! Aw canna expect, though, to play sic a yin ilka year.

Many similar stories of Wull the Slowan's gastronomic abilities were at one time, and perhaps still are, to be picked up in the neighbourhoods where he exhibited them. But the above must suffice. Only the phrase "A haggis an' a horn spune" is worth quoting here, in conclusion, as perhaps it may have originated with Wull Turnbull at the Harbottle symposium.

Honister Crag and Crummock Water.

HONISTER CRAG is considered one of the sights of the English Lake District. Lying, as it does, a considerable distance from a railway station, local enterprise has come to the rescue, and a coach runs every day during the tourist season from Keswick, down Borrowdale, and over the Honister Pass (1,190 feet high), passing Honister Crag, Buttermere, and Crummock Water, and returning by the Vale of Newlands. To descant upon the charms of that remarkable coach-drive would be out of place here; but it may be remarked that for beauty and variety of scenery it is perhaps unequalled throughout England.

Honister Crag rises to a height of about 1,500 feet. Its face is cut into tiers and chambers of slate quarries. The slates, which are of excellent quality, are brought down steep tracks on sledges. On the arrival of the coach at a certain point, a signal is generally given by the driver, and a quarryman puts off with his load of slates, sliding with great rapidity down the almost perpendicular face of the crag.

Buttermere, which is seen gleaming in the distance from Honister Pass, is a charming lake, one mile and a quarter long, 93 feet deep, and 331 feet above the sea level. It is surrounded by lofty mountains; but the most prominent object observed from its margin is Honister Crag, which seems to rise sheer out of the water at the head of the lake. The village of Buttermere consists of a few scattered houses and a

couple of inns—the Fish and the Victoria. The former will be for ever associated with the story of the "Beauty of Buttermere." Mary Robinson, the pretty daughter of the landlord of the Fish, was wooed and won by an adventurer named Hatfield, who had assumed the name of Hope, and pretended to be a brother of the Earl of Hopetoun. The parties were married at Lorton, near Cocker-mouth, on October 2, 1802. Hatfield, however, was soon afterwards arrested for forgery and other offences. Tried and found guilty, he was executed at Carlisle in the following year. Concerning the adventurer, Mr. Hall Caine and Mr. E. Thwaites contributed interesting particulars to the first volume of the *Monthly Chronicle*, pp. 110, 187.

Crummock Water is situated about a mile from the foot of Buttermere. It is three miles long, about three-quarters of a mile broad, 132 feet deep, and 321 feet above the level of the sea. The views from the bosom of the lake are magnificent. A streamlet entering the west side of it about half-a-mile from the head indicates the vicinity of Scale Force, one of the finest falls in the district. The water descends with a clear leap of 156 feet between perpendicular rocks, and the surroundings of shrubs and trees add not a little to the beauty of the scene.



HONISTER CRAG, CUMBERLAND.

Our engravings of Honister Pass and Crummock Water are reproduced from photographs by Mr. Alfred Pettitt, the Art Gallery, Keswick.

"Johnny Newcome in the Raby."

JOHAN MITFORD, commonly known as "Drunken Jack Mitford" (see *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. i., p. 153), was the author of a nautical rhyming novel, to some extent autobiographical, called "The Adventures of Johnny Newcome in the Navy."

The book was published in 1819, and its author terms it in the title page "A Poem in Four Cantos." It is, however, sad doggerel. Facing the title is a gaudily-coloured engraving by Williams, an artist who busied himself at the beginning of the present century with broadsheet illustrations, though some of his figures show him to have been capable of better things, had his talent been carefully cultivated. The illustration in question (and there are many others in the book) is a view of "the cockpit" of the Victory. When we have

carefully noted the central personage, Newcome, who has just arrived on board, and the group of noisy Bacchanals who, glasses in hand, are welcoming him, we pass on to the somewhat precise dedication "To the Captains, Lieutenants, Warrant-Officers, and Non-Commissioned Officers of the British Navy." The book is dated from "Mitford Castle, Northumberland, November 20, 1818," at which very time the unfortunate Jack was probably starving in Bayswater Fields. Over the page we arrive at the preface (which Mitford declares to be as necessary to a book as a rudder to a ship, although that is a matter of opinion), and there is such an honest ring about it that we are inclined to pity the writer for his many weaknesses rather than reproach him with them. In the following passage the reader instinctively knows that the author is talking about himself:—"Johnny Newcome, the hero of the poem, has not any glaring virtues to boast of, nor any great vices of which to be ashamed. It was indifferent to him whether he fought, prayed, or made love: as occasion offered all were welcome. He envied no man's happiness; he never permanently consulted his own; but drank, danced, and sang through the world without care or reflection." In another part of his introduction Mitford says:—"During a servitude of many years in the British



CRUMMOCK WATER, CUMBERLAND.

Navy, when its deeds were most brilliant, and its stories not shorn of a single beam, the author had facilities of acquiring material (which he stored in his mind) amply sufficient for a work of this nature, the object of which will be best seen in the perusal." The perusal of the book is not altogether profitable, for in some places the ideas are lewd and objectionable, though, perhaps, not more so than some to be found in recognised English classics. In self-extenuation, Mitford says: "I have given my hero the feelings of a man, and not those of Sir Charles Grandison; it is *real life* I wish to depict, and Johnny Newcome is a faithful portrait of *real manners* in the navy." This declaration and various other hints in the book seem to show us that the author wished to be considered a disciple, however humble, of Henry Fielding.

Mitford Hall appears in the narrative under the name of Bertram Castle, whose towers rise—

Dim seen through lanes of lofty trees
Which scatter coal-dust on the breeze.

Evidently referring to his father (to whom he gives a title), and to the house of his birth, he goes on:—

Within that mansion's antique wall
A Northern baron kept his hall—
A hall with many a trophy hung
Of heroes from whose loins he sprung,
For he could trace the rolls of fame
Beyond the conquering William's name;
And by the sword, which oft had dyed
The Holy Land with crimson tide,
And by the martyr's coat of mail
Now dangled the grey fox's tail;
And where the warrior's horn was slung
A ribbon green the whistle hung,
With which the Lord of Bertram Hall
Forth issued at the grey cock's call,
And prized the chase of fox as high
As his forefather's eagle eye
The steps of infidels had scanned
O'er Palestine's devoted land.

Then we are told how Johnny Newcome was born, and how, after undergoing a course of tuition at the hands of "Dr. Parr," he went aboard the *Victory* with "Captain Spring" to "fight for England and his king."

Allusion is made in the couplet above-quoted to the scattering of "coal dust on the breeze." In a note to these lines Mitford makes remarks which can only be attributed to unreasoning aversion for the county of his birth. "The trees and shrubs in the vicinity of Newcastle-upon-Tyne," says he "are black with coal-dust; it becomes glued to the leaves, and defies the power of the wind to disengage it. 'Tis a vulgar saying in the North that 'Children thrive best in dirt.' The adage is true here as applied to sailors—they pride themselves so highly on their tactics, as to suffer it to supersede every other decent pride. They are all (or nearly) filthy in person, and rude in manners. On board of a man-of-war they are the most troublesome inmates, requiring a 'tight hand' over them." Notwithstanding all this, Mitford writes elsewhere:—"We have given our hero birth in Northumbria, from the fact of its

being our greatest nursery for seamen, and which has produced more Johnny Newcomes than any other county in England." Mitford, perhaps, had private reasons for detesting the locality in which he was born. Indeed, it is known that he was held in no particular esteem by his own friends, who were ashamed of his habits. Hence the disparaging allusions to his family and his native district were no doubt dictated by spite.

Notes and Commentaries.

WESTGATE STREET, NEWCASTLE.

The drawing which appeared on page 453 of the *Monthly Chronicle* for October shows Westgate Street as it appeared about half a century ago. To the right is seen a range of fine buildings, many of which are still standing, though somewhat altered in appearance. In the extreme distance may be observed part of the Literary and Philosophical Institution, the old Castle, and the lantern tower of St. Nicholas. Then in the middle distance may be seen the tower of St. John's Church. The long wall to the left commenced at some old red-tiled houses, the site of which is now occupied by the Union Club and the *Chronicle* Office, and extended almost to the Assembly Rooms. At the second lamp from these houses there was a break in the wall. This was the commencement of St. John's Lane, afterwards merged into Grainger Street. A short distance from this lamp there once stood the Vicar's Pump. It is faintly indicated in the drawing. Between the two lamps another opening in the wall is shown; this was the private entrance to the old Vicarage; the trees and shrubs seen above the wall being part of the garden. It is needless to state that the garden, trees, shrubs, and the vicarage itself have all been removed, and the site is now occupied by the Savings Bank, the County Court, and other buildings. It may be of interest to refer to some of the persons who lived in the range of buildings to the right of the picture in times gone by. A century ago the following persons lived in houses below Cross House, but we cannot identify the exact residence:—Alderman Sir Matthew White Ridley, Councillors Richard Bell, Shaftoe Coulter, William Bacon, Thomas Harbottle, and Richard Chambers; also Christopher Fawcett, recorder, and Francis Humble, coroner. At a later period it would appear that the house in the immediate foreground was occupied by Mr. Bolam, land agent. The large house with the hand-rails near the door was the residence of Miss Peters. Part of this house has lately been transformed into Messrs. Walker and Son's ironmongery store. The late William Wharton Burdon occupied the four-storied house next to that of Miss Peters. The fourth house was known as St. John's Vicarage. It is now part of the handsome block known as the Burdon Buildings. When Grainger Street was made, some of

the buildings further along the street were taken down. In the houses situate between the present Grainger Street and the Express Inn, Cooper Abbs, solicitor; Jos. Fryer, solicitor; Mr. Kent, solicitor; Mrs. Porteous, tailor and draper; and Mr. Newbiggin carried on business.

ATTIOUS, Newcastle.

A SUNDERLAND EPITAPH.

While on a visit to the resting-place of Jack Crawford in Sunderland Parish Churchyard, I came across the following curious inscription on a stone at the south side of the burial-ground:—

In Memory of William Thompson, who died March 5, 1830, aged 26 years.

This monument here marks the spot
Where William Thompson lies,
Who fell to instantaneous death
A blooming Sacrifice.

He in duty, as a Butcher, on
The "cratch" a Victim laid;
When duly slain, in heedless haste,
He sheath'd the sharpen'd blade.

The sheath contained a hole, through which
Its erring point did bound,
Pierc'd deep the Pope's eye of his thigh,
And gave a fatal wound.

Down ran the purple tide of gore
In one continued course;
Physicians tried their skill in vain
To stop its rapid force.

He felt his strength, his sight, his speech,
Fast ebbing with his breath,
And on the lap of rosey health
Sank in the sleep of death.

A butcher's knife, steel, and sheath, are sculptured on the top of the gravestone. T. K., Newcastle.

THE NEWCASTLE PILLORY IN 1758.

It would appear from the paragraph I quote below, extracted from a newspaper now 130 years old, that a pillory existed in Newcastle at that date:—"Newcastle, Jan. 21 (1758)—Wednesday (18th), the Quarter Sessions was held at the Guildhall, when Susannah Fleming was indicted for undertaking to tell fortunes, convicted, and ordered to be imprisoned for one year, and to stand in the pillory once in every quarter of the said year openly, upon the market day, for one hour."

J. S. Y., Hull.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

A SAMPLE OF TYNESIDE DIALECT.

A Tyneside keelman, going up to a number of his "mates" who were conversing together on the Quayside, and asking whether any of them had any tobacco in their pockets, said, "Hes onny on ye onny on ye!"

DAYS OF THE WEEK.

A young man in the service of the North-Eastern Railway went into a cabin one day, and, looking about, he saw a hand-bill announcing an excursion to Brancepeth Park. Turning to his mates, he exclaimed, "Monday, July 19. Blow, that's a week come Friday!"

THE ELEPHANT AND THE KEEKER.

Many years ago, when the keeker system was in operation at the Northumbeland collieries, an incident occurred at Netherton which showed how unpopular a personage the keeker was. It was that officer's duty to lay out the tubs of coal that were supposed to be either short of weight or to contain too much stone; but in the present case he had other duties assigned to him occasionally. It happened that the house formerly occupied by the keeker stood on the high road between Blyth and Morpeth. One morning, when the then occupier, one Andrew Short, was getting up for the purpose of entering the pit with the foreshift, he heard an unusual noise at the door. At that time there was a travelling menagerie, belonging to one Van Blunt, or Van Brunt, which used, after exhibiting at Blyth or Morpeth one day, to march off for the neighbouring town during the night. On the occasion to which we allude, an elephant which formed part of the cavalcade had got hold of a pig's kit in front of the keeker's old house. And this kit he was knocking against the door, causing the unusual noise to which we have referred. "Whe's there? Whaat's it aall aboot?" shouted Andrew, who was dressing himself. "Whaat are ye disturbing aall the foaks in that manner for?" Receiving no response to these questions, Andrew opened the door. The enormous animal so frightened him that he mistook it for a visitor from the lower world. "Aa beg yor pardon, sor," said he. "The keeker dissent live here noo. He's gyen tiv another hoose." When, shortly after this occurrence, the men had assembled at bank, it was asked by some of them what had become of the keeker, he being at the moment absent on other duties. "Oo," cried Andrew, "aa knaa whor he is nicely. Aad Nick was seekin' him at wor hoose this mornin'!"

MACCABONI.

A pitman was telling his "marra" about his visit to the Italian Exhibition in London. "Wey, man," he said, "aa went into a plyce whor aa could get nowt to eat but boiled pipe-stopples, so aa cam out!"

RAILWAY TRAINS.

Scene: A station not a hundred miles from Backworth. Train just arrived from Newcastle, depositing on the platform a swell commercial traveller from London. Commercial Traveller: "Haw! haw! stationmaster, how do the trains run to Tynemouth?" Stationmaster: "Engine forst, sor!"

A GOOD GUESSER.

Some time ago a pitman started work at Annfield Plain. As he was rather hard up for shirts, hoggors, etc., his landlord introduced him to a tradesman in the village, who supplied him with all needful articles until pay Saturday. But when pay after pay went by without a settlement being effected, the tradesman decided to way-lay his ungrateful debtor on the next pay Saturday. At the expected time the delinquent was seen striding past the shop, keeping carefully in the middle of the road,

when his creditor, shouted to him :—"As say, Geordy thoo's not gan te caall an' pay me for them bits o' things." But this reminder produced no other effect than to increase Geordy's speed, and cause him to shout back banteringly :—"By gum, lad! whaat a bonny good guessor thoo is!"

North-Country Obituaries.

Mr. William Anderson, who for more than a quarter of a century was chief engineer to the Marquis of Londonderry's collieries at Rainton, died on the 17th of September.

On the 29th of September, the death was announced, as having occurred at Woodside, Cumberland, of Mr. W. S. Losh, youngest son of the late Mr. James Losh, Recorder of Newcastle. The deceased gentleman, who was born at Jesmond in 1809, studied chemistry at Paris, and was for some time associated with the chemical and other undertakings of the family.

On the 30th of September, Mr. Richard Bell, who for a considerable number of years carried on business as a corn and flour merchant, in the Bigg Market, Newcastle, died suddenly at his residence, Threaplans House, Elmfield Road, Gosforth.

On the 1st of October, Mr. William McKenzie, of the Black Bull Inn, High Bridge, died at his residence in Osborne Road, Newcastle. The deceased, whose father had taken part as a soldier in the battle of Waterloo, was a native of Blyth, and was in the 55th year of his age.

On the same day, the death occurred, at his residence, North Road, Durham, of Mr. Thomas Thwaites, who for many years carried on an extensive engineering business in that city. He was 77 years of age.

The remains of Mr. William Kennedy, tyler of the Freemasons' Hall in Maple Street, Newcastle, were interred on the 5th of October, his death having taken place two or three days previously.

Mr. David W. Chalmers, who only about a month previously had left the Newcastle Public Library to assume the charge of a newly opened library in the South of London, died from the effects of suffocation by gas in his bath, on the 7th of October. The deceased, who was but 21 years of age, was a native of Felling, and had given promise of a bright and successful career. Mr. Chalmers possessed considerable literary tastes, and was a frequent contributor to the "Notes and Queries" columns of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*.

On the 8th of October, Mr. R. S. Douglas, landed proprietor, of Acton Hall, near Felton, was accidentally killed by a fall from his horse, a short distance from Newton-on-the-Moor. He was 49 years of age.

On the same day, at the age of 64, died Dr. Robert Davis, of Wrekenton House, Gateshead. The deceased gentleman was district surgeon to the Gateshead Dispensary, and medical officer for the south district of the Gateshead Union.

The death was announced, on the 10th of October, of Mr. C. Richards, who was long associated with the chemical trade of the Tyne, and who represented the Wallsend Chemical Company.

On the 11th of October, Mr. John Fowler, who had been chief engineer to the Tees Conservancy Commis-

sioners almost from the establishment of that body in 1852, and who had designed and carried out works connected with that river to the extent of at least a million sterling, died at Preston-on-Tees, aged 65.

On the same day Lady James Murray, widow of Lord James Murray, of Otterburn Hall, Northumberland, died at her residence in Clarence Crescent, Windsor, aged 63 years.

There also died on the 11th of October, at Clemen-thorpe, Preston, near North Shields, Mr. John Richardson Procter, one of the Tyne Improvement Commissioners, and a member of an old and respected family connected with the Society of Friends. The deceased, who was in his 76th year, had been identified over a long and useful life with almost every movement, whether political, social, or religious, in the borough of Tyne-mouth.

Mrs. Elizabeth Dunford, wife of Mr. Errington Dunford, ironmonger, Mosley Street, Newcastle, and treasurer of the Newcastle and Gateshead Women's Liberal Association, died, after a comparatively short illness, on the 12th of October, at the age of 37 years.

At the age of 81 years, Mr. J. B. Chapman, of Percy House, Durham, and one of the borough magistrates, died in that city on the 13th of October.

Mr. Charles Dawson, painter, of Claypath, Durham, and one of the oldest tradesmen in that city, died on the 14th of October, aged about 64 years.

On the same day, Mr. William Coates, insurance agent, and for a long period a leading member of the Park Road Wesleyan Chapel, Newcastle, died at Ryton, in the 60th year of his age.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

SEPTEMBER.

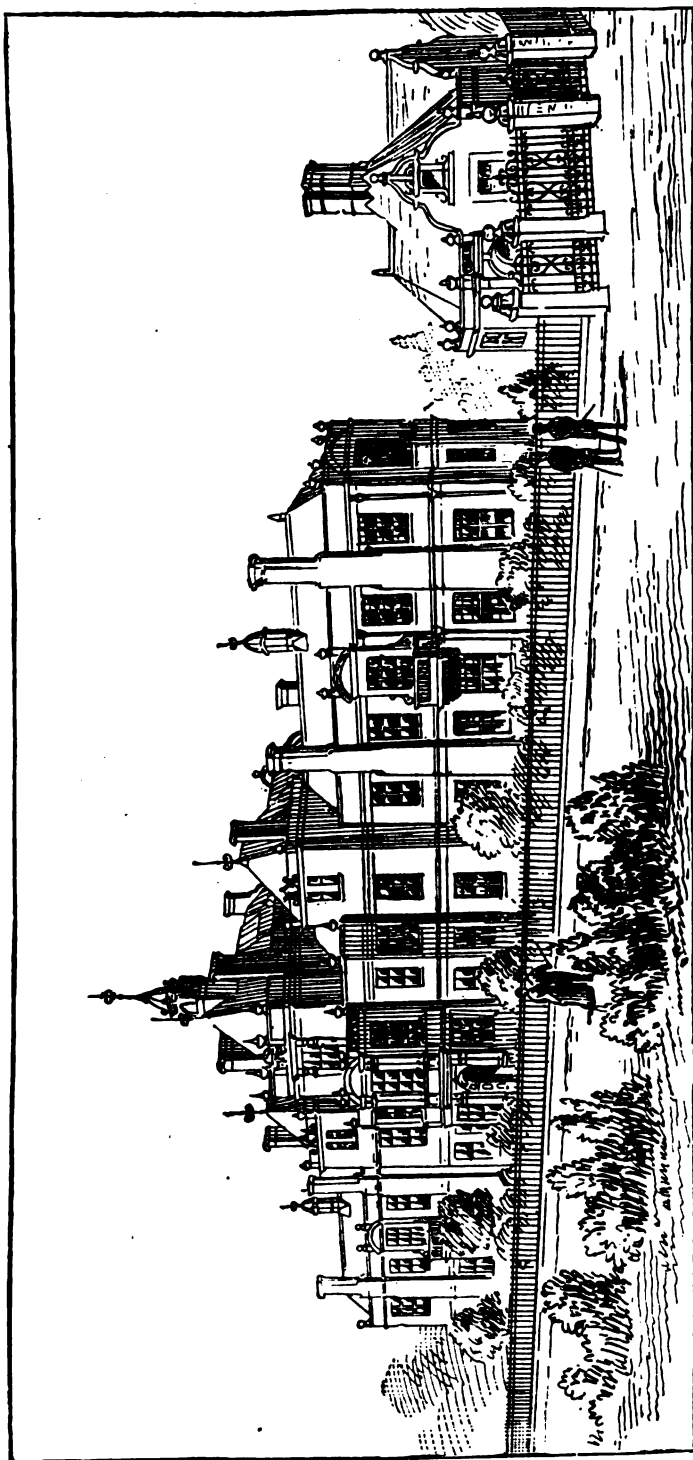
15.—A man named Patrick Fox, of Castle Eden Colliery, while wrestling in his own house with his brother-in-law, Lawrence M'Hugh, fell and received such injuries that he died shortly afterwards. No blame was attached to M'Hugh, who acted in self-defence.

16.—The Right Rev. Dr. Wilkinson, the new Bishop-Auxiliary of the Roman Catholic diocese of Hexham and Newcastle, was presented with an illuminated address by the clergy and people of the parish of St. Andrew's, Newcastle.

17.—In connection with the suspicious death of Captain Harrod, at Sunderland (page 480), Margaret Johnson and Mary Ann Augusta were sent to gaol for three months for robbery, a man named Michael Mullaney, who had also been arrested, being discharged.

—A workman named James Paterson, 27 years of age, was literally cremated by being accidentally precipitated into a flue at the Auckland Park Coke Ovens; his body, when extricated, being nothing but a charred skeleton, minus the feet.

18.—Mr. C. M. Chapman, barrister, held an inquiry at Durham, into the market rights of the city. On the following day he paid a similar visit to Sunderland. On the 27th he visited Darlington.



FLEMING MEMORIAL HOSPITAL-NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

18.—At a meeting held at the Newcastle Infirmary, a committee was formed to obtain subscriptions for a memorial, in the form of a medical scholarship, to the late Dr. Luke Armstrong.

—The thirteenth annual conference of the North of England Temperance League was held at Bishop Auckland, under the chairmanship of Mr. J. J. Woods.

19.—The steamer Golconda, built by Messrs. Doxford, Pallion, and the largest vessel ever produced in the district, left the South Dock, Sunderland, for the Tyne.

21.—The Hon. W. H. James, M.P., addressed his constituents at Gateshead, and received a vote of confidence.

—As the result of some correspondence which had appeared in the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, it was resolved to form a society of draughtsmen, representing the shipbuilding, marine engineering, and general engineering trades of the Tyne, Wear, and district.

—At the annual meeting of the Newcastle Hospital Sunday Fund, it was officially reported that the collections for 1887 amounted to £3,744 17s. 8d., as compared with £4,044 11s. 1d. in 1886, being a falling-off of £299 13s. 5d. The financial statement showed a balance of £545 12s. 2d. in the treasurer's hands.

—A shark, measuring twelve feet in length and weighing upwards of a ton, which had been captured a few miles off the Tyne, was landed at the Corporation Quay, North Shields.

—The steamship Haswell, of Sunderland, was sunk by collision with the steamer Vindomora, of London, off Whitby, all hands being saved.

—A little boy and girl, aged four and two years respectively, the children of a miner named Blackmore, at Ashington, in the county of Northumberland, were burnt to death by the accidental upsetting of a lighted paraffin lamp.

22.—During a dense fog, the steamer Busy Bee, belonging to the Tyne Steam Shipping Company, ran into the

landing-stage at Felling, breaking the mooring chain, and carrying away all the rails with her stern, but she was afterwards able to proceed on her voyage.

—Jane Beetmoor, or Savage, a young woman, 27 years of age, was brutally murdered at Birtley Fell, near Gateshead. On the following morning, a miner named John Fish, going to work, found the body, in a horribly mutilated condition, at the bottom of a railway embankment, at a point three-quarters of a mile, or thereabouts, distant from Whitehouse, near Northside, where the deceased lived with her parents, Joseph Savage being the name of her step-father. Shortly after the discovery, the police issued an official description of one William Waddle, a labourer, 22 years of age, whom they suspected as being guilty of the murder, who was known to have been keeping company with the woman, and who had been missing since the night of the outrage. The frightful nature of the wounds was supposed to bear such a resemblance to those inflicted in a series of mysterious murders recently perpetrated in Whitechapel, London, that Dr. Phillips and Inspector Root, of Scotland Yard, who had been officially engaged in their investigation, made a journey to Birtley Fell to view the body of Beetmoor. Waddle was captured at Yetholm, the well-known rendezvous of the gipsies, on the 1st of October.

25.—At the North-Eastern Steelworks, Middlesbrough, a young man named James Mullen, 17 years of age, fell into a mass of red-hot slag, and was literally roasted to death.

26.—The handsome new Hospital for Sick Children, erected on the Moor Edge, Newcastle, by Mr. John Fleming, solicitor, at a cost of £23,000, in memory of his wife, who died in March, 1882, was formally opened by Lord Armstrong. The building, which was personally handed over by Mr. Fleming to the trustees, provided accommodation for upwards of sixty patients, the old and inadequate hospital in Hanover Square having contained only twenty-four beds. (See page 525.)

—A cricket match of a novel character was played on the Constabulary Ground at Jesmond, Newcastle. The teams were one of ladies who played with bats in the usual way, and one of gentlemen who used their left hands only, and batted with broomsticks. The ladies played remarkably well, and were only defeated in the first innings by a few runs.

27.—Another meeting of the Tyne Defence Committee was held in the Council Chamber, Town Hall, Newcastle, the chair being occupied by the Duke of Northumberland.

28.—Presiding at the annual meeting of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., at Elswick, Newcastle, Lord Armstrong pointed out the value of swift cruisers and quick-firing guns for the purposes either of attack or defence. The directors' report, recommending the declaration of a dividend of 11 per cent., was adopted.

—The Hospital for Infectious Diseases, situated at Walker, and erected by the Corporation of Newcastle, at a cost of nearly £20,000, was opened by the Mayor, Mr. W. D. Stephens.

29.—A Primrose League gathering was held under the auspices of the Hartburn Habitation, at Meldon Park, near Morpeth, the principal speaker being Sir Matthew White Ridley, M.P.

—The corner-stone of the Hartlepool Hospital Extension was laid by the Rev. John Burdon, of Castle Eden, president of the institution.

OCTOBER.

1.—The administrative or central block of the Children's Hospital, situate in Durham Road, Gateshead, was formally opened. When completed there will be five blocks of buildings. The edifice is of red brick with stone dressings, and adorned with half-timbered gables, and veranda in front. The administrative block (shown in our sketch) can be utilised for the accommodation of



20 children, and when the other portions are completed there will be room for about 120 extra children. On the completion of the whole of the hospital, the administrative block will be occupied by the medical officer and other officials. The site chosen commands one of the finest views in the district. The institution, so far as completed, was opened for the admission of patients on the 16th.

—A ten days' mission was commenced in connection with the Presbyterian churches of Newcastle, Gateshead, Gosforth, and Heaton. The proceedings were brought to a close by a thanksgiving service in Trinity Presbyterian Church, Newcastle, on the evening of the 10th.

2.—A verdict of manslaughter was returned by a coroner's jury in Newcastle against the parents of a girl named Minnie Dove, 14 years of age, who had died from the effects of blood-poisoning and alleged neglect. The magistrates also committed the man and woman for trial, but admitted them to bail.

3.—Mr. F. C. Marshall presided at the annual meeting of the North-East Coast Institution of Engineers and Shipbuilders in Newcastle.

—The coalowners of Northumberland declined to concede an advance of wages to the banksmen and onsets employed about the pits.

4.—The remains of Thomas Wigfield, who carried on business as a commission agent in Cloth Market Buildings, Newcastle, and who was an active member of the Wesleyan body, were found, in a frightfully mutilated condition, on the line of the North-Eastern Railway between Heaton and Benton. A coroner's jury returned a verdict to the effect that deceased had committed suicide while in a state of temporary insanity.

—The provincial meeting of the British and Foreign

Unitarian Association was held in the Church of the Divine Unity, Newcastle.

6.—Mr. T. Everatt, librarian of the Edward Pease Public Library at Darlington, wrote to the editor of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* that the Rev. Scott Surtees, of Dinsdale, had presented to that institution the original portrait of Emerson, the mathematician, which is copied on page 32 of the present volume of the *Monthly Chronicle*.

—It was announced in the *Weekly Chronicle* that, as the first practical result of the operations of the Newcastle Tree Culture and Protection Society, specimens of rhododendrons and other shrubs, the gift of Messrs. Joseph Robson, of Hexham, had been arranged within the railings of the Stephenson Monument in Westgate Road.

—Mr. David Dale was presented with a handsome illuminated address in recognition of his valuable services in connection with the Board of Arbitration for the North of England manufactured iron trade.

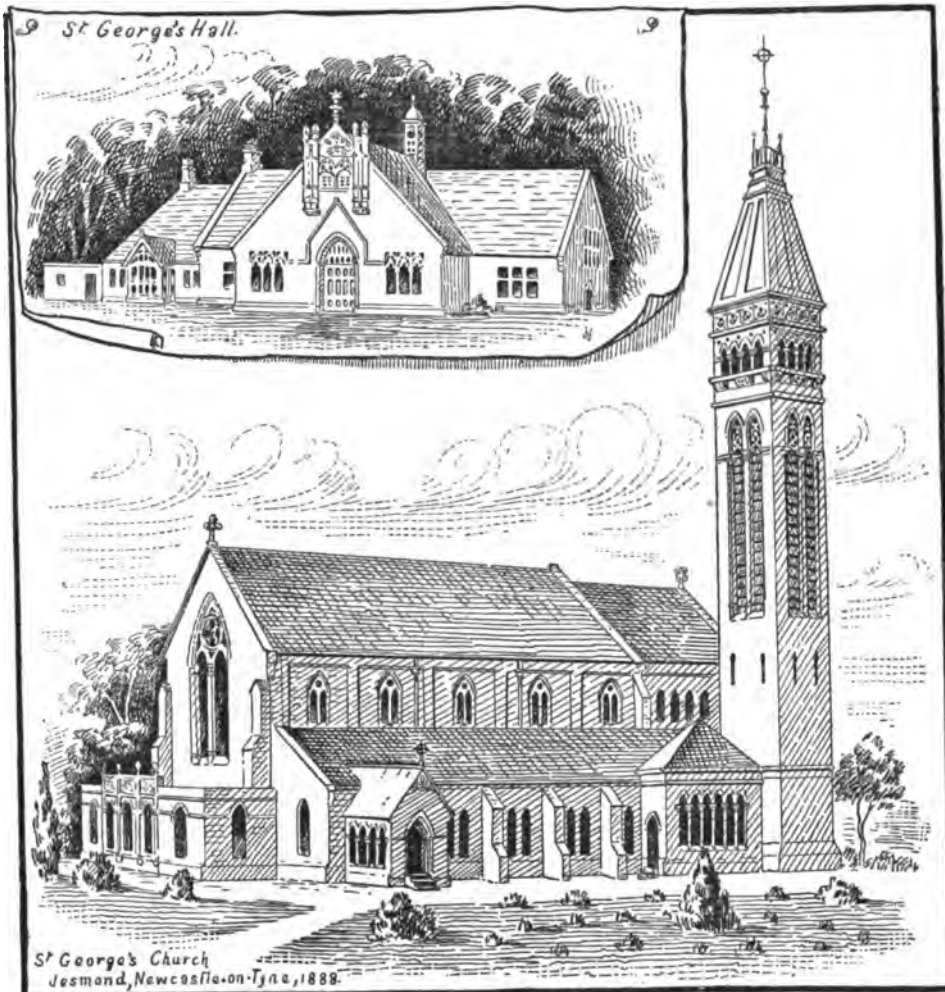
—A determined attempt was alleged to have been made by a man named Benjamin Dunnell to murder Margaret Cooper, a woman with whom he had formerly lived, in Back Marlborough Street, Newcastle.

—In the quarterly certificate, the price given in the Cleveland iron trade for the three months ending September 30, was 32s. 3⁷/₃₂d., as compared with 32s. 1¹/₄d.

8.—Lady Ravensworth laid the foundation-stone of a fifth block of buildings in connection with the Northumberland Village Homes at Whitley.

—Among the gentlemen admitted as Freemen of Newcastle was the Right Rev. Dr. Wilkinson, Bishop-Auxiliary of the Roman Catholic diocese of Hexham and Newcastle, who claimed in succession to his father, formerly Recorder of Newcastle.

—Mr. H. N. Sullivan, managing director of the Phoenix Company, Limited, wrote, confirming a report of the return of the steamer Labrador without the object of her voyage being accomplished. (See page 429.) Captain Wiggins, of Sunderland, the commander of the



expedition, found ice in the Jugor Straits; and as it was the 27th of September, and winter gales were setting in, he deemed it imprudent to proceed to the mouth of the Yenesei. The theory, however, of the Kara Sea being navigable, even in the worst season, had been a sixth time demonstrated by him.

9.—It was announced that it had been decided at the War Office that the officer in charge of the Royal Artillery along the Northumbrian Coast should be furnished with maps of the coast and country around the principal fortifications, on a scale of at least one inch to the mile, the map to be retained in his possession and regarded as strictly confidential.

10.—Professor Philipson delivered his introductory lecture on the principles and practice of medicine in the large lecture theatre at the new College of Medicine in Bath Road, Newcastle.

—A gentleman named John Firth, about 50 years of age, committed suicide by taking laudanum at Sunderland, owing to the death of his landlady, and the consequent removal of her little grand-daughter, to whom he was much attached.

12.—The opening meeting of the session of the Tyne-side Geographical Society was held in the society's new rooms, Collingwood Street, Newcastle.

14.—A fire broke out at the Wholesale Co-operative Stores, Waterloo Street, Newcastle, but, owing to the prompt and satisfactory action of an automatic alarm, the fire engine was quickly upon the spot, and the conflagration was suppressed before much damage was done.

15.—A conference and public meeting, in connection with the fourteenth anniversary of the Newcastle Diocesan Branch of the Church of England Temperance Society, were held in Newcastle, the Bishop of the diocese presiding on both occasions. At the conference, Dr. William Murray read a paper on "The Use and Abuse of Alcohol."

16.—The handsome new church in Osborne Road, West Jesmond, Newcastle, dedicated to St. George, and built at the sole expense of Mr. Charles Mitchell, of Jesmond Towers, and of the firm of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., was consecrated and opened by the Bishop of Newcastle. Sitting accommodation is provided for between 800 and 850 persons; and the Rev. S. E. Pennefather, formerly of the Clayton Memorial Church in Jesmond Road, was appointed vicar of the new parish. The architect was Mr. T. R. Spence, for some time a resident in Newcastle, and Mr. John Dodds was clerk of the works. Most of the work in the stained glass windows was designed and executed by Mr. J. W. Brown, also formerly of Newcastle. (See preceding page.)

General Occurrences.

SEPTEMBER.

17.—Sir James Hannen, Mr. Justice Day, and Mr. Justice Smith, the Judicial Commissioners appointed under the Members of Parliament (Charges and Allegations) Act, held their first preliminary sitting to hear applications and motions. After various matters had been arranged, the court adjourned until October 22nd.

18.—Mr. John Dillon, M.P., was released from Dundalk Gaol.

22.—News was received of the death of Mr. J. S. Jameson, at the Bangalas Station, on the Congo, Africa. He was second in command of Major Barttelot's expedition sent for the relief of Mr. H. M. Stanley.

23.—Marshal Bazaine died at Madrid of heart disease, aged 77.

—About this time portions of the private diary kept by the late Emperor Frederick of Germany were published, causing much sensation in political and court circles.

25.—An engagement took place between English troops and Thibetans in the Jelapla Pass, Sikhim, India. The latter were defeated, 400 men being killed and wounded. On the British side only 10 men were wounded.

30.—Two horrible murders were committed in London, both the victims being women. One woman was found in Berner Street with her throat cut; the other was found in Mitre Square, in the same condition, and also horribly mutilated. The circumstances indicated that the perpetrator was the same monster who had committed four other murders in London. A letter from a person styling himself "Jack the Ripper" was published in the newspapers. The writer stated that he was responsible for the crimes, and intended to continue his operations. The affair caused a great sensation throughout the United Kingdom, as no clue could be obtained to the murderer.

OCTOBER.

3.—The dismembered trunk of a woman was found in Westminster. It was supposed that the victim had been murdered, but there was not the slightest clue to the crime.

6.—News was received that, at the Central Canada Exhibition at Ottawa, a young man named Wensley, who had been assisting to hold down a balloon, failed to let go as it ascended, and was carried up a height of about 1,000 feet. His hold then relaxing, he fell to the ground and was dashed to pieces, almost every bone in his body being broken.

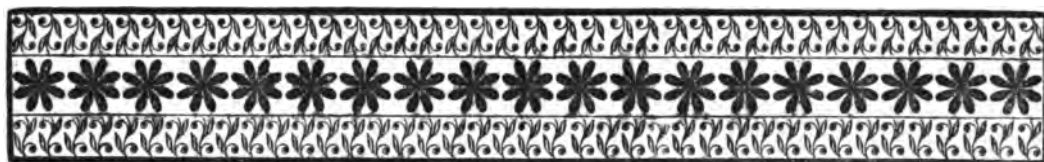
11.—A fearful accident occurred on the Lehigh Valley Railway, near Pennhaven, Pennsylvania, U.S. An excursion train was proceeding in two sections, when the latter section ran into the first. Sixty persons were killed and about forty injured.

12.—Mr. J. M. Levy, one of the principal proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*, died, after a long illness, at his residence, Ramsgate, in his 77th year.

14.—A statue of Shakspeare, erected in the Boulevard Haussmann, Paris, and presented to that city by Mr. William Knighton, was unveiled.

—A disastrous fire broke out in a block of seven-storey buildings, the property of Messrs. Wylie, Hall, and Co., of Buchanan Street, Glasgow, doing damage to the amount of £100,000.

15.—Sir Morell Mackenzie published a book, describing the illness of the Emperor Frederick of Germany, and defending himself against certain allegations made by the German doctors. No fewer than 130,000 copies of the work were seized and confiscated by the German police.



The Monthly Chronicle

OF

NORTH-COUNTRY•LORE•AND•LEGEND

VOL. II.—No. 22.

DECEMBER, 1888.

PRICE 6D.

The Thorngraston Find.

By J. Collingwood Bruce, LL.D.

PART SECOND.

It is necessary now to speak of the historical value of the Thorngraston Find.

An opinion has been entertained that the two main features of the Roman Barrier in the North of England—the stone wall and the earthen rampart to the south of it—are separate works, erected at different periods. According to this theory, Hadrian reared the vallum or earthen rampart about the year 120, and Severus built the stone wall about the year 208.

This view has been strongly combated. Stukeley long ago, from an examination of the works themselves, pronounced them to be the result of one design—that neither of them was complete without the other. The Rev. John Hodgson, in his History of Northumberland, established by a variety of arguments the correctness of this view, and showed that Hadrian was the author of the whole design, and Severus only the restorer of such parts as had suffered dilapidation through the lapse of time or the injuries of war. The present writer has also endeavoured to maintain the same opinion.

Amongst the arguments used by Hodgson and others, a very cogent one is supplied by the Thorngraston Find. An examination of the coins shows that they have been issued at different periods. Amongst them are several belonging to the times of the Republic. These, as being the oldest and longest in circulation, are much worn. Then we have an Imperial series, nearly complete from Claudius down to Hadrian. The fact is important that the series ends with Hadrian, and at an early period of

his reign. The coins of Trajan, the immediate predecessor of Hadrian, are very numerous. There are fourteen of Trajan's reign, and only four which bear the impress of Hadrian. Now, this is exactly the state of things that we would expect to find in the year 120, the year in which

Hadrian came to Britain, after having been only three years on the throne. The coins of Trajan are in excellent preservation; those of Hadrian are as fresh as when they first left the mint. The woodcuts represent them.

These facts enable us to turn round upon those who maintain that Severus built the wall and say:—Here is the quarry from which the wall in this part of its course was built*—when was it wrought? These coins give us an answer—in the reign of Hadrian—beyond the possi-



* The stone of the wall opposite and the stone of Barcombe are identical.

bility of a doubt. If Severus had built the wall, some of the coins of that emperor, and very many of those of the Antonines who succeeded Hadrian, would have had a place in the Thorngrafton Find.

The neatness as well as the comparative conclusiveness of this argument has rendered it a favourite topic with the advocates of the claims of Hadrian.

We now enter upon the last stage of our little history. Mr. Clayton, of Chesters, Northumberland, has, during a long and laborious professional career, made the study of Roman antiquities an amusement of his leisure hours. He has done more than any other man to develop and preserve what remains to us of that extraordinary monument of imperial greatness, the Roman Wall in the North of England. He is happily the owner of long tracts of the best preserved portions of it. The hill of Barcombe is on his estate; and the stations of Vindolana, Borcovicus, and Procolitia, in its immediate vicinity, belong to him. At his residence, Chesters, on the North Tyne, the Cilurnum of the Romans, are preserved a number of noble altars, graceful statues, and other antiquarian remains dug out of these stations and other portions of his property. So long as the Thorngrafton Find remained in the hands of a rustic of scanty means and peculiar temper, the risk was great that the coins would one day be dispersed, and their historical value be by this means destroyed. It was of the utmost importance that they should be placed in a position of security, and yet be accessible to all legitimate inquirers. Every consideration pointed out the museum at Chesters as the fitting resting place of these historical pieces.

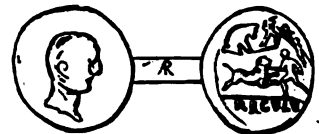
Mr. Clayton, with the advice and assistance of Mr. Fairless, in the autumn of the year 1858, succeeded in the acquisition of the treasure, which was effected in the following manner.

In the first place, Mr. Fairless informed William Pattison of Mr. Clayton's intention to visit him with the view of purchasing the coins, and advised him to listen to his proposal, for what good had they ever done either him or his brother?

Mr. Clayton, in the next place, visited his banker's, and filled his purse with fifty new, bright, golden sovereigns.

He then sought the desired interview at the small farm near the river Tippalt, held by William Pattison. Mr. Clayton found Pattison at home, and happily his wife was there too. The coins were produced, and the colloquy began. After some preliminary discussion, Mr. Clayton laid upon the table the sum which he offered in glowing gold. An effect was at once produced upon the lady of the house. She quickly sided with Mr. Clayton; she thought the new coins much prettier than the old, and much more likely to be useful. Her lord and master, however, resisted her suggestions, and expatiated upon the value of the treasure which he had so long held. "Think," said the man, "of the age of these coins, and do you want to persuade me that they are not worth

more than this?"—pointing to the gold. "Well, now, how old do you suppose they are?" said Mr. Clayton. "Well-nigh three thousand years," was the reply. "You are wrong there," said Mr. Clayton; "some of them date a little before the birth of Christ, but most of them after it; these of Hadrian cannot be earlier than the year A.D. 119." "I know better," said Pattison; and, by way of bringing his argument to a triumphant conclusion, produced his big family Bible, and began to search for a particular passage. Mr. Clayton naturally looked upon the proceeding with surprise; what had the Bible to do with the price of these coins? Strange to say, too, Pattison, instead of turning to the Acts of the Apostles, or to those epistles which have reference to the Roman empire, was scrutinizing some of the earlier portions of the Old Testament. At length his eye rested upon the eleventh chapter of the first book of Chronicles, and, pointing with his finger to the twenty-second verse, he read—"Benaiah the son of Jehoiada, the son of a valiant man of Kabzeel, who had done many acts; he slew two lion-like men of Moab; also he went down and slew a lion in a pit on a snowy day." Both parties were now at a stand. Pattison was astonished that Mr. Clayton did not at once give in, and Mr. Clayton wondered what bearing this portion of holy writ had upon the question at issue. Pattison at length proceeded to explain. Selecting one of the silver coins (shown in the margin), he pointed to its "reverse."* "Here," said Pattison, "is the very action recorded in the Chronicles." And then, moving his finger up to the top of the page at which his Bible



was open, he read, with an air of satisfaction, "Before Christ 1043." "That," said he, "is the date of this coin; and you know that 1043 added to 1859 makes 2907, not so far off 3000." [It was impossible to argue further with the man. If Mr. Clayton had happened to have Admiral Smith's book at hand, he might have succeeded in convincing Pattison of his misapprehension of the coin; as it was, he was obliged to have recourse to an indirect plea. "Well," said he, "I won't dispute the matter with you. Let me have the rest of the coins; and as you seem to attach so much value to this particular piece, I should be sorry to deprive you of it—only I will, in consequence, deduct one sovereign from the price that I have offered you." The man was staggered. He had a practical proof that Mr. Clayton did not attach the value to the coin that he

* It may be proper here to give Admiral Smith's description of this reverse in "The Northumberland Cabinet of Roman Coins." "L(ucius) Regvlvs on the exergum. In the field, a gladiator armed with a spear, contending against a lion; while another gladiator above with sword and buckler is fighting a tiger; between the combatants is a squatting bear. . . . The type probably refers to the splendid games exhibited by Julius Cæsar."

did, and he had a particular objection to forego the sovereign which was to be deducted if he kept the piece described in the first book of Chronicles. Pattison's wife availed herself of this moment of hesitancy. "Let the gentleman have them all," said she. "What good have they ever done us or your brother either? and we will take all the money." The fortress was carried. Pattison put his family Bible on the shelf, and the glittering sovereigns in his pocket; Mr. Clayton, with great satisfaction, brought away the skiff-shaped vessel with its three gold pieces and sixty silver ones, and the leather in which the *aurei* were wrapped—all which had been kept together for twenty-one years since their discovery.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." How often does the attainment of an object of ardent desire give rise to anxieties that were not previously experienced! It was most desirable that the owner of the hill Barcombe, and the stations, and the Roman Wall in its vicinity, should possess the skiff of coins which illustrated the proceedings of the Romans in this district; and, after much delay and considerable difficulty, he actually found himself in the possession of them. But now the thought obtruded itself upon his mind, that these coins had been claimed for the Duke of Northumberland, and his right to them had been proved by process of law. True, Hugh, the third duke, in whose name the claim had been made, was no longer living; but his successor represented him. Doubtless, the original holder of the treasure had attained a certain right to it by suffering a twelve-months' imprisonment, but this at best was but a dishonourable evasion of the legal claim. Mr. Clayton, therefore, resolved to place his newly-acquired possession at the disposal of his friend, Algernon, the fourth Duke of Northumberland. He accordingly wrote to him, telling him of the purchase, and requesting to know his pleasure respecting the ultimate destination of the coins. I do not know what Mr. Clayton's feelings were after despatching his letter. Had I been in his position, I should have suffered a considerable amount of anxiety lest the duke should express a desire that the coins should be sent at once to Alnwick Castle; and when the letter containing the response, addressed in his Grace's well-known hand, arrived, I know with how much eagerness I should have torn it open to ascertain its purport. The answer came in due course; and if Mr. Clayton had previously entertained any anxiety upon the subject, it was at once removed. The duke wrote thus:—

Alnwick Castle, 17th Nov., 1858.

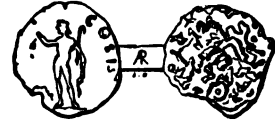
My dear Sir,—I am delighted that the Thorngraston Find is in your possession; it could not be in more worthy hands. It may add to the treasures of the Chesters museum, but it cannot add to the pleasures that Chesters and its hospitable inmates always give your friends.

I am, my dear Sir,
Yours faithfully,
NORTHUMBERLAND.

Great was the rejoicing among the antiquaries of the district when it became known that the coins had been

brought from their hiding place. Those who advocated the claims of Hadrian to the honour of building the Roman Wall were especially jubilant at the thought that the Thorngraston Find was safe. With glee they began (with the owner's permission) to examine and re-examine this tangible and incontrovertible argument—this demonstrative proof of the falsity of the claims of Severus.

Suddenly their glee had a check. The boldest of them "held their breath for a time." The cause of their perplexity was a little ugly coin of which, in the first edition of my account of the wall, neither Mr. Fairless nor I could make anything. The obverse of the coin was much corroded, and a good impression in sealing-wax could not be taken from it. The wax adhered to the cavities of the metal. But such as it was, this impression was all that we had to work by. Mr. Fairless and I could not make it out. Anyone who looks at the woodcut in the margin will not be much surprised at this. We, therefore, were obliged to rank it in the class of "consular coins and others." When the coins came into the hands of Mr. Clayton, the pieces were, one by one, minutely examined. The coin in question was



judged to be an imperial one, but some doubt was entertained as to the precise emperor to whom it belonged. A painful thought passed across the minds of some that it had a sort of family likeness to the denarii of Severus or his sons; but the idea was at once banished as preposterous and impossible. However, to set conjecture at rest, the coin was sent to that able antiquary, Mr. C. Roach Smith. His verdict quenched all hope. Writing to Mr. Clayton from Temple Place, Strood, Jan. 19, 1859, he says:—

My dear Sir,—The denarius is very clearly of Severus; the reverse, *Sol.*, standing and holding the whip on the left arm, the right hand raised, legend *OS. III.*, at his feet a cock. . . . I have no doubt you will find the coin engraved in works on Roman numismata.

Believe me yours very truly,
C. ROACH SMITH.

On searching the elaborate work of Occo on Roman coins, it was found that the piece which most nearly resembles the coin under discussion is a coin belonging to the reign of Caracalla, and which he thus describes:—

ANT. PIVS AVG. GERM.
R.—P.M. TR.P. XX. COS IIII P.P. *Figura Solis dextram in sublime attollens, sinistra Plagrum.*

This coin belongs to the year A.D. 217.*

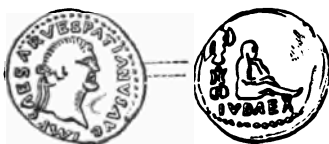
Altogether the circumstance was a provoking one. Had the medal belonged to the reign of Antoninus Pius, the immediate successor of Hadrian, its presence would not have injured materially the argument drawn from the

* Cohen describes the same coin, Caracalla, No. 230.

find. Had the objectionable piece been one of Severus's, that would have been bad enough. But that a coin belonging to the reign of the successor of Severus should have obtruded itself amongst pieces ending at the third year of Hadrian's reign was still more unpalatable to the advocates of the claims of Hadrian.

What were the advocates of Hadrian to do? Should they at once abandon the argument in their favour which the Barcombe quarry had supplied them with? Such a thought never obtruded itself upon their minds. Some unlucky accident had brought the ill-favoured coin there, but abandon the argument they would not. Still it was an annoying thing that the antiquaries who supported the claims of Severus should have this coin to appeal to. It furnished a fence by which they parried a blow which ought to have brought them to the ground.

Day broke at last; the mystery was solved. Mr. Fairless, learning that the troublesome coin had been ascribed to Severus, wrote to me, detailing the following facts. When he first saw the coins he felt sure that Thomas Pattison would soon disperse them. He felt desirous of procuring one of them to place in his cabinet as a memorial of the find. Pattison declared his determination not to break the lot. Mr. Fairless pressed his request. At length the following compromise was made. Mr. Fairless was to take, on his own selection, one of the silver coins of the find, and replace it with another from his own cabinet. This would keep the number of the coins complete; he was, besides, to give Pattison half-a-crown. This was done. Mr. Fairless, as a matter of course, selected one of the most interesting coins of the series, a *Judæa Capta* of Vespasian, shown in the margin,



and, also, as was equally natural, filled up the vacancy with a coin which he was not particularly anxious to retain. Soon after this transaction was completed, the hunt for Pattison became hot. The "inquiry of damages" at Haydon Bridge, the flight into Wales, and the imprisonment in Denbigh Gaol followed in quick succession. Mr. Fairless had the fine coin of Vespasian safe in his cabinet; but the uncomfortable reflection would force itself into his mind that, if he were known to be its possessor, he would get into trouble. He, therefore, kept the whole transaction a profound secret. It was not until the coins came into the possession of Mr. Clayton, and that gentleman's right to them became clearly established, that he divulged the matter, and restored the coin, which he had held so long, to its right place. The dread that his proceedings might in any way give a fictitious value to the claims set up on behalf of Severus probably hastened him in making the desired restitution.

He sent the coin to Chesters, accompanied by the following letter:—

To Miss Clayton.

Hexham, Feb. 15th, 1859.

Madam,—Before this time you will have heard the communication I made to Dr. Bruce respecting the Borcum collection of coins. It is fortunate that I was made acquainted with the reading of the odd coin by Mr. Roach Smith, which became so important. I have no doubt it is the coin that I gave in exchange for the Vespasian, but I did not think it readable, and classed the ten together as coins I could not appropriate. I am glad I had not parted with the Vespasian, so that I can put that right now that might have been seriously wrong. I now beg Mr. Clayton's acceptance of this variety of the Vespasian section of the collection, commemorating the destruction of Jerusalem, and feel sorry for all the trouble given.

I am, Madam,

Your obedient servant,

J. FAIRLESS.

And thus happily ends this little story. The collection of coins, after all its chances and mischances, is complete, and in the hands of one to whom it is more valuable than to any other person. Above all, it may be regarded as safe for generations to come.

"Belted Will Howard."

Costly his garb—his Flemish ruff
Fell o'er his doublet, shaped of buff,
With satin slashed and lined;
Tawny his boot, and gold his spur,
His cloak was all of Poland fur,
His hose with silver twined;
His Bilboa blade, by Marchmen felt,
Hung in a broad and studded belt;
Hence, in rude phrase, the Borderers still
Called noble Howard Belted Will.

—Lay of the Last Minstrel.

AN explanation of Sir Walter Scott's description of one of the most renowned characters in Border story is given in the "Memorials of the Howard Family," by the late Henry Howard, Esq., of Corby Castle. The book is in print, but was never published. It is now, of course, rare to be seen; but as it was compiled from family papers, many of them written by Lord William Howard himself, its authenticity is undoubted; and as we may have to quote from it in the course of this narrative, we may as well, to begin with, give Mr. Howard's explanation of Sir Walter's description of his distinguished ancestor. "Lord William Howard," says he, "is, in the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' called by Sir Walter Scott 'Belted Will Howard,' meaning, I apprehend, that he was in the habit of wearing the *baldrick*, or broad belt, which was formerly worn as a distinguishing badge by persons of high station. But this, as to him, is not at all founded on fact, as the belts which he wears in his pictures are particularly narrow. But the characteristic epithet with which his name has come down to our times is *bauld*, meaning 'Bold Wyllie.' That of his lady is 'Bessie with the Braid Apron,' not, I conceive, from any embroidery of that part of her dress, but using the word broad, which is often so pronounced, in allusion to the breadth or extent of her possessions."

Lord William Howard was the third son of that Duke of Norfolk who got up the "rising" in favour of Mary Queen of Scots. Norfolk wished to marry Mary, and it is said that he got the consent of the Regent Murray to his proposals. The Queen would appear to have shown no disinclination to the alliance. Even Leicester gave a one-sided consent, and wrote a letter to Mary, favouring Norfolk's matrimonial plan, though at the same time he made Elizabeth acquainted with the progress of the negotiations. Norfolk, however, who wanted to act independently of his Sovereign, was unaware of Leicester's treachery, and determined, if the worst came to the worst, to fight for the restoration of the Scottish Queen. He was a Protestant, but, notwithstanding, he obtained the promise of help from many powerful Roman Catholic noblemen and landed gentry. The Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland were two of the most conspicuous leaders of a conspiracy that was to give Norfolk a rescued wife and put her on the throne of the two kingdoms. Elizabeth knew all about it. The plot was allowed to go so far, and no farther. Howard was sent to the Tower, in custody of Sir Henry Neville. The levies raised by the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland were disastrously beaten, and the leaders of the rash enterprise fled to Scotland. Howard was temporarily restored to favour, and was allowed by Elizabeth to live under modified restraint in his own house, on condition that his communications with Mary should cease. But the spirit of insubordination was still there. The cruel Duke of Alva, who had devastated the Low Countries, as the fitting instrument of Philip of Spain, opened negotiations with Norfolk for another rebellion in England, by the successful result of which Howard should be married to Mary, and Mary should become Queen of England. Norfolk fell into temptation. He had seen that Elizabeth still had suspicions of his sincerity; and, again risking the die, he renewed his correspondence with the Stuart. It was arranged that Alva should land a force at Harwich, that Norfolk should join him with such troops as he and his friends could raise, that they should march on London, and dictate their own terms to the Queen. The treason was discovered by an accident, or rather by an act of treachery. A letter and a bag of gold were entrusted to a servant of Norfolk's, and the servant, instead of taking them to Scotland, where he should have taken them, disclosed the affair to Cecil, and the plot collapsed. Some of the minor agents in the conspiracy were put to torture, confessed their guilt, and were executed. The Duke of Norfolk was arrested, tried by his peers, and condemned by a jury of twenty-six. Elizabeth refused to sign his death warrant. But the House of Commons asserted its ancient privileges, and the reckless Howard was brought to the block on the 2nd of June, 1572. Northumberland was surrendered by the Scottish Regent, and he also was executed as a traitor.

By this time young Howard was about nine years old; and, by a refinement of cruelty which may perhaps be partly attributed to the vindictive spirit of the times, and partly to personal ill-feeling on the part of somebody, the poor lad was made to be a witness of his father's decapitation on Tower Hill. It is said, and probably with truth, that the horrible sight affected him till the day of his death. By this act of attainder of his father, he lost title and dignity, and all the broad and fair lands which belonged to him. The unfortunate duke had committed William to the care of his brother, the Earl of Arundel, with the grim remark that the boy "had nothing to feed the cormorants withal." Arundel and his brother



William Howard
17th January 1617.

were, shortly after this sad event, sent to Cambridge, where they diligently pursued their studies for some four or five years. When Lord William had grown to the mature age of fourteen, he was married, in October, 1577, to Lady Elizabeth Dacre, who was his junior by a few months. This marriage had been intended by his father, who was her step-father and guardian, and the reasons for the alliance are obvious.

The Dacre family are of old renown, the name being supposed to have come from an ancestor who went with the crusaders, and distinguished himself at the great siege of St. Jean d'Acre. In the course of time a daughter of the De Vauxs (*temp.* Henry III.), which family had been in possession of the Barony of Gilsland

since the Conquest, transferred by marriage the famous patrimony to the Dacres. It was a clandestine wedding, or, as such is now designated, in newspaper phraseology, "a case of abduction." In 1313, the sole heiress of the estates was Margaret, daughter of Thomas de Multon. She was only thirteen years of age, and consequently became a ward of Edward II. In 1317, while under the care of the Earl of Warwick, Ralph Dacre stole her away from the custody of that stout baron. The Dacres thus became possessed of the Barony of Gililand; and for over two hundred and fifty years they had to fight hard against the Scots to retain their inheritance. In 1335, after Lord Archibald Douglas had laid waste the Border country, Ralph Dacre got the king's permission to castellate his mansion at Naworth, which was not too soon—for some years afterwards (1346) David Bruce and his marauding Scots plundered the Priory of Laneroost, and, marching to Naworth, found it to be proof against their assaults. Then came another crisis in the fortunes of the Dacres and the historic Border stronghold. In the devastating Wars of the Roses, Ralph Dacre followed the fortunes of Henry, and was slain in the fatal fight of Towton (1461). The Barony of Gililand and the romantic Naworth were seized by Edward IV., but were later restored to Ralph's brother Humphrey, who espoused the cause of the "white rose," or the House of York. Indeed, these Dacres were a warlike and chivalrous race. They were made wardens of the West Marches, and were always foremost in the fray, both in war and in love. For instance: in 1493, Thomas was at the raising of the siege of Norham Castle. Then we find him, as the historian says, imitating the "chivalrous example which his ancestor, Ralph, had set him a hundred and seventy years before, and carrying off in the night-time from Brougham Castle (near Penrith) Elizabeth of Greystock, the heiress of his superior lord, who, as the king's ward, was then in the custody of Henry Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, who probably himself intended to marry her." The bold Dacre could, however, fight as well as woo. He commanded the right wing of the English army at Flodden (September 9, 1514); and, falling on the rear of the retreating Scots, after the day was over, "smote them hip and thigh." Lord Thomas Dacre was joint commissioner with the Duke of Norfolk in negotiating a truce at Berwick (1524). In a letter to Cardinal Wolsey (Cottonian MSS.) he gives an account of a raid by some noted freebooters—the Elwoods, Nixons, Armstrongs—numbering about three hundred, who slew eleven of his retainers and took many others prisoners. He was made a Knight of the Garter, and died October 24, 1525. His tomb may to this day be seen in the south aisle of the ruined and roofless Abbey of Laneroost. His son William bore the brunt of the fight in the battle of Solway Moss. He died in 1554, leaving four sons, three of whom "lived and died in great difficulties." The estates were by him

entailed, which may account for the poverty endured by the three younger sons. George, son of the eldest and more fortunate of the four brothers, was the last male heir of the long line of Dacres. His death is thus quaintly described in Stow's "Chronicles":—"George Lord Dacre, son and heir of Thomas Lord Dacre, being a child, and then ward to Thomas Lord Howard, Duke of Norfolk, was by a great mischance alayne at Thetford, in the house of Sir Richard Fulmerstone, Knight, by means of a vaunting horse, upon which horse, as he meant to have vaunted, and the pins at the feet being not made sure, the horse fell upon him, and bruised the brains out of his head." This was on the 17th May, 1569. The great landed estates of the family then fell to three sisters—Elizabeth, the youngest, inheriting



Lady Elizabeth Dacre, 1578.

Naworth Castle and the Barony of Gililand. But the uncle of the co-heiresses, Leonard Dacre, instituted legal proceedings to get possession, on pretence of right of entail, made by his father, Lord William. He failed, as such a wicked uncle should fail. Then he joined the Duke of Norfolk, and the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, in their attempt to enthrone Mary, Queen of Scots. He seized the castles of Naworth, Greystoke, and Rockcliff, fortified them, "and laid a plan for murdering the Bishop of Carlisle and Lord Scrope, who was then Warden of the Marches." Lord Hunsdon, Governor of Berwick (1570), marched at the head of 1,500 men to drive Dacre from Naworth, but made a feint towards Carlisle. Dacre was thus tempted to come from his stronghold, which he did, with 1,500 foot and 600 horse. A battle was fought near the river Gelt, and great numbers were slain. Like Richard the Third, Dacre was hunchbacked, and fought to the last; but, when the fortune of the day went against him, he took horse to Scotland, was attainted of high treason, and died at Lovaine (1581) in poverty.

It was to this Elizabeth Dacre, then, that Lord William Howard was married (1577), and through her

the vast possessions of the northern branch of that great historic family came into his hands. The Lady Elizabeth was Lord William's half-sister, her mother being Elizabeth Leiburne, wife of Thomas Lord Dacre, and third wife of the condemned Duke of Norfolk, Lord William's mother being Lady Audley, who died a few weeks after his birth. The wedding of the youthful couple took place at Audley End, near Saffron Walden (October 28, 1577). They lived together for seven years, and had three children. Then troubles came fast and thick. The brothers (the Earl of Arundel and Lord William) had been Protestants, and were intended by their unfortunate father to be Protestants. "The Duke of Norfolk," says Mr. Howard, "who was a sincere and zealous Protestant, certainly intended to bring up his children in that persuasion. His house was much frequented by Foxe (author of 'Foxe's Book of Martyrs'), who had been his instructor, by Bale, and others, its strong advocates; but he selected a person of the name of Martin to attend his sons to the University of Cambridge, who was much inclined to Catholic principles, and who afterwards went abroad and became a priest. The boys, of course, received some impressions from him, and when the Earl of Arundel took his decision (about 1583) to declare himself a Catholic, Lord William, then about twenty-one years of age, so readily agreed with him to adopt the same cause as to offer to accompany him to the Continent; and Lord William ever after adhered to the same principles—had his private chapel—and connected his sons and daughters with Catholic families." But Elizabeth and her counsellors were as vigilant over the sons as they had been over the father. The young earl made his preparations, and wrote a letter to be delivered to the Queen after his departure, expressive of his change of religious views and of his undiminished loyalty. He was stopped in Sussex, where he was going to take ship, and sent to the Tower. Lord William shared the same fate, as did also their sister, Lady Margaret Sackville. The brothers being now imprisoned, Francis Dacre (one of the three sons already mentioned as having died in poverty) commenced a suit for the recovery of the family property. It lasted for years, and was a source of great anxiety and cost to Lord William. The title was tried on the technical point of the right of presentation to a living—*de jure patronatus*. Lord William, showing "all the blood of all the Howards," thus indignantly wrote of his adversary:—"Mr. Francis Dacre, not omitting his advantage of time, prosecuted his cause with great violence, when both his adversaries wear close prisoners, in danger of their lives, and in so deep disgrace of the time, as scarce any friend or servant durst adventure to show themselves on their cause; nay, the councillors refused to plead their title when they had been formerly retyned. Friends were made and letters were written in favour of Mr. Fr. Dacre; jurors were chosen of his neare kindred

and professed friends: *sed magna est veritas*—for even that trial passed for the co-heirs." Arundel was heavily fined by the infamous Star Chamber, and Lord William was "enlarged out of the Tower," and the two conjointly presented a petition to Cecil (Lord Burleigh) asking that the trials might proceed without further delay. Plea after plea followed, showing the law's delay; but on "St. Peter's Day (30 June, 1586, and 28 Eliz.), the cause being debated at large, counsell on both sydes fully heard, the evidences thourghly viewed and dewly considered, the L. Chancellor, Judges, and Q's learned counsell were fully satisfied, and agreed in one opinion absolutely for the co-heirs." Still, Lord William Howard and his elder brother did not come into their estates, as other pretexts were raised to keep them out of possession.

The Earl of Arundel died in the Tower in 1595, after seven years' imprisonment. After the death of his brother, Lord William and his brother's widow (1601) had to purchase from the Queen, by letters patent, the lands which rightfully belonged to them for the sum of ten thousand pounds. The purchase was made, says Lord William, in the names of Mr. Edward Carrill and others, "because they would not in any sorte prejudice their owne rights." The protracted law suits kept Lord William and his wife in comparative poverty. Mr. Howard states that the "Lady Elizabeth, an orphan, and co-heiress to estates of great magnitude, before she was seven years of age, was kept out of possession till she had attained her thirty-seventh year. How she and her husband managed to subsist and pay the high charges of such suits does not clearly appear; but his accounts, from the year 1619 to 1628 inclusive, show that he was still in debt, and paid 10 per cent. interest for it."

But better days were to come. The Scottish monarch, James, came to sit on the English throne. Lord William Howard went with his uncle Henry (afterwards Earl of Northampton) to meet the King when he crossed the Borders (1603). He began to "put his castle in order, by taking from smaller baronial residences pictures, panels, and ornaments of the old baronial style." While these were being introduced at Naworth, Lord William lived at Thornthwaite, near Keswick, a hunting seat which he had purchased from Sir Henry Curwen. Camden visited Naworth Castle in 1607, while the embellishment was in progress; but we hear no more of Lord William until years afterwards.

In 1624, "Lord William and his lady were settled at Naward (Naworth), and all their family—sons, daughters, and their wives and husbands—appeared to have lived with them. Tradition says they were fifty-two in a family. During this period, he frequently rides up to London in the spring; and by an entry in the accounts (1622) he had a house in St. Martin's Lane. The cost of his journeys, with from eighteen to twenty-four attendants and twelve horses, going and returning, amounts each way from £15 to £20. His allowance to himself for

pocket-money is, in 1619, limited to 20s. per month; but that is increased, in 1627, from £12 to £36 per annum: and he begins to buy plate and books and more costly furniture for Naward; planting is going forward there; books are bought; purchases of land and tithes made; and his daughters' portions (£1,000) each paid by instalments." His eldest son died in 1616, and his grandson then married a daughter of Lord Eure, and a fortune of £1,400.

Persecuted Lord William had been by factions and relations; but his serenity of mind never seems to have left him. Camden saw him at Naworth in the year 1607, and says of him that he was "a singular lover of venerable antiquities, and learned withal." He was both a student and a warrior. Mr. Howard gives us a list of some of the treatises which Lord William wrote; and he also gives a clue to his literary fame. "From early life," he says, "I find him occupied by literary pursuits, chiefly the history of antiquities of his county, with heraldic researches relative to his own, his lady's, and other families. There are several letters relating to Northern antiquities, addressed to Sir R. Cotton, among the Cotton MSS. He published 'Florence of Worcester, and, according to the account of the Arundel MSS., he collected many valuable MSS., of which part remain in that collection, with notes in his hand; a few are at Naward (Naworth), and probably at Castle Howard; and many are, I conclude, dispersed. His new monument—*cere peremius*—should be inscribed 'The Civilizer of the Border.'"

Lord William, having come into royal favour with the possession of his estates, became the terror of the country-

side. In those days it required a strong hand to put down rapine and plunder. Mr. Froude gives us a graphic description of the times when "Belted Will" came to rule. "For twenty miles," says he, "on either side of the Border there grew up a population who were trained from their cradles in licensed marauding. Nominal amity between the two countries operated as but a slight check upon habits inveterately lawless; and though the Government affected to keep order, they could not afford to be severe upon offences committed in time of peace by men on whom they chiefly depended for the defence of the frontiers in war. The blood of the children by the fireside was stirred by tales of wild adventure in song and story; and perhaps for two centuries no boy ever grew to man's estate along the strip of land forty miles across, and joining the two seas, who had not known the midnight terror of a blazing homestead, who had not seen his father or brother ride out at dusk, harnessed and belted for some night foray, to be brought back before morning gory and stark across his saddle, and been raised from his bed by his mother to swear with a child's lips a vow of revenge over the corpse." In that age

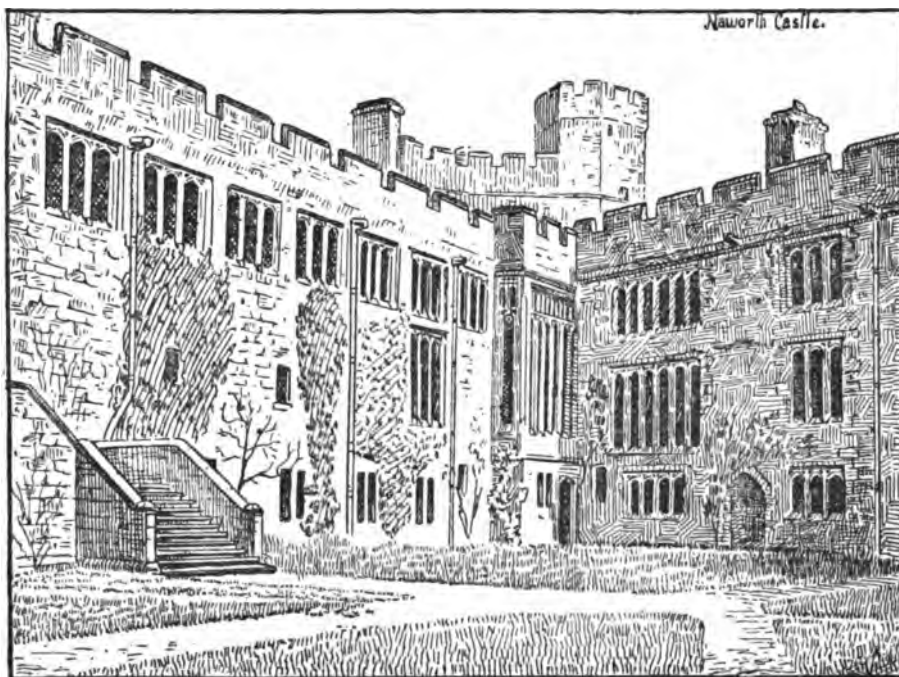
War was the Borderer's game,
Their gain, their glory; their delight
To sleep the day, maraud the night
O'er mountain, moss, and moor;
Joyful to fight, they took their way,
Scarce caring who might win the day,
Their booty was secure.

It was Lord William Howard's mission to capture and bring to justice these marauders. Fuller bears testimony to his vigilance in this respect. "When at their greatest height, the mosstroopers had two enemies—the laws of



the land and Lord William Howard of Naworth. He sent many of them to Carlisle, that place where the officer always does his work by daylight." That Lord William did "put his foot on" the Armstrongs, the Elliots, the Grahams, and others of that ilk is unquestionable; but that he was cruel by nature is yet to be shown. There is an apocryphal story that on one occasion his retainers brought him a prisoner. Lord William, busy with his books, petulantly said to the gaoler, "Hang him." The man was hanged there and then. Sometime afterwards Lord William asked to see the prisoner, when he learned that his hasty expression had been taken literally. It is said, though the statement is held very doubtful, that his body-guard consisted of a hundred and forty men, "all in Lord Howard's livery dressed." A list of his captures is in possession of the Carlisle family. In that he states that he had captured sixty-eight mosstroopers "for felonies committed in Gilsland and elsewhere." Mr. Howard, from whom we have largely quoted, says, in vindication of the character of his famous ancestor, that "there was no such thing as an execution otherwise than by conviction at the regular assize." There was once, among his prisoners, a man named Routledge, charged with murder. Sir William Hutton, of Penrith, laid information that while Lord William Howard was from home, his lady had favoured the escape of the prisoner. Commissioners (for there were commissioners then as now) were sent down, and Lord William Howard was honourably acquitted of any complicity; "but," he says, "it might in strict terms of law have touched the lady's life." This lady, his

devoted wife for many years, he dearly loved. We have seen that they were married in their teens. "In his accounts," says Mr. Howard, "there are a number of presents to her (his wife) even to decorate her person at an advanced age, and he had her portrait taken by the best painter then known (Cornelius Jansen) when she was in her seventy-third year. In the disposal of every estate belonging to her inheritance, he took special care that possession for life was secured to her; and to the last, in every estate which he purchased and destined for their sons, he also gave her a life estate. One of these deeds is dated the year before her death, when she was in her seventy-fourth year, so that to the very close of their lives their union appears to have been one of the truest affection and friendship." This statement is supported by the account given by the Norwich travellers of local history, who were visitors at Naworth in the year 1634. "The noble twaine," says the narrator, "as he pleased to tell us, themselves could not make above twenty-five years both together when first they marry'd that now can make 140 yeares, and are very hearty, well, and merrie, and long may they continue soe—for soe have they all just cause to pray that live neere them; for their hospitalitie and free entertainment agree with their noble and generous extraction, and their yeares retain the memorie of their honorable predecessors' beautiful housekeepinge. Amongst other dishes that came to his lordship's table one there was served, at the second course, which was not unusual, a live roe. And as there was store of venison, so there was plenty



of wine, and as freely these two noble persons commanded it to be filled. I verily think his honour may command venison there as our southerne gentlemen doe sheepe here; for I hearde his lordship say that his sons had then killed, out of his own parkes, 120 buckes this season."

Belted Will, the scholar, the gentleman, the soldier, died in October, 1640, in his 77th year.

The great-grandson of Lord William Howard succeeded to the barony in 1642 (through the death of intermediate heirs). Charles Howard was deputy under Lambert during the Protectorate of Cromwell, and, like his distinguished grandfather, smote the moostroopers "hip and thigh." He, however, looked not so much to dynastic as to territorial advancement. Like Monk, he connived at the restoration of Charles II. In 1661 he was created Baron Dacre of Gilsland, Viscount Howard of Morpeth, and Earl of Carlisle.

Naworth Castle.

Naworth Castle, in its present form, consists of two large square towers, joined together by other buildings, so as to enclose a quadrangular court. The situation, with fine old trees all round it, and upon rising ground overhanging two deep and narrow dells, is particularly engaging.

Over the entrance gate of the castle is a stone, bearing the motto "Fort en loialtie"; above this is seen an armorial shield, in which are the three "scallop shells" of the Dacres; and over an arched passage that leads into the court-yard is a stone, bearing quarterly the arms of the Howards and the Dacres, supported by griffins, and crested with a bull, collared.

The noble hall of Naworth Castle is now perhaps

unique of its kind. Its fine open timber roof contributes greatly to the antique and impressive character of the room. Along the whole length of the hall, on each side, heraldic shields are displayed on the corbels supporting the ribs of the roof. Beginning at the



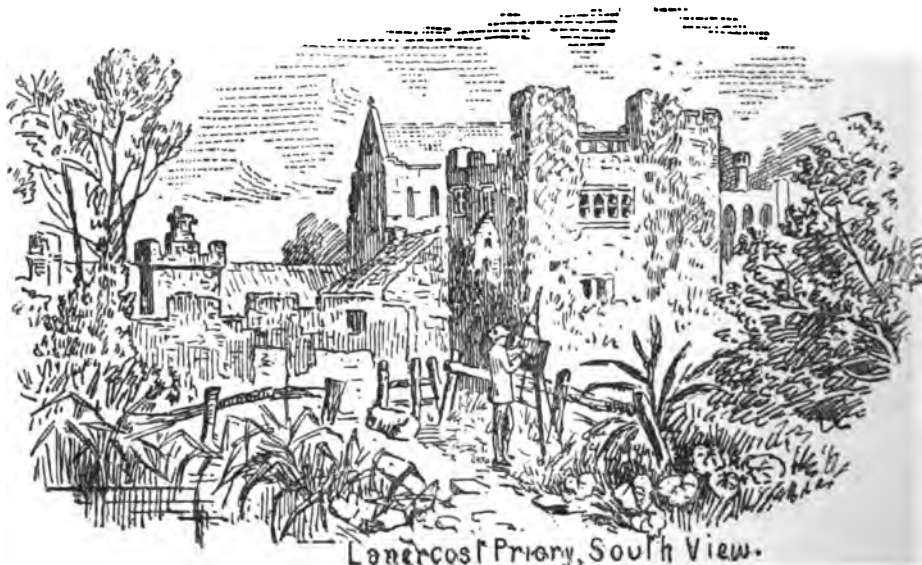
Belted Will's Tower, Naworth.

upper end, there are on the eastern side the shields of Howard, Mowbray, Braose, De Segrave, De Brotherton, Fitzalan, Warren, Tilney, Audley, Uvedale, Cavendish; on the western side, Dacre, De Multon, De Morville, Vaux, Engaine, Estravers, Greystoke, Grimthorp, Bolbec, De Merlay, and Boteler.

Our drawings represent a corner of the courtyard of Naworth Castle, reproduced from a photograph taken by Mr. J. P. Gibson; a full view of the castle taken from Allom; and that part of the structure which goes by the name of Belted Will's Tower.

Lanercost Priory.

Lanercost Priory, giving the name of Abbey Lanercost to a small hamlet in its neighbourhood, stands on the north bank of the river Irthing, not far from Naworth, and



Lanercost Priory, South View.

about twelve miles from Carlisle. The priory appears to have been founded about the year 1116, for the reception of a brotherhood of the Augustine order, by one Robert de Vallibus, who endowed it with all the lands lying between the Picts' Wall and the Irthing. Liberal donations and progressive extension of territory had enriched this monastery so greatly that at the dissolution it was enjoying a yearly income of nearly £80, a considerable revenue in those days.

The edifice, in its present state, includes the remains of the conventual church, a portion of the cloisters, and part of the walls of the refectory and other buildings. The west end, being used as a parish church, is preserved from dilapidation; but the tower, chancel, and cross aisles have long been roofless. At the extremities of the cross aisles are several tombs, sculptured with the armorial bearings of the Dacres and the Howards. The cemetery grounds have been converted into gardens; and many stone coffins and inscribed monuments may still be seen lying amongst the trees.

The Priory, with the adjacent lauds, was granted by Henry VIII. in 1543 to Thomas Dacre, a descendant of the founder. Thomas Dacre repaired the conventual mansion for his residence; and here his descendants remained till, by a failure of male issue, the building and its demesnes reverted to the Crown.

A Theatrical Incident.

MR. J. L. TOOLE, recording his recollections in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, tells the following story:—

The jealousies in the profession of the stage are, I suppose, not more serious than the jealousies in other walks of life; but they are sometimes more inconvenient, if not more amusing.

Years ago at Newcastle-on-Tyne, when I was on tour with "Dot" and other attractive plays, Irving playing John Peerybingle and Brough Tackleton, we were considerably upset one evening after the second act of "Dot," with the announcement that the lady who played Bertha, the blind girl, had been taken suddenly ill and could not finish the piece. She lay in her dressing room in a dead faint; and although at the outset of her illness she had spoken and said she could not go on again, nothing now had any effect upon her. We sent for a doctor, and in the meantime set about trying to fill her place.

The part ought to have been understudied, but it was not. There was a lady in the company who was not playing that night; she happened to be in front with her husband; she was sent for. I asked her to go on for Bertha, and said I would give her the words as we went along. In the first place she said nothing would induce her to do anything for the lady who was ill, but that there was nothing in the world she would not do for me.

At the same time she would consent to do nothing but read the part. I pointed out to her how absurd it would be for a blind girl to read a part. Irving, in a quiet way, said it would certainly be a novelty. However, she was obdurate, and Irving made the announcement to the audience that the lady who had played the blind girl had been taken suddenly ill; and, under the circumstances, Miss So-and-So had kindly consented to read the part. The audience applauded and seemed quite satisfied, Irving

came from the front of the curtain remarking that it was, to use a classic phrase, "a rum go." But it was a much rummer go than any of us foresaw.

Under treatment the fainting lady came round, and the moment she learned that her rival was going on in her place, she leaped to her feet and emphatically said, "Never, never!"

I was on the stage as Caleb Plummer, and of course knew nothing of this, but when the time arrived for the pathetic entrance of the girl to myself and Dot, I heard quite a disturbance at the wing; the audience heard it too.

"You shall not go on!" "I must." "You shall not, I say!" "But I have been announced!" "I don't care; I am better, and I am going on!"

Then there was something like a scuffle, and the original blind girl, for whose illness we had apologised, came bounding on with a look of defiance in her very widely opened eyes. The audience laughed heartily and applauded vociferously, and when the baggage began to speak, I believed she winked at the house as much as to say, "They don't get over me," and the play went on. I need not say the spirit and intention of the scene were spoiled; but the audience was very good, and after all it was better to play the scene anyhow than have the blind girl read it.

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Melford.

John Blakiston,

THE REGICIDE.

OF the fifty-nine persons who signed the warrant for the execution of King Charles I., two were connected with Newcastle—George Lilburn, governor of the town in 1647, and John Blakiston, one of the town's representatives in Parliament.

John Blakiston belonged to a family conspicuous for their loyalty and Churchmanship. His father, Marmaduke Blakiston (son of John Blakiston, of Blakiston, in county Palatine), held successively the livings of Woodhorne, Redmarshall, and Sedgfield, and, while thus endowed, was, at one time or other, Archdeacon and Prebend of York, and prebend of the seventh stall in Durham Cathedral. Three of John's brothers were brought up in the Church, and obtained preferment, viz., Robert, who succeeded the father in the rectory of Sedgfield, and married a daughter of Bishop Howson; Thomas, vicar of Northallerton; and Ralph, rector of Ryton; while one of his sisters became the wife of Dr. Cosin, Bishop of Durham at the Restoration. It is scarcely possible to find a family with clerical connections closer than these, or one less likely to produce a Puritan and a regicide.

John was the second of eleven children. The register at Sedgfield contains a record of his baptism on the 21st August, 1603; from which it is to be inferred that the rectory house of that parish was his birthplace. Where

his boyhood was spent, or in what place and manner he was educated, cannot now be ascertained. All we know for certain is that he was designed to follow commercial pursuits, and that he was sent to Newcastle, the commercial metropolis of Northern England, to learn and practise his calling. In Newcastle he married—married a widow with a business already made for him. The tell-tale register of All Saints' reveals this interesting entry to the patient seeker :—

1626. Nov. 9. John Blackison—Susan Chambers.

Turning the pages backward we light upon another :—

1623. April 27. Roger Chambers, merchant adventurer.

Then consulting Longstaffe's notes to the "Life of Ambrose Barnes," we see a quotation from an account of the monuments in All Saints' about the year 1680, which forms a key to the register, and makes it plain :—

Susannah, late wife of John Blaxton, one of his late majestie's judges, was buried under this stone, it being her first husband's, Roger Chambers, merchant.

"One of his late Majestie's judges" being of course an equivocation due to the carelessness of the penman, who intended to signify that Blaxton was one of those who sat in judgment upon his Majesty.

The year after his marriage John Blakiston was admitted a free burgess of the town, his designation being that of a mercer. We read of his travelling to London and elsewhere, "being much from home," in the prosecution of his business. He may have been for a year or two one of the eight chamberlains of the town. There was nothing derogatory to his position in such an office; it was a place of trust and profit, and there can hardly have been sufficient employment connected with it to absorb the full time of eight persons. If this conjecture be correct, he was the person who superintended the contribution of the Corporation to the earliest known Newcastle race meeting :—

1632. August. Paid John Blakiston, chamberlaine, which he disbursed for 2 silver potts granted by C [the Council] for the race on Killingworth Moore, after Whitsunday, 1632, 20s.

About his next appearance in local history there is no manner of doubt. Having quarrelled with Vicar Alvey at a wedding dinner in December, 1635, he was cited by that irate ecclesiastic to appear at the High Commission Court of Durham. The proceedings lasted from March, 1636, to July, 1639 ("Surtess Society Publications, vol. 34), and ended in an order that Blakiston should make acknowledgment to Alvey for charging him with the seven errors, and, for his nonconformity, and not receiving the communion, that he should be declared excommunicate, pay a fine of £100 to the king, and bear the costs of the suit. Whether the sentence was fulfilled does not appear. Blakiston obtained a respite at the last hearing of the case, and the following year Vicar Alvey was a fugitive from his parish, whilst his assailant was welcoming into Newcastle the army of the Covenant.

It is clear, from the evidence given at Durham, that

John Blakiston had been for some time shaping his course towards Puritanism. The judgment of the Court, and the rapid development of Puritan feeling among his fellow-townsmen, carried him completely over. At the Parliamentary election which followed the surrender of Newcastle to the Scots, he was selected as the candidate of the Puritan party. Sir Henry Anderson and Sir John Melton were his opponents, and the contest was fierce and bitter. Melton was a comparative stranger to the town, known only as a courtier from York, who had been one of the Council of the North, and for a time acted as its secretary. Yet he and Sir Henry Anderson were elected, and Blakiston was defeated. A petition against the return was sent up to the House, but before it could be heard and examined Melton died, and Blakiston was declared to have been duly elected.

Blakiston's name occurs frequently in the journals of the House, and in the books of the Corporation—occurs, too, under circumstances which indicate that he was a rising man in the Puritan ranks, enjoying the confidence of both Houses of Parliament, and honoured by his fellow-burgesses. When the Commons passed a resolution exempting Sir John Marley from all mercy and pardon for his obstinate resistance at the storming of Newcastle, they sent down Mr. Blakiston with a vote from both Houses, ordering the trial of the delinquent according to the course of war. The Corporation at the same time directed the ordinance to be entered in their "Black Book"; and gave instructions that "the charges of the said ordinance be disbursed to John Blakiston, Esq., member," &c. A few months afterwards—at Michaelmas, 1645—he was elected Mayor, and when his term of office expired there was paid to him by the Common Council £200, he was unanimously chosen again, and both Houses of the Legislature interested themselves sufficiently in the matter to sanction by formal vote the appointment of Henry Dawson, a well-known Puritan, as his deputy whenever he should be absent on Parliamentary duty. It was during these, his consecutive years of mayoralty and membership, that the king, flying from Oxford, threw himself upon the mercy of the Scots at Newark, was brought by them to Newcastle, detained here in virtual captivity, and finally handed over to the English Commissioners. It was during his same term of office that a third attempt was made to annex Gateshead to Newcastle, and he was the instrument chosen to "certify the inhabitants of the Borough of Gateshead" of such intention.

Then came the dismal proceedings which ended in the execution of the king. Blakiston was one of the hundred and thirty-five persons commissioned to try his Majesty, and took his seat among the sixty-seven of them who answered to their names on the first day of the trial. When judgment had been pronounced and the warrant for the king's execution prepared, fifty-nine of the Commissioners appended their names and seals. Twelfth in

the list comes the bold signature of the Puritan member for Newcastle, with the seal of the Blakistons of Blakiston beside it—"Argent, two bars, and in chief three dunghill cocks gules."

John Blakiston 

John Blakiston did not live to share the further triumphs of his party. Sometime in May, 1649, within three months of the death of the king, he was taken ill. His will is dated the first of June following, and a day or two afterwards he died. No record of his death can be found, but that he passed away before the 6th of the month the following extract from the journals of the House of Commons of that date clearly proves :—

That the sum of three thousand pounds be paid unto the wife and children of John Blakiston, Esq., a late member of this House, deceased, out of the estates of Sir William Widdrington and the Earl of Newcastle, in the county of Northumberland, for reparation of his losses and sufferings for the State by the means of the said Earl of Newcastle and Sir William Widdrington.

A sum of five hundred pounds was, by another resolution of the same date, awarded to "George Blakiston, gentleman," who, it is presumed, was John's brother George (married at St. Andrew's, Newcastle, to Barbara, daughter of Henry Lawson), a merchant, and sheriff of the town in 1656. The Corporation of Newcastle, who in the preceding April had been vindicating their representative from "unjust and violent aspersions" cast upon him by his co-regicide, George Lilburn, testified their respect for his memory by voting £200 to his family for the "expenses and disbursements" he had incurred, "wherein he showed his faithfulness to this Corporation, and did many good services for this town." At the Restoration, when the new Parliament was dealing with the regicides, living and dead, he was exempted from the General Act of Pardon and Oblivion, and the Sheriff of Durham having seized upon his widow's effects, the House ordered an inventory to be made of them, note to be taken of any timber that had been felled upon his lands, how much of it had been sold, &c. It is possible that these orders were followed by confiscation, for in the books of the Merchants' Company of Newcastle, under date November 24, 1668, "Susan Blackston, widow, mercer," occurs as being admitted to her freedom, which seems to indicate that she was obliged to enter into business again.

The issue of John and Susan Blakiston was seven children, of whom three only survived their father—John, Nehemiah, and Rebecca. John, a barrister and judge of the Admiralty Court of Newcastle, married Phœbe, daughter of Wm. Johnson, of Kibblesworth, and sister of Sir Nathaniel Johnson, Knight, and died March 8, 1702.

John Blenkinsop,

PIONEER IN STEAM LOCOMOTION.

Writers who tell the story of the locomotive steam engine assign a place of honour to John Blenkinsop, and some of them claim for him the merit of having constructed the first commercially successful engine that was placed upon a railway.

Mr. Blenkinsop was born at Walker in 1782. His cousin, Thomas Barnes, was viewer of Walker Colliery, and when the proper time came he was put under the care of this relative to learn the business of colliery management. Before he was of age his cousin died, but he had made good use of his opportunities, and although so young, was qualified to take a position of trust and responsibility in his profession. So at least thought the Brandlings, for soon after the death of his teacher they appointed him viewer of collieries at Middleton, near Leeds, which they had opened upon an estate derived from the marriage of Ralph Brandling, in the 17th century, with Anne, daughter and heir of John Leghe.

At the time of his removal into Yorkshire—1801 or 1802—coalowners and colliery engineers were engrossed in the study of mechanical haulage. Various attempts were being made to apply steam to that purpose, both in the form of travelling engines drawing waggons behind, and fixed engines pulling them from point to point with ropes. Soon after his settlement at Middleton, a travelling engine was patented by which Trevithick hoped to solve the problem that was baffling the best mechanics of the country. It did not answer; and a similar want of success attended the "racing steam horse," which the same engineer brought out in 1808, and Mr. Blenkinsop seeing the failure of Trevithick's efforts, began to make experiments on his own account. An engine was built for him by Messrs. Fenton, Murray, and Wood, of Leeds. In June, 1812, thousands of persons witnessed the first performance of the new and strange machine. It was "crowned with complete success," says the *Leeds Mercury*, going out of its way to give a picture of the locomotive in honour of the occasion. There was no mistake about it; the problem of steam locomotion had been solved. Blenkinsop's locomotives did the work of sixteen horses in twelve hours; drew twenty-seven waggons weighing ninety-four tons on dead levels at three-and-a-half miles an hour; travelled when lightly loaded ten miles an hour, weighed five tons, and cost £400, to which must be added the expense of laying down a special tooth-racked rail.

When Blenkinsop's engine had been running between Middleton and Leeds about fifteen months, the Brandlings brought one to their collieries of Kenton and Coxlodge. "A vast concourse of spectators assembled," and the engine, with sixteen waggons behind it, weighing altogether seventy tons, was set going. The speed realised was not so great as was anticipated, owing to

"some partial ascents in the railway." But after the experiment was finished, "a large party of gentlemen partook of an excellent dinner provided at the Grand Stand," on Newcastle Town Moor, and drinking success to the locomotive and its inventor, spent the afternoon "in the most agreeable and convivial manner." George Stephenson, then enginewright at Killingworth Colliery, who had been among the spectators at the Coxlodge trial, remarked that he thought he could "make a better engine than that to go upon legs," and how with the aid of William Hedley and others he succeeded, all the world knows.

Mr. Blenkinsop died at Leeds in January, 1831, at the early age of 48 years.

Thomas John Bold,

ENTOMOLOGIST.

Among the local explorers into obscure forms of life who founded the Tyneside Naturalists' Field Club, one of the most earnest and successful was Thomas John Bold. What Joshua Alder did for the mollusca and Thomas Athey for the fossil fauna, that Mr. Bold assisted to accomplish for the coleoptera of the district. By his aid the numerous insects which come under that designation in Northumberland and Durham were industriously collected and catalogued, and the local literature of Natural History was permanently strengthened and improved.

Thomas John Bold was born at Tanfield Lea, in the county of Durham, on the 26th September, 1816, and was the eldest son of George Bold, a tradesman in that village. In early youth he was of studious habits and fond of Natural History. Like most beginners, he started with the Lepidoptera, but soon directed his attention to the Coleoptera, which thenceforward became his special study. These pursuits soon brought him into contact with others of like habits, among whom may be named Mr. James Hardy, now secretary of the Berwickshire Naturalists' Field Club, Dr. Thomas Pigg, and Mr. John Hancock. In 1843 he became a member of the Wallis Society, founded to advance the study of natural history and antiquities in the two Northern Counties. It had no long existence, but it helped to pave the way for the establishment of the Tyneside Naturalists' Field Club in 1846. Of this organisation Mr. Bold became an active member, and the first paper published in the Transactions of the club is from his pen.

It was one of the primary objects of the club to collect and publish correct lists of the various natural history objects of the district. To Mr. Bold and Mr. Hardy were entrusted the preparation of a catalogue of the Coleoptera. Begun in 1846, the catalogue was finished in 1852, and was followed at long intervals by lists of local Homoptera, Aculeate Hymenoptera, and Hemiptera-Heteroptera of his own compiling. In 1870, he presented to the club a new edition of the Coleoptera

Catalogue—a most laborious work, for the number of local species had been increased meanwhile by a third, and the nomenclature had undergone a revolution. By this time he had become the recognised authority in the district upon his special branch of study; among his correspondents were Stevens, Newman, Walcott Wollaston, Kirby, and, indeed, most of the leading entomologists of the day.

From the early part of 1867 Mr. Bold was confined to his room by paralysis, and in May, 1874, at Long Benton, he passed away. Through the liberality of his brother Edwin, his collections were presented to the Newcastle Natural History Society, and they are now in the spacious museum of that body at the Barras Bridge. There are thirteen of his "notes" and "papers" of the "Transactions of the Tyneside Naturalists' Field Club," twelve in the "Transactions of the Newcastle Natural History Society," eighty-four in the "Zoologist," and forty-one in the "Entomologists' Magazine"—a hundred and fifty altogether.

Henry Bourne,

HISTORIAN OF NEWCASTLE.

In the prolific outpourings of the local press during the last hundred and fifty years, scant note is taken of a gentle and gifted man, who, while fulfilling the arduous and ill-rewarded duties of curate in a populous parish, made the earliest adequate attempt to illustrate the history and describe the antiquities of Newcastle.

Henry Bourne, son of Thomas Bourne, tailor, was born in Newcastle, and, as appears from the register of St. John's Church, was baptized on the 16th of December, 1694. He was bound apprentice on the 9th October, 1708, to Barnabas Watson, a glazier, who carried on business at the Head of the Side. While there, he showed such decided tastes for the acquisition of knowledge that his master permitted the indentures to be cancelled, and he was sent to the Royal Grammar School, in which he had probably received the rudiments of education, to qualify himself for higher branches of study. At the age of twenty-three, assisted by friends who appreciated his diligence and devotion to literature, and obtaining, no doubt, the annual allowance of £5 which the Common Council of Newcastle bestowed upon youths who went from the Grammar School to the Universities, he was admitted a sizar at Christ's College, Cambridge. At college he was fortunate in having for tutor Thomas Atherton, a native of Newcastle (son of Henry Atherton, town's physician), who had himself been educated at the Grammar School, and may be supposed to have had some interest in his grown-up pupil. Of his collegiate career there is no record. He remained at Christ's three years, and having graduated B.A., in 1720, and received ordination from Edmund Gibson, Bishop of Lincoln, entered upon his labours as a minister. In what place he began to exercise his gifts cannot be ascertained, but the church

books of St. Nicholas's contained an entry of his preaching there for the first time on the 5th February, 1721. The year following he was licensed to the cure of souls in All Saints'—the largest of the Newcastle parishes, and one of the most populous curacies in the North of England.

Settled as a minister in his native town, Mr. Bourne took his M.A. degree (1724), and the following year published a book—

Antiquitates Vulgares, or the Antiquities of the Common People, Giving an Account of several of their Opinions and Ceremonies, with Proper Reflections upon each of them; showing which may be retain'd, and which ought to be laid aside. By Henry Bourne, M.A., Curate of the Parochial Chapel of All Saints', in Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Newcastle: Printed by J. White for the Author. MDCCLXXV.

His next appearance in print was in 1727, when Mr. White issued for him a treatise showing "The Harmony and Agreement between the Collects, Epistles, and Gospels, as they stand in the Book of Common Prayer."

In 1728 some local gentlemen founded a lectureship by subscription, which, settled upon him, made an acceptable addition to an inconsiderable income, though it did not lighten his duties. He and his assistant were thenceforward responsible for daily prayer at 10.0 and 4.0, the lecture every other Sunday at 6.0 p.m. from Easter till the middle of September, sacrament once a month, and all christenings, weddings, and burials, visitations of the sick, and relief of the poor which arose in a crowded parish. How he found time among these engrossing occupations to cultivate his literary tastes and indulge in antiquarian research is difficult to understand. Yet it was while so engaged that he began to collect materials for a history of Newcastle. On the 17th September, 1731, the following advertisement made its appearance:—

As I have been, for a considerable time, collecting Memoirs and Antiquities of the town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and have made a pretty large progress therein, I am willing to complete the same in the most exact Manner. Knowing, therefore, that some ancient Names of Persons, Streets, and other Places and Things may be more truly ascertained by Deeds and Writing than otherwise, I publish This to desire the perusal of any such Writing as may be of use herein; I desire also any other Information, whether it relates to the Churches, Chapels, Chantries, Monasteries, Hospitals, Almshouses, &c., of this town, or to the transactions herein during the Time of the Civil War; And the Favour shall be thankfully And faithfully acknowledged by me,
HENRY BOURNE.

The response to this appeal was not encouraging. A few public-spirited gentlemen rendered assistance, but the majority stood aloof, some of them alleging, as the author informs us, "that it might be of dangerous consequence to show ancient writings, that he was but a curate that undertook the work, and that his abilities, therefore, of pocket and mind, must be vastly unequal to such a task"; while others "made it their business (so great has been their ill-nature and prejudice) to take all ways and methods of decrying it, by print, by manuscript, lessening it in all companies to hinder its publication."

To men like Bourne difficulties like these were but incentives to exertion. Undaunted by indifference, undeterred by sarcasm, he persevered with his task, and in so doing overtaxed his strength. The labours of his cure and the perplexities of authorship bore so heavily upon him that he fell ill. Still he worked on. His bedroom in Silver Street, under the shadow of the church, and within sound of its music, became his study; and there, through lingering months of pain and weariness, he brought his book to its end. Before Christmas, 1732, the MS. was completed, the preface written, everything made ready for the printer; everything but the author. For him there was no hope. His malady increased, he became weaker and weaker, and in the afternoon of the 16th February, 1732-33, he died. Two days later his body was buried within the walls that for the better part of ten years had echoed the sound of his voice. His parishioners showed their respect and attachment by attending his funeral, but made no further effort to record his connection with the church and his efforts for their spiritual welfare. A line in the register was his only memorial in old All Saints', and neither stone nor tablet preserves his memory in the new edifice which, half a century later, was erected upon the site.

Mr. Bourne had been twice married. He buried his first wife, Margaret, aged 30, in 1727, and over her remains laid a slab, "which formerly belonged to one Blount," upon which was cut in Greek text the prayer of Paul for Onesiphorus. His second wife, Alice, daughter of Ellis Inchball, survived him forty years, and died an inmate of Mrs. Davison's Hospital. Of five children born to him, only two, Henry and Eleanor, issue of the first marriage, outlived him. For their benefit, a couple of years after the author's decease, the "History of Newcastle" was put to press. It forms a thin folio of 252 pages, printed in clear type, with a folding plan of Newcastle facing the title, and somewhat intricate footnotes and marginal explanations. The subscribers' copies end with the first Mayoralty of Walter (afterwards Sir Walter) Blackett, to whom the book is dedicated, but in 1757 the last leaf was reprinted, and the list of Mayors and Sheriffs was brought down to that date.

Mackenzie describes Mr. Bourne as a sincere, plain, unassuming man, diligent in his studies and in the discharge of his clerical duties. The Rev. E. Hussey Adamson, with greater justice, points to the evidence which his writings afford of wide and extensive reading, and of familiarity with classical, patristic, and mediæval literature, as well as with the best authors of modern times, "We cannot fail," he adds, "to be pleased with the quaintness and simplicity of his style, the reverential tone that pervades his pages, his regard for learning and piety, his respect for antiquity, and his desire to preserve and hand down the records and remains of the past, which, but for his loving care and labour, might have been altogether neglected and lost."

North Berwick.

IT is claimed for North Berwick, the fashionable seaside resort on the southern shore of the Firth of Forth, that it is "without exception the most picturesque of watering-places," possessing in itself all the individual attractions of a score of European competitors. The coast is pleasingly varied with sandy bays and towering cliffs, which again are favoured here and there with the interest that is lent by frowning ruins. Behind the town, Berwick Law rises like a huge sugar-loaf to the height of 640 feet, while beyond the harbour, which is formed in a beautiful outline by volcanic rocks, the waters of the Forth are dotted with islands whose changing aspects, subject to storm and sunshine, are a never-failing source of delight. Nor must we forget the Links, where the game of golf is only one of the many forms of recreation. North Berwick is so called to distinguish it from the town at the mouth of the Tweed, which was designated South Berwick in the Scottish charters of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries.

Mill Burn, so called from its waters having at one time driven three mills which now stand in ruins on its banks, is the only streamlet of which North Berwick can boast. The burn meanders its way round the west and south base of the Law, and through a secluded ravine styled the Lady's Walk, a delightful retreat sheltered

from sun and wind, and opening at its termination upon a splendid view of the Firth, embracing Craigleith, the Isle of May, and the East Neuk of Fife.

On a gentle elevation towards the south, about a quarter of a mile west from the town, stand the ruins of the Abbey of North Berwick. They are venerable, but they have not been venerated. The abbey was a Cistercian nunnery, founded by Duncan, Earl of Fife, who died in 1154. It was consecrated to the Virgin Mary, and richly endowed with lands and revenues. In the course of history the nunnery was subject to the tur-



NORTH BERWICK ABBEY.



THE LADY'S WALK, NORTH BERWICK.

bulence of the times, and eventually became, in a measure, the inheritance of the Home family. After the Reformation, the revenues of the convent which remained inalienated and untransferred were erected into a lordship for Sir Alexander Home, of North Berwick, a special favourite of James VI., while the patronage of the various other churches was distributed according to the pleasure of King and Commons. The abbey commands extensive and magnificent views.

There are numerous places of interest in the neighbourhood, such as

Tantallon vast,
Broad, massive, high, and stretching far,
And held impregnable in war;
On a projecting rock it rose,
And round three sides the ocean flows,
The fourth did battle walls enclose,
And double mound and fosse.

Space, however, forbids us to dwell upon this home of the redoubtable Douglas, which eventually fell before General Monk and the Covenanters.

We pass on to Dirleton, which is admitted to be one of the prettiest villages in Scotland. The castle, which is surrounded with handsome gardens, was distinguished in Scottish annals so early as the time of Bruce, and its history may be said to have closed when it was taken by General Lambert, commander of the Parliamentary forces. Near at hand are the ruins of Gulane Church, the last vicar of which is said to have been expelled the kingdom by King James VI., for the crime of being a notorious smoker.

Any reference to North Berwick would be incomplete without mention of the Bass Rock, which, lying two miles north of Tantallon Castle, rises 313 feet sheer out of the sea, and in full view of the marine parade. "Certes," says Holinshed, "there is nothing about it that is not full of wonder and admiration." It is conical on one side, presenting on the other an abrupt precipice. Myriads of sea-fowl frequent the rock, and there is suf-

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DIRLETON CASTLE, NORTH BERWICK.



THE BASS ROCK, FROM NORTH BERWICK.

ficient grass for a few sheep, which are said to be of superior delicacy. The Bass was at an early period the retreat of a hermit; in 1405 it became the temporary retreat of the Prince of Scotland; but after the Restoration the Rock was sold to the Government for £4,000, and was converted into a State prison. Many of the most eminent of the Covenanters were confined here. Strangely enough, the Bass was the last part of Great Britain that submitted to the authority of William III., being defended by a brave officer, David Baird, third son of Blair of Ardblair. After a resistance of several months, the garrison was at length obliged to surrender for want of provisions, and Baird retired to France, where he died.

North Berwick, which dates from the thirteenth century, is indebted for its incorporation as a Royal Burgh to its charter from Robert III., and for its municipal privileges to a charter from James VI.

Nent Force Level.

THIS level was designed by T. Smeaton, and was constructed by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, the total cost being about £90,000. It was begun in July, 1776, and completed, as far as Welgill Shaft, Nenthead, about 1835. The length from *mouth to forehead* is about five miles. It was intended (1) to serve as a drain for the Nenthead mines; and (2) to *try* the mineral veins which cross the Nent valley. The section from Nent Force to Nentsbury is of no use now, but the section from Nentsbury to Nenthead serves as a basis from which other levels are started.

W. N., Alston.

The following is an extract from a little book on Alston by the late Mr. Thomas Sopwith:—

The most interesting object in the neighbourhood of Alston is the entrance to Nent Force Level, a stupendous aqueduct made by the Lords of the Manor, for the discovery of mineral veins, and for draining the water from the mines above. The level was projected by Mr. Smeaton, the celebrated engineer, when he was one of the receivers of the Greenwich Hospital estates in 1775. It was commenced in the following year. From the entrance near Nent Force, at Alston, it extends under the course of the river Nent for a distance of three and a quarter miles to Nentsbury engine shaft. Its dimensions are nine feet in height, and the same in width, but in many places it is considerably larger, and rises to sixteen and twenty feet. It is navigated in boats thirty feet in length, which are propelled in four feet of water from pieces of wood projecting from the sides; and thus may be enjoyed the singular novelty of sailing a few miles underground, and beholding, with perfect safety, the various rocks which it passes through, owing to the rise or inclination of the strata which it intersects. The overhanging rocks suspended above the entrance, with the romantic scenery adjoining, and the neighbouring waterfall, render a visit even to the exterior highly interesting, but this is much increased by a subterranean excursion, which is frequently undertaken by strangers, and not unfrequently by parties of young persons resident in the neighbourhood.

T. REED, Newcastle.

Joseph Ritson.



STOCKTON - UPON - TEES has produced several men who have achieved more than local fame. Among its more distinguished natives we may reckon Admiral Sir Thomas Bertie, the messmate and friend of Nelson and Trowbridge; Vice-Admiral Nathan Brunton, who entered the navy as man before the mast, and rose successively by professional merit from rank to rank till he became vice-admiral of the white; Brass Crosby, the patriotic alderman of London, who was committed to the Tower by the House of Commons (of which he was a member) for liberating a printer of the debates in Parliament, who had



J. Ritson.

been arrested by a messenger of the House in the City of London without the authority of a City magistrate, an event that involved the question of publishing the debates in both Houses, which, previous to that time, had not been allowed; Henry Stockton, the first Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University; the clever dramatist, Joseph Reed, who gave the world the original Cleveland character of "Margery Moorfoot"; Captain Christopher Middleton, Captain William Woods, and several other more or less celebrated navigators to the Arctic Regions. But none of these is more worthy of a special biographical notice than Joseph Ritson, barrister-at-law, whose name stands very near the head of the list of famous British antiquaries.

Joseph Ritson, the son of a Stockton tradesman of the same name, was born on the 2nd of October, 1752. His family, we are told, held lands, and ranked among the

most respectable yeomanry, at Hackthorpe and Great Strickland, in Westmoreland, for four generations; but his pedigree cannot be traced with certainty beyond his great-grandfather, Christopher Ritson, a substantial "statesman," who died in 1703. After receiving the usual elementary schooling in his native place, Joseph was articled to a solicitor there, named Raisbeck, from whose office he was soon removed to that of Mr. Ralph Bradley, a barrister, in order to learn conveyancing.

Some verses of his composition, addressed to the ladies of Stockton, appeared in the *Newcastle Miscellany* of 1772, but they are said to have been not otherwise remarkable than for being his first attempt in the literary line. It was in the same year, when he was but nineteen years old, that he was led, by the perusal of that extraordinary book, Mandeville's "Fable of the Bees," to form a resolution, to which he firmly adhered for the remaining thirty years of his life, never knowingly to eat of fish, flesh, or fowl, but to rely for his sustenance on a milk and vegetable diet. He did not object to eating eggs, a practice which "deprives no animal of life, though it may prevent some from coming into the world to be murdered and devoured by others." But he considered that the practice of eating "our fellow-creatures, as pigs and geese undoubtedly are," was "unnatural and diabolical," "very little, if at all, inferior in barbarity to the eating of human flesh, as practised by the cannibals." Tea drinking also he anathematised. But though he was a total abstainer himself from the use of flesh meat, yet he manifested no wish to force what he called his anti-cannibalical principles upon other people. Thus in a letter to his sister he writes: "I understand that you are advised to drink wine and eat animal food, both which, it seems, you refuse, wherein I think you are very much to blame. Wine is so perfectly innocent that I cannot see why you should have the least objection to it; and though I look upon animal food as a thing prohibited by the moral law to persons in good health, yet I neither can nor ought to retain the same opinion of it when it becomes, or is thought, necessary to the preservation of life. I hardly wished, and never expected, that my scruples on this head would influence you so far as to make you give up the mode of living to which you have been always accustomed. Certainly not that you would resolve to deny yourself what everybody about you, nay, even almost the whole world, eats without concern or reflection, when your very existence might perhaps depend upon it." This mixture of eccentricity and humanity characterised Ritson through life. The whole tenour of his correspondence with his family indicates great benevolence, and his epistles to his nephew, then a mere child—to whose exemplary zeal for his uncle's reputation the world is indebted for the publication of his *Memoir and Letters*—are full of sound sense and useful admonitions, combined with a kindness almost parental, but mingled with homilies on the impropriety of eating animal food.

Among his instructions to the lad is an earnest request that he would learn to play on some musical instrument, "if it were but a bird-call or a guse-thropple."

In 1773, Ritson made a tour to Edinburgh, which, though full of interest to him, cost him more than he had anticipated. For while exploring the archaeological and literary stores of the Scottish capital, his antiquarian and bibliomaniac ardour, as well as his predilection for everything purporting to be Celtic, made him forgetful of prudential considerations. What with buying tartans, treatises on the second sight, books of reels, Scotch song books, old chronicles and memoirs, &c., &c., his by no means deep or heavily-laden purse was speedily emptied to the bottom: so that he had not enough money left to pay his reckoning at his lodgings, but had to be beholden to a casual acquaintance he picked up by the way, who generously relieved his pecuniary embarrassment. At the end of twelve days, he reached home, after walking twelve hours, mostly in a heavy rain, penniless, but laden with books. His diet on his tour seems to have been strictly Pythagorean: muffins, cake, bread and butter, cheese, milk, beer, and ale. Only on one occasion, when tempted by cold, wet, and hunger, he ventured to eat a few potatoes dressed under a roast joint, nothing less repugnant to his feelings being to be had. The total sum expended during his twelve days, including the purchase of books and tartans, was £4 6s. 11½d.

Two years later, Ritson settled in London, having engaged to manage the conveyancing department of Messrs. Masterman and Lloyd's office, in Gray's Inn, at a salary of £150 a-year. His letters home, written at this time to his parents and family, place his character in the most amiable light. They also exhibit him as a reader of the antiquarian manuscripts in the British Museum, and aiding Mr. Allan in collecting materials for a history of Sherburn Hospital. His political sentiments are also pretty clearly indicated, for during the raging of the "No Popery" riots in London in 1780, when nothing less was feared than the destruction of the whole city, he speaks of "the scoundrel Ministry of the day" as having been "long and deservedly objects of public detestation," yet he seems to have regarded Lord George Gordon and his ultra Protestant mob-followers as a gang of ferocious fanatics to whom no quarter should be given. That in sentiment, at least, he was a Jacobite, is proved by some elaborate "tables showing the descent of the Crown of England," which he published in 1778, and reprinted in 1783. In these tables the true hereditary succession from Egbert, the first Saxon Monarch, and also from William the Conqueror to James the Sixth of Scotland is given with the utmost accuracy; but the line of sovereigns is made to end with the Young Pretender, whom Ritson styles Charles III., while William II., Stephen, Henry II., John, and the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh Henries are omitted as "usurpers."

Ritson's matchless critical power and acumen made

him the most formidable and redoubted literary gladiator of his day. One of the misdemeanants whose faults he sought to expose was Dr. Percy, whose "Reliques of Ancient Poetry," consisting mainly of interpolations and forgeries, were calculated, beyond all manner of doubt, to create an erroneous estimate of the refinement of our ancestors at the period in which the poems printed by him were said to have been written. We now know that "Percy's Reliques," though their publication undoubtedly contributed much to the revival of genuine poetry, were, truly speaking, no reliques at all, but for the most part mere modern restorations, very unlike the originals. As to the MS. text he professed to take them from, the good Churchman seems to have looked on it as "a young woman from the country with unkempt locks, whom he had to fit for fashionable society." She did not look like "an apple stuck on the top of a small skewer," as she ought to have done, according to the fashionable costume of the day. She had no "false locks to supply the deficiency of native hair," no "pomatum in profusion," no "greasy wool to bolster up the adopted locks," no "grey powder to conceal dust." But all these modest requisites Percy supplied. Ritson at first doubted the very existence of the famous folio manuscript, and when its possessor had answered his challenge by exhibiting it, he replied, "The labour of the right reverend editour in correcting, refining, improving, completeing, and enlarging the orthography, grammar, text, stile, and supplying the chasms and hiatuses, *valde defendenda!* must have equal'd that of Hercules in cleansing the Augean stable; so that a parcel of old rags and tatters are thus ingeniously and happily converted into an elegant new suit. For it is a certain and positive fact that in the elegant and refine'd work it gave occasion to, there is scarcely one single poem, song, or ballad, fairly and honestly printed, either from the fragments of a MS. or other alleged authorities, from the beginning to the end; many pieces, alleo, being inserted as ancient and authentick, which, there is every reason to believe, never existed before its publication." In short, Ritson mercilessly exposed the literary dishonesty of the Right Reverend Bishop of Dromore, which is now plain and patent to all the reading world, since the publication twenty years ago of "Bishop Percy's Folio Manuscript," edited by Messrs. Hales and Furnivall.

In December, 1781, Ritson printed a little satirical tract, now of great rarity, called "The Stockton Jubilee, or Shakspeare in his Glory," which consists of extracts from the works of the Swan of Avon, applied to most of the principal inhabitants of Stockton, descriptive of their several characters. With what justice these passages were applied, or from what motive the work was circulated, it would be useless now to inquire. Ritson concealed that he was the compiler from all his friends excepting one, to whom he entrusted the delivery of several copies to the Newcastle Post Office; and in a letter to

another friend he spoke jocosely of the tract as the production of "a most impudent and malicious rascal," and asked if the "scoundrel" had been detected yet. It thus appears that he, too, could sin a little in the same line of literary forgery, or at least mystification.

When Johnson and Stevens's edition of Shakspeare appeared in 1783, Ritson tilted at it as roughly as ever knight in romance did at Paynim Giant. The trenchant severity of his criticisms, and the needless personal taunts in which he indulged, created, as might be expected, a host of enemies, who, if they admitted the force and justice of many of his observations, or the erudition and research which his tract on the subject displayed, had not the candour to ascribe its publication to the true motive, but swore that the critic was actuated by personal malignity alone. "Ignorance" and "inadvertence" were among the mildest terms he applied to the player-editor Stevens. Of all writers, Shakspeare was his favourite, and his reverence for him partook of the enthusiasm of his temperament, so as to kindle his hot anger against the whole of his editors, because they all professed to have collated the original and authentic folio editions, whereas they had never done so, or at least had made of their collations little or no use. Of Johnson's Dictionary, Ritson said: "There is certainly the strangest mixture of ignorance and indolence in it that was ever exhibited in such a work," so that the lexicographer fared as badly at his hands as the commentator.

Ritson issued in 1783 "A Select Collection of English Songs," in three volumes. To this was appended an excellent "Historical Essay on the Origin and Progress of National Song." His friend Shield, the Swallow composer, arranged the music of several of the songs, for Ritson was wholly ignorant of music, and the only real pleasure he received from it was in listening to the well-known ballad of "Sally in Our Alley." Nine years later he published "The North-Country Chorister: an Unparalleled Variety of Excellent Songs: collected and published together, for General Amusement, by a Bishoprick Ballad-Singer." This book was printed in Durham, and sold better than any of his other publications. But perhaps his most valuable and curious publication was "Ancient Songs, from the time of King Henry the Third to the Revolution." Great care and elaborate research were displayed in this compilation, which was printed in 1790, though not published till two years later. The interesting and national work on Robin Hood, a collection of all the ancient poems, songs, and ballads about that celebrated character, appeared in 1795. Every fact that relates to the outlaw is therein so minutely described (says Mr. Douce) "that it will be long before any novelty shall be discovered of sufficient importance to deserve attention."

It only remains to add that Ritson died at the house of Sir John Miles, at Hoxton, on September 23, 1803, aged 51, and that the silhouette and autograph which accom-

pany this article are copied from a little work entitled "Some Account of the Life and Publications of the late Joseph Ritson, Esq.," by Joseph Hazlewood; published in 1824, by Robert Triphook, Old Bond Street, London.

The Great Fire in Newcastle and Gateshead.

AT an early hour on the morning of the 6th October, 1854, there occurred one of the most appalling catastrophes that ever visited the towns of Newcastle and Gateshead. A little after midnight on that day (Thursday), fire broke out in the premises of a worsted factory, on the Gateshead side of the river, belonging to Messrs. J. Wilson and Sons. Like most buildings in which extensive machinery is planted upon wooden floors, this factory might be said to have been steeped in oil; and it was therefore entirely gutted from roof to cellar in less than an hour. A large stone-built building, known as Bertram's Warehouse, adjoined the worsted factory on the east, and the flames very soon spread to it. This building, "double fire-proof," and seven storeys high, had been originally built for storing goods by Messrs. Bertram and Spencer, but had for some time been used by the merchants of Newcastle and Gateshead as a free warehouse for all sorts of merchandise; and at the time of the fire it was stated to contain 200 tons of iron, 300 tons of lead, 170 tons of manganese, 130 tons of nitrate of soda, 3,000 tons of brimstone, 4,000 tons of guano, 10 tons of alum, 5 tons of arsenic, 30 tons of copperas, 1½ tons of naphtha, and 240 tons of salt.

It being well-known that a quantity of combustible matter was collected in Bertram's Warehouse, the excitement always provoked by a fire of any kind mounted to intense anxiety. A detachment of the military, fifty strong, hastened over from Newcastle with their barrack engine to the aid of the firemen. Streams of vivid blue flame, proceeding from the sulphur, soon began to pour from the windows of the various flats, affording a most extraordinary spectacle; and by three o'clock the whole range was one immense sheet of fire. The alarm had by this time spread in every direction, and had attracted to the scene a large number of the inhabitants on both sides of the river. The Quayside, Newcastle, affording a full view of the burning property, which immediately fronted the Tyne, was crowded with spectators, not one of whom felt the slightest apprehension that he could stand in any danger there.

About ten minutes past three, a slight report, like that of a rifle, was heard, but it occasioned no movement in the crowd. Some three minutes afterwards, however, the unheeded warning received a terrible fulfilment.

The air was rent as by the voice of many thunders, and filled as with the spume of a volcano. The rocky basis of Tyneside trembled, and the vessels lying in the river, chiefly keels, were nearly blown out of the water by the concussion. Old Tyne Bridge shook as if its firmly compacted stones would part from each other, and the iron-bound High Level quivered on its lofty piers as if in a mighty struggle for a prolonged existence. No description can give the slightest idea of the destruction that had taken place, literally in the clap of a hand. Burning piles of brimstone, with bricks, stones, metal, and articles of every description, were thrown up with the force of a volcanic eruption, only to fall with corresponding momentum upon the dense masses of the people assembled, and upon all the surrounding houses. The crowd upon the Quayside and Sandhill was mowed down as by a charge of artillery, many being rendered insensible from the shock, others temporarily suffocated by the vapour, and many more wounded by the flying debris.

An awful calm succeeded for a few seconds, and then, as most of the sufferers regained consciousness, an appalling wail of distress arose in all directions; but many were far removed from all earthly suffering, and their voices were never heard again. The fearful extent of the calamity was now perceptible. The ignited missiles had penetrated into three houses upon the Quayside, standing exactly opposite the fire, to such a prodigious extent that they were in flames in every storey in less than five minutes. The shop fronts and windows on the Quayside, the Sandhill, the Side, and all the neighbouring streets, were almost universally demolished; and the gaslights, for a square mile around the spot, were extinguished in a moment, adding a weird and horrible confusion to the scene. The vibration was distinctly felt at Shields and Sunderland. The workmen at Monkwearmouth Colliery, then the deepest in the kingdom, and at least eleven miles away, heard the explosion, and, it is said, came to bank in alarm. Westward as far as Hexham, twenty miles away; in the north, at Alnwick, thirty-five miles; and south as far as Hartlepool, near forty miles distant, the report was likewise heard, as well as for, at least, twenty miles out at sea. And the flames were distinctly seen during the conflagration at Smeaton, near Northallerton, as well as from Beacon Hill, in the same neighbourhood, about fifty miles to the south.

Of the fifty soldiers of the 26th Regiment who were advancing with their engines to play on the burning warehouse and factory, thirty were struck down—two of them dead, and one with an iron rail driven into his body. Firemen and helping citizens were crushed where they stood, in the narrow roadway of Hillgate, Gateshead, within a dozen yards of the doomed buildings, when the rubbish fell upon them in tons together, causing instantaneous death. Others, looking on in helpless excitement, were in a moment

stricken beyond consciousness by the suffocating fumes, which continued, we may mention, to be so pungent during the whole of the next day as to render it painful to inhale them anywhere near, or even to draw a full breath when passing over Tyne Bridge.

Amongst those who were buried several feet deep among the ruins in Hillgate, were Mr. Robt. Pattinson, tanner, a member of the Newcastle Council, whose hobby was the fire-engine, and who made it a point of duty to help the firemen everywhere, pending their better organization; Mr. Charles Bertram, a magistrate of Gateshead; Mr. Henry Harrison, basket maker; Mr. William Davidson, son of Mr. Davidson, miller (whose extensive premises were within a few feet of the fire, and were afterwards consumed); Mr. Alexander Dobson, son of Mr. John Dobson, architect; Mr. Thomas Sharp, a gentleman of independent means; and Ensign Paynter, of the 26th Regiment.

Of course the explosion greatly increased the extent of the fire in Gateshead. Besides Davidson's flour mill, Wilson's worsted manufactory, and Bertram's warehouse, already mentioned, the following premises of different kinds were totally destroyed:—Mr. Bulcraig's engineering works, Messrs. J. T. Carr and Co.'s timber yard, Mr. Singers's vinegar manufactory, Mr. Martin Dunn's timber yard, Mr. Wilson's fellmongery, and a number of tenemented houses and small shops in Hillgate. Church Walk was almost entirely demolished, with many houses in Bridge Street, the Bottle Bank, Oakwellgate, &c., which it is impossible to enumerate; and St. Mary's Church was saved from destruction only by the courage and energy of Mr. James Mather, of South Shields, who got into the sacred building at the risk of his life, and by means of an engine-pipe which was handed to him, and an axe for which he called, rescued it from the power of the insatiable element.

On the Newcastle side of the river the destruction was more awful and alarming still. It has already been said that the fire broke out in three houses on the Quayside, opposite the warehouse in Gateshead, where the explosion took place. The shops of these premises were occupied by Messrs. Smith and Co., drapers; Messrs. Ormston and Smith, stationers; and Mr. Harbottle, draper. Besides these premises, the shop of Messrs. Spencer and Son, drapers, and the offices above (one of which was occupied by Mr. Bertram, whose death we have recorded), were almost entirely reduced to ruins by stones projected from the site of the explosion. The property immediately behind Messrs. Ormston and Smith's was the Dun Cow, in the occupation of Mr. Teasdale, and the spirits which it contained immediately gave increased energies to the flames, which consumed the whole fabric in less than half-an-hour. The fire then gradually progressed both north and east, making its way in the first direction up Grinding Chare, principally through old warehouses, toward the Butcher

Bank, and, in the second, along the range of buildings on the Quayside. The shops of Mr. Atkin, bookseller, and Mr. Turnbull, watchmaker, as well as the Grey Horse Inn, succeeded Messrs. Smith and Co.'s; and the flames ran thence to the northward, up Blue Anchor Chare and Pallister Chare towards the Butcher Bank. By six o'clock the fire had spread along the Quayside for nearly one hundred and twenty yards, while the extent of it towards the Butcher Bank was rather greater, the fire having travelled up the whole length of Blue Anchor Chare, Peppercorn Chare, Pallister Chare, and Hornsby's Chare, and made a breach into the Butcher Bank by three separate houses, all of which were entirely consumed. A blazing beam of timber, thrown by the explosion high over the Butcher Bank, fell into the workshops of Mr. J. Edgar, situate behind his premises in Pilgrim Street. Here the flames worked their way uncontrolled, destroying a front shop occupied by Mrs. Ann Shield, grocer, on one side, and a large number of tenemented dwellings and workshops adjoining George's Stairs on the other.

When the sun rose, never had his rays exhibited Newcastle in so awful a state as on that October morning. The fire was still extending widely amongst the property near the Quayside, whilst the flames in Gateshead were quite unsubdued, there being, indeed, no means of checking them there, owing to the fire-engines having been almost entirely buried in the ruins.

Soon as the tremendous shock ceased, however, were seen the workings of those faculties in the use of which man looks godlike. No moment of precious time was lost in timid flight or useless wailing. Sorrow was put off in the agony of present strife. The engine of the North Eastern Railway Company was fortunately uninjured, and proved of great service on the Quayside. Communications were sent by telegraph to all the neighbouring towns for assistance. The floating engines at Shields and Sunderland, three land engines from the latter town, and one each from Hexham, Durham, Morpeth, and Berwick were despatched by the authorities of these places. Fresh soldiers replaced their disabled comrades. The vessels that were in danger were moved out of the way, and in those that had been touched by the lighted brands the fire was extinguished. Happily, there was no wind. Thus encouraged, as many as could get near enough to help worked as one man. No danger—not the hot embers nor the shaking walls—deterred the firemen from carrying their hose, or the excavators from moving on with their picks; while every leaping jet of water and courageous venture on to some coign of vantage was cheered by the impatient lookers-on.

As the uninjured regained their presence of mind, every endeavour was made to render relief to the wounded, numbers of whom were carried off on boards and shutters to the Gateshead Dispensary; while upwards of a hundred, from both sides of the river, were taken to

the Newcastle Infirmary. Never were the resources of that great charity so severely tried. Fifty-eight persons, seriously injured, were at once admitted into the house, fifteen of whom died; while sixty-three others were relieved as out-patients.

On the 7th, the fire was got under on both sides of the river, and immediate steps were taken to disinter the remains of those who were known to be killed in Gateshead. The bodies of Mr. Pattinson, Mr. Hamilton (hairdresser), Ensign Paynter, Corporal Stephenson, Mr. Willis (skinner), Mr. Duke (bricklayer) and his son, a child named Conway, and a labourer named McKenny, were thus recovered. On the 8th the body of Mr. Mosely, a smith, was found much disfigured, and about noon there was discovered a charred and crumbling mass, without the least resemblance to humanity. A piece of the coat and a bunch of keys, lying close by, led to its identification as Mr. Alexander Dobson. The next fragments found were those of Mr. Thomas Sharp, shockingly mangled, and only identified by his gold watch and two dog whistles. Several other bodies were discovered in a similar condition. Mr. Davidson was identified by a signet ring, Mr. Harrison by a cigar case, one of the firemen by the nozzle of the engine pipe, and many others by similar articles known to have belonged to them. In Church Walk were found the family of a man named Hart, consisting of himself, his wife, his son, and his niece. No portion of Mr. Bertram's body could be found, but a key, which was known to belong to him, and his snuff box, were discovered among the ruins.

A great amount of evidence was tendered at the inquests as to the cause of the explosion, the general opinion being, that nothing but a vast store of gunpowder could have been the cause of the catastrophe. Mr. Hugh Lee Pattinson, the celebrated chemist, offered an explanation of the disaster, which he attributed to the action of water on the chemicals, whilst Dr. Taylor, Professor of Chemistry at King's College, London, ascribed its origin to gas. Mr. Pattinson believed that the heat of the building had inflamed the sulphur, and that gradually the whole mass of nitrate of soda and sulphur in the lower vaults had melted together, producing intense combustion, and a heat such as could not well be conceived. His assumption was, that a body of water, while the contents of the warehouse were in this state, had found its way to the burning mass, and, by the immense expansive power of steam at such a heat, had caused the explosion. In his opinion, 328 gallons of water, acting in this way, would have as powerful an effect as eight tons of gunpowder. Professor Taylor supposed that the sulphur, having taken fire, had inflamed the nitrate of soda, which, he said, would set free half a million cubic feet of gas; and the inability of the gas to escape fast enough through the door of the vault had, he believed, caused the explosion. Both chemists, from various analyses of the ruins, were equally confident that no gunpowder had been

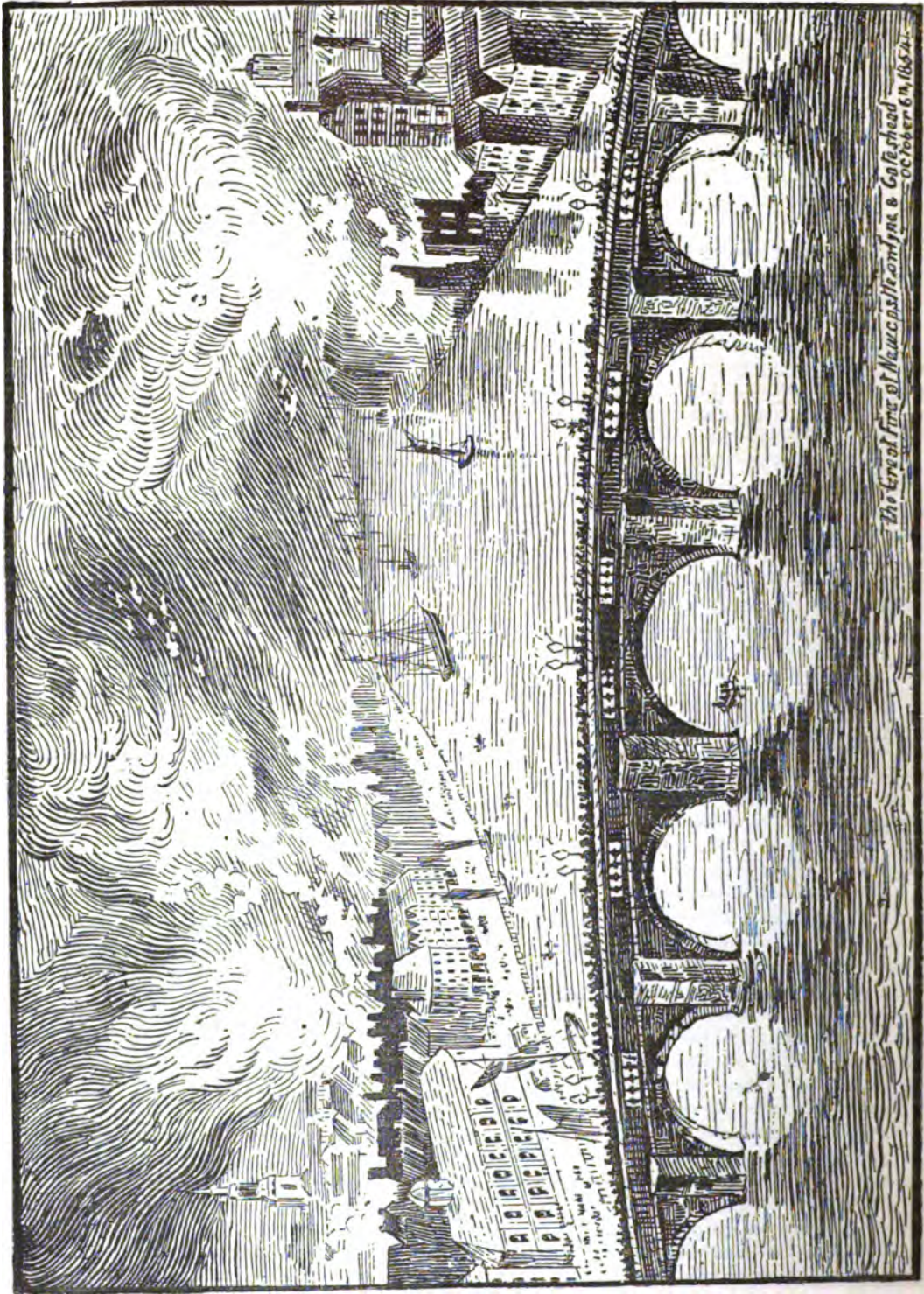
present. The juries, after very lengthened sittings, finally came to open verdicts, expressing, however, their belief that the explosion had not arisen from gunpowder.

The loss by this terrible fire was never accurately ascertained, but it was pretty generally estimated at not much short of a million pounds sterling. Whether the loss of life was accurately ascertained at the time is yet a matter of opinion, but the total number known to have perished was no less than fifty-three.

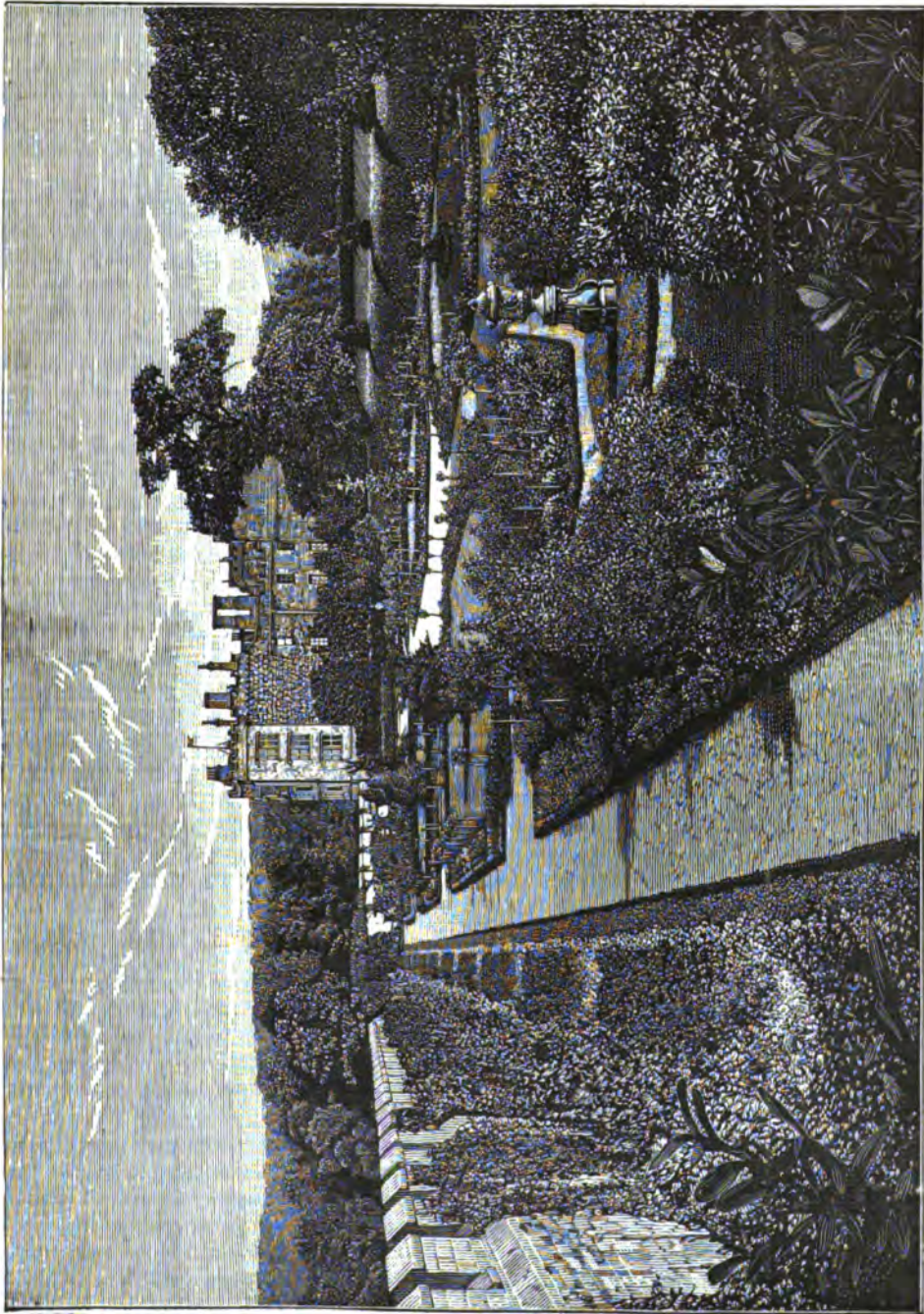
Perhaps no circumstance can better convey the idea of the immense power of the explosion than the fact that it burrowed into the solid earth and undermined the huge granite blocks which formed the tramway for carts in Hillgate, casting these solid stones to an immense perpendicular altitude, so as to soar above St. Mary's Church, and to project them over it two or three hundred yards into the neighbouring streets. One stone fell through the roof of the Grey Horse, in the High Street of Gateshead, a distance of four hundred yards. Another, nearly four feet long, a foot broad, and eight inches deep, weighing nearly four hundredweight, fell in Oakwellgate, and forced its way into the ground a considerable depth. A third stone, upwards of twenty stone weight, fell through a house in the same street and smashed everything before it. A stone weighing about two hundredweight was blown through one of the high windows of St. Mary's Church, while another, almost equally ponderous, penetrated the roof, and both were found lying in the pews. Large blocks of wood and stone were also projected considerable distances across the river. One stone was embedded in a house left standing at the west end of the Quay. Another was dashed with such violence as actually to penetrate like a bullet through the wall of the engine house of the *Courant* office in Pilgrim Street. A stone weighing 18½ pounds fell through the roof of the premises of Mr. Hewitson, optician, in Grey Street; and this stone, when the workmen came in the morning, was found too hot to be handled. A huge beam of timber about six feet long was hurled upon the roof of All Saints' Church; another piece, about ten feet long, eight inches square, and weighing three hundredweight, was thrown upon the Ridley Arms Inn, in Pilgrim Street; another went vertically through the roof of the Blue Posts Inn in the same street; and yet another alighted upon the roof of a house in Moaley Street. These latter locations were distant about three-quarters of a mile from the point of projection.

Many strange escapes were recorded at the time of the disaster. Not the least remarkable of these circumstances was the discovery the day after the fire of two children in a house in Hillgate, one in a cradle and the other in a closet, both alive and uninjured, but desperately hungry.

The intense interest in the fire caused the streets in the neighbourhood to be thronged like a fair the whole of



The Great Pier of Newcastle-on-Tyne & Gateshead
CC. Robert G. M. 1864-5



CHILLINGHAM CASTLE GARDENS.

Friday, the day after the disaster; on the Saturday, the numbers were considerably augmented by the market people from the country; and on the Sunday the numbers were almost beyond estimate. Not less than twenty thousand strangers came by rail that day; special trains ran every hour; and such was the anxiety of the people that many had to wait for hours at the stations before they could get forward. Some came to sympathise with the injured, others to mourn with the bereaved, while the greater number, having breathed the noxious and polluted atmosphere which pervaded the town during the whole of the day, returned in the evening with the deep conviction that they would "never look upon the like again."

The public sympathy for the poor people who were rendered destitute by this terrible catastrophe was displayed in the most marked manner throughout the kingdom. Upwards of £11,000 were subscribed for their relief. No fewer than eight hundred families applied for assistance from the fund, and altogether £4,640 was paid for the loss of furniture. In February, 1857, the committee which had charge of the subscriptions stated that £6,533 had been expended, that £3,944 had been reserved for widows and orphans, and that the remainder of the fund was distributed as follows:—Newcastle Infirmary, £1,190; Gateshead Dispensary, £314; Ragged Schools, £195; other charities, &c., £50.

Our sketch of the fire, showing the view from the High Level Bridge, with Tyne Bridge in the foreground, is taken from a drawing by Thomas Hardy, kindly lent us by Mr. Thomas Bell, Pilgrim Street, Newcastle.

A Northumbrian Flower Garden.



VISIT to the gardens at Chillingham Castle, the seat of the Earl of Tankerville, would dispel the notion that the bleak and unkindly climate of Northumberland is unfavourable to the growth of flowers. It was to these gardens, the castle itself, and the park containing the famous wild cattle, that the members of the British Arboricultural Society made an excursion in September of this year.

Mr. Bernard Cowan, of South Shields, recording the particulars of the visit in Dr. Robert Hogg's *Journal of Horticulture*, states that the gardens are of the old-fashioned sort—"a mixture of Dutch, Italian, French, and Old English." Accompanying Mr. Cowan's description there was published a view of the gardens and the castle. This view Dr. Hogg has courteously permitted us to reproduce. The engraving is an interesting pendant to the picture and history of the castle that appeared in the *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. i., p. 273.

Mr. Mechi, who has been park-keeper at Chillingham for over forty years, and who is immortalised in one of

Sir Edwin Landseer's pictures along with Lord Tankerville, drew the attention of the visitors to a curious reminiscence of fairy lore. "Beside a fine oak tree in the garden is a ring nearly oval of about 20 yards in diameter, and in the centre is a hole amongst stones. The herbage is completely worn away, and yet Mr. Mechi, after forty years' constant observation, has never noticed a living animal of any kind around it. Of course the reader can imagine the interesting tales of this supposed fairy abode."

Concerning the flower garden itself, Mr. Cowan writes as follows:—"It is on the west side of the castle. From the bottom of a grassy terrace is a level plateau of about 130 yards long. The northern boundary is an embattled wall, which is profusely clad with many very fine creepers, Clematis, Jackmanni, Cydonia japonica, Maréchal Niel Rose, Wistaria, Ampelopsis Veitchi being amongst the number. All the beds are geometrical figures, and as it is a mixture of all the old styles the effect is most pleasing. Some beds of roses, apparently Fellenberg, are within little Yew hedges, and these are margined with Alpines in circles, consisting of Sedum acre variegatum, Mentha Pulegium gibraltaria, Sedum glaucum, and Antennaria tomentosa. Phlox beds were also similarly designed. Yew hedges form a conspicuous figure. There were four squares of about 20 yards surrounded with Yew hedges two feet high, top quite flat, and inside was neatly mown grass. Against the embattled wall was a fine ribbon border."

Altogether, as may be gathered from Mr. Cowan's description and Dr. Hogg's picture, Chillingham Castle can boast of one of the quaintest and loveliest flower gardens in England.

The Streets of Newcastle.

The Groat and Cloth Markets.



THE Groat Market, on our right as we proceed from the Bigg Market towards Collingwood Street, is so called because there groats were bought and sold. Groats are oats with the hulls off, but unground; they were formerly in great request in the North. In the year 1743 the Common Council confined the sellers of this description of goods to this street, because it was the "ancient and accustomed market place appointed for the sale of meal and groats." The street, indeed, was also at one time called the Meal Market. In 1480, when the Merchants' Guild of Newcastle, founded by King John, was reconstructed, the members of the society bound themselves to go in procession on Corpus Christi Day to hear mass and afterwards perform their play of "Hog Magog," "meeting in the Meal Market at seven in the morning."

At the north end of the street, adjoining Pudding Chare, the Post-house stood in 1736, the postmaster being one James Bell, whose property it was. This house was adorned by a pretty quadrangular area, with a good garden behind, formed on the waste that belonged to the nuns of St. Bartholomew, and bounded on the north by three old houses that belonged to the chantry of the Holy Trinity in St. John's Church. Bourne tells us that in his time "the houses in the Groat Market were generally very ancient and mean." The street has evidently been much improved since his day. It may be succinctly described as a street of taverns, tea-rooms, and eating-houses, with some commodious shops on the Town Hall side devoted to the sale of provisions.

A little below the Pudding Chare is the house formerly known as the Flying Horse. This house has its associations. It is the once famous Hell's Kitchen, about which so many stories have been told, more of them false than true. The kitchen was situated in a yard on the opposite side of which were three other places of rendezvous. The three latter rooms were frequented by highly respectable people, while the kitchen itself was the "beat up" of beggars, tramps, and loafers.

One of the places mentioned was known as the "printers' room." Here gathered, night by night, the literary element of the town in that day; hither came, fresh from the theatre, the critics of the time to state their solemn judgment on the play of the night; and associated with them were a mixed multitude, distinguished for their aptness at song and recital.

We leave this apartment for what has been described to us as "a kind of miscellaneous room." Here the company was mixed indeed; but there was nothing to complain of in their general behaviour. They did not profess to be saints; but, to give them their due, they were not such very great sinners.

And then there was the "old men's room." It may seem a strange regulation, but nevertheless it is true; no smoking after four in the afternoon was allowed in this room. The old boys didn't like the fragrant weed; and the law was laid down accordingly. Each of the veterans had his own seat, his own hat-peg, and his "surroundings comfortable," as an old play says.

The "vestry" was situated behind the bar. To obtain admission therein was somewhat of a task; the admission itself a privilege. In front there was the "cocked hat room," so called because there was a peculiarly-shaped table therein, a sort of triangular affair, which suggested the name to those who settled the affairs of the nation in its vicinity.

The kitchen proper had its whims. One of them was to elect a mayor for the due control of the proceedings during the municipal year. His worship was elected with all form and ceremony, and of course he was "on hospitable thoughts intent" when duly elected. He invited his loyal subjects to dinner. First course; fish.

When that was disposed of, up got Mr. Mayor and said, "Well, gentlemen, you seem to have enjoyed the fish so much that I'm certain you want nothing more excepting the beer." Order accordingly. Now this magnificent first course was—a red herring! When "Jack Huntley," however, was elected mayor, he made an innovation in this respect. He gave his supporters a glorious spread in the shape of some three or four plucks and a sufficiency of liver and bacon. "Jack"—there are some amongst us who still remember him—went to China, whence he sent to Newcastle a descriptive letter in regard to his new surroundings which, by its graphic picturesqueness, considerably surprised his old cronies of the kitchen.

It need hardly be said that so peculiar a company must have had a curious mortal as its controlling head. And Ralph Nicholson, the landlord, was equal to his surroundings. He had his rules, and he stuck by them. If anyone transgressed, the worthy Ralph suspended him from further attendance for six calendar months, at the end of which time the offender was required to report himself, and promise better behaviour. In one instance, an offender, having stayed away for the regulation half-year, walked into the kitchen. Ralph could not tolerate this. "Have you reported yourself?" "No." "Then come this way." Away went the landlord to the door with his truant customer, and said: "Now, do you report yourself?" "Yes, certainly." "Walk in." Such was the discipline of the kitchen! Nicholson had considerable dignity of his own; his successor, Liddle by name, was more—what shall we say?—more "come-at-able." He was usually referred to as "His Satanic Majesty!" Yet, according to all accounts, he was a law-abiding, law-respecting citizen, who could give a joke and take a joke as well as any of his neighbours.

More might be said concerning this almost historic house; but we must pause. We must not dwell on the "safe pints"—the "printers," by the way, were always supplied with pints, and nothing else—and we must reluctantly leave "Auld Nick's Visit to Hell's Kitchen," as described by Robert Emery, alone. We ought, however, to explain that the reason for the name just quoted is that some rough customers used to find their way to Ralph Nicholson's premises now and again. They waxed fightable in their cups, and he would lock them in, and leave them to fight their difficulty out, having always, though, a leaning to the weaker vessel! In other words, he always took care to interfere before any serious mischief was done. In the veritable kitchen, which was the tap-room of the Flying Horse, the poker—a formidable instrument—was chained to the fireplace, lest it should be used in a quarrel; and so we have seen it. There are, however, old veterans who dispute the chained poker altogether; but we think that our story as to the three rooms, the cocked hat, the vestry, and so forth, may sufficiently, and very reasonably, account for that.

Of the other hostelries in the Groat Market one of the most notable is the Black Boy, which is associated in our local history with a serious dispute between the magistrates and the burgesses. On the last day of the year 1771, in pursuance of an order of the Common Council, that part of the Town Moor lying west of the Ponteland turnpike road, from Gallowgate quarry to the West Cowgate, was advertised "to be let for the purpose of being cultivated and improved." This announcement affected about eighty-nine acres of land; and it is not surprising that the burgesses were alarmed at the assumption of power which it implied. Accordingly, meetings of the several companies were summoned, money was collected, and it was resolved to challenge the legality of the order. Sufficient trespass was committed to enable the lessee to sue for damage. At the Assizes in August, 1773, the case was heard, Serjeant Glynn, the Recorder of London, acting for the burgesses. He proved to the satisfaction of the court that the Council had no right to let the Moor; and, by the advice of the Judge, a juror was withdrawn. The end of the matter was that the Council formally abandoned their claim, and agreed to pay £300 costs. They also undertook to join the burgesses in soliciting (at the Corporation's expense) an Act of Parliament confirming to the resident burgesses and their widows their full right to the *herbage* of the Town Moor for two milch cows, and authorising the burgesses to let at one time one hundred acres of the common, the rent to be divided by the stewards of the respective companies amongst their poor brethren and widows.

This, it will be seen, was a substantial victory for the burgesses; and they knew it quite well. They nearly killed poor Serjeant Glynn with kindness, chairing him and cheering him till he was glad to escape from the enthusiasm of his too fervid admirers into his lodgings in the Forth. Then they determined on celebrating the anniversary of the trial, August 10, with great rejoicings. They baited a bull on that part of the Moor which the Corporation had wished to let; they set the bells a-ringing and the guns a-firing; they paraded the streets with bands of music; and they wound up the day with a grand dinner at the Black Boy, which must evidently, therefore, have been one of the principal inns in Newcastle at that time.

Another inn of repute, still much used by farmers and horse-dealers on market days, is the Crown and Thistle. It was "much frequented by commercial gentlemen" in Mackenzie's time; and it seems still to maintain its ancient reputation. But it has no special tradition of any note.

In the Groat Market the Literary and Philosophical Society was located prior to its migration to Westgate Street. There also the local Society of Antiquaries had its lodging at one time. And in Dagg's Entry, a narrow passage about half-way down the Groat Market, Dr. Robert Morrison, the celebrated linguist and missionary, worked in his earlier years at his trade as a last-maker.

In the hurry-skurry of this busy thoroughfare let us not forget the noble lesson of this brave scholar's life, born in the humblest circumstances, content to work at a last-maker's stall in an uninviting alley, and yet dying the Chinese Secretary and Interpreter to Lord Napier, the British Superintendent in China, leaving behind him that grandest of characters—the fair fame of a great scholar and a good man.

The Groat Market had a meeting-house of its own at one time, approached by a long narrow entry, but able to accommodate some seven hundred persons inside. It seems to have been built by the Scotch Presbyterian body about the year 1715—the time of the old Pretender's rebellion against the rule of George I. One of its ministers, the Rev. David Grant, was considered a man of considerable abilities, and he brought together a numerous and respectable congregation. He published several of his sermons while stationed here (1782-6). The Rev. David McIndoe (1790-1826) seems also to have been a clever man in his way, but he had defects of character which militated seriously against his ministerial success.

From the Groat Market started some of the coaches in which our forefathers did their travelling. When the present century came in, the Royal Charlotte set out from Mr. Sunderland's there every morning at eight and arrived the third morning after at the Bull and Mouth in London. From the same place also, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at five a.m., went a coach to Carlisle, passing through Hexham at noon and arriving in the Border City at ten at night; while, for the benefit of the newspapers, a vehicle called "Burn's Carlisle News Carrier" left the Bigg Market on Friday evenings at seven, and reached its destination at ten the following morning.

The thoroughfare that is now called the Cloth Market, on the other side of the present Town Hall, had formerly three designations. Part of it was called the Cloth Market, part the Flesh Market, and part the Fish Market. It may be news to some to learn that formerly many of its shops were occupied by drapers; for there is not a rag or a ribbon on sale there now-a-days. Nor is it perhaps generally known that it was anciently inhabited by the mayors, aldermen, and principal merchants of the town. Again, it may surprise some to learn that many houses here had formerly to pay an annual rent to University College, Oxford. Yet all these things were so. And at the foot of the street stood the Cordwainers' meeting-house, which was originally known as "The House of Charitie." This building was at one time the spinn or work-house. A little above it was a large cross, with a lead cistern at the top to hold the new water; and adjoining this was a pillory. Indeed, our fathers saw to it that the canny toon should be well supplied in this respect, at all events:—

A' ower wor toon ther was Pillories stuck,
Where feuls had to stand an' get plaistored wi' muck!

The principal inn in this short street is the White Hart, which is commended by Mackenzie as "respectable and well-frequented." When George the Fourth ascended the throne in 1820, this hostelry took its share in indicating that his treatment of his queen was unmanly and unjust; that is, its friends and neighbours did. For on the 14th of September of that year "a meeting was held at the White Hart Inn to consider the propriety of co-operating with the committee in London for raising subscriptions at one shilling each to present to Queen Caroline a service of plate."

About the same time, "John Marshall, Old Flesh Market, Newcastle," published a sheaf of political papers, tracts, and pamphlets, all forgotten now, or only preserved by the collectors of curiosities.

As to the name, Cloth Market, we must be guided by indirect evidence. Every August and October fair, dealers in blankets, &c., erected booths in the lower part of this street, and continued there while the fair lasted. Indeed it is only within the present generation that the practice has been discontinued. The booths were similar to those of the ordinary fair. Each salesman stood beside his stall with a blanket on his arm, and impertuned all and sundry as they passed by—"Blankets, buy blankets, buy blankets!"—after the fashion of the olden days, and indeed of the modern, too, sometimes.

The Battle of Flodden.

JAMES IV., King of Scotland, assigned as his chief reason for invading England, in the autumn of 1513, that he desired to obtain satisfaction for the murder of Sir Robert Kerr, Warden of the East Marches, who had been treacherously slain at a Border meeting, during a time of truce, by John Heron, of Ford—"the Bastard Heyron"—and two other Englishmen, named Lilburn and Starhead, whom Buchanan pithily characterises as "most audacious men," and also for the death of the celebrated Scottish Admiral, Andrew Barton, whom the Earl of Surrey's sons, Edward and Thomas, had unwarrantably attacked and killed, as if he had been a pirate, off the Downs, in 1511, when he was returning from a cruise against the Portuguese on the coast of Flanders. Failing to get such redress as he demanded for these outrages, and being further instigated by an amorous letter from the Queen of France, accompanied by a ring from her own finger, and fourteen thousand French crowns to pay his expenses, James, in spite of the earnest entreaties of his English Queen, Margaret Tudor, and of many of his best counsellors, declared war against his brother-in-law, Henry VIII., who was then in the Low Countries, fighting against Louis XII. of France.

Posting from Stirling to Edinburgh, James found him-

self at the head of one of the most numerous and best-equipped armies that a Scottish monarch ever led into the field. His large train of artillery was at that time especially remarkable. With this army, fifty thousand strong, he marched along the coast southwards, apparently with no definite plan of operations, and, entering England on the 22nd of August, encamped on the banks of the river Till, the chief Northumbrian tributary to the Tweed, at a place called Twizel Haugh, half-way between Coldstream and Norham. He remained here two days, and on the 24th August issued a proclamation, promising that the heirs of all who fell in the present campaign should inherit their several paternal estates without payment of the usual feudal fines. The next few days were spent in exploits unworthy to occupy the time of a splendid army such as that which James had brought with him. He first marched down the Tweed, and invested the castle of Norham, which held out for a week. He then returned up the river and besieged and took the castle of Wark. He next advanced a few miles southward, and took and destroyed the small fortalices of Etal and Ford, the latter belonging to Sir William Heron, who was then his prisoner in Scotland. Much precious time was thrown away in these unprofitable undertakings; but that was not all. With the capture of Ford, Lady Heron, a beautiful but artful woman, fell into James's hands, and he is said to have become deeply enamoured of her. She naturally used her influence over his affections to cause still further delay, while she kept up a secret correspondence with the English leaders, to whom time was thus given to concentrate their forces and march against the invaders in imposing strength. Pitecotte's whole story of the king's intrigues with Lady Heron has, however, been doubted, there being several difficulties with regard to dates. But there can be no question that James wasted much precious time before the Border fortresses, which a more skilful and competent general would have boldly left in his rear.

King Henry had not left the defence of his kingdom unprovided for, though he had made little noise in his preparations. When he embarked for France on the last day of June, 1513, he took the Earl of Surrey, one of his ablest commanders, by the hand, and said, "My lord, I trust not the Scots; therefore I pray you be not negligent." And he knew well that he spoke to no deaf ears, for when the Scottish herald gave him warning from James to return home to defend his kingdom, Henry replied that he had left the task of defending it to a nobleman who knew well how to execute with fidelity the charge committed to him. He immediately despatched a messenger to England ordering Surrey to summon the army of the Northern Counties, and to hold himself in readiness to resist the threatened invasion. This the earl did so effectually that before the enemy had been many days on

English ground he was at the head of an army of twenty-six thousand men, with which he marched from Pontefract, through Darlington, to Durham, at which city he received from the hands of the Prior, Dr. Thomas Castell, the invincible banner of St. Cuthbert, the palladium of the Palatinata. On the same day (August 30) he arrived at Newcastle, where he was met by Lord Dacre, Sir William Bulmer, Sir Marmaduke Constable, and other barons of the North. There he appointed a general rendezvous for the army on Sunday, the 4th of September, at the little village of Bolton, four miles from Alnwick. But owing to the coarseness of the weather and the bad state of the roads, which hindered his forces from coming up so fast as they otherwise would have done, the earl was obliged to stay at Alnwick over the Sunday. At that town he was joined by his son, Thomas Howard, Lord Admiral of England, with five thousand men, whom he had brought with him by sea to Shields. From Alnwick, Surrey sent a pursuivant to the King of Scots, upbraiding him with having broken faith and league with the King of England in thus invading his dominions, and offering to fight him in a fair field on the succeeding Friday, the 9th of September, if he would remain in England so long. To this letter of defiance Lord Thomas Howard added a message, informing James that he was the commander who had defeated and slain the pirate Andrew Barton, and that on the day of the battle he would be found in the vanguard to justify the act against him and all his people. The herald found James still encamped at Ford spending his hours listlessly; but the king's spirit was roused by this scornful challenge of his antagonists, and he replied at once that he desired nothing more than the battle offered him, and that he would be ready to fight on the day appointed, at the same time denying flatly the charge of broken faith which had been made against him. With respect to the hostile acts of which the earl complained, a Scottish herald was sent to say that his Highness the King of Scots (Majesty is a title of later introduction) had used his own royal discretion, as he would always do, and that he held himself accountable for all that he did to God alone.

The most experienced of the Scottish nobility had for some days been strongly urging the king to return home. They represented to him that he had already done enough to vindicate his offended honour by ravaging the English Border; that the adjacent country was exhausted of supplies, the weather bad, and winter not far off; and that a great number of his followers, particularly the Borderers, had already slunk away in order to secure what booty they had picked up, as was their usual custom in long campaigns. The veteran Earl of Angus, nicknamed "Bell the Cat," who had earnestly spoken against the war from its commencement, remonstrated so freely with his liege lord upon the impolicy of fighting with his now greatly diminished and partially demoralised

force, that the king hastily said to him, with scorn and indignation, "If you are afraid, you may go home." The old earl burst into tears at this insupportable insult, and retired accordingly, leaving his two sons, George, Master of Angus, and Sir William of Glenberrie, to command his followers in his stead. The youths were both slain in the conflict which ensued, with two hundred gentlemen of the name of Douglas. Want of provisions and the continued rains had already spread discontent throughout the Scottish camp. The soldiers were also mortified at seeing James waste in his pleasure the time which ought to have been employed in military operations; so many of them deserted the banners of their leaders, and went off with the plunder they had been able to collect. The best and bravest of them felt that they were not fighting for their country, but merely for an imaginary point of honour. In short, they were not whole-hearted in James's enterprise. But the infatuated king was deaf to all counsels, and, believing there was no force in England able to withstand him now that King Henry was away with his army in France, he would only yield so far as to change his position at Ford, which was not good, for a stronger one on the hill of Flodden. There, after setting fire to Ford Castle, he encamped on an elevation inaccessible on the two flanks, and defended in front by the deep river Till.

On the afternoon of Wednesday, Sept. 7, Surrey, having been informed of this movement, pushed forward to Wooler Haugh, whence he reconnoitred the new position of the Scots, and saw with mortification that it would be too hazardous to attack it in the front. He therefore tried to draw James down into the plain, and with this object sent a herald with another letter upbraiding the king for breaking his promise, and offering to give him battle on Millfield Plain the next day. "Albeit," said he, "it hath pleased you to change your promise, and put yourself into a ground more like a fortress or camp than upon any indifferent ground for battle to be tried, yet, considering the day appointed is so nigh approaching, I desire now of your grace, for the accomplishment of your honourable promise, you will dispose yourself for your part, like as I shall do for mine, to be to-morrow with your host on your side of the plain of Millfield, in likewise as I shall do for mine, and shall be with the subjects of my sovereign lord on my side of the plain of the said field, to give you battle, betwixt twelve of the clock and three in the afternoon, upon a sufficient warning by you to be given by eight or nine of the clock in the morning by the said pursuivant." This letter was signed by Surrey himself and by the principal commanders of his army.

It is said that James refused to receive Surrey's herald, and that, when he heard the contents of the letter, he replied haughtily that it did not become an earl to dictate to a king. When the English general was informed of the ill-success of his messenger, he pro-

ceeded to act with a decision which showed his contempt for the enemy with whom he had to contend. On the 8th of September he put his army in motion, and, crossing the Till near Weetwood, proceeded behind the high ground to the northward of Doddington, in the direction of Berwick, as far as the village of Barmoor, in the neighbourhood of which, and about two miles from Flodden, the troops lay encamped that night. Early next morning, instead of pursuing his march towards Berwick, the earl faced north-west, and marched by way of Duddo towards Twizel Bridge, where the vanguard of the artillery under Lord Thomas Howard, Surrey's eldest son, recrossed the Till about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, while the main body, under Surrey himself, crossed at the mill-ford, about a mile higher up the stream. Before the middle of the day the English army was drawn up in battle array in the rear of the Scottish camp, between them and their own country, with an easy ascent to James's position.

The English had been allowed to make these important movements without the slightest interruption; for James, apparently seized with a fatal infatuation, lost the precious moments in vain altercations with his commanders. As the passage both by the bridge and through the ford was difficult and slow, Surrey's troops might have been attacked with great advantage while struggling with the natural obstacles. When the division led by Lord Howard was seen defiling over the narrow bridge of Twizel, the Scottish chiefs urged James to attack them at a juncture when he might take them in detail and gain an easy victory, but he refused. The master of the artillery, Borthwick, begged to be allowed to bring his guns to bear upon them, but received a peremptory order to remain quiet. The Earl of Huntly, giving similar advice, was treated with scorn. A last remonstrance was made by the veteran Lord Lindsay of the Byres; but James was so deeply offended at it that he threatened to hang him at his own gate on his return to Scotland. In short, the king was either deprived of his reason for the time being, deficient in the first rudiments of the art of war, or so confident of superiority in spirit and valour as to throw away every advantage that fortune gave him. Pitcottie tells us "he was determined to have his enemies before him in a plain field." Well might the Scottish minstrel exclaim:—

What 'vails the vain knight errant's brand?
O Douglas, for thy leading wand;
Fierce Randolph for thy speed;
O for one hour of Wallace wight,
Or well skilled Bruce to rule the fight,
And cry "St. Andrew and our right!"
Another sight had seen that morn,
From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn;
And Flodden had been Bannockburn.

But it was not to be. The English vanguard, after crossing the Till, advanced towards Branxton, as if their intention had been to occupy an eminence

near that village, a little to the westward of Flodden. By this manœuvre, the Scots were compelled either to descend from Flodden Hill and oppose them, or allow their enemies to take up a formidable position between them and their own country. So, setting fire to their huts and litter on the summit of the hill, a body of the Scots, under cover of the smoke, which was blown by a south wind towards the English, proceeded to occupy the high ground near Branxton before it could be gained by the enemy. By the time that the smoke had cleared away, the English had crossed the small rivulet named Palin's Burn (Pallinsburn, now the seat of the Aakew Family), at a place which Hall calls the Sandford, and the two armies found themselves face to face, within a quarter of a mile from each other. The English army, fronting to the south, and extending east and west, was formed in three grand divisions, with a strong body of horse in the rear as reserve, under the command of Lord Dacre. Lord Thomas Howard commanded the central division of the van, the right wing of which was led on by his younger brother, Sir Edmund Howard, and the left by Sir Marmaduke Constable. Surrey himself commanded in the centre; and the third division, consisting chiefly of Cheshire and Lancashire men, and placed a little in the rear, was under the command of Sir Edward Stanley. The artillery was in the front, in the intervals between the divisions. The Scottish army was drawn up in four divisions. The extreme right of the English was opposed to the left wing of the Scots under the command of the Earl of Huntly and Lord Home; while that part of the first division which was under the immediate command of Lord Thomas Howard was encountered by the Scots under the Earls of Crawford and Montrose. The Scottish centre was led on by the king himself; while the right division, consisting chiefly of Highlanders, was under the command of the Earls of Lennox and Argyll, with whom were the chiefs of Mackenzie and Maclean. The Earl of Bothwell had charge of the reserve, which consisted principally of the men of the Lothians, who had with them a large train of artillery.

The battle was begun by the Scots. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when the division under Huntly and Home made a furious attack upon that part of the English van which was commanded by Sir Edmund Howard, and beat it back, Sir Edmund himself narrowly escaping with his life, after being struck to the ground no less than three times. His brother, the Lord Admiral, alarmed at the vigour of this attack, and seeing the imminence of the danger, hastily sent a messenger to his father, entreating him to extend his line, and thus detach a part of the centre to his assistance. But before this could be done Lord Dacre brought up his horse, reinforced by a troop of fierce outlaws under Heron the Bastard; and, thus supported, the Lord Admiral ad-

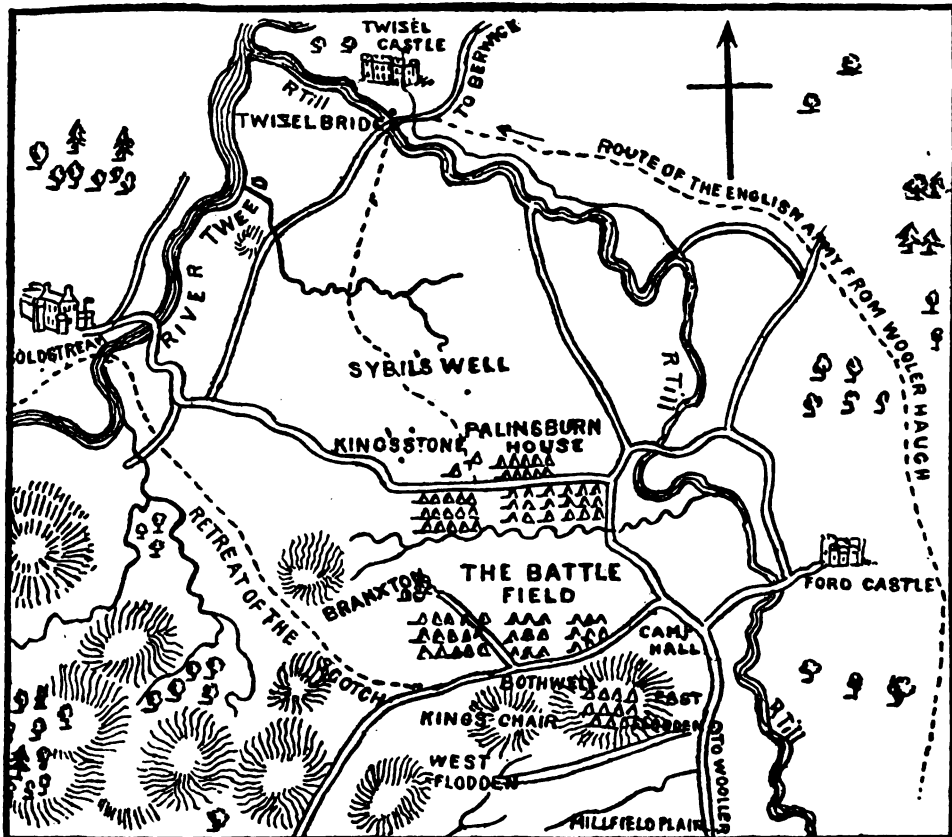
vanced against the Earl of Huntly's division, which consisted

Of gallant Gordons many a one,
And many a stubborn Badenoch man,

and drove it back with great slaughter at the first charge. Meanwhile, the rugged Borderers under Lord Home, imagining the victory was gained when the English retreated before their onset, quitted their ranks in search of plunder, which was always their main look-out, and took no further share in the fight. After having pillaged the baggage of both armies, they made the best of their way homewards, and their leader, who is said to have harboured some secret personal grudge against his sovereign, is branded by the Scottish historians with negligence or treachery. He was said to have stood aloof during the most arduous part of the fray; and when he was required by Huntly to attempt the king's deliverance from the circle of his enemies, a contemporary writer says that he answered that "the man did well that day that stood for himself." Hence it was that the ballad-singers used to shout "Doon with the Yirl o' Hume!" and "Doon wi' the Merse to the De'il!" while lauding to the skies the "Sutors" (it should have been the Weavers) of Selkirk, the scanty

residue of whom, when they left the bloodstained field, managed to bring off with them an English flag which they had taken in the fight, and which is still preserved as a trophy in that ancient and honourable borough.

The pursuit of Huntly's routed division soon brought the English van upon the levelled spears of another large division of the Scottish left wing, commanded by the Earls of Crawford and Montrose. A new and desperate conflict here ensued, in which great valour was displayed on both sides; but it ended before long in the total rout of the Scots, who were driven from the field, their two noble leaders being slain. On the left, the success of the English was equally decisive; for the Scottish right wing, consisting of undisciplined Highland and Hebridean "Kerne," commanded by Lennox and Argyle, was unable to sustain the charge of Sir Edward Stanley, and especially the severe execution of the Lancashire archers, by which they were so dreadfully galled that they could not be kept in their ranks, but rushed forward pell-mell, eager to use their broadswords, on to more even ground, where they at once broke into hopeless confusion. La Motte and other French officers, who were in this division, fore-



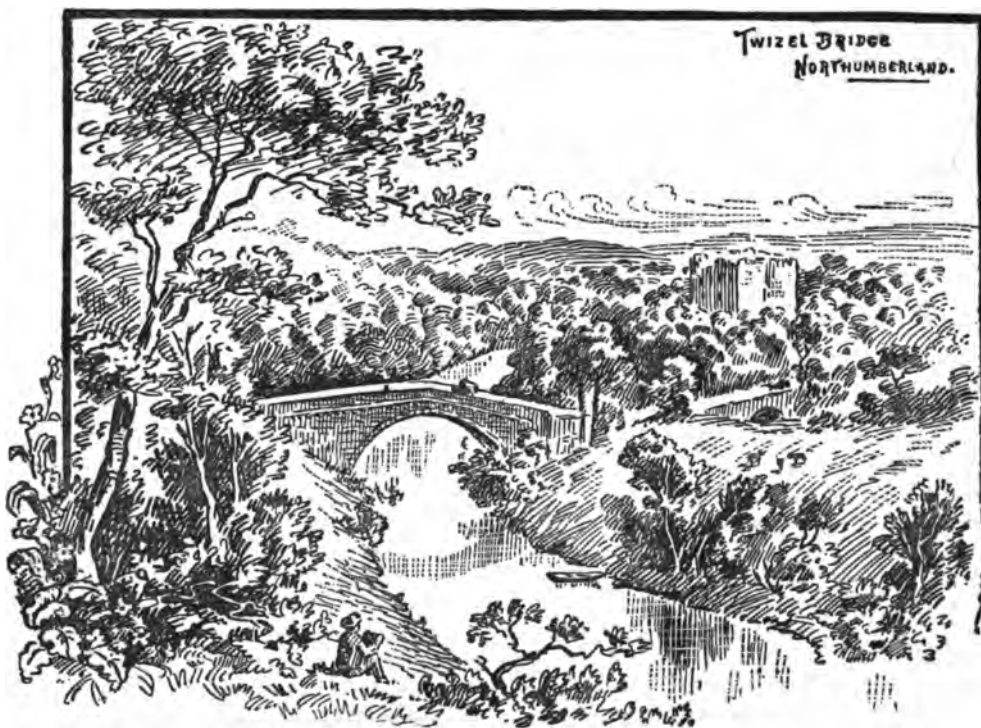
PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN.

seeing the fatal results of their insubordination, tried to restrain them, not only with words, but with blows. But it was in vain. The Highlanders, in their hurry, impaled themselves on the serried English spears; and when the first force of the attack was spent, the spearmen advanced in their turn, and drove the Scots back with dreadful slaughter. The Earls of Argyle and Lennox, La Motte, and many other men of distinction fell in this disastrous struggle.

The battle was carried on with the greatest obstinacy in the centre, where the king, on foot, surrounded by his principal nobles, encouraged the Scots by his personal bravery, kindled to extravagance of courage by the perils which now surrounded him. Deaf to every advice and remonstrance, he exposed himself to all the dangers of the field. Being sustained by Bothwell and the reserve, he charged on foot, at the head of the best of his troops, whose thick armour resisted the arrows of the English archers, that had galled the half-naked Highlanders so sore. The first rank of the English centre was broken, and the Earl of Surrey's own standard was nearly taken, when the fortune of the day was suddenly changed by the opportune arrival of the division under Lords Howard and Dacre, who, having defeated Crawford and Montrose, threw themselves furiously on the flank of the Scottish centre, which had now to sustain the brunt of the entire force of the enemy. The slaughter

here now became dreadful. Anxious for the fate of their king, and disdainful to fly while he was in danger, the Scots fought with such desperate fury that, when the ground became soft and slippery with blood, the combatants threw off their shoes to obtain a firmer footing. It was late in the evening when Stanley's division attacked the king's division in the rear, and the approach of dusk added to the confusion; yet James, who kept his place in the foremost ranks, continued to encourage his men by his voice and example. At length, struck almost at the same time by an arrow and a bill, the royal hero fell mortally wounded, at a distance of only a few paces from his antagonist, the Earl of Surrey. The Scottish nobles and their followers, rendered still more desperate by the fate of their monarch, rushed round his body, and, forming a circle, still continued to fight, although the increasing darkness made it difficult to distinguish between friends and foes.

The stubborn spearmen still made good
Their dark, impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight;
Link'd in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well,
Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host
Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
Led back from strife his shattered bands;
And from the charge they drew,



As mountain waves from wasted lands
Sweep back to ocean blue.
Then did their loss his foemen know ;
Their king, their lords, their mightiest low,
They melted from the field like snow,
When streams are swollen and south winds blow,
Dissolves in silent dew.
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
While many a broken band,
Disorder'd, through her currents dash
To gain the Scottish land ;
To town and tower, to down and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail.
Tradition, legend, tune, and song,
Shall many an age that wail prolong.
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife and courage dear
Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield !

Besides the king and his natural son (the accomplished pupil of Erasmus Alexander Stewart, Archbishop of St. Andrews, and the Pope's Legate), there were slain on the Scottish side twelve earls—Crawford, Montrose, Lennox, Argyle, Errol, Athol, Morton, Cassilis, Bothwell, Rothes, Caithness, and Glencairn—thirteen Lords of Parliament, and five eldest sons of peers. About fifty gentlemen of high rank and chiefs of families fell, and three Churchmen of the episcopal order, besides the Archbishop of St. Andrews, lost their lives. The number of the slain on the Scottish side was from eight to ten thousand, and that on the English side probably not much less than half as many; but with two or three exceptions the victors lost none but men of inferior note, or common rank and file. It was the Lancashire and Cheshire men that suffered most. Six thousand horses and a splendid park of seventeen pieces of cannon fell into the hands of the conquerors.

During the night after the battle the Earl of Home's followers, with parties of habitual and reputed thieves from Tynedale and Teviotdale, employed themselves in stripping the slain and in pillaging the baggage of both armies. Lord Home, whose men thus returned with rich booty from a field where the noblest of their countrymen had perished, is accused by some Scottish historians not only of keeping aloof during the most important period of the fight, but of having actually seized the king and put him to death after he had escaped across the Tweed to his strong castle of Hume. Buchanan notices the report of King James having escaped into Berwickshire and having been put to death by one of Home's retainers, and he mentions the name of a person, David Galbraith, who was said to be one of six who did the deed. He observes that such accounts are uncertain, though he adds that he himself had heard one Lawrence Telfer say that he saw the king pass the Tweed after the battle was lost. The Scots, according to Lesley, asserted that it was not the king's body, but that of another person, which the English found on the field, as the king was seen by many safe at Kelso after the battle. Some, he adds,

were of opinion that the king survived the battle, and that he had gone to Jerusalem to spend devoutly, in tears and grief, the remainder of his days, at the sepulchre of Christ and other holy places. But "there can be no doubt," says Sir Walter Scott, "that King James fell in the battle of Flodden." He was killed, according to a curious French Gazette published at the time, within a lance's length of the Earl of Surrey; and the same account adds that none of his division were made prisoners, though many were killed. On the other hand, it was objected to the English that they could never produce the iron belt which James constantly wore round his waist in token of penance for having been concerned in or accessory to the death of his father, James III., when a mere boy. But they produced what we should consider a better evidence, the monarch's sword and dagger, which are still preserved in the Herald's College in London. James's corpse, or what was understood to be it, was embalmed at Berwick and put into a lead coffin, and, having been sent to London by sea, it was thence conveyed to the Monastery of Sheene, now Richmond in Surrey, and there laid reverently in a crypt or vault. At the dissolution, some years afterwards, it was tumbled into a lumber room, where Stow tells us he saw it lying amongst the old timber, lead, and other rubbish.

The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stokoe.

AN OLD CHRISTMAS CAROL.

THE celebration of Christmastide by merriment and festivities is more common in the South of England than in the North, which may, perhaps, be accounted for by our proximity to Scotland—neither Christmas Day nor Twelfth Night attracting any attention in that country. For a century after the Reformation, most persevering efforts were made by the Presbyterian clergy to extinguish all observance of Christmas. In this they were largely successful, and thus in some of the Border places there exists only a shadowy idea of Christmastide as a holiday and time of feasting, although we have heard even amongst them the following rhyme repeated by some old people, to whom Christmas itself was only a tradition:—

Yule's come and Yule's gaen,
And we hae feasted weel ;
See Jack man to his flail agyen,
And Jenny to her wheel.

Carol singing has always been a pleasant form of Christmas amusement, and has greatly increased in favour of late years, being now adopted in most of the Established and many of the Nonconformist churches.

Carols are usually of two sorts: one of a scriptural or serious nature, sung in churches and through the streets, and from house to house, ushering in Christmas morning; the other of a more convivial nature, and adapted to the season of feasting and carousing. The convivial or "jolie carols," as old Tusser calls them, were sung by the company or by the itinerant minstrels that attended the feasts for that purpose, during the revelry at the houses of the wealthy throughout the Christmas.

The oldest collection of Christmas Carols is that which was printed by Wynkyn de Worde, in 1521; the songs are of a festal character, and include the famous Boar's Head Carol, which is still sung annually on Christmas Day at Queen's College, Oxford.

Of all carols, ancient or modern, none seems to be more generally known, or to have attained greater popularity, than the grand old "God rest you, Merry Gentlemen," of the melody of which numerous versions exist, both in the major and minor keys. The tune is of great antiquity, and has been used to other ballads, such as "The May-Day," or "Mayers' Song"—a semi-religious medley, a Puritanical May Song ("of great antiquity," says Hone)—beginning:

Remember us, poor Mayers all,
And thus we do begin,
To lead our lives in righteousness,
Or else we die in sin.
We have been rambling all the night
And almost all the day,
And now, returned back again,
We have brought you a branch of May.

Our carol is sometimes sung in a major key, but oftener in a minor, and there are many various sets of the second part.

GOD REST YOU, MERRY GENTLEMEN.

God rest you, merry gen-tle-men; May
no-thing you dis-may, For Je-sus Christ our
Sa-vi-our was born on Christ-mas Day,
To save us all from Sa-tan's pow'r When
we were gone a-stray. O tid-ings of
oom-fort and of joy, oom-fort and joy, O
tid-ings of oom-fort and of joy.

In Bethlehem, in Jewry,
This blessed babe was born,
And laid within a manger,
Upon this blessed morn;
The which his mother Mary
Did nothing take in scorn.
O, tidings of comfort and of joy.

From God, our heavenly Father,
A blessed Angel came,
And unto certain shepherds
Brought tidings of the same,
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by name.
O, tidings of comfort and of joy.

Fear not, then said the Angel,
Let nothing you affright,
This day is born a Saviour
Of a pure Virgin bright,
To free all those who trust in him
From Satan's power and might.
O, tidings of comfort and of joy.

The shepherds at these tidings then
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a feeding,
In tempest, storm, and wind,
And went to Bethlehem straightway,
This blessed babe to find.
O, tidings of comfort and of joy.

But when to Bethlehem they came,
Where our dear Saviour lay,
They found him in a manger,
Where oxen feed on hay;
His mother Mary, kneeling,
Unto his Lord did pray.
O, tidings of comfort and of joy.

Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood
Each other now embrace.
This holy tide of Christmas
All others doth efface.
O, tidings of comfort and of joy.

"What Will Mrs. Grundy Say?"

MORTON, the dramatist, of whom a short account appears in the August part of the *Monthly Chronicle* (see p. 342), was born in the city of Durham. Amongst his numerous works, as there pointed out, was the once popular play "Speed the Plough." It is in that play that the memorable expression occurs: "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" As typifying the desire to become acquainted with the general opinion of the public upon any ordinary social topic, the sentence is quoted to this day. Mrs. Grundy, in fact, is the very type of modern propriety.

"Speed the Plough," it may be stated, was first performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, on February 8, 1800. Mrs. Grundy as a dramatic personality is forgotten, and so, for that matter, are the characters who so frequently made use of her name. It may therefore be interesting to give an extract from Morton's play, showing the circumstances under which the popular saying was first used.

Mrs. Grundy, though she does not appear on the

stage, is no mythical personage, but a neighbouring farmer's wife, whose possible hostile opinion was regarded with some trepidation by Dame Ashfield. Here is the extract:—

FARMER ASHFIELD discovered seated on a wooden stool, with his pipe, a jug, &c., on a table by him. Enter DAME ASHFIELD in a cloak and hat, and a basket under her arm.

ASH.: Well, dame, welcome whoam. What news does thee bring vrom market?

DAME: What news, husband? What I have always told thee; that Farmer Grundy's wheat brought five shillings a quarter more than ours did.

ASH.: All the better vor ha.

DAME: Ah! the sun seems to shine on purpose for him.

ASH.: Come, come, Missus, as thee has not the grace to thank God for prosperous times, dan't thee grumble when they be unkindly a bit.

DAME: And I assure thee Dame Grundy's butter was quite the crack of the market.

ASH.: Be quiet, woolye? always ding dinging Dame Grundy into my ears—What will Mrs. Grundy say?—What will Mrs. Grundy think? Canst thee be quiet, let her alone, and behave thyself pratty?

DAME: Certainly I can—I'll tell thee, Tummus, what she said at church last Sunday.

ASH.: Canst thee tell what parson said? Noa! Then I'll tell thee. A' said that envy were as foul a weed as grows, and cankers all wholesome plants that be near it—that's what a' said.

DAME: And do you think I envy Mrs. Grundy, indeed?

ASH.: Why dan't thee letten her alone then? I do verily think, when thee goest to t'other world, the vurst question thee't ax 'ill be, if Mrs. Grundy's there. Zoa be quiet, and behave pratty, doo'e. Has thee brought whoam the *Salisbury News*?

DAME: No, Tummus; but I have brought a rare wudget of news with me. First and foremost, I saw such a mort of coaches, servants, and waggons, all belonging to Sir Abel Handy, and all coming to the castle; and a handsome young man, dressed all in lace, pull'd off his hat to me, and said, "Mrs. Ashfield, do me the honour of presenting that letter to your husband." So, there he stood without his hat. Oh, Tummus, had you seen how Mrs. Grundy looked—

ASH.: Dom Mrs. Grundy; be quiet, and let I read, woolye?

When Farmer Ashfield has read the letter, which announces the marriage of his servant Nelly to Sir Abel Handy, the Dame exclaims:—"Our Nelly married to a great baronet! I wonder, Tummus, what Mrs. Grundy will say?" And so on, over and over again, all through the play.

The Ghostly Bridal of Featherstonehaugh.



FEATHERSTONE CASTLE, situated on the South Tyne, between Haltwhistle and Alston, has already been described and illustrated in the *Monthly Chronicle*. (See vol. ii., p. 401.) The woods in the neighbourhood of the castle have always had the reputation of being haunted.

Tradition tells of a certain Abigail, the only daughter of one of the Featherstonehaughs, long the owners of the estate, who regarded her with more than ordinary

affection. Family pride, however, impelled him to thwart the young lady's wishes in her first and only love affair. His fond hope was to see her united with a husband of his own choosing, a man of equal birth and fortune with his own, and of unexceptionably good character. But Abigail had unfortunately bestowed her affections upon a young gallant of somewhat doubtful lineage, who boasted himself, indeed, to be of gentle birth, as perhaps he was, but whose means of supporting the dignity he assumed were doubtful, as he had no landed estate, honest profession, or known settled allowance, and nobody could take it upon him to ask or do more than guess from whence his lavishly spent income was derived.

Determined that no such misalliance should take place in his family, Featherstonehaugh sternly forbade his daughter's accepted lover ever again to appear at or near the castle; and Abigail was prohibited from carrying on any correspondence of whatever kind with him, on peril of her father's displeasure and curse. Her wedding, moreover, was hastened on, the bridegroom being the eldest son and heir of a neighbouring baron—a young man in every way eligible as a husband or a son-in-law, but regarded with indifference, if not aversion, by the young lady.

The marriage ceremony having been duly performed by the priest of Haltwhistle, and the happy pair (to use a conventional stock phrase) having received the bluff baron's fatherly benediction, bridegroom and bride sallied forth, at the head of a gay band, to ride round the bounds of the barony, along by the Ash Holm, past the Slaggy Ford, and away up through the Coney Wood, over the Black Ley, up the Dowly Cleugh, over the Wolf Hills, and through the Tod's Wood, the Ram's Shaw, the Pinkyn Cleugh, and so back home. They promised to return ere nightfall, in order to partake of a sumptuous banquet prepared in honour of the occasion.

The day waned and the feast was spread. The cook and her assistants had everything ready to put upon the tables smoking hot, like Johnny Virtue's proverbial pies, the moment the guests should appear. Swarms of menials thronged the place, ready to act more or less deftly the part of waiters; and at least a dozen minstrels were in attendance, some of them with laudatory epithalamiums of their own inditing, and sure to obtain a rich guerdon in meat, drink, and money—at least so they thought and hoped.

But sunset came and night set in, and still the cavalcade did not return. The baron became peevishly impatient, for he liked to have his meat piping hot, and done to a turn, and never overdone, and least of all warmed up again. The servants stood kicking their heels and biting their thumbs, and nudging, pinching, and scratching each other, having nothing better to do. And the minstrels, poor fellows, sat fingering and strumming on their harps, and screwing and unscrewing their pipes,

and wondering whether the signal to "play up" would come that blessed night.

The baron traversed the tessellated pavement of the hall backwards and forwards, many a weary turn, growing every minute more and more fretful. One messenger after another was despatched to see what had become of the errant company. But they all returned as they went, having seen or heard nothing of them. It was quite unaccountable; alarming, too, if any untoward accident had happened. But what sort of accident could it be to detain the whole company, bride and bridegroom and all?

Midnight drew near, and still no news. But no sooner was the black keystone of night reached than suddenly the sound of many hoofs broke the dead stillness of the surrounding woods. The cavalcade, for such it was, was heard to approach slowly. It halted a moment beneath the gateway, and then crossed the ditch by the draw-bridge, which seemed to lower itself without mortal hands, and quite noiselessly, there being neither challenge of warder nor clank of chain. Into the hall the company now marched, without a word of greeting or explanation. Foremost came the bride and the bridegroom, then followed the rest of the troop. All took their seats in profound silence. The baron, despairing of their coming, had dismissed the servants to their beds, and the minstrels had likewise left the hall. The spacious apartment was therefore now empty, but for the baron's dignified presence in it, and he had been dozing, half or wholly asleep, for a good while. When the taciturn wedding train entered, he roused himself, and sat bolt upright in his chair at the head of the centre table. But he was instantly transfixed with astonishment. And well he might; for he saw that each of his guests, his daughter and son-in-law included, had the unmistakable ashy pallor of death on his or her visage, only relieved, in the case of many of them, by long streaks of blood and ghastly gaping wounds, while the features of some of the party were painfully distorted, as if they had died in great agony; and all their eyes were wide open, with a cold glassy glare, horrid to behold. A shudder ran through the baron's frame, and his limbs trembled beneath him. He rose to his feet and crossed himself mechanically. That instant a sound, as of a mighty rushing wind, hissed through the hall, and deadened while it lasted the sense of everything else. When it ceased, as in little more than the twinkling of an eye it did, the unearthly bridal throng had disappeared. The hall was empty.

When the butler came in at early dawn, he found his master stretched on the floor in a swoon, out of which he was roused only to fall into another, and then another, and yet another; and when he had been with difficulty recovered out of the last of these swoons, it was found that the poor man had utterly lost his reason. He lived for a few months afterwards—a helpless, hopeless maniac, and then "slept with his fathers."

The tradition is that the bridal party, on their return to the castle, had been surprised in the gorge of Pinkyn Cleugh by a band of freebooters, headed by the discarded lover of the youthful bride, who meant to carry her off and make her thus his own. The resistance made by the wedding party, however, was of too desperate a character to permit him to execute his design. The bridegroom and his friends fought like lions, and several of the robbers fell. At length a fatal shaft, glancing aside, pierced the fair lady who was the innocent cause of the contest, and she sank to the ground lifeless. The bandit then, enraged at her loss, and maddened with grief, sprang like a wolf at his rival's throat, and a deadly struggle ensued, in which both received mortal wounds, so that they died there and then, convulsively locked together, and the warm heart's blood of the husband and the lover ran together in a mingled stream into a hollow stone near at hand, where the ravens afterwards drank it, in joyous carousal. When the skirmish was over, there did not remain a single member of the brave party which had left Featherstone that morning. All had fallen in the fatal cleugh.

No wonder, this being so, that the ghosts of these unfortunates should walk, or rather ride, their ghastly round on each anniversary of the foul massacre. Often and often have they been seen, though not, we believe, of recent years. Belated travellers, on their way through the woody defile of Pinkyn Cleugh, once almost laid their account with meeting them; and consequently very few dared to pass that way after nightfall, or, indeed, cared to be there alone at any time. New lords had of course new laws; old paths were disused and shut up; walls were built across what had formerly been bridle or cart roads: but the Ghostly Bridal, as often as it appeared, took always its original route, and passed uninterruptedly through the most high and massive wall, or the densest quick-set hedge, as if no material obstacle could stop it. And if anyone who had the ill or good luck to see it went the next day to examine the road along which it had seemed to go, he would find no trace of its ever having been there—the sandy road untrdden, the wall entire, the hedge without a gap, and the thick underwood and matted grass choking up the long-disused and utterly obliterated path, without the slightest appearance of its having been disturbed for months or years. The hollow stone into which the life blood of the rivals flowed, to be a rich banquet for the ravens, is still shown, we are told, in a wood near the castle, the scene of the fatal skirmish.

Like all popular traditions, this tale is related with variations. We have followed in the main particulars the late Mr. William Pattison's version, as given in the "Local Historian's Table Book." Where our account differs from that, we have followed what we believe to be good oral authorities, who may, however, have been, like Sir Walter Scott's grandmother, "awful liars."

The Murder of Bishop Walcher.

SHORTLY after the Norman Conquest, Egelwin, Bishop of Durham, who had resisted the invasion, died in confinement, and the see remained vacant till the Conqueror could find a man after his own heart to rule over the distant Northern Province, which still remained hostile to his rule. At length he selected a man of noble birth in Lorraine, who had received an excellent education at Liege, and was distinguished by sanctity and learning. His name was Walcher, and he entered upon the duties of the episcopate in the early days of March, 1071-72. The historians of the bishopric tell us that his conduct was virtuous and amiable, that his religious principles were held in high esteem, and that it was hoped he would help to reconcile the turbulent Northerners to the new order of things. Shortly after his appointment the king conferred upon him the earldom of Northumberland, vacant by the deposition and death of Waltheof, and it is probable that either then or at some shortly subsequent period, by grant or tacit permission, palatine powers were assumed by Walcher to the same extent in which they were constantly held by his successors. He could levy taxes, raise defensible troops, grant charters, coin money, and establish his own courts of justice and equity, with power of life and death. The boundaries of the bishop's lands were at this time extensive. The bishopric included the entire tract between the rivers Tees and Tyne, with the exception of Sadberge and Barnard Castle, the district of Bedlington, Norham, Holy Island, and Craike. Besides these, the bishopric covered Hexhamshire, formerly the see of Wilfrid, the city of Carlisle, and a part of Teviotdale. Thus Walcher was in truth the great warden of the Scottish Border, at that time a post of which the peril was quite commensurate with the dignity.

The country was distracted by civil dissensions, the vale of Tyne being inhabited principally by moostroopers and freebooters; whilst, at the same time, it was, in a military point of view, almost undefended. Of the Saxons who disdained to submit to the Norman ruler, many took refuge within the Scottish Border. Among these was Edgar Atheling, the heir of the Saxon royal line, and the husband of the sister of Malcolm, King of Scotland. The huge and noble fortress, which afterwards changed the name of the old Roman Station, Pons Ælii, to that of Newcastle, remained to be erected by Robert, the son of the Conqueror. Durham was but slenderly defended. Of the Roman Wall and its chain of stations, a few ruins alone remained. Thus the tract north of the Tyne was really a debateable land, claimed alternately by English or Scotch oppressors, but in a state of perpetual warfare, and, of course, all but anarchy. Religion was

disregarded; education, except in the use of arms, was unknown; and the absence of law, and the general insecurity of life and property, caused vice, crime, and cruelty to grow to an enormous height. Nor were the partisans of the bishop free from the vices and stains of the time. They in return plundered and ravaged the fields of those who marauded upon them; and the Saxon nobles who ventured to remain were singled out as proper victims for Norman rapacity or cruelty.

The union of temporal and spiritual duties in the bishop was not a happy one. The Northumbrians regarded the bishop from his civil capacity in a light in which they had never seen any of St. Cuthbert's successors, and from their hatred to one of his characters lost their reverence for the other. The veneration in which the people were accustomed to hold their bishop was dreadfully shaken when they saw the holy prelate taking on him the exercise of legal severities, and enforcing the laws of the usurper, whose name, character, and cruelties they held in the utmost detestation. Symeon of Durham states that Walcher was a man of moral life, and for virtue and good manners worthy the affection of the best of men. But it is certain, from all authorities, that he made an improper choice of ministers and favourites. His kinsman, Gilbert, was entrusted with the administration of the earldom, and his chaplain, Leofwin, was his archdeacon and confidant.

The anarchical state of the country at last resulted in the death of Bishop Walcher. Liulph, a Saxon noble, of high connections, who was himself honoured with the friendship of the bishop, ventured to remonstrate with him on some depredations which his own estates had suffered at the hands of the bishop's two deputies. Leofwin, thinking himself particularly affronted by Liulph's charges, solicited Gilbert to put him to death, and the latter readily undertook and executed the commission. This act of violence increased the tumult of the Northumbrians, by whom Liulph was greatly beloved. The bishop was marked out by the irritated population as the secret instigator, or, at all events, protector of the assassins of Liulph, who were certainly not arraigned, nor punished, for a crime too common in those unsettled times. To convict and punish the offenders was probably beyond the bishop's power, situated, as he was, with few adherents, and surrounded by a lawless and disaffected people. The result was that Walcher himself fell a sacrifice to popular revenge.

Not long after Liulph's murder, the bishop, in the exercise of his civil jurisdiction, held a public assembly of his council and ministers at Gateshead, whither the suitors repaired; and although the following catastrophe, Symeon says, was predicted to him by a man risen from the dead at Ravensworth, yet he went thither without a sufficient military force to secure him from injury, depending on the veneration hitherto paid to the sacredness of his office. The appearance of the people

immediately indicated their disposition for mischief; they were insolent and refractory. The bishop was at length alarmed for his safety, when it was too late to obtain succour. It would appear that he assured the enraged Tynedale men that the assassins should be sought out, and, if found, brought to condign punishment. This proposition the half-civilized borderers treated as a mere plausible subterfuge to baffle their love of retaliation; and a cry soon arose of, "Short rede, good rede—alea ye the bishop!" (The shortest plan is the best—slay ye the bishop!)

The few guards who accompanied Walcher were immediately overpowered, and the bishop, with those who remained alive, took refuge in the church. Those who conceived they could influence the people went out to appease them; but, without respect of persons, many were slain. The bishop commanded Gilbert to go forth and endeavour to reconcile their wrath, but he was an immediate victim to their vengeance. Some of the rioters set fire to the church, whilst others guarded the door, and put everyone to death that attempted to depart. Those who remained within, no longer able to endure the heat of the flames, rushed out and were instantly slain. The last of the assembly was the venerable prelate. Between the impending evils, for a moment he was indeterminate what death he should die. The fire urged him to the sword of his enemies; the latter drove him back to the flames. At length no time was left for irresolution. The fire blazed upon him on every hand. Putting up a short prayer to Heaven, he advanced towards the howling and clamorous multitude. With one hand he made a fruitless signal to command silence; with the other he crossed himself; then, folding himself in his robe, he veiled his face, and fell, pierced to the heart by a lance. The catastrophe happened on the 14th May, 1080, the bishop having held the see for nine years and two months. His mangled body was, after the tumult passed, conveyed to Jarrow Monastery by the monks, and thence to Durham, where his bones repose in the cathedral.

Some historians assert that Walcher was slain by Eadulf, surnamed Rus, great-grandson of Uchtred, Earl of Northumberland. Certain it is, however, that the death of Liulph, and the fate of the bishop, were the consequences of an insurrection of the entire Tynedale population. After the catastrophe at Gateshead, the assailants entered Durham, where they besieged the bishop's castle for a few days in vain, and then dispersed, dreading the vengeance of the king. It was not long in finding them. Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, at the head of an army, sent by William for the purpose, ravaged the North, and revenged, on innocent and guilty alike, the death of the unfortunate Walcher.

Haydon in Newcastle.

HALF-A-CENTURY ago Newcastle was honoured with a visit from the celebrated historical painter, Benjamin Robert Haydon. This event took place seven years before the unhappy artist, disgusted with the taste of a community which hurried in crowds to see Tom Thumb, but which would not deign to bestow a glance on a great picture he was then exhibiting in London, committed suicide. Delirious with disappointment, poor Haydon died by his own hand on June 22, 1846.

It was in 1839 that Haydon made a tour among the chief provincial towns for the purpose of lecturing on art. Invited by the North of England Society for the Promotion of the Fine Arts, of which Mr. J. M. Greenwood and Mr. W. Locky Harle were secretaries, he delivered a course of six addresses in Newcastle. The first address was made in the Literary and Philosophical Society's rooms; the remaining five in the Lecture Room, Nelson Street. The lectures took place on alternate evenings, so that it was Friday, April 12, before the course was concluded. Haydon seems to have been well satisfied with his reception on the opening night, for he thus writes in his journal under date of April 1, 1839:—

Lectured last night at Newcastle, and was received with great enthusiasm. The fair was going on. The Chartists had a meeting and tea party; but the people to see the wild beasts and swings beat them hollow as to numbers. I visited their room, ornamented with laurel and flags, with inscriptions of "Liberty," "The Labouring Man the True Nobility," &c., &c., as if the power of saying that was not evidence of independence.

The Chartist meeting to which Haydon alluded in this extract was a public tea-party which was then given in honour of Thomas Doubleday. As he visited the room in which the entertainment was held, it was probably in the company of his friend Sir John Fife, whose guest he was for three or four weeks.

The artist's intimacy with his host, which lasted till his tragic death, is said to have been commenced in a rather singular manner. Haydon's fine picture, "The Judgment of Solomon," was first exhibited at the rooms of the Water Colour Society. Fife, then a young medical student in London, happened to be dining at a coffee house one day, when he remarked to a friend that he had been to the Water Colour Society Exhibition. "And what did you see there young man?" inquired a stranger who was sitting near him. Although somewhat taken aback, the young man replied, "Sir, I saw a great picture," and he proceeded to describe with enthusiasm all the beauties of Haydon's masterpiece. "Ah!" said the stranger, much pleased as he clapped the critic on the back, "I see you know something about it. I painted that picture. My name's Haydon."

It may be added that Haydon, in the course of one of

his lectures, congratulated the town on the possession of one of the best portraits painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, that of Sir Walter Blackett, then in the Infirmary. This portrait (see page 446), which still adorns the board room



of the institution, was presented by Sir John Trevelyan in July, 1777, six months after Sir Walter Blackett's death.

Stonechats, Whinchats, and Wheatears.

CHATS, which are among the prettiest of the feathered tribe that frequent the Northern Counties, belong to the sub-family of *Erythrocinae*, or redbreast kind, which includes the well-known robin, redstart, and other similar birds.

The stonechat is a bird of wide distribution over Europe and Asia, including India and Japan. In many parts of this country it is a partial migrant; but in the Northern English Counties, as Mr. John Hancock remarks in his 'Catalogue of the Birds of Northumberland and Durham,' it is an all-the-year-round resident. "It is usually seen," he says, "where there is a large tract of 'whin' (furze), perched upon the highest twig, uttering its well-known lively, clinking note. Its nest is generally placed in the whin; I have also met with it in heather and juniper bushes." I have found stonechats fairly numerous in the neighbourhood of Lanchester, Durham, especially in the whin covers on the slopes of the hills, or outside high-lying plantations. The stonechat—and Mr. Duncan's sketch is characteristic and life-like—is a lively,

restless little fellow, and very busy and noisy when he is attending to the wants of his mate and young brood. Its food is similar to that of the other chats. It seems especially fond of flies, which it takes on the wing, darting from the top of some low bush or shrub, or even a tall weed standing high above the grass in the fields. Its ordinary note, hence its several common names, is "chat, chat, chat," not unlike the sound made by striking two stones together. It is a handsomely marked bird. In the male the head, neck, and part of the back are a glossy black, the tips of the feathers being lightly "marbled," so to speak. The bill is short, sharp pointed, and slender, and of a rather lighter tinge than the head feathers. The breast, well down to the abdomen, which is dun-coloured, is in the cock nearly as ruddy as that of the robin. The wings and back are brown, the latter mottled, with oval dark spots. The greater wing coverts



are edged with dark brown, the wings hanging slightly down, as shown in Mr. Duncan's drawing. On the lesser wing coverts there is a band of white. The tail is short, very dark brown, and slightly elevated in a somewhat saucy manner. The lower part of the back, joining the tail, is of a lighter colour than the upper part, and slightly tinged with red where it joins the tail. The female is rather smaller than the male, and not of so conspicuous a plumage.

The whinchat has a few common names peculiar to different parts of the country, such as grasschat and furzechat. It is widely distributed, like its relatives, the other chats. In Europe, in summer, it is found in nearly all the Scandinavian countries, in Central and Southern Russia, and most of the Continental countries as far south as the shores of the Mediterranean. It is common in Northumberland and Durham, as Mr. Hancock points out. "It is difficult to say," observes Mr. Hancock, "why this bird has been named whinchat, for it never breeds in the whin or furze, and shows no partiality to it. In some parts of Durham it is called the haychat, and it is constantly met with in hayfields,"—where the present writer, by the way, has most commonly found its nest, but never far from the hedges or stone walls which bound the meadows or grass fields. The Rev. F. O. Morris

("British Birds"), on the other hand, says the nest is placed in the lower parts of a gorse (whin) bush a few inches above the ground, where the thorns and stalks are dying off, so that the materials of the nest assimilate in appearance to the situation in which it is placed. More frequently, he adds, it is placed in the grass at the foot of a whin bush, and a nest has been found in a hedge adjoining a road. Allowing for different localities, both Mr. Hancock and Mr. Morris are no doubt right. Most



birds, the whinchat included, have to accommodate themselves to circumstances; and where low whin bushes are plentiful and coarse grass scarce, the birds will build under whin bushes, or even in hedge bottoms, in the absence of more favourite cover. The whinchat has a rather sweet, though changeable and desultory, song, which it gives forth when perched on a tall tuft of herbage or some adjacent bush. Macgillivray describes their ordinary note as a "peep, tick, tick, tick, tick," each syllable repeated from one to six times, though rarely so often as the latter, and accompanied by a slight uprising of the wings and a shake of the tail. The principal food of the bird consists of flies, beetles, and other insects, slugs, caterpillars, worms, and the smaller mollusca; and some authorities say it is also fond of wild berries. The female resembles the male, but her plumage is less bright and not so distinctly marked. Whinchats first make their appearance in this country towards the middle or end of April, and leave the Northern Counties for their Southern migration about the middle of October.

The wheatear, in most parts of the country, is, as a rule, our earliest spring visitor, closely followed by the ring ouzel and chimney swallow, and rather later by the willow warbler. By the middle or end of March, sooner or later, according to the character of the season, it puts in an appearance on our Southern coasts, and then travels inland, especially northwards. The males, fine large birds, in all the glory of their nuptial plumage, arrive first, and are joined in a few days by the females. The wheatear is a bird of wide distribution over Europe, from the icy North to the sunny shores of the Mediterranean. It also occurs in Asia Minor, Asia, and in Arctic America. In this country, like many other birds, it has a variety of

names, some of which are rather confusing, as being applied to another member of the chat family, the stone-chat. In addition to the most popular name of the wheatear, it is known as the fallow-chat, whitetail, white-rump, stone-chacker, chack-bird, and clod-hopper. Mr. Duncan's drawing will give a better idea of the bird than a long written description. The male is a handsomely-plumaged bird, about the size of a lark. The bill, legs, and feet are glossy black. The varied markings of the plumage, well shown in the illustration, are bluish grey above, black, brown, reddish orange, and white. The wings are long, nearly black, flecked with brown and white, and the tail black and white. When the bird is on the wing the white rump feathers are most conspicuous: hence one of its common names, white-rump. Its food consists chiefly of small beetles, flies, caterpillars, &c. When perched on stone walls or boulders on a warm, sunny day, it may be seen springing up and catching flies, almost as dexterously, and not unlike, the spotted flycatcher. It nests in various localities, according to circumstances—sometimes in rabbit burrows, where the stock-dove may be found nesting in the same hole. At other times the nest may be found hidden in turf dykes, and again in ploughed fields. On the Eng-



lish South Downs, during the autumn migration, vast numbers of these pretty birds, then plump and fat, are snared for food. Pennant says that nearly two thousand dozen have been taken in one season in the neighbourhood of Eastbourne, Sussex, alone. The catching time on the Downs, when the birds are hurrying to the coast for their oversea journey South, is from the last week in July to the third week in September, and the shepherd trappers manage each from five to seven hundred traps. One shepherd has been known to take eighty-four dozen in a single day. Bishop Mant well describes the habits and haunts of the wheatear in low fertile lands:—

In the wild rabbit's haunt, or field,
Where the brown fallow, newly tilled,
The reptiles 'mid the crumbling soil
Upturns, or flies, his favourite spoil,
Fain would I see the wheatear show,
In the dark sward, his rump of snow,
Of spotless brightness.

HENRY KERR.

Notes and Commentaries.

WESLEY'S ORPHAN HOUSE, NEWCASTLE.

The sketches which appear on pages 504 and 505 are copied from a work entitled "The Orphan House of Wesley," by the Rev. William W. Stamp, published in 1863. It was mentioned in that work that the view of "Mr. Wesley's Study" (p. 505) was taken from a painting in the possession of Mr. John B. Falconar, Newcastle. The letter S denotes the narrow staircase which led to the preacher's apartments below, while the letter D indicates the entrance to the study. John Wesley, on his second visit to Newcastle, took steps to form a permanent centre of operations in the town. Land having been obtained on liberal terms from Mr. Stephenson, grandfather of the present Alderman Stephenson, immediately outside the Pilgrim Street Gate, building operations were commenced forthwith. In March, 1743, meetings were held in the shell of the new house. It was the second preaching house erected by Wesley, the first having been built in the Horse Fair at Bristol in 1730. The lower part was a chapel, fitted up with pulpit and forms; galleries were afterwards added; above were class-rooms for the use of the society; higher still were apartments for the preachers and their families, while on the roof was a little wooden erection, eleven feet square, called "Wesley's Study," the materials of which were carefully preserved at the demolition of the old building, and re-erected in their original form in the grounds of Mr. Solomon Mease, North Shields. The Orphan House was so named after a similar institution founded at Hayle by Professor Francke, in 1698, for the instruction of poor children. In 1820, Brunswick Chapel was erected, after the model of Waltham Street Chapel, Hull. The Orphan House was thus left for scholastic purposes. Finally, the old building was taken down, and the new Orphan House Schools, as they now stand, were erected in Northumberland Street in 1857.

EDITOR.

BLIND WILLIE.

A writer in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* some twelve or fifteen years ago gave a description of Blind Willie's manner. The description may be given as a pendant to Mr. Stokoe's account of the song "Buy Broom Buzzema," p. 516. While the writer was sitting in a well-known Newcastle hostelry, Blind Willie made his appearance. What followed is thus related:—

With the instinct peculiar to blind people Willie made his way instantly to us. We rose at once, and handed him a chair. Willie's dress was generally grey, and he wore buckles, like our keelmen of old. He always went without a hat, and groped his way about wonderfully.

As soon as Willie got seated, he said, "Bonny beer, bonny beer." We took the hint, and at once ordered a pint of beer to be brought to him. Willie went on, "God blish the king—God blish the king; never sheed him—never sheed him; poor shoul— poor shoul!"

"Willie," we said, after he had taken a good draught of

the beer—"Willie, we once heard you sing a little song. Will you kindly repeat it?"

"Shartinly, Shartinly, ma chewel."

Billy puts down the fiddle, and accompanies a sort of chorus by clapping his knees with both his hands:—

For to make the haggish niebe
They put in some brown spiba.
Tarum tickle, tan dum,
To the tune o' tan dum,
Tarum tickle, tan dum.

And to make the haggish fine
They put in a bottle of wine.
Tarum tickle, tan dum,
To the tune o' tan dum,
Tarum tickle, tarum tickle tan dum.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha," chuckles Billy when he had finished, "poor shoul, poor shoul!"

EDITOR.

ALEXANDER DAVISON.

Nelson's great friend, Alexander Davison, lived in St. James's Square, London, and was a navy agent, a very lucrative business at the time of the French War. Nelson gave Davison the commission of selling the prizes taken at the Battle of the Nile. In gratitude for this, Davison presented to all the officers and men of the fleet with a handsome medal, gold for the captains, silver for the officers, and bronze for the men. One side of the medal represents the French fleet at anchor, and the English ships taking up their position in Aboukir Bay. Thus these gallant sea-dogs had from a private individual a recognition of their services which the nation withheld. When at Plymouth I was shown by a fine old sailor, a Mr. Masters, a Nile medal given to his father, or grandfather, who was captain of the maintop on board one of Nelson's ships.

B. REVELL, London.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

THE ARCHANGEL'S TRUMPET.

A miner belonging to Cambois, and a minister of the gospel belonging to Blyth, were standing close together looking at a ship that was wrecked near Blyth some years ago. The coastguard on duty told them that some one had stolen part of the cargo. The miner, speaking out, said, "Marra, but they wad steal the deed bodies tee if they wor onny use tiv 'em." Minister, looking very serious: "Ah, but they will have to give an account of it when the great archangel's trump calls them forth to the seat of judgment." Miner: "Had thy tongue, man! He'll never get a toot: they'll steal his trumpet tee!"

STOPPING THE BLOWS.

At Bulman Village, now Gosforth, one pay Friday night, two miners, Willie and Jack, disagreeing over the parting of their money, determined to settle their difference by an appeal to fists, repairing for that purpose to a secluded corner of a neighbouring field. After going through the usual formalities on such like occasions, they set to work in earnest, but the encounter soon proved to be a very one-sided affair, Jack being invariably

knocked off his pins by one of Willie's desperate left-handers. "Come, Jack," said his second at the end of one of the rounds, "thoo'll hev to stop Willie's left-handers, or thoo's gan to get the warst on't." "Stop his left-handers!" exclaimed Jack in amazement; "aa's stopping 'em varry weel, aa think, when thor's neyn o' 'em gans past us!"

SHIPS AND DUCKS.

An old Northumbrian farmer, during a period of great depression, lost heavily in shipping shares. Going home from a shareholders' meeting in a state of desperation, he called for his gun. Then he commenced blazing away at the ducks on the pond in front of his house. "Whaat in the world are ye doing that for?" cried the farmer's wife. "Nivvor thoo mind," replied the farmer; "ne mair floating property for me!"

THE TURKISH BATH.

Two West-Country farmers came to see "canny New-cassel." One of them, having read a good deal about the great benefits resulting from the Turkish bath, determined, when he had the chance, to have one. After his return, he was asked how he enjoyed his bath. "Gosh, man," he exclaimed, "they in the forst place put us in a het room, whor they half roasted us; then a chep came and tuik us into another room, when, after giving us a brushing and a scrubbing, he put us into a corner under a watter tap, and maist drooned us. When aa could ne langer stand it, aa seized the fellow by the collar and shoted that if he 'tempted to play onny mair of his pranks upon us aa wad knock his heed off. Ne mair Torkey baths for me; ne mair for me!"

A DOG DISPUTE.

Two miners once bought a dog, which succeeded in winning most of the rabbit courses in the village for the first year or two, but which, after that time, turned lazy. One of the owners got tired of the dog, and wished the other to sell out or buy his share of the animal. The first partner, however, would neither buy nor sell. Soon after he was rather surprised to see his companion putting about two ounces of shot into an old gun, and ramming it down vigorously. "Whaat's thoo gannin' te de noo, Geordie?" "Aa's gannin' to shut ma haaf o' the dog. Thoo can de whaat thoo likes wi' thy haaf!" It is needless to say they "arbitrated."

THE RECRUIT.

A pitman who had recently enlisted discovered a "marra" quartered in the same depôt to which he was drafted. As they were talking together in the mess room one morning, the following reassuring picture of the dangers of warfare was volunteered to the recruit by his "marra":—"Forst, thor's the cannon baall pure and simple. If that tyeks ye in the wind, it's little good the doctor gieing ye peppermint. Then comes the cannistor shot; that reminds ye o' tea—gunpooder tea; it tyeks mighty little time te draa, and it's elwis het and strang. Next comes the chain shot. That's twe baalls wi' the

handshackles on, and yence they tyek ye into custody it means the extreme penalty o' the laa. Then comes the shells. Some explodes wiv a time fuse, and some bang off whorivvor they hit; in eythor case ye needn't mind the shell, but lyuk out for the bits. Then if ye get into the way o' the Gardiner or the Gatlin' guns, they mark ye warse nor the smaall-pox. And as for the ordinary rifle bullets, wey, they're caall'd 'iron and quinine pills'; yen or twe o' them at bedtime, or in the mornin', is warranted te cure aall irregularities. Noo, thor's the sargeant-major caallin' ye, an' it's varry likely ye'll get forty-eight hours i' the black hole for not tyekin yor kit up for inspection afore noo!"

THE COMET.

When a famous comet visited this part of the globe some forty or fifty years ago, a traveller on the Carlisle Railway, then newly opened, was heard to remark to his companion: "Hang it! the comet's wobbling about a mighty deal the neet—forst on yen side the carriage, and then on t'other!"

North-Country Obituaries.

Dr. Craster, of Linthorpe Road, Middlesbrough, the oldest medical practitioner in that town, died on the 16th of October, at the age of 59 years.

On the same day, died Mr. George Cleugh, J.P., ship-owner, of Earby House, Preston Lane, North Shields.

The Rev. John Black, General Secretary of the Presbyterian Church of England, died at his residence, High-bury Grange, London, on the 20th of October. He was a native of Tyneside, his early life having been spent in South Shields, and for about twenty years he was minister of the North Bridge Street Presbyterian Church, Sunderland. He was for several years a member of the School Board in that town, and he was also for some time Clerk to the Presbytery. The remains of the deceased gentleman, who was 56 years of age, were interred in Jeamond Cemetery, Newcastle.

On the 20th of October, the remains of Sergeant John Hall Hogg, who died on the 18th, were consigned to their last resting-place in Alnwick Cemetery. The deceased, who was 53 years old, had served for 21 years with the 1st Battalion of the 19th Regiment and 89th Regiment, and had been in several engagements in the Crimea and the Indian Mutiny.

Mr. J. R. W. Hildyard, a justice of the peace for the county of Durham and the North Riding, died on the 24th of October, in the 75th year of his age. The deceased gentleman had large possessions at Hutton Bonville, in Yorkshire, and Horsley, Weardale.

On the 26th of October, Mr. Richard Crofton, the oldest farmer in the district, and well known for many acts of generosity, died at Whitehill, Chester-le-Street, at the age of 84 years.

Mr. Roger A. Elliott, of Low Fall, Gateshead, a gentleman well known in shipping circles, died at Milan, Italy, on the 27th of October.

The Rev. Cuthbert John Carr, M.A., Rector of Witton Gilbert, near Durham, died on the 30th of October, aged

75 years. The deceased gentleman, who had been stationed at Witton Gilbert about 35 years, was also a Minor Canon of Durham Cathedral.

On the 31st of October, intelligence reached Tyneside of the death of Mr. H. Sutherland-Sutton, a successful metropolitan journalist, and "The Man About Town" of the *County Gentleman*. The deceased, who assumed the name of Sutton at the commencement of his literary career in London, was the son of the late Mr. Solomon Sutherland, of North Shields, and nephew of the late Mr. Robert Sutherland, long the representative of the *Newcastle Chronicle* in that town.

On the 3rd of November, a telegram was received at Darlington, announcing the death of Mr. James Sawrey-Cookson, of Neasham Hall, which had taken place at Broughton Towers, his seat in Lancashire. The deceased gentleman was about 73 years of age, and succeeded his father as the owner of Neasham Hall and a fine estate about four miles from Darlington. He was a magistrate of the county of Durham and the North Riding, and about sixteen years since was High Sheriff of the county of Durham.

On the same day, and also at the age of 73, died Mr. Isaac Baty, solicitor, of Hexham. He was clerk to the Hexham Local Board, clerk to the Burial Board, treasurer to the Tynedale Ward Savings Bank, and vestry clerk for the parish. The deceased had also taken a prominent part in local Church matters.

Mr. Ralph Wood, who for nearly fifty years had been engaged as a clerk in the Newcastle Savings Bank, having been appointed in 1838, the year in which the late Mr. Joseph Millie met his tragic end, died on the 3rd of November, aged 77 years.

Mr. Patrick O'Hare, well known in commercial circles as of P. O'Hare and Company, died on the 5th of November, his age being 67 years.

On the 6th of November, the death was announced, in his eighty-eighth year, of Mr. John Blagdon, one of the oldest shipowners of North Shields.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

OCTOBER.

16.—The members of the Incorporated Law Society of the United Kingdom, opened their annual conference in the Assembly Rooms, Newcastle, Mr. B. G. Lake being president. The proceedings, which embraced a visit to the Roman Wall and the Chesters, the seat of Mr. John Clayton, the venerable solicitor and antiquary, extended over three days.

—On this and the following day, a conference of ministers and elders of the Northern Presbyteries of the Presbyterian Church of England was held at South Shields.

17.—In the absence, through indisposition, of Mr. W. D. Seymour, Q.C., Recorder, Mr. John Strachan, barrister, officiated as Deputy-Recorder at the Newcastle Quarter Sessions.

—A scheme was adopted for the county of Northumberland as the basis of election and constitution of the new County Council under the Local Government Act.

It showed that the Council would consist of 60 members. On the 18th, a similar arrangement was adopted for the county of Durham, the number of councillors being fixed at 72.

—The Rev. Canon Gregory, of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, spoke at a meeting of the North of England Voluntary School Federation in Newcastle. On the same evening, he preached in St. George's Church, Jesmond, Newcastle.

—The twentieth annual service of song by the Wesleyan Methodist choirs of Northumberland and Durham, numbering a thousand voices, was held in the Town Hall, Newcastle.

—It was announced that Haughton Castle, North Tyne, the late residence of Mr. George Crawshaw, had been purchased by Mr. W. D. Cruddas, of Newcastle.

18.—A beautiful illuminated address and a silver centre-piece, standing upon a plateau, were presented to the Mayor of Newcastle (Mr. W. D. Stephens), in recognition of his arduous and unremitting labours on behalf of the temperance cause. The Mayoress, on the same occasion, was presented with a handsome and well-appointed cabinet.

—The Right Hon. C. T. Ritchie, M.P., President of the Local Government Board, addressed a large meeting in the Tynemouth Aquarium, under the auspices of the Conservative Associations of the North of England.

—Mr. Cremer, M.P., delivered an address on "War or Arbitration," in the Drysdale Hall, Marlborough Crescent, Newcastle, the chair being occupied by Mr. T. Burt, M.P.

19.—A branch of the London Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children was formed at Sunderland.

—In the course of some alterations made in connection with Sunderland Parish Church, the contractor removed the original reading-desk and the panelling of the freemen's pews, on which was placed a brass tablet, with the inscription, "The Property of the Freemen of the ancient Borough of Sunderland," but the two relics were subsequently restored to the church.

—The will of the late Mr. Alfred Backhouse, of Pilmore Hall, was lodged for probate, the personal estate being affirmed to be of the net value of £369,911 1s. 1d.

20.—The members of the North-East Coast Institution of Engineers and Shipbuilders paid a visit to the Hartlepoons.

21.—The first of a series of Sunday afternoon services, at which sacred music was given by Mr. Amers's orchestral band, was held in Brunswick Place Wesleyan Chapel, Newcastle, the officiating ministers being the Rev. R. B. Shepherd and the Rev. G. Talalun Newton.

22.—Mr. Augustus Harris's Italian Opera Company commenced a week's engagement at the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle.

—The engineers of the Stockton-on-Tees district received an advance of 1s. per week upon their wages.

—The steamer *Triumph*, of Sunderland, was sunk by collision with the Spanish steamer *Rivas* in Shields Harbour.

23.—Four elegant vases, the gift of Councillor Matthewson, were placed in Shieldfield Park, Newcastle, by the Town Improvement Committee.

—The steamer *Labrador*, which had been engaged, under the command of Captain Wiggins, in an endeavour to open up an oversea trade with Siberia, arrived in the Tyne. (See pp. 429, 527.)

—In the Newcastle County Court, Judge Holl made an order for the winding up of the New Bridge Building Society.

24.—At a meeting of the Newcastle Council, Dr. William Rea tendered his resignation, which was accepted, of the office of City Organist.

—John Edward Newton, a boy two years of age, was accidentally killed by a steam tramcar in Askew Road, Gateshead.

—St. Christopher's Mission Chapel, Fisher Hill, Low Walker, erected at a cost of £600, was dedicated by the Bishop of Newcastle.

—At an adjourned inquest, the coroner's jury returned a verdict finding that the young woman Jane Beadmore had met her death at the hands of some person or persons unknown; but, on the following day, the magistrates at Chester-le-Street committed William Waddle for trial on the charge. (See p. 526.)

25.—In presence of a large and representative assembly, the South Gare Breakwater, starting from Tod Point and extending two-and-a-half miles into the estuary of the Tees, was dedicated to national use by Mr. W. H. Smith, M.P., First Lord of the Treasury. The work, which had been carried out by the Tees Conservancy Commission, at a net cost of about £220,000, had occupied nearly a quarter of a century in execution, the comparative cheapness being accounted for by the large extent to which iron slag had been used in the operations. In celebration of the event a splendid banquet was subsequently given in the Royal Exchange, Middlesbrough, the chair being occupied by Sir J. W. Pease, chairman of the Commission. Mr. Smith was the principal guest, and among the speakers on the occasion was Mr. William Fallows, a member of the Commission, in his 92nd year.

—Damage, estimated at from £15,000 to £20,000, was caused by a fire which broke out on the premises of Messrs. A. Corder and Son, Fawcett Street, one of the largest firms of drapers in Sunderland.

26.—Blenheim Street Wesleyan Chapel, Newcastle, celebrated its jubilee.

—Lord Armstrong presented prizes to the successful students connected with the Elswick Works Mechanics' Institute, Newcastle.

—The first public lecture in connection with the Tyne-side Geographical Society was delivered by Mr. Eli Sowerbutts, of Manchester.

27.—It was announced that the contributions towards the Imperial Institute in the county of Northumberland, the city of Newcastle, and the borough of Berwick-on-Tweed, amounted to upwards of £3,000.

—The value of the personal estate under the will of the late Colonel Atkinson, of Angerton Hall, Morpeth, was declared at £54,224 *ss.* 5*d.*

—Mr. Samuel Plimsoll, formerly member of Parliament, and known as the seaman's friend, took part in a meeting held at Leamside, for the purpose of protesting against the closing of certain footpaths in that neighbourhood.

—In the district of Newcastle and Gateshead, the annual collections were made at most of the factories and workshops on behalf of the Hospital Fund; and the following day Hospital Sunday was observed in the churches and chapels. In the latter department, the lead was taken by Brunswick Place Wesleyan Chapel, which raised £94 *7s.* 4*d.*, as against £73 *0s.* 11*d.* in the previous year.

—A new drill-hall built at Seaham Harbour for the

2nd Durham Volunteers, and capable of accommodating 4,000 persons, was opened by the Marchioness of Londonderry, whose husband, the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, was also present on the occasion.

—Sir G. O. Trevelyan, M.P., addressed a largely attended political meeting at Morpeth.

—An advance of 1½ per cent. was officially declared in the wages of the Durham miners under the sliding scale arrangement.

28.—A man, whose name did not transpire, was drowned while foolishly attempting to swim across the river Tyne at Barrasford.

29.—Mr. Plimsoll was present and spoke at the first annual meeting of the Sunderland Branch of the Sailors' National Union.

—At a meeting of the Arbitration Board for the North of England Iron Trade, it was resolved to refer a demand for an advance of 10 per cent. by the men to arbitration.

30.—A deputation from the Rouen Chamber of Commerce, headed by the president, M. Pouyer-Quertier, visited Newcastle for the purpose of discussing shipping questions affecting the two countries. The gentlemen were welcomed by the Mayor, and were entertained to a banquet at the County Hotel in the evening. On the following day they inspected the river Tyne and the principal works on its banks.

—The fifth Diocesan Conference of the diocese of Newcastle was held in the Central Hall, Newcastle. The Bishop presided, and the proceedings extended over two days.

—The fourteenth annual assembly of the Durham Diocesan Branch of the Church of England Temperance Society was held at Sunderland.

31.—Dr. Sandford, Bishop of Tasmania, accepted the post of coadjutor to the Bishop of Durham, and the latter prelate issued a letter, stating that, in strict obedience to medical orders, he had been obliged to leave his diocese for a prolonged visit, to a warmer climate.

—An interesting sale of books, oil paintings, and other works of art, the property of the late John Waller, took place at the Royal Turf Hotel, Collingwood Street, Newcastle. Among the books was a unique copy of Mackenzie's "History of Newcastle," interleaved with original drawings, which realised £24 10*s.*, the purchaser being Mr. J. W. Pease, of Pendower. (See vol. i., p. 172.) A fine picture of St. Nicholas' Church, by T. M. Richardson, was bought for £60. The celebrated "Tam o' Shanter" carvings, by Tweedy, brought £59.

NOVEMBER.

1.—Mr. Joicey, M.P., opened a new Church Institute in James Street, Gateshead.

—On the occasion of the annual municipal elections, there was only one contest in Newcastle. Mr. Flowers defeated Mr. Telford in North Elswick Ward, taking the place of Mr. Samuel Dixon, who retired from civic life on account of ill-health. The only other change in the constitution of the Council was that Mr. John Beattie, unopposed, took the place of Mr. Campbell, resigned, in North Westgate. There were four contests at Gateshead; but West Hartlepool was the only local borough in which the elections were conducted on purely political grounds.

—Some human remains were found by workmen in repairing the pavement in Nun Street, Newcastle.

2.—A society called the Newcastle-upon-Tyne Musical

Society, constituted by license from the Board of Trade, was registered at Somerset House, London.

—The Bishop of Newcastle consecrated the new burial ground of St. Margaret's, Durham.

—The golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Duncombe Shafto, of Whitworth Park, was celebrated at Spenny-moor.

3.—At a largely attended and influential meeting in Gateshead Council Chamber, under the presidency of the Mayor (Mr. G. Davidson), Mr. John Elliott, Chief-Constable, was presented with a handsome address, a purse containing 300 guineas, and a diamond and gold brooch for Mrs. Elliott. Mr. Joseph Cowen, Mr. James Radford, Alderman McDermott, and Alderman Lucas were among the speakers on the occasion. The gifts were intended as tokens of the high appreciation in which Mr. Elliott was held by the inhabitants of the borough and of the respect entertained for him on account of the many

parish church, the sermon being preached by the Bishop of Newcastle. On the morning of the 5th, about mid-day, the distinguished visitors arrived in Newcastle to take part in the inauguration of the new buildings of the College of Science at Barras Bridge. The Corporation of Newcastle, headed by the Mayor (Mr. W. D. Stephens), presented a loyal address to the Princess. There was a procession from the Central Station to the College. Dr. Lake, the Dean of Durham, and Warden of the University, presented her Royal Highness with a master-key of the building, which she then formally declared open. The Princess afterwards inaugurated an Arbor Day, under the auspices of the Newcastle Tree Culture and Protection Society by planting a sycamore in the adjoining grounds. The Mayor, on behalf of the society, handed to the Princess a handsomely bound copy of the "History of Newcastle and Gateshead," by Mr. Richard Welford. The party then proceeded to the Assembly



PRINCESS LOUISE.



THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

good works with which he had been associated outside his public duties as Chief-Constable.

—The wife of Mr. John McGravy, residing at Rendlesham Street, Monkwearmouth, gave birth to four children—three boys and a girl. At the request of the doctor in attendance, each infant received its baptismal name. Two of the children died after having lived 20 and 21 hours respectively. The two others expired almost simultaneously, having survived for nearly two days.

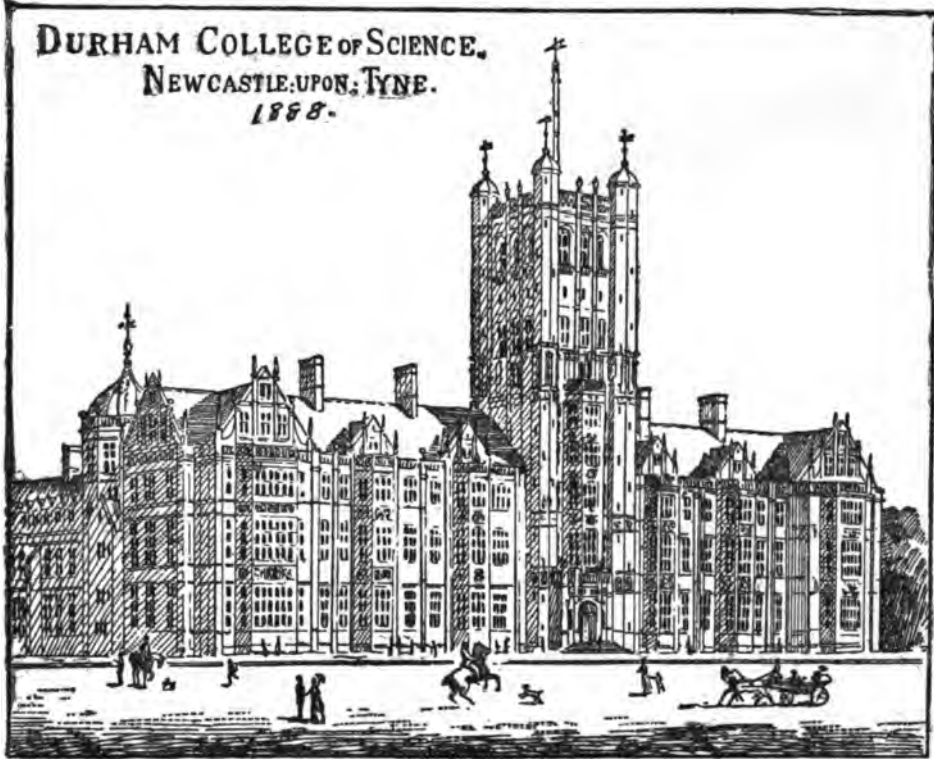
—Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, third daughter of Queen Victoria, accompanied by her husband, the Marquis of Lorne, arrived at Alnwick Castle from Glasgow, as the guests of the Duke of Northumberland. Next morning (Sunday) the party attended service at the

Rooms, where luncheon was provided, about 250 guests being present. Gateshead was next visited, and in the Town Hall of that borough the Princess received an address from the Mayor and Corporation, her Royal Highness afterwards presenting prizes to the successful pupils of the High School for Girls. The Princess and party returned to Alnwick in the evening, and on the following day they paid a visit to Lord and Lady Armstrong at Cragside. Connected with these proceedings we give sketches of the Marquis and Marchioness of Lorne; Mr. W. D. Stephens, Mayor of Newcastle; Professor Garnett, Principal of the College; the front elevation of the College, as originally designed by Mr. R. J. Johnson; and the Gateshead High School



for Girls, designed by Mr. W. Lister Newcombe, architect.

4.—The first lecture of the session of the Tyneside Sunday Lecture Society was delivered by Sir R. S. Ball, the



Irish Astronomer-Royal, who chose for his subject "How Jupiter and Venus caused the Great Ice Age." There was a crowded audience.

General Occurrences.

OCTOBER.

17.—Count Di Robilant, the Italian Ambassador to England, died at the Embassy, London. Born at Turin in 1826, he fought in all the wars of Italian Independence.

21.—A frightful disaster occurred on the railway near Posenza, Italy. An enormous block of earth fell from a mountain side and completely covered the railway track for a space of fifty yards. Before the danger was seen, an express train dashed into the mass of soil. About 19 persons were killed, and about 55 injured.

22.—The Special Commission appointed by Parliament to inquire into the charges and allegations contained in the Attorney-General's speech in the case of O'Donnell *v* Walters (see p. 384), respecting "Parnellism and Crime," re-assembled in the Royal Courts of Justice, London. The first five days were occupied by the Attorney-General (Sir Richard Webster) in opening the case for the *Times*. Witnesses were then called, the first of importance being Captain O'Shea.

24.—Annie Frost, otherwise "Mrs. Gordon Baillie," an adventuress who had pursued till now a strange and successful career in Scotland and elsewhere, was sentenced to five years' penal servitude for passing off a number of worthless cheques. Robert Frost was sentenced to 18 months' hard labour.

29.—Lord Sackville, the British Ambassador at Washington, having been hoaxed into writing a letter in which

he had given advice on American politics to a supposed native of England, it was contended by the United States Government that he had violated international treaties. His lordship subsequently obtained leave of absence.

—150 natives were reported to have been killed and eaten by a hostile tribe in West Africa,

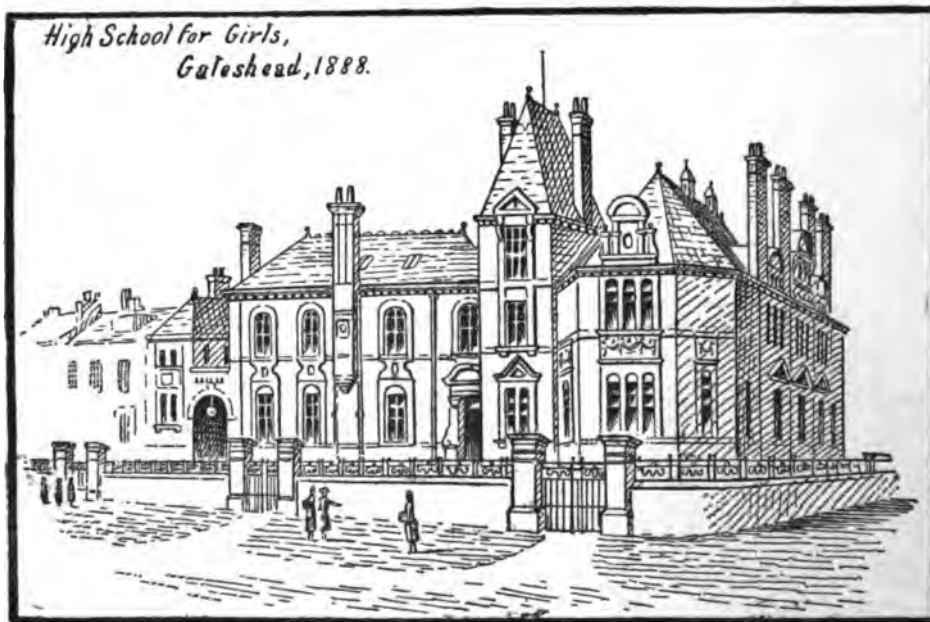
31.—Information was received of an accident to a railway train in which the Czar and Czarina of Russia were travelling. The train ran off the rails near Boriki, in South Russia, the result being that twenty-one persons were killed and thirty-seven injured, amongst the latter being the Czar and Czarina. Their wounds, however, were only slight. The accident was supposed to be due to the defective state of the line, though it was thought by some that the Nihilists were at the bottom of it. The director of the railway, who was to have been dismissed, committed suicide.

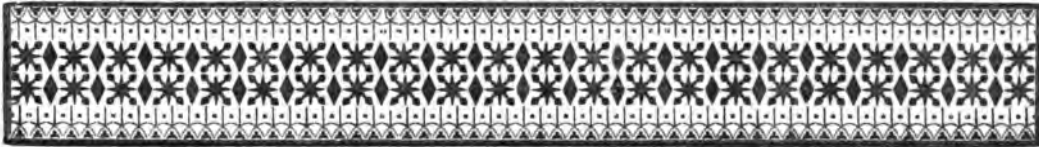
NOVEMBER.

1.—A telegram was received from Zanzibar announcing that couriers had arrived from Zabora bringing direct news of Mr. H. M. Stanley's expedition. It was to the effect that nearly a year ago the great explorer was alive and well. It had taken that length of time for the information to reach the coast.

4.—An explosion of fire-damp occurred in the Compagnac coalpit, Aveyron, France. Forty miners were reported to have perished.

—The Newcastle steamer Saxmundham was sunk by collision with the Norwegian barque Nor, of Tonsberg, in the English Channel. The crew of the Saxmundham numbered thirty men, and only seventeen had been accounted for. The others were supposed to be lost.





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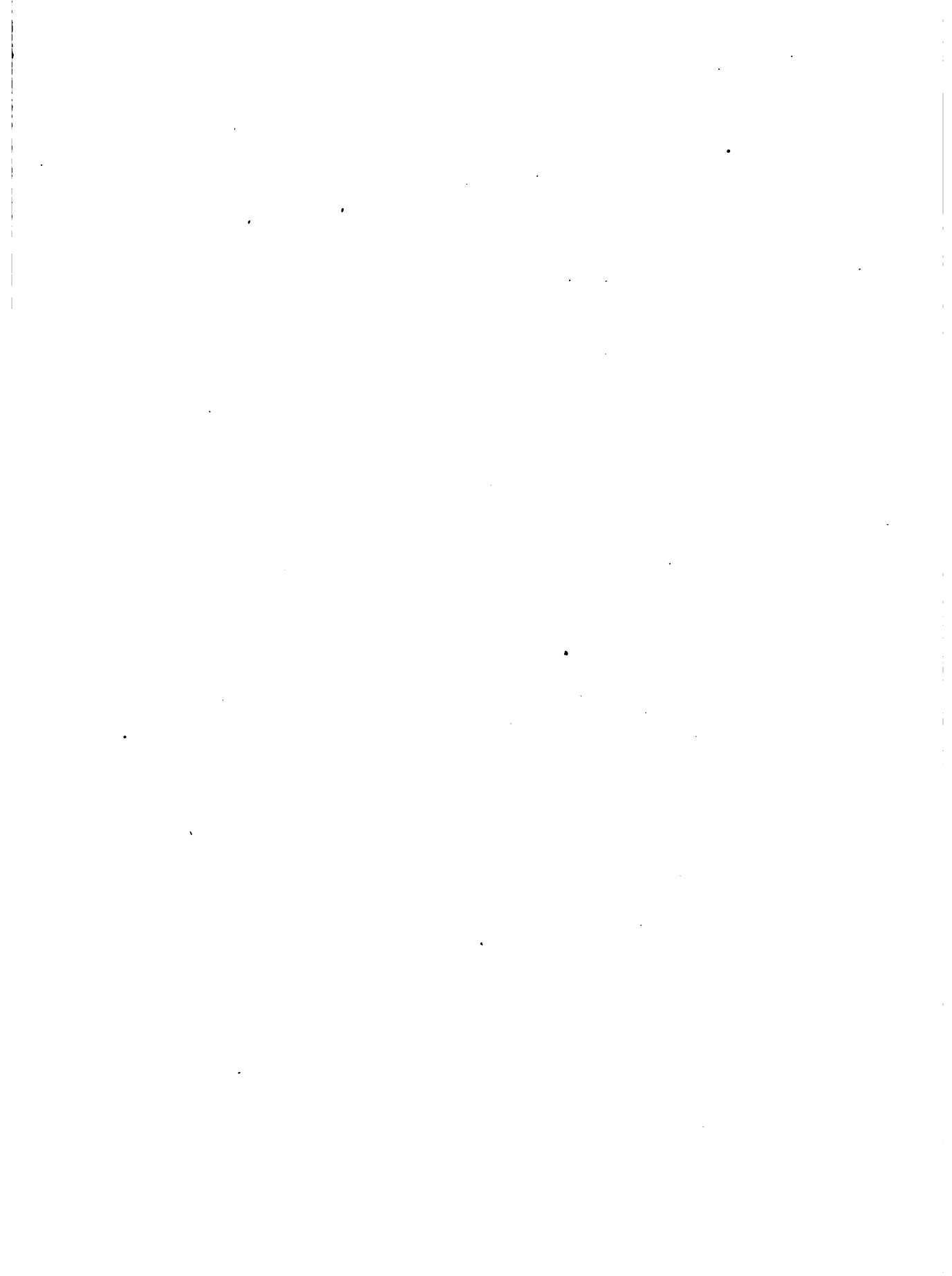
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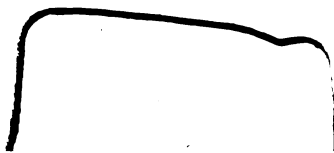
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Errors and Corrections.

- Page 34, col. 1, line 22:—For "it afterwards became the seat of Sir Walter Blackett," read "it had previously been the seat."
 &c.
 Page 34, col. 1, line 6 from bottom:—Delete sentence beginning "The house or priory of St. Michael," &c.
 Page 50, col. 1, line 4:—For Mr. Lockey Harle died on the 18th of January, "1868," read "1878."
 Page 59, col. 2, line 8:—For "Mr. C. W. Wawn" read "Mr. C. W. Ware."
 Page 82, col. 2, line 7:—For "Milburn MS." read "Milbank MS."
 Page 157, col. 2, line 4:—For "South Shields" read "North Shields."
 Page 222, col. 1, line 2 from bottom:—Delete "the Scottes to gayne-stande."
 Page 222, col. 2, line 10:—For "1778" read "1738."
 Page 222, col. 2, line 18:—For "west" read "east."
 Page 228, col. 2, line 23:—For "Brand" read "Bourne."
 Page 404, col. 1, line 17:—For "Duke of Northumberland" read "Duke of Newcastle."
 Page 434, col. 1, line 20:—For "in the pallerye," read "on the pallerye," and for "syurgyn" read "squrgyn."
 Page 477, col. 1, line 20:—For "Henry Angus Wilson" read "Henry Angus Wilkinson."
 Page 498, col. 1, line 16 from bottom:—For "grandson" read "great-grandson."
 Page 498, col. 1, line 17 from bottom:—For "son" read "grand-son."







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