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Robert M. Mammott

1872

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HALLARD sc

Henry Havisides

In his 72nd year.

THE
BARDS AND AUTHORS
OF
CLEVELAND
AND SOUTH DURHAM,
AND THE VICINAGE.

FIRST SERIES.

BY GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL,

*Fellow of the Royal Historical Society, the Royal Society of Northern
Antiquaries at Copenhagen, the Societies of Antiquaries of Scotland
and Newcastle-on-Tyne; Member of the Royal Archaeological
Institute of Great Britain and Ireland, the Yorkshire Ar-
chaeological and Topographical Society, the Surtees
Society, the Tyneside Naturalists' Field Club,
the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club, the Arch-
itectural and Archaeological Society of
Durham and Northumberland,
Honorary Member of the Man-
chester Literary Club, &c.*

TWEDDELL AND SONS,
CLEVELAND PRINTING AND PUBLISHING OFFICES,
STOKESLEY.
1872.



SONNET

TO

GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL, Esq., F.S.A. Scot.
AND NEWC., ETC.

In earnest reference to his very eloquent Treatise on "Shakspeare, his Times and Contemporaries," and also to his "Bards and Authors of Cleveland and South Durham."

"Thou honour'st Verse, and Verse must lend her wing
To honour thee."—MILTON.

—:O:—

TWEDDELL! the grateful incense thou hast shed
On "Shakspeare's" altar, shall make dear thy name
To all who love the Muses' hallow'd flame,
And joy to see its splendour nursed and fed
With glowing tributes both of heart and head,
With soul-felt praise and eloquent acclaim!
This *thou* hast done: and Justice were as lame
As she is blind, if nought were sung or said
In praise of him who has so voiced aloud
The praise of others!—CLEVELAND will not see
Thy name and worth dimm'd by Oblivion's cloud:
No! of her "Bards" and scenes, with spirit free,
Still chaunt thy praises,—still be glad and proud,
And evermore she shall be proud of *thee*!

J. G. GRANT.

DEDICATION.

TO ROBERT HENRY ALLAN,

OF BLACKWELL HALL, &C., ESQ.,

*F.S.A., J.P., D.L., and late High Sheriff for the County
of Durham.*

MY DEAR MR. ALLAN,

To you (who may truly be termed the Mæcenas of our local literature, without the luxurious dissipation of the ancient Roman) I dedicate this humble attempt to render the people of Cleveland and South Durham better acquainted with the Poets and Prose-writers who, by birth or residence, have been connected with the district. As there has been much delay in the completion of this volume, I may be allowed briefly to state how my connection with the work came about.

One morning, in the year 1860, having seen to the break-fasting of the poor juvenile street Arabs whom I had gathered together in the Bury Ragged and Industrial Schools (of which I was the Master or Governor), I was sitting down to my morning cup of coffee, when a Letter from Middlesbrough reached me, enclosing the Prospectus of a Work "shortly to be published, in parts at one shilling each, embellished with local illustrations, crown 8vo.," to be entitled "*The Bards and Authors of Cleveland and South Durham*, with Sketches Biographical and Critical, and Extracts from their Writings, by Chips," in which I was announced to be honoured with a niche in the local Pantheon. Time rolled on, and I had left Lancashire to commence writing

that History of my native Cleveland and its Vicinage for which I had long been collecting the materials,—even before my friend Walker Ord had thought of his, or indeed had studied it himself: and, at the request of “Chips,” who declared that he found the work would be too heavy for him, and therefore had never begun it, joined to the entreaties of the proposed printer and publisher, I undertook the labour, with the understanding that I was to have a given number of copies free and to incur no pecuniary risk, and that it was in no way to prejudice a similar work of a more extensive character, which I had long contemplated, as mentioned at page 18. The work was accordingly advertised as “by George Markham Tweddell,” and a number of Subscribers’ names procured for it, “in twelve parts at one shilling each.” After I had borne that “hope deferred” which “makes the heart sick” for some time, the insolvency of the printer, and his removal to a distant part of the country, led me to purchase from him all the illustrations he had procured, and to pay for the engraving of several others, and to publish, at my own risk, a series of the work, in twelve sixpenny instead of shilling parts, rather than to allow the whole to fall to the ground. A poor man, struggling with mortgaged houses in Ironopolis through four years of such deadly panic as ought never to occur in a civilized country, and with great numbers of my Subscribers neglecting to pay for the parts as they received them—forgetting that “many a little,” though trifling to them, makes an inconvenient “mickle” to the poor Author who has to print, advertise, and generally pre-pay by post, his own publications—I only wonder that I have been able to complete the volume at all. It is easy, Sir, for editors who draw their salaries regularly to twit us for the irregular appearance of our productions; but if they knew a tithe of the sacrifices we have to make to get them out at all, even the strong temptation to point a paragraph by hammering it upon the anvil of an author’s heart would scarcely tempt them to do it.* At present, this is all that I feel at liberty

* The ill-natured Critics,—those who dip their pens in gall,—are growing fewer, in proportion to the number of their craft, every day, and are generally the men with the least grasp of thought. Perhaps some of them may have glanced over my books when suffering from an overflow of bile. I don’t want *puffs*: all I desire from any Reviewer is a candid criticism, to

to say on so unpleasant a subject; but some day, with a candour equal to Jean Jacques Rosseau in his *Confessions*, I hope to make a clean breast of it: and the world may then judge whether I have been most to pity or to blame. If I *could* have done it, I would have burnt every memorandum I possess long ago, and washed my hands altogether of local history. For I feel strongly that if I could have devoted a

state fairly the object of the book under notice, and to express his own opinion how far that object has been accomplished. It is capital fun to see how one praises what another blames, and some day I hope to arrange all that has been said of myself cheek by jowl, for the reader's delectation. "Grant me patience, just Heaven!" exclaims STERNE. "Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world,—though the cant of hypocrites may be the worst,—the cant of criticism is the most tormenting." After having received the hearty approbation of a few of the choicest spirits of the time, the uncharitable sneers of a few nameless nobodies break no bones, and "pass by me," as SHAKESPEARE makes Brutus say of the threats of Cassius, (*Julius Caesar*, act iv., sc. 3.) "like the idle wind, which I respect not,"—and yet the idlest of all winds, as the will of God, is much more to be respected than they. I have been mightily amused to see clever men belabouring me for trying to do justice to the ability, and if possible to the integrity, of some brother literary labourer, long gone to a more impartial bar, whose opinions "there need no ghost rise from the dead to tell us" were widely different to my own,—a spirit which I will earnestly beseech the Giver of every good Gift to more and more develope within me, as I feel it to contribute to that "peace which passeth all understanding." I would not have wasted space over saying this, but for the sake of showing them that, as I have ever looked upon the vocation of an author as a sacred one, for which a strict account must be rendered up, I am not such "a feather for each wind that blows" as to be deterred from the course that I have marked out for myself either by ridicule or by any other persecution. When the genial THOMAS HOOD, in 1826, published the first series of his *Whims and Oddities*, he prefixed thereto the following humorous epigram:—

"What is a modern poet's fate?
To write his thoughts upon a slate:
The Critic spits on what is done,
Gives it a wipe—and all is gone!"

Nevertheless, all the Critics in the world could not wipe out a poet like THOMAS HOOD, even if they were unanimous in the attempt,—and no body of men are more divided in opinion. To those Reviewers and others—and I have great pleasure in saying they are many—who have helped to inspire me under many difficulties with some cheering word, I am doubly-grateful; and, conscious that several of them have given me credit for much more intellectual strength and learning, though *not* for greater love of literature, than I am fortunate enough to possess, I feel in honour bound to do my best to make good all the kind things which they have been pleased to say of my humble efforts in local and in our national literature. As JOAB beautifully expressed it nearly three thousand years ago—and we need no higher inspiration in the present, though we should fight with holier weapons than those with which he smote the children of Ammon:—"Be of good courage, and let us play the men for our people, and for the cities of our God: and the Lord do that which seemeth Him good." (II. *Sam.*, x., 12.)

quarter of the time and energy to pig-jobbing or to stock-jobbing, or to buying and selling articles for the back or the belly, that I have done to writing and publishing with the earnest hope of doing something to elevate humanity from its craven condition,—an endeavour without which the professions of Christianity, Freemasonry, and all our other glorious ideals of brotherhood, are only so much cant and hypocrisy—I had been a richer, and therefore a much more honoured, man. But such a very monomaniac am I in these matters, that I meditate perpetrating a Second (mayhap, who knows? a Third) Series of *Bards and Authors*. For with such an infinite variety of writers as the following yet left to chuse from, I certainly wish to continue onward. Let us glance at them alphabetically. There are yet left your relatives Allan the Antiquary and Allan the Member, Robert Armstrong, the Rev. J. C. Atkinson, E. G. Ayre, J. G. Baker, W. B. Baker, W. G. J. Barker, Dr. Bateman, Wm. Bewick, Mrs. Blackett, the Rev. John Brewster, John Buchanan, W. H. Burnett, Margaret Burton, Sir I. S. Byerley, the Rev. Charles Cator, Wm. Chapman, the Rev. E. G. Charlesworth, Sir Hugh Cholmley, James Conway, Capt. Cook, Stephen Coulson, Timothy Crosby, L. F. Crummey, Wm. Danby, Dr. Dixon, W. L. Dodd, Mrs. Earnshaw, the Rev. G. S. Faber, Lady Falkland, John Farndale, D. Ferguson, Mary Gaines, Geo. Garbutt, Francis Gibson, Thos. Gill, the Rev. James Grahame, J. G. Grant, C. C. Hall, Archdeacon Harcourt, E. M. Heavisides, W. H. Hinton, Dr. Ingledew, Robt. Jackson, G. B. Johnson, the Joneses, the Rev. Wm. Kay, T. F. Ker, the Marquis of Londonderry, W. H. D. Longstaffe, Sir J. H. Lowther, Angus Macpherson, Wm. Mason of Gisbro' (whose unpublished poems his friend Mr. Danby has very kindly placed at my disposal), Eta Mawr, Thos. Mease, Mrs. Merryweather, Dr. Conyers Middleton, Capt. Middleton, Mrs. Miller, James Milligan, the Rev. Vere Monro, Sheffield Earl of Mulgrave, James Myers, Dr. Robt. Newton, the late Marquis of Normanby, the Rev. John Oxlee, Geo. Ord, Thomas Pierson, Ralph Punshon, H. G. Reid and Mrs., the various Richardsons, Thos. Richmond, Joseph Ritson, F. K. Robinson, the Rev. Wm. Romaine, Thos. Rymer, the Scoresbys, Sir Cuthbert Sharp, the Rev. David Simpson, Martin Simpson, Thos. Simpson, the Rev. Gideon Smales, I. G. Speed,

Henry Spencer, Robt. Stephenson, the Rev. Lawrence Sterne and his "Eugenius," John Hall Stevenson, your friend Robt. Surtees, G. W. Sutton, Edmund Teesdale, Justice Temple, James Thomas, James Thompson, John Toy, the Rev. John Wallis, the Watkinses, Thos. Ward, Thos. Watson, Richard Winter (whose unpublished tragedy I feel happy to be able to rescue from oblivion fifty-eight years after the grave has closed over its author), the Rev. Thos. Wood, John Wright, and the Rev. Dr. Young—with a host of other writers in prose and verse, good, bad, and indifferent;—for, to parody LEIGH HUNT, "I could name a *local writer* for every tick of my watch." With such a list to cull from, what person of literary tastes could fail to fill several volumes, with interesting matter, even if, to use the expression of an old English worthy, they were only to find the string to bind them together. Even the doggerel of the poetaster is a portion of our history, valuable as showing the peculiar stage of development to which the writer and his or her readers have arrived, from which a wise observer may learn much. Curiously enough, whenever I meet with a man or woman who boasts of not being able to read poetry unless it is really good, I invariably meet with a most prosaic person, who has no love for poetry whatever, but will not be honest enough to say so.

One immeasurable pleasure I have had through all trials and tribulations, in the number of the gifted and the good who have trodden down all the barriers of rank, of sect, or of party, that would have separated us, and extended to me the warm hand of friendship;—a piece of practical Freemasonry which, I regret to state, I have found prevail more amongst the uninitiated than those who have taken upon themselves the most sacred vows. In the list of such I have the honour of inscribing the name of — ROBERT HENRY ALLAN.

Wishing the work was better worthy of your acceptance, yet presenting it, with all its short-comings, as a hearty token of affection and esteem,

I am, Dear Mr. Allan,

Yours very respectfully,

Stokesley, Sept. 14th, 1872.

GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL.

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THE
BARDS AND AUTHORS

Of Cleveland and South Durham.

INTRODUCTION.

"Books are about me," full of glorious things,
Left by the good and gifted of the earth:—
Pearls shaken like the dews from Fancy's wings,
Burnings of pathos, scintillings of mirth,
And what is nearer unto Heaven allied,
The Christian's treasure-page, and comforter, and guide."

THE above expressive passage from a beautiful little poem very kindly contributed to my first publication, the *Stokesley News*, by one of the sweetest and most cheerful children of song which our country can boast, JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE, has become so deeply impressed upon my mind, that it often passes involuntarily from my tongue, like music from an Æolian harp. For that man, most assuredly, knows not Poesy, who has never felt himself totally subjected to her benign and holy influence: his soul filled with a divine enthusiasm, almost as intense as that which possessed the prophets of Israel in the days of old,—who had faith in higher things than merely getting on in the world.

Reader, didst thou ever meditate on the great goodness of thy Creator towards thee, in calling thee into existence in an age when books are common, and beginning, just beginning, despite the mad competition for worldly wealth all around us, to occupy a corner in the cottage of the working man, and the newspaper, that great civiliser, teeming with intelligence from all points of the compass, is perused by almost every man, woman, and child of a few years? Thank God for this mighty triumph of Civilization! for a thousand blessings will follow in its rear. Some thirty centuries, according to received

chronologies, had human beings dwelt on this fair globe, cultivating and adorning it a little, but wasting its wealth and marring its beauty and their own peace a great deal ; kingdoms had been founded and had fallen : the Patriarchs of Israel slept with their fathers ; Moses, under God, had achieved the deliverance of his countrymen, rendered his important services to legislation, and disappeared from the earth ; the Trojan war had been fought, but no Homer had risen to sing it ; and the Psalmist, David, sat upon the throne of Israel, when the Egyptian king, Osymandias, founded the first library on record, at the city of Memphis. Upwards of six hundred years again elapse before we find any private man in the possession of a library ; and the philosopher of Stagira, Aristotle, who died three hundred and twenty-two years before the commencement of the Christian era, was the fortunate individual. Then, think of it, and contemplate it well, oh reader ! that upwards of other two thousand years had to pass over the heads of our great human family, before the glorious privilege of the Stagirite could be extended to the people of any clime. For Learning was to be fostered, and then released from sacerdotal trammels ; writing materials were to be cheapened ; schools were to rise and become common in this our Albion,—which meanwhile was to become the greatest of nations, with a population principally descended from savage Saxon churlcs and Scandinavian sea-rovers ; the Germans were to invent for us the noble art of printing with moveable metal types, and venerable Caxton was to introduce it into England ; nay, even the rude wooden press and dirty ink-balls of the first printers were to give place to a more perfect and powerful machine, driven by steam with a rapidity which would startle even the printers of the last age ;—all this and more, was to be accomplished by human energy, in the face of a thousand difficulties and disheartening circumstances, before the farmer, the tradesman, the operative, and the labourer, could hold communion with the great master-minds of the past,—

“Those dead but sceptred sovereigns who still rule
Our spirits from their urns.”

In vain, for us, might Cadmus have invented letters ; in vain, for us, might Homer have sung, and Miltiades fought, and Demosthenes harrangued !—what to us were the deep researches of philosophers, the warning experience of history,

and (with the important exceptions of songs, ballads, and plays, but even these liable to great corruption and to entire loss,) what were poetry itself, but for the press? A few thousands of Roman citizens might listen to the eloquent orations of Cicero, (the best memoir of whom, hereafter noticed, was written by a Cleveland man,*) but the pen of the scribe was necessary to hand them down to posterity; and, thanks to the press, though hundreds of miles and nineteen centuries separate us, he speaks, as it were, to me also, as I sit by my own hearth in Britain. Quintus Horatius Flaccus strings his lyre amidst the vineyards of Italy, and sings odes as luscious as the grapes around him; and this same press can render them as familiar to me as they were to Mæcenas and Augustus, "literally translated into English verse," by a native of Cleveland,† a touch of whose quality is given in the present volume. A Galileo, despite of hooded inquisitors, reveals his astronomical discoveries to the learned men of his native Tuscany, and this Argus-eyed and Briareus-handed Press can make them mine also. In short, for me have poets sung; for me have historians chronicled their country's history; for me are written biographies of the great, the gifted, and the good; for me have navigators ploughed the seas, and travellers roamed over rocky mountains and far-extending prairies; for me have all the discoveries in all the arts and sciences been made by the sages of all ages; for me has the literature of every clime been built up with artistic skill; for this wonderful Press has seized upon them all, and served them up for an intellectual banquet, not for me only, but for all readers; and lo! as with Christ's barley loaves and fishes, there is no lack of food, though all the thousands feed thereof.

It is this communion with the departed wise men of all ages, through the medium of their writings, that SOUTHEY alludes to, in the following verses, written at Keswick, in the year 1818:—

"My days among the dead are past;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old;
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse night and day.

* Dr. Conyers Middleton.

† Henry George Robinson.

"With them I take delight in weal
And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedew'd
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

"My thoughts are with the Dead, with them
I live in long-past years;
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears,
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.

"My hopes are with the dead, anon,
My place with them will be:
And I with them shall travel on
Through all futurity;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust."

Books, ever since their origin, have been deservedly esteemed by all wise men. Aristotle and Plato paid enormous prices for the volumes they purchased; and Cicero looked upon a library as better worth possessing than any fine villas and gardens. Our own Alfred the Great loved books with a sincere devotion; and, notwithstanding all the cares of government, and that too in a troublesome period, he made literature his daily employment. But books were very rare in the days of those worthies, and for many ages after them, and (even as far as purchase money was concerned) each was a treasure. In a Greek manuscript copy of the Scriptures, now in the British Museum, but formerly belonging to the chamber of patriarchs at Alexandria, sentence of excommunication is passed, by St. Athanasius, upon any one who may remove it. In our own country, towards the close of the seventh century, Egfrid, (sometimes called Ælfrid,) king of Northumbria, purchased from Benedict Biscop, monk and founder of the monastery of Wearmouth,* a single volume on Cosmography, or the History

* In the year 670, Egfrid succeeded Oswy in the kingdom of Northumberland, which comprised the area now known as the six northern counties,—Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, Durham, Yorkshire, and Lancashire. It was in the fourth year of Egfrid's reign (in 674) that Biscop obtained a grant of sixty hides of land at Wearmouth, where he built an abbey, and dedicated it to St. Peter. He did much for the civilization of the north of

of the World, and for this one book he gave eight hides of land, or in other words, eight hundred acres; and this was in an age when many bishops, and even some archbishops, were too illiterate to be able to sign their own names! whilst of "barons bold," and even of monarchs, skill in war and in the chase was rather looked for than the smallest proficiency in clerkship. No marvel that Bibles should, in such rude times, be secured by chains and staples to the reading-desks in churches, or that curses, "by bell, book, and candle," should be very freely dealt on any one who might purloin or damage one of the few copies of the classics preserved in the scriptories of monasteries, and scarcely known beyond their cloisters. Our Henry the Fifth, who had some taste for reading, was glad to borrow a volume from any of his subjects who were fortunate enough to possess one; and so scarce were books in the reign of his son and successor, Henry the Sixth, that even the students of St. Mary's College, Oxford, were only allowed the use of each book for one hour at the most, at one time, in order that they might not hinder others in the perusal of the same. How thankful ought we to be, that our lot has not been cast in the days of feudalism, crusading, and border raids, however interesting they may seem as conjured up by "the great magician of the north," in his Waverley novels and in his poems, but in an age when, as ROBERT BLOOMFIELD sings,—

"The Sacred History, or the volumes fraught
With tenderest sympathy, or towering thought,
The laughter-stirring tale, the moral lay,
All that brings dawning reason into play,"

are no longer confined to the libraries of the few, but shed their holy light in pleasant parlours and in humble cottage

England by the introduction of freemasons, (the Craft being then, of course, operative as well as speculative,) glaziers, painters, and singers, "to the end," says BISHOP LAMBARDE, "that his buildings might so shine with workmanship, and his churches so sound with melody, that simple souls, ravished therewith, should fantasy [fancy] of them nothing but holiness! In this jollity continued these houses," he adds of Wearmouth and Jarrow, "and others by their example embraced the like, till Hinguar and Hubba, the Danish pirates (A.D. 870) were raised by God to abate their pride, who not only fired and spoiled them, but also almost all the religious houses on the north-east coast of this island." A difference of creed must not prevent me from stating, that Biscop did much more for the cause of progress than many Bishops like Lambarde, and I like not the spirit in which the above extract is written.

nooks, to cheer our drooping spirits in our pilgrimage to the grave, and enable us the better to discharge our manifold duties to God, our neighbours, and ourselves.

"When I look upon my library," says a Cleveland author,* "deficient as it is in many works which I could wish were there, I cannot help feeling, that though of gold I possess nothing but my father's ring; though my wardrobe is scant and my food but seldom of the best; though no rood of land on all this earth is mine, nor can I boast of the fee-simple of houses, or the possession of costly furniture, or of horses and horned cattle; though I am emphatically a *poor man* in every respect where worldly wealth is the standard, and often treated with contempt on that account,—yet do I possess, beneath my lowly roof-tree, treasures of mental wealth which kings and kaisers in bygone ages could not obtain, and which too few of us, even in this boasted nineteenth century, make our own. For as yet men's minds are muddled with this unceasing strife and competition for bread; a competition perhaps necessary for a time, to develop the huge and inexhaustible resources at man's disposal. But a close observer of the signs of the times, one who reads the pages of History by the clear and steady light of Philosophy, can only look upon the present unsettled state of society over the habitable globe, with all its many convulsions and heavings to and fro, as a mere transition-state from semi-barbarism to a more perfect civilization, when a moderate share of daily labour (which will be alike conducive to health and pleasure, when idleness is considered ignoble, and work is properly honoured,) will suffice to furnish forth all the common necessities of life, and every man and woman shall have time for relaxation and mental culture. When I thank my God for all his good gifts,—for the food I eat, the clothes I wear, the roof that shelters me, and the fire that warms me with its cheerful glow; when I raise my earnest thanksgivings to my Maker for the reasoning faculties with which he has endowed me, the beauty with which He has everywhere surrounded me, and the natural music which freely greets mine ear during every rustic ramble; for some few congenial spirits worthy of the name of friends; for a loving and beloved wife, and for children in whom it is my delight to watch the germs of the æsthetical and the spiritual

* PETER PROLETARIUS.

gradually unfold themselves;—then it is that, in silent worship, too intense for utterance, I offer up to Heaven my soul-felt gratitude for the glorious legacy which the choicest spirits of every age and clime have bequeathed to me in their writings, and not to me alone, but to the whole human race.”

Mental wealth, unlike mere worldly wealth, decreases not in quality nor in quantity because of its being shared in by others; nay, in order that we may receive the full benefits of any knowledge we may possess, it is necessary that our neighbours should share it with us, and that in this respect, like the first disciples of Jesus, we shall have “all things in common.”

We never can greatly reform the world, nor obey HERODOTUS's injunction to “advance the multitude,” until we liberate their souls from the dark Limbo of Ignorance. There is no other hope for humanity than in the universal practice of that wise counsel given by SOLOMON, in his *Proverbs*, more than twenty-eight centuries ago:—“Get wisdom, get understanding: forget it not; neither decline from the words of my mouth. Forsake her not, and she shall preserve thee: love her, and she shall keep thee. Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom: and with all thy getting, get understanding. Exalt her, and she shall promote thee: she shall bring thee to honour, when thou dost embrace her. She shall give thine head an ornament of grace: a crown of glory shall she deliver to thee. * * * When thou goest, thy steps shall not be straightened; and when thou runnest, thou shalt not stumble. Take fast hold of Instruction; let her not go: keep her, for she is thy life.”

Richard Aungerville, (commonly called Richard de Bury, from his native place, Bury St. Edmunds, in Suffolk, where he was born in 1287,) who rose by merit to be Bishop of Durham on the seventh of December, 1333, had more books himself than all the other bishops in England put together, and though he held the various offices of Lord Privy Seal, Lord Treasurer, and Lord Chancellor, through all his various employments found time to commune with his beloved books, of which he says:—“These are teachers whose instructions are unaccompanied with blows or harsh words; who demand neither food nor wages: you visit them, they are alert; if you want them, they secrete not themselves; should you mistake their meaning, they complain not, nor ridicule your ignorance, be it ever so gross.” And believing, as he expresses it, that “books

ought to be purchased at any price; the wisdom which they contain renders them invaluable; they cannot be bought too dear," he formed large libraries at Auckland, Durham, and Stockton; and, at whichever of those places he happened to be residing for the time, the floor of his common apartment was so much covered with books, that those who entered to see him could scarcely approach him. This benevolent, and learned prelate died at Bishop Auckland, April 14th, 1345, and was buried before the altar of St. Mary Magdalen, in Durham Cathedral; and there is no reason to doubt that many excellent literary productions were introduced by him, for the first time, into this district; but there yet needed the printing-press to multiply them, and the spread of education to enable the people to read them, even if they could have then been printed. Some idea of the price this prelate paid for his books may be formed from the fact that, in 1341, (a hundred and thirty-three years before Caxton set up the first printing-press in England,) he gave the Abbot of St. Albans fifty pounds weight of silver for thirty or forty volumes.

"If the invention of the ship," says LORD BACON, "was thought so noble, which carrieth riches and commodities from place to place, and consociateth the most remote regions in participation of their fruits, how much more are letters to be magnified, which, as ships, pass through the vast seas of time, and make ages so distant participate of the wisdom, illuminations, and inventions, the one of the other!" And again:—"Libraries are the shrines where all the relics of the ancient saints, full of true virtue, and that without delusion or imposture, are preserved and reposed."

One of the contemporaries of Bacon, I mean JOHN FLETCHER, the Dramatist, has the following very sensible lines:—

"Give me
 Leave to enjoy myself. That place that does
 Contain my books, the best companions, is
 To me a glorious court where hourly I
 Converse with the old sages and philosophers;
 And sometimes, for variety, I confer
 With kings and emperors, and weigh their counsels;
 Calling their victories, if unjustly got,
 Unto a strict account; and, in my fancy,
 Deface their ill-placed statues. Can I then
 Part with such constant pleasures, to embrace

Uncertain vanities? No; be it your care
 To augment a heap of wealth: it shall be mine
 To increase in knowledge."

"I no sooner," says HEINSIUS, "come into the library, but I bolt the door to me, excluding Lust, Ambition, Avarice, and all such vices, whose nurse is Idleness, the mother of Ignorance and Melancholy. In the very lap of eternity, among so many divine souls, I take my seat, with so lofty a spirit and sweet content, that I pity all our great ones and rich men that know not this happiness."

Meditating upon the sight of a great library, "the English Seneca," BISHOP HALL, remarks:—"What a world of wit is here packed up together! I know not whether this sight doth more dismay or comfort me: it dismays me to think that here is so much that I cannot know; it comforts me to think that this variety yields so good helps to know what I should. There is no truer word than that of SOLOMON,—'There is no end to the making of many books;' this sight verifies it—there is no end; indeed, it were a pity there should. God hath given to man a busy soul, the agitation whereof cannot but through time and experience work out many hidden truths; to suppress these would be no other than injurious to mankind, whose minds, like unto so many candles, should be kindled at each other. The thoughts of our deliberation are most accurate: these we vent into our papers. What a happiness it is, that, without all offence of necromancy, I may here call up any of the ancient worthies of learning, whether human or divine, and confer with them of all my doubts!—that I can at pleasure summon all synods of reverend fathers, and acute doctors, from all the coasts of the earth, to give their well-studied judgments in all points of question which I propose! Neither can I cast my eye casually upon any of these silent masters, but I must learn somewhat; it is a wantonness to complain of choice. No law binds us to read all; but the more we can take delight in and digest, the better liking must the mind's needs be: blessed be God that hath set up so many lights in His church. Now none but the wilfully blind* can plead

* More than two hundred years have passed since the pious bishop wrote, and during that period the diffusion of knowledge through all classes has been immense; but five years' labour in the Reformatory movement, among the young thieves and "ragged rascals" of Lancashire, has convinced me more than ever, that we have even now in our midst tens of thousands who are not

darkness: and blessed be the memory of those His faithful servants, that have left their blood, their spirits, their lives, in these precious papers, and have willingly wasted themselves into these during monuments, to give light unto others."

"Books," says brave JOHN MILTON, "are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them, to be as active as the soul whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve, as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them." And he adds—for I am quoting from his noble *Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing*:—"As good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image: but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God as it were in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."

My object in the present volume is, to bring under the notice of the people of Cleveland and South Durham the Bards and other Authors who, by birth or residence, have been connected with the district; furnishing, as far as I am able, authentic memoirs and brief but impartial criticisms of the various writers, and supplying the reader with extracts from such of their works as I have had access to, so that every one may be enabled to form some acquaintanceship with our literary characters both of past and present times, and to hold communion with such as they find most congenial with their own minds. Few, if any, of the subscribers to this work will possess the publications of *all* the writers from whom I have made extracts, as some of them are far from being common. I have long cherished the idea of a work similar to Chambers's excellent *Cyclopedia of English Literature*, to be confined to the Poets and Prose Writers of the North of England. Should the present volume meet with a favourable reception, I shall, if God spares me long enough for the pleasing task, do my best to perfect the work. For I believe with ST. PIERRE's good Old Man in the touching tale of *Paul and Virginia*, that "Literature is the gift of Heaven; a ray of that wisdom which governs the

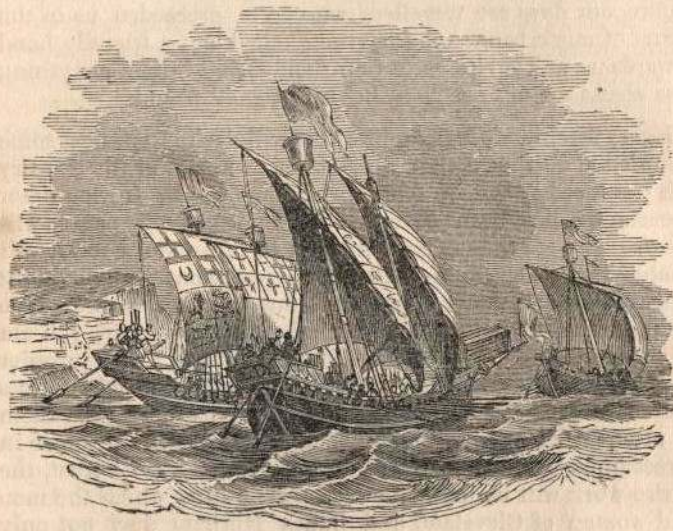
"wilfully blind," from whom not only all literature, science, and art, but even the simplest truths of religion, are as totally hidden as from the most benighted natives of Africa or Australia, and to whom ninety-nine words of every hundred of our English tongue are as much unknown as Latin, Hebrew, or Greek.

universe; and which man, inspired by celestial intelligence, has drawn down to earth. Like the sun, it enlightens, it rejoices, it warms with a divine flame, and seems, in some sort, like the element of fire, to bend all nature to our use. By the aid of literature, we bring around us all things, all places, men, and times. By its aid, we calm the passions, suppress vice, and excite virtue. Literature is the daughter of Heaven, who has descended upon earth to soften and charm all human evils." And, as the Old Man adds to Paul, so would I say to every one in Cleveland and South Durham: "Have recourse to your books then, my son. The sages who have written before our days are travellers who have preceeded us in the paths of misfortune; who have stretched out a friendly hand towards us, and invite us to join their society when everything else abandons us. A good book is a good friend."

Every intelligent man and woman will desire to possess some knowledge of the writers which their own part of the country has produced: and in Authors neither South Durham nor Cleveland* has been barren,—as the following pages will show. The specimens chosen, both in prose and poetry, will enable my readers to form their own judgment of the writers; and the few criticisms interspersed throughout the volume are such as seemed naturally to arise from the subject. If I am anywhere unjust to any one, it is unintentional; and, in order that those writers who have touched on controversial subjects may be impartially represented, I have fearlessly allowed them to utter their own views, whether they might be in unison or in direct opposition to my own. At the same time, I trust, the entire work will be found to contain nothing which the men and women of Cleveland and South Durham may not only frequently peruse themselves, but also place, without scruple and without diffidence, in the hands of their children. Knowing, by experience, the value of literature to solace the wounded spirit in adversity; and knowing, also, by conversations with some thousands of the people in this part, that the

*In the present work, though I have paid particular attention to the writers connected with the two Langbaughs, generally known as Cleveland, I have not thought fit totally to omit to notice other authors of eminence who have belonged to other parts of the important Archdeaconry of Cleveland, which not only includes the Deanery of Cleveland, (of itself more extensive than the Langbaughs,) but also those of Bulmer and Rydall.

refining influence of books has been too little felt by the many ; and finding, moreover, that our own Authors are but scantily known, even amongst the educated in our vicinage, I hopefully launch my little barque, confident that the cargo is of valuable and acceptable commodities, and I humbly beseech the Almighty Ruler of the Universe to so bless the voyage of my frail vessel that the mental food which it bears may safely reach the people, and help to support and develope them in all knowledge and virtue.



C E D M O N.

"The old Brigantes from our bosky brooks
And heather-covered hills away were driven;
The Roman legions had been call'd away
From Britain's isle, to cross their swords with men
Who, rear'd in savage wilds, had over-run
Fair Italy, and sought to rule the world;
The hardy Saxons, from Teutonic woods,
Had made our shores their own, and fix'd their feet
So firmly on the sod, that nought could shake
Their footsteps from our soil; when he arose,
Cedmon, the humble herdsman of the swine
That fed on mast of Cleveland's oaks and beeches,
Or tended bees that then were wont to graze
In Cleveland pastures. He heard old Ocean
Dash his wild waves in fury at the feet
Of Cleveland's iron cliffs, and saw them foam
As if with rage,—anon lie sleeping on
Our silver sands, their motion as serene
As maiden's breasts, which merely heave with breathing;
He saw the morning sun rise in its beauty,
Shine in its glory, and in splendour set;
The moon and stars for him adorn'd the night,
As they had done for Homer; flowers came forth
In all their rustic beauty at his feet;
And birds and bees made music for his ears;
And he became—a Poet!"

PETER PROLETARIUS.

The first name that we meet with of any eminence in our literature, as that of a writer who composed in his mother tongue, was a native of this district, and was employed in tending cattle, or in other words, followed the humble occupation of a herdsman, during the Saxon Heptarchy. This was Cedmon, who became a monk of Streoneshalh Abbey, now called Whitby, then newly founded by Oswy, who reigned

over the kingdom of Northumbria from A.D. 643 to 670. Cedmon may be termed the Milton of the Anglo-Saxon era; and we are indebted to King Alfred's Saxon version of Bede for the preservation of Cedmon's celebrated hymn. In a dark age, every thing wonderful is deemed miraculous; accordingly the gift of Poesy given to Cedmon was attributed to supernatural inspiration. Venerable Bede, (who was born somewhere in the county of Durham, most probably at Sunderland, A.D. 676, and who died at the monastery of Gyrwie, now called Jarrow, where his life had been passed in useful labours, May 26th, 735,) with beautiful simplicity records the legend of Cedmon's sudden inspiration, to the following purport. Cedmon had grown to man's estate, not only unable to read and write, an accomplishment confined to very few in that age, but also unable to sing; and the habit then appears to have been to pass the harp from guest to guest, and for each to sing some improvised song in turns, accompanying himself with the melody of that ancient instrument. One evening, to avoid being called upon for his song, he left an entertainment, sooner than he otherwise would have done, and retired to the stalls which contained the oxen committed to his care. Having laid himself down to rest upon the straw, he soon fell into a sleep, and some one appeared to him in a dream, saying, "Cedmon, sing me something." Cedmon did not plead a sore throat, (a common excuse at least as far back as Shakspeare's time,) but honestly stated his inability to sing, and told how he had left the feast early on that account. The presence, however, was not to be satisfied, but told him that he *must* sing. Cedmon asked in amazement what he must sing, for he had learnt nothing. "Sing me the origin of things!" rejoined the spirit: and lo! he instantly began to chaunt verses which he had never heard before. When he awoke, the hymn was still remembered by him, so that he could repeat it to his neighbours; and he told it to his master, who introduced him to St. Hilda, who was then the Lady Abbess of Streonshalh. To her and to the nuns and monks, (for the abbey was a double one, intended for both males and females, each under their respective officers,) he repeated the marvellous story of his dream, and rehearsed the inspired verses. There are several translations of this remarkable hymn; the following is that of the late Rev. GEORGE YOUNG, D. D., the learned historian of Whitby, who states that "the translation is not only

literal, but correspondents line for line with the original," which he also gives for the use of the Saxon scholar:—

"Now we must praise
The heavenly kingdom's Guardian,
The Creator's might,
And the thoughts of His mind;
Glorious Father of Works!
How He of every glory,
Eternal Lord!
Established the beginning.
He first framed

For the children of earth
The heaven for a roof,
Holy Maker!
The middle region,
Mankind's Guardian,
The Lord Eternal,
Afterwards made,
A dwelling for men;
Almighty Ruler!"

The inmates of the monastery were satisfied that the gift of song had been granted him by the Lord; and they read or recited to him a portion of Scripture in the vulgar tongue, requesting him to produce them a poem upon it, which he did the next day, so much to their satisfaction that the Lady Hilda persuaded him to become one of the monks of her abbey, and caused him to be educated, especially in Sacred History. And well did Cedmon repay the teaching; for "he sang," as DR. YOUNG well expresses it, "of the creation of the world, the origin of the human race, and the whole history of Genesis; of the deliverance of Israel out of Egypt, and their entrance into the promised land, with many other passages of the ancient Scripture history; and of the incarnation of our Lord, His passion, resurrection, and ascension to heaven, the descent of the Holy Spirit, and the preaching of the apostles. He likewise composed many verses on the terrors of a future judgment, the horrors of hell, and the delights of the kingdom of heaven: as also on a variety of the mereies and judgments of God. All his poems were religious, calculated to draw men from the pursuits of sin, and lead them to the love and practice of goodness: and he himself was distinguished for piety, regularity, and zeal. * * * Cedmon's hymn, which he composed beside the oxen, is not the only part of his works which has reached our times. A considerable portion of his poetical paraphrase, mentioned by Bede, is still extant; and has been published by Junius,* the learned editor of the Gothic version of the Gospels. It is the first part of Cedmon's work, commencing with the fall of the angels, and the creation of the world, and comprising the history of Adam and Eve; of Cain, and the Deluge; of Abraham and Moses; with some account of Nabuchodonosor and Daniel. In describing the fall of the angels, the ideas of

* The edition here referred to by the Doctor was published at Amsterdam in 1655.

Cedmon have so much resemblance to those of Milton, that one might be tempted to think that the latter must have been borrowed from the former. The whole production is curious and interesting, and does honour to the memory of the poet of Streoneshalh."

The exordium of the poem is alike devout and poetical:—

<p>"To us it is very right, That we the Guardian of the Skies, The glorious King of Hosts, With words should praise, With minds should love.</p>	<p>He is rich in power, Head of all, High over the creatures, Ruler Almighty."</p>
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The first verses of the Book of Genesis are thus finely paraphrased:—

<p>"There was not then yet, Except surrounding darkness, Any thing made; But the wide ground Stood deep and dim, A stranger to the Lord, Void and unprofitable. On this His eyes He glanced, The powerful King of Peace, And beheld the place Destitute of joy. He saw the dark clouds Perpetually press, Black under the sky, Desert and waste; Until this world's creation Through the word was done</p>	<p>Of the King of Glory. Here first made, The Eternal Lord, Protector of all things, Heaven and earth; The sky he reared, And this spacious land He established With strong power; Almighty Ruler! The earth was as yet With grass not green, With the ocean covered, Perpetually black; Far and wide, Desert ways."</p>
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"These extracts from Cedmon's Paraphrase, with a translation of some other passages," says DR. YOUNG, "the reader will find in Turner's *History of the Anglo-Saxons*. In some lines I have ventured to depart very considerably from the translation given by that learned author: at the same time it must be owned that some of Cedmon's expressions are so obscure that it is not easy to ascertain their precise meaning." Fifteen years after Young's *History of Whitby*, from which the foregoing specimens are extracted, was issued to the public, the Society of Antiquaries published Cedmon's Paraphrase, with a more accurate text, under the editorship of MR. THORPE, who thus Englishes Satan's speech on reviving from the consternation of his overthrow:—

<p>"Boiled within him His thought about his heart; Hot was without him</p>	<p>His dire punishment. Then spake he words: "This narrow place is most unlike</p>
--	--

That other that we formerly knew,
 High in heaven's kingdom,
 Which my Master bestowed on me,
 Though we it, for the All-powerful,
 May not possess.
 We must cede our realm;
 Yet hath He not done rightly,
 That He hath struck us down
 To the fiery abyss
 Of the hot hell,
 Bereft us of heaven's kingdom,
 Hath decreed
 To people it
 With mankind.
 That is to me of sorrows the greatest,
 That Adam,
 Who was wrought of earth,
 Shall possess
 My strong seat;
 That it shall be to him in delight,
 And we endure this torment,
 Misery in this hell.

* * *
 Oh ! had I the power of my hands
 Then with this host I—
 But around me lie
 Iron bonds;
 Presseth this chord of chain;
 I am powerless!
 Me have so hard
 The clasps of hell

So firmly grasped !
 Here is a vast fire
 Above and underneath;
 Never did I see
 A loathlier landskip;
 The flame abateth not,
 Hot over hell.
 Me hath the clasping of these rings
 This hard polished band,
 Impeded in my course,
 Debarred me from my way.
 My feet are bound,
 My hands manacled;
 Of these hell doors are
 The ways obstructed;
 So that with aught I cannot
 From these limb-bonds escape.
 About me lie
 Huge gratings
 Of hard iron,
 Forged with heat,
 With which me God
 Hath fastened by the neck.
 Thus perceive I that He knoweth my
 mind,
 And that He knew also,
 The Lord of Hosts,
 That should us through Adam
 Evil befall,
 About the realm of heaven,
 Where I had the power of my hands."

It is impossible for any well-read person to peruse the foregoing powerful poetry, without being struck with its resemblance to some portions of Milton's *Paradise Lost*; the splendid epic of the great republican being composed a thousand years after that of our Cedmon!

Cedmon's vigorous description of the Deluge is thus Englished by MR. CONYBEARE :—

"The Lord sent rain from heaven, and o'er the land
 Wide wasting bade the whelming torrents rush.
 Dark from th' abyss, with hideous roar, burst forth
 Th' imprison'd waters. Ocean heaved his tide
 High o'er its wonted limits. Strong was He,
 And mighty in His wrath, that on the plains
 Pour'd that avenging stream, and swept to death,
 Wide through the realms of earth, a sinful race.

"Now o'er each dwelling-place of man the waves
 Spread desolation; for the Lord fulfill'd
 His anger upon mortals. Fifty days
 And fifty nights continuous that dark flood,

Fear-struck and fainting, drove them to their doom.
Vengeance and death in all their terror raged.
The heaven-commission'd waters on all flesh
Work'd the dread punishment of lawless lust.

"Fearful and wild where'er beneath the sky
Earth spreads her ample confines, the swift stream
O'ertower'd the mountains, and, secure meanwhile,
With all her inmates bore the sacred bark.

"Sped by the Power that bade creation rise,
So swell'd the flood, that soon its buoying load
The watery waste encompass'd; fearless then
Of hunger or of harm, they rode at large
Beneath heaven's canopy;—the billow's rage
Touch'd not that fated vessel—for their Lord
Was with them still—the Holy One preserved them.
Full fifteen cubits o'er the mountain heights
The sea-flood rose, and drank the force of man.
Wondrous and awful was that work of wrath.

"They were cut off from men, and none was near them,
Save Him that reigns above;—all else on earth
The whelming host of waters cover'd wide.
That ark alone th' Almighty One upheld."

The life of Cedmon was distinguished by that purity which ought above all men to be found in the true poet,—as it has been in later days in Milton, Wordsworth, and others. Like Wordsworth, Cedmon was often occupied in muttering his own poetry, when the divine inflatus had possession of his soul. One of his co-mates in the monastery was Bosa, who became archbishop of York in 677, or the year following. Cedmon died about the same time as the Lady Hilda, whose death took place in the year 679 or 680, when the warlike Egfrid was king of Northumbria. Cedmon died (as all men would do if the immutable laws of nature were properly understood and universally obeyed) of gradual decay, cheerful to the very last; and, as every true Christian must be, at peace with God and all his creatures. HOMER has styled Eumæus, who kept the hogs of Ulysses, the Divine Swine-herd; may we not, with greater propriety, call Cedmon the Divine Neat-herd?

For nearly twelve centuries the German Ocean has sung our Cedmon's requiem, and in twelve centuries more may have taken his ashes, and spread them as wide as his fame; the comparatively humble monastery of Streoneshalh, after being destroyed by savage hordes of Scandinavian thieves, and laying

desolate for more than two hundred years, was revived in greater splendour than before, under a widely-different dynasty, to be in turn pillaged by as unconscientious robbers as the pagan Danes, though calling themselves Reformers and Christians, and the second Abbey of Whitby has been for three hundred and twenty-two years given up to the lizard, the owl, and the bat, for an abode, and the very hall of the Cholmleys, built out of the ruins of the second abbey, is itself looked upon as an ancient edifice; but the poems of the gifted Cedmon are as valuable in our rich English literature now, when read as translations, as they were when sung in their original Anglo-Saxon, for the edification of the people, in the monastery of Streoneshalh, twelve hundred years ago: and Whitby—formerly a portion of Cleveland, as it should have been yet, and still is of the Deanery and of the Archdeaconery—has a right to feel proud that Cedmon, the Milton of the Anglo-Saxon poetry, was the first of her many men of mind.

“Look how the lark soars upward and is gone,
Turning a spirit as he nears the sky!
His voice is heard, but body there is none
To fix the vague excursions of the eye.
So, poet's songs are with us though they die
Obscured and hid by Death's oblivious shroud,
And Earth inherits the rich melody,
Like raining music from the raining cloud.
Yet, few there be who pipe so sweet and loud,
Their voices reach us through the lapse of space:
The noisy day is deafen'd by a crowd
Of undistinguish'd birds, a twittering race;
But only lark and nightingale forlorn
Fill up the silences of night and morn.”

THOMAS HOOD.

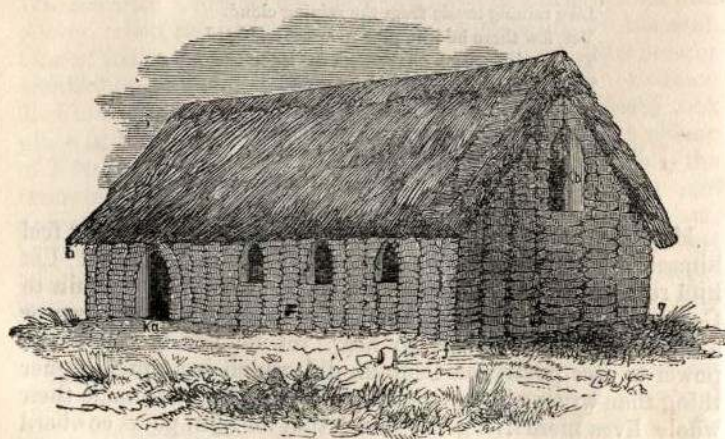
May the humblest cowherd who peruses these pages feel himself a better man for having heard of our Cedmon! Let him rest assured that, though he may not be able to attain to Cedmon's fame, or to sing some sweet song which his own or a future age may delight to hear, yet he has it in his own power to *live* poetry, as Cedmon did, which is a much higher thing than writing it, as some have done, who have made their whole lives mere living lies; and that for him, poor cowherd though he be, there are suns, and moons, and stars of mental light, ever burning brightly in the intellectual sky, which never

shone for good old Cedmon. For six hundred and forty-eight years had to elapse between the death of Cedmon and the birth of Chaucer, and eight hundred and eighty-four years had to pass away between depositing the poor worn-out carcase of Cedmon on the cliff at Whitby, and the baptism of William Shakspeare at the parish church of Stratford-on-Avon. But Cedmon possessed the most sublime of all poetry in those invaluable old Scriptures, (now happily no longer confined to church or monastery); and the great volume of nature lay open to his eyes, as it ever has done to all who have been willing and able to read it:—

“ And bounteous nature has a banquet spread
For loving hearts that put their trust in God.”

DR. CHARLES MACKAY.

As LAMARTINE expresses it:—“ O my God! to view Thy works under all their different aspects, to admire Thy magnificence on mountain or sea, to adore and bless Thine inexpressible name, this indeed is life! Increase it within us, that it may increase our admiration and our love. Then turn the page, and let us read in another world the endless wonders of Thy book of grandeur and goodness.”



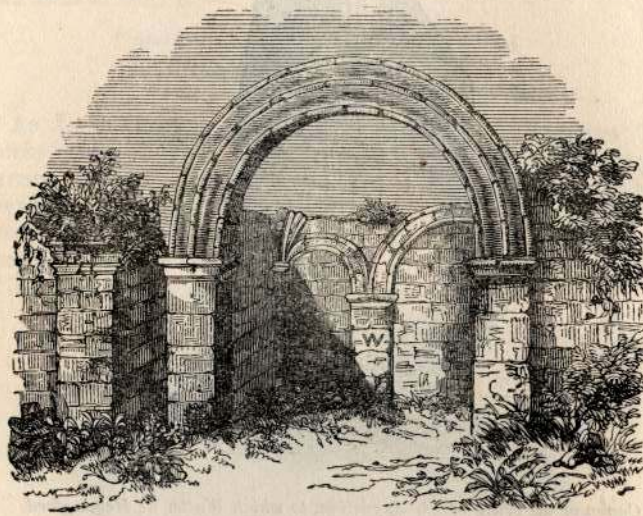
Church of the Anglo-Saxon Period.



Canon of the order of St. Augustine, to which Walter de Hemingford belonged.

In the above woodcut, which is copied from DUGDALE'S *Monasticon*, the canon is erroneously represented without a beard. "They were not all alike in dress," says ARCHDEACON CHURTON, in his useful work on the *Early English Church*, "but were commonly called black canons; wearing a long black cassock with a white rochet over it, and over all a black cloak or hood. The monks always shaved their chins; but the canons wore their beards, and caps or bonnets on their heads instead of cowls."

WALTER DE HEMINGFORD.



Norman Gateway of Gisbro' Priory.

"In every great abbey there was a large room, called the *scriptory*, or writing room; where several writers were employed in copying books for the use of the library, or to supply religious persons who sought some portion of Scripture or a devotional treatise. They also frequently copied some parts of the writings of the fathers, or the Latin classics, and made histories and chronicles."—ARCHDEACON CHURTON'S *Early English Church*.

Though it is madness to attempt to turn society backwards, and to seek to revive the for-ever-defunct mediæval ages, yet we must at once acknowledge that monasteries were well adapted for the turbulent times in which they originated

and flourished, and were absolutely necessary to the cause of progress. For—albeit Superstition shared the sacred edifices with Religion—yet Literature, Science, and Art, could then find no other nooks in which to nestle. Whilst some monks were mere mumblers of masses, and miracle-mongers with the dead bones and cast-off raiment of saints, others—as the wise old Franciscan, Roger Bacon*—were so far in advance of their age as to draw down upon themselves the persecution of their peers, on suspicion of their having dealings with the Devil,—as though the Prince of Darkness was the source of all mental light, and knowledge was the forbidden fruit, to taste whereof were temporal and spiritual death! But for the scribes in the monasteries, who—according to the light that was in them—recorded passing events, what a void must there have been, for many ages, in the chronicles of every country! Princes being principally unprincipled oppressors, and nobles being little better than brigand chiefs, who considered war and fieldsports alone worthy of their study, and prided themselves on not being able to read, Learning took up her abode in the monasteries, and our only historians were of necessity monks and ecclesiastics. One of these old English Chroniclers, in the fourteenth century, was Walter de Hemingford, or Hemmingford, (sometimes called Hemingburgh,) a canon of the Austin Priory at Gisbro', who flourished in the reign of Edward III. His History commences with the Norman Conquest, in 1066, and concludes in 1308, when Edward II. had just come to the throne. Walter de Hemingford died at Gisbro', in 1347,—when Walter of Thorpe (Nunthorpe?) was prior of the monastery; Walter de Weston was archdeacon of Cleveland; William de la Zouch, (who had just defeated the Scots at Neville's Cross,) was archbishop of York; Thomas Hatfield, (who had succeeded the literary Richard de Bury only two years before) was bishop of Durham; and Edward III. (then conquering Calais after the battle of Cressy) was king of England: when John Gower, the poet next noticed, was some twenty-seven years of age, and his friend and brother bard, Geoffrey Chaucer, was a young man of nineteen.

The *Chronicle* of WALTER DE HEMINGFORD was written in Latin; and a manuscript copy of it is preserved in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates at Edinburgh. It has been twice

* Born at Ilchester, in Somersetshire, in 1214.

published; first, by Gale, in 1687; and again, by Hearne, in 1731; but both editions, I am informed, need carefully collating. The following translations of two passages of great local interest were supplied to me, some years ago, by the late JOHN WALKER ORD, whom I had particularly requested to enquire after this *Chronicle*, which he did through his friend and former tutor, the talented Dr. Knox.

HEMINGFORD thus chronicles the

DEATH AND BURIAL OF ROBERT DE BRUS, THE COMPETITOR.

"A.D. 1294. In the same year died Robert de Bruys, at Lochmaben, in his own territory of Annandale. Robert de Brus the fourth died on the eve of Good Friday; who disputed with John de Baliol, before the king of England, about the succession to the kingdom of Scotland. And, as he had ordered when alive, he was buried in the priory of Gysburn [Gisbro'], with great honour, beside his own father, on the second Sunday after Easter, the sixteenth day of April. In his lifetime he was glorious; he was graceful, rich, and bountiful; and abounded in all things, in life and at death."



Side of the Tomb of Robert De Brus, the Competitor for the Crown of Scotland, formerly in Gisbro' Priory, and now in the Porch of Gisbro' Church.

THE BURNING OF GISBRO' PRIORY.

"In the year of our Lord one thousand two hundred and eighty-nine, on the sixteenth of May, and on the first day of rogation week, a devouring flame consumed our church of Gysburn [Gisbro'], with many theological books, and nine very costly chalices, as well as vestments and sumptuous images. And because past events are serviceable as a guide in future inquiries, I have thought it desirable, in the present little treatise, to give an account of the catastrophe, that accidents of a similar nature may be avoided through this calamity allotted to us. On the day above mentioned, which was very destructive to us, a vile plumber, with his two workmen, burnt our church whilst soldering up two holes in the old lead with fresh pewter. For some days he had already, with a wicked disposition, commenced, and placed his iron crucibles, along with charcoal and fire, on rubbish, or steps of a great height, upon dry wood, with some turf, and other combustibles. About noon, (in the cross, in the body of the church,

where he remained at his work till after mass) he descended before the procession of the convent, thinking that the fire had been put out by his workman. They, however, came down quickly after him, without having completely extinguished the fire; and the fire among the charcoal revived, and partly from the heat of the iron, and partly from the sparks of the charcoal, the fire spread itself to the wood and other combustibles beneath. After the fire was thus commenced, the lead melted, and the joists upon the beams ignited; and then the fire increased prodigiously, and consumed every thing. In compensation for such a loss and excessive destruction, we who fled from the fire did not gain even according to the old proverb, 'I got what I could.' From this let our successors in future learn to be more cautious in providing for their safety from our negligence."

From the above it appears that Walter de Hemingford was a canon of Gisbro' when the Priory was burnt in 1289,—which event happened nineteen years before the termination of his Chronicle, and fifty-eight years before the date given as that of his death. According to these accounts, our Cleveland chronicler must have lived to a good old age. I hope some one competent for the task will undertake to favour us with a careful and complete translation of the Gisbro' Chronicle; so that we may be enabled fully to estimate the merits of our first Cleveland historian, though the grave has been closed over his ashes five hundred and seventeen years, and the once-extensive and magnificent priory of Gisbro' has, for three centuries and a quarter, been ruinous and desolate,—not through the carelessness of a "vile plumber, with his two workmen," but caused solely by the unholy rapacity of a lewd and murderous monarch, and other "caterpillars of the commonwealth," who had no sympathy with the glorious efforts of our Protestant forefathers in restoring Christianity to its pristine purity, but were solely actuated by the greed of gain, and *now* have their reward!

"Proudly, ye ancient abbeys, did ye stand
Among our fields and groves; and still we see
Your ancient towers far-spreading o'er the land!
Tintern is fading; Fountain's majesty
Is past; and Rievaulx never more will be
The mighty thing it was. Melrose hath lost
A gem; and Furness groans beside the sea;
Gisbrough's huge arch is crumbling, and the blast
Revels around its stones—its mighty sway is past!"

JOHN WALKER ORD.

JOHN GOWER.

"To sing a song of old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come;
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear, and please your eyes."

SHAKSPEARE.

So sings the poet of humanity, when he introduces our "moral Gower" before the Palace of Antioch, as Chorus to his *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*. Although his fame is eclipsed by that of his more gifted friend, Chaucer, John Gower's name is one of those which redound to the honour of Yorkshire, and shine out in the dark night of the past like "stars above a gloomy fen." He was descended from an ancient and substantial family, who were formerly resident at Sexhow,* near Stokesley, and whose arms, (*azure, a cheveron, between three talbot dogs passant argent,*) the Allans of Blackwell are entitled to quarter on their shield.

John Gower was born at Stittenham, in the parish of Sheriff Hutton, in the archdeaconry of Cleveland, about the year 1320—six hundred and forty years after the death of Cedmon; when Edward the Second was the miserable monarch of England, and the brave Robert Bruce, the hero of Bannockburn, was king of Scotland. Gower studied law at Lincoln's Inn, and some say that he became Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. He possessed considerable estates in the counties of Nottingham and Suffolk, and was attached to Thomas

* In the reign of Richard the Second, Thomas Layton, a descendant of Sir Thomas Layton, knight, of East Layton, near Thirsk, married Elizabeth Gower, of Sexhow, and the Gowers of Sexhow thus merged into the Laytons. Another branch of the Gower family was seated at Stainsby, in the parish of Stainton in Cleveland, as early as the reign of Edward the Third, and continued there down to that of James the First, marrying daughters of the families of Mauleverer, Crathorne, Forster, etc. A younger branch of the family was also settled for a time at Pickton in Cleveland, from which line the Gowers of Melsonby were descended.

Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, which is said to have caused an alienation between him and Geoffrey Chaucer, who was one of the followers of John of Gaunt. How many glorious friendships have been destroyed by some trumpery difference of opinion in religion or politics! as though a true man could not be faithful to his own convictions, and respect those of other men. Chaucer was some eight years younger than Gower, and their friendship commenced in early life. Chaucer, indeed, was the pupil of Gower, but soon surpassed his teacher. Thus GOWER, in his *Confessio Amantis*, written in 1393, makes Venus say:—

“And greet well Chaucer when ye meet,
As my disciple and my poete;
For in the flowers of his youth,
In sondry wise, as he well couth,
Of ditties and of songes glad,
The which he for my sake made,
The land fulfilled is over all;
Whereof to him in special,
Above all other, I am most hold:
Forthy now in his dayes old
Thou shall him tell this message,
That he upon his latter age,
To set an end of all his work,
As he which is mine own clerk,
Do make this *Testament of Love*,*
As thou hast done thy shrift above,
So that my court it may record.”

CHAUCER, when he partly translated and partly composed his fine poem of *Troilus and Cresseide*, had thus dedicated it, or at least half of it, to Gower:—

“O moral Gower! this book I direct
To thee, and to the philosophical Strood,
To vouchesafe there need is to correct
Of your benignities and zeales good.”

And in the May of 1378, when honest Geoffrey was sent to negotiate between Richard the Second and the Duke of Milan, he appointed his friend and brother bard, John Gower, as one of the two persons who were to act as his representatives during his absence in Italy.

* The title of one of Chaucer's prose works.

When Gower left Yorkshire for London is uncertain : but in 1346, when he was about twenty-six years old, we find him witnessing a deed at Stittenham ; and to remove all doubt as to whose the signature really is, an indorsement, in a handwriting at least a century later, informs us that it was " Sir John Gower the Poet." The deed has been published by the late Archdeacon of Cleveland, (the Venerable Henry John Todd, M. A.,) in his *Illustrations of the Lives and Writings of Gower and Chaucer*.

LELAND says, that " he was of the knightly order ;" an assertion which is partly confirmed by the collar of SS round the neck of his effigy, mentioned below. Stow, however, remarks : " John Gower was no knight, neither had he any garland of ivy and roses, but a chaplet of four roses only." Be this as it may, Gower's family are said to have been seated at Stittenham from before the Norman conquest, but I find no mention of them there in BAWDWEN'S *Domesday*.

The date of Gower's death is often given as taking place in 1402 : this, however is incorrect. His will (which was first published by GOUGH in his *Sepulchral Monuments* in 1786) was signed August 15th, 1408 ; his death took place August 17th, only two days after ; and on the 7th of November, in the same year, administration of his goods was allowed to Agnes his widow. He was buried in the church of St. Mary Overie, in Southwark, to which he had been a most liberal benefactor ; and is thus noticed by that indefatigable contemporary of Shakspeare, JOHN STOW, in his *Survey of London* :—" This church was again newly built in the reign of Richard II. and King Henry IV. John Gower, esquire, a famous poet, was then an especial benefactor to that work, and was there buried on the north side of the said church, in the chapel of St. John, where he founded a chantry : he lieth under a tomb of stone, with his image, also of stone, over him : the hair of his head, æburn, long to his shoulders, but curling up, and a small forked beard ; on his head a chaplet, like a coronet of four roses ; a habit of purple, damasked down to his feet ; a collar of esses gold about his neck ; under his head the likeness of three books, which he compiled. The first, named *Speculum Meditantis*, written in French ; the second, *Vox Clamantis*, penned in Latin ; the third, *Confessio Amantis*, written in English, and this last is printed. *Vox Clamantis*, with his

Cronica Tripartita, and other, both in Latin and French, never printed, I have and do possess, but *Speculum Meditantis* I never saw, though heard thereof to be in Kent." And he then proceeds to describe the "three virgins crowned," Charity, Mercy, and Pity, painted "on the wall where he lieth."

If the illustrious tailor-chronicler, John Stow, "never saw" Gower's *Speculum Meditantis*, he is not alone in that particular, and it is now to be feared that no copy will be met with either in Kent or elsewhere, for the work seems to be totally lost. Perhaps it went, like thousands of other books, to wrap up groceries, or to heat bakers' ovens, after the suppression of the monasteries. All that we now know of it is, that it was a collection, in French verse, of precepts and examples of chastity. Probably it was the principal cause of Chaucer applying to its author the title of "moral Gower;" one which has been repeated by Dunbar, Hawes, and others, and has already stuck for five hundred years, and will last as long as the English language.

Vox Clamantis is a Latin poem, in seven books, on the rising of the common people in Richard the Second's time, against the injustice of centuries; when they demanded the total abolition of slavery for themselves and their children, (for tens of thousands of Englishmen, with their wives and children, were then bought and sold like beasts of burden) the liberty of buying and selling, like other men, in all fairs and markets; the abolition of the obnoxious forest laws; and some absurd demand about fixing the rent of land, very excusable in a people whose wages were fixed by government, instead of being left to regulate themselves according to the law of supply and demand. The following is a translation, by ANDREWS, of a few lines of Gower's Latin poem on this insurrection:—

"Wat cries, Tom flies, nor Symkins stays aside,
And Batt, and Gibb, and Hyke, they summon loud,
Codlin and Bob combustibles provide,
While Will the mischief forwards in the crowd.
Greg bawls, Bob hauls, and Davy joins the cry,
With Lary not the least among the throng;
Hodge drubs, Jude scrubs, while Tib stands grinning by,
And Jack with sword and firebrand madly strides along."

Rather a different poem to SOUTHEY'S *Wat Tyler*, certainly; but the idea would then be deemed far too democratic for gentlemen like the courtly Gower, that there was any injustice

in buying and selling his fellow-countrymen with the land they cultivated, as though they were mere clods of the valley !

"They were days when the sword settled questions of right,
And Falsehood was first to monopolise *Might* ;
When the fighter of battles was always adored,
And the greater the tyrant, the dearer the Lord ;
When the King, who, by myriads, could number his slain,
Was considered by far the most worthy to reign ;
When the fate of the multitude hung on his breath—
A god in his life, and a saint in his death."

CHARLES MACKAY.

Though Gower's French work has perished, there are specimens of his short poems in both French and Latin, preserved in a volume in the Duke of Sutherland's library at Trentham in Staffordshire ; the French pieces consisting of fifty *Balades*, or sonnets, of which WARTON, in his *History of English Poetry*, observes :—"They have much real and intrinsic merit. They are tender, pathetic, and poetical ; and place our old poet Gower in a more advantageous point of view than that in which he has hitherto been usually seen. I know not if any, even among the French poets themselves, of this period, have left a set of more finished sonnets ; for they were probably written when Gower was a young man, about the year 1350. Nor had yet any English poet treated the passion of love with equal delicacy of sentiment and elegance of composition." In the Latin poems, WARTON says, that Gower "copied Ovid's elegiacs with some degree of purity, and with fewer false quantities and corrupt phrases than any of our countrymen had yet exhibited since the twelfth century." Earl Gower, afterwards Duke of Sutherland, edited the entire contents of this volume, in 1818, for the Roxburgh Club, when it was published under the title of *Balades and other Poems, by John Gower, printed from the original M.S., Latin and French*.

Gower's *Confessio Amantis* was finished, as he informs us himself, in 1393 ; when he would be about seventy-three years old. In 1399 he became blind, like Homer before and Milton after him. If the alienation between Chaucer and him really took place it must have been after 1393, for in that year we find Gower writing the eulogium quoted at page 35, and before the twenty-fifth of October, 1400, for on that day Geoffrey Chaucer departed this mortal life.

"Chaucer! bright day-star of our English song—
 Blest patriarch of England's minstrelsy!
 Enduring honours unto thee belong;
 And all our bards must homage pay to thee,
 As father of their strains. In darkest days
 Of Albion's ignorance, thou didst sing the lays
 That will not die until 'the crack of doom.'
 For thou hadst love for Nature and the true,
 And well the worth of honest Wycliffe* knew,
 And how priests traffick'd for the basest ends.
 Pity it is that, ere thou found the tomb
 A shelter from all harms, thy truth should be
 The cause of bondage and of poverty
 To thee, who number'd Petrarch 'mongst thy friends."

PETER PROLETARIUS.

Gower's *Confessio Amantis* is stated to have been written in consequence of a casual meeting with King Richard the Second, whilst rowing on the Thames, who invited him into the royal barge, and asked him to "book some new thing." It is principally in English octave verse, consisting of eight books and a prologue, and contains upwards of thirty thousand verses. It was first printed by Caxton, in 1483, and was afterwards reprinted in 1532. GEORGE ELLIS thus describes the work:—"This poem is a long dialogue between a lover and his Confessor, who is a priest of Venus, and is called Genius. As every vice is in its nature unamiable, it ought to follow that immorality is unavoidably punished by the indignation of the fair sex; and that every fortunate lover must, of necessity, be a good man and a good Christian; and upon this presumption, which, perhaps, is not strictly warranted by experience, the Confessor passes in review all the defects of the human character, and carefully scrutinizes the heart of his penitent with respect to each, before he will consent to give him absolution. Because example is more impressive than precept, he illustrates his injunctions by a series of apposite tales, with the morality of which our lover professes to be highly edified; and, being of a more inquisitive turn than lovers usually are, or perhaps hoping to subdue his mistress by

* John Wycliffe is one of those literary luminaries who belong to the district just outside of our boundary for the present book, but who will come within the scope of the work referred to at page 18. He was born in 1324, at Wycliffe, in the wapontake of Gilling West, and the deanery and archdeaconry of Richmond. His is a name which England need not blush to emblazon on her banner.

directing against her the whole artillery of science, he gives his Confessor an opportunity of incidentally instructing him in chemistry and in the Aristotelian philosophy. At length, all the interest that he has endeavoured to excite, by the long and minute details of his sufferings, and by manifold proofs of his patience, is rather abruptly and unexpectedly extinguished; for he tells us, not that his mistress is inflexible or faithless, but that he is arrived at such a good old age that the submission of his fair enemy would not have been sufficient for ensuring his triumph." In his morality, ELLIS says that Gower is "wise, impressive, and sometimes almost sublime:" adding, "But his narrative is often quite petrifying; and, when we read in his work the tales with which we had been familiarized in the poems of Ovid, we feel a mixture of surprise and despair at the perverse industry employed in removing every detail on which the imagination had been accustomed to fasten. The author of *Metamorphoses* was a poet, and at least sufficiently fond of ornament: Gower considers him as a mere annalist; scrupulously preserves his facts; relates them with great perspicuity; and is fully satisfied when he has extracted from them as much morality as they can be reasonably expected to furnish." "He is a tame and mediocre writer," says HENRY NEELE, "but every page displays his erudition, and shows that he possesses all the learning and accomplishments of his age." And WALDO EMERSON remarks of Chaucer, that "poor Gower he uses as if he were only a brick-kiln or stone-quarry, out of which to build his house." But a truce to criticism. We are apt to forget that Gower lived when literature in this country was in a transition state; that he was the connecting link between the Norman minstrels and those English poets, beginning with his pupil, Chaucer, of whom we may say in the language of WORDSWORTH:—

" Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler laws and nobler cares—
The poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight, by heavenly lays—
Oh! might my name be number'd among their's
How gladly would I end my mortal days!"

The following passage from the fifth book of GOWER'S *Confessio Amantis* is of more than ordinary interest, as it is supposed to have suggested to Shakspeare the casket scene in Portia's house at Belmont, in the second act of *The Merchant of Venice*.



*The Island Hotel,
Southwold-by-the-Sea, Yorkshire.*

The Tale of the Coffers or Caskets.

"In a cronique thus I read:
 About a kinge, as must need,
 There was of knightes and seigniers
 Great rout and eke of officers:
 Some of long time him hadden served,
 And thoughten that they have deserved
 Avancement, and gone without;
 And some also been of the rout
 That comen but awhile agon,
 And they avanced were anon.

There olde men upon this thing,
 So as they durst, again the king
 Among hemself complainen oft:*
 But there is nothing said so soft
 That it ne cometh out at last:
 The king it wist, and als so fast
 As he which was of high prudence:
 He shope therefore an evidence
 Of hem that plainen in the cas,
 To know in whose default it was;
 And all within his own intent,
 That none may wiste what it meant.
 Anon he let two coffers make
 Of one semblance, and of one make,
 So lich, that no life thilke throw
 That one may fro that other know:
 They were into his chamber brought,
 But no man wot why they be wrought;
 And natheless the king hath bede
 That they be set in privy stede,
 As he that was of wisdom sly;
 When he thereto his time sy,
 All privily, that none it wist,
 His owne hondes that one chest
 Of fine gold, and of fine perie,
 The which out of his treasury

* Gower, like Chaucer and Langland, wrote *hem* for *them*. This mode of speech is still retained in common conversation in our district. The reader will find an alphabetical glossary to the now-antiquated words used in the quotations from Gower at the end of the present article.

Was take, anon he filled full;
 That other coffer of straw and mull,
 With stones meynd, he fill'd also:
 Thus be they full both two.

So that erlich upon a day
 He had within, where he lay,
 There should be to form his bed
 A board upset and faire spread:
 And then he let the coffers fet
 Upon the board, and did them set.
 He knew the names well of tho
 The which again him grutched so,
 Both of his chamber and of his hall;
 Anon and sente for hem all,
 And said to hem in this wise:—

There shall no man his hap despise:
 I wot well ye have longe served,
 And God wot what ye have deserved;
 But if it is along* on me
 Of that ye unavanced be,
 Or elles if it belong on you,
 The soothe shall be proved now:
 To stoppe with your evil word,
 Lo! here two coffers on the board;
 Chese which you list of bothe two,
 And witteth well that one of tho
 Is with tresor so full begon
 That, if ye happe thereupon,
 Ye shall be rich men for ever:
 Now chese and take which you is lever;
 But if he well ware that ye take,
 For of that one I undertake
 There is no manner good therein
 Whereof ye mighten profit win.
 Now goth together of one assent,
 And taketh your avisement;
 For, but I you this day avance,
 It stant upon your owne chance,
 All only in defaulte of grace;
 So shall be showed in this place
 Upon you alle well afn
 That no defaulte shall be min.

They kneelen all, and with one voice
 The king they thonken of this choice;

* This expression is very common in Cleveland, only instead of "along on," we say "along of." The meaning is, In consequence of, or owing to.

And after that they up arise,
And gon aside and hem avise ;
And at laste they accord
(Whereof their tale to record
To what issue they be fall)
A knight shall speake for them all.
He kneeleth down unto the king,
And saith that they upon this thing,
Or for to win, or for to lese,
Been all avised for to chese.

Tho took this knight a yerd on hond
And goth there as the coffers stond,
And with assent of everich one
He layeth his yerde upon one,
And saith the king how thilke same
They chese in reguerdon by name,
And prayeth him that they might it have.

The king, which would his honour save,
When he had heard the common voice,
Hath granted them their own choice,
And took them thereupon the key,
And, for he wold it were see
What good they have as they suppose,
He bade anon the coffer uncloze—
Which was fulfilled with straw and stones !
Thus be they served all at ones.

The king then, in the same stede,
Anon that other coffer undede,
Whereas they sighen great richness,
Well more than they couthen guess.

Lo ! saith the king, now may ye see
That there is no default in me ;
Forthy myself I wol acquite,
And beareth ye your own wite
Of that fortune hath you refused.

Thus was this wise king excused :
And they left off their evil speech,
And mercy of their king beseech."



The Envious Man and the Miser.

"Of Jupiter thus I fine y-writ,
How whilom that he would wit,
Upon the plaints which he heard
Among the men, how it fared,
As of the wrong condition
To do justification;
And for that cause down he sent
An angel, that about went,
That he the sooth know may.

So it befel upon a day,
This angel which him should inform
Was clothed in a man's form,
And overtook, I understand,
Two men that wenten overlond;
Through which he thought to aspy
His cause, and go'th in company.

This angel with his words wise
Opposeth them in sundry wise;
Now loud words, and now soft,
That made them to disputen oft;
And each his reason had,
And thus with tales he them led,
With good examination
Till he knew the condition,
What men they were both two;
And saw well at last tho,
That one of them was covetous,
And his fellow was envious.
And thus when he hath knowledging,
Anon he fained departing,
And said he mote algate wend;
But hearken now what fell at end!
For that he made them understand,
That he was there of God's sond,
And said them for the kindship,
He would do them some grace again,
And bade that one of them should sain,
What thing is him levest to crave,
And he it shall of gift have.
And over that eke forth with all
He saith, that other have shall
The double of that his fellow axeth;
And thus to them his grace he taxeth.

The Covetous was wonder glad ;
 And to that other man he bade,
 And saith, that he first ax* should ;
 For he supposeth that he would
 Make his axing of world's good ;
 For then he knew well how it stood ;
 If that himsell by double weight
 Shall after take, and thus by sleight
 Because that he would win,
 He bade his fellow first begin.
 This Envious, though it be late,
 When that he saw he mote, algate,
 Make his axing first, he thought,
 If he his worship and profit sought
 It shall be double to his fere,
 That he would chuse in no manner.
 But then he showeth what he was
 Toward envy, and in this cas,
 Unto this angel thus he said,
 And for his gift thus he pray'd,
 To make him blind on his one ee,†
 So that his fellow nothing see.

This word was not so soon spoke
 That his one ee anon was loke :
 And his fellow forthwith also
 Was blind in both his eyes two.
 Tho was that other glad enough :
 That one wept, and that other lough.
 He set his one ee at no cost,
 Whereof that other two hath lost."

Caius Fabricius, the Roman Consul.

" In a cronique I find thus,
 How that Caius Fabricius
 Which whilom was consul of Rome,
 By whom the laws yede and come,
 Whan the Sampnites to him brought
 A sum of gold, and him by sought
 To done hem favour in the law,
 Toward the gold he gan him draw :

* Ax is yet an every day word in our district for ask.

† Still in our north country dialects the common word for eye.

Whereof in all mennes look,
 A part into his hond he took,
 Which to his mouthe in all haste
 He put it for to smell and taste,
 And to his eye, and to his ear,
 Bot he ne fond no comfort there :
 And than he began it to despise,
 And told unto hem in this wise:
 ' I not what is with gold to thrive
 When none of all my wittes five
 Fynt savour ne delight therein,
 So is it bot a nice sin
 Of gold to ben to covetous,
 Bot he is rich an glorious
 Which hath in his subjeccion
 The men which in possession
 Ben rich of gold, and by this skill,
 For he may alday whan he will,
 Or be in leef, or be him loth,
 Justice done upon hem both.'

Lo! thus he said, and with that word
 He threw to fore hem on the board
 The gold out of his hand anon,
 And said hem that he would none,
 So that he kept his liberty
 To do justice and equity,
 Without lucre of such richness—
 There be now few of such, I guess,*
 For it was thilke times used
 That ever judge was refused
 Which was not friend to common right;
 Bot they that woulden stond upright
 For truth only to do justice
 Preferred were in thilke office,
 To deem and judge common law,
 Which now men seyn is all withdraw.

To set a law, and keep it nought,
 There is no common profit sought;
 But, above all, natheless,
 The law which is made for peace
 Is good to keep for the best,
 For that set all men in rest."

* The phrase, *I guess*, which every would-be censor of the American people affects to be disgusted with, as one of the fungus growths of the great trans-Atlantic republic, is in reality an old English expression taken over by the Pilgrim Fathers.

GLOSSARY TO GOWER.

ACQUITE; acquit, release, or clear from blame—APIN; in the end—AGAIN; against—ALGATE; any way, by all means, wholly, nevertheless—AGON; Ago—ALLE; all—ALONG; owing to, in consequence of—ALS; also—ASPY; espy—AVANCE; advance, promote—AVANCEMENT; advancement, promotion—AVISE, consider, consult, or take counsel together—AVISEMENT; consideration, consultation—AX; ask—AXETH; asketh—AXING; asking.

BEDE; bidden—BEEN; (Saxon, beone) "Past participle of TO BE," says Professor CRAIG; "used by old authors as the present tense plural of TO BE." Thus SPENCER sings:—

"Such earthly metals soon consumed been."

BEGON; begun, made—BEN; be—BOT; but—BOTHE; both—BYSOUGHT; besought.

CAS; case—CHESE; choose—COME; came—COMEN; came—COMPLAINEN; complained—COUTHEN; know how or are skilful to—CHRONIQUE; chronicle, history.

DAYES; days—DISPUTEN; dispute—DONE; do.

EE; eye—EKE; also—ELLES; else—ERLICH; early—EVERICH; every, each.

FAIRE; fair—FERE; companion—FET; fetch, fetched—FOND; found—FORTHY; therefore—FRO; from—FULFILLED; filled full—FYNT; find.

GAN; began—GOTH; go, goes—GRUTCHED; grumbled, grudged.

HAP; fortune—HEMSELVES; themselves—HIMSELL, himself—HOND; hand—HONDES; hands—KNEELEN; kneeled.

LEEF; anxious—LESE; lose—LEVER; rather—LEVEST; most anxious—LICH; like—LOND; land—LOUGH, laugh.

MIENNES; men's—MEYND; mingled—MIGHTEN, might—MIN; mine—MOTE; might—MULL; rubbish.

NATHELESS; nevertheless—NE; not, no.

ON; in—ONES; once.

PERIE; jewellery—POETE; poet.

REGUERDON; guerdon or reward—RICHESS; riches.

SAIN; say—SAITH, telleth—SEE; seen—SI, SIH, SLIH, SIGHEN, or SY; saw. SOND; sending—SONDRY; sundry—SONGES; songs—SOOTH, truth—STANT; stands—STEDE; place, stead—STOND; stand—STOPPE; stop—SUBJECCION; subjection.

TAKE; taken—TAKETH; take—THANNE; then—THAT; the—THILKE; this—THO; then, those—THONKEN; thanked—THOUGHTEN; thought—THROW; pain.

UNDEDE; undid, opened—UNDERSTOND; understand.

WARE; aware—WENTEN; went, travelled—WHAN; when—WHILOM; formerly, a while ago—WIST; knew—WIT; know—WITE; blame—WITTES; wits, senses—WITTETH; know, understand—WOL; will—WOT; knew—WOULDEN; would.

YEDE; went—YERD; yerd or wand—Y-WRIT; it is written.

REV. BERNARD GILPIN, D. D.

"A genial hearth, a hospitable board,
And a refined rusticity, belong
To the neat mansion, where, his flock among,
The learned Pastor dwells, their watchful lord.
Though meek and patient as a sheathed sword;
Though pride's least lurking thought appear a wrong
To human kind; though peace be on his tongue,
Gentleness in his heart—can earth afford
Such genuine state, pre-eminence so free,
As when, array'd in Christ's authority,
He from the pulpit lifts his awful hand;
Conjures, implores, and labours all he can
For re-subjecting to divine command
The stubborn spirit of rebellious man."

WORDSWORTH.

Amongst the many truly-illustrious characters who have, from time to time, been connected with South Durham, there is not one who sheds a brighter lustre upon its history than the good Bernard Gilpin; who, by a long life spent in the service of God and man, earned for himself the enviable titles of "The Apostle of the North of England" and "The Father of the Poor." Though not a native of our district, yet from his short occupance of the vicarage of Norton, and his twenty-six years of indefatigable labour as rector of Houghton-le-Spring, where his ashes await the resurrection, Bernard Gilpin is more closely connected with the locality than his mere birth in it would have made him. SHAKSPERE, with that wondrous truth which distinguishes all he has written, makes the persecuted Archbishop Cranmer say to Bishop Gardiner in the council-chamber:—

"Love and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition:
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away."

King Henry VIII., act v., sc ii.

And an eloquent but intolerant divine, the REV. DR. ROBERT SOUTH, who was not born until seventeen years after the death of Shakspeare, says :—" God is the fountain of honour, and the conduit by which he conveys it to the sons of men are virtues and generous practices. Some, indeed, may please and promise themselves high matters from full revenues, stately palaces, court interests, and great dependencies. But that which makes the clergy glorious, is to be knowing in their profession, unspotted in their lives, active and laborious in their charges, bold and resolute in opposing seducers, and daring to look Vice in the face, though never so potent and illustrious. And, lastly, to be gentle, courteous, and compassionate to all. These are our robes and our maces, our escutcheons and highest titles of honour." Tried by such true standards, Bernard Gilpin was a man of whom our national church may well be proud ; and one whose name I feel great pleasure in being able to include amongst the Authors of South Durham.



Bernard Gilpin was born in 1517, at Kentmere Hall, in Westmoreland, where his fore-elders had resided from the time of King John, by whom it had been granted to one of them. He was one of the youngest children of Edward Gilpin,

Esq., who (as his elder brother had been killed at the battle of Bosworth Field, August 22nd, 1485,) succeeded to the family estate, and kept up the old English hospitality, which certain narrow souls of the present age have the impudence to term a *savage virtue*!

It is worth while taking a hasty glance at the state of things when Bernard Gilpin was born. Harry the Eighth, then twenty-six years old, had been king of England eight years, and had not yet fallen in love with Anne Boleyn, (then a child of ten years,) nor doubted the legality of his marriage with Catherine of Arragon, and had not yet earned his title of "Defender of the Faith" from Pope Leo the Tenth; Cardinal Wolsey, then forty-six years old, was in the zenith of his power; the indomitable Martin Luther, then thirty-four years old, and professor of theology at Wittenberg, shocked at the impiety of Tetzels sale of indulgences, was just commencing his labours for the Reformation of Religion, which had become grossly corrupted as the power of the priesthood had increased; and the monasteries of England had wealth and rule, and no one as yet dreamt that their days were numbered,—so that, instead of the useful labours which had at first made the monks a blessing to the neighbourhood in which they resided, they had forgotten their Lord's work, and given themselves up to carnal enjoyments, and the measure of their iniquity was full.

An anecdote of Bernard Gilpin's childhood has come down to us, which shows the truth of WORDSWORTH's doctrine, that

"The child is father to the man."

A mendicant friar arrived at Kentmere Hall one Saturday, for the purpose of preaching on the next day, and so far abused the Gilpin hospitality as to become miserably intoxicated. "But in the morning," says BISHOP CARLETON, "as if he had been some young saint lately dropped from heaven, he caused the bell to toll to the sermon; and, in the midst thereof, blustering out certain good words, he presumed to grow hot against some sins of the time, and, amongst the rest, to thunder boldly against drunkenness." Young Bernard could not bear this, but called out in the church aloud:—"O mother, do you hear how this fellow dare speak against drunkenness, who was drunk himself yesternight at our house?"

After attending a Grammar School for some years, Bernard Gilpin was entered on the foundation of Queen's College,

Oxford, in 1533, being then a youth of sixteen. He soon distinguished himself by his unusual aptitude for acquiring the Greek and Hebrew languages, in which he soon became very proficient. In March, 1541, he took the degree of M. A., and was elected fellow of his college; in 1549, he became B. D.; but it was not until 1552, when he was in his thirty-fifth year, that he could be induced to accept a living in the church, as he modestly considered himself unfit for the cure of souls. For Bernard Gilpin was a thinker, and therefore doubts in theology suggested themselves to his mind which never troubled duller pates. He had read the writings of Erasmus, and listened to Peter Martyr, then divinity-lecturer at Oxford, and had become discontented with the Romish ritual; but he was not hasty in disbanding the creed in which he had been brought up. Indeed his first doubts seem to have been awakened by preparing himself to defend popery from the attacks of Dr. Hooper, who afterwards became bishop of Worcester, and perished for his protestanism at the stake. Peter Martyr (with whom Gilpin also had a discussion, in which he owned his antagonist had the best of the Scripture argument) said, that "Mr. Gilpin seemed a man of such uprightness of intention, and so much sincerity, both in his words and actions, that it went to his heart to see him still involved in prejudice and error." And he praised "Mr. Gilpin's ingenuousness of behaviour, and irreproachable life," and added that he could not but own that he considered his espousing any cause as a very great credit to it.

Bernard Gilpin's first living was the vicarage of Norton, in the gift of the crown. Before going down to Norton, he was called upon to preach before the king, Edward the Sixth, in compliance with a rule which had been adopted for selecting good protestants for benefices in the patronage of the crown. The court was then at Greenwich; and it is from the noble sermon preached on that occasion that the following specimens of BERNARD GILPIN's authorship are extracted. As the reader will perceive a slight difference in the wording of the Scripture texts here and there quoted, it is but fair to remind him or her, that they are from what is called Cranmer's Bible; our present authorised translation not having been published until fifty-nine years after the preaching of this sermon, and twenty-eight years after brave Bernard Gilpin had rested from his labours.

The Fall and Recovery of Man.

"After that our first parents, through disobedience and sin, had blotted and disfigured the lively image of God, whereunto they were created, and might have lived alway in conformity to the will of God; man was never able to apply himself to God his Father's business, nor yet so much as to know what appertained thereto. *The natural man, saith St. Paul, perceiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, till Christ, the very true image of God the Father, did come down, and took man's nature upon Him: which descent, as He declareth, was to fulfil for us the will of His Father, that like as by disobedience of one man, many were made sinners; so by the obedience of one (Christ), many might be made righteous, what time as He became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.* Which obedience, lest carnal men should challenge to suffice for them, howsoever their life be a continual rebellion against God and His holy will, (such as there be a great number, and have been in all ages,)—St. Paul wipeth them clean away, saying, *Christ hath become salvation, not to all, but to all that obey Him.* Let no man, therefore, flatter and deceive himself. If we will challenge the name of Christ's disciples, if we will worthily possess the glorious name of Christians, we must learn this lesson of our Master, to be occupied in our Heavenly Father's business; which is, to fly our own will, which is a wicked and wanton will, and wholly to conform ourselves to His will, saying, as we are taught, *Thy will be done:* which, as St. Augustine saith, 'the fleshly man, the covetous, adulterous, ravenous, or deceitful man, can never say but with his lips, because in his heart he preferreth his own cursed will, setting aside the will of God.'"



DUTIES AND DEPRAVITY OF THE CLERGY.

"Now, forasmuch as the greatest part of the world hath, at this day, forsaken their Father's business, applying their own, and are altogether drowned in sin; for the whole head is sick, and the whole heart is heavy; from the sole of the foot to the head, there is nothing whole therein; and, as St. Paul saith, *all seek their own, and not that which is Jesus Christ's*; and as I am here ascended into the high hill of Sion, the highest hill in all this realm, I must needs, as it is given me in commission, *cry aloud, and spare not; lift up my voice like a trumpet, and show the people their transgressions*. I must cry unto all estates, as well of the ecclesiastical ministry, as of the civil governance, with the vulgar people.

"But forasmuch as example of Holy Scripture, with experience of Christ's church in all ages, hath taught us that the fall of priests is the fall of the people; and contrariwise, the integrity of them is the preservation of the whole flock; and the ministers, as Christ saith, being *the light of His mystical body, if the light be turned into darkness, there must needs follow great darkness in the whole body*,—I think it fit to begin with them who seem to have brought blindness into the whole body, making men to forget their Heavenly Father's business. They which should have kept the candle still burning, these will I chiefly examine in that business which Christ so earnestly committed to all pastors before His ascension, when He demanded thrice of Peter if he loved Him: and every time, upon Peter's confession, enjoined him straitly to feed His lambs and sheep; wherein we have the true trial of all ministers who love Christ and apply His business.

"I am sorry to observe amongst the clergy such shameful negligence, and manifest indifference, in discharging the duties of their office;—duties of the first importance to the people, whether they are considered as individuals, or as branches of the community; whether these duties regard their souls or their bodies, their happiness here or hereafter: duties, the conscientious discharge of which would one day be rewarded with the approving smile, and the honourable declaration of, *Well done good and faithful servants*, from Him in whose favour is life: duties, moreover, the neglect of which must unavoidably subject unfaithful delinquents to the most awful responsibility. Their bustling anxiety, care, and ambition, is to get possession of as many livings as can be obtained, and at the same time to perform none, or almost none, of the duties required. One half of them are pluralists and non-residents; in either case, how is it possible that these most important, these most responsible duties, can be performed? and what a lamentable consideration must it be, to see the inhabitants of whole districts thus perishing for lack of knowledge, while their instructors are far off, or lolling in indolence and luxurious ease? Should not the shepherd feed the flock? But what, if possible, is still more insufferably disgusting, is to see these same pluralists, these pleasure-hunting non-residents, defending their criminality, by quoting the laws of men in direct opposition to the laws of God: for if any such laws exist, they must be remnants of popery, and ought therefore to be repealed, that these negligent and wolfish shepherds may no longer have it in their power to plead so miserable and unworthy excuses; for so long as men's consciences will permit them to hold as many livings as they can possibly attain, and perform none

of the duties thence arising, it is vain to look for the peaceable fruit of righteousness amongst their wandering and neglected flocks."

THE KING'S DUTY AS HEAD OF THE CHURCH.

[Turning from the clergy to the court, and observing that the king was absent, he expressed his sorrow that those who, for example's sake, ought to have been present, had absented themselves. "Business," said he, "may perhaps be pled as an excuse, though, for my own part, I cannot conceive how the service of God can hinder any part of the ordinary business of life; and if my voice could reach their ears, I would willingly make them hear, even in their chambers; but that being impossible, I am determined they shall hear by proxy: and, having no doubt what I say will be told them, I will take the liberty of addressing their seats."]

"I will call upon you, noble prince, as Christ's anointed. Christ's little flock here in England, which He hath committed to your charge, which wander by many thousands, as sheep having no pastors; they all cry unto you for succour, to send them home their shepherds; to the end that for things corporal they may receive spiritual; and to let one pastor have one only competent living, which he may discharge. They call upon you to expel and drive away the great drones, which in idleness devour other men's labour; that, after St. Paul's rule, *he that will not labour, be not suffered to eat. The little ones have asked bread, etc.* Christ's little ones have hungered and called for the food of the gospel a long time, and none there was to give it them. Now they cry unto you: take heed you turn not your ears from them, lest their blood be required at your hands also, and lest God turn his ears from you. Samuel spake unto Saul fearful words; *Because thou hast cast away the word of the Lord, the Lord hath therefore cast away thee from being king.* You are made of God a pastor, a pastor of pastors. When David was anointed king of Israel, God said, *Thou shalt feed my people Israel.* You must feed, and that is, to see that all pastors do their duty. The eye of the master hath great strength. Your Grace's eye to look through your realm, and see that watchmen sleep not, shall be worth a great number of preachers. They call unto you not only to awake negligent pastors, but also to take away other enormities—pluralities and non-residents."

RELIGION MORE PROFESSED THAN PRACTISED.

"The people are now, even as the Jews were at Christ's coming, altogether occupied in external holiness and culture, without any feeling of true holiness, or of the true worship of God in spirit and truth, without which all other is mere hypocrisy. Many thousands know not what this meaneth; but seek Christ still among their kindred, in man's inventions, where they can never find Him. As the Jews preferred man's traditions before God's commandments, even so is it now. Men think it a greater offence to break a fasting-day, or work upon a saint's-day, than to abstain from profitable labour, and turn it to Bacchus's feasts, exercising more ungodliness that day than all the week, despising, or soon weary of God's word. All this, with much more, cometh through lack of preaching, as experience trieth where godly pastors be. * * * A thousand pulpits in England are covered with dust. Some have not had four sermons

these fifteen or sixteen years, since friars left their limitations; and few of these [friars] were worthy the name of servants. Now, therefore, that your glory may be perfect, all men's expectation is, that whatsoever any flatterers, or enemies to God's word, should labour to the contrary for their own lucre, your Grace will take away all such lets and abuses as hinder the setting forth of God's most holy word, and withstand all such robbers as spoil His sanctuary; labouring to send pastors home to their flocks, to feed Christ's lambs and sheep, that all may be occupied in their Heavenly Father's business. And for this your labour, as St. Peter saith, *When the Prince of all Pastors shall appear, you shall receive an incorruptible crown of glory.*"

THE RICH AND THE POOR.

"God hath cause greatly to be displeased with all estates. When every man should look upon his own faults to seek amendment, as it is a proverb lately sprung up, 'No man amendeth himself, every man seeketh to amend another,' and all the while nothing is amended. Gentlemen say, the commonality live too well at ease, they grow every day to be gentlemen, and know not themselves; their horns must be cut shorter, by raising their rents, by fines, and by plucking away their pastures. The mean men, they murmur and grudge, and say the gentlemen have all, and there were never so many gentlemen and so little gentleness; and by their natural logic you shall hear them reason, how improperly these two conjugate, these yoke-fellows, gentlemen and gentleness, are banished so far asunder; and they lay all the misery of this commonwealth upon the gentlemen's shoulders. But, alas! good christians, this is not the way of amendment: *If ye bite and devour one another, as St. PAUL saith, take heed lest ye be consumed one of another.*"

COVETOUSNESS.

"Covetousness hath cut away the large wings of Charity, and plucketh all to herself. She is never satisfied. She hath chested all the old gold of England, and much of the new. She hath made that there was never more idolatry in England than at this day; but the idols are hid; they come not abroad. Alas, noble Prince, the images of your ancestors, graven in gold, and yours also, contrary to your mind, are worshipped as gods, while the poor lively images of Christ perish in the streets through hunger and cold. This cometh when covetousness hath banished from amongst us Christian charity; when, like most unthankful children, we have forgotten Christ's last will, which He so often before His passion did inculcate, *Love one another.*"



TRUE KNOWLEDGE OF GOD'S WILL.

"As the Apostle saith, *knowledge maketh a man to swell*; so that if a man hath studied the Scripture all his life long, and learned the whole Bible by heart, and yet have no love, he is ignorant of God's will. The poor man that never opened a book, if the love of God be shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost, surpasseth him in the knowledge of God's will. The godly Pembus, of whom we read in ecclesiastical history, when he was first taught the first verse of the thirty-ninth Psalm, *I have said I will take heed to my ways, that I offend not in my tongue*, refused a long time to take out a new lesson, judging his first lesson to be unlearned till he could perfectly practise it by a holy conversation. So ought we always to make our account to have learned God's word only when we have learned charity and obedience."

This truthful sermon was well received by many of the powerful people of the day; amongst others, by Sir Francis Russell, afterwards Earl of Bedford; by Sir Robert Dudley, afterwards Earl of Leicester; and by Secretary Cecil, afterwards Lord Burleigh, who obtained for him a general licence for preaching,—a favour then granted to few.

Before leaving London, to take possession of the vicarage of Norton, Gilpin paid frequent visits to his mother's uncle, Cuthbert Tunstal,* Bishop of Durham, who was then a prisoner in the Tower.

During his residence at Norton, Bernard Gilpin devoted himself assiduously to teaching his flock the necessity of a virtuous life, without which all religion is but a sham. Nevertheless, as his mind was not yet made up on some theological tenets, he not only carefully abstained from treating thereon, but felt ill at ease in his cure, and wrote to his relative and bishop for advice how best to act. Bishop Tunstall, who still adhered to the Romish church, respected his conscientious scruples, and advised him to spend a year or two in Germany, France, and Holland, in consulting eminent divines of both persuasions. Gilpin at once fell in with the proposal, but the means of bearing the expense was the next consideration. The bishop suggested that he should pocket the proceeds of his benefice for the purpose, and he himself would contribute the remainder of what might be required. Bernard Gilpin, however, was not the man to receive payment for work he did not do; accordingly he found out a clergyman "whom he knew to be religious and a scholar, and one that would not be idle

*Tunstall held the see of Durham from 1530 to 1560.

in the function of the holy ministry," and resigned Norton vicarage into his hands. When he again visited his great-uncle in the Tower before taking his tour, and told the prelate what he had done, "I tell thee this beforehand," said Tunstal, "that by these courses thou wilt die a beggar!" Good Bernard Gilpin could not prefer worldly interest to duty; and he replied, in answer to the Bishop's remark, that a dispensation might easily have been procured:—"The tempter would not be restrained by any bonds of dispensation from labouring in mine absence the destruction of my people committed to my charge; and I fear that, when God shall call me to account for my stewardship, it will not serve my turn to make answer that I was dispensed withal, whiles the tempter made havock with my flock."

Arrived on the continent, Bernard Gilpin first paid a visit to his brother George, who was studying civil law at Mechlin, and then proceeded to Louvain,—where the papists and the reformers were constantly discussing their points of difference, with great ability on both sides, in the university.

On the fifth of July, 1553, the protestant king, Edward the Sixth, died; and, after an unsuccessful attempt to place the amiable and learned Lady Jane Grey on the throne, the bigoted and gloomy papist, Mary of inglorious memory, entered London on the third of August, and at once became queen. This was "a heavy blow and great discouragement" to protestantism; and popery was, for a time, once more rampant throughout the land. Tunstal, of course, was liberated from the Tower, and one of his first acts was to offer a good living to the son of his niece, who thus replied:—

"Right honourable and my singular good master,—My duty remembered in most humble manner, pleaseth it your honour to be informed, that of late my brother wrote to me, that in any wise I must meet him at Mechlin: for he must debate with me very urgent affairs, such as could not be despatched by writing. When we met, I perceived it was nothing else but to see if he could persuade me to take a benefice, and to continue in study at the university; which, if I had known to be the cause of his sending for me, I should not have needed to interrupt my study to meet him; for I have so long debated that matter with learned men, especially with the holy prophets, and most ancient and godly writers since Christ's time, that I trust, so long as I have to live, never to burden my conscience with having a benefice, and lying from it. My brother said that your Lordship had written to him that you would gladly bestow one on me; and that your Lordship thought (and so did other of my friends, of which

he was one) that I was much too scrupulous in that point. Whereunto I always say, if I be too scrupulous, (as I cannot think that I am,) the matter is such, that I had rather my conscience were therein too straight, than a little too large: for I am seriously persuaded that I shall never offend God by refusing to have a benefice and lie from it, so long as I judge not evil of others; which, I trust, I shall not, but rather pray God daily that all who have cures may discharge their office in His sight, as may tend most to His glory, and the profit of His church. He replied against me, that your Lordship would give me no benefice but what you would see discharged in my absence as well, or better, than I could discharge it myself. Whereunto I answered, that I would be sorry, if I thought not there were many thousands in England more able to discharge a cure than I find myself; and therefore I desire they may both take the cure and the profit also, that they may be able to feed the body and the soul both, as I think all pastors are bounden. As for me, I can never persuade myself to take the profit, and let another take the pains; for if he should teach and preach as faithfully as ever St. Austin did, yet should I not think myself discharged. And if I should strain my conscience herein, and strive with it to remain here, or in any other university, with such a condition, the unquietness of my conscience would not suffer me to profit in study at all.

"I am here, at this present, I thank God, very well placed for study amongst a company of learned men, joining to the friars minors; having free access at all times to a notable library among the friars, men both well learned and studious. I have entered acquaintance with divers of the best learned in the town; and for my part was never more desirous to learn in all my life than at this present. Wherefore I am bold, knowing your Lordship's singular good will towards me, to open my mind thus rudely and plainly unto your goodness, most humbly beseeching you to suffer me to live without charge, that I may study quietly.

"And whereas I know well your Lordship is careful how I should live, if God should call your Lordship, being now aged, I desire you let not that care trouble you: for, if I had no other shift, I could get a lectureship, I know, shortly, either in this university, or at best in some abbey hereby, where I should not lose my time; and this kind of life, if God be pleased, I desire before any benefice. And thus I pray Christ always to have your Lordship in His blessed keeping.

"By your Lordship's humble scholar and chaplain,

"Louvain, Nov. 22, 1554. &

BERNARD GILPIN."

Take him all in all, this Bishop Tunstal was a noble fellow; and it is a great blessing that knowledge and goodness are not confined to any sect or party. Instead of being offended with his tender-conscienced kinsman, he seems to have respected him all the more. Indeed FULLER, in his *Church History*, distinctly assures us, that "The bishopric of Durham had halcyon days of ease under God, and good Cuthbert Tunstal, the bishop

thereof: a learned man, of a sweet disposition, rather devout to follow his own, than cruel to persecute the conscience of others."

After an absence of three years, Bernard Gilpin returned to England in 1556, when his kind kinsman, Bishop Tunstal, presented him to the rectory of Easington and the archdeaconry of Durham, which were generally held by the same parson, in order that the income of the former might help to support the dignity of the latter. But, alas! the clergy were such a corrupt crew, that good Archdeacon Gilpin felt it to be his bounden duty publicly to reprimand them in his visitation charges. He strongly censured their idleness, ignorance, and sensuality; and, of course, soon brought a nest of priestly hornets about his ears. "The insatiable covetousness," said he, "joined with the pride, carnal liberty, and other vices, which reign at this time in all estates, but especially amongst us priests, who ought to be the salt of the earth, breaks me many a sleep." He rapped hard at non-residence and pluralities—corruptions common to both popish and protestant times, and of which the church, of which he was so bright a luminary, has not yet purged herself, though she has had more than three centuries to do it in—and pointed out how parishes were never endowed for any such vile purpose; remarking, as every true churchman does now, that "while three parts out of the four of the clergy are picking what they can off a common, the rest are grown wanton with stall feeding." The bishop, knowing what malignants his clergy were in general, and how they had been of any creed that was uppermost so that they might retain their livings, and that they cared little about saving or losing the souls of their parishioners so that their tithes, and surplice fees, and Easter offerings, were properly paid; and having himself known from experience that the less men practise religion the more intolerant they are of others who differ from what they profess to believe to be correct creeds, begged of his kinsman to touch their failings gently, and not to make himself unnecessary foes.

Reader! if in thy own experience thou hast never felt it to be thy imperative duty, in the cause of reform, to attack corruptions which some of thy dearest friends held sacred; if thou hast never felt thyself forced by conscience to aid in leveling to the ground some fortress of oppression which the victims

of its tyranny regarded as their surest defence, and therefore were the first to break thine arm; if in the great and holy cause of benevolence thou hast never found thyself stabbed by hands which should have borne thy shield; if voices whose every utterance were music to thine ear have not in vain beseeched of thee, for the sake of thy own peace and prosperity, to leave time to work its own cure, and not to make thyself remorseless enemies, knowing thou alone by thine unaided efforts could not cure all the evils to which humanity is heir; then it is impossible for *thee* to judge of the high moral heroism which was required of good Bernard Gilpin when he felt himself obliged to persevere in his righteous cause, maugre the pleadings of his kind kinsman, the bishop, and the persecution which a corrupt clergy too well knew how to create. But Bernard Gilpin was one of those few real heroes who act on the noble principle so well expressed by Joab,* the general of David, when leading the Israelites to battle against the Syrians—now well-nigh three thousand years ago:—"Be of good courage, and let us play the men for our people, and for the cities of our God: and the Lord do that which seemeth Him good."

The hostility of the clergy towards Bernard Gilpin was not long in showing itself; and, as he informs us, some "found fault, for that he preached repentance and salvation by Christ, and did not make whole sermons (as they did) about transubstantiation, purgatory, holy water, images, prayers to saints, and such like." He was maligned as "an enemy of the church, and a scandalizer of the clergy;" his enemies poisoned the public mind, so as for a time apparently to mar his usefulness; articles of accusation were drawn up against him, and he was formally prosecuted for heresy in the bishop's court. Here the good offices of his kinsman again served him: Tunstal contrived to acquit him, adroitly remarking to the malignant priests, that "he was afraid they had been too forward in their zeal for religion, and that heresy was such a crime as no man ought to be charged with but upon the strongest proofs." I strongly suspect that good Cuthbert Tunstal, Romanist bishop of Durham as he was, held the same view of burning heretics which SHAKSPERE half a century later put into the mouth of Paulina, the wife of Antigonus, in answer to the Sicilian king, Leontes:—

* II. *Samuel* chap. x., verse 12.

"Leontes. I'll have thee burn'd.
 Paulina. I care not:
 It is an heretic that makes the fire,
 Not she which burns in it."

Winter's Tale, act ii., sc. 3rd.

Overpowered by the onerous labours which his duties as archdeacon and as rector required at his hands in this then benighted district, where few had heard of the Reformation in religion until after the death of Edward the Sixth, he wished to resign one or other of the appointments; telling the bishop that he would, with the greatest readiness, do his duty in whichsoever his Lordship thought him best qualified for, but that he was not able to do it in both. "Have I not repeatedly told you," replied the cosy Tunstal, "that you will die a beggar? Depend upon it you will, if you suffer your conscience to raise such unreasonable scruples. The archdeaconry and the living cannot be separated; the income of the former is not a support without that of the latter. I found them united, and am determined to leave them so." Gilpin therefore resigned both appointments, and went to reside with the bishop for a time as one of his chaplains; but even under the bishop's own eye the other priests, like the scribes and the pharisees with the Holy Jesus fifteen centuries before, "began to urge him vehemently, and to provoke him to speak of many things; laying wait for him, and seeking to catch something out of his mouth, that they might accuse him."* On one occasion the aged prelate was apparently dozing before the fire, and his chaplains being in the same room, they soon set upon Gilpin, conversing in an undertone of voice, so that Tunstal might not hear them; but he was hearkening all the while; and when they thought he had leaned his chair backwards merely to niddle-noddle the more comfortably, it was really to catch every word; and when he had heard plenty to satisfy himself of their object, he rose, turned towards them, and said significantly:—"Come, come, let him alone, for he hath more learning than all of you." He might have added—and more piety too! But they would *not* "let him alone." The very presence of so pure a priest amongst them was a silent rebuke to their own grossness. A second time he was accused before Bishop Tunstal, and a second time acquitted.

* Luke, chap. xi., v. 53, 54.

In 1557—a year which saw seventy-nine protestants in this country suffer death for their religion, and even the seven-years buried corpses of Martin Bucer and Paul Fagius dragged from their peaceful graves at Cambridge, chained erect to stakes in the market-place, and burnt to ashes—his relative, the bishop, presented Gilpin to the rectory of Houghton-le-Spring, which we shall find him holding to the end of his life; but not without much persecution. Finding that Bishop Tunstal had no great appetite for offering up a heretic as a burnt-offering, especially when the said heretic happened to be one of his own kith and kin; and knowing that Bonner, bishop of London, was just the man to shew no mercy to a divine like Bernard Gilpin; his rancorous enemies at once preferred thirty-two articles of accusation against him, which the great *Burner* received with great joy, promising those priests who were so anxious for the sacrifice, that Bernard Gilpin should die at the stake in a fortnight! His chance of escape indeed seemed small, unless he should fly his country, as eight hundred of his brother protestants had already done for conscience sake. His friends in London, hearing betimes of the plot against him, immediately despatched a messenger to bid him escape before the human bloodhounds fixed their fangs in his flesh. But Gilpin would not flee. "How can you imagine," saith he, "that I should prefer the miserable life of an exile, before the joyful death of a martyr? I would not, indeed, voluntarily throw myself into the hands of my enemies, but I cannot swerve from the path of duty; and if danger meets me there, I have the courage to face it." He called for his steward and almoner, William Airay, and bid him provide a long garment in which to suffer, and he humbly prayed to God for strength, so that in the hour of danger he might faint not. It was not long before Bonner's emissaries were upon him, and he was marched off towards that metropolis where so many had perished for conscience sake. But an accident occurred on the road, which retarded their progress. Bernard Gilpin broke his leg, and could not be removed until he recovered.

It was during this delay that the destroying angel smote the cruel Mary, and summoned her to her final account. She expired at St. James's Palace, early in the morning of the seventeenth of November, 1558; and her sister, Elizabeth, ascended the throne. Bernard Gilpin was then liberated without a trial; and, instead of a fiery death at the stake, the

bishopric of Carlisle was offered to him, and (a year later) the provostship of Queen's College, Oxford,—both of which he steadfastly refused, being determined to devote himself entirely to his duties as rector of Houghton-le-Spring.



Houghton-le-Spring Church.

It were long to tell how the pious man discharged the duties of his pastoral office. He found his parishioners, like the rest of the people of those parts, immersed in spiritual darkness; and, like that of Egypt, it was a darkness which might be felt. His own parish included fourteen villages, and amongst them he spent the last twenty-six years of his life, save when he made missionary excursions into the then moral wilderness of the borders, and other neglected districts in the north of England. His great uncle, the bishop, offered him a prebendary, but he thought he had as much wealth as he could account well for to his Heavenly Father; and, being a bachelor, his own wants were small, and he spent all his income over doing good. Cuthbert Tunstal died in 1560; and though his will had once contained something handsome for Bernard Gilpin, the vindictive priests had so poisoned his mind against him at the last, that he struck him out entirely. But the good rector of Houghton-le-Spring only valued wealth as the means of alleviating the misery of his fellow-creatures.

"I knew a priest," said BISHOP (afterwards Archbishop) GRINDAL, the *Algrind* of Spenser, preaching in St. Paul's Cathedral, at the time of Gilpin's labours,—“I knew a priest who had rapped together four or five benefices, but was resident upon never a one of them. All this sufficed him not; and therefore he longed for a prebend also, there to spend at ease the milk and the fleece of the flocks which he had never fed.” How different the conduct of the rector of Houghton-le Spring, who only wished to leave as much behind him as would pay his debts and funeral expenses!—for he really believed in the teaching of Christ, as given in that glorious Sermon on the Mount:—“Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal: for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.”*

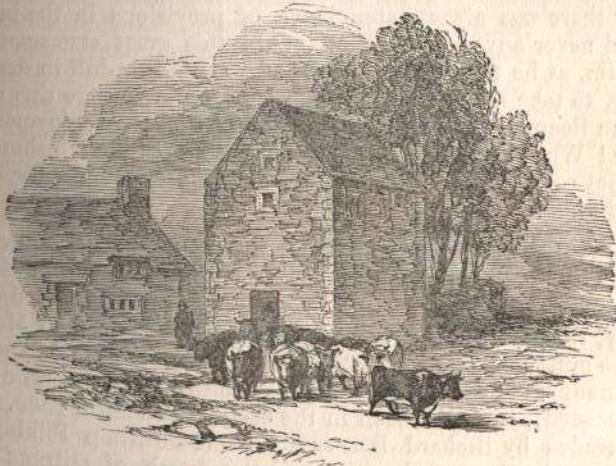
The mode in which Bernard Gilpin disposed of his worldly wealth is thus described by one of his biographers and distant relatives, MR. WILLIAM GILPIN:—

“Every Thursday throughout the year, a very large quantity of meat was dressed wholly for the poor; and every day they had what quantity of broth they wanted. Twenty-four of the poorest were his constant pensioners. Four times in the year a dinner was provided for them, when they received from his steward a certain quantity of corn and a sum of money; and at Christmas they had always an ox divided amongst them. Whenever he heard of any in distress, whether of his own parish or any other, he was sure to relieve them. In his walks abroad he would frequently bring home with him poor people, and send them away clothed as well as fed. He took great pains to inform himself of the circumstances of his neighbours, that the modesty of the sufferer might not prevent his relief. But the money best laid out was, in his opinion, that which encouraged industry. It was one of his greatest pleasures to make up the losses of his laborious neighbours, and prevent their sinking under them. If a poor man had lost a beast, he would send him another in its room; or if a farmer had a bad year, he would make him an abatement in his tithes. Thus, as far as he was able, he took the misfortunes of his parish upon himself; and, like a true shepherd, exposed himself for his flock. But of all kinds of industrious poor, he was most forward to assist those who had large families: such never failed to meet with his bounty, when they wanted to settle their children in the world. In the distant parishes where he preached, as well as in his own neighbourhood, his generosity and benevolence were continually showing themselves: particularly

* *Matthew*, chap. 6, verses 19-21.

in the desolate parts of Northumberland. 'When he began his journey,' says an old manuscript life of him, 'he would have ten pounds in his purse; and at his coming home he would be twenty nobles in debt, which he would always pay within a fortnight after. In the jails he visited, he was not only careful to give the prisoners proper instruction, but used to purchase for them, likewise, what necessaries they wanted.' Even upon the public road, he never let slip an opportunity of doing good. Often has he been known to take off his cloak, and give it to a half-naked traveller; and when he has had scarcely money enough in his pocket to provide a dinner, yet would he give away part of that little, or the whole, if he found any who seemed to stand in need of it. Of this benevolent temper the following instance is preserved:—One day returning home he saw in a field several people crowding together; and judging something more than ordinary had happened, he rode up, and found that one of the horses in a team had suddenly dropped down, which they were endeavouring to raise; but in vain, for the horse was dead. The owner of it seeming much dejected with his misfortune, and declaring how grievous a loss it would be to him, Mr. Gilpin told him not to be disheartened; 'I'll let you have,' says he, 'honest man, that horse of mine,' and pointed to his servant's.—'Ah, master,' replied the countryman, 'my pocket will not reach such a beast as that.' 'Come, come,' said Mr. Gilpin, 'take him, take him, and when I demand my money, then thou shalt pay me.'"

On one of his visits to the moss-troopers of the Border, he arrived at a church in Redesdale where there was neither a bell to call the people to prayers, nor a parson to proclaim the great



Moss-Troopers' Peel, or Dwelling House, in the days of Bernard Gilpin.

truths of Christianity. Gilpin sent to give the clerk notice that he was about to preach; and whilst he was waiting in the churchyard, a fierce-looking fellow rode up to the church stile, having a dead child lying before him across his saddle, and knowing the "Apostle of the North," he bawled out:—"Come, parson, and do the cure!" Gilpin buried the corpse, then performed the church service for the day, and preached to those cattle-stealers the necessity of a peaceful and honest life. During the sermon, a moss-trooper of fourscore years rose, and exclaimed to Gilpin:—"Then the deil I give my sall [soul] to, bot we are all thieves!"

It would require the whole of this volume to do full justice to the subject of this memoir. At a time when ten pounds a year would support a scholar at one of the universities, he never spent less, but often more, than sixty pounds a year over educating poor scholars there. He rebuilt the manse at Houghton-le-Spring, and made it like a bishop's palace,—not for his own vain pomp, but to lodge poor scholars in, and to afford food and shelter to all who presented themselves. When the great Lord Burleigh, Queen Elizabeth's lord-treasurer and prime minister, in returning from an embassy from Scotland, paid him an unexpected visit, he was entertained in a lordly manner, without at all putting the servants in a fuss; for there was always abundance of provisions in the house, and never any waste. Well might this great statesman exclaim, as he turned his horse's head at Railton-hill in departing, to take a last look of the happy valley where this more than Rasselas dwelt:—"Ah! there is the true enjoyment of life! Who can blame that man for not accepting a bishopric? What could make him greater, or happier, or more useful to mankind?"

But this truly great and good man did not pass through life without constantly feeling, what the immortal tinker of Elstow has since so forcibly shown us in his unequalled allegory, that the Pilgrim who would reach the Delectable Mountains must not fear to fight with Apollyon, and to encounter all manner of dangers in his path. James Pilkington, who had succeeded Bishop Tunstal in the see of Durham in 1560, was succeeded by Richard Barnes in 1577. Bishop Pilkington seems to have properly perceived the worth of Gilpin; but Bishop Barnes, and his relative, Chancellor Barnes, seem to

have for long delighted in persecuting him. The latter, in his capacity of judge of the ecclesiastical court for the bishopric, had defrauded three orphans of their patrimony, and it is in this style that honest BERNARD GILPIN addresses him :—

"It will be but a very few years before you and I must give up our great accounts. I pray God give us both the grace to have them in a constant readiness. And may you take what I have written in as friendly a manner as it is meant. My daily prayers are made for you to Almighty God, whom I beseech evermore to preserve you."

And again :—

"If you should, as you threaten, give out a sequestration of my benefice, you shall do me a greater favour than you are aware of: for at this time I am run in no small debt. I want likewise provision of victuals. Where I have had, against Michaelmas, six or seven fat oxen, and five or six fat cows, I have now neither cow nor ox, but must seek all from the shambles. A sequestration being given out, I may, with honesty, break up house for a space, which will save me twenty or thirty pounds in my purse. But I trust you will think better of this matter."

To understand the last extract, the reader must know, that the hospitable rector of Houghton-le-Spring expected all his parishioners—men, women, and children—to dine with him every Sunday from Michaelmas to Easter!—for he strictly practised the injunction given by ST. PETER "to the strangers scattered throughout Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia, and Bythnia," as one binding on Christians of every age and clime :—
"And above all things have fervent charity among yourselves: for charity shall cover the multitude of sins. Use hospitality one to another without grudging. As every man has received the gift, even so minister the same one to another as good stewards of the manifold grace of God."

Once, when Bernard Gilpin was preparing to undertake one of his perilous journeys to the then half-savage inhabitants of the Scottish border, he received notice from Bishop Barnes to preach the visitation sermon on the following Sunday. He immediately despatched his servant with a letter to the bishop, begging him to excuse him, as "there were many who would be willing enough to preach at the visitation, whereas there was not a man who would supply his place in the congregations which were to meet him in the Border-district." Receiving no reply, he concluded that the bishop was satisfied, and went on his mission; but, to his surprise, on his return, he found that

Bishop Barnes had suspended him from all ecclesiastical functions. Whilst Gilpin was meditating on this matter, a messenger arrived, summoning him to meet the bishop and clergy at Chester-le-Street. Gilpin at once obeyed; and, as soon as he arrived at his destination, was ordered to preach. Gilpin reminded the bishop that he had suspended him from all ecclesiastical functions. The bishop answered, "Then I take off the suspension;" and would hear no excuses, but exclaimed, in an angry tone, "I command you, upon your canonical obedience, to go up into the pulpit!" And Bernard Gilpin, though not allowed a moment for preparation, *did* "go up into the pulpit;" and he preached the bishop and clergy such a sermon as I fear bishops and clergy seldom either preach or hear. "He reprov'd the prevailing vices of the time," says ARCHDEACON HONE, "and finally censured the enormities practised in the ecclesiastical court of Durham, the corruption of which was notorious." And this is the bold and truthful manner in which he addressed the bishop:—

"My discourse now, Reverend Father, must be directed to you. God hath exalted you to be the bishop of this diocese, and requireth an account of your government thereof. A reformation of all those matters which are amiss in this church, is expected at your hands. And now, lest, perhaps, while it is apparent that so many enormities are committed everywhere, your Lordship should make answer, that you had no notice of them given you, and that these things never came to your knowledge, behold I bring these things to your knowledge this day. Say not then that these crimes have been committed by the fault of others, without your knowledge; for whatever either yourself shall do in person, or suffer through your connivance to be done by others, is wholly your own. Therefore, in the presence of God, his angels, and men, I pronounce you to be the author of all these evils: yea, and in that strict day of general account, I will be a witness to testify against you, that all these things have come to your knowledge by my means: and all these men shall bear witness thereof, who have heard me speak unto you this day."

"Now he has done for himself completely!" alike thought friend and foe. His enemies were rejoiced beyond measure, for they looked upon him now as a ruined man. His friends—but ARCHDEACON HONE* shall tell the rest:—

"Mr. Gilpin's friends were greatly alarmed by this boldness of speech, and after the sermon, they gathered round him, and declared their apprehensions

* This account of Bernard Gilpin has been compiled from a score of others; but I cannot omit acknowledging my obligations to the very excellent one in Archdeacon Hone's *Lives of Eminent Christians*.

with tears in their eyes. 'You have put a sword,' they said, 'into the bishop's hands to slay you. If heretofore he has been offended with you without a cause, what may you not expect from him now, when you have so imprudently provoked him to crush you!' Gilpin calmly replied, 'Be not afraid; the Lord God overruleth us all. So that the truth may be propagated, and God glorified, God's will be done concerning me!'—They proceeded to the place where the bishop and clergy were to dine together, and during the repast some remark upon the sermon was expected from the prelate. Nothing however was said, and after a while Mr. Gilpin went up to the bishop to take his leave in the customary manner. 'Sir,' said the bishop, 'it is my intention to accompany you home.' They accordingly walked together, and having arrived at their destination, and gone into a private room, the bishop turned round to Mr. Gilpin, seized him eagerly by the hand, and said, 'Father Gilpin, I acknowledge you are fitter to be the bishop of Durham, than I am to be parson of this church of yours. I ask forgiveness for past injuries. Forgive me, Father. I know you have hatched up some chickens that now seek to pick out your eyes; but while I live bishop of Durham, be assured no man shall injure you.'"

One of the "chickens" alluded to by Bishop Barnes, is supposed to be Hugh Broughton, a native of Oldbury, in Shropshire, whom Bernard Gilpin had educated, until he had become one of the greatest Hebrew scholars of the age, and who, now that he had risen to the rank of a prebendary of Durham, was one of the bitterest enemies of his former benefactor. Pity that men who have risen from the dunghill can so seldom be found without some of the dirt always adhering to them.

I have but room for one more extract from good BERNARD GILPIN. He is addressing a nephew who would fain win him back to the Romish communion; and I would especially direct the reader's attention to this passage in those times when such zealous efforts are being made to seduce the people of England from their allegiance to "the protestant right of private judgment," won for us by the suffering lives and painful deaths of our brave forefathers, who call to us from their graves, in the language of PAUL, to "Stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage."*

"You look back upon the ages past. You do well if also you look back to the times of the patriarchs, the prophets, of Christ and His apostles, and other holy men, with whom if you advise without prejudice of blinded affection, they

* *Galations*, chap. v., verse 1st.

will lead you far from that blindness, from that error, I may well say from that gross idolatry, which crept into the church while men slept.

"Whereas you are grieved at the fall of monasteries and suppression of abbeys, I am sorry you should be blinded in this case. For very many of your own religion have confessed that they could not possibly subsist any longer, because the cry of them, like the cry of Sodom, was ascended into the ears of God. Their crimes were so manifest that they could not longer be concealed; the Lord could endure those wicked men no longer. But if you call to mind what enemies those men were to the ministry of the word of God, taking away, most sacrilegiously, the maintenance allowed for the ministers of the word, hardly leaving any one rectory unspoiled, you would easily judge that those men could not possibly stand or flourish any longer. This is the fruit of Luther's doctrine, and the whole word of God, truly preached, that God shall destroy that wicked one with the breath of His mouth.

"Whereas you say, that he which cometh to God must believe, I wish you would consider that thing rightly; that religious faith can have no foundation but the word of God. *Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God.* Whence it cometh that whoso believeth in bulls, indulgences, images, and many other constitutions of men, cannot possibly have true faith. All those things vanish away, wheresoever the word of God hath power and authority. * * *

"You say that you do not find in that religion anything opposite to the gospel. But, if you look narrowly into it, you may see, in that religion, the word of God rejected; the golden legends and festivals, with bulls, indulgences, and many other things of that sort, for the most part obtruded upon men instead of the word of God. But here is a large field, and I want leisure. I hope I shall get opportunity to write unto you more at large concerning these things. May God open your eyes, that you may see the abominations of that city which is built upon seven hills.—*Rev. xvii.* Look over Jerome upon that place. * * *

"If you call us heretics, and fly from us because we have forsaken so great abuses, superstitions, and errors, to the end that we might draw near to the sacred word of God, and holy institutions of Christ, we can appeal from your uncharitable prejudice, and are able to say with St. PAUL, *I little esteem to be judged of you, it is the Lord which judgeth me.* * * *

"Touching those Roman thunderclaps [the pope's bulls], there is no great cause why we should be afraid; those bugbears were invented to frighten children; they are not to be feared by men of years. ERASMUS called them *bruta fulmina*, foolish false-fires. If there were in the pope and his cardinals, who curse us with so much bitterness, but the least resemblance of Peter and Paul,—had they the fervent charity of those holy men, and their exquisite diligence to feed the flock of Christ day and night, with other apostolic virtues,—then were their threats to be feared. But they have changed the humility of Peter into the pride of Lucifer, the poverty and daily labours of the apostle into the riches of Croesus, and into the laziness and luxury of Sardanapalus."

After founding a chartered free school at Houghton-le-Spring, and carefully watching its operations for twelve years: after labouring diligently in that village as Christian pastor for twenty-six years, and teaching Christianity to the very moss-troopers of Redesdale and Tynedale,—sometimes being benighted in the wilds, without shelter, in a snow-storm; after acting as peace-maker for all the quarrels of his neighbours, as a Christian minister ever ought to do,—and not only preaching religion to others, but zealously practising it himself; this good man died on the fourth of March, 1584,* in the sixty-seventh year of his age; leaving an example to others for all time. His death was hastened by injuries he received by being knocked down by an ox, as he was crossing the market-place at Durham; but he died at his own manse, and was buried in the churchyard of Houghton-le-Spring.

Bernard Gilpin was tall and slender in his figure, wore very plain apparel, and was remarkably temperate in diet. From the specimens of his composition here presented to the reader, it will be seen that he possessed the power of expressing his meaning with great clearness and courage, and could say much in a few words. In our great admiration of the truly apostolic character of Bernard Gilpin, we are apt to forget his skill in composition, which would not have disgraced any of the professional authors of the great literary age in which he died: for when Gilpin departed this life, Shakspeare, then only twenty years of age, had produced none of his inimitable dramas; Spenser, then thirty or thirty-one, had only published his *Shepherd's Calendar* five years, and did not give to the world the first three books of his *Faery Queen* until Gilpin had been in his grave half a dozen years; nevertheless England was not without many writers of great ability, as a glance at the first chapters of "*Shakspeare, his Times and Contemporaries*," will show.

I have treated, though I fear very inadequately for his merits, the life of Bernard Gilpin somewhat prolixly, for the

* All the other biographies I have seen have been led into an error of a year in the age of Bernard Gilpin, by giving the year of his death as 1583,—the writers forgetting that the March 4th, 1583, of the old chronology, is in 1584 of our present reckoning. Bernard Gilpin's letter to "gentle Mrs. Carr" bears date May 31st, 1583.

space at my disposal : but memoirs of men like Gilpin need bringing more prominently before the people, and the high heroism and pure disinterestedness they displayed should be inculcated to the rising generation,—our future men and women ; for, as the great American poet beautifully sings :—

“Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footsteps on the sands of time ;

“Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

“Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour, and to wait.”

PROFESSOR LONGFELLOW.





J. Walker Ord.
Author of the History of Cleveland Co.



ROGER ASCHAM.

"Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast."

THOMPSON'S *Seasons*—*Spring*.

"It may be hoped that Ascham's works obtained for his family, after his decease, that support which he did not in his life very plenteously procure them. Whether he was poor by his own fault, or the fault of others, cannot now be decided; but it is certain that many have been rich with less merit. His philological learning would have gained him honour in any country; and among us it may justly call for that reverence which all nations owe to those who first rouse them from ignorance, and kindle among them the light of literature. Of his manners nothing can be said but from his own testimony, and that of his contemporaries. Those who mention him allow him many virtues. His courtesy, benevolence, and liberality, are celebrated; and of his piety we have not only the testimony of his friends, but the evidence of his writings."—DR. JOHNSON.

Roger Ascham was born at Kirby Wisk, in the year 1515; when Harry the Eighth, then a young man of some twenty-four summers, had been but six years on the throne, and could amuse himself by riding a-Maying from Greenwich to the top of Shooter's Hill, accompanied by many of those nobles who had probably fought at the Battle of the Spurs and at Flodden Field, not two years ago, and, above all, by his highly educated queen, Catherine, (or more properly, Catalina,) of Arragon, whose rich auburn hair covered a head doomed to a life of undeserved persecution, from which—as from all other permitted evils—the Almighty caused blessings to spring: the year too when Henry's sister, the Princess Mary, released by death of her sadly-too-old husband, Louis the Twelfth of France, gave her hand to Charles Brandon, afterwards Duke of Suffolk, to whom the king, on the suppression of the monasteries, granted the neighbouring manor of Appleton Wisk, and to whose family, as well as the children of the king, we shall by and by see Roger Ascham become tutor. Thomas Wolsey, the Ipswich butcher's son, who the year previously had secured the sees of Lincoln and York, that same year received his cardinal's hat and red stockings, and became prime minister of state; and the monasteries were luxuriating in worldly wealth to the great detriment of true religion.

Roger was the third son of John and Margaret Ascham. He had some sisters also. His father, John Ascham, was steward to the ancient family of Scroope; and his mother, Margaret, whose maiden name has not been handed down to us, is said to have been related to some high families. After living together as man and wife for forty-seven years, John and Margaret Ascham both died on one day, and nearly at the same hour. As the parish registers at Kirby Wisk do not commence until 1615, it is useless to search them for the subject of the present memoir.

Roger Ascham, who displayed from childhood a love for learning, was received into the family of Sir Anthony Wingfield, and was educated with the two sons of his patron, under the tutorship of Mr. Robert Bond. "Let this," observes FULLER, in his *Holy and Profane States*, "amongst other motives, make schoolmasters careful in their place,—that the eminences of their scholars have commended their schoolmasters to posterity, which otherwise in obscurity had been altogether forgotten."

"Who," he asks, "had ever heard of R. Bond, in Lancashire, but for the breeding of learned Roger Ascham, his scholar?"

In the year 1530, when Roger Ascham was a youth of fifteen, his kind patron, Sir Anthony Wingfield, sent him to St. John's College, Cambridge, where his tutor was Hugh Fitzherbert, a fellow of that college. "Yea, surely, in that one college," says Ascham's friend, EDWARD GRAUNT, (the master of Westminster School,) "which at that season, for number of most learned doctors, for multitude of erudite philosophers, for abundance of eloquent orators, all in their kind superlative, might rival or outvie all mansions of literature on earth, were exceeding many men, most excellent in all politer letters, and in knowledge of languages." DR. JOHNSON observes:—

"Ascham entered Cambridge at a time when the last great revolution of the intellectual world was filling every academical mind with ardour or anxiety. The destruction of the Constantinopolitan empire had driven the Greeks with their language into the interior parts of Europe, the art of printing had made the books easily attainable, and the Greek now began to be taught in England. The doctrines of Luther had already filled all the nations of the Romish communion with controversy and dissention. New studies of literature, and new tenets of religion, found employment for all who were desirous of truth, or ambitious of fame. Learning was at that time prosecuted with that eagerness and perseverance which in this age of indifference and dissipation it is not easy to conceive. To teach or to learn, was at once the business and the pleasure of the academical life; and an emulation of study was raised by Cheke and Smith, to which even the present age perhaps owes many advantages, without remembering or knowing its benefactors.

"Ascham soon resolved to unite himself to those who were enlarging the bounds of knowledge, and, immediately upon his admission into the college, applied himself to the study of Greek. Those who were zealous for the new learning were often no great friends to the old religion; and Ascham, as he became a Grecian, became a Protestant. The Reformation was not yet begun, disaffection to Popery was considered as a crime justly punished by exclusion from favour and preferment, and was not yet openly professed, though superstition was gradually losing its hold upon the public. The study of Greek was reputable enough, and Ascham pursued it with diligence and success equally conspicuous. He thought a language might be most easily learned by teaching it; and when he had obtained some proficiency in Greek, read lectures, while he was yet a boy, to other boys, who were desirous of instruction. His industry was much encouraged by Pember, a man of great eminence at that time, though I know not that he has left any monuments behind him, but what the gratitude of his friends and scholars has bestowed. He was one of the great encouragers of Greek learning, and particularly applauded Ascham's lectures,

assuring him in a letter, of which Graunt has preserved an extract, that he would gain more knowledge by explaining one of Æsop's fables to a boy, than by hearing one of Homer's poems explained by another."

In February, 1534, Ascham took the degree of B. A.; and on the twenty-third of the following month, though only eighteen years of age, he was elected fellow of his college. In the second book of his *Schoolmaster*, ASCHAM thus describes another of his patrons:—

Dr. Medcalfe.

"Doctor Nicholas Medcalfe, that honourable father, was Master of St. John's College when I came thither: a man meanly learned himself, but not meanly affectioned towards learning in others. He found that college spending scarce two hundred marks by the year: he left it spending a thousand marks, and more. Which he procured not with his money, but by his wisdom; not chargeably bought by him, but liberally given by others by his means, for the zeal and honour they bore to learning. And that which is worthy of memory, all these givers were almost northern men: who, being liberally rewarded in the service of their prince, bestowed it as liberally for the good of their country. Some men thought therefore, that Dr. Medcalfe* was partial to northern men: but sure I am of this, that northern men were partial in doing more good, and giving more lands to the furtherance of learning, than any other country men in those days did: which deed should have been rather an example of goodness for others to follow, than matter of malice for any to envy, as some there were that did.

"Truly Dr. Medcalfe was partial to none, but indifferent to all: a master for the whole, a father to every one in that college. There was none so poor, if he had either will to goodness, or wit to learning, that could lack being there, or should depart from thence for very need. I am witness myself, that money

* It is by no means improbable that Dr. Medcalfe or Metcalfe might be from the same part of the country as Roger Ascham. "The family of Metcalfe," says DR. INGLEDEN, in his *History and Antiquities of Northallerton*, "is of great antiquity in Yorkshire, and so numerous, that there is scarcely a town or village in the North Riding which cannot own an inhabitant of that name, and in 1607 it was accounted the most numerous family in England. Even in 1555, it is recorded, that Sir Christopher Metcalfe, knight, of Nappa Hall, near Askrigg, being High Sheriff of Yorkshire, was attended by three hundred horsemen, all of his own family and name, and all in the same habit, to meet the judges of assize, and conduct them to York." A contrast to the plain reception given by Sir Horace St. Paul, Bart., as High Sheriff of Northumberland, to Baron Platt, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, in 1851, which brought forth a public grumble from the judge on the bench, and some verses in the *Gateshead Observer*, which my readers will find in the notice of Mr. James Clephan in the present work.

many times was brought into young men's studies by strangers, whom they knew not. In which doing, this worthy Nicolaus followed the steps of good old St Nicolaus, that learned bishop. He was a Papist indeed; but, would to God, among all us Protestants I might but once see but one that would win like praise, in doing like good, for the advancement of learning and virtue. And yet, though he were a Papist, if any young man, given to *new learning*, (as they termed it,) went beyond his fellows, in wit, labour, and towardness; even the same neither lacked open praise to encourage him, nor private exhibition to maintain him: as worthy Sir John Cheke, if he were alive, would bear good witness, and so can many more. I myself, one of the meanest of a great number in that college, because there appeared in me some small show of towardness and diligence, lacked not his favour to farther me in learning.

"And being a boy, new bachelor of arts, I chanced among my companions to speak against the pope; which matter was then in every man's mouth, because Dr. Hains and Dr. Skip were come from the court, to debate the same matter by preaching and disputation in the university. This happened the same time, when I stood to be fellow there. My talk came to Dr. Medcalfe's ear: I was called before him, and the seniors; and after grievous rebuke, and some punishment, open warning was given to all the fellows, none to be so hardy as to give me his voice at that election. And yet for all those open threats, the good father himself privily procured that I should even then be chosen fellow: but the election being done, he made countenance of great discontent thereat. This good man's goodness and fatherly discretion used towards me that one day, shall never out of my remembrance all the days of my life. And for the same cause have I put it here in this small record of learning. For next God's Providence, surely that day was, by that good father's means, *dies natalis* [a birthday] to me, for the whole foundation of the poor learning I have, and of all the fartherance that hitherto elsewhere I have obtained.—This his goodness stood not still in one or two, but flowed abundantly over all that college, and brake out also to nourish good wits in every part of that university: whereby at his departing thence, he left such a company of fellows and scholars in St. John's College, as can scarce be found now in some whole university: who, either for divinity, on the one side or other, or for civil service to their prince and country, have been, and are yet to this day, notable ornaments to this whole realm."



In 1536, at the age of twenty-one, Ascham took the degree of M. A.; and as a tutor his reputation stood high. One of his pupils, Mr. William Grindal, on the recommendation of Sir John Cheke, became preceptor to the Princess Elizabeth, afterwards to be succeeded by Ascham himself, as we shall see anon. Ascham also read lectures in the university, on the Greek language, supporting the reformed pronunciation then newly introduced by Sir John Cheke and Sir Thomas Smith. On the resignation of Sir John Cheke, in 1544, Ascham was chosen university orator, and filled the post with great satisfaction. He now published his first work, *Toxophilus, the School or Partitions of Shooting*, a dialogue on the art of archery, which he dedicated to King Henry the Eighth, who had just before married Lady Catherine Parr, widow of Lord Latimer, of Danby Castle in Cleveland. The following extracts from this work will prove that ASCHAM both had something to say and knew how to say it.

Amusement as a Relief to Study.

Philologus. How much in this matter is to be given to the authority of Aristotle or Tully, I cannot tell, seeing sad men may well enough speak merrily for a mere matter; this I am sure, which thing this fair wheat (God save it) maketh me remember, that those husbandmen which rise earliest, and come latest home, and are content to have their dinner and other drinkings brought into the field to them, for fear of losing time, have fatter barns in the harvest than they which will either sleep at noontime of the day, or else make merry with their neighbours at the ale. And so a scholar, that purposeth to be a good husband, and desireth to reap and enjoy much fruit of learning, must till and sow thereafter. Our best seed time, which be scholars, as it is very timely, and when we be young; so it endureth not over long, and therefore it may not be let slip one hour; our ground is very hard and full of weeds, our horse wherewith we be drawn very wild, as Plato saith. And infinite other mo lets, which will make a thrifty scholar take heed how he spendeth his time in sport and play.

Toxophilus. That Aristotle and Tully spake earnestly, and as they thought, the earnest matter which they entreat upon, doth plainly prove. And as for your husbandry, it was more probably told with apt words, proper to the thing, than thoroughly proved with reasons belonging to our matter. For, contrarywise, I heard myself a good husband at his book once say, that to omit study for some time of the day, and some time of the year, made as much for the increase of learning, as to let the land lie some time fallow, maketh for the better increase of corn. This we see, if the land be ploughed every year, the corn cometh thin up; the ear is short, the grain is small, and when it is brought into the barn and threshed, giveth very evil faule. So those which never leave poring on

their books, have some times as thin invention as other poor men have, and as small wit and weight in it as in other men's. And thus your husbandry, methinks, is more like the life of a covetous snudge, that oft very evil proves, than the labour of a good husband, that knoweth well what he doth. And surely the best wits to learning must needs have much recreation, and ceasing from their book, or else they mar themselves; when base and dumpish wits can never be hurt with continual study; as ye see in luting, that a treble minikin string must always be let down, but at such a time as when a man must needs play, when the base and dull string needeth never to be moved out of his place. The same reason I find true in two bows that I have, whereof the one is quick of cast, trig and trim, both for pleasure and profit, the other is a lugge, slow of cast, following the string, more sure for to last than pleasant for to use. Now, Sir, it chanced this other night, one in my chamber would needs bend them to prove their strength, but (I cannot tell how) they were both left bent till the next day after dinner; and when I came to them, purposing to have gone on shooting, I found my good bow clean cast on the one side, and as weak as water, that surely, if I were a rich man, I had rather have spent a crown; and as for my lugge, it was not one whit the worse, but shot by and by as well and as far as ever it did. And even so, I am sure that good wits, except they be let down like a treble string, and unbent like a good casting bow, they will never last and be able to continue in study. And I know where I speak this, Philologe, for I would not say thus much afore young men, for they will take soon occasion to study little enough. But I say it, therefore, because I know, as little study getteth little learning, or none at all, so the most study getteth not the most learning of all. For a man's wit, fore-occupied in earnest study, must be as well recreated with some honest pastime, as the body, fore-laboured, must be refreshed with sleep and quietness, or else it cannot endure very long, as the noble poet saith:—

‘What thing wants quiet and merry rest, endures but a small while.’”



The Blowing of the Wind.

"To see the wind with a man's eyes, it is impossible, the nature of it is so fine and subtle; yet this experience of the wind had I once myself, and that was in the great snow which fell four years ago. I rode in the highway betwixt Topcliff upon-Swale and Boroughbridge, the way being somewhat trodden afore by wayfaring men; the fields on both sides were plain, and lay almost yard deep with snow; the night before had been a little frost, so that the snow was hard and crusted above; that morning the sun shone bright and clear, the wind was whistling aloft, and sharp, according to the time of the year; the snow in the highway lay loose and trodden with horse feet; so as the wind blew, it took the loose snow with it, and made it so slide upon the snow in the field, which was hard and crusted by reason of the frost overnight, that thereby I might see very well the whole nature of the wind as it blew that day. And I had a great delight and pleasure to mark it, which maketh me now far better to remember it. Sometime the wind would be not past two yards broad, and so it would carry the snow as far as I could see. Another time the snow would blow over half the field at once. Sometime the snow would tumble softly, bye and bye it would fly wonderful fast. And this I perceived also, that the wind goeth by streams, and not altogether. For I should see one stream within a score on me, then the space of two score no snow would stir, but, after so much quantity of ground, another stream of snow, at the same very time, should be carried likewise, but not equally; for the one would stand still, when the other flew apace, and so continue sometime swifter, sometime slower, sometime broader, sometime narrower, as far as I could see. Nor it flew not straight, but sometime it crooked this way, sometime that way, and sometime it ran round about in a compass. And sometime the snow would be lift clean from the ground up to the air, and bye and bye it would be all clapt to the ground, as though there had been no wind at all; straightway it would rise and fly again. And that which was the most marvel of all, at one time two drifts of snow flew, the one out of the west into the east, the other out of the north into the east. And I saw two winds, by reason of the snow, the one cross over the other, as it had been two highways. And again, I should hear the wind blow in the air, when nothing was stirred at the ground. And when all was still where I rode, not very far from me the snow should be lifted wonderfully. This experience made me more marvel at the nature of the wind, than it made me cunning in the knowledge of the wind; but yet thereby I learned perfectly that it is no marvel at all, though men in wind lose their length in shooting, seeing so many ways the wind is so variable in blowing."



The *Toxophilus* gained for Ascham the patronage of Sir William (afterwards first Lord) Paget, then one of the two principal Secretaries of State; and the king was so much pleased with the dedication, that he settled on the author a pension of ten pounds a year,—quite a competency in those days. He had previously enjoyed a pension from Edward Lee, who was archbishop of York from 1531 to 1544. "He designed not only to teach the art of shooting," says DR. JOHNSON, "but to give an example of diction more natural and more truly English than was used by the common writers of that age, whom he censures for mingling exotic terms with their native language, and of whom he complains, that they were made authors, not by skill or education, but by arrogance and temerity." The idiom of the passages I have quoted from Ascham still largely prevails in the North Riding, notwithstanding the numerous changes of three centuries.

The beauty of Ascham's handwriting, which had been commended by Pember years before, now procured him an engagement at court, to teach penmanship to Prince Edward (afterwards King Edward the Sixth), the Princess (afterwards Queen) Elizabeth, and Henry and Charles, the two sons of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. "He was also the University amanuensis," says HARTLEY COLERIDGE, "and wrote all the letters which Cambridge addressed to the kings and other people of quality; in which sort of correspondence, perspicuity and beauty of penmanship are of great efficacy, and may chance to procure for a petition an early reading. All formal and official letters (at least where the church or universities were concerned) were then written in Latin, and Ascham's Latin style was well fitted for actual business. Avoiding the barbarisms and solecisms of the *monks*, and confirming his sentences to the analogies of Roman authors, he nevertheless writes rather as a man who was accustomed to speak and think in Latin, whose words were the natural body and suggestion of his thoughts, than as one that, having stocked his memory with the phraseology of some particular writers, constrained his thoughts to fit pre-existent frames of diction."

By the death of King Harry the Eighth, January 28th, 1547, Ascham's pension ceased; but his royal pupil, who now ascended the throne as Edward the Sixth, continued him his pension, and he was allowed to live at Cambridge in great friendship with Martin Bucer, the Protestant Reformer alluded

to at page 62. But on the death of his quondam pupil, William Grindal, in 1548, Ascham was recalled to court, as classical master to the Princess Elizabeth. In one of his letters to his learned correspondent, John Sturmius, of Strasburg, ASCHAM thus describes those happy days:—

“If you wish to know how I am thriving at Court, you may assure yourself that I had never more blessed leisure in my college than now in the palace. The Lady Elizabeth and I are studying together, in the original Greek, the crown orations of Demosthenes and Æschines. She reads her lessons to me, and at one glance so completely comprehends, not only the idiom of the language and the sense of the orator, but the exact bearings of the cause, and the public acts, manners, and usages of the Athenian people, that you would marvel to behold her.”

It may be well to remind the reader that the Lady Elizabeth had already both composed English verses, and translated several French works into her native tongue, and given many wonderful proofs of her scholarship when quite young. Roger Ascham had met with a rare pupil, and that pupil had met with as rare a tutor, and they were happy in the society of each other. “I teach her words,” said ASCHAM to Aylmer, afterwards bishop of London, “and she teaches me things. I teach her the tongues to speak, and her modest and maidenly looks teach me works to do: for I think she is the best disposed of any in Europe.” They relieved their studies with a game at chess, and the connection of the Yorkshire tutor and his royal pupil might have continued uninterrupted, but for the busy meddling of certain folks at court, which caused Roger to fling up his appointment in disgust at the end of two years. “Not but what all poor scholars who would thrive (and it is their only chance of thriving) by the tutorage of the great,” remarks HARTLEY COLERIDGE, “must put up with a great deal of insolence from waiting gentlemen and waiting gentlewomen. If the tutor keep them at a distance, their hatred is dangerous; if he allow them any liberties, their impertinence is tyrannical. But neither the malice of underlings, nor his own impatience, did lasting injury to Ascham. Returning to his duties as Public Orator at Cambridge, he still retained his pension, and the confidence of the worthiest persons about court.”

In the summer of 1550, Ascham was visiting the North Riding once more, “spending his vacation among his friends, and recruiting himself with his native air,” as HARTLEY COLERIDGE expresses it, when he received a letter from his

friend, Sir John Cheke, recalling him to court, as he had been appointed to accompany Sir Richard Morysine on his embassy to the court of the Emperor Charles the Fifth. On his way from Yorkshire to London, ASCHAM paid that ever-memorable visit to the lovely Lady Jane Grey, which, after the lapse of years, he thus pithily described in his *Schoolmaster*, in simple terms which will last as long as the English language, which is now diffusing itself around the globe.

The Lady Jane Grey.

"If to the goodness of nature be joined the wisdom of the teacher, in leading young wits into a right and plain way of learning, surely children kept up in God's fear, and governed by His grace, may most easily be brought well to serve God and their country, both by virtue and wisdom. But if will and wit, by farther age, be once allured from innocency, delighted in vain sights, filled with foul talk, crooked with wilfulness, hardened with stubbornness, and let loose to disobedience, surely it is hard with gentleness, but impossible with severe cruelty, to call them back to good frame again. For where the one perchance may bend it, the other shall surely break it; and so instead of some hope, leave an assured desperation, and shameless contempt of all goodness; the farthest point in all mischief, as Xenophon doth most truly and most wittily mark. Therefore to love or to hate, to like or to contemn, to ply this way or that way, to good or to bad, ye shall have as ye use a child in his youth. And one example, whether love or fear doth work more in a child for virtue and learning, I will gladly report; which may be heard with some pleasure, and followed with more profit.

"Before I went into Germany, I came to Brodegate in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble Lady Jane Grey, to whom I was exceeding much beholding. Her parents, the Duke and Duchess, with all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park. I found her in her chamber, reading *Phædo Platonis* in Greek, and that with as much delight as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in Boccace. After salutation, and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her, why she would lose such pastime in the park? Smiling, she answered me:—'I wist all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in Plato. Alas! good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant.'—'And how came you, Madame,' quoth I, 'to this deep knowledge of pleasure? and what did chiefly allure you into it, seeing not many women, but very few men, have attained thereunto?'—'I will tell you,' quoth she, 'and tell you a truth which perchance ye will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me, is, that he sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry, or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else; I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly, as God made the

world; or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatned, yea presently sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways, (which I will not name for the honour I bear them,) so without measure misordered, that I think myself in Hell, till time come that I must go to Mr. Elmer;* who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing while I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because whatsoever I do else, but learning, is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole mis-liking unto me. And thus my book has been so much my pleasure, and bringeth daily to me more pleasure and more, that in respect of it, all other pleasures, in very deed, be but trifles and troubles unto me.—I remember this talk gladly, both because it is so worthy of memory, and because also it was the last talk that ever I had [with] and the last time that ever I saw that noble and worthy Lady.”

During the above interview, Lady Jane made Ascham a promise, that she would write to him in Greek, if he would first write to her, as soon as he arrived at the Emperor's court; and his letter, written in Latin, has been handed down to posterity. He truly tells her, that she was happier in her love of good books, than in her descent from kings and queens. Alas! good Roger, thou wrote not only philosophically, but propheticall. Little didst thou think, when thou badest farewell to that fair and lovely scholar, a mere girl of thirteen summers, that even at the youthful age of sixteen, she would be dragged a prisoner to the Tower of London, and that her wise young head would be severed from her body by the axe of the executioner! And all because she was ten days a queen, and that against her own will.

“A perfect gentlewoman and a queen;
A queen by nature was the Lady Jane:
Her form was beautiful, her soul serene,
And grace and gentleness did make her train.
O'er all the virtues did she hold her reign,
And dwelt in peace, and love, and tenderness:
Yea, all that teachers tell and poets feign
Of innocence, and truth, and loveliness,
Did guard this gentle lady in their pure caress.

“She in her moonlit bowers had learnt to brood
O'er the rich wisdom of the ancient time.
The bards came to her in her solitude,
And sung of heroes, and the deeds sublime

* John Ælmer, or Aymer, afterwards Bishop of London, whom my readers will find noticed in *Shakspeare: his Times and Contemporaries*.

Of demi-gods, when man was in his prime.
 Leaning her ivory brow upon her hand,
 She lov'd to let her vivid fancy climb
 To the blue climes where Science held command;
 When Greece, in palmy pride, tower'd far o'er every land."

JOHN WALKER ORD.

Roger Ascham was not idle during his residence in Germany; for, besides acting as secretary, and conducting his own private correspondence with several eminent scholars, he read and expounded Greek to the ambassador twice a day, for four days in the week; and thus, between the twelfth of October, 1550, and the twelfth of August, 1551, they feasted themselves on the whole of Herodotus, five plays of Sophocles, most of Euripides, and twenty-one orations of Demosthenes: the morning reading being devoted to prose, and the afternoon one to poetry. On the other two days he copied the state letters sent to England; and in his other leisure moments he collected the materials for his *Report or Discourse of the Affairs and State of Germany, of the Emperor Charles V., his Court*, written about 1552, but not printed until 1570. In this work ASCHAM gives the following excellent description of

The Qualifications of a Historian.

"When you* and I read Livy together, (if you do remember,) after some reasoning, we concluded both what was in our opinion to be looked for at his hand, that would well and advisedly write an history. First point was, to write nothing false; next, to be bold to say any truth: whereby is avoided two great faults—flattery and hatred. For which two points, Cæsar is read to his great praise; and Jovius, the Italian, to his just reproach. Then to mark diligently the causes, counsels, acts, and issues, in all great attempts: and in causes, what is just or unjust; in counsels, what is purposed wisely or rashly; in acts, what is done courageously or faintly; and of every issue, to note some general lesson of wisdom and wariness for like matters in time to come, wherein Polybius in Greek, and Philip Comines in French, have done the duties of wise and worthy writers. Diligence also must be used in keeping truly the order of time, and describing lively both the site of places and nature of persons, not only for the outward shape of the body, but also for the inward disposition of the mind, as Thucydides doth in many places very trimly; and Homer everywhere, and that always most excellently; which observation is chiefly to be marked in him. And our Chaucer doth the same, very praiseworthy: mark him well, and confer him with any other that writeth in our time, in their proudest tongue, whosoever list. The style must be always plain and open; yet sometime higher and lower,

* He is addressing his friend, John Astely.

as matters do rise and fall. For if proper and natural words, in well-joined sentences, do lively express the matter, be it troublesome, quiet, angry, or pleasant; a man shall think not to be reading, but present in doing of the same. And herein Livy, of all other in any tongue, by mine opinion, carrieth away the praise."

King Edward the Sixth died on the sixth of July, 1553, and Roger Ascham returned to England in September of the same year. Lady Jane Grey and Sir John Cheke were then prisoners in the Tower; Mary, the only daughter of Henry the Eighth by Catharine of Arragon, was about to be crowned as Queen; and the Princess Elizabeth was looked upon with great suspicion by those now in power; for either Mary or Elizabeth must be regarded as illegitimate. For very zealous Protestants there could no longer be peace in England; for though strong differences in religion are bad enough when neither party is wise enough to allow liberty of conscience to others, yet, in the present case, the bitterness was augmented by political antagonism. Ascham, however, was one of the few Protestants who fared well; for Lord Paget obtained for him the patronage of Bishop Gardiner, who was now released from the Tower, restored to his see of Winchester, and made Lord Chancellor. Gardiner procured for Ascham the office of Latin Secretary, which he had before held under Cecil,—an office which was no sinecure, as immediately after the marriage of Philip and Mary, we find Roger writing forty-seven letters to as many foreign princes. Writing to his German friend, Sturmius, ASCHAM says:—"Stephen, Bishop of Winchester, High Chancellor of England, hath treated me with the greatest courtesy and kindness, so that I cannot tell whether the Lord Paget, was more ready to commend me, or the Chancellor to honour and protect me. There have not been wanted those, who have done their best to stop the course of his benevolence towards me, on pretence of religion, but have profitted nothing. Therefore I am exceedingly bound to my Lord of Winchester's goodness, and gladly accept the obligation. Nor I alone, but many others have experienced his goodness."

On the first of June, 1554, Roger Ascham, being about thirty-nine years of age, married "Mistress Margaret Howe, a lady of some fortune and good family." On the twenty-fourth of the same month, his friend, STURMIUS, writes him:—"But what is it I hear? Would you keep your engagement close,

for fear I should send you a High Dutch epithalamium? I am informed that your intended is niece to the wife of Mr. Walop, that was governor of Guisnes when I was at Calais. Ah! but she was an honest madam, a fair and comely dame! If it be so, that you are going to make her your spouse, or if you have any other in your eye, do let me know, and tell me when the day is to be, that if I cannot myself be present at the espousals, I may send Thalassius,* to make my compliments to your love in my stead." To which ASCHAM replied:—"As for my wife, she is the picture of her aunt Walop, and all that John Sturmius could wish the wife of Roger Ascham to be." His patron, Gardiner, died on the twenty-second of October, 1555; but he was fortunate in having the familiar friendship of Cardinal Pole, which in those days must have been of immense service to him.

Queen Mary died early in the morning of the seventeenth of November, 1558, and Cardinal Pole expired in less than twenty-four hours afterwards. The Princess Elizabeth, then a sort of prisoner at Hatfield, was immediately proclaimed queen, amidst great rejoicings, and the reformed religion was again established. Ascham was continued in his office of Latin secretary, restored to his pleasant Greek preceptorship by his royal pupil, and, on the eleventh of March, 1599, he was installed in the prebendary of Wetwang, in York Minster, of which George Palmer, LL. D., had just been deprived. Had Ascham been a selfish or ambitious man, there is little doubt that he might have been both richer and of higher rank. But it was his honest boast, that he never availed himself of his many private hours with his sovereign to forward his own worldly interest, or that of others who would fain have bribed him for the purpose.

Ascham was slender in form, and weak in constitution; and he had injured his health by night-studies, which he was obliged at last to relinquish. But towards the close of the year 1568, he imprudently sat up several nights successively, to finish a poem which he was addressing to the queen, on the new year. This brought on a severe attack of hectic fever, a complaint to which he was subject; Sleep—"nature's soft nurse"—entirely forsook him; opiates, and even rocking him in a cradle, were

* The god of love amongst the Romans, as Hymen was with the Greeks.

tried in vain. He took to his bed on the twenty-eighth of December, and died on the thirtieth of the same month, at the age of fifty-three. Dr. Alexander Nowell, then Dean of St. Paul's, attended to render him religious consolation, and preached his funeral sermon, January fourth, in which he declared that he had never known any man live more honestly, nor die more christianly. He was buried, without parade, in the church of St. Sepulchre, London; the learned George Buchanan wrote his epitaph, in Latin; many poor scholars, to whom his purse was always open, grieved for his loss; and Queen Elizabeth, a close-fisted monarch, as all the Tudors were, asserted that she would rather have thrown ten thousand pounds into the sea, than have lost her Ascham.

Roger Ascham left a widow and three sons, Giles, Dudley, and Sturmius; recommending, with his last breath, the care of his boys' education to their mother. He also left, in manuscript, a child of his mighty intellect, his invaluable work, *The Schoolmaster; or a Plain and Perfect Way of Teaching Children to Understand, Write, and Speak the Latin Tongues*, which, though finished some time before his death, did not see the light until 1570, when it was published by his widow, appropriately dedicated to the Honorable Sir William Cecil, Knight, Principal Secretary of State. In his *Preface to the Reader*, ASCHAM thus graphically acquaints us with

The Origin of "The Schoolmaster."

"When the great plague was at London, the year 1563, the Queen's Majesty, Queen Elizabeth, lay at her castle of Windsor; where, upon the tenth day of December, it fortuned that, in Sir William Cecil's chamber, her Highness's principal Secretary, there dined together these personages,—M. Secretary himself, Sir William Peter, Sir J. Mason, D. Wotton, Sir Richard Sackville Treasurer of the Exchequer, M. Haddon Master of Requests, M. John Astely Master of the Jewel House, M. Bernard Hampton, M. Nicasius, and I. Of which number, the most part were of her Majesty's most honourable Privy Council, and the rest serving her in very good place. I was glad then, and do rejoice yet to remember, that my chance was so happy to be there that day, in the company of so many wise and good men together, as hardly then could have been picked out again out of all England beside.

"M. Secretary hath this accustomed manner; though his head be never so full of most weighty affairs of the realm, yet at dinner-time he doth seem to lay them always aside; and findeth ever fit occasion to talk pleasantly of other matters, but most gladly of some matter of learning, wherein he will courteously hear the mind of the meanest at his table.

"Not long after our sitting down, 'I have strange news brought me,' saith M. Secretary, 'this morning, that divers scholars of Eton be run away from the school for fear of beating.' Whereupon M. Secretary took occasion to wish, that some more discretion were in many schoolmasters, in using correction, than commonly there is; who many times punish rather the weakness of nature, than the fault of the scholar; whereby many scholars, that might else prove well, be driven to hate learning before they know what learning meaneth; and so are made willing to forsake their book, and be glad to be put to any other kind of living.

"M. Peter, as one somewhat severe of nature, said plainly, that the rod only was the sword that must keep the school in obedience, and the scholar in good order. M. Wotton, a man mild of nature, with soft voice and few words, inclined to M. Secretary's judgment, and said:—"In mine opinion the school-house should be in deed, as it is called by name, the house of play and pleasure, and not of fear and bondage; and as I do remember, so saith SOCRATES in one place of PLATO. And therefore if a rod carry the fear of a sword, it is no marvel if those that be fearful of nature, chuse rather to forsake the play, than to stand always within the fear of a sword in a fond man's handling."

"M. Mason, after his manner, was very merry with both parties, pleasantly playing both with the shrewd touches of many curst boys, and with the small discretion of many lewd schoolmasters. M. Haddon was full of M. Peter's opinion, and said, that the best schoolmaster of our time was the greatest beater, and named the person.* 'Though,' quoth I, 'it was his good fortune, to send from his school unto the university one of the best scholars† indeed of all our time, yet wise men do think that that came so to pass rather by the great towardness of the scholar than by the great beating of the master: and whether this be true or no, you yourself are best witness.' I said somewhat farther in the matter, how and why young children were sooner allured by love than driven by beating, to attain good learning: wherein I was the bolder to say my mind, because M. Secretary courteously provoked me thereunto; or else in such a company, and nameless in his presence, my wont is, to be more willing to use mine ears than to occupy my tongue.

"Sir Walter Mildmay, M. Astley, and the rest, said very little; only Sir Richard Sackville said nothing at all. After dinner, I went up to read with the Queen's Majesty. We read then together, in the Greek tongue, as I well

* Nicholas Udal, M. A., whom old TUSSEK thus flagillates in verse:—

"From Paul's I went, To Eton sent, To learn straightways The Latin phrase; Where fifty-three Stripes given to me At once I had:	For fault but small Or none at all, It came to pass, That beat I was, See, Udal, see, The mercy of thee To me, poor lad!"
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Udal was the author of our first English comedy, as noticed in *Shakspeare: his Times and Contemporaries*.

† Mr. Haddon.

remember, that noble oration of Demosthenes against Æschines, for his false dealing in his embassy to King Philip of Macedonie. Sir Richard Sackville came up soon after, and finding me in Her Majesty's privy chamber, he took me by the hand, and carrying me to a window, said:—'M. Ascham, I would not for a good deal of money have been this day absent from dinner; where, though I said nothing, yet I gave as good ear, and do consider as well the talk that passed, as any one did there. M. Secretary said very wisely, and most truly, that many young wits be driven to hate learning, before they know what learning is. I can be good witness to this myself; for a fond schoolmaster, before I was fully fourteen years old, drave me so with fear of beating from all love of learning, as now, when I know what difference it is, to have learning, and to have little, or none at all, I feel it my greatest grief, and find it my greatest hurt that ever came to me, that it was my so ill chance to light upon so lewd a schoolmaster. But seeing it is but in vain to lament things past, and also wisdom to look to things to come, surely, God willing, if God lend me life, I will make this my mishap some occasion of good hap to little Robert Sackville, my son's son; for whose bringing up, I would gladly, if it so please you, use specially your good advice. I hear say you have a son much of his age; we will deal thus together: point you out a schoolmaster, who by your order, shall teach my [grand] son and yours, and for all the rest, I will provide, yea, though they three do cost me a couple of hundred pounds by year; and beside, you shall find me as fast a friend to you and yours as perchance any you have.' Which promise the worthy gentleman surely kept with me until his dying day.

"We had then farther talk together of bringing up of children, of the nature of quick and hard wits, of the right choice of a good wit, of fear, and love in teaching children. We passed from children and came to young men, namely, gentlemen: we talked of their too much liberty to live as they lust; of their letting loose too soon to overmuch experience of ill, contrary to the good order of many good old commonwealths of the Persians and Greeks; of wit gathered, and good fortune gotten by some, only by experience without learning. And, lastly, he required of me very earnestly to show what I thought of the common going of Englishmen into Italy. 'But,' saith he, 'because this place and this time will not suffer so long talk as these good matters require, therefore, I pray you, at my request, and at your leisure, put in some order of writing the chief points of this our talk, concerning the right order of teaching, and honesty of living, for the good bringing up of children and young men; and, surely, beside contenting me, you shall both please and profit very many others.'—I made some excuse, by lack of ability and weakness of body.—'Well,' saith he, 'I am not now to learn what you can do; our dear friend, good M. Goodricke, whose judgment I could well believe, did once for all satisfy me fully therein. Again, I heard you say, not long ago, that you may thank Sir John Cheke for all the learning you have; and I know very well myself, that you did teach the Queen. And therefore, seeing God did so bless you, to make you the scholar of the best master, and also the schoolmaster of the best scholar, that ever were in our time, surely, you should please God, benefit your country, and honest your own name, if you would take the pains to impart to others what you learned of

such a master, and how you taught such a scholar. And in uttering the stuff ye received of the one, in declaring the order ye took with the other, ye shall never lack neither matter nor manner, what to write, nor how to write, in this kind of argument.' I, beginning some further excuse, suddenly was called to come to the Queen. The night following, I slept little; my head was so full of this our former talk, and I so mindful somewhat to satisfy the honest request of so dear a friend. I thought to prepare some little treatise for a New Year's Gift that Christmas; but, as it chanceth to busy builders, so, in building this my poor school-house, (the rather because the form of it is somewhat new, and differing from others,) the work rose daily higher and wider than I thought it would at the beginning. And though it appear now, and be in very deed but a small cottage, poor for the stuff, and rude for the workmanship; yet in going forward I found the site so good, as I was loath to give it over; but the making so costly, out-reaching my ability, as many times I wished that some one of those three, my dear friends, with full purses, Sir Tho. Smith, M. Haddon, or M. Watson, had had the doing of it. Yet, nevertheless, I myself spending gladly that little that I gat at home by good Sir John Cheke, and that that I borrowed abroad of my friend Sturmius, beside somewhat that was left me in reversion by my old masters, Plato, Aristotle, and Cicero, I have at last patched it up as I could, and as you see. If the matter be mean, and meanly handled, I pray you bear both with me and it; for never work went up in worse weather, with more lets and stops, than this poor school-house of mine. Westminster Hall can bear some witness, besides much weakness of body, but more trouble of mind, by some such sores as grieve me to touch them myself; and therefore I purpose not to open them to others. And in the midst of outward injuries and inward cares, to increase them withal, good Sir Richard Sackville dieth, that worthy gentleman; 'that earnest favourer and furtherer of God's true religion; that faithful servitor to his prince and country; a lover of learning, and all learned men; wise in all doings; courteous to all persons, showing spite to none, doing good to many; and, as I well found, to me so fast a friend, as I never lost the like before.' When he was gone, my heart was dead; there was not one that wore a black gown for him who carried a heavier heart for him than I. When he was gone, I cast this book away: I could not look upon it, but with weeping eyes, in remembring him, who was the only setter on to do it; and would have been, not only a glad commender of it, but also a sure and certain comfort to me and mine for it."

For "almost two years together this book lay scattered and neglected;" but Ascham believed with the wise SOCRATES, that "no man goeth about a more godly purpose than he that is mindful of the good bringing up both of his own and other men's children," and another friend was found to give him "some life and spirit again." It would have been a great loss to the world had we been deprived of honest Roger's *School-master*; and, I am sorry to assert, after three hundred years of progress, the majority of those entrusted with the education of

our future men and women, still make their school-houses mere juvenile prisons, and lovely Learning as repulsive as in the days when the Eton schoolboys fled from the tyranny of their hard taskmasters. When I reflect, that at the time when the truly illustrious Sackville enjoined upon Roger Ascham the literary labour for which he was so well fitted, the wise Shakspeare was about to become a "baby, muling and puling in the nurse's arms;" that, since then, he has been born, and lived for more than half a century, gathering knowledge of humanity such as never man gathered before, and teaching it to the world through the most attractive of all methods; that for nearly two centuries and a half this greatest of geniuses has rested in his Stratford grave, whilst his spirit may indeed be said "to walk abroad," enlightening and elevating the human race; that, since then, mighty strides have in every way been made towards ameliorating the condition of the people, physically, mentally, and morally; that in this age of railways, cheap literature, penny postage, and electric telegraphs, and after the experiments of such men as Pestalozzi and Wilderspin, our school system should be so far behind all other developements, and that punishments should still be tolerated for dulness in learning, even in schools under government inspection, is indeed to me matter of marvel. There is no higher art than that of teaching. "Let your scholar," says ASCHAM, "be never afraid to ask you any doubt, but use discreetly the best allurements you can to encourage him to the same; least his overmuch fearing of you drive him to seek some disorderly shift; as to seek to be helped by some other book, or to be prompted by some other scholar; and so go about to beguile you much, and himself more."

ASCHAM gives us the following

Instructions for Teaching Latin.

"There is no one thing that hath more either dulled the wits, or taken away the will of children from learning, than the care they have to satisfy their masters in making of Latines. For the scholar is commonly beat for the making, when the master were more worthy to be beat for the mending, or rather marring, of the same: the master many times being as ignorant as the child what to say properly and fitly to the matter.

"Two schoolmasters have set forth in print either of them a book of such kind of Latines, Horman and Whittington. A child shall learn of the better of them that which another day, if he be wise and come to judgment, he must be fain to unlearn again.

"There is a way touched in the first book of *Cicero de Oratore*, which wisely brought into schools, truly taught, and constantly used, would not only take wholly away this butcherly fear in making of Latines, but would also, with ease and pleasure, and in short time, as I know by good experience, work a true choice and placing of words, a right ordering of sentences, an easy understanding of the tongue, a readiness to speak, a facility to write, a true judgment both of his own and other men's doings, what tongue soever he doth use.—The way is this. After the three concordances learned, as I touched before, let the master read unto him the *Epistles of Cicero*, gathered together and chosen out by Sturmius, for the capacity of children. First, let him teach the child cheerfully and plainly the cause and matter of the letter; then, let him construe it into English, so oft, as the child may easily carry away the understanding of it; lastly, parse it over perfectly. This done thus, let the child, by and by, both construe and parse it over again; so that it may appear that the child doubteth in nothing that his master taught him before. After this, the child must take a paper book, and sitting in some place where no man shall prompt him, by himself, let him translate into English his former lesson. Then showing it to his master, let the master take from him his Latin book, and pausing an hour at the least, then let the child translate his own English into Latin again in another paper book. When the child bringeth it turned into Latin, the master must compare it with Tully's book, and lay them both together; and where the child doth well, either in chusing or true placing Tully's words, let the master praise him, and say, 'Here you do well.' For, I assure you, *there is no such whetstone to sharpen a good wit and encourage a will to learning as is praise*. But if the child miss, either in forgetting a word, or in changing a good with a worse, or misordering the sentence, I would not have the master either frown or chide with him, if the child have done his diligence and used no truandship therein. For I know by good experience, that a child shall take more profit of two faults gently warned of, than of four things rightly hit; for then the master shall have good occasion to say unto him:—'Tully would have used such a word, not this: Tully would have placed this word here, not there; would have used this case, this number, this person, this degree, this gender; he would have used this mood, this tense, this simple rather than this compound; this adverb here, not there; he would have ended the sentence with this verb, not with that noun or participle,' etc. In these few lines, I have wrapped up the most tedious part of grammar, and also the ground of almost all the rules, that are so busily taught by the master, and so hardly learned by the scholar, in all common schools; which after this sort, the master shall teach without all error, and the scholar shall learn without great pain; the master been led by so sure a guide, and the scholar been brought into so plain and easy a way. And therefore we do not condemn rules, but we gladly teach rules, and teach them more plainly, sensibly, and orderly, than they be commonly taught in common schools. For when the master shall compare Tully's book with the scholar's translation, let the master at the first lead and teach his scholar to join the rules of his grammar-book with the examples of his present lesson, until the scholar by himself be able to fetch out of his grammar every rule for every

example, so as the grammar-book be ever in the scholar's hand, and also used of him as a dictionary for every present use. This is a lively and perfect way of teaching of rules; where the common way used in common schools, to read the grammar alone by itself, is tedious for the master, hard for the scholar, cold and uncomfortable for them both."

There are many more passages in *The Schoolmaster*, which I would have given had space permitted; but so many other writers remain to be noticed, that I am reluctantly compelled to bid farewell to honest Roger Ascham, hoping that I have done something towards making his great merits better known in his native county; for he is not only one of the earliest, but also one of the best, of our old English prose writers. His wise maxims are taught with a calm earnestness of spirit and clearness of expression which appeal alike to head and heart; and his beautifully-simple description of the gathering of that talented dinner-party of statesmen, scholars, and poets, at Windsor Castle, described in the passage I have quoted, is so graphic, that one is fit to fancy we are present with the party. Let every true Yorkshireman feel proud that he belongs to the county which produced Roger Ascham, and ever bear in mind "the advantages of education, by which means alone we are rendered fit members of regular organized society."



DEAN WHITTINGHAM.

"Instruct me, Lord, in the right trade
Of thy statutes divine :
And it to keep, even to the end,
My heart will I incline.
Grant me the knowledge of Thy law,
And I shall it obey :
With heart and mind and all my might
I will it keep, I say.

"In the right paths of Thy precepts
Guide me, Lord, I require :
None other pleasure do I wish,
Nor greater thing desire.
Incline my heart Thy laws to keep,
And covenants to embrace ;
And from all filthy avarice,
Lord, shield me with Thy grace."

WHITTINGHAM'S Translation of the Cxix Psalm.

William Whittingham was born at Chester, in the year 1524. He was educated in Brazen-nose College, Oxford ; in 1545, he became fellow of All-Souls ; and soon afterwards, being considered one of the best scholars in the university, he was removed to Christchurch, that college being then in its infancy, but destined to become famous throughout the world, maugre the disgrace and death of its illustrious founder, Cardinal Wolsey. In 1550, he went abroad, and travelled through Germany, France, and Italy, returning shortly before the death of Edward the Sixth ; who expired at Greenwich Palace, July 6th, 1553. Being a zealous Protestant, on the accession of Mary to the throne, Whittingham fled from the popish persecution which then fell heavily on the favourers of the reformed religion, and he settled for a time at Frankfort, where he was the first to take charge of the English congregation of exiles, but afterwards resigned it to the care of the celebrated John Knox. The arrival of Dr. Cox and his friends, who insisted on the use of the English Liturgy, caused Whittingham to remove to Geneva, where John Calvin persuaded him to accept the invitation given him to become pastor of the English church there, and he was ordained by the laying on of the hands of the presbytery. During his abode at Geneva, Whittingham assisted in translating the Bible, "according to the Ebrew and Greeke and conferred with the best translations in divers languages," his associates

in the work being Miles Coverdale, Thomas Samson, Anthony Gilby, Christopher Goodman, Thomas Cole, William Cole, John Pullain, John Bodleigh, and John Knox.

If the reader has a copy of *The Whole Book of Psalms, Collected into English Metre, by Thomas Sternhold, John Hopkins, and Others*, and will take the trouble to peruse it, he (or she) will find the initials of William Whittingham to several translations by him :* metrical psalmody being introduced into our parish churches by the Puritans, from the Calvinists of Geneva. With the solitary exception of Addison's paraphrasing, how miserably our English poets have all failed in rendering the sublime Psalms into English rhyme ! Where even the godlike genius of our true poet, John Milton, has been unequal to the task,—save, perhaps, in his spirited version of the eighty-second Psalm,—how could Whittingham succeed, with only great learning and some talent ? An excellent preacher, we are told, he was, in an age when preaching was not so common as at present ; but he had never drank of the clear waters of Helicon, nor had he ascended Parnassus. It is, however, but justice to say, that after three centuries of progress have intervened, the majority of the Psalms sung in churches are quite as unpoetically rendered as those of the industrious and brave, but gloomy, Puritans. The following is WHITTINGHAM'S version of

The Fiftieth Psalm.

<p>“The mighty God, Th’ Eternal hath thus spoke, And all the world He will call and provoke : Even from the east And so forth to the west, From towards Sion, Which place He liketh best, God will appear In beauty most excellent : Our God will come Before long time be spent.</p> <p>“Devouring fire Shall go before His face ;</p>	<p>A great tempest Shall round about Him trace. Then shall He call The earth and heavens bright, To judge His folk With equity and right : Saying, Go to, And now my saints assemble ; My pact they keep, Their gifts do not dissemble.</p> <p>“The heavens shall Declare His righteousness : For God is Judge Of all things more and less.</p>
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* The Psalms versified by Whittingham are the 23rd, 37th, 50th, 51st, 114th, 119th, 121st, 124th, 126th, 127th, 130th, 133rd, 134th, and 137th.

Hear, My people,
For I will now reveal;
List Israel,
I will thee nought conceal.
Thy God, thy God
Am I, and will not blame thee
For giving not
All manner offerings to Me.

"I have no need
To take of thee at all
Goats of thy fold,
Or calf out of thy stall:
For all the beasts
Are Mine within the woods;
On thousand hills
Cattle are Mine own goods:
I know for Mine
All birds that are on mountains;
All beasts are Mine
Which haunt the fields and fountains.

"Hungry if I were,
I would not thee it tell:
For all is Mine
That in the earth doth dwell.
Eat I the flesh
Of great bulls or bullocks?
Or drink the blood
Of goats, or of the flocks?
Offer to God
Praise and hearty thanksgiving,
And pay thy vows
Unto God everliving.

"Call upon Me
When troubled thou shalt be:
Then will I help,
And thou shalt honour Me.
To the wicked
Thus saith th' Eternal God,
Why dost thou preach
My laws and 'hests abroad:

Seeing thou hast
Them with thy mouth abused,
And hat'st to be
By discipline reformed?*

"My words, I say,
Thou dost reject and hate:
If that thou see
A thief, as with thy mate,
Thou run'st with him,
And so your prey do seek;
And art all one
With bawds and ruffians eke.
Thou giv'st thyself
To backbite and to slander:
And how thy tongue
Deceives, it is a wonder.

"Thou sitt'st musing
Thy brother how to blame,
And how to put
Thy mother's son to shame.
These things thou didst
And whilst I held my tongue,
Thou didst me judge,
Because I staid so long,
Like to thyself:
Yet though I keep long silence,
Once shalt thou feel
Of thy wrongs just recompence.

"Consider this
Ye that forget the Lord,
And fear not when
He threatneth with His word:
Lest without help
I spoil you as a prey.
But he that thanks
Offereth, praiseth Me ay,
Sith the Lord God:
And he that walketh this trace,
I will him teach
God's saving health to embrace."

The four lines I have given in Italics, I confess, please me;
for there is a quaint sort of beauty about them that will com-

* Whittingham has here been thinking so much of "discipline" that he has forgot to rhyme. Perhaps his Pegassus became unmanageable.

pare favourably with the more modern rendering of TATE and BRADY:—

"I know the fowls that build their nests
In craggy rocks; and savage beasts
That loosely haunt the open fields."

I have only space for one more specimen of WHITTINGHAM's versifying: it is

The Ten Commandments of God.

"Attend, My people, and give ear,
Of ferly* things I will thee tell:
See that My words in mind thou bear,
And to My precepts listen well,
"I am thy Sovereign Lord and God,
Which have thee brought from careful thrall,
And eke reclaim'd from Pharoah's rod:
Make thee no gods on them to call;
"Nor fashion'd form of any thing
In heaven or earth to worship it:
For I thy God by revenging
With grievous plagues this sin will smite.

"Take not in vain God's holy name,
Abuse it not after thy will:
For so thou might'st soon purchase blame,
And in His wrath He would thee spill.

"The Lord from work the seventh day ceast,
And brought all things to perfect end:
So thou and thine that day take rest,
That to God's 'hests ye may attend.

"Unto thy parents honour give,
As God's commandments do intend,
That thou long days and good may live
In earth where God a place doth lend.

"Beware of murder and cruel hate.
All filthy fornication fear.
See thou steal not at any rate.
False witness against no man bear.

"Thy neighbour's house wish not to have,
His wife, or ought that he calls mine:
His field, his ox, his ass, his slave.
Or any thing which is not thine."

* *Ferly* is a now obsolete word, meaning *strange*.

The reader must bear in mind, that when Whittingham translated the Ten Commandments and fourteen of the Psalms into English verse, Edmund Spencer was in his infancy, and William Shakspeare was unborn; and if we compare him with that numerous tribe of versifiers who heralded in the glorious Elizabethan era of our literature, we shall find him quite equal to the most of them, though neither a Wyatt nor a Surrey.

During his abode at Geneva, Whittingham became united in wedlock with the sister of John Calvin; a union from which the antiquities and works of art in Durham Cathedral were afterwards to suffer, as we shall see anon. He wrote a Preface for his friend, Dr. Christopher Goodman's celebrated treatise, *How Superior Powers ought to be Obeyed by their Subjects, and wherein they may be lawfully Disobeyed and Resisted*, and earnestly laboured for the overthrow of Popery.

On the death of Queen Mary, Whittingham returned to England, and was appointed to accompany the Earl of Bedford on his diplomatic mission to the French court. He afterwards accompanied the Lord Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick, in the defence of Newhaven (Havre-de-Grace), which was placed in the hands of Queen Elizabeth by the Hugonots in 1562, and surrendered June 28th, 1563, after famine and the plague had completely weakened the garrison. The manner in which Whittingham had officiated as minister of the gospel during this trying period so much pleased the Earl of Warwick, that he persuaded the queen to present him to the deanery of Durham. He was a popular preacher, and preached before the queen in September. Like many of the eminent churchmen of that time, he was much opposed to the clerical vestments; and in a letter to the Earl of Leicester, he thus expresses himself on the subject. The extract will serve both to show the views of the Puritan party on this subject, and to prove what a trenchant pen WHITTINGHAM could wield as a prose writer.

On the Vestments of the Clergy.

"I understand, it is at last resolved upon, that we shall be compelled, contrary to our consciences, either to wear the popish apparel, or be deprived of our ministry and our livings; and considering the importance of the charge which Almighty God has given us, with respect to the faithful dispensation of His sacred ordinances, and the strict account of our stewardship which we must one day render to Him, I cannot, for a moment, doubt which alternative to

chuse. He that would prove these fragments of popery to be matters of mere indifference, and consequently such as may be imposed upon the church by the *ipse dixit* of the supreme magistrate, ought first to prove that such things tend to the glory of God, that they are agreeable to His word of truth, that they promote the edification of His church, and that they correspond with that liberty of conscience wherewith Christ hath made His people free. For if the wearing of these remnants of Anti-Christ be calculated to produce the very opposite effects, then, in place of being matters of indifference, they become objects of awful importance, and fraught with the most alarming consequences to the church. For how can the glory of God, the edification of the church, or christian liberty, be promoted by the use of those garments that the enemies of Christ have invented to ornament a system of idolatry, which God has everywhere denounced in His unerring revelation? What agreement can exist between the superstitious inventions of men, and the pure word of the holy Lord God? What edification can proceed from a system, by which the Spirit of God is grieved, the children of God discouraged and discountenanced, papists confirmed in their absurdities, and the floodgates of every Romish abomination thrown open, once more, to deluge the country with ignorance, immorality, and bondage, which neither we nor our fathers were, or ever will be, able to bear?

"Your Lordship will easily perceive, that to use the ornaments and manners of the wicked, is to approve their doctrines, and patronize their impiety. The ancient fathers, with one consent, acknowledge, that all agreement with idolatry, in place of being indifferent, is absolutely and exceedingly pernicious. We are told, however, that the use of the garments is not intended to countenance popery, but for good policy: but who can imagine that policy good which decks the spouse of Christ in the meretricious robes of the Babylonish strumpet? God would not permit His people of old to retain any part of the manners of the idolatrous nations for the sake of policy, but commanded that all the appurtenances of idolatry and superstition should be destroyed. Likewise our Saviour, in the time of the gospel, was so far from thinking it good policy, either to wear the pharisaical robes himself, or recommend them to His disciples, that he condemned them as hypocritically superstitious. We find that Jeroboam maintained his idolatrous calves at Dan and Bethel under the pretence of policy; and the true worshippers of God, at this day, have much cause of fear and trembling, when they see these relics of Anti-Christ set forth under the self-same pretence. For if policy be once admitted as a cloak to screen these limbs of Anti-Christ, why may not policy also serve to cover the enormous bulk of that mass of abominable corruption? and then farewell the simplicity of truth; farewell its purity, power, and spirituality. And what remains to be substituted in their room? Assuredly nothing but crowns and crosiers, oil and cream, images and candles, palms and beads, with an endless catalogue of such trumpery as decorates the harlot drunk with the blood of the saints!

"Your Lordship will perceive how deplorable our case must be, and how unequally we have been dealt with, if such severities be exercised against us, while so many papists enjoy their liberty and livings, who have neither sworn

obedience to the queen's majesty, nor discharged their duty to their miserable flocks. These men triumph over us, and laugh to see us so unworthily treated; nay, they even boast, that the portion of popery still retained in the church, is an earnest that the full harvest shall be forthcoming in due time. My noble Lord, pity the oppressed, the persecuted, and disconsolate church of Christ; hear the groanings of the children of God, thirsting for the water, and starving for want of the bread of life.

"I need not appeal to the word of God, or the history of the primitive church; your Lordship can judge between us and our enemies; and if we only seek the glory of God, the edification of His people, and that liberty which appertains to us, both as peaceful and loyal subjects to her majesty, and worshippers of the only true God, pity our case, I beseech you, and use your utmost endeavours to secure to us so reasonable a request."

Under good ARCHBISHOP GRINDAL, the Puritans in the province of York seem to have enjoyed almost perfect peace;* for he found the gentry generally opposed to the Reformation, and the common people immersed in ignorance and superstition, and needing the services of all true Protestants: for he writes to Sir William Cecil, from Cawood, August 29th, 1570:—

"I cannot as yet write of the state of this country, as of mine own knowledge; but I am informed, that the greatest part of our gentlemen are not well affected to godly religion, and that among the people there are many remanents of the old. They keep holidays and fasts abrogated: they offer money, eggs, etc., at the burial of their dead: they pray on beads, etc.: so as this seemeth to be, as it were, another church, rather than a member of the rest. And for the little experience I have of this people, methinketh I see in them three evil qualities; which are, great ignorance, much dulness to conceive better instructions, and great stiffness to retain their wonted errors."

Edwin Sandys succeeded Edmund Grindal in the archbishopric of York, in 1576; and, in the following year, we

* True, on the 28th of August, 1571, I find ARCHBISHOP GRINDAL writing to Archbishop Parker as follows:—"According to the letters sent from your grace and my lords of Winton and Ely, I have sent for Mr. Whittingham, and look for his appearance here within these three days; and I will not fail to advertise you what his answers shall be to the matters objected, trusting to find conformity in him, because he subscribed concerning apparel in my predecessor's days, as I take it. But as for Mr. Gilby, I cannot deal with him; for he dwelleth at Leicester, out of this province, and much nearer to London than to York. I would gladly see Mr. Goodman's book. I never saw it but once, beyond seas; and then I thought, when I read it, that his arguments were never conclusive, but always I found more in the conclusion than in the premises. These articles that your grace hath gathered out of it, are very dangerous, and tend to sedition." Of Goodman's arrest by Parker, and imprisonment until he made a sort of half-recantation, we have record: Whittingham most probably remained firm to his principles.

find him pouncing upon Whittingham as one without episcopal ordination, and therefore to be deprived of his deanery. The whole charges were thirty-five; one charging him with having caused several stone coffins, belonging to the priors, laid aside in Durham Cathedral, to be used for horse-troughs and pig-troughs, and their covers applied to paving the deanery floors; another, that he had defaced the brasses and images, and taken "two holy water stones of fine marble, very artificially engraven," to salt beef and fish in: for sepulchral monuments and effigies of saints seem alike to have fallen under the strict condemnation of our iconoclast, who (like the leaders of ancient Israel*) seems to have had much greater horror of idolatry than taste for archæology. But the crowning charge against him was that of being ordained Geneva fashion. The sturdy Puritan refused to answer, denying the archbishop's right to interfere with the Cathedral or its Dean. Whittingham was then excommunicated; but

* "Thou shalt not bow down to their gods, nor serve them, nor do after their works; but thou shalt utterly overthrow them, and quite break down their images."—*Exodus*, chap. xxiii., v. 24. "Ye shall destroy their altars, break their images, and cut down their groves."—*Exodus*, chap. xxxiv., v. 13. "Then ye shall drive out all the inhabitants of the land from before you, and destroy all their pictures, and destroy all their molten images, and quite pluck down all their high places."—*Numbers*, chap. xxxiv., v. 52. "Ye shall destroy their altars, and break down their images, and cut down their groves, and burn their graven images with fire."—*Deuteronomy*, chap. vii., v. 5. "Ye shall utterly destroy all the places, wherein the nations which ye shall possess served their gods, upon the high mountains, and upon the hills, and under every green tree: and ye shall overthrow their altars, and break their pillars, and burn their groves with fire; and ye shall hew down the graven images of their gods, and destroy the names of them out of that place."—*Deuteronomy*, chap. xii., v. 2-3. "And ye shall make no league with the inhabitants of this land; ye shall throw down their altars."—*Judges*, chap. ii., v. 2. "He [Hezekiah] removed the high places, and brake the images, and cut down the groves, and brake in pieces the brazen serpent that Moses had made: for unto those days the children of Israel did burn incense unto it."—*II. Kings*, chap. xviii., v. 4. "Now when all this was finished, all Israel that were present went out to the cities of Judah, and brake the images in pieces, and cut down the groves, and threw down the high places, and the altars out of all Judah and Benjamin, and Ephraim also, and Manasseh, until they had utterly destroyed them all."—*II. Chronicles*, chap. xxxi., v. 1. "And he [Josiah] brake in pieces the images, and cut down the groves, and filled their places with the bones of men."—*II. Kings*, chap. xxiii., v. 14. "And they brake down the altars of Baalim in his [Josiah's] presence; and the images, that were on high above them, he cut down; and the groves, and the carved images, and the molten images, he brake in pieces, and made dust of them, and strowed it upon the graves of them that had sacrificed unto them. And he burnt the bones of their priests upon their altars," etc.—*II. Chronicles*, chap. xxxiv., v. 4-5.

he appealed to the queen, who appointed Henry Earl of Huntingdon, lord president of the north, and Dr. Matthew Hutton, then dean of York, and afterwards bishop of Durham, to enquire into the whole matter. The lord president and the dean of York both took the side of the dean of Durham, Dr. Hutton declaring that Whittingham was ordained in a better manner than even the archbishop himself! As might be expected, Archbishop Sandys was dreadfully enraged at this termination; he therefore obtained another commission, directed to himself, the bishop of Durham, the chancellor of the diocese, the lord president, and some others. Whittingham then produced a certificate signed by eight persons, as follows:—“It pleased God, by the suffrages of the whole congregation at Geneva, orderly to chuse Mr. W. Whittingham unto the office of preaching the word of God, and administering the sacraments; and he was admitted minister, and so published with such other ceremonies as are there used and accustomed.” It was objected to this certificate that it made no mention of bishops, etc.; but the lord president said:—“I cannot, in conscience, agree to deprive him for that cause alone, which would be ill taken by all the godly and learned, both abroad and at home, that we suffer popish massing priests in our ministry, while we disallow of ministers ordained in a reformed church.” The commission, therefore, came to nought.

William Whittingham died June 10th, 1579, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. Those who, like myself, have a veneration for monuments of antiquity,

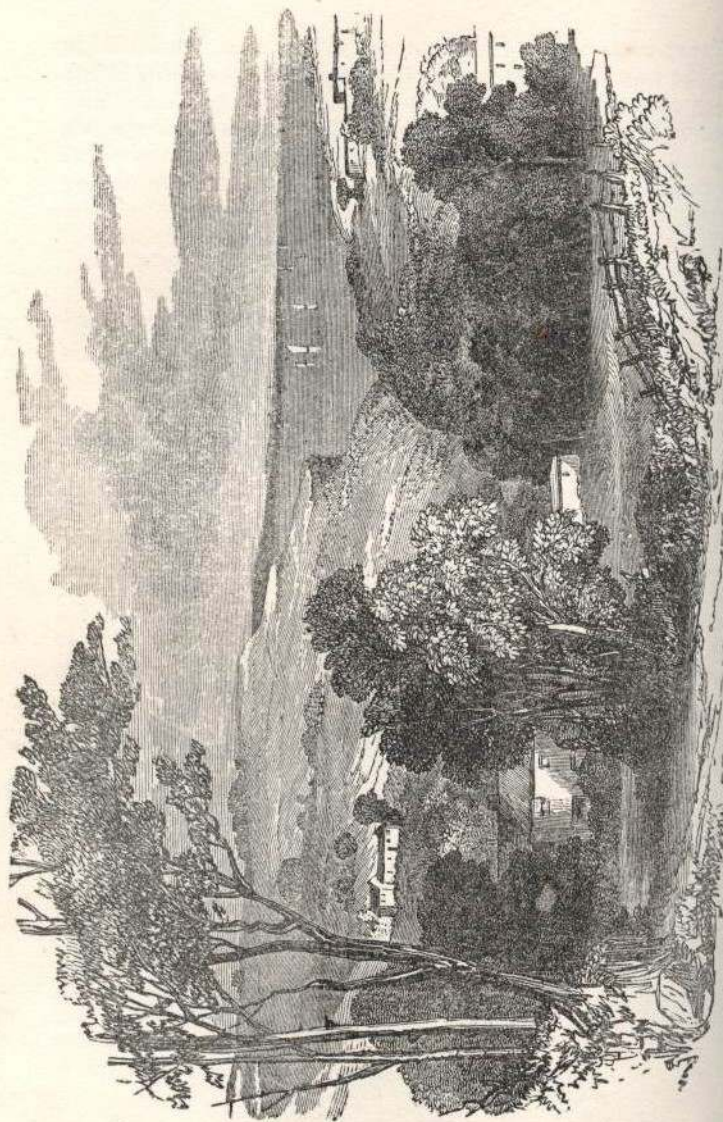
“And love the high embowed roof,
With antic pillars, massy proof,
And storied windows, richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light;”

who are fond of gazing on the recumbent figures of ancient warriors and ecclesiastics, and of examining sepulchral brasses, to derive from them information concerning the past history of our country and of civilization throughout the world,—certainly cannot help greatly regretting that many earnest reformers have too much resembled Jack in Swift's humorous *Tale a Tub*, who, in tearing away the tinsel foppery with which popery has bedizened the pure robe of Christianity, have sometimes made ugly rents in the garment itself; yet must every true Protestant venerate the unflinching integrity of our

old English Puritans, to whom, for their sturdy resistance to prelatical pride and ecclesiastical tyranny, the civil and religious liberties of Great Britain owe much. There was some excuse for earnest souls like Whittingham, in their fiery zeal, destroying even works of art which an ignorant and superstitious people regarded with veneration closely allied to idolatry; but what excuse, save that of ignorance, can be pleaded for the needless destruction of antiquities in the present day? That Dean Whittingham must not bear *all* the blame for defacing the monuments of antiquity in Durham Cathedral, the following extract from WILLIAM HOWITT's admirable *Visits to Remarkable Places* will show:—

"As we step into the spacious and lofty nave of the cathedral of Durham, we are struck, but with a different feeling to that which affected us at Winchester. There, the later date of the nave, the light-pointed arches of the roofs, the large and lofty windows, the exquisitely carved shrines of ancient prelates, and the great number of mural monuments disposed round the walls, gave you a feeling of elegance and beauty; here, all is plain, naked, and sternly majestic. The massy walls, almost bare of even mural tablets; the strong and lofty pillars, their shafts scored and ploughed into a variety of patterns, and great round arches; the side aisles, having upper tiers ornamented with the zigzag; the wide open floor, cleared of all shrines, chapels, altars, and other obstructions, and the very pavement levelled from even the old brasses and carved gravestones, give to your view the aspect and the amplitude of the great structure in its original simplicity. One cannot help a feeling of wonder, that in this ancient and most richly endowed church in all the land, such should be the case. We look for the monuments of the grand prelates that raised this august fane; and many of which, in like churches, are usually to be found standing on the floor of the nave in ancient state. Most of these, we learn, were interred in other parts of the building; and, in 1563, the wife of Dean Whittingham, a sister of Calvin, exerted her zeal in having monuments defaced, funeral brasses torn up, and stone coffins and holy-water stoups converted into troughs for curing her bacon, and other domestic uses! The Scotch prisoners, after the battle of Dunbar, were confined here for some time, in a state of great misery and destitution, many perishing from cold and hunger. In their own trouble, they forgot not to destroy monuments, and warm themselves with the woodwork of ancient stalls. And finally, in the memory of man, the floor was levelled, and re-paved, and most of the memorial brasses and stones taken away, or placed in obscure corners."





VIEW OF THE CLEVELAND COAST FROM HANDALE ABBEY.
(From a Drawing by the late Mrs. Turpin, of Kilmalee Hall.)

FRANCIS MEWBURN.



"A form erect and manly ; the body
Fit emblem of his rectitude of mind.
His hair, now bleach'd as white as Winter's snow,
After a life of honest industry,
Reminds us that his days are nearly done
On earth ; yet will his influence survive
When he is dust, and many wish to tread
In his sure footsteps : for a well-spent life
Is never lived in vain."

PETER PROLETARIUS.

There are a few worthy gentlemen in our district—would
that their number was much greater than it is !—who, though

possessed alike with antiquarian tastes and literary abilities, are little known as authors, but are unceasing in their endeavours to strengthen the hands of those who undertake that most laborious and least remunerative branch of authorship—local history. Of this ever-to-be-honoured class was Allan the Antiquary, now worthily represented by the present owner of Blackwell*; and of this useful little band of author-helpers is also John Reed Appleton, F.S.A., of Durham, and Francis Mewburn, the present Chief-Bailiff of Darlington. To the latter gentleman I did myself the honour to dedicate the second edition of my *Visitor's Handbook to Redcar, Coatham, and Saltburn-by-the-Sea*, "as a small acknowledgment of his great kindness in placing at my disposal, for the Local Works on which I have long been engaged, the many interesting and useful particulars relating to the Counties of York and Durham, collected by him during a long and laborious life, the leisure of which has been passed in studying and noting down whatever he could meet with relating to the History of the North of England." Surtees, Brockett, Walker Ord, and Longstaffe, have also publicly acknowledged their obligations to the subject of the present notice.

Mr. Mewburn belongs to a respectable family, long connected with Cleveland and South Durham; and he was educated at Ormesby, at a time when "the low side" was but thinly inhabited with a population whose chief commerce was an illicit one, so far as tariffs were concerned, and the ironstone in the adjoining Cleveland Hills was laying undisturbed and uncared for, waiting for the developement of that system of railroads, steam, and machinery, which alone could render it of commercial importance. Of Mr. Mewburn's important services to civilization as the first railway solicitor, I shall say little here, as that matter will be more appropriately treated of in my forthcoming *History of the Stockton and Darlington Railway*. But I may be allowed to remark, that he solicited, jointly with the late Mr. Raisbeck, of Stockton-on-Tees, the Stockton and Darlington Railway Act, which was passed in 1821; that he was appointed the law-clerk of the company and joint solicitor with Mr. Raisbeck; and on the latter gentleman retiring from the profession, he was appointed sole solicitor;

* Robert Henry Allan, Esq., J.P., D.L., F.S.A., of whom, as of his worthy relation, Allan the Antiquary, more anon.

in which capacity he solicited and obtained the following acts for making railways:—"The Auckland and Weardale Railway," "The Wear Valley Railway," "The Middlesbro' and Redcar Railway," "The Great North of England Railway," and "The Middlesbro' and Gisbro' Railway." The prejudices against the Stockton and Darlington Railway surpassed all conception: the country gentlemen did not like it, because it cut up their estates, without, as they mistakenly thought, conferring any advantages upon them in return; and they gravely alleged, that their cattle, corn, hay, and other agricultural produce, would be stolen by the waggoners employed on the railway: the farmers feared that their fields would be so much divided as to render them uncultivable: the sportsman prophesied that it would totally destroy fox-hunting, and lead to the downfall of all our glorious institutions in church and state: whilst an ignorant populace of all classes regarded it as a sort of hell-in-harness, which was to cause pregnant women to mis-carry, and to enrich a few greedy Quakers, and other speculators, by depriving the poor of employment. Had any one then hinted at the immense development of unthought-of trade and commerce, of which that Stockton and Darlington Railway was to be the harbinger, it is not improbable that he might have had to have shared the horrors of one of our then grossly-mismanaged lunatic asylums,—just as poor Solomon de Caus, the Norman discoverer of steam-power for moving ships and carriages, was shut up in a French madhouse, in 1641, by the cardinal to whom he had so perseveringly made known his discovery!

Mr. Mewburn has been gratified by not only living to see the success of the Stockton and Darlington Railway, for which he so manfully battled, induce parties in other parts of the kingdom to obtain railways, until the whistle of the locomotive has become as common as that of the blackbird, but also to learn that in every part of the civilized world the blessings of railways are more or less enjoyed.

Mr. Mewburn commenced practice as solicitor in Darlington on the thirteenth of May, 1809. SHELLEY has truly sung:—

"Those too the tyrant serve, who skill'd to snare
The feet of Justice in the toils of Law,
Stand, ready to oppress the weaker still,
And, right or wrong, will vindicate for gold,

Sneering at public virtue, which beneath
Their pitiless tread lies torn and trampled, where
Honour sits smiling at the sale of Truth."

But in law, as in everything else, "Honesty is the best policy!" and Mr. Mewburn soon had the satisfaction to see ability, industry, and integrity, secure for him an honourable and lucrative practice. Notwithstanding the vulgar prejudice to the contrary, I do not know any situation in life where strict honour and integrity are more required than in the legal profession; and, though my path in life has been one where the dark side of human nature has been most painfully revealed to me, I have found much more virtue than vice in the world, and, if I have found pettifoggers and blackguards amongst the lawyers, I have also met with gentlemen who would scorn to do a shabby action, either in the practice of their profession, or in any other relation of life.

On the death of Mr. Bowes, in October, 1846, Mr. Mewburn was appointed, by the Bishop of Durham, to succeed him as Chief Bailiff of Darlington: an office which he has done more to dignify than it has done to dignify him, and which at his death ought to be allowed to die with him, and give place to that of Mayor, which in some respects it resembles,—as, for instance, in the convening of public meetings. When the people become properly awake to the great privilege of municipal government, they will insist upon the whole country being properly divided into municipalities, each possessing its own magistracy and police force, its own poor-law and highway boards, its own coroner, and its own jail, and, better than all, its own board of education,—so that the benefits of centralization may be obtained, without sacrificing the liberties of England, as we are now fast doing, to a system of bureaucracy. Had Darlington possessed, as it ought long ago to have done, its mayor, aldermen, and common council, there can be no doubt that Mr. Mewburn would unanimously have been elected to its highest municipal honours. As it is, he has received various proofs of the high estimation in which he is held by those who know him best; and on the seventeenth of August, 1855, a service of plate, of the value of £400, subscribed by two hundred and twenty-four friends and admirers, was publicly presented to him, in the Central Hall,—“as a proof,” (so the inscription states,) “of the sense we entertain of the value of a character

based upon nearly fifty years spent in the zealous and upright discharge of the duties of a highly honourable profession; and further, as an acknowledgment of Mr. Mewburn's readiness to meet every public claim on his time and assistance, and of our esteem for him as a neighbour and gentleman."

Once, indeed, the integrity of Mr. Mewburn was, by interested parties, called in question: I allude to the trial *Macgregor and Wife appellants, and Thomas Topham and Others respondents*. This case came before the House of Lords on appeal from the judgment of the Hon. the Vice-Chancellor Wigram, on a bill filed to set aside the will of the late Richard Wrightson, of Cockerton, near Darlington, who died in 1830. The case was closed on Saturday, July 20th, 1850, when LORD BROUGHAM stated, that he must take some time to consider the matter, and would deliver judgment on the following Tuesday. The following extract from the speech of his Lordship in delivering judgment as aforesaid, on Tuesday, July 23rd, 1850, is a noble tribute to the high estimation in which Mr. Mewburn has so long been held:—

"Your Lordships have heard the case at very great length, and argued with the greatest ability, and with very great industry, by the learned counsel on either side, and it certainly is, in some respects, a case of a very distressing and (*but not when well considered*) also of a perplexing nature. For the question is not merely the ordinary one, whether the alleged testator did make his will or not; not merely whether the instrument purporting to be his will is really and undoubtedly the will of the testator or not, but in reality whether a person of mature age, somewhere about forty years old, who had been, the greater part of his life, in the profession of the law—who had been employed as an attorney and solicitor—who had respectable clients—had clerks to learn the law under him—had mixed in society with a vast variety of persons of the greatest respectability in point of circumstances and character in the County Palatine of Durham—and who had, at the time in question, reached such a state of respectability that there were not many solicitors in any part of the country who were more respected—whether he, such a person as this, has committed perjury and forgery; that is to say, has been a party, and the principal party, to the fabrication of a will as the will of deceased, when it was not his will, to give the estate past the heir-at-law to the widow of the deceased, who had no right, but for that will, to the estate. * * * I confess that I for one am unable to get over the radical and fundamental improbability which exists in the contention for the appellants, the defendants below, namely, that Mr. Mewburn, such as I have described him to your Lordships—a most respectable solicitor, of mature age, towards forty, if not more—at the time in good practice in the county of Durham—much respected by his neighbours, greatly trusted

by his many clients—nay, so much respected and so greatly trusted, that they who demanded a new trial cautioned your Lordships against granting it in that county, and in that neighbourhood—inasmuch as, say they—it is part of their case—in one branch of their application, which is to change the venue—if a new trial be granted insomuch as he respected, say they, that if the case is tried again which involves his character as the main point in issue—which it is from beginning to end—that is the whole question of fact—you cannot have a fair trial because all the hundreds of special jurors so respect him, or at least so very large a proportion so respect him, that you could never get a verdict of twelve respectable gentlemen in the county of Durham—perhaps not even in the adjoining and connected county, the sister county of Northumberland—who would listen to a case against Mr. Mewburn, knowing him from their own experience of him, and from their long intimacy with him, to be so respectable a person. That is of itself a great argument against supposing it likely that he should have committed this great offence. But what will you say if it turns out that he did it without any assignable motive? * * * Therefore, my Lords, upon the whole I am to advise your Lordships to affirm the order of His Honour the Vice-Chancellor. And I cannot do so, without again, before I close my observations, in justice to Mr. Mewburn, adding, that he, in my opinion, goes out of this high court of appeal as he went out of the court below, which tried the issue at Durham, with his character entirely and thoroughly unimpeached."

High praise this, coming from such illustrious lips as those of the great LORD BROUGHAM, but not too high for a man of whom Cleveland and South Durham may both be proud. That his services were duly appreciated by the railway company for which he had laboured so indomitably, with no precedents to guide him, the following resolution, passed on his retiring from his profession into private life, will serve to show:—

"Minute of the Board of Directors of the Stockton and Darlington Railway Company held in the Railway Office, Darlington, on Friday the 25th day of January, 1861, Thomas Meynell, Esq., in the chair.

"A letter has been received from Francis Mewburn, Esq., resigning his appointment as Law Clerk and Solicitor to the Stockton and Darlington Railway Company, and the same having been read from the chair,—Resolved

"That this Board reciprocates the expressions of regard contained in the said letter, and would record the regret with which Mr. Mewburn's absence from its meetings in pursuance of his retirement from the legal profession will be received by the Directors individually and collectively. That Mr. Mewburn will be assured that the Board is not forgetful of the energy, ability, and success, with which the Stockton and Darlington Railway Company's interests, committed to his professional care, were ever watched over and secured, even in those days when standing as it were alone before the community, as a railway

solicitor, new practice and precedents were of necessity to be created. That a connection so intimate for a term of forty years cannot be terminated without strong assurances of continued friendship on the part of the Board, nor the expression of earnest desires for his happiness throughout a lengthened retirement from care, in the bosom of his family.

"That a copy of this minute be sent to Mr. Mewburn.

"THOMAS MEYNELL,* Chairman."

I have mentioned industry as a marked trait in Mr. Mewburn's character. For forty years he rose regularly at half-past four in the morning, and retired to rest at twelve o'clock at night. He thus found time for much reading and study on antiquarian and general subjects which his extensive professional practice would not otherwise have permitted of. His only publication, however, with the exception of numerous letters in newspapers, is an octavo pamphlet, which soon reached a second edition, issued in 1830, entitled *Observations on the Second Report of the Commissioners appointed to Enquire into the Law of Real Property*; and it is a trenchant reply to the Commissioners, who had concluded that it was expedient to establish a General Register Office, in the Metropolis, for all muniments relating to Real Property, in order to render titles thereto more secure, and the transfer of interests and estates less dilatory and expensive. The following are a few of Mr. MEWBURN'S strictures on the

Proposed General Registry for Deeds.

"The great object contemplated by the establishment of a General, or Metropolitan, Registry, is the prevention of the negligent or fraudulent suppression of deeds relating to titles submitted to purchasers or mortgagees of property; and the question resolves itself into three branches—whether there shall be a Metropolitan Registry, or Local or District Registry, or no Registry at all.—It must be obvious to every well-informed individual, that, in many respects, the Law relating to Real Property requires material amendment; and that, too, in matters occurring in daily practice, which are of the most serious consequence to those concerned in them. The grievance has been long and deeply felt by every one who has had any experience in transactions connected with the transfer or ordinary management of landed property in this kingdom; and I, for one, am induced confidently to hope, that many of the suggestions of

* For a copy of the kind letter of Mr. Meynell which accompanied this Resolution, and Mr. Mewburn's feeling reply, see *The History of the Stockton and Darlington Railway*.

the Commissioners will, at no distant period, be fully adopted by the Legislature. I think, however, that, in reference to the proposed Registry, they have not paid to the interests of owners of property in the country, and especially of those in districts which are remote from the capital, that candid and impartial attention to which these were entitled, nor made that liberal and searching enquiry into the operation and effect which metropolitan registration would have upon the transfer of property, which ought to have characterized the labours and deliberations of men to whom was delegated a trust of such high responsibility, and of such vital importance to every individual in this great commercial and agricultural nation.

"The Second Report of the Commissioners commences with an elaborate statement of the numerous evils attendant upon the present system of conveyancing. But it is very perceptible, from the document itself, and from the evidence attached to it, that an exaggerated importance has been assigned to that which a General Registry is more particularly intended to cure. The annual number of transactions concerning Real Property is estimated at eighty thousand; but the aggregate instances of the suppression of deeds, within the collective experience of the profession, *in the course of twenty years practice*, do not, in all probability, exceed a thousand*—a contrast of figures which clearly evinces the impolicy of allowing a possible, but very improbable, occurrence, to influence the resolves of the Legislature, when the subject shall come under discussion. The investigation made by the Commissioners, indeed, reminds one of Don Quixote's battles with the giants whom his diseased imagination constantly conjured up. They have displayed an universal (I might almost say a morbid) apprehension of fraud, which the small portion of dishonesty actually existing is far from warranting. Yet to defend us against this bugbear, the complicated and cumbersome machinery, which the ingenuity of the Commissioners has devised, is sought to be put in requisition—as if knavery were the rule, and upright and honourable dealing the exception! 'Fraud' seems to have haunted the Commissioners like an *ignis fatuus*—besetting them in their dreams by day, as well as in their visions by night. Wheresoever they turned their steps—in whatever direction they rambled—the phantom seems to have presented itself to their view, and to have 'frighted' the learned gentlemen 'from their propriety.' * * *

"If a Registry be at all necessary, it appears to me obvious, for reasons which I will presently state, that Local Establishments should have the preference. The Commissioners, however, approve of a general one in London. The proposal is most objectionable. The arguments adduced in favour of one Establishment for the whole kingdom, in exclusion of District Offices, are anything but urgent—they are, in fact, *imbecile*: yet they are highly rated, and confidently urged; while the superior claims to adoption of the latter are, if

* "The probability is, that the number of instances is far more limited, as few attorneys, even in extensive practice, have had any circumstances of the kind brought before them."—*Author's Note.*

not overlooked, far from being fully and properly estimated. * * * It is proposed by the Commissioners, that the *Original* Deed (not a memorial or copy of it) shall be registered—that duplicate Originals, examined at the Register Office, may, at the option of the parties, be executed; and that Office Copies, unless objected to, shall be admissible in evidence; that Deeds shall prevail according to priority of registering; and that parties to any contract shall be empowered to enter a Caveat against any subsequent acts of the Grantor, operative for a limited period.

“Now, the first consequence of a Registry, either Metropolitan or Local, would be to saddle the country with a very considerable annual expenditure from which it is, at present, altogether exempt. The average expense of registering a deed in London is calculated, by the Commissioners, at £1. 5s.,—which, on eighty thousand deeds, would amount to £100,000; independent of the cost of searches, copies, duplicates (those made at the time having been lost, as duplicates, not being essential to the title, would be kept with that inattention to their preservation which is the fate of things worthless), agencies, etc.,—all of which would have the effect of materially increasing the outlay in legal proceedings, and more particularly of augmenting the dreadful expense of suits in Chancery. It is impossible, indeed, to calculate, with anything like precision, the expenditure which would be occasioned under the above heads. The presumption, however, is, that the establishment of a Metropolitan Register Office would impose upon the transfer of any Estate or Interest, however small, a charge of not less than £6 or £8, at the lowest estimate; and in purchases or mortgages of great importance much more: so that the annual tax upon the nation which would accrue from the course which the Commissioners have advised to be pursued, may be estimated at nearly a MILLION STERLING. With a Local Registry, the cost would be somewhat less; but in either case it would be grievous and burthensome. If this additional impost were levied on great proprietors alone, it would be a matter of comparatively little moment. But when incurred, in common with the rich and powerful, by those who are needy and indigent, and therefore less able to submit to the exaction (since the great majority of the transfers of, and charges on, property, are of less value than £500), it is clear that the tax would fall chiefly on those who, in the disposal of property, are most entitled to protection from unnecessary expense. When it is recollected, too, that the amount of the purchase money, in a very great proportion of sales of property, especially in the manufacturing towns, does not exceed £50, the manifest conclusion, maugre the statement of the Commissioners, is, that the costs, even now bearing heavily—too heavily, indeed—upon small proprietors, would be so greatly increased, as to be not only fraught with oppression and injustice to those who have to defray them, but would be so pregnant with injury to the general interests of the public, by interposing a check to the progress of improvements, that on these grounds, alone, it seems to me, the proposed measure ought to be regarded with the utmost jealousy by our Legislators in both Houses of Parliament. * * *

“But there is yet another point to be urged in opposition to a Registry which deserves the most serious and careful attention of all who are concerned

in the question. When all the legal instruments in this great country should be collected together, what if other times were to come again? In one of the communications made to the Commissioners, it is observed, that William the Conqueror seized the Charters of the Saxon Nobility, which were deposited in the principal Monasteries, and that, in consequence, confidence was never restored. What if, at some future period, some Northern Autocrat, lusting after territory, and ambitious of conquest, should, by the fortune of war, and the dispensation of an All-wise Providence, be placed in the situation of the Norman, surrounded by the same temptations, and influenced by the same disposition to reward the services of his followers? What if the days of mobs and tumults should be revived? * * * Or what if some second Jonathan Martin, actuated by a pious desire to promote the welfare of our souls, should be induced to apply a torch to our worldly gear? Or if, by any 'untoward' accident, against which no caution could provide, these edifices should be given to the flames? Woe enough there is when the deeds or property of a single individual are destroyed by 'the devouring element;' but how bitter would be the wailings, how piteous the lamentations, over the universal wreck of all men's parchments! The afflictions of our ancestors, when they sorrowfully described their condition to the Romans, that the Picts drove them to the sea, and the sea threw them back upon the Picts, were light compared with what ours would then be. It is argued, however, that a General Register would save proprietors the trouble of keeping their deeds. But may they not reasonably say, they would rather trust to their own care, than to the custody of any other person? 'The labour we delight in physics pain'; and I know nothing that can be more agreeable to a man, no task less irksome, than to protect that which is his own."



Had space permitted, I would have quoted Mr. Mewburn's keen exposure of the bungling of Parliament in its legislating on turnpikes: for when he does lay on the lash, he flagillates with a vigour that reminds one of William Cobbett. But I must pass on to give an hitherto unpublished paper relating to an eminent genius, whose labours during the most eventful portion of his life were intimately connected with South Durham,—I mean George Stephenson, the engineer who constructed the Stockton and Darlington Railway, which was the first passenger line in the kingdom. The frequent conversations which Mr. Mewburn enjoyed during many years of friendship with George Stephenson, renders his reminiscences of more than ordinary interest; and he was assisted in his recollections by Mr. John Dixon, the present principal engineer of the Stockton and Darlington Railway,* who was the first pupil George Stephenson had.



George Stephenson.

"The rise and progress of this extraordinary man is not only surprising but interesting. When the Stockton and Darlington Railway was talked of, he

* Now the Darlington Section of the North-Eastern Railway.

walked from Killingworth to Darlington, being too poor to hire a seat on a coach, and solicited to be employed as the engineer; but he was not engaged at that time. He walked home, and dined at Ferryhill, on bread and cheese, such was then his poverty! He was accompanied by Mr. Nicholas Wood, the viewer of Killingworth Colliery.

"He was born a pitman; and, when a lad, he attended to a steam-engine, which was at that time by no means so perfect as it now is; and, as he had a great deal of leisure time, he employed himself in making and in mending shoes and men's apparel. He was afterwards employed in the Killingworth Colliery. After he had worked in it some years, the colliery became unmanageable, from a press of water; and the viewer, being a man totally destitute of any knowledge of science, recommended the owners to abandon it, and a day was fixed for a meeting to take the subject into consideration. But a few days previously, George Stephenson hinted to the overman of the pit an improvement in the steam-engine placed at the mouth of the pit to pump the water to the surface; and the latter mentioned George's suggestion to the viewer. The viewers on the Tyne and Wear were at that period unscientific men; and if a pitman threw out a hint of improvement in any department of the colliery, he was immediately denounced as a rebel, and hunted as a wild beast: and whether any suggestion coming from such a quarter would be the means of raising the owners to opulence or of sinking them to absolute poverty, the viewer would sooner have seen his employers ruined than have hearkened to the hint of a pitman! The viewer of the Killingworth Colliery looked upon the pitman's hardihood, in daring to make a suggestion, as an act of rebellion; and he summoned the poor culprit to appear before the owners, at the meeting before mentioned. In fear and trembling, but determined to submit his reasons to the owners, George obeyed the summons. The viewer denounced him as a criminal, and demanded his immediate discharge. But the owners could not conceive in what respect the pitman had violated any of their rules, and they ordered George to be called before them. He was examined on the grounds on which he formed his opinion; and his reasons were so satisfactory and conclusive, that the owners decided upon adopting his suggestion; and they made him a present of Ten Pounds, which was the largest sum that he had ever received. The alteration in the engine was made, and the water was conquered for a time; but it broke in again. George was consulted once more. He said, if his suggestions were adopted, the pitmen should be at work again in a fortnight, which was the fact. The water was at last effectually subdued, and that colliery is now one of the most flourishing on the Tyne.

"George's genius now began to develope itself. Having a natural turn for mechanics, he now employed his leisure hours in mending watches; and, as he found great difficulty in contending against the fire-damp, he devoted his mind to the consideration of an effectual means of guarding against its consequences. He shortly produced a lamp, made of tin, in which were perforated holes through which a light was emitted. This he used in the Killingworth Colliery; but he

was so modest, or probably he was afraid of the vengeance of his viewer, that he gave the merit of the invention to another; but a dispute having afterwards arisen on the question whether Sir Humphrey Davy or he deserved the credit of having invented the Safety Lamp, it was discovered that George Stephenson, and not the other person, was the inventor. With respect to the dispute between Sir Humphrey and George, I am satisfied that George's lamp was invented before Sir Humphrey Davy was called to the collieries in the north. I read, with great attention, all the papers published during the continuance of that angry dispute, and although my leaning was in favour of Sir Humphrey Davy, (for one cannot help being led away by the sound of a great name,) yet my decided conviction is, that George was the first inventor. It is true that George's lamp was a rude performance; but, nevertheless, the same principle which regulated and guided his lamp operated upon Sir Humphrey Davy's. Sir Humphrey was exceedingly irritated at the bare idea of a pitman being supposed to have the merit of the invention: he wrote many very angry letters to the late Earl Strathmore, and to Mr. Losh, the barrister, on the subject; but the knight exhibited such a total want of candour and manliness, that a public meeting was afterwards convened at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and a dinner given to George Stephenson, in order that the public feeling might be expressed on the question in dispute. A very numerous meeting of noblemen and gentlemen was held, and £1,300 was collected at that dinner and in a few weeks afterwards, and given to George, as a reward for the invention: but, such was his indifference about money, that he lent it to a gentleman in the neighbourhood, and for many years he neither received nor asked for the interest.

"George now began to turn his attention to the science of enginery. The railways in the north of England were long famous for the badness of their construction, and a total absence of science in forming them. He improved the railways most materially, and laid them down on a plan which showed the greatness of his mind. Heretofore the ground was selected for the railway, and abrupt curves were the consequence. But George was regardless of the nature of the ground. He cut through hills, and raised valleys; and his curves are taken with such an extensive sweep, that there is scarcely any more resistance than in the straight line.

"George Stephenson is the inventor of the Locomotive Engine. Great expectations are formed of this engine, both in regard to drawing weights and to speed. The Stockton and Darlington Railway Company were the first to obtain a power to use it publicly. When the clause, which appears in their second act, was submitted to Mr. Stracey, Lord Shaftesbury's secretary, he could not comprehend what it meant: he thought it was some strange, unheard-of animal; and he struck the clause out of the act. I sent Mr. Brandling (the member for Northumberland) and George Stephenson to explain the nature of the beast to him. Mr. Brandling very soon enlightened his understanding.

"George Stephenson obtained a patent for Cast Iron Rails; but he was so satisfied that Birkenshaw's patent for Malleable Iron Rails was far superior to his, that he recommended the Stockton and Darlington Railway Company to adopt

them, which they did, and experience has proved the correctness of his opinion. George's abandonment of his own patent has drawn upon him the vengeance of all the cast-iron founders, and he who was considered the most honest and artless of men, is now denounced as the vilest of mankind : but he need not care for their calumnies.—In the latter end of 1824, a universal rage sprung up for railways, and such was the estimation in which George was held, that he was applied to, to survey the lines of nearly all the principal railways in England and Scotland.

“George is in manners exceedingly simple ; but it is impossible to be long in his company without discovering the marks of genius.

“About a year ago, Perkins made a great noise about his improvement in the steam-engine. He reduced the size of the cylinder, and compressed the steam twenty times more than any other engineer had done, and professed to condense the steam by means of atmospheric air instead of water. His great object was to reduce the size of the engine, and at the same time to obtain the same or a greater power than in the larger ones. An extraordinary rage prevailed in favour of this supposed invention, and Perkins was lauded to the skies. When this improvement or invention was publicly broached, George expressed to me his doubts of its correctness, but many scientific men in London expressed a most decided opinion in favour of it. George at length called upon Perkins, and saw his engine. He was soon convinced that Perkins could not accomplish what he professed to do, and stated his opinion to his friends and to Perkins ; but such was the rage in favour of it, that the speculators in the South American Mines had determined to employ these new engines in the mines of that country, and the East India Company were led to suppose that a vessel might be propelled from London to Calcutta in six weeks. What infatuation ! One evening, Mr. Raisbeck, of Stockton-on-Tees, was conversing with a gentleman, at the Gray's Inn Coffee-house, upon Perkins's supposed invention. The gentleman was loud in praise of it, and had come from Bristol to see the operation of the engine, and to embark in a speculation concerning it. Mr. Raisbeck, knowing George's opinion on the subject, introduced him to the gentleman, who, on conversing with him, became at last a convert, and he was so pleased with George, that he introduced him to a large party of scientific gentlemen in London, by whom he was severely cross-examined on every point relating to Perkins's engine. His opinion was found to be correct, upon a trial which George had himself of the engine. Professor Millington and several other gentlemen met George at Perkins's manufactory. Perkins exhibited an engine which he represented to be equal to ten horses power. George denied the representation, upon which very angry words arose between them. George, to put an end to the dispute, placed a stick against the fly wheel, and succeeded in stopping the engine by his own strength ; and, on Mr. Perkins contending that it was unfair to place a stick upon that wheel, he immediately took hold of the piston-rod, and again stopped the engine. George's triumph was complete. But Perkins was unwilling to relinquish, without another struggle, that hold which he had obtained in the public favour. Perkins proposed to make a bet

in favour of his invention : but, as George was not a betting man, he offered to pay all the expenses which Mr. Perkins should incur in an experimental test of pumping a given quantity of water, being equal to the same quantity which a ten-horse-power engine of Boulton and Watts construction would effect. The offer was accepted, and Mr. Richardson, the bill-broker, was George's bondsman. Perkins had many private trials, and Mr. Richardson frequently wrote to George and told him, that in a few days he would be called upon to witness the performance of Mr. Perkins's engine ; but these few days never arrived, and the public became convinced that they had been gulled ; and Perkins himself abandoned his darling, and turned his attention to a *Steam Gun*,—the first view of a plate of which must convince any man of its utter impracticability ; for if the enemy were to shoot off the valve, what becomes of the power of the gun ?

" The first time George was in London, attending the progress of the Stockton and Darlington Railway Company's second act, he dined at Mr. Richardson's, at Stamford Hill. He drunk all the afternoon what he thought was Gooseberry Wine, which he, in his modesty, thought was the fittest for him to drink, and was the cheapest on the table. He was not a little surprised when he was told, on finishing the bottle, that he had been drinking Champagne, which cost fourteen shillings a bottle.

" When George was first employed by the Stockton and Darlington Railway Company, he surveyed sixty miles of country. He was occupied full three months, with three assistants. His charge was £140, including his own and his assistants' expenses, a very elaborate report, and very large section, showing the difference between the line recommended to the company, for which they got their first act, and his : but as his fame increased, so did his charges. When he surveyed the Manchester and Liverpool Railway, he was paid four guineas a day, and two guineas for two clerks, besides expenses."

It will be seen that the foregoing was written during the lifetime of the highly-gifted man to whom it relates : and after the great engineer rested from his labours, Mr. Mewburn has added :—

" George Stephenson died worth £140,000. I state this on the authority of Mr. Edward Pease, of Darlington, who was intimately acquainted with his affairs."

Mr. Edward Pease, George Stephenson, Mr. Meynell, and others of the leading men in the formation of our First Passenger Railway, now " sleep the sleep that knows no waking." Mr. Mewburn still remains amongst the living, a tall old man, his hair bleached with more than fourscore winters, but with no stooping in his gait : passing his last years in the bosom of his family in felicity, notwithstanding

the annoyances which always attend a fast-failing constitution; and calmly looking forward to his summons to the Spirit Land, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

I ought not to close this imperfect memoir of Mr. Mewburn without stating, that to his labours the inhabitants of Darlington owe the establishment of their first national school, now half a century ago. But the churchmen of that day in Darlington would not listen to Mr. Mewburn's suggestion; they believed in keeping the lower classes in ignorance; and consistently refused to subscribe their own money to support a school for the poor, or even to let Mr. Mewburn a room for the scholars to meet in. With that Saxon perseverance which has ever distinguished all his undertakings, Mr. Mewburn applied to, and received from, some ecclesiastical personages in the bishopric, that pecuniary aid which his townsmen denied; and his first school-room was the porch of the venerable St. Cuthbert's church; reminding one of the expression which SHAKSPERE has put into the mouth of Maria: "Like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church." For two years Mr. Mewburn attended for an hour every day, assisting the master in hearing lessons, and supporting his authority; sending his clerks whenever absence from home, or pressing professional engagements in the office, prevented his being present as was his wont. At the end of two years, he had acquired a good attendance of scholars; and the churchmen, seeing it had succeeded, then came forward and supported it; Mr. Mewburn gave up his daily visits; and, in process of time, a school-room was built; and the churchmen of Darlington came gradually to see the good of educating the working-classes. "By education," says LORD BROUGHAM, "men become easy to lead, but difficult to drive—easy to govern, but impossible to enslave!"



The armorial bearings of Mr. Mewburn are—Argent, three lions, two and one, rampant, gules.—Impaling Smales. Crest, a demigriiffin. Motto, *Festina Lente*.

The arms impaled are—Sable, a cross voided, between four crescents, argent. Crest—on a chapeau gules, turned up ermine, a unicorn couchant.

* *Twelfth Night*, act iii., scene 2nd.

LIONEL CHARLTON.

"And oft, conducted by historic truth,
We tread the long extent of backward time."

THOMPSON.

"And what are all our Histories, and other traditions of actions in former times, but God manifesting Himself, that He hath shaken and tumbled down and trampled upon every thing that He hath not planted."—OLIVER CROMWELL'S *Speech on disbanding the Parliament, Jan. 22nd, 1655.*

For nearly eleven centuries had the spirit of the inspired Anglo-Saxon cowherd, Cedmon, sung its sacred anthems in that purer world, where the only distinction is that of greater or less resemblance to the Heavenly Father of all things; the unartistic abbey of Streonshalh had perished through the invasions and plunderings of this district, in the ninth century, by our pagan Scandinavian fore-elders; William the Bastard and his bold Norman followers had subdued alike the Saxon and the Dane throughout England, and a new people had sprung from the united loins of the conquerors and the conquered, destined to win truer freedom for themselves than their forefathers had ever enjoyed, and to be the happy means of spreading a higher civilization over the whole habitable globe; and the famous abbey of Whitby, erected soon after the Norman conquest, where the holy Hilda's once-flourishing monastery had for two hundred and seven years been a desolate site, had itself been a beautiful ruin for more than two centuries; when a poor pedagogue, limping-lame of one leg, and with one hand shrunk in every sinew, but with a mind as superior as in body he was inferior to his neighbours, became strongly possessed by the wise thought and the good inclination to thoroughly search and make known all the records of

the long defunct Benedictine Abbey among whose ruined arches and fallen architraves he loved to wander, and to give to his fellow-men a History of the rising town of Whitby, of which he had for many years been a resident,—a labour of love for which the name of LIONEL CHARLTON will for ever be honoured by all intelligent readers in our important district.

Lionel Charlton was a native of Hexham or its neighbourhood; and he was born about 1722,—a time when plotting against the house of Hanover on the one hand, and imprisoning non-jurors on the other, was of constant occurrence, and public feeling in England was unfortunately much divided between George the First and the Pretender. Having received the rudiments of his education at a grammar school, probably at Hexham, Charlton attended the university of Edinburgh, but does not appear to have taken a degree. About the year 1748, he opened a school in Whitby, where he taught mathematics, Latin, and French, in the toll-booth (since rebuilt), and also practised as a land-surveyor. In 1779 (the year in which the learned John Oxlee was born at Gisbro') he published, by subscription, *The History of Whitby, and of Whitby Abbey, collected from the Original Records of the Abbey, and other authentic Memoirs, never before made public*; a valuable work, which had been advertised for some years previously, and which was materially aided by the Rev. Thomas Percy,* D. D. and F. A. S., afterwards Bishop of Dromore, who, in the true spirit of an antiquary, both furnished information and procured subscribers for the volume. And a noble list of subscribers the zealous old chronicler had the honour to prefix to his volume, numbering no less than five hundred and thirteen names, subscribing for five hundred and fifty-one copies, one half of which (to their honour be it recorded) were subscribed for by the inhabitants of Whitby and its immediate vicinage. Amongst the names are many of high social position, but the following literary characters are worthy of special notice:—Allan the Antiquary, the Honorable Daines Barrington, the Rev. John Brewster, Richard Gough, Rev. John Graves, Francis Grose, John Hall Stevenson, Eli Hargrove, Thomas Hinderwell, Dr. Samuel Johnson, Mrs. Montague (a pupil of Dr. Conyers Middleton's), Rev. Dr. Percy, Sir Joshua Reynolds,

* The well-known editor of *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. See notice of Ritson.

Joseph Ritson, George Steevens, and Archbishop Markham. Of CHARLTON's fitness for the immense labour he had undertaken, the following extract from his Preface will give the reader some idea:—

"It is true only a few are properly qualified to peruse these records left us by the Monks; but all will readily own that it would be a great pity to have so many noble remains of antiquity moulder away into dust without being communicated to the world, and preserved for the benefit and satisfaction of future generations. It was this consideration that first induced me to set about writing the History of Whitby, than which few towns in Europe have better or more ancient memoirs belonging to them. I must own many of these have been perused by two or three very noted Antiquarians before me; but that was in so transient and superficial a manner, that almost nothing seems to have been done by them. Their ignorance also with regard to the places* mentioned in our records, was another great stumbling-block in their way, not to be removed by anything but a long residence upon the place.—To enable me to undertake this History, it may not be improper to acquaint the reader of the secret delight I had in this kind of study, even before the time of my going to the University, and of the pleasure I have ever received from the knowledge of anything relating to antiquity. This inclination I have always indulged, and find it grow stronger and stronger upon me as I advance in age.† During the thirty years I have resided at Whitby, I have (I presume) perused everything material that is now extant relating to the place: also my business as a surveyor of land has rendered me perfectly acquainted with every tract of land, and almost every field, belonging to Whitby Strand; while my frequent excursions into other parts of the county, have familiarised to me almost every name and place that occurs in our records. Add to this, a diligent perusal of these records, for several years, through the indulgence and encouragement of N. Cholmley, Esq., the present lord of our manor, which has made me so much master of the subject I proposed to write about, and supplied me with such a profusion of materials, that whatever faults may be espied by the critics in the following sheets, must entirely be imputed to my want of abilities, and not knowing how to digest the several particulars contained therein more properly."

The REV. GEORGE YOUNG, in his *History of Whitby and Streoneshalh Abbey*, published in 1817, remarks:—

* Occasionally Charlton himself will be caught tripping in this respect. Thus at page 74 of his History, the Upsall referred to in his footnote is evidently Upsall in Ormesby parish, and *not* Upsall "in the neighbourhood of Thirsk." I shall feel devoutly thankful if I am enabled to complete my *History of Cleveland* without ever falling into similar errors.

† Is not this feeling natural to all men? In youth we look forward with ardour to the future; in middle age we think more of the present; in old age we most love to contemplate the past.

"The intense application, and unwearied perseverance, with which Mr. Charlton improved those advantages, are very conspicuous in his work. I can easily conceive, from my own experience, what patient investigation, what painful assiduity, what toilsome drudgery must have been requisite, for poring over every page of the Register, getting acquainted with the different hand-writings, and making out all the contractions and barbarous phrases with which it abounds; and for examining and translating so many other documents; besides the toil of reading and collating numbers of books, and gathering information from all quarters. * * * It does much credit to the learning and industry of the author, but exhibits a greater display of laborious research than of solid judgment. There are two grand blemishes very discernible: the one is want of arrangement; everything is delivered in the order of time only, and hence we have no distinct and connected view of any particular subject, each being given by piecemeal, mixed up with other subjects: the other consists in embodying into the work an immense number of charters, comprising nearly the whole of the Whitby Register, which, instead of being wrought into a History, ought to have been thrown into an Appendix, as valuable materials for history; the substance of them being extracted to form the body of the work. Hence, to the generality of readers, a great part of the book is heavy and uninteresting. In several instances too, some of which have been noticed and corrected, the author has suffered himself to be misled by his fancy. Yet, with all its defects, the work is highly valuable; especially as we may depend on the author's candour and fidelity, where we cannot rely on his judgment and his accuracy."

With all due deference to Dr. Young, I must confess I think him too severe; and, to me, Young's *History of Whitby*, much as I value it, seems to be the heavier and more uninterestingly written book of the two. Though a local history ought most decidedly to be something more than a mere dry register of facts, yet I had rather have a file of good newspapers bound together, than a history on Young's plan, where everything is strictly marshalled into classes different to what we find in real life; and I am bold enough to assert, that Charlton was right, whatever Young might think to the contrary, in preserving his chronological arrangement. For what is the real history of every town daily, but here a birth and there a death, here a marriage and there a quarrel, here a deed of benevolence and there an act of cruelty, praying here and swearing there, labour and idleness, pleasure and pain, fair trading and robbery, all taking place at one and the same time. Besides, the man who was busy trading yesterday, is perhaps making merry with his friends to-day, and may be dashed to the earth with sorrow to-morrow. "The web of our life," as SHAKSPEARE* observes, "is

* *All's Well that Ends Well*, act iv., scene 3rd.

of a mingled yarn, good and ill together": and so it is in true history. Not here an uninterrupted course of religion, and there of war, and yonder of commerce; not here literature solely, and there agriculture only, and yonder manufactures merely; but a contemporaneous development and progress of each more or less; now this coming more prominently into view, and now that attracting more attention; but all existing at once, and each performing its own mission in the world, whilst ten thousand other agencies are performing their's. Thus a reader who carefully peruses his daily or weekly paper, has a much better knowledge of the real history of his own day, than if he read now a history of the wars of the present age, then a history of the commerce of the present age, and at another time an ecclesiastical history of the present age, and so on, till each separate subject was exhausted.

About 1762, Charlton had some trouble with Dr. Hayter, Bishop of Norwich, who was at that time lessee of the tithes of Whitby. Honest Lionel had written a paper in some periodical, showing the injustice of exacting tithes from the poor fishermen of our coast, for which the pampered prelate—strange successor of the poor persecuted fisherman of Galilee!—threatened him with a prosecution, unless he would eat humble pie. "But," says YOUNG, "neither the menaces of the bishop, the danger to which he was exposing himself and his family, nor the solicitations of his friends, could induce him to retract an iota; and his unbending resolution occasioned him much trouble and expense, and might probably have ruined him, had not the death of the bishop put a stop to the prosecution." As one Lionel Charlton was worth many Bishop Hayters, one cannot but rejoice at this happy termination of this unhappy affair.

After a well-spent life, Lionel Charlton died May 16th, 1788, after a residence of forty years in that sea-washed, ruin-crowned, famous old Whitby, whose present development he would have delighted to have chronicled. Not only as a writer, but as a schoolmaster, does Whitby owe much of that love of knowledge which has ever since distinguished its people, to good old Charlton; of whom it might be said in the language of GOLDSMITH, that

"if severe in aught,
The love he had for learning was in fault."

He left a widow, two sons, and a daughter, all of whom were dead when Young published his History; but a grandson was living at Scarbro'. The child of Charlton's brain, however, will not soon be forgotten, like those of his loins: and whenever the departed benefactors of Whitby and its neighbourhood are called to memory, the name of Lionel Charlton must not be forgotten. As a specimen of his style of composition, I extract

The Founding of Streanshalh* Abbey.

"No sooner had King Oswy completed the conquest of Mercia, and settled affairs in the kingdom of Northumberland, but he appointed a solemn day of thanksgiving to God for the success He had granted him against his enemies; and then, being resolved to perform his vow, he assembled his council to deliberate where this nunnery was to be built, in which his infant daughter Elfleda was to be consigned to perpetual virginity; as also to consider who should be the Abbess or Governess, under whose care and direction she might be brought up. But here there was no necessity for much deliberation, since the great quantity of crown land that lay about Streanshalh rendered it a proper place for building an Abbey; and Lady Hilda, a native there, who was now in the forty-third year of her age, had acquired so high a character for virtue and holiness of life, that she was deemed one of the greatest ornaments of the Northumbrian nation, being famed all over the island of Great Britain, not only for her extraordinary knowledge and learning, but also for her charity, meekness, and humility. She now lived in the monastery at Hartlepool, abstracted as it were from the world; and Oswy, for the present, sent his daughter there, till such time as an Abbey was built at Streanshalh, and proper accommodations made near it for a nunnery.

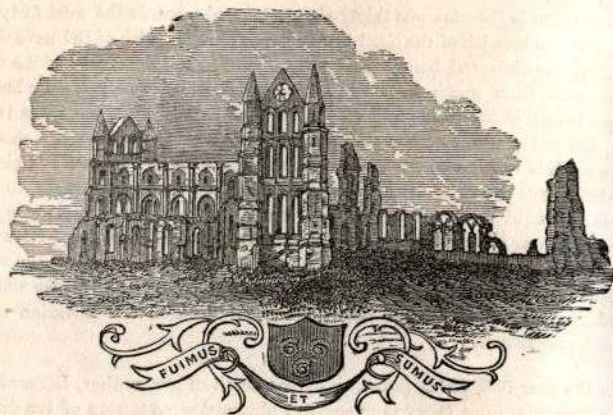
"The cathedral church at York had now been finished about fifteen years; which being judged a master-piece of workmanship, Oswy resolved to make it the model of that Abbey he now intended to build at Streanshalh; for which purpose it is believed he engaged as many of those architects and workmen as he then could meet with, who had been concerned in building that noble structure. After which, the proper materials being provided, the foundations of an Abbey were laid, and the building begun, anno 656, on forty superb pillars, in the Gothic form of architecture; the whole length of the Abbey being a hundred yards; of which

*The reader will observe a difference in the spelling of this name: *Streanshalh* (or *Streaneshalch*) is the Latin; and *Streoneshalh* is the Saxon. Charlton adopted the former spelling, and Young both, but principally the Saxon.

the nave towards the east was thirty-six yards, and towards the west forty-nine yards, and the breadth of the choir fifteen yards; the breadth of the nave within (including the cloisters) being twenty-three yards; and the extent of the choir, or cross-part, from north to south, fifty yards, which was precisely half the extreme length of the whole building. Also the height of the nave was twenty yards, and of the tower or steeple thirty-five yards. Great diligence was used to forward this work, and great care taken that it might be neat and elegant. Lady Hilda was the chief director: she often attended at Streanshalh, to order what she thought most proper and convenient to make the whole complete; and nothing was undertaken or done there without consulting her. Great was her pleasure to see a fabric rising and advancing regularly, in which she was to spend the remainder of her days; where she could enjoy her native soil, live retired from the world, and be instrumental towards the salvation of her ignorant neighbours.

"In the year 658, Hilda (whether by the death of her mother, Bereswith, or by the bounty of king Oswy is uncertain) obtained a possession of ten families in the neighbourhood of Streanshalh, being the lordship or manor of Aislaby, where she had been born. The monastery was then so far completed, that she, with the young Princess Elfleda, and ten more virgins from Hartlepool, took up their residence therein. Several other ladies also, following the example of Hilda, embraced this opportunity of renouncing the world, and professing themselves Nuns, pleased with the company of so pious a mistress, and allured with the prospect of an eternal crown, which was then considered as the certain appendage of mortification and self-denial. That they might be supported in a manner suitable to their rank and dignity, King Oswy immediately put them in possession of the crown lands that lay all around Streanshalh, viz. the whole of Whitby Strand."

As nothing bearing the least resemblance to "the Gothic form of architecture" was at that time practised in England, the fore-going passage from CHARLTON, though far from being "heavy and uninteresting," certainly fully bears out YOUNG's remark, that "the author has suffered himself to be misled by his fancy." If the reader will turn to the woodcut given at page 28 of this volume, he will find an excellent illustration of the ecclesiastical architecture of the Lady Hilda's day; the walls of wicker-work (sometimes of timber), and the roof of thatch: and the palaces of our kings at that time were not a whit better. CHARLTON thus describes the founding of a new monastery on the site of the old one; the ruins of which are now well worthy of a visit.



Whitby Abbey.

"At the time of the Conquest, anno 1066, Whitby, Whitby Strand, and many other large possessions, to the northward of the Humber, belonged to a Yorkshire Earl, called Gospatric, who, after the battle of Hastings, not choosing to submit to the Conqueror, fled away into Scotland, and lived there some years in exile: but his Yorkshire possessions were given away to the Normans; particularly, the port of Whitby, and all the land in Whitby Strand, belonging to Gospatric, was assigned over by Duke William to the aforesaid Hugh Lupus; who, little pleased with the barrenness of the soil, and unfavourable situation of the place, as being in a manner separated by wild moors from all the rest of England, some time after being in possession, disposed of all or most of this land to his friend and associate, William de Percy; and he, though he had very considerable possessions in other parts of England, built nevertheless two seats upon this estate, where he sometimes used to reside, viz. one at Sneton, and the other at Hackness.

"In the year 1069, the Danes having landed in England, Waltheof, Gospatric, and several other of the exiled Lords, joined them near York, with a great number of armed men. After burning York Minster, with a choice library of books belonging thereto, and a great part of the city, they took the same by assault, and put the Norman garrison there to the sword. King William hastening down to the northward with an army, gave the confederates battle, whom he routed; and afterwards ravaging the whole country, retook the city of York by siege, when he very severely punished, not only the rebellious officers and soldiers, but also the citizens: only he received into his special favour the Governor, Waltheof, on account of his singular valour; and, at the intercession

of William de Percy, was pleased also to pardon Earl Gospatric (whose daughter, Emma, that nobleman had just taken to wife), and, with great liberality, again restored him a part of his former estate. This Lady Emma, about the time of her marriage, took the name of Emma de Port, which I conceive was from her being Lady or Mistress of the port of Whitby, near which she then lived.

"In the year 1074, three Benedictine Monks, called Aldwine, Alfwine, and Reinfrid, belonging to the Abbey of Evesham, in Worcestershire, being desirous to restore religion in the province of Northumberland, came unto York, and there desired of Hugh Fitz Baldric, then Sheriff of that shire, to give them a guide, and procure them a safe conduct unto Moncaster, now called Newcastle, where they proposed settling, as being a place in which, before the time of the Danes, some Monks had resided. But when they arrived there, they found all was defaced and gone; no token or sign existed of any religious persons having had their habitation there; nor could they so much as discover that any Monastery had ever stood near that place. The people also that lived in those parts were so savage and wild, that, far from being encouraged, they found it necessary to quit the place, after living there a considerable time, and being reduced to extreme want. On which they removed down the river Tyne to Jarrow, where they found the ruins of churches and other decayed buildings, the former residence of such Monks and religious persons as had there inhabited. Here they met with little better encouragement than at Moncaster; and, in their extreme poverty, were obliged to apply to Walkher, then Bishop of Durham, from whom they received such assistance, that these three Monks separating, and going three several ways, were enabled at the same time to found three different Monasteries, viz. one at Durham, another at York, and the third at Whitby.

"Reinfrid, to whose lot Whitby fell, on his arrival there, made application to William de Percy, who, greatly pleased with the company of this new and unexpected guest, made him all the assistance that lay in his power. He had formerly been a soldier under Percy, in the army of the Conqueror, and when that prince came down to the northward, anno 1069, to quell a rebellion, and to make head against the Danes, who had burnt York, Reinfrid was among his troops. As they continued a considerable time in Yorkshire, he went, with the king's leave, to visit his former commander, who then resided at Sneton. 'Here,' says the records of Whitby Abbey, 'he saw, with much emotion of heart, the ruinous condition, not only of the church, but also of the Abbey and Monastery at Whitby, where he perceived there had formerly been oratories, or cells, for about forty monks; the altar-table, and some shattered walls, being all that now remained of that once-noble edifice.'

"When the Conqueror had settled affairs in the north, he returned again to the southward; and Reinfrid, who had now formed the resolution of spending the remainder of his days in a monastic life, had interest enough at court, to gain his dismissal from arms; on which he retired into the Monastery of Evesham in Worcestershire, and took the habit of a Benedictine Monk. Here he resided several years, till he was perfectly well acquainted with the rules of the order;

after which, he, and his two associates, travelled into Northumberland, and, as we have already observed, Reinfrid came, by the way of Newcastle and Jarrow, to Whitby.

"William de Percy was naturally of a religious disposition, perhaps not altogether without a tincture of superstition; he revered the clergy as Christ's vicegerents here on earth, and considered the Monks as a necessary order of men to help us on our way heavenwards, who, on account of their fervent piety and devotion, were sure to entail the divine blessing on such of the laity as lived near them and respected them. No wonder then if this second visit from Reinfrid, in the habit of a Benedictine monk, was highly agreeable to him; the records of the Abbey say, 'He received him honourably, and engaged to support so laudable an undertaking.' To make it appear that he was in earnest, he immediately set about repairing a part of the Monastery, where Reinfrid, and such others as were disposed to join him, might reside. Reinfrid lived not long there alone; several associates joined him, as soon as proper conveniences were made; and he, being appointed their Prior, undertook to instil into their minds the great duties of patience, humility, self-denial, charity, and such other Christian virtues as ought to adorn a Monk. They behaved with such order and decorum, as in general gained them the goodwill and esteem of all that knew them, so that several persons, not altogether of the lowest rank, allured by their example, took upon them the habit of their order, not disdaining the austerities of a monkish life, that they might retire from the world, and secure to themselves an inheritance in the kingdom of heaven.

"William de Percy, well pleased with the behaviour of Reinfrid and his fraternity, soon after their first settling at Whitby, put them in possession of two carucates, or two hundred and forty acres, of land, adjoining to their Monastery. Also Hugh, Earl of Chester, granted them the following charter:—
'Hugh, Earl of Chester, to Thomas, Archbishop of York, to William de Percy, to the Sheriff of Yorkshire, to his rulers and servants, and to all faithful Christians, greeting. Know ye, that I have granted to Reinfrid the Prior, and to his Convent, the church of St. Peter's at Whitby, and all things belonging thereto. And to these of the aforesaid church I have given the church of Fleinsburgh,* with all the tithes there, whether French or English, for a perpetual alms. Witnesses, Earl Alan, and Ralph Paganell, and Astgetill de Bulmer, and Robert de Bruis, and Gilbert son of Adelard, with others.'"

* "As for Flambrough, Earl Hugh, soon after the Conquest, settled a colony of Flanderkins or Flemings in those parts, who built a church and town there; and from them it took the denomination of Flammenville, Flammerville, Fleinesburgh, or Flambrough, by some of which names it has been known ever since. The church there was in the next century ceded to the priory of Bridlington, but on what consideration does not appear."—CHARLTON.

JOHN JACKSON, OF RUDBY.

"Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view.

* * * * *

The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write and cypher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge;
In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,
For e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head should carry all he knew."

GOLDSMITH'S *Deserted Village*.

JOHN JACKSON, who for six-and-twenty years was master of Rudby School, was so much esteemed as a classical and mathematical teacher that the sons of the principal inhabitants of Stokesley used to travel daily to and from his academy to avail themselves of his instruction. Many of the sundials still existing in Cleveland are of his manufacture, that at Rudby Church being one. He was born about the year 1743, and died May 27th, 1808, in the sixty-fifth year of his age; leaving a widow, named Ann, who survived him until Dec. 27th, 1815, when she died at the age of sixty-seven. The following song by Jackson was set to music by its author, and for many years enjoyed considerable popularity in this district, on account of the then well-known incidents of the remarkable

hunt which it chronicles. It was first printed in *Tweddell's Yorkshire Miscellany* for July, 1846, thirty-eight years after the death of its author, and sixty-one years after its composition, from a manuscript which (though beautifully written) had become cut to fragments by the wear and tear of more than three score years. I now reprint the song, with the addition of such foot-notes as time has rendered necessary to make it generally understood.

The Clebeland Fox-Chase.



"The glimpse of Aurora appears o'er the hills,
The morning 's inviting and fair;
The murmuring streamlets and fine purling rills,
Along with the sweet-scented air,
Invite the gay sportsmen; and first do appear
The two noble chiefs* of Greenhow,
With famed Gisb'rough's lord,† and the hounds in the rear,
In hopes to cry off—Tally-ho!

"The pearl-drops of dew now bespangling the thorn,
Give pleasure to sportsmen now here,
Who gates, hedges, ditches, do view but with scorn—
Such sportsmen are strangers to fear.

* Sir William Foulis, Bart., who died Sept. 5th, 1802; and his brother, John Robinson Foulis, Esq.

† William Chaloner, Esq., J. P., the owner of the hounds, who died May 8th, 1793. PIERSON, in his *Roseberry-Toppin: or the Prospect of a Summer's Day; a Descriptive Poem*, published at Stokesley in 1783, (and attacked by Jackson,) terms him

"A constant huntsman, eager in the chase."

So each furze and thicket with care then they try,
At Weary Bank meet with the foe;
To Crathorne he scours, in full hopes by and by
To get clear of the cry—Tally-ho!

“Then Limpton, next Worsal, and Picton he tries,
But ah! all these efforts are vain;
The huntsman's loud holloa and hounds' jovial cry
Are fit to rend Reynard in twain.
Then Crathorne and Weary Bank he tries once more,
And these but increasing his woe,
Along Foxton Gill, and across Seamer Carr,
He tries to shake off—Tally-ho!

“The hounds still pursuing, to Tanton he scours,
Next Nunthorpe, then Langbaugh he tries,
But all yet in vain, (then how dull are his hours,)
Each place to him entrance denies.
Then Newton, Rosebury, Hutton-Lowercross Gill,
To each in their turn he does go;
And at Lownsdale, Court Moor, and at Kildale Mill,
He tries for to clear—Tally-ho!

“But all still in vain: he to Percy Cross hies,
To Sleddale and Pelly Rigs bent,
His speed not abated, like lightning he flies,
Which give the true sportsmen content.
Then to Skelderskew, Lockwood Beck, Freeborough Hill,
But none of these earths must he know;
Though admittance denied, yet his hopes are still
The far shall out strip—Tally-ho!

“To Danby Lodge, Coal Pits, and o'er Stonegate Moor,
To Scayling, bold Reynard doth hie;
To Barmby and Ugthorpe Mill he doth scour,
At Mickleby seemeth to fly:
But no aid he finds, so to Ellerby goes,
And then he tries Hinderwell too;
Yet all do but seem as increasing his woes,
Still he hopes for to clear—Tally-ho!

“Rowntree,* Cole,† Davison, Stockdale also,
With ten couple of the best hounds,

* Christopher Rowntree, Esq., commonly called *Kitty* Rowntree, of Middleton-on-Leven, great-grandfather to the author of the present volume, is perhaps the only man on record who was the subject of an assize trial as to whether or not he was a gentleman. This was decided in Mr. Rowntree's favour at York assizes, the judge being Mr. Baron Thomson; and Mr. Sergeant Cockle was the

Came up on the cliff, and poor Reynard do view,
 Till he earths in these happy grounds.
 On twenty-ninth January, eighty-five,
 Bold Reynard made this noble show
 Of sixty miles chase, and at last did contrive
 To get clear from the cry—Tally-ho!

“Yet though he escaped them, deny it who can,
 They acted like sons of the chase,
 So fill up a bumper to each honest man—
 May fox-hunting flourish apace!
 May we run so life's chase, that when to an earth bound,
 Like Reynard we may safe to it go,
 And in mansions above rest where true joys are found,
 And never more hear—Tally-ho!”

barrister against, and Mr. Sergeant Law the counsel in defence of, Mr. Rowntree's gentility. *The People's History of Cleveland* now preparing for publication by the author of *The Bards and Authors of Cleveland and South Durham*, will contain a full account of this remarkable trial.

† Thomas Cole, the huntsman, a native of Newby near Stokesley, was one of the best riders of his day. On one occasion, being sent by his master, Mr. Chaloner, to escort some dogs to London, he visited Astley's Amphitheatre, where a hunting piece was being performed; he became excited by the representation of his favorite sport, and gave the *View Holloa* with such effect from the gallery, as to make the place ring again, amidst the loud applause of the astonished Londoners, who encored the unlooked-for performance of what to them was a greater novelty than any on the boards.



THOMAS JOHN CLEAVER.

"Let cold ones scorn the burden of thy song,
And lightly prize the music of thy lyre,
They know not, dream not, of the holy fire
That burns within thy heart. To thee belong
Thoughts, feelings, aspirations, understood
But by a kindred soul. The pure, the good,
That live in thee, like latent light, too oft
Remain obscured; yet, by some gentle touch
Of sympathetic good, thy nature's soft
And better part awakes," etc.

E. M. HEAVISIDES'S *Sonnet to T. J. Cleaver.*

"The elegant language of a local poet, whose chaste and hopeful writings are not sufficiently appreciated."—*The Visitor's Hand-Book to Redcar, Coatham, and Saltburn-by-the-Sea.*

In the year 1848, a neatly got up volume, of a hundred and thirty-two pages of demy 12mo., was published, by subscription, from the press of the late Mr. William Braithwaite, of Stokesley, entitled *Night and other Poems, by THOMAS JOHN CLEAVER, President of the Stockton Literary Club.* A portion of the principal poem, which possesses considerable merit, with some of the minor pieces, had appeared in *Tweddell's Yorkshire Miscellany*; as had also several smoothly-written prose pieces, from the same pen, which were entitled *Tales of the Old Bachelor*,—a happy title in these days of far-fetched ones, when many authors seem to pride themselves upon chusing titles from which it is scarcely possible even to guess at the subjects treated of in their volumes.

Open Mr. Cleaver's volume where one will, it is at once evident that he has but to be true to his own gentle Muse to arrive at eminence as a poet. Purity of thought and diction, har-

mony of versification, and a love of the beautiful and true, characterise all his writings. When once the chaste principles which he so elegantly inculcates are felt and lived by all, then will humanity assume its proper place on this globe, and the whole human race enjoy a greater degree of happiness even than that of the fabled Golden Age.

"Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
Aid it, hopes of honest men;
Aid it, paper—aid it, type—
Aid it, for the hour is ripe.
And our earnest must not slacken
 Into play.
Men of thought and men of action
 Clear the way!"

CHARLES MACKAY.

At the time that Mr. Cleaver published his promising volume, he held a situation in the office of the Durham County Coal Company at Stockton-on-Tees; and when I last heard from him, some fourteen years ago, he was residing at Bishopwearmouth, and contributing verses to the *Durham Chronicle*. "I have had," he wrote, to the author of this humble, but unpaid, attempt to do honour to *The Bards and Authors of Cleveland and South Durham*, "some consolation from the Muse, who never forsakes me. I have just been commencing a farewell to her beginning thus:—

"I must leave thee now,
O Muse beloved! and give thee back the lyre,
Unbind the laurel chaplet from my brow,
 And quench my bosom's fire.

"Take thy gifts again:
The grief is gushing upward from my heart;
They were my solace through long years of pain,
 But we are doomed to part.

"Youth and friends were mine;
And these I *ever knew* were born to die!
But thou, blest spirit, art indeed divine,
 God's angel from on high."

"I gave up," he continues, "when I got as far as this. I could not bear the thought of being a *traitor*: it appears to me impossible for a genuine worshipper at the shrine ever to forget his devotions. I cannot understand those men who talk

about *giving up* poetry." A sentiment that every true poet will at once endorse.

Mr. Cleaver's volume is appropriately dedicated to my dear friend, Charles Swain, Esq., of Manchester, "as a token of admiration for his genius, for the classical beauty of his taste, and for that finer spirit of love and humanity which breathes throughout his writings:" that Charles Swain of whom the critic, SOUTHEY, truly observed, that "Swain's poetry is made of the right materials; if ever man were born to be a poet, he was; and, if Manchester is not proud of him yet, the time will certainly come when it will be so." The effect of having carefully and lovingly read the graceful and heart-moving strains of Swain is observable in Mr. Cleaver's productions, especially in his poem of *Beauty*, which forcibly reminds one of some stanzas in the second part of *The Mind*, though probably the resemblance was unintentional. It is hard for two true poets to sing on one theme, without both uttering similar sentiments; and it is also difficult for a great reader to write anything worthy of perusal without occasionally doing something like injustice to other writers by an unconscious plagiarism of their works. "Thought," says WALDO EMERSON, "is the property of him who can entertain it; and of him who can adequately place it. A certain awkwardness marks the use of borrowed thoughts; but, as soon as we have learned what to do with them, they become our own."

Mr. Cleaver opens his principal poem with the following beautiful verses:—

Night.

"Lo! to his couch, 'neath Ocean's mighty breast,
The blaze of glory circling round his brow,
The Sun is fast careering to the west;
Music comes wild and sweet from every bough,
The cushat's note is heard from yonder shade,
The breeze of evening passes gently by,
The murmuring rill winds slowly through the glade,
And trills the lark his joyous* song on high!

* In the volume Mr. Cleaver has changed the adjective *joyous* into *parting*, but I confess a liking for the former.

"The bee, now languid, hums his homeward flight,
 Laden with sweets from many a honied flower—
 Oh! see how lovely in the rosy light
 Looks the rich vale, the streamlet, and the tower!
 Th' enchantress here hath waved her mystic wand,
 And fair, voluptuous is the verdant Earth,
 As that glad moment when, from Nature's hand,
 She sprang all fresh, exulting into birth!

["Heaven sleeps:—Day's radiance nearly past,
 Serenely-beautiful in calm repose,
 As is the good man's glorious life at last,
 Ere Death's advancing shadows round him close!
 And the blue ocean murmurs in its sleep
 Mysterious music to the listening ear;
 Even as a voice which, breaking from the deep
 Of ages, brings a solemn sense of fear!"]*

"How calm, how tranquil is this sacred hour!
 A time of pure devotion and of love,
 Which o'er the spirit sheds its hallow'd power,
 Breathing of peace and promise from above!
 How the heart yields its homage, and the while
 Feels as a portion of a world so fair,
 So rich in beauty—owns th' enchanting smile,
 Forgets its sorrow, and forgives its care!

"On yon far mountain's summit lingers yet
 The Sun's full radiance, as if loth to leave
 This world of loveliness; and, ere he set,
 Lends all his glory to so bright an eve!
 But soon yon tints will change, and softening, fade
 Into each other, tenderly serene;
 And Twilight, pensive goddess, gently spread
 Her silken veil of shadow o'er the scene.

* The verse in brackets was substituted for the following given in the *Yorkshire Miscellany*:—

"Azure and spotless is the vaulted sky,
 Expanded in its majesty of grace,
 Beyond whose veil, in myst'ry, the Most High
 Hath His eternal throne and dwelling-place;
 And, robed in light, the spirits of the just,
 Released from every doubt and anxious care,
 Receive the recompense of all their trust—
 Their hope—their faith—their agony of prayer!"

"Then comes the mild, the lovely, placid Night,
 With her fair queen; and eyes look out from heaven
 To gaze upon her soft and vestal light!
 Not for the cold and heartless wert thou given—
 But souls that burn with passion and with love—
 Planet of beauty! mid the spirit's strife
 To shed thy holy lustre from above,
 And calm the dark and troubled waves of life.

["Who hath not loved the Night? with all its scenes
 Of pure delight. Who hath not wept to know
 That mid its gladness sorrow intervenes,
 And it hath deeds of horror, guilt, and woe?
 Thus mingle constant in each hour of Earth,
 Love, Hope, and Beauty—Death, Despair, Decay;
 And every smiling joy that wakes to birth
 Hath some dark stain to take its light away.

"Oh! let me faltering wake the trembling lyre,
 To sing Night's passing scenes; and if my lay
 Should haply charm, arouse one pure desire,
 Beguile one brooding grief or care away—
 Then shall I gain a sweet reward, which ne'er
 From Memory's treasured casket will depart;
 In Sorrow's hour will stay the starting tear;
 And still in after days will linger round my heart.]"*

A number of Night-scenes are then graphically depicted, as a sample of which take

The Street Wanderer.

"Mourn for the desolate, and weep for her,
 The Orphan of the Night! What sorrows stir
 Her aching breast, while memory wakes again
 Lost scenes of home—before the fatal stain

* In the *Yorkshire Miscellany* thus:—

"Night! 'tis to thee I wake the trembling lyre,
 With faltering hand; and if my humble lay
 Should haply please, awake one pure desire,
 Beguile one dark'ning grief or care away,
 Then have I gain'd a sweet reward, which ne'er
 From Memory's treasured casket shall depart,
 In Sorrow's hour will stay the starting tear
 And still in after days will linger round my heart."

Of guilt was known; when Friendship loved to bless,
 The sunshine of her spirit's happiness,
 When the young springtime of her life was bright
 With many a joyous promise of delight;
 When, with the playmates of her girlhood's hours,
 She roam'd the fields and pluck'd the summer flowers;
 When all of bright and pure and fair was hers,
 All that affections tender hand confers;
 While the fond mother, to her nature true,
 Nursed the sweet bud that from her bosom grew,
 And by his hearth the thoughtful father smiled
 To watch the gladness of his happy child.

How changed, alas!

Since then! Her footstep, as she used to pass
 Down by the mill in all her joyous glee,
 Bounding with mirth—wild, innocent, and free,
 As the young roe along the mountain side—
 Is weary now; her eye, where maiden pride
 Shone forth in all its full and lustrous light,
 Is dull and wet with tears; Affliction's blight
 Is now on that once fair and blooming cheek,
 Sunken and pale; her voice that loved to speak
 In tones of gladness, and with many a song
 Of happy days—the happiest of the throng—
 Was wont to pour its clear and silvery notes,
 Is sad and silent now,—its music floats
 Still in mine ear. Her poor and wasted frame
 Tells a heart-rending tale of woe. Her name
 Was EMMA—once a name to love and bless,
 And bring sweet thoughts of virgin happiness—
 She is a harlot now!

Earth! what distress

Darkens thy beauty, and awakes the tear
 From feeling hearts, that scenes like this are here!
 Poor child of Frailty!—trusting in the breast
 That wronged thy confidence, and from its rest
 Banished thy peace for ever!—many a sigh
 Will rise for thee, and many a tearful eye
 Be dim, and many a heartfelt wish and prayer
 Ascend to heaven for thee, that thou mayst share
 Proud man's forgiveness, and at last obtain
 That mercy thy forsaken soul so long hath sought in vain!

Necessity now makes her act the part
 Her very souls abhors, and to her heart
 She clasps the form she loves not. Nursed and fed
 In competence, she sells her love for bread,

And in the accursed cup forgets her shame,
Her grief, her wrong, her infamy, her name ;
With winning smiles, the mockery of truth,
Doats on the thing she hates, and gives her youth
And bosom to the stranger's lewd embrace ;
With homied words, looks up into his face,
And with unblushing cheek, extends her hand
To take the price of lust ! Thus, in the land
That gave her birth, an exile, doom'd to roam
Unloved and loveless ; banish'd from the home
Of infancy, with all its tender ties—
A thing to mourn, to suffer, and despise ;
The street her home, her refuge, and her bed ;
Nought but the stone whereon to lay her head ;
To foul disease and cold neglect a prey,
She sinks at length in premature decay,
And is forgotten ! None to follow then
Her ashes to the grave, and hope again
To meet hereafter : not one mourner's tear
Is shed o'er her, to not a bosom dear !
A parish funeral—and they place the dead
Alone within her cold and narrow bed,
Then leave her to her rest. All, all is o'er—
And there she sleeps. She never slept before
So softly ! While her young, her injured heart—
Grown old before its time, and cast apart
From ev'ry joy—shall never, never beat
Again with sorrow ; for her rest is sweet—
The victim of the world !

Oh, ye ! the great,
The pamper'd minions of a lofty state,
Rich in the virtues wealth alone confers ;
Pass her not by in proud disdain, for hers
Has been a trial that ye never knew.
Life has been soft, and sweet, and smooth with you !
Guarded secure from dark Temptation's power,
All joy and sunshine was Love's youthful hour.
Ye never knew man's baseness—his deceit ;
Your feelings won, then trampled at your feet !
Hers was a passion true, and strong, and wild ;
Then feel for her—Misfortune's erring child—
The lone and destitute ; and win her back,
By gentle means, to Virtue's heavenly track—
To that pure path from which her steps have strayed—
Ere hope shall cease, and life itself shall fade.

How sweet the thought! that your reclaiming hand
 Should guide the pilgrim to a better land—
 That she, the outcast and the vice-defiled,
 Should learn again the virtues of the child;
 Live hence the life unsullied by a blame,
 And bless the hand that rescued her from shame!
 Such deeds shall be rich treasures on your way,
 To soothe and brighten many a future day,
 Calm the sad heart, your lonely hours employ,
 For Mercy brings its recompensing joy,
 And Memory bears no moments half so dear
 As when Compassion dries the mourner's tear!"

As a specimen of MR. CLEAVER's shorter poems I give, from
 a manuscript in my possession,

Honor and Dishonor.

"Honor to the King upheld,
 Reigning true through every hour,
 By the sacred laws of Justice,
 And by Truth's eternal power!

"When the wisdom of the Monarch
 Shines through every noble plan,
 And his might is ever guided
 By the duties of the man!

"When the emblems of his station,
 Title, Sceptre, Throne, and Crown,
 Are the glories of his greatness,
 Not the playthings of renown!

"When his name is fondly worshipp'd,
 And his word a call of might,
 Proudly leading forth his people
 Out of darkness into light!

"Teaching, raising, guiding ever,
 Stooping not to fraud or wrong;
 Love and kindness ever shewing
 To the humblest of the throng!

"With a steadfast arm suppressing
 Falsehood, Error, Vice, and Crime:—
 Such shall be his regal duties,
 Such adorn his name through time!

"But Dishonor to the Tyrant
Who, with mean and selfish heart,
Faithless to his lofty calling,
Basely plays the Traitor's part:

"And, with parasites to flatter
Each unjust, ignoble plan,
Sinks the duties of the Monarch
In the passions of the man!

"When Oppression and Injustice
Stain the splendour of his state,
And the watchful sentry paces
Ever round his palace-gate!

"When the progress of the People
Shakes the pillars of his throne,
And his name in lieu of blessings
Linked with tyranny alone!

"He shall fall in dark debasement,—
For the hour of vengeance speeds
With a people's deep-drawn curses
For his base, unkingly deeds.

"When the shouts of suffering thousands
Shall re-echo o'er his grave,
And the might of Right and Reason
Break the shackles of the slave!"



THE CHALONERS.

"A generous race, from Cambro-Griffin traced,
Famed for fair maids and matrons wise and chaste."

JOHN HALL STEPHENSON.

It is seldom that genius descends from sire to son ; but the the first three generations of the Chaloner family connected with Cleveland were remarkable for mental activity and literary ability, producing no less than five men of letters, first and foremost of whom was

SIR THOMAS CHALONER, THE ELDER.



This distinguished warrior, statesman, and poet, was born in

London about the year 1515, and was descended from Trahayrne the Great, son of Maloc Kwrme, one of the fifteen peers of North Wales, and of Gwenllyan, daughter of Howell Koedmore, a lineal descendant of Griffith, son of Llyllyan ap Jerworth, prince of Wales. He was educated at Cambridge; and afterwards attended Sir Henry Knevet on his embassy to Germany, where he attracted attention at the Court of Charles the Fifth. In 1541, when the emperor, contrary to the sensible advice of his old admiral, Andrea Doria, sailed with an armament to attack Algiers, Chaloner accompanied the fatal expedition as a volunteer, and was shipwrecked on the coast of Barbary during a dark night; but, happening to strike his head against a cable, he escaped drowning by seizing it with his mouth as he was struggling with the waves, and was drawn up into the ship with the loss of some teeth. Returning to England soon after, he was appointed first clerk of the council, and held the office during the remainder of the reign of Harry the Eighth. On the accession of Edward the Sixth, we find Chaloner a favourite of Protector Somerset, whom he accompanied to Scotland, and by whom he was knighted for the valour he had displayed at the battle of Pinkie, near Musselburgh, fought on the tenth of September, 1547. On the twentieth of July of that year, Chaloner procured letters patent of the house and site of the late priory of Gisbro', which for three hundred and eighteen years has remained as a family possession.

From the fall of the Duke of Somerset, Chaloner's prospects at Court seemed to have received a blow;* and, on the accession of Mary to the throne, he must have needed to have been circumspect to save himself from the stake as a Protestant; but I find him in that reign representing Knaresborough in parliament, being elected along with Sir Humphrey Fisher in 1555, the year when Rogers, Hooper, Saunders, Taylor, Latimer, Ridley, and others, suffered martyrdom in England, and the

*"The fall of his patron put a stop to his advancement; but he solaced himself under this reverse by the cultivation of literature, and of friendship with such men as Cooke, Smith, Cheke, and Cecil. The strictness of his protestant principles rendered his situation under the reign of Mary both disagreeable and hazardous; and he generously added to his perils by his strenuous exertions in behalf of the unfortunate Cheke; but the services which he had rendered in Edward's time to many of the oppressed Catholics had interested their gratitude in his protection, and were thus the means of preserving him for better times."—

LUCY AIKIN'S *Memoirs of the Court of Queen Elizabeth.*

pope refused Mary's ambassadors an audience because she had taken the title of Queen of Ireland without having obtained leave from "his holiness,"—a fact worthy of remembrance by those who regard popery as a system of religion only, which may be petted and pampered with safety. On the accession of Elizabeth, Sir Thomas Chaloner was sent as ambassador to Ferdinand the First, emperor of Germany, and gave such satisfaction at Vienna that, on his return, he was sent, in 1561, in a similar capacity, to the unfriendly court of Philip the Second of Spain, where he occupied his leisure in composing his work *Of Restoring the English Republic*.* In 1564, the birthyear of Shakspeare, he addressed a Latin elegy to his sovereign, beseeching the maiden queen to allow him to return to England. His petition was granted; but he died October 7th, 1565, in a house which he had built in Clerkenwell Close, London, and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, his friend and relative, Sir William Cecil, (afterwards created Baron Burleigh,) officiating as chief mourner. His epitaph has been thus written:—

"Nature and art in Chaloner combined,
And for his country form'd the patriot's mind.
With praise deserved his public posts he fill'd,
An equal fame his learned labours yield.
While yet he lived, he lived his country's pride,
And first his country injured when he died."

Sir Thomas Chaloner the Elder seems to have written on a variety of subjects, but chiefly in Latin. He, however, composed a *Dictionary for Children*, and translated from the Latin a book *Of the Office of Servants* and other works. He was one of the contributors to the first part of that famous work, *A myrroure for Magistrates*,† originated and edited by William

* In the Library of the British Museum, under the press mark $\frac{1070, m. 81}{1}$, I found a copy of *De Rep. Anglorum Instaurando Libri Decem, Authore Thoma Chaloner, Equite, Anglo.* Hec Accessit in Lavdem Henrici Octavi Regis quondam Angliæ præstantis carmen Panegyricum. Item, De Illustrium Qvoredam Encomiis Miscellanea, cum Epigrammatis, ac Epitaphijs nonnullis, eodem autore. Londini, Excudebat Thomas Vautrollerius Typographus. 1579. The whole volume is in Latin verses, and contains 379 printed pages, small 4to., with a portrait of the author.

† The industrious PAYNE COLLIER is in error in attributing the first part of *The Mirror for Magistrates* to "the sole authorship of William Baldwin." Baldwin was the originator, editor, and one of the contributors; but George Ferrers and others assisted him in it, Sir Thomas Chaloner the Elder for one.

Baldwin, and published in 1559, and also to *The last parte of the Mirour for Magistrates*, published in 1574; but I have been unable to discover which were Chaloner's verses from such cursory perusal as I was enabled to give that valuable collection of Old English poems during my visit to the reading-room of the British Museum,—a place where I hope to pass much time for the future.

I shall close this notice of Sir Thomas Chaloner the Elder by quoting from the postscript of one of his official letters to Secretary Cecil, written near the close of the year 1559, when, as LUCY AIKIN expresses it, "the favor of the queen to Dudley had first become a subject of general remark, and before all hopes were lost of her finally closing with the proposals of the archduke:"—

"I assure you, sir, these folks are broad-mouthed where I spake of one too much in favor, as they esteem. I think ye guess whom they named; if ye do not, I will upon my next letters write further. To tell you what I conceive; as I count the slander most false, so a young princess cannot be too wary what countenance or familiar demonstration she maketh, more to one than another. I judge no man's service in the realm worth the entertainment with such a tale of obloquy, or occasion of speech to such men as of evil will are ready to find faults. This delay of ripe time for marriage, besides the loss of the realm, (for without posterity of her highness what hope is left unto us?) ministereth matter to these lewd tongues to descant upon, and breedeth contempt. I would I had but one hour's talk with you. Think, if I trusted not your good nature, I would not write thus much; which, nevertheless, I humbly pray you to reserve as written to yourself.

"Consider how ye deal now in the emperor's matter: much dependeth on it. Here they hang in expectation as men desirous it should go forward; but yet they have small hope: in mine opinion, (be it said to you only,) the affinity is great and honorable, the amity necessary to stop and cool many enterprises. Ye need not fear his greatness should overrule you; he is not a Philip, but better for us than a Philip. Let the time work for Scotland as God will; for sure the French, I believe, shall never long enjoy them: and when we be stronger and more ready, we may proceed with that, that is yet unripe. The time itself will work, when our great neighbours fall out next. In the mean time settle we things begun; and let us arm and fortify our frontiers."



SIR THOMAS CHALONER THE YOUNGER.

Sir Thomas Chaloner the Younger was born in 1559. He was the only son of Sir Thomas Chaloner the Elder by his wife Etheldred daughter of Edward Frodsham, of Elton in Cheshire, Esq. At the time of his father's death, he was only six years of age; and Cecil, who truly mourned for the loss of his friend, as soon as the funeral obsequies were over, became as a second father to the child, and carefully watched over his education, first sending him to St. Paul's School, and afterwards to Oxford. In 1580, he made the tour of Europe; and on his return, in 1584, he published *A Short Discourse of the most rare and excellent Virtue of Nitre, wherein is declared the sundry Cures by the same effected*, a treatise which I have not been able to meet with. He attended the Court of Queen Elizabeth, as his father had done before him; and he married for his first wife, Elizabeth daughter of Sir William Fleetwood, recorder of London. In 1591, he was knighted; and towards the latter end of the Queen's reign, he visited Scotland, and rose so rapidly in King Jamie's favour, as to be afterwards appointed guardian or governor of the well-beloved Prince Henry, with the control both of his education and his household. In 1603, his first wife died, leaving him several children, of three of whom notices follow the present one. He married for his second wife Judith daughter of William Blount, of London, Esq., by whom he had several children, and she survived him two years. His death took place November 17th, 1615, when he was fifty-six years of age, and he was interred in Chiswick Church, in Middlesex.

A contemporary of Spenser, Shakspeare, Drayton, Bacon, Raleigh, Ben Jonson, and many other literary lights of an age that has never been surpassed for intellectual vigour, how one would like, by some potent spirit-rapping, to call to occasional conversations the shade of this old English worthy, and cross-examine him as to his knowledge of that interesting period.

To Sir Thomas Chaloner the Younger we owe the introduction of the manufacture of Alum into England, about the close of the sixteenth century; the first Alum being made on his estate at Gisbro'. One of Sir Thomas's principal assistants in this new manufacture was Lambert Russell, "a Walloon by birth,"

as FULLER has it, of whom there is a good painting still in the possession of the Chaloner family at Gisbro', with an excellent engraving from which I here present the reader.



REV. EDWARD CHALONER, D.D.

Edward, the second son of Sir Thomas Chaloner the Younger by his first wife, was born about the year 1590, and was educated at Oxford. He entered into holy orders, and became Doctor of Divinity, Fellow of All-Soul's College, Oxford, one of the

chaplains to James I. and to Charles I., and Principal of St. Alban's Hall, Oxford. In 1617, we find him preaching at St. Paul's Cross in London; the title of his sermon being, *Paul's Peregrinations, or the Traveller's Guide*, and his text taken from *Acts*, xvii., 23. In the Lent of 1618, the assize sermon is preached before the judges in St. Mary's Church, Oxford, by "Ed. Chaloner, Doctor of Divinitie, and Fellow of All-Sovles Colledge in Oxford;" the title of the sermon being *Ephesus Common Pleas*, and the text taken from *Acts*, xix., 38. On March 24th, 1619, "being the day of thanks-giving for his Maiesties happy and prosperous succession to this his Crowne of Englande," Dr. Chaloner again preaches in St. Mary's, Oxford; the title of his sermon being *Ivdah's Prerogatives*, and his text from *Judges* i., 1. In 1620, he preaches, in the same church, his *Naiioth, or the University Charter*, taking for his text, *Amos*, vii., 14. These four sermons, with two others, (*Babel, or the Confusion of Languages*, text *Genesis*, ii., 7, and *The Gentile's Creede, or Natrall Knowledge of God*, text *Acts*, xiv., 17,) were published in 1623, under the following title:—*Sixe Sermons. Preached by Edward Chaloner, Doctor Diuinitie, and Fellow of All-Sovle's Colledge in Oxford. London, Printed by W. Stansby, 1623.* It is a small volume of three hundred and sixty pages, and is dedicated "To the Right Honovrable, William, Earle of Pembroke, Lord Herbert of Cardiffe, Lord Par and Rosse of Kendal, Lord Marmion and Saint Quintin, &c., Chancellor of the Vniversitie of Oxford, Lord Chamberlaine of his Majestie's Household; Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter; And one of his Maiestie's most honourable Privie Councell,"—one of the two noblemen to whom Heminge and Condell dedicated the first folio of Shakspeare's works that same year. From *Naiioth, or the University Charter, a sermon preached at the Act, upon Sunday in the fore-noon at Saint Maries in Oxford, Anno 1620*, let us take a few passages, the spelling only modernised, as a specimen of DR. CHALONER'S style:—

False Priests.

"It is the beaten policy of Satan, that old serpent, when he cannot master the truth by meaner agents, to interest great ones in his cause, and to pretend the king's title. Eliah's must be thought enemy to Ahab, Christ a corrival with Cæsar, and Amos in this chapter, a conspirator against Jeroboam's person,

at least a figure-finger of his fortunes, rather than Amaziah the priest of Bethel should have his traffic decay, or his kitchen, by reason of the other's preaching, hazard freezing. Politic idolatry is ever supported by pillars of the same stuff and making. What other oratory do the priests of Bethel now two thousand years since this emblem perished, pierce the ears of princes withal, than that they are their trustiest guard and securiest pensioners, and that in maintaining of them their own safety and assurance doth depend? What other strains doth their pretended zeal resound, then what Amaziah with the voice of a trumpet chaunts in the Court and amidst the counsellors of Jeroboam? It is not private lucre that makes him by profession of priesthood devoted to peace and quite, at length to sustain that odious and ungrateful office of a promoter, the words of Amos and his accomplices hang over thy head, O Jeroboam, this, this, is that which makes Amaziah an accuser, and in accusing vehement. You see, then, (beloved) how Satan begins first with violence and cruelty; if this take not effect, as here it did not, then puts he off the frock of a wolf, and, as our Saviour foretold, makes his next encounter in *sheep's clothing*. False priests are his best chaplains, and follow him nearer at the heels than any other. Amaziah enters now into private parley with Amos, and seeks, if possible he can, to rid his jurisdiction of him by good counsel. He first suggests unto him the danger he was in, and upon this ground counselleth him to fly into Judah. Secondly, he presents before him the duty and reverence he ought the king, and therefore wisheth him upon a double respect to forbear Bethel, his diocese, (as Hugo Cardinalis terms it,) the one *religious*, because it was the king's chapel, the other *civil* because it was the king's court. Unhappy Jeroboam, in whose chapel Amoses are silenced, and in whose courts prophets are prescribed and banished the verge."

Vigorous language this; and the extracts I now give will show the reader that DR. CHALONER was a divine of considerable ability. In 1624, we find him preaching before King James the First, at Theobalds,* on *The Originall and Progresse of Heresie*, but I am not aware that the sermon was published until fourteen years afterwards, as we shall see anon. In 1625, he died, at Oxford, aged thirty-five years; his wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Dr. Hoveden, prebendary of Canterbury, surviving him.

The next work I have seen of Dr. Chaloner's is a small quarto of a hundred and fifty pages, entitled *Six Sermons now first Published, Preached by that learned and worthy Divine Edward Chaloner lately deceas'd, Dr. in Divinity, sometimes Chaplaine in Ordinary to our Sovereigne K. James, and to*

*Theobald's, in Hertfordshire, was a residence built by Lord Burleigh, and improved by his son, Robert, Earl of Salisbury, with whom King James the First "swapped" Hatfield for it.

his Majesty that now is; and late Principall of Alban Hall in Oxford. Printed according to the Author's Coppies, written with his owne hand. At Oxford, Printed by W. Turner, for Henry Curteyn. Ann. Dom. 1629. In the Epistle Dedicatory to the Earl of Pembroke, "AB. SHERMAN" says:—"Next the love and grateful respect, which I deservedly beare to the memory of the Author deceased, jointly excite mee thus to make him the more memorable, whilst I endeavour that as by the blessing of God, his Name yet lives (and I wish his virtues too) in a Posthumous of his body: so both may survive in these Postnati, the happie issue of his minde." The titles of these sermons are:—*The Cretians Conviction and Reformation*; text, *Titus*, i., 13. *The Minister's Charge and Mission*; text, *Matthew*, xx., 6. *God's Bounty and the Gentiles' Ingratitude*; text, *Romans*, i., 21. *The Duty and Affinity of the Faithful*; text, *Luke*, viii., 21. *No Peace with Rome*; text, *Galations*, ii., 5. In the concluding portion of this last sermon, DR. CHALONER remarks of the Papists:—

"One thing I add, that to yield any way to them, besides the scruples which it may breed in men's minds, and the unstableness it may work, were no less impossible, for the points upon which we differ, then bootless for the perverseness of the Romanists, with whom we deal; for though we accorded with them in all other points, yet if we do not subject ourselves to them in this, that we acknowledge the Pope for Peter's successor and the head of the church, we yet are hereticks, and no members of the true church, (saith Bellarmine in his 3 book *de membris Ecclesia*, chap. 19). This *Supremacy of the Pope* is such an article of their faith, that to defend it, and overshadow it, there is nothing which the Court of Rome leaves unattempted; so that to retain it, it passeth not to forgo half her controversies, yea to renounce the holy Scriptures, and the articles of all the creeds. For the dead, you may choose whether you will pray for them; for saints, if you will, you shall not be compelled to pray to them; pilgrimages and vows you may be dispensed with; in all which, and more, the holy fathers will bear with their weak catholics. Turn over a new lease, and albeit thou beest a good catholic, yet if thou sayest unto them, Father, I doubt somewhat of the *pre-eminence of the pope*, and of his monarchy, whether it hath so large an extent, as some make it to have; these terms of his being God's Vicegerent and of his omnipotency do wound my conscience; they are straight in an uproar; an inexpiable blasphemy, and an anathema. If thou thinks't but to dull the edge of his blade, or bend this temporal sword, if thou receiv'st not the thrust of it with thy naked breast, thou art a dead man; hadst thou faith enough to move mountains from one place to another; hadst thou as much charity as to suffer thyself to be burnt for thy brethren, yet the ocean, were it turn'd all into holy water, could not save thee; there's no peace for thee in this life, nor remission in the world to come."

The only other volume I am aware of by Dr. Chaloner is entitled *Credo Ecclesiam Sanctam. I beleeeve the holy Catholike Church. The Authority, Universality, and Visibilty of the Church handled and discussed. Also the Originall and Progresse of Heresie handled and applyed.** By Edward Chaloner, Dr. in Divinity and Principal of Alban Hall in Oxford. London, Printed by R. Bishop, and are to be sold by John Cowper at the Holy Lamb at the East end of St. Pauls Church. 1638. It is a small volume of three hundred and twenty-five pages, dedicated, like the former volumes, "To the Right Honorable William, Earl of Pembroke," (with all his titles as given at page 150, and the addition of "Lord Warden of the Stanneries,") in the following

Epistle Dedicatory.

"My Lord,

"The first assault which was made upon mankind, appeared in the shape of question, for in that manner did the serpent set upon Eve; and the victory then purchased, hath ever since animated the viperous brood of that arch enemy to encounter the church of God with the same engine. Aristotle's positive forms of disputing suit not so well with their distempered materials as those of Socrates, which conclude in questions. As it was at the building of Babel, so is it now in Babylon, their confounded language serves only to *ask and demand*, not to *reply*. For what are the cries of Rome, which more frequently walk the streets, and fill them with louder clamours than those of London, other than these? Whereupon do you lastly ground your belief? How do you know the Scriptures to be the word of God? Where was your church in all ages? If the church of Rome profess not the same faith which anciently it did, when did it alter or vary from her first integrity? Argumentations of other natures are forbidden the laity under pain of curse; this kind only of disputing by questions is dispensed unto the rudest by the proverb, which saith, *An idiot may propound more in an hour, than the learnedst in a kingdom can resolve in a year*. Having, therefore, discoursed upon these subjects, partly in some lectures had in a famous metropolitan church of this kingdom, (where for a time abiding, I adventured to thrust in my sickle into the harvest of more worthy labourers,) partly in my several attendances upon our late sovereign of happy memory, and his majesty now being, I presume in humble acknowledgment of your noble favours conferred upon me, to present these my poor endeavours to your honorable protection, beseeching your Lordship to pass a favourable construction upon my boldness, and to accept of them as from him, who is and always will remain,

"Your Lordship's humbly devoted,

"EDWARD CHALONER."

* In a separate title to *The Originall and Progresse of Heresie*, we have *Handled and applyed before his late Maiestie at Theobalds.* *Ann. Dom. 1624.*"

The death of Dr. Chaloner happily took place before the arbitrary conduct of Charles had compelled the true friends of the liberties of England to take up arms against the tyrant, to save our limited monarchy from degenerating into a despotism: else painful must have been the feelings of the divine, to have seen two of his brothers chosen as judges of that king to whom, as to his father, he had been chaplain, and one of them actually signing his death-warrant.

The Chaloners of Gisbro' are descended from Sir Edward Chaloner, knight, son of the above Dr. Chaloner.

THOMAS CHALONER, THE COMMONWEALTHSMAN.

Thomas Chaloner, who played a conspicuous part in the troubled times in which he lived, was the third son of Sir Thomas Chaloner the Younger, and one of the brothers of the Dr. Edward Chaloner just treated of. He was *recruiter** for Richmond in the Long Parliament, and one of the judges chosen to try King Charles the First; the autograph given in the present work being a fac-simile of his signature to the king's death-warrant. He was also a member of the Rump Parliament, and one of Cromwell's Council of State. He was the author of several political pamphlets during the struggle between the king and the country. The following specimen of his style is taken from *The Answer of the Commons Assembled in Parliament, to the Scots Commissioners Papers of the 20th, and their Letter of the 24th of October Last*, ordered by the house to be printed, Nov. 28th, 1646:—

"IV. That the interest of Scotland in the King, and the exercise thereof in the kingdom of England being of several and distinct natures, are not to be confounded as one and the same thing; for if you grant that you have no right

* The Long Parliament, summoned by Charles I., (of which it was said, that "many thought it never would have a beginning, and afterwards that it never would have an end,") met at Westminster, on Tuesday, November 3rd, 1640, and was dissolved by Oliver Cromwell, on Wednesday, April 20th, 1653. *Recruiter* signifies, not an original member.

of exercise of interest in disposing the person of the King (he being in England) we shall not dispute your having interest in him.

"V. That the question then was, *Who* shall dispose of the person of the King in *England* and not *after what manner* his person shall be disposed: and it is to be considered in what condition the King now is, That he hath deserted his Parliament and his People, entered into and continued in a bloody and dangerous war against them, Hath not granted those Propositions that by both kingdoms were sent unto him, as the means of a safe and well-grounded peace, And therefore is not for the present in a condition to exercise the duties of his place, or to be left to go or reside where and when he pleaseth: And your Lordships did at the Conference declare, That it was prejudicial to both kingdoms for the King to go into Scotland.

"VI. That your Lordships cannot in reason insist, because in our disposing the person of the King, we may hereby prejudice the kingdom of *Scotland* (the which was never yet done by us) on such a possibility to claim a joint right in disposing the body of the King in this Kingdom, which from the first coming hither of King *James*, now forty-four years, was never before claimed, when as the two kingdoms had not then that security from each other against all imaginary prejudices which might happen through the abuses of their particular rights, as now they have, being engaged by Covenant in their several vocations, mutually to preserve the rights and privileges of the Parliaments, the liberties of the kingdoms, and the king's person and authority, in the preservation and defense of the true religion, and liberties of the kingdoms, as by the Third Article of the Covenant doth clearly appear.

"What would your Lordships think, if we should claim joint right of interest in your towns, your forces or money in *Scotland*, upon that supposition that possibly you may use them to the prejudice of this kingdom: Let not the results of your arguments for union, or for the King be, That the kingdom of *Scotland* may exercise their interest in the kingdom of England; nor let your expressions obliquely infer, That the parliament of England will not do what becometh them to the King, since all the world doth know that this kingdom hath in all times shewed as great affections to their kings as any other nation."

Having shown that by the Covenant England had not surrendered her right to regulate her own national affairs without the permission of Scotland, which the reader must remember had then a parliament of her own, though one monarch was king of both countries, the *Answer* proceeds:—

"We shall now appeal to the consciences of our brethren of *Scotland*, and of all those who have taken or read this said Covenant or Treaty, if any such construction can be made out of them or of any of them; or whether it would have ever entered into the thoughts of the Free People of this kingdom, to have made such a Covenant or Treaty which might any way bear such an interpretation so destructive to their freedoms, as to introduce another nation to be one of the estates of this kingdom, and to have a *Negative Voice* in all things

concerning their welfare, whereby we should at once give up what we have for so many ages derived from our ancestors, and what we have endeavour'd to preserve with so great an expence of blood and treasure; and so much the rather, in respect this present Parliament hath not, nor doth claim anything of this nature within the kingdom of *Scotland*, nor put any such construction upon the Covenant or Treaties, in relation to the kingdom of Scotland. And how far this is, not only from the intent, but from the very words of the Covenant, we shall presently make more fully appear."

Having entered at great length into the subject (for the *Answer* consists of sixty-seven printed pages of small quarto), we have the following appeal to the sister kingdom:—

"Let us both act for the common good of both, and each enjoy our particular rights, such union is strong and will be lasting: but where one gaineth upon the particular rights of the other, and then argueth that he must keep it, and the other bear it; To avoid dis-union, such arguments are not to be often used, and such attempts are to be forborn, lest they make a breach in brotherly union, which God forbid.

"But we are confident the right of the kingdom of England will be acknowledged, and we possessed of it, and we shall make it appear how little cause there is for those groundless insinuations in your speeches and papers, as if the Parliament of *England* were averse from their ancient and fundamental government, by *King, Lords, and Commons*, which we had thought the Declaration of the House of Commons of the seventeenth of April, 1646, sufficiently cleared to the whole world, or that they were not as really forward as any for the procurement of a safe and well-grounded peace, which is the greatest and chiefest of our desires; and it will be manifest to the judgments and consciences of all, That as we really indeavoured the good of the King and both kingdoms, so shall we constantly and faithfully persevere in those endeavours, not doubting, but upon our sincere performing our Covenant and Treaties, the blessing of God will so accompany us, as there will be a most sweet and brotherly agreement between the nations, and such a conclusion as will be pleasing to God, and wherein both kingdoms shall find great comfort and happiness."

He was elected member for Scarbro', Jan. 27th, 1658-9; and when, on April 22nd of the same year, Richard Cromwell resigned the Protectorate, after holding it for little more than seven months, Thomas Chaloner was chosen one of the Council of State for the Restoration of the Commonwealth.

At "the glorious Restoration" of that worthless libertine, "his most sacred Majesty King Charles the Second,*" Thomas

* In the dedication to the "fourth and last part" of CLEMENT WALKER'S *History of Independency*, published in 1660, this "most dread sovereign" is

Chaloner was one of the regicides excepted from pardon both as to life and estate. The extract I have just given, however, is one of many proofs, that it was never intended by the Commonwealthsmen, either to injure the person of the king, or to abolish monarchy, until the evil advice of "divine right" men and his own perfidy rendered that course necessary: just as the people of the American Plantations never dreamt of a Declaration of Independence and the formation of their truly-great Republic, until George the Third and his satellites attempted, by force of arms, to deprive them of the few liberties they possessed. When will the world learn, that the true Reformer and the true Conservative are one and the same, and not dependent on the colour of a ribbon or the name of a party? He is the real Revolutionist and Father of Anarchy, who opposes all gradual and timely changes, by attempting to dam up the ever-onward river of Progress, until the accumulated waters burst their embankments, sweeping alike friend and foe to destruction.

styled:—"The sacred majesty of Great Britain's monarch. The triumphant son of a most glorious father, who was in all things more than conqueror. The illustrious offspring of a royal train of ancient princes. Charles the Second of that name, entitled *Pious* by the sole Providence of an Almighty hand; of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith. Restorer of the English Church to its pristine state and glory. Patron of Law and Liberty, not to be seconded by any but himself, who is the best of kings, and of all virtue to the world the grand exemplar." I should have liked to have watched the fine countenance of the then blind John Milton when this fulsome dedication was read to him,—perhaps by that Elizabeth Minshull who the same year became his third wife,—or mayhap by his pupil, Thomas Ellwood the quaker, who is known to have been one of those who often read to the patriot poet after he had lost his precious eye-sight.



Medal, by Simon, in commemoration of Oliver Cromwell's victory over the Scottish Army at Dunbar, Sept. 3rd, 1650.

JAMES CHALONER, THE COMMONWEALTHSMAN.

James Chaloner was the fourth son of Sir Thomas Chaloner the Younger, and brother to the Edward Chaloner, D. D., and Thomas Chaloner, M. P., just noticed. He was *recruiter* for Aldborough in the Long Parliament, and was chosen one of the king's judges; but his name is not among the signatures to Charles's death-warrant. He married Ursula, sister of Sir William Fairfax, of Steeton, the knight who was slain at the siege of Montgomery Castle in 1644, and who had married Chaloner's sister Frances. He died in 1649, leaving one son and three daughters, the eldest of whom, Mariana, became the wife of Richard Braithwaite, of Warcop, in Westmoreland.

James Chaloner, the Commonwealthsman, is the author of the *Description of the Isle of Man*, published in the original edition of King's *Vale Royal*, though some have erroneously attributed it to another James Chaloner, a native of Chester, but I cannot, at present, present my readers with an extract.



Remains of Cromwell's House, at St. Ives.

REV. HENRY FOULIS, B. D.

"Wild controversy then, which long had slept,
Into the press from ruined cloisters leapt."

DRYDEN.

"His writings display a much greater portion of genius and learning, than of Christian candour and moderation: he enters keenly into the spirit of the party whose cause he espoused, to whom therefore his works were highly acceptable."—Young's *History of Whitby*.

One of the best-read and most skilful controversial writers of the seventeenth century, was the Rev. Henry Foulis, B. D., who was born at Ingleby Manor near Stokesley, and baptized April 5th, 1635. He was the second son of Sir Henry Foulis, Bart., by his wife, Mary, the eldest daughter of Sir Thomas Layton, of Sexhow, near Stokesley, knight. His early years were spent partly at Ingleby Manor and partly in Scotland; and he was afterwards sent to Queen's College, Oxford, where he took the degree of M. A. In 1659, he was elected fellow of Lincoln College; but, though he had taken holy orders, he preferred the press to the pulpit, and, in 1662, he published *The History of the Wicked Plots and Conspiracies of our Pretended Saints: Representing the Beginning, Constitution, and Design of the Jesuite. With the Conspiracies, Rebellions, Schisms, Hypocrisie, Perjury, Sacrilege, Seditions, and Vilefying humour of some Presbyterians: Proved by a Series of Authentick Examples, as they have been acted in Great Britain, from the beginning of that Faction to this Time. By Henry Foulis, Mr. of Arts, and Fellow of Lincoln Colledge in Oxford. London: Printed by E. Cotes, for A. Seile over against St. Dunstons-Church in Fleetstreet. M.DC.LXII.** The book,

*The second edition bears the imprint:—*Oxford: Printed by Hen: Hall for Ric. Davis M.DC.LXXIV.* It does not contain the dedication, though Sir David and the Lady Catharine Foulis were both living; but the Author had "ended his days in the prime of his years," as his friend, ANTHONY A. WOOD, observes, "occasioned by a generous and good-natured intemperance."

which is a small folio of 247 pages, contains the following dedication :—

"To his Loving Brother Sr. David Foulis Baronet, of Ingleby-Mannor in Cleveland, in the North-Riding of Yorkshire.

"Dear Brother, and Madam,

"If it had not been the Custome, to eeke out every Pamphlet, with some Dedictory Paper; I should have done, as some people do with their Brats, let them lie to the Patronage of any, that would take them up. For I could never yet understand, the Advantage of the Common Cry, viz the craving and desiring Protection: since a Good Book is its own patronage; and no man will have a better opinion of the Bad, for a few Epistolary lines to a Third person; Especially of late Times, when I have known some Presbyterians dedicate Wickedness it self to God Almighty, Treason to the King, Sacriledge and Schism to Bishops, and the worst of Villanies to Good Men.

"Though I love good Company, yet me thinks there is no Perfect Enjoyment, with those, whose Greatness is rather an Awe than Society to the rest; where Flattery is an obligation, though the Object merit nothing but Pity or Scorn.

"But here the Case is altered, the Neerness of Relation, Familiarity and Acquaintance, making all Commendations, Ridiculous; and Complements, Odious. Which is the Reason, that, at This Time, your Names are here perfixt, by

"Lin. Coll. Oxford,

"23 April, 1662."

"Your ever loving Brother,

"HEN. FOULIS."

Though his father, Sir Henry Foulis, had been lieutenant-general of horse under Sir Thomas Fairfax, and his uncle, Robert Foulis, was a colonel in the parliamentary army, our author fights furiously with his pen for the cause of royalty against that of the commonwealth, emptying his inkhorn plentifully on the heads of the then prostrate and gagged enemies of kingly tyranny and prelatical pride. For the Lord Protector had been dragged from his peaceful grave in Westminster Abbey, hung on the gallows at Tyburn, then the noble head stuck on a pole at Westminster, whilst the remainder of the body was rudely thrust into a hole at the foot of the gallows, to gratify the miserable revenge of the royal debauchee to whom false priests were wickedly paying homage as to the Lord's anointed; whilst scurrilous scribblers were doing their best to render the names of all the great Commonwealthsmen blacker than the ink with which they wrote,—well-knowing that poor blind John Milton, Andrew Marvel, and the rest, must bear it all patiently, until God, in His own good time, should see

fit to allow the clouds to be dispersed ; which was not to be until the Stuarts and their arbitrary power should alike have passed away for ever, save in the records of accusing History.

In a Preface, dated "St. George's day, 1662," our author says :—

"Some three years ago, viz. 1659, through the dissention and obstinacy of two wicked Parties, the *Rump* and *Army*, the Nation was almost ruin'd ; sometimes this and sometimes that, and other times God knows what, being chief Lords of mis- Rule: Insomuch, that in one Fortnight, viz. in October, we laid under the lash of three several Authorities; every Party pretending nothing but Zeal, the Good of the People, and the Power of Godliness, yet designed to destroy all before them. And having formerly got the Revenues of the King, Church, Loyal Nobility and Gentry ; began to gape after the lands of the Universities ; This one Faction being able to pleasure them in two respects, The fingering of some Riches, though King Henry VIII. said, they were too small to wipe out the reproach; And the overthrow of Learning.—To this purpose, Sir Henry Vane, and others, imploy'd several Pulpiteers and Pen-men, to thunder out the Vanity of Humain Learning. And at the same time, as well as before, Baxter and other Presbyterians, made it their business to throw what Aspersions they could, upon the Episcopal Party: all which were presently confuted, by the Learned and Loyal Champions of the King and Church, the famous Dr. Hammond, Dr. Heylin, and Mr. Pierce. Yet the Brethren began to associate themselves into Bands, getting what Gentry and others they could to join with them, vilifying and abusing the Reverend Church, whilst the other Phanaticks persecuted them with their hellish Authority.—The Nation being thus entised to prejudice by the multitude of Pamphlets, which dayly multiplyed and flew about the Cities and Countrey, the Poet came into my head :

*Semper ego auditor tantum, nunquamne reponam ?**

Since all the World is madd why should not I? So, getting some Ink and Paper, to it I go; and the better to put the People into their right wits again, presently drew up above thirty sheets by way of History, whereby they might see the Villanies, Perjury, Tyranny, Hypocrisie, &c., of the Presbyterian as well as the other Sectaries, as it is in the first two Books, only some small things added since the happy Restoration of his Majesty. And this Collection (with some other things in Vindication of the Universities, Humain Learning, the Church, etc.) I had finished before the end of the Committee of Safeties Dominion, as I shew'd to several Friends in the University.—In the mean time up cometh the Worthy General Monk, and Re-inthrones the Secluded Members; which made me throw by any farther thoughts of my Papers, perceiving the Nation resolved for Kingship, and the Government being then again turned Presbytery; A small vexing those Gentlemen, might have been a prejudice to his Majesty,

* JUVENAL, *Satire* I. [Meaning, "Must I always be a hearer only: shall I never reply?"]

and a punishment to myself, not forgetting their Imprisonment of Dr. Griffith. —And for ever might they have laid unregarded and in oblivion, had not the wickedness of the Covenanters, ever since the King's coming in, clamoured them into my Remembrance. * * * As for the Style, you must do with it as Men do with their Wives, take it as you find it, for better or for worse. * * * As for the Author, whilst a School-Boy, he was too much sway'd to Presbytery, and delighting in the stories of our Times, he had none to peruse, but May, Vicars, Ricraft, and such like partial Relators : By which means, believing with the Ignorant, all things in Print to be true, was perswaded to incline to the wrong side.—But, a little while before his going to the University, lighting by chance upon Dr. Bate's judicious Book *Elenchus Motuum*, he found the Laws and true Government to be opposite to his former Readings, and therein the knavery and juggling of their Opposers, strange things which he had never heard of before. Which, with some other assistance, so farr prevail'd with him, that in a short time he threw off Father Schism, and ever since, like little Loyal John in the Epitaph,

‘For the King, Church, and Bloud-Royal,
He went as true as any Sun-Dial.’”

In his first chapter of his first book, he says :—

“These State-hirelings are the first which shake the foundation of Prosperity. By their scurrulous Pens, spreading Infection into the Vulgar, which at last, will rise up into such boyls of Confusion, that no cure can give ease to the distracted Nation, but Phlebotomy. And what mischief these scriblers (who merit a Roasting out of this world, as a French Statesman determines,) have caused in England, is too obvious to be here related ; But, though I shall not at this time trouble myself with their names, no question but they know themselves by a more natural Instinct, then Sir John Falstaff knew the Prince on Gads-hill in Shakespeer : nor can others be ignorant of them, who know any thing of domestic Transactions, and the powerfulness of Spankers amongst such wretches, who will maintain any Cause or Religion, so they grease their fists by it ; their actions affirming that the most Orthodox, from which they suck most worldly nourishment. For many of them being but the By-casts of Fortune, and destitute of such preferment and conveniences as others have, freely lay themselves open to the silver bait, thereby to mend the condition of their lively-hood, and triumph over need and necessity. * * * But as some men only tacitly allow of wickedness for their own security ; so others are framed of such combustible humors, that they will not only assert any action, though never so hainous, and blaze it to the world as good and just ; but also, to set their wickedness into the saddle of Superiority, will kindle the World into a flame. * * * Baxter can defend the late long Treason, and glory himself in fighting against his King, yet bemoan the fall of an usurping Richard. And the unparallel'd murder of his Sacred Majesty, could not want vindications, whilst Milton, Goodwin, and their associates, could command the press.”

Chapter IV. is on "The helps and assistance which the Calvinist, Presbyterian, and Jesuite, afford one another, for the ruine and alteration of Kingdoms; with their Plots to destroy the Government and Tranquillity of England." The opening of this chapter is a fair specimen of our Author:—

"That the Independents should only be beholden to the Jesuits, or these Fathers the sole Ingeneers of Wickedness, would mainly over-cloud the Reputation of the Presbyterians, who look upon themselves as active for any mischief, and as cunning contrivers. And therefore 't is best for them to go hand in hand, each discovering to other what new Plots they have found out for the subversion of Governments. By which Club, they have afforded certain Rules to Politicians, which have exactly been observed and followed by our late Schismaticks, as is palpable by the following observations.

"And first we shall begin with the Plots of the Calvinists, a people never negligent to promote their own interests. *Of whose Sect (as the Emperour FERDINAND affirm'd) the proper genius is, To hold nothing either Fraud or Wickedness, which is undertaken for the Religion; No Sanctity of Oath, nor fear of Dishonour hinders them.* A Character like that given by the experienced King James to the Puritans, the same with our Non-conforming Presbyterians; of whom one gives this sentence, *Puritans and all other Sectaries; who though scarce two of them agree in what they would have; yet, they all in general are haters of Government.* And to this purpose was the Judgment of the wise Secretary Walsingham, when to Monsieur Critory, Secretary of France, he assured them to be *dangerous and very popular; not Zeal nor Conscience, but meer Faction and Division:* and besides this, gives a short description of their Cunning, Jugling, and Rebellion; for which, with the Jesuite, they start strange Doctrines, to be as an Umbrella to their Illegall proceeding."

In the same chapter we have:

"How Cromwel's faction spread abroad Pamphlets against King, City, and Parliament, 1647, that the people might take the Army for honest-men, is somewhat pointed at by Mr. Walker.* And since that, What scurrilous Book [sic] have been contrived by Needham, Goodwin, Milton, Rogers, and such like *Billingsgate* Authors, is not unknown to any."

He highly commends Queen Elizabeth's method of dealing with the Nonconformists, as worthy of Charles the Second's imitation. What that method was, he himself states in the ninth chapter of the first book:—

* *Hist. Independ., Part I., Sect. 19, 20, 21.* [I find that the fulsome dedication given at pages 156-7, was not written by Clement Walker, who died in the Tower, in October, 1651, but by one "T. M.," who wrote the fourth part of the book named; the former three parts being Walker's.]

"The Queen perceiving these men to sleight both her and the Bishops, and to act only by the advice of private persons, as Mr. Tho. Cartwright, (who affirm'd, *That we ought rather to conform our selves in Orders and Ceremonies to the fashion of the Turks, than to the Papists*) Mr. Travers, etc. who had their inspirations and commands from Geneva; thought fit, for example sake and fear, to let the Law, so much by them violated, take her course; whereby Copping and Thacker were hang'd at Saint Edmondsbury in Suffolk, Barrow and Greenwood were executed at Tyburn, Coppinger dyed in Prison, and Hacket was hang'd by the Cross in Cheapside; the two last were more extravagant than the rest, falling to open blasphemy. Nor did John Penry a Welshman escape: this was the man who made those scurrilous Pamphlets against our Church under the title of *Martin Mar Prelate*; a man so much guilty of his own villanies, that, with Cain, he feared death from every mans hand, and therefore was forced to skulk and ramble amongst his brethren for protection: so that his Antagonist was not amisse, when he sang of him thus.

*Qui tantum constans in knavitate sua est.**

[Who is only persistent in his own villany.]

He was taken at Stepney, and condemned for felony, and hang'd at Saint Thomas Waterings: Upon whose death, an honest Northern Rimer made these Couplets.

'The Welshman is hanged,
Who at our Kirk flanged,
And at our state banged,
And brend are his buks.
And though he be hanged,
Yet he is not wranged,
The De'ul has him fanged
In his kruked kluks.'

Besides these, Udal, Billot, Studley, and Boulter were condemned; yet, through the Queen's mercy, were reprieved: and Cartwright, and some others were imprisoned. These round dealings did a little terrifie the rest of them, and gave a check to the furiousnesse of the wiser sort. But yet having some of the Nobility their Patrons, (whether for Conscience or Policy, let others judge:) as Leicester, Lord North, Burleigh, Shrewsbury, Warwick, Walsingham, Sir Francis Knollys, Mr. Beal, Clerk of the Council, and others, they took heart again, and proceeded in their Consultations and Actions, as formerly: Nor was Archbishop Grindal thought to be so vigilant, as his place required: for which, he got the Queen's displeasure."

ANTHONY A WOOD says of the book we have just been glancing at, "though full of notable girds against that party, yet it hath been so pleasing to the Royalists, (who have found much wit and mirth therein) that some of them have caused it

* *Pap of the Hatchet.* [*Pappe with an hatchet* was the production of John Lyly the Euphuist: see *Shakspeare, his Times and Contemporaries.*]

to be chained to desks in public places, and in some country churches to be read by the vulgar," but that "by the publishing of this, he hath much displeased the Presbyterians." I should like to know, how many of "the vulgar" ever heard of the book, much less read it; and, as for its having "much displeased the Presbyterians," surely one may say with Horatio,

"There needs no ghost, my Lord, come from the grave
To tell us this."

Hamlet, act i., scene 4.

His death took place between four and five o'clock on the afternoon of December 24th, 1669,—just when most men in his native land were about to commence their time-honoured Yule-feast; he having only the day before committed several unfinished literary manuscripts to the flames to burn as his last Yule-log. He was buried in the chancel of St. Michael's Church, Oxford, under the north wall. At the time of his death, he had taken the degree of B. D., and was sub-rector of Lincoln College. His largest work, *The History of Romish Treasons and Usurpations*,* was not published until 1671, but it reached a second edition in 1681. "Which book," says ANTHONY A. WOOD, "had it not fallen into the hands of a knavish bookseller, might have been extant in the life time of the author, and so consequently more compleat and exact then now it is."

In the opening of his Preface, to the Romanists, FOULIS remarks:—

"Gentlemen, I am apt to fancy, that at the first sight of these Papers, I shall be loaded with your severest Censures, condemn'd as the worst of Hereticks, nay, and branded as the greatest of Lyers and Slanderers. And all this, because I only tell you, what the Pope and his boldest Champions would have you to believe; because I tell you what grand Authority His Holiness hath, what great Power and jurisdiction lyeth in your selves, what bloody Actions have been

* *The History of Romish Treasons & Usurpations: Together with a Particular Account of many gross Corruptions and Impostures in the Church of Rome, highly dishonourable and injurious to Christian Religion. To which is Prefixed a Large Preface to the Romanists. Carefully Collected out of a great number of their own approved Authors, by Henry Foulis, B. D. Late Fellow of Lincoln Colledge in Oxford. London: Printed by J. C. for Tho. Basset, at the George near Cliffords Inne in Fleet-street 1671. It is a folio volume of 726 pages, exclusive of eight pages of "The Table" or Index. The second edition is a folio of 534 pages, Printed for Thomas Basset, Richard Chiswell, Christopher Wilkinson, and Thomas Dring, in London, 1681.*

done to maintain these Privileges; and as a Preparative to all, have afforded you the Glories, Commendations and Prerogatives of your Religion, from Brutes and Blocks, Fools, and Devils themselves: with such-like odd Arguments, as some of your Graver Wits have troubled themselves, confirm'd their Religion, and pleased us with.

"But, My Masters, I may assure myself of a mitigation of your Fury, when you have seriously considered, that here I say nothing but what is Asserted and Vindicated by your own Authors, approved of by your own Authority, and agreeable to the Sentiments and Doctrine of the Pope himself. From whence will follow, that with what ill will or Names you Prosecute me for these Collections, you must do the same to His Holiness, and the greatest Assertors of his Religion; I being but the Compiler or Transcriber of their Words and Actions, which used to be your Patterns and Examples to live by: and now to turn tail, to oppose and contradict the Pope and his Learned Doctors, not to believe in his Infallible Documents, might renew a Dispute about your disagreements."

The following is FOULIS's account of

*The Gunpowder Treason.**

"A club of Romanists, vexed that a toleration was not granted, resolved to resettle their religion by the ruin of the king and kingdom. To this end many plots had been contrived against Queen Elizabeth and King James; but they failing, a more desperate is pitched on, and this was, with one blow to destroy king, queen, princes, bishops, nobles, and commons, who were not of their persuasion. This is concluded feasible by blowing up the Parliament-House, where they or their representees meet. To this purpose Piercy hireth an house adjoining, intending by that means to undermine it; which mine being stuffed with gunpowder and other materials, would not fail of execution. But first, they take an oath of secrecy, in a house behind St. Clements Church without Temple-Bar.

"The Oath.

"You shall swear by the Blessed Trinity, and by the sacrament you now purpose to receive, never to disclose, directly or indirectly, by word or circumstance, the matter that shall be proposed to you to keep secret, nor desist from the execution thereof, until the rest shall give you leave."

"This done, they went into a more private chamber, heard mass, and received the sacrament from one William Gerard. In short, to work they fall, and in some time had wrought under a little entry to the wall of the Parliament-House, under-propping it with wood as they proceeded. But at last, occasion offering itself, they hired a convenient cellar just under the House, into which

* In this extract I have slightly modernised the spelling. In the foregoing ones, I have preserved the original spelling, punctuation, etc.

they conveyed thirty-six barrels of powder, over which they laid a thousand billets, and five hundred fagots, with some stones and iron bars. Things thus fitted, they expect the day of the Parliament's sitting, which from time to time had been put off till the fifth of November: in the mean time, they consult how to seize on the Prince Henry, if he should not be at the House. As for Charles Duke of York, (after[wards] King Charles the Martyr,) Piercy undertook to surprise him, whom, with his brother Henry, they resolve to dispatch out of the world; yet the better to bring their ends about, they thought good to centre their hopes in one of the royal blood; and this must be the Lady Elizabeth, (afterwards married to Palsgrave,) whom they would bring up, and marry according to their interests; thinking thereby also to oblige many of the nobility to their cause, upon hopes of having her to wife, and with her the crown. She was now at Comb, the Lord Harrington's house in Warwickshire; where to secure her, they contrived a great hunting-match to be the sixth of November, on Dunmore-Heath; under which pretence many Romanists would meet well appointed, and surprise her by force.

"As for a present supply of monies, Sir Everard Digby promised fifteen hundred pounds, Mr. Francis Tresham two thousand pounds, and Piercy all that he could get of the Earl of Northumberland (his kinsman) his rents, which was about four thousand pounds. They also contrived how to keep the slander of such a villany from themselves and religion; so determined to throw the crime upon the Puritans, (a sort of people bad enough of themselves, that we need not load them with other men's faults,) by declaring them to be the traitors who blew up the Parliament. To carry on which false report, they had framed a proclamation, which they had got printed, and ready for publishing upon the sign given, which they suppress and burnt upon the discovery, though some of them by chance came to view, and were seen and read by Dr. Parker, dean of Lincoln, Sir W. Ellis, recorder of the said city, and other persons. And the better also to get the same credit with the people, Keys (brother-in-law to Mr. Pickering) had a few days before either borrowed or bought the swift horse (well-known in London and thereabouts) of Mr. Pickering of Tichmarch-Grove in Northamptonshire, (a noted Puritan, whom they also designed to kill,) upon which Faux (having fired the match and touchwood leading to the train) was to escape, as they bore him in hand; but their design was to kill him at his taking horse, for Pickering's man; which the people would easily believe, seeing the horse, so well known to them; and the multitude once persuaded of this, would be more facile to join with them, under notion of doing justice upon such supposed traitors and wretches.

"They also consult how to keep the Romish Lords from going that day to Parliament, the better to strengthen their cause by their preservation. But in the height of all their hopes and expectations, a discovery is made thus: some of them (supposed by Monteagle to be Piercy, but Bishop Goodman saith it was Tresham who wrote the letter) having a great affection to the said Lord Monteagle, (son and heir to the Lord Morley,) had a mind to preserve him also from the intended slaughter. So one evening a letter sealed is delivered in the

street (the Strand) by an unknown fellow, to one of the Lord's footmen, charging him to deliver it with care to his Lord. Monteagle opens it, finds it without date or subscription, writ with a very bad hand, and in a style he knew not what to make of, thus :—

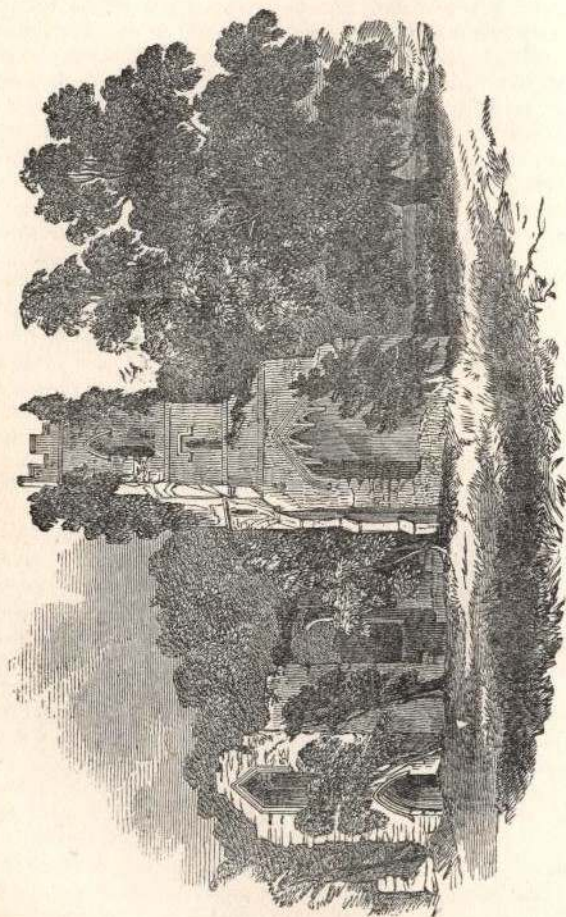
“ My Lord,

“ Out of the love I bear to some of your friends, I have a care of your preservation; therefore I would advise you, as you tender your life, to devise some excuse to shift off your attendance this Parliament. For God and men have concurred to punish the wickedness of this time. And think not lightly of this advertisement, but retire yourself into your countrey, where you may expect the event in safety: for though there be no appearance of any stir, yet, I say, they shall receive a terrible blow this Parliament, and yet they shall not see who hurts them. This counsel is not to be contemned, because it may do you good, and can do you no harm; for the danger is past as soon as you have burn'd this letter; and I hope God will give you the grace to make a good use of it: to whose holy protection I commend you.’

“ Monteagle wondered at the letter and its delivery: and thinking it might relate to some mischief, thought it his duty to make it known: so away he goes to Whitehall, shows it to the Earl of Salisbury, then secretary of state, who tells some other of the privy council of it, and, the king being returned from his hunting at Royston, they deliver it to him. His majesty, having seriously considered it, and all other circumstances, concluded that it might relate to some design to blow up the Parliament, and in this jealousy ordered the rooms and vaults about the House to be searched; which was done the night before the sessions; when, in the foresaid cellar, under the Lord's House, were found the barrels of gunpowder, and at the door standing Guido Faux, booted and spurred, with a large dark lanthorn, (now to be seen in Oxford Library,) with matches, tinder-box, and other materials for his design.

“ Faux was presently carried to Court, and examined, where he appeared sturdy and scornful, maintaining the design to be lawful; that James was not his king, because an heretic; was sorry that the plot failed, and that he had not blown up the House, with himself, and those who were sent to search; affirming, that God would have had the plot concealed, but it was the devil who revealed it. At last, Faux himself confest all that he knew of the treason. Thus far discovered, the king suspecting some commotions or risings, sent with all speed to prevent them by timely notice by Lepton and others. This was that Mr. John Lepton of Yorkshire, who rid so often betwixt London and York in one week, viz. in May, 1606; who, though he won his wager, yet was a loser, never getting his winnings.

“ Piercy, Wright, &c., who now lurked about London, to expect the fatal blow, informed of the discovery, take horse, making what haste they can to their companions, appointed to be at the rendezvous on Dunsmore. In brief, according to their abilities, they run into open rebellion, but to their own destruction; the high-sheriffs, with other magistrates and loyal subjects, so hunting them, that they were either all dispersed, slain, or taken, and the chief of them afterwards condemned and executed. * * *



RUINS OF MOUNTGRACE PRIORY.

"How long this conspiracy had been on the anvil, is hard to say. Mr. Cambden layeth the foundation of it on the Pope's breves (1600) that were sent over to exclude King James, or any other that should not maintain the Roman religion: and Catesby himself laid the greatest force and confirmation upon them. * * * And it appears by the confessions of Faux and Thomas Winter, that in the first year of King James, 1603, the plot was more fully agreed on, and the blowing up of the Parliament House by powder concluded; from which time, till its discovery, they continually had their agitators and councils to promote the cause, and carry on the work, with all vigour and secrecy. What number of them were engaged in it in England, I know not, nor did there appear above a hundred in a body: but that others had some hints or notice of it, is more than probable. And it was observed, that that very morning (viz., November V.) the Romanists at Rowington went to Warwick and rang the bells. And the same night Grant, with some others, went to the stable of Warwick Castle, took away the horses thence, rid two miles off to Norbrook (Grant's house), where Rookwood's wife, Morgan's wife, with some others of the same stamp, met, to rejoice with them for the downfall of heresie; encouraging their husbands to go on, encrease their forces, and fight it out to the last."

When Foulis wrote his two folios, the angry passions of men had been violently stirred up for many years, so that we must make allowance, both with him and his contemporaries, for strong personalities which would now be voted quite unparliamentary. From a keen partisan like him, it would be idle to look for strict impartiality: but it is impossible to peruse his books without being struck with his vigorous and dashing style, and his extensive knowledge of literature. Enemy though I am to depriving any man of the most unimportant right of citizenship because he may not agree with myself or others in those sacred matters which are only polluted by the interference of human power, be it priestly, monarchical, aristocratical, or republican, yet I would recommend a perusal of such works as Foulis's *History of Romish Treasons and Usurpations*, to such of my lukewarm and inconsistent brother-Protestants as think it a very great infringement of the liberty of conscience to levy a trifling Church-rate on a Romanist for the necessary repairs of that parish church where he, in common with churchman and dissenter, inters his dead, but has no compunctions of conscience to dip his hand in my pocket, and the pocket of every other Protestant rate-payer, and forcibly to take therefrom the cost of popish vestments which we regard as idolatrous, and the salaries of Roman Catholic priests for teaching to the jail-birds of their church that popery which we regard as alike detrimental to

individuals and to every realm where it prevails. I shall conclude this notice of Henry Foulis by quoting the eulogium of his learned friend, ANTHONY WOOD, who says:—

"He was a true son of the Church of England, a hater of popery and presbytery, endowed with a great memory, conversant in histories, especially those that were private and obscure. He also understood books and the ordering of them so well, that with a little industry he might have gone beyond that great philobiblos, Jamesius. Further also, he had in him a generous and public spirit, a carelessness of the world and the things thereof, a strict observance of college discipline, an enmity to new fangles, using much justness and honesty in his dealings."



Monumental Effigy, in the Churchyard at Ingleby-Greenhow, the Birthplace of the Rev. Henry Foulis, B.D.

WILLIAM MARTIN.

" I stood beside a newly-open'd grave,
And gazed upon a coffin placed therein,
When straight before mine eyes a vision pass'd,
Changing like human life. At first a youth
Full of high thoughts of heaven-born Poesy,
Row'd me along the Leven in his boat ;
And, as we floated on the crystal stream,
We held discourse of bards long pass'd away,
Whose songs will die not till ' the crack of doom.'
It vanish'd, and another met my view.
It was a populous city, and I met
My friend once more, still wooing Poesy,
And full of high philanthropy. Anon
We met in lodge masonic, as brethren of
The ' mystic tie,' loving the dear old craft,
Which none who understand it can despise.
Returning to my native vale again,
We met as wont : but health had left his cheeks,
Disease had seized upon his noble frame,
With lion-grip, that could not be removed,
Save by Death's icy hand. The coffin now
Hid from my eyes all that with us remain'd
Of my dear friend. From laurel growing by
I pluck'd a branch, and dropp'd it in his grave,
Nor could forbear my tears. Let all his faults
Be buried with his bones, for they were few
And venial : let his virtues ever live,
Treasured in his friends' memories, for they
Were manifold."

PETER PROLETARIUS.

WILLIAM MARTIN was born April 5th, 1825, in Pilgrim-street, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and received the principal part of his school education from Mr. Bell, of that place. In early youth he was adopted by a kind-hearted maiden aunt, Miss Martin, a member of the Society of Friends, at Great Ayton, who during the remainder of his life was as a kind and indulgent mother to him. During youth, the chief of his poetical readings were the works of Robert Burns. "These inspired me," he says, "with a love of God's creation, and of all the

beautiful in nature: many a time have I felt half a poet, half in heaven, when reading the mind-gems of that immortal bard." And who could open his heart to the sweet songs of birds and poets at the foot of Cockshaw or of Rosebury, and not feel that spirit of poetry which is active or dormant in every human brain awakened within him? One of his earliest attempts at versifying appeared in the *Stokesley News* of Sept. 1st., 1844; and, though he never published a volume, he continued to write occasional pieces for the press up to his death.

At the age of twenty-one, William Martin married the eldest daughter of Mr. Joseph Hargrave, of Monkton Villa, near Shields, by whom he had one son and two daughters. He was afterwards a good deal engaged in commercial pursuits, and for some years had the management of the cash department of his aunt's leather warehouse, which had long been carried on at No. 89, Oldham-street, Manchester. At one time he contemplated the practice of medicine, and studied for that purpose in the medical school at Manchester. During his residence in that city, he formed a friendship with Charles Swain, John Bolton Rogerson, R. W. Procter, George Smith, Elijah Ridings, Samuel Bamford, and other Lancashire poets; and I shall ever remember with gratitude his exertions to alleviate the awful sufferings of poor Rogerson, when many who had enjoyed the poet's generous hospitality during the days of his prosperity, basely forsook and maligned him when, racked with pain and poverty, he would have been a fit object of compassion with half his virtues and with none of his genius.

" I am aweary of the haunts of men ;
 I dwell amid them with a stifled soul,
 And pant for nature as a happy goal ;
 Struggling with fate, a world-sick denizen,
 My very heart is poison'd with the care,
 The toil, the pain, the suffering, and the strife,
 The tortures of our lot—the things which are
 The spirit's rack, the harrow of our life :
 I long, I yearn the quiet joy to share,
 Which fills the creatures free, of hill and vale ;
 I crave for green fields and the pleasant air—
 Even as an insect on the breeze I'd sail,
 Or, as a lark, give music to the gale,
 Or, lamb-like, stray mid grass and blossoms pale."

JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON.

In the year 1860, William Martin returned to Great Ayton, having taken the Cleveland Tanneries, which his aunt, grandfather, etc., had carried on with success for many years. He died at Great Ayton, on Monday, November 30th, 1863, and was buried in the Friends' Burial Ground at that place on Sunday morning, December 6th, 1863, when an impressive address on death and immortality was delivered over the grave by Isaac Sharpe, Esq., of Middlesbrough. His funeral was attended by a great number of acquaintances for miles around, especially by his "dear brothers of the mystic tie," he having been one of the founders and past masters of the Cleveland Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, and provincial grand sword-bearer of the north and east ridings.

William Martin was endeared to a wide circle of friends in the northern counties by his kind disposition and gentlemanly manners, and his rhymings display a purity of feeling characteristic of the man. The following verses were written for *The Ragged School Wreath*, a volume of original pieces which I purposed publishing in aid of the funds of the Bury Industrial School, had not that useful institution been sacrificed to the unholy party feeling which mars much that is good in that spirited borough. He had signed the piece RAISBECK, because, he said, "it was my mother's maiden name."

Be Kind to the Poor.

"Be kind to the poor!—Your Father hath made them:
From Heaven's high throne he cares for them still,
As when in His love He smiled and He blest them,
Thus teaching us all His Heavenly will.

"Then pity the poor from thy heart and thy store;
Bring the smile on the cheek of the desolate one;
Let the sad cry of sorrow be hush'd evermore,
And thy birthright to Heaven will sooner be won.

"Be kind to the poor, if you would have pleasure
In the mercies that God so kindly bestows;
Let prudence and love be the guides of your treasure,
And your heart will be glad to soothe human woes.

"Be kind to the poor! they belong to the Lord:
'Tis no crime they are poorer, less happy than thou:
'Tis but little they want; a smile or kind word
May cheer the lone wanderer passing thee now.

"Be kind to the poor! when the cold winds are blowing,
When the comforts of life are wanted to wane;
While thy hearthstone at home is cheerfully glowing,
And thou heedst not the fury of tempest and storm.

"Be kind to the poor! for the great day is nigh
When all grades shall meet at the just bar of God!
When rewards shall be given to low and to high!
Alike be their glory who trust in His Word.

"Be kind to the poor! 'tis a duty you owe
To God and to man; and just Heaven is sure
To smile on the act; while blessings will flow,
If thou in all seasons art kind to the poor."

The following verses appeared in one of the Manchester newspapers (I forget which) during their writer's residence at Newton Heath:—

Alone in the Forest.

"Alone in the forest! 'twas the midnight hour,
And the owl's cry struck on the ear;
And the darkness came with a solemn power,
That fill'd the heart with childish fear.

"Alone in the forest! that weary night,
Where crawled the loathsome toad;
And the wild-cat, creeping with keener sight,
To its victim's dark abode.

"Alone in the forest! the carrion crow
Was hovering over my head,
And snuffing the gases that upward go,
From the dust of the tainted dead.

"Alone in the forest! where the wily fox
Is wandering from his lair,
And seizes, and slays, and savagely mocks
The shrieks of the dying hare.

"Alone in the forest! where each creeping thing
Knew that night's grim hour was come;
Many noiseless as bat on her silent wing,
And others with insect hum.

"Alone in the forest! I found a place
Where the worn-out body might rest;
But the lizards came and crept o'er my face,
And they made my bosom their nest.

" Alone in the forest ! I felt as one
Seized with a terrible fear,
And moan'd as the wretch who dies alone,
Without a kind heart to cheer.

" Alone in the forest ! I sank to repose,
And slumber'd away my care ;
And when the bright orb of the morning arose,
Not a living thing was there.

" Alone in the forest ! I felt so sad,
So tortured in heart and mind ;
But one thing I wanted to make me glad—
'T was the voices of human kind.

" Alone in the forest ! oh, let us take heed
That we smile on and love one another,
So that when we want help in the hour of need,
We may find in some warm heart—a brother ! "

One of the pieces written after his return to Cleveland is entitled—

The Poet's Grave.

" I paced the church yard where my forefathers slept,
And gazed on the graves where so many had wept
For the lost one which death had so ruthlessly torn
From the bosoms of friends now remaining to mourn.

" And I came to a grave so green and so fair,
And found from the stone that a Poet lay there ;
I linger'd awhile, and perhaps dropp'd a tear,
O'er the grave of the Poet whose spirit was near.

" I felt that he saw me from regions above,
As I stood by his grave with feelings of love ;
I felt that, though gone from earth evermore,
The Poet yet lived on a happier shore.

" I remember'd the words—the lays he had sung,
Which lived in the memory and came to the tongue ;
I remember'd the lessons he taught us of yore,
And grieved that his presence would cheer us no more.

" For the Poet sang well ere he fled from this earth,
To meet with his peers in a happier berth ;
The world may not know of the songs he has given,
But the angels rejoice to receive him in heaven.

" The Poet's lone grave, though silent, is dear,
The sad and the beautiful ever is there ;
'Tis the grave of a being whose lofty soul riven
From earth, is gone to a mansion in heaven.

" Oh ! 'tis sweet to be here and to fancy his voice,
In heaven above, where the angels rejoice ;
To fancy the smiles of HIM who can save,
Brings a joy to the heart at the dead Poet's grave."

The true Freemason who has carefully perused the numerous (so called) masonic songs, must have been painfully struck with the low conception of the venerable craft which many of the rhyming members of the wide-spread fraternity have had. I have heard of one " Reed shaken by the wind," who, on the initiation of a man infinitely his superior in every way, on learning that he happened to be a teetotaller and a vegetarian, remarked—" Then he'll never make a mason !"—his notion being that freemasonry and revelry were identical ; and some of the miserable scribblers of songs, miscalled masonic, have evidently been no wiser. Save poor Burns's ever-famous " Farewell to the Brethren of the St. James's Lodge, Tarbolton," written when he contemplated becoming an exile from the land of which he was one of the brightest ornaments it has ever produced, and with a few other glorious exceptions, the things miscalled masonic songs are mere bombast, doggerel, or drunken staves, scribbled by men who have been totally unable to comprehend the beautiful system of morality, " veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols," which they profanely profess to defend and illustrate. Whilst such trumpery effusions continue to be palmed upon us, I need make no apology for giving the following verses, even though they may fall short of that sublimity which masonic poetry ought to possess :—

To Masonry.

" I would not be as many are,
Without the grip and sign
Which give to me a pleasure far
Surpassing aught of time.

" Give me the Mason's mystic grip
When meeting north or south,
Likewise the word which cannot slip
But from a brother's mouth.

" It tells of truth, of holy truth,
In ages past and gone ;
Soothing age, refreshing youth,
And blessing every one.

" Oh, happy art ! that gives to all
Who tread in thy fair ways
A rock from which they cannot fall,
That stands through endless days.

" The brother who believes in thee,
Maintaining all thy laws,
A truly good man he must be,
For thine 's a sacred cause.

" A cause of love, whose every plan
In depths of goodness lies ;
Approved by all—e'en Solomon,
The wisest of the wise.

" Then, Masonry ! thou science dear,
That teacheth naught but love,
Keep, oh, keep us in thy sphere,
Till we reach the Lodge above.

" Guide us (as thou ere hast thy sons
From the early days of time)
To cling to Him unto the last,
The Architect Divine."



JOSEPH REED.

"Of all the amusements that the world e'er saw,
The Theatre is chief; yea, worth them all."

PETER PROLETARIUS.

"The author is certainly a man of genius: his farce of *The Register Office* contains a variety of characters aptly drawn, and it has accordingly met with great and deserved approbation."—DAVIES' *Life of Garrick*.

Joseph Reed, one of the few dramatists our district has produced, was born at Stockton-on-Tees in 1722, was brought up to the trade of a rope-maker, and afterwards succeeded his father there in that business, which he carried on until about the year 1754, when he removed to London, and shortly afterwards settled at King David's Fort, Ratcliffe Highway, where he was residing in 1782, according to DAVID ERSKINE BAKER, and "conducting his manufactory in a very extensive manner." Before leaving Stockton, he had published, in 1746, a farce entitled *The Superannuated Gallant*, which does not appear ever to have been acted. In 1758, his mock-tragedy of *Madrigal and Trulletta* was performed at the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden for one night only, under the direction of the imprudent Theophilus Cibber,* and was printed the same year. BREWSTER, in his *History of Stockton-upon-Tees*, and SURTEES, in his *History of the County of Durham*, are both in error in terming this mock-tragedy as "his first production." "It is," says BAKER, "intended as a ridicule upon some of the later performances of the buskin, and is executed with much humour." The same year, he put his celebrated two-act farce

* Theophilus Cibber, "whose life," as BAKER quaintly observes, "began, pursued, and ended in a storm," was son of the well-known poet-laureate, Colley Cibber, and grandson of the celebrated sculptor, Caius Gabriel Cibber. Like his father, Theophilus Cibber was vain enough to fancy that he could improve the plays of Shakspeare,—a weakness from which even John Dryden had not been exempt.

of *The Register Office* into the hands of Samuel Foote, the then popular actor and dramatist; but that unscrupulous manager basely plagiarised from Reed's character* of Mrs. Snarewell, an old bawd and religious hypocrite, and reproduced it as Mrs. Cole in his comedy of *The Minor*, acted at his Little Theatre in the Haymarket during the summer of 1760. *The Register Office*, on which Reed's fame is principally founded, was performed at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane in 1761, and met with great applause, and was published the same year by Davies, in a shilling octavo pamphlet. The *Monthly Review* for June, 1761, says:—"The provincial characters are so perfectly drawn that there is no understanding them:" and SURTEES pronounces it, "a piece marked by a strong conception of character, and by a most accurate exhibition of provincial manners and dialect." In the edition before me, the *dramatis personæ*, or persons represented, are, Captain le Brush, who describes himself as "an ensign in a new-raised ridjemen," to which post he was advanced through the interest of his "very good friend and acquaintance, Lord Pliant," whom he had "the honour to serve many years in the capacity of valet-de-chambre," but never-the-less is "a gentleman born," and has "had the honour of an university eddication," bearing a name that was given "by way of distinction," to one of his "auntsisters, that was general under All-afraid the Great," but whose "family had all their estates confiscated in the broils

* In the copy of *The Register Office* before me, the character of Mrs. Snarewell is not given. "In my opinion," says the REV. JOHN BREWSTER, in the 1796 edition of his *History of Stockton-upon-Tees*, "though this character be admirably drawn in both these pieces, [by Reed and Foote,] it is altogether improper for the public eye. Religious hypocrisy deserves a severer lash than that of the stage: and in a promiscuous audience, many are unable and others unwilling to distinguish between the true and false professor. The ridicule will remain, when the real cause of it has been removed." This is hyper-criticism. The stage lash, properly applied, is as effective for correction as that of the pulpit. Nor does true religion ever suffer, but contrariwise, when cant is ridiculed, bigotry denounced, or hypocrisy exposed. In the second (1829) edition of his *History*, BREWSTER remarks:—"It is detestable to behold such a representation of vice." Now the object of the dramatist in representing vice at all is to render it detestable. As one of Shakspeare's dramatic contemporaries well observes:—

"Vice never doth her just hate so provoke,
As when she rageth under virtue's cloak."

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

BREWSTER adds:—"Dr. Donne, in one of his *Satires*, says, 'Aretine's pictures have made no man chaste.'" The indecent pictures mentioned in the quotation were drawn by Julio Romano, and engraved by Raimondi: Peter Aretino only supplying the sonnets under them: and I do not see the justice of the comparison.

between the Yorkshire and Lancashire line, so that their predecessors have been a little out of repair to the present time, and the name regenerated into plain Brush;" Gulwell, the unconvicted criminal who, under guise of the useful occupation of a register-office keeper, vilely cheats those people whom he professes to serve, deriving two pounds thirteen shillings in a single morning as the proceeds of one lying advertisement; Williams, a clerk in the register office, who is leaving in disgust at his master's swindling, and about to engage in a stewardship, an occupation in which Gulwell assures him that fraud is as necessary as in an intelligence office; a Scotchman, whose family "is as auncient as ony i' a Scotland," for "by diract lineal deshent" he "sprang frae the great Jamy Mackintosh, who was a preevy-councillor to King Sandy the Second;" an Irishman, who sings a song which I will give anon; a Frenchman, who is likely to make his fortune better by cutting hair and corns after the French fashion than by teaching the languages, seeing that his "countryman, Monsieur Frizzellette de la Corneille, a hair and corn-cutter in St. James's, keeps his chariot, though 't is scarce half a score years since he would have made a bow to the ground for a bellyfull of soup-maigre;" Mrs. Slatternella Doggerel, who has written "no less than nine tragedies, eight comedies, seven tragi-comedies, six farces, five operas, four masques, three oratorios, two mock tragedies, and one tragi-comi-operatico-magico-farcico-pastoral-dramatic romance," not one of which has appeared on the boards, and who wants an amanuensis; Miss Doggerel, a girl who believes in her mother; and, best of all, that life-like Margery Moorpout, from "Lahtle Yatton [Little Ayton], aside o' Roseberry Toppin," who had her "god's-penny at Stowslah [Stokesley] market, hawf a year afoor" she "wor neen." The piece contains some admirable hits, and is full of the most genial humour. Notwithstanding the numerous changes of a century, the simple-minded, but pure-hearted Cleveland maid, Margery Moorpout, is still true to nature, for Reed drew her from the life; and, though the dialect is fast dying out, as it is time for all dialects to do, and none now speak it so broadly as honest Margery, yet I for one feel painfully that the class who are now filling the place of Margery's class are far, very far, behind her in moral worth, and rather her superiors in low worldly cunning and foolish pride, than in any real development of intellect. As of late years, however, schools have risen up

in every parish, postal communication has been brought to almost every man's door, railways have intersected the district, and the cheap press is at last diffusing literature on every hand, I look with certainty to a brighter future, when the fair maidens of Cleveland and South Durham shall possess alike a truer mental culture than that of the present, and that pure simplicity of spirit which characterises true-hearted Margery.

"Margery Moorpout, the real heroine of the piece," says SURTEES, "starts from the canvass in all the freshness of life: her dialect is the purest Yorkshire, and Ayton under Roseberry (the "canny Yatton" of poor Margery) will be for ever associated with the *Register Office*."

In 1766, our author produced his tragedy of *Dido*, "in imitation of Shakspeare's style." It was acted at Drury Lane, but never printed. "This tragedy," says BAKER, "was first performed for the benefit of Mr. Holland, and twice afterwards, when it was each time received with applause. It was intended to have been revived in the ensuing season; but the author and manager disagreeing in some particulars, the copy was withdrawn, and it has since lain dormant. It would be a poor compliment to the author to observe, that many pieces of inferior merit have been since successfully represented."—"It was thought an unusual favour," says DAVIES, "to give the first night of a play to an actor; nor does the public know why *Dido* was not played more than three nights. If the managers pleaded, that the season was too far advanced to act it successively, as was usual in other new pieces, it might have been resumed the next winter; and that it merited such favour, if it really was a favour, may be presumed from the applause bestowed upon it." As Thomas Nash and poor Kit Marlowe had made *Dido, Queen of Carthage*,* the subject of a tragedy as early as 1594, one cannot but regret that we are denied the privilege of comparing Reed's tragedy with that of his Elizabethan predecessors, and also of seeing how far he had succeeded in his avowed imitation of the immortal Shakspeare.

* Nash appears to have written the principal part of *Dido*; and as for the play of *Lust's Dominion*, for which Marlowe has been as unmercifully as unjustly trounced by writers with not half his genius, it evidently was not written by poor Kit at all, as one incident of the play did not take place until upwards of five years after that poet's death. See *Shakspeare, his Times and Contemporaries*, second edition, under the head of "Shakspeare's Thirty-Sixth Year." We do not sufficiently estimate the obligations of the English drama to Christopher Marlowe. Shakspeare evidently did.

In the year 1769, Reed's comic opera of *Tom Jones* was acted at Covent Garden, with great applause. The plot was principally taken from Fielding's well-known novel* of the same title, which had been published twenty-three years before. "Mr. Reed, however," says the *Monthly Review*, "has considerably deviated from the novel, both with respect to incidents and character: he has very judiciously stripped Jones of his libertinism, and legitimated him; he has therefore produced a stronger interest and a more perfect catastrophe; he has transferred the character of Supple from a parson to a country squire, that he might not reflect disgrace upon the cloth; he has divested Western and Honour of their provincial dialect, that the attention of the performers might not be drawn off from more important objects; he has also very happily preserved Western's humour without his indelicacy and his Jacobitism; it is the honour of the present time that his indelicacy would give offence, and it is its happiness that Jacobitism no longer subsists."

In 1782, BAKER informs us, that our author was still residing at King David's Fort, Ratcliffe Highway, "conducting his manufactory in a very extensive manner," and also that he had "written many pieces which have never been acted or published," besides the five I have particularised. He died August 15th, 1787, in his sixty-fifth year.

* A curious anecdote is related anent the copyright of this novel. Fielding, hard up for money, sold the copyright of *Tom Jones* to a bookseller for twenty-five pounds, on condition that the purchase-money was paid by a certain day, but in the meantime happening to show the manuscript to James Thomson, the poet advised Fielding to get free from the contract, which he had not the least difficulty in doing. Thomson recommended the work to Andrew Millar, the then great publisher, and they met at an inn over a beefsteak and a bottle of wine. Millar at once said:—"Mr. Fielding, I always determine on affairs of this sort at once, and never change my offer: I will not give one farthing more than two hundred pounds."—"Two hundred pounds!" exclaimed the astonished Fielding.—"Yes," replied Millar, "and not one farthing more." Fielding at once shook Millar's hand very warmly, sealed the bargain, and ordered two bottles of wine to drink success to the publication. It was successful, and one is glad to learn that Millar cleared a large sum by it. He afterwards (in 1751, three years after the death of Thomson) gave Fielding a thousand pounds for the copyright of his novel of *Amelia*. Having at different times lent Fielding sums of money amounting to two thousand, five hundred pounds, the princely publisher cancelled the debt in his will. Millar's death took place June 8th, 1768. He was the publisher of Thomson's *Seasons* and of Johnson's *Dictionary*; and it was of him the great lexicographer remarked:—"I respect Millar, sir; he has raised the price of literature."

Some of the writers who have treated of our dramatist make quite a wonder of it that he could unite in his own person good business habits and literary labours! Thus BAKER, in his valuable *Biographia Dramatica*, commences his notice of Reed by asserting:—"It seldom happens that a strict attention to business is found compatible with poetical pursuits." BREWSTER, in both editions of his *History of Stockton-on-Tees*, remarks that our author "demands a niche in this little temple of parochial biography, as having united literary attainments with an employment apparently of a very different nature;" and SURTEES observes, that "Mr. Reed, whose turn for the Drama did not prevent his attention to business, preserved through life the character of a sensible, worthy, friendly man." THOMAS CARLYLE says:—"There never was a talent even for real Literature, not to speak of talents lost and damned in doing sham Literature, but was primarily a talent for something infinitely better of the silent kind." I have now neither time nor space to show that the majority of the best authors, both in our own and foreign tongues, have been men and women of the highest integrity and honour, and of good business habits in the best sense of that term: but I beg of my readers calmly to study the little we know of the private life of the greatest writer in all literature, William Shakspeare, and if they cannot there perceive good business habits united to the very highest poetical development, I pity their discernment. Or if they ever visit the great cotton metropolis, and will enquire of the merchant princes of Manchester what sort of man is that Charles Swain whose sweet songs delight the present as they will other generations, they will find a sterling bard who is not less a sterling man, and who has, during an average life-time, attended to a commercial business with industry and integrity. And a thousand other instances might be adduced. But by business habits some mean a slavish devotion to Mammon, for which I at once own the love of literature mightily unfits one. I will not complain that the private lives of literary men and women are made public, from their cradles to their graves, and every frailty held up to view, differently to what is done with the medical faculty, the legal profession, the clergy, or the statesmen of any country: only the strict truth is recorded, I ask no favour for the literary character; for we have no more right than other folks to be guilty of any imprudence. But why should the professors of literature be tried by a severer standard

than that meted out to the professors of divinity? Why should the real failings of a few authors be visited on the heads of the whole fraternity? And, above all, because every locality possesses some useless fellow who foolishly fancies himself a great genius, why should literary men be held accountable for the actions of such pretenders, any more than the faculty of medicine are blameable for the charlatanism of every run-a-country quack? It is high time that the miserable delusion of the total unfitness of literary men for business, simply because they *are* literary men, was exploded: and, though I rejoice to find it recorded that Joseph Reed was quite as good a business man as he was a dramatist, I confess it galls me to find it mentioned as a sort of miracle. True literary tastes and true literary talents disqualify no man or woman in creation from following any useful occupation whatever, but the possession of literary tastes will fit them the better for passing placidly through both the trials of prosperity and adversity; whilst in many important posts the possession of literary ability is an absolute necessity for the proper discharge of its duties. And yet even literary men themselves seem to delight in keeping up the mischievous notion that literature unfits a man for everything else; so that few commercial men dare engage a man in any capacity who is known to make the slightest pretensions to literary ability!

“Take the sweet poetry of life away,
And what remains behind?”

WORDSWORTH.

SURTEES informs us, that our dramatist left “a handsome fortune” and “two sons, John Watson Reed, a solicitor in London, and Shakespeare Reed, late of Thornhill near Sunderland, and a magistrate for the county of Durham.”

The following is the

Song

Sung by the Irishman in the Register Office:—

“My sweet pretty Mog, you’re as soft as a bog,
And as wild as a kitten, as wild as a kitten;
Those eyes in your face—oh! pity my case!
Poor Paddy have smitten, poor Paddy have smitten.
Far softer than silk, and as fair as new milk,
Your lily-white hand is, your lily-white hand is:

Your shape's like a pail, from your head to your tail,
You're straight as a wand is, you're straight as a wand is.

"Your lips red as cherries, and your curling hair is
As black as the devil, as black as the devil;
Your breath is as sweet, too, as any potato,
Or orange from Seville, or orange from Seville.
When dress'd in your boddice, you trip like a goddess,
So nimble, so frisky; so nimble, so frisky;
A kiss on your cheek ('t is so soft and so sleek)
Would warm me like whisky, would warm me like whisky.

"I grunt and I pine, like a pig or a swine,
Because you're so cruel, because you're so cruel;
No rest I can take, and asleep or awake,
I dream of my jewel, I dream of my jewel.
Your hate, then, give over, nor Paddy, your lover,
So cruelly handle, so cruelly handle;
Or Paddy must die, like a pig in a sty,
Or snuff of a candle, or snuff of a candle."

But the most popular extract I can give from REED, is the scene in the *Register Office* between

Margary Moorpoint and Gulwell.

MARGERY.—Sur, an a body may be sa bowld, Ah's cum te ax an ye've sped about t' woman sarvant 'at ye advertahs'd for?

GULWELL.—I have not.—Come nearer young woman.

MARGERY.—Let me steyk t' deer first, an ye please. [Shuts the door.

GULWELL.—What countrywoman are ye?

MARGERY.—Ah's Yorkshur, by mah truly! Ah wor bred and boorn at Lahtle Yatton, aside o' Roseberry Toppin.

GULWELL.—Roseberry Toppin!—Where's that my pretty maid?

MARGERY.—Sartainly man! ye knaw Roseberry! Ah thowght onny fecal hed knawn Roseberry. It's t'biggest hill i' all Yorkshur. It's aboon a mahle an' a hawf heegh, an' as cawd as ice at t' top on't, i' t' yattest day i' summer; that it is.

GULWELL.—You've been in some service, I suppose?

MARGERY.—Hey, Ah'll uphod ye hev E, ivver sen E wor neen yecar awd. Neea makkins! Ah'd a god'spenny at Stowslah market, aboon hawf a yecar afoore at Ah wor neen; an' as good a sarvant Ah've been, thof Ah say 't mysel, as ivver com within a pair o' deers. Ah can milk, ken, fother, beeak, brew, sheear, winder, caird, spin, knit, sew, an' deea ivvery thing 'at belongs tiv a

husbandman, as weel as onny lass 'at ivver ware clog-shun; an' as te mah charicter, Ah defy onny body, gentle or simple, te say black's mah nail.

GULWELL.—Have you been in any service in London?

MARGERY.—Hey, an' ye please. Ah liv'd wi' Madam Shrillpipe, i' St. Paul's Kirk Garth; but wor foore'd te leeave mah pleace afoore 'at Ah'd been a week o' days in't.

GULWELL.—How so?

MARGERY.—Marry, because she ommost flighted and scauded me oot o' mah wits. She wor t' arrantest scaud 'at ivver Ah met wi' i' my boorn days. She had sartainly sike a tongue as nivver wor i' onny woman's heead bud her awn. It wad ring, ring, ring, like a larum, fra moorn te neeght. Then she wad put hersel' into sike flusters, that her feeace wad be as black as t' reckon creeak.—Neea, for t' matter o' that, Ah wor nobbut reeghtly sarrad; for a wor tell'd afoorehand by some varra 'sponsible fowk 'at she wor a mere donnot. Howsumivver, as Ah fand mah money grow less and less ivvery day, (for Ah'd browght mah good sieven an' twenty shilling to neen groats and tuppence) Ah thought it wad be better to tak up wi' a bad pleace, than neea pleace at all.

GULWELL.—And how do you like London?

MARGERY.—Marry, sur, Ah like nowther egg nor shell on't. They're sike a set o' fowk as Ah nivver seed wi' mah een. They laugh an' fleer at a body like onny thing. Ah went nobbut t' other day te t' beeaker's shop, for a leaaf o' breead, an' they fell a giggling at mah, as if Ah'd been yan o' t' grittest gawvisons i' t' warld.

GULWELL.—Pray, what is a gawvison?

MARGERY.—Whah, you're a gawvison, for nut knawing what it is. Ah thought you Lunnoners hed knawn ivvery thing. A gawvison's a ninnyhammer. Now, d'ye think 'at Ah leek owght like a gawvison?

GULWELL.—Not in the least, my pretty damsel.

MARGERY.—They may brag as they will o' their manners; but they've neea mair manners than a miller's horse, Ah can tell 'em that, that Ah can.—Ah wish Ah'd been still at Canny Yatton.

GULWELL.—As you had so great a liking to the place, why did you leave it?

MARGERY.—Marry, sur, Ah wor foore'd, as yan may say, te leeave 't; t' squire wadn't let mah be; by mah truly, sur, he wor efter me moorn, neean, and neeght. If Ah wad but hae consented tiv his wicked ways, Ah mud hae had gowd by gowpins, that Ah mud.—Leeak ye, squire, says Ah, you're mistakken i' mah; Ah's neean o' ther soort a'cattle; Ah's a varteous young woman, Ah'll asseer ye; ye'er udder fowk's fowk—wad ye be sike a teeastril as to ruin mah? But all wadn't deea; he kept follo'in an' follo'in, an' teeazin' an' teeazin' me. At lang run, Ah tell'd mah awd deeam, an' she advahs'd me te gang te Lunnan, te be oot ov hiz way; that she did, like an honest woman as she wor.—Ah went te mah cousin Isabel, an' says Ah tiv her, Isabel, says Ah, will t' gowa te Lunnan? an' tell'd t' yal affair atween me an' t' squire. Odsbobs! mah lass, says she, Ah'll gang wi' thee to t' warld's end. An' away we com i' good yennest.

GULWELL.—It was a very *varteous* resolution. Pray, how old are you?

MARGERY.—Ah's neenteen, cum Collop Monday.

GULWELL.—Would you undertake a house-keeper's place?

MARGERY.—Ah's flay'd Ah can't mannish't, if it becant i' a husbandman's house.

GULWELL.—It is a very substantial farmer's in Buckinghamshire. I am sure you will do. I will set you down for it. Your name?

MARGERY.—Margery Moorpout, an' ye please.

GULWELL.—How do you spell it?

MARGERY.—Neea makkings! Ah knaw nowt o' speldring. Ah's neea scholard.

GULWELL.—Well, I shall write to him this evening.—What wages do you ask?

MARGERY.—Neea, marry, for t' matter o' that, Ah wadn't be ower stiff about wage.

GULWELL.—Then I can venture to assure you of it. You must give me half-a-crown, my pretty maid. Our fee is only a shilling for a common place; but for a housekeeper's we have always half-a-crown.

MARGERY.—Thers's twea shilling; an' yan, twea, three, fower, fahve, sax penn'orth o' brass, wi a thoosand thenks. A blessing leeght o' ye, for Ah's seer ye'er t' best friud Ah've met wi' sen Ah com fra Canny Yatton, that are ye. When mun E call ageean, sur?

GULWELL.—About the middle of next week.

MARGERY.—Sur, an' ye please, gud moorning te ye."

[Exit.



Rosebury Topping from Stokesley Bridge.

WILLIAM EMERSON.

"In mathematics he was greater
Than Tycho Brahe, or Erra Pater:
For he, by geometric scale,
Could take the size of pots of ale;
Resolve, by signs and tangents straight,
If bread or butter wanted weight;
And wisely tell, what hour o' th' day
The clock does strike, by algebra."

BUTLER'S *Hudibras*.

"Mathematical knowledge adds vigour to the mind, frees it from prejudice, credulity, and superstition. This it does in two ways: 1st, By accustoming us to examine, and not to take things upon trust. 2nd, By giving us clear and extensive knowledge of the system of the world, which, as it creates in us the most profound reverence of the Almighty and Wise Creator, so it frees us from the mean and narrow thoughts which ignorance and superstition are apt to beget."—DR. JOHN ARBUTHNOT'S *Essay on the Usefulness of Mathematical Learning*.

William Emerson, one of the most gifted mathematicians, mechanists, and philosophers of the eighteenth century, was born at Hurworth-on-Tees, at forty minutes past one o'clock in the morning of Wednesday, May 14th, 1701, and was baptized there on the tenth of June. His father, Dudley Emerson, was possessed of a small estate at Hurworth, where he taught school, and is said to have been tolerably proficient in mathematics, and from him our author derived the principal part of his education; also receiving some instructions in the Greek and Roman classics from the curate of Hurworth, who lodged in his father's house. He afterwards attended schools at Newcastle-upon-Tyne and at York, but does not appear to have struck any of his teachers as ever likely to become a philosopher: indeed, up to about twenty years of age, he seems to have been quite as fond of bird-nesting as of any other

occupation. He returned from York to Hurworth, and there continued his studies for the remainder of his life. At about the age of thirty-two, he married a niece of one Dr. Johnson, —a pluralist parson, who held the rectory of Hurworth, the vicarage of Mansfield in Yorkshire, and a prebendal stall in Durham Cathedral, and made much money by practising surgery into the bargain; so that his share of the loaves and fishes in the world was none of the smallest. This wealthy priest had promised to give his niece a marriage portion of five hundred pounds; but when the time for payment came, the covetous curmudgeon could not make up his mind to part with the gold: he had not felt the truth so well expressed by a poetical divine of his own church:—

“Be thrifty, but not covetous. Therefore give
Thy need, thine honour, and thy friend his due.
Never was scraper brave man. Get, to live;
Then live, and use it; else it is not true
That thou hast gotten. Surely, use alone
Makes money not a contemptible stone.”

GEORGE HERBERT.

When Dr. Johnson flatly refused to pay over to his niece the five hundred pounds which he had promised, EMERSON went home, packed up such of his wife's clothes as she had taken with her at her marriage, and sent them back to the avaricious pluralist, with the message that he would “scorn to be beholden to such a fellow for a single rag,” and swearing to be revenged by proving himself the better man of the two. A noble revenge! and well has it been gratified: so much so, that this Johnson's name would have been long ago forgotten but for the unevitable notoriety he has obtained by his churlishness and dishonesty to his learned nephew-in-law. By the death of his younger brother, Dudley, William Emerson became his father's only child; and the estate which he inherited seems to have been sufficient for his simple habits. He also taught school at Hurworth for some time, with what success it is difficult to determine; for the ignorant boobies around him believed him to have dealings with the devil because of his great knowledge and deistical opinions; and his naturally irritable temper was doubtlessly much soured by the want of sympathy amongst his neighbours.

In 1743, at the age of forty-two years, Emerson published

his *Doctrine of Fluxions*. "At his first appearance in the world as an author," says SMEATON, he "stepped forth like a giant in his might, and justly claimed a place amongst mathematicians of the very first rank. By the strictly scientific manner in which he established the principles, and demonstrated the truth, of the method of Fluxions in this work, he added another firm and durable support to the noble edifice of the Newtonian Philosophy, which, by some less accurate and penetrating observers, was supposed to have received a violent and dangerous concussion from the metaphysical artillery of the *Analyst*, and the cavils and objections advanced against the truth of the fluxionary method."

In 1749, at the age of forty-eight, Emerson published two works, *The Projection of the Sphere, Orthographic, Stereographic, and Gnomonic*, and *The Elements of Trigonometry*. In the preface to the latter work, EMERSON remarks:—

"The use of Trigonometry is so great in all the parts of the mathematics, that he must have made a very little progress therein, who is not sensible of it. Its help is called in upon every occasion, and its great service is clearly apparent in calculations of all sorts, both upon the earth, upon the seas, and in the heavens. By this, the distances of objects upon the earth may be certainly known, if they can but be seen, though we cannot come near to measure them: likewise the geographical distances of places on the earth, and their several positions to one another. Navigation depends entirely upon it. Surveying and Dialling owe their greatest exactness to it. It is of singular service in military affairs: and Mars, without this, might live peaceably at home. Upon the wings of Trigonometry, as PLATO says, we mount up from the earth to the heavens, measure the distances of all the stars, and range them in their proper order. And without it, Urania's sons may throw aside their instruments, their books and tables; or rather, without this, they would never have had any such thing; and consequently mankind had remained utterly ignorant of this most beautiful system of the world. In short, the art of Trigonometry is of such universal use and extent, that it would be an endless task to enumerate all the various purposes to which it is subservient; and the most important branches of knowledge would be lost and useless if we wanted it."

In 1754, when EMERSON had attained the age of fifty-three years, he published his *Principles of Mechanics*, explaining and demonstrating the general laws of motion, the laws of gravity, motion of descending bodies, projectiles, mechanic powers, pendulums, centres of gravity, strength and stress of timber, hydrostatics, construction of machines, and the like: and from this valuable work we will now glance at a few extracts:—

Mechanics.

"The art of Mechanics being the first that men had occasion to make use of, it is reasonable to suppose that it took its beginning with man, and was studied in the earliest ages of the world. For no sooner did mankind begin to people the earth, than they wanted houses to dwell in, clothes to wear, and utensils to till the ground, to get them bread, with other necessities of life: and being thus destitute of proper habitations, and other conveniences of living, their wants must immediately put them upon the study of mechanics. At their first setting out they would be content with very little theory; endeavouring to get that more by experience than reasoning, and being unacquainted with numbers, or any sort of calculation; and having neither rule nor compass to work by, nor instruments to work with, but such as they must invent first of all, nor any methods of working: with all these disadvantages, we may judge what sort of work they were likely to make. All their contrivances must be mere guessing, and they could but ill execute what they had so badly contrived; and must be continually mending their work by repeated trials, till they got it to such a form as to make a shift to serve for the use designed; and this is the first and lowest state of Mechanics, which was enough to give a beginning to it; and in this state it, doubtless, remained for a long time, without much improvement. But, at length, as men found more leisure and opportunity, and gained more experience, manual arts began to take their rise, and, by degrees, to make some progress in the world.

"But we meet with no considerable inventions in the mechanical way for a long series of ages; or, if there had been any, the accounts of them are now lost, through the length of time; for we have nothing upon record for two or three thousand years forward. But, afterwards, we find an account of several machines that were in use. For we read in *Genesis*, that ships were as old, even on the Mediterranean, as the days of Jacob. We likewise read that the Philistines brought thirty thousand chariots into the field against Saul; so that chariots were in use 1070 years before Christ. And about the same time architecture was brought into Europe. And 1030 years before Christ, Ammon built long and tall ships with sails, on the Red Sea and the Mediterranean. And, about ninety years after, the ship *Argo* was built; which was the first Greek vessel that ventured to pass through the sea, by help of sails, without sight of land, being guided only by the stars. *Dædalus* also, who lived 980 years before Christ, made sails for ships, and invented several sorts of tools, for carpenters and joiners to work with. He also made several moving statues, which could walk or run of themselves. And, about 800 years before Christ, we find in *II. Chronicles*, xv., that *Uzziah* made, in Jerusalem, engines, invented by cunning men, to be on the towers and upon the bulwarks, to shoot arrows and great stones withal. Corn-mills were early invented: for we read in *Deuteronomy*, that it was not lawful for any man to take the nether or the upper mill-stone to pledge; yet water was not applied to mills before the year of Christ 600, nor

WILLIAM EMERSON.

wind-mills used before the year 1200. Likewise, 580 years before Christ, we read in *Jeremiah* xviii. of the potter's wheel. Architas was the first that applied mathematics to mechanics, but left no mechanical writings behind him: he made a wooden pigeon that could fly about. Archimedes, who lived about 200 years before Christ, was a most subtle geometer and mechanic. He made engines that drew up the ships of Marcellus at the siege of Syracuse; and others that would cast a stone of a prodigious weight to a great distance, or else several lesser stones, as also darts and arrows; but there have been many fabulous reports concerning these engines. He also made a sphere, which showed the motions of the sun, moon, and planets. And Posidonius, afterwards, made another which showed the same thing. In these days, the liberal arts flourished, and learning met with proper encouragement; but, afterwards, they became neglected for a long time. Aristotle, who lived about two hundred and ninety years before Christ, was one of the first that writ any methodical discourse of Mechanics. But, at this time, the art was contained in a very little compass, there being scarce anything more known about it than the six mechanical powers. In this state it continued till the sixteenth century, and then clockwork was invented; and, about 1650,* were the first clocks made. At this time, several of the most eminent mathematicians began to consider Mechanics; and, by their study and industry, have prodigiously enlarged its bounds, and made it a most comprehensive science. It extends through heaven and earth; the whole universe, and every part of it, is its subject. Not one particle of matter but what comes under its laws. For what else is there in the visible world, but matter and motion? and the properties and affections of both these are the subject of Mechanics.

"To the art of Mechanics, is owing all sorts of instruments to work with, all

* Emerson evidently here refers to the *pendulum* clock; otherwise clocks are of greater antiquity than he has stated. In England, we have it recorded, that clocks were erected at Westminster in the year 1288, at Canterbury Cathedral in 1292, and at Dover in 1348. In the reign of Edward the Third, protection was granted to three Dutchmen to follow the craft of Clockmaking in England; and Chaucer seems to have been quite familiar with Clocks, from his mention of them in his works. Even the answer which SHAKSPEARE has put into the mouth of Fleance, in answer to Banquo's question, "How goes the night, boy?" in the opening of the second scene of *Macbeth*—"The moon is down; I have not heard the clock,"—though it may be an anachronism so far as the reign of Duncan is concerned, would of itself prove the existence of clocks that at least struck the hour, when our great bard wrote the tragedy I have quoted. Galileo's discovery of the pendulum, perfected by Huyghens, had been applied to clocks about the date given by Emerson; and, according to BECKMAN, "the first pendulum clock made in England was constructed in the year 1663, by one Tromantil, a Dutchman." The ridiculous tax on clocks and watches, imposed in 1797, was repealed in the following year: the duty on Almanacks, however, which was quite as absurd, lasted from 1710 to 1834.

engines of war, ships, bridges, mills, curious roofs and arches, stately theatres, columns, pendent galleries, and all other grand works in building. Also clocks, watches, jacks, chariots, carts, and carriages, and even the wheel-barrow. Architecture, navigation, husbandry, and military affairs, owe their invention and use to this art; and whatever hath artificial motion by air, water, wind, or cords; as all manner of musical instruments, waterworks, etc. This is a science of such importance, that, without it, we could hardly eat our bread, or lie dry in our beds.

"By Mechanics we come to understand the motions of the parts of an animal body; the use of the nerves, muscles, bones, joints, and vessels: all which have been made so plain, as proves an animal body to be nothing but a mechanical engine. But this part of Mechanics, called Anatomy, is a subject of itself. Upon Mechanics are also founded the motions of all the celestial bodies, their periods, times, and revolutions. Without Mechanics, a general cannot go to war, nor besiege a town, or fortify a place; and the meanest artificer must work mechanically, or not work at all; so that all persons whatever are indebted to this art, from the king down to the cobbler.

"Upon Mechanics is also founded the Newtonian or only true philosophy in the world. For all the difficulty of philosophy consists in this; from some of the principal phenomena of motions to investigate the forces of nature. And then, from these forces to demonstrate the other phenomena; all of which is to be done upon mechanical principles. Thus, from the distances and revolutions of the heavenly bodies, the forces of gravity are derived; and from these forces thus known, are deduced the motions of the planets, comets, the moon, and the sea; as well as the motions of bodies upon the surface of the earth. These relate to the visible bodies of the universe. But there are also certain forces belonging to the small particles of matter, which we are still ignorant of; by which they are either impelled towards one another, and cohere in regular figures; or are repelled, and so recede from each other. For the particles of different sorts of bodies have different laws: since the small particles of some bodies attract one another, whilst those of other sorts repel each other; and that by forces almost infinitely various. Upon these forces, the cohesion, solidity, and fluidity, of bodies depend. The nature of elasticity, electricity, and magnetism. Upon these, also, depend the principles of fermentation, putrefaction, generation, vegetation, and dissolution of bodies; digestion and secretion in animal bodies; the motion of the blood and fluid in animals, and the moving of the members by the command of the will: the exciting sensations in the mind; the emission, reflection, refraction, and inflection of light; freezing by cold, burning by fire; all operations in chemistry, etc. If these forces could be found out, it would open to us a new field in the science of Mechanics. But, for want of proper experiments, these forces, among the invisible and imperceptible particles of matter, are utterly unknown, and exceeding difficult to be discovered; and, therefore, make no part of the ensuing treatise. Nor shall I meddle with astronomy, as being a subject of itself: nor with experimental philosophy, any further than concerns Mechanics.—And, although architec-

ture has a great dependence upon Mechanics, yet, there are a great many precarious rules in this art, invented purely for ornament, and the sake of beauty, which have nothing to do with Mechanics. And, therefore, *mechanical beauty* (that is, strength in due proportion) is all that I have any business to meddle with here."

The Newtonian Philosophy.

"It has been ignorantly objected by some, that the Newtonian philosophy, like all others before it, will grow old and out of date, and be succeeded by some new system, which will then be as much cried up as this is now. But this objection is very falsely made. For never a philosopher before Newton ever took the method that he did. For whilst their systems are nothing but hypotheses, conceits, fictions, conjectures, and romances, invented at pleasure and without any foundation in the nature of things, he, on the contrary, and by himself alone, set out upon a quite different footing. For he admits nothing but what he gains from experiments and accurate observations. And from this foundation, whatever is further advanced, is deducted by strict mathematical reasoning. And when this thread does not carry him, he stops, and proceeds no further; not pretending to be wise above what is written in nature; being rather content with a little true knowledge, than, by assuming to know everything, run the hazard of error. Contrary to all this, these scheming philosophers, being men of strong imaginations and weak judgments, will run on, *ad infinitum*, and build one fiction upon another, till their Babel, thus erected, proves to be nothing but a heap of endless confusion and contradiction. And then it is no wonder, if the whole airy fabric tumbles down, and sinks into ruin. And yet it seems, such romantic systems of philosophy will please some people as well as the strictest truth, or most regular system. As if philosophy, like religion, was to depend on the fashion of the country, or on the fancies and caprice of weak people. But, surely, this is nothing but rambling in the dark, and saying that the nature of things depends upon no steady principles at all. But, in truth, the business of true philosophy is to derive the nature of things from causes truly existent; and to inquire after those laws on which the Creator choosed to found the world; not those by which He might have done the same, had He so pleased. It is reasonable to suppose, that, from several causes, something differing from each other, the same effect may arise. But the true cause will always be that from which it truly and actually does arise; the others have no place in true philosophy. And this can be known no way but by observations and experiments. Hence, it evidently follows, that the Newtonian philosophy, being thus built upon this solid foundation, must stand firm and unshaken; and being once proved to be true, it must eternally remain true, until the utter subversion of all the laws of nature. It is, therefore, a mere joke to talk of a new philosophy. The foundation is now firmly laid: the Newtonian philosophy may, indeed, be improved, and further advanced; but it can never be overthrown, notwithstanding the efforts of all the Bernouillis, the Leibnitzs, the Greens, the

Berkleys, the Hutчинsons, etc. And even the French, themselves, have at last adopted it, and given up the Cartesian scheme."

In 1755, Emerson published his work on Navigation, which reached a second edition in 1764. Whilst busy with this work, our mathematician constructed a small vessel, with which himself and some of his young friends used to sail on the river Tees, which runs past Emerson's house at Hurworth; and many a splash into the water they got by swamping their frail craft; whereupon the philosopher would observe:—"They must not do as I do, but as I say,"—a saying very common in our district at that day and since with the clergy when in their cups.

Hitherto Emerson seems to have felt the want of some patron to render him that encouragement in those labours which his own neighbours and the general public were too ignorant to appreciate. That patron was at length found in Edward Montague, Esq., who, having an estate at Eryholme, near Hurworth, frequently visited the district. Mr. Montague recommended Emerson to the notice of John Nourse, "book-seller in ordinary to his Majesty in the Strand," the great mathematical publisher of his day, and himself an accomplished scholar; and, in the summer of 1763, Emerson visited London, to superintend the publication of three of his works: viz. *A Treatise of Arithmetic*, *A Treatise of Geometry*, and *A New Method of Increments*, all of which appeared that year. The following year, 1764, our mathematician gave to the public *A Treatise of Algebra*. In 1767, *The Arithmetic of Infinites and the Differential Method*, *Elements of the Conic Sections*, and *the Nature and Properties of Curve Lines*. In this work EMERSON states of

The Conic Sections.

"The most useful and remarkable curves, next the circle, are the Conic Sections. These curves make a considerable branch in geometry. They are of great use in several parts of the mathematics, particularly in Dialling, for delineating the signs; likewise in the Projection of the Sphere, where several of the circles are projected into Conic Sections; and the like in Perspective; also in Optics, to reflect or refract the rays to a geometrical focus; all Astronomy is built thereon; the construction of Algebraic Equations depends much upon them; they are very useful in Natural Philosophy for investigating the phenomena of nature. A man cannot be a proficient in the abstruser parts of the

mathematics without the knowledge of the Conic Sections, which leads the way to the higher Geometry. And it is absolutely necessary to know the fundamental properties, for all such persons as would make any advances in Natural Philosophy, and for understanding the amazing discoveries of the last age in the mechanism of the universe."

In 1768, Emerson's *Elements of Optics and Perspective* appeared: and in the following year, 1769, he gave to the world two works, *A System of Astronomy*, and *Mechanics, or the Doctrine of Motion, with the Laws of Centripetal and Centrifugal Force*; being an abridgement of his larger work on Mechanics already noticed at pages 190-4, with the Centripetal and Centrifugal portion added. In the next year, 1770, at the age of sixty-nine, he published his *Mathematical Principles of Geography, Navigation, and Dialling*, his *Short Comment on Sir Isaac Newton's Principia*; to which is added, *A Defence of Sir Isaac against the Objections that have been made to several parts of his Works*, and a volume of *Tracts*, besides his *Cyclomathesis, or an Easy Introduction to the several branches of the Mathematics*, in ten volumes. In 1776, when at the age of seventy-five, the industrious mathematician issued his last work, entitled *Miscellanies, or a Miscellaneous Treatise, Containing Several Mathematicial Subjects*; the said subjects being, Laws of Chance, Annuities, Societies, Moon's Motion, Construction of Arches, Precession of the Equinoxes, Construction of Logarithms, Interpolation, the Longitude, Interest, Figures of Sines, Fortification, Gunnery, Architecture, Music, Rules of Philosophy, Optical Lectures, and Problems. In the preface to his *Miscellanies*, EMERSON thus vigorously wrings the neck of one of his unjust critics:—

"I have done all I could to keep clear of errors, but among so many things, some may possibly escape, for I have no pretence to infallibility: and if my readers will not excuse me in this, they must not read my book. But I cannot dismiss this affair without taking notice of a certain obscure critic, who insulted and abused me in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for some trifling errors in the *Astronomy*, that any body, with the least smattering of mathematics, might rectify. Yet this Drawcansir kept barking at me out of his hole, in several of the *Magazines*, and pretended to criticize my book, though he acknowledged he did not understand it. A fine sort of a critic indeed, to rail at me for his own dullness. Yet this doughty author, when he came to be unkenelled, proved to be no more than a little paltry schoolmaster, who did not so much as understand his own native language; nor (by report) scarce ever writ a line of mathematics in his life. This mighty hero, in the last paper (which his trusty friend, the compiler of the *Magazine*, put in for him) has inserted no less than

a score of falsehoods, either directly such, or strongly insinuated. Yet this same impartial compiler refused to do me the justice to put in my remarks, which exposed these enormous lies, because his friend and favourite was going to give up. So that my paper is still in the hands of Mr. Nourse, where any body may see it that pleases. Therefore my readers may please to take notice, that if any envious, abusive, dirty scribbler, shall hereafter take it in his head to creep into a hole like an assassin, and lie lurking there on purpose to scandalize and rail at me; and dare not show his face like a man; I shall give myself no manner of trouble about such an animal, but look upon him as even below contempt.

WILLIAM EMERSON."

In 1781, feeling his end approaching, he sold his valuable library to a bookseller at York; because, he said, he had none but a pack of fools to leave his books to, and money would be of more use to them. On the twenty-first of May, 1782, he rested from his useful labours, at the ripe age of eighty-one; his wife surviving him nearly two years, but they had no children. He was buried in the churchyard, at Hurworth, at the west end of the church, where a tombstone was erected to his memory, bearing a Latin inscription, of which the following is a translation:—

"Underneath are interred the mortal remains of WILLIAM EMERSON, whose merit and science remained long unnoticed, although in him were united the virtues of simplicity and perfect integrity, with uncommon genius. That he was a great mathematician, if you have read his works, this stone need not inform you; if not, read them, and learn. He died May 21st, 1782, in the 81st year of his age. Near this tomb also lies ELIZABETH, his wife, who died March 27th, 1784, aged, 76."

Besides the works I have enumerated, Emerson was a frequent contributor to the *Ladies' Diary*, under the signature of *Merones*, which is a mere transposition, or anagram, of the letters of his surname; and in that publication he had some warmish controversies with Wadson (Dawson, of Sedgbergh) and other mathematicians. He also contributed to the *Miscellanea Curiosa Mathematica** of his friend, Francis Holliday, sometimes using his anagram, *Merones*, and sometimes the whimsical signature of *Philofluentimechanalgegeomastro-longo*. He at one time contemplated translating the Jesuits' Commentary of Newton's *Principia*; and he left behind him two manuscript quarto volumes filled with texts of Scripture,

* Issued in quarterly numbers, from the year 1745 to 1755.

which he considered contradictory to each other, ranged "cheek by jowl." When Science shall have so far triumphed as to compel Priestcraft and Bigotry to allow of full and fair free inquiry in religion, and more rational views of inspiration prevail than at present, then will the dear old Bible, best of books! be indeed received by all men as a genuine message from our Heavenly Father to his children on earth; which it can never be, by general consent, whilst the present deification of the book is insisted upon, and illiberal and superstitious interpretations are attempted to be forced upon us as part and parcel of the Blessed Book itself; glosses alike opposed to all philosophy, common sense, and the holiest attributes of the Most High.

In person Emerson was rather below the common size, but strong, active, and well-made; with honesty written in his openly ruddy countenance, and the soul of a true man peering through his expressive eyes. As he cultivated the inside of his head infinitely more than the outside, his wig was shabby, and his hats, if possible, shabbier still; but he was never known to disgrace himself by a shabby action. According to the prevailing custom throughout the whole of our district in his day, his linen was spun and bleached by his own wife, and woven in one of the looms of his own village; and one such shirt as Emerson wore (though quizzed no little by his biographers generally, as though it were deuced clever to make game of all things homely) was worth a thousand of those miserably flimsy fabrics now sold in shops to suit the imbecility of the crinolined prudes who, like the lilies, "toil not, neither do they spin," and who are astruly ignorant of all the duties of a good house-wife as the said lilies. Emerson was not ashamed to represent the spinning-wheel he had made for his wife in an engraving in his *Mechanics*, nor did it ever enter into his head to be ashamed of wearing shirts spun by her fair fingers. He was a wiser and a better man. Like his manners, his whole dress was homely, but made of materials that would wear; not of that rubbishly *shoddy*, the manufacture of which was lately considered a proper subject of laudation, by a liberal member of parliament, at the anniversary of a mechanics' institute in the west-riding!

Emerson's favourite amusement was angling in the Tees, which he followed with a patient perseverance that would have

delighted the "meek old angler, knight of hook and line," Izaak Walton, or his adopted son, Charles Cotton; often standing up to the waist in the water for hours together a fishing: and when he was building a house upon his small farm, he used to plunge into the adjacent Tees, to gather stones from the bed of the river. The water, he said, sucked the gout out of his legs.* He had a taste for music, and was considered clever at making or repairing violins and virginals; could excel half of the clock and watch makers in the county; and, indeed, could construct anything requiring a mechanical genius. His diet was as plain as his dress; and when he was deeply engaged in his studies, he would seize a piece of cold pie, or meat and bread, in his hand, to allay the pangs of hunger, and never sit down to a meal for days together. The mental bow cannot always be kept tight-strung; and, as Emerson kept no barrel of good home-brewed beer in his own house, (although ale was his favourite beverage when he made merry,) he would occasionally spend a few days at the neighbouring taverns, when his neighbours were sure to force him into an argument on agriculture, mechanics, politics, or religion, though few of them could understand a tithe of his premises. He used to visit Darlington market on foot whenever his stock of provisions grew low, with a wallet slung across his shoulders; or, if he did happen to take a horse, he slung his wallet across the animal's back, and trudged by its side; for he was a thorough pedestrian. His health through the greater part of his life was good; but, as he advanced in years, he suffered greatly from that painful disease, the stone or gravel, and in the agony of his fits would crawl round the floor on his hands and knees, wishing that his human mechanism would go to wreck without so much "*clitter-my-clatter*," as he termed it. As he grew weaker, his pain abated; and he died as serenely as a saint. SMEATON thus pithily sums up his character:—

"Emerson, like other great men, had his foibles and defects. He was singular and uncouth in his dress and manners, and hasty and impetuous in his temper, but whatever failings he had, they were overbalanced by his virtues. He had

* When an old man, he made "*shin-covers*" of pieces of old sacks, which he tied about the knees and ancles with twine, to prevent his legs from burning when he sat near the fire in the cold weather. These were certainly useful, but far from ornamental; indeed his whole dress, like his manners, was as rustic as it could possibly be, though he was perfectly free from all affectation of singularity.

a great, firm, and independent mind, that could not be brought to submit to anything mean, base, or disengenuous, by any power on earth : a pure, genuine, ardent love of truth, and detestation of falsehood, of whatever species. His honesty and integrity were such, that all who knew anything of him reposed in him the most implicit confidence ; and no man could ever justly complain that Emerson had deceived him. He had great pleasure in doing a good and friendly service, to any deserving person, whenever he had it in his power ; and, under a rough and forbidden exterior, he concealed a humane heart, that wished to promote the welfare and happiness of his fellow-creatures."

Such was that William Emerson, of Hurworth, the mathematician whose aid or advice was eagerly sought by the learned from all parts of the kingdom ; but who was regarded by his ignorant neighbours as a professor of the black art, as Roger Bacon had been five hundred years before him ! Though human enlightenment had marched on immensely, and an impassible gulf yawned between the England of the thirteenth and of the eighteenth centuries, yet the bulk of the people were still in stolid ignorance, and those entrusted with the government of the realm deemed it wisest to keep them so. Even now, how few of us have the wisdom to perceive, and the moral courage to maintain, that it is alike the duty and interest of the State to provide schools throughout the length and the breadth of the land for the moral, intellectual, and industrial education of the children of every citizen. For myself, I am enthusiast enough to dream of a time when our lockups will give place to schools, and our jails will be turned into colleges ; and when our well-drilled police force, no longer needed as thief-catchers, will be transformed into an army of teachers ! Happy is the man who feels within his breast the full assurance that he has laboured earnestly for this ; for it is, as Hamlet would say, "a consummation devoutly to be wished for."





H. Alford del.

John Reed Appleton,

F.S.A. LOND. & SCOT. &c.

JOHN REED APPLETON, F.S.A.

" Scoff not at antiquarian research,
As useless in results ; for it throws light
Upon the darkness of the past, to aid
Humanity along its devious way."

PETER PROLETARIUS.

" A difference has been very properly made between travelling in a foreign and a native country. The former implies novelty altogether; a distinction in the laws, religion, manners, habits, costumes, and amusements of the people; while domestic peregrination is attended only by change of scenery. The science of Antiquities exactly assimilates the former, with interesting additions, because it is connected with dramatic effect. Figures and times, with which we insensibly associate ourselves, pass before us in group or procession; and it has this difference from a picture, that, like the music of a dance, it animates us. The study and the exhibition form a masquerade, in which we mix in character; because, from the formation of the human mind, we can take an interest in nothing with which we do not combine ideas. What man can visit Athens, Rome, or Pompeii, without its eliciting fervid recollections of Greeks and Romans? A classic or a connoisseur will loiter with the feelings of a missionary at Jerusalem, over the sublime of the Parthenon, or the beautiful of the Erechtheum.—He, too, who is ignorant of preceding ages, is incapable of mixing in cultivated society, so far as it depends upon the ability to join in general conversation. A scholar and a man of the world, unitedly or respectively, as to character, ought to know, that neither philosophy nor criticism can be accurate, where there is no knowledge of Archæology."—FOSBROKE'S *Encyclopædia of Antiquities*.

John Reed Appleton was born at Stockton-on-Tees, December 11th, 1824, where his father, Mr. John Appleton,*

* Mr. John Appleton, who had received an excellent classical education at the "Free Grammar School of Queen Elizabeth," (not then *free*!) of his native town, Darlington, commenced the publication of *The Stockton Monthly Magazine* in January, 1818; and, in 1823, the former periodical having been discontinued, he began to issue *The Midsummer and Christmas Visitor*, which he continued until 1826; being the printer, publisher, and editor, of both publications. He was also the publisher of many pamphlets of considerable local interest, several of which have now become scarce. He died at Stockton-on-Tees, May 13th, 1847, aged 64 years.

carried on the business of a printer and bookseller, for many years. Mr. William Appleton,* printer and bookseller, Darlington, the grandfather of the subject of this notice, was descended from a family of considerable respectability in the north of England, and was connected by marriage with Christopher Rowntree, of Middleton-on-Leven, Esq., mentioned at pages 133-4; the Rowntrees being a highly-respected family of Yorkshire yeomen, locally famous for their devotion to the sports of the field.

After leaving school, John Reed Appleton was wishful to get on the staff of *The Times* as a reporter; and, to prepare himself for this object of his ambition, devoted all his leisure for two or three years, to the practice of writing short-hand; but his father being strongly opposed to his becoming a reporter, he gave up the idea, and was reluctantly made a clerk in a solicitor's office. As soon as his clerkship had expired, he left Stockton on a pretended visit to a relation at North Shields, but really to go behind a grocer's counter, with a view to get out as a commercial traveller. The father, finding his son's aversion to the practice of the law was not to be overcome, at last gave way, and allowed him to pursue his own course, which happily has been a prosperous one. For many years he has represented the house of Hill, Evans, and Co., the celebrated Vinegar and British Wine Manufacturers of Worcester, forming friends in every town he visits by his genial manners and conversation.

During his clerkship, I fear, he often "penned a stanza, when he should engross;" for his devotion to the Muses seems to have been considerable until an active commercial life in-

* "The next front building in the Horse Market was erected by Mr William Appleton, printer, who purchased, and was probably the last worker of, the press and typographical materials which were used in the production of the famous Allan tracts."***Mr. William Appleton died July 15th, 1813, aged sixty-five years. His widow, Mrs. Mary Appleton, whose memory is held in kindly regard by many of the ancient matrons to whom we have had to apply for information, conducted the bookselling and printing business till 1826, when she died at the age of sixty-nine years. We knew the good old lady well, and have been many a time indebted to her for a juvenile 'feast of reason' culled from her valued gift of a sixpenny book."—*Men that are Gone from the Households of Darlington*, by HENRY SPENCER.

terfered so much with his favorite studies of poetry, painting, and music, as to compel him to relinquish them : let us hope, only to be resumed in a serene old age of learned leisure. One study, however, has ever found in Mr. Appleton a constant and persevering disciple,—that useful and pleasing science, Archæology; and his collection of topographical works and local views is excellent. Hitherto, he has been rather anxious to furnish other writers with trustworthy materials than to figure as an author himself; but I have before me an elaborate pedigree of *Evans*, printed for private circulation only, carefully compiled by Mr. Appleton and his friend, Morris Charles Jones, Esq., F. S. A. Scot.,* which is sufficient of itself to establish the reputation of these gentlemen as genealogists,† although it is modestly published under their initials only.



Arms of Evans.

Mr. Appleton resided for about five years in the city of Worcester; but, in 1855, he removed to Western Hill, Durham, where he continues to reside; holding friendly correspondence with the principal literati of the north of England; and to the history of his native county I hope he will some day be a diligent contributor. He is a Fellow of the Societies of Antiquaries of London and of Scotland, and also of Newcastle-on-Tyne; a

* Mr. Jones is the author of a very elaborate treatise, entitled *Reminiscences connected with the Old Oak Panelling now at Gungrog*, also privately printed, which I have read with great pleasure. The carvings alluded to are most probably those of the celebrated Grinling Gibbons. Mr. Jones has also printed for private distribution *Notes respecting the Family of Waldo*.

† Two reviews of this pedigree may be quoted. *The Herald and Genealogist*, edited by John Gough Nichol, F. S. A., says that the names of those two gentlemen "are a guarantee of the care with which it has been compiled, as indeed is amply shown by the circumstantial array of dates with their authorities in each case annexed":—and *The Reliquary*, edited by Llewellyn Jewitt, F. S. A., remarks:—"In this useful work Mr. Jones's initials are, we see, associated with those of Mr. J. R. Appleton, F. S. A. With two such names, there can be no possible need of further guarantee of the care and truthfulness with which the task has been accomplished. The notice is remarkably elaborate in its details, and presents, certainly, a greater mass of information, both data and otherwise, than has ever before been got together on the family of Evans—the pedigree embracing upwards of four hundred different persons."

member of the Royal Archæological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland; and of several other kindred learned societies.

To the general reader, a pedigree is about as repulsive as a charnel-house is to the non-scientific. The anatomist alone can see beauty in a skeleton; and only the genealogist can peruse a pedigree with pleasure: I therefore shall not be expected to give a specimen of Mr. Appleton's skill in genealogy, though to myself some of the incidents recorded of the silver-buttoned old Evanses of the seventeenth century suggest graphic pictures of a substantial British yeomanry in whose veins was coursing the best blood of our dear old country. I must, therefore, though to Mr. Appleton's disadvantage, take my extracts from his verses, many of them written in early life, but all breathing a healthy love of nature of which even a learned antiquary has no cause to be ashamed. Cannot I love alike the beautiful tracery of a Gothic abbey, and the pretty wild flower that has rooted itself in the debris of the ruin?

In a juvenile effort, entitled "Be happy," he sings:—

"Be happy!—'t is the best to look
On the bright side of things,
Which daily spring within our homes
On Time's swift-feather'd wings;
For it, perhaps, may sting our hearts
If the dark side we view.
Be happy!—Hope their darkest shade
Will turn their brightest hue."

In a long poem on Calf Fallow Banks, near Norton, he says:—

"These long years past, again I tread the sod
Where first my soul look'd up to Nature's God;
Where blooming flowers and sweetest blossoms taught
Those glorious lessons which are ever fraught
With reverence and love."

In "a lovely village" mentioned in the second canto of "Gilbert and Alice, a Tale," I strongly suspect the minstrel had Thornaby in view, where, I understand, he wooed and won a wife with whom he has spent many happy years, and where his maternal fore-elders owned lands on the banks of the Tees which are now covered with houses and manufactories:—

"Rememberest thou, where once a forest stood,
 A lovely village, nestling near a wood,
 Adorn'd with orchards and with gardens green,
 'Midst which the little church is to be seen,
 Its lowly roof which ne'er has steeple known,
 With moss and ivy almost overgrown—
 And where the rooks, whose colony has stood
 A century's rocking in the ancient wood,
 Caw their loud praises of so fair a scene,
 Above the broad and pleasant village green—
 Where Tees's waters in their virgin pride,
 Caress'd by hanging woods on either side,
 Roll smiling onward ever fair and free
 Thro' the sweet valley to the German Sea?
 Rememberest thou, a charming shady bower,
 Where we have sat for many a pleasant hour,
 And watch'd the river in its merry flow,
 And from the setting sun the rosy glow,
 With its bright face and circling eddies play
 As they flow'd onward and were borne away?
 There Gilbert wander'd oft at evetide hour
 With soul enraptured. As he felt the power
 Of scene so lovely, and listen'd to the song
 Sung by the river as it roll'd along,
 He would break forth :—Oh ! great and glorious God!
 With what emotion do I tread the sod
 Bedeck'd with lowly flowers : each bend the head
 In adoration, and sweet fragrance shed
 As incense offer'd in glory unto Thee.
 My soul becomes elated when I see
 Trees so magnificent—when I trace
 Such varied beauties spread o'er nature's face—
 And swells, with gratitude, and breathes a prayer
 To Thee, the giver of a scene so fair."

The following pathetic verses tell their own tale :—

To the Memory of
 WILLIAM HILL, OF WORCESTER, ESQ., F. R. A. S.

"Hark to that bell ! Its solemn voice proclaims
 That one we dearly loved has left Life's shore :
 His spirit has return'd to Him who gave—
 He is no more !

Relieved from suffering on that bed of death
 Where with great patience he his anguish bore :
 Buoy'd up with hope of an eternal rest
 When here no more !

The faithful friend—the generous heart and hand—
 The noble mind with astronomic lore—
 The well-remember'd form—familiar face—
 Are now no more !

Who knew him best, loved most—they knew his worth,
 His sterling qualities—and now deplore
 That he they loved so much has sunk to rest,
 And is no more !

He was my friend. No time can e'er efface
 His first kind greeting in the days of yore ;
 Memory shall treasure his warm-hearted words
 'Till I'm no more !"



Seal of William de Appleton (14th Century).

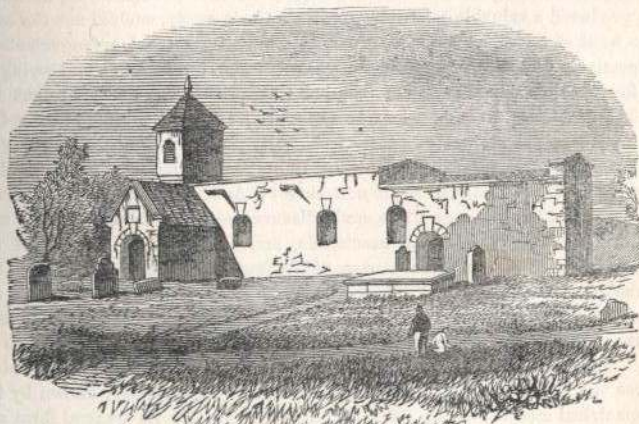
JABEZ COLE, M. B.

"The lay of the linnet is not less welcome because the lark fills the sky, or the thrush the woodland, with louder and richer melody."

DR. SPENCER T. HALL, M.A.

Four-and-twenty years ago, Mr. Jabez Cole, who then resided at Ingleby-Greenhow, and was a popular local preacher among the Wesleyan Methodists, contributed occasional verses to my *Stokesley News and Cleveland Reporter*, of which the following Sonnet, written in Ingleby-Greenhow Churchyard, is one:—

"Gay Spring is dancing on the landscape now,
The Earth has waken'd from her icy sleep—
Young health and vigour through her veins do flow,
And from her cheek the flowers of beauty peep.
There's naught around but melody and love;—
There is a universal pulse of mirth,
Which beats in all below, and all above,
And man and beast rejoice at life's new birth:
But here are sleepers who are sleeping still,
The shout of joy has never reach'd their ear,
Their eye has never seen the sunny hill;
Unknowing and unknown, from year to year,
They lie in Death's thick-ribbed ice—unconscious slaves!
Spring smiles upon, but Winter frowns within, their graves."



Ingleby-Greenhow Parish Church, dedicated to St. Andrew.

WILLIAM MUDD.

"Children of nature! let me dwell with you,
And talk with you, a pensive botanist."

EBENEZER ELLIOTT'S *Vernal Walk*.

William Mudd, then a working gardener at Great Ayton, and now curator of the Cambridge Botanical Gardens, published, in 1861, *A Manual of British Lichens*, which was thus reviewed by the *Athenæum* :—

"This is an octavo volume of 309 pages, containing descriptions of all the species, arranged upon a new plan by the author. We cannot but express our regret that so much labour should have been consumed to so little purpose. It is evident, indeed, that Mr. Mudd is thoroughly in earnest, that he has a very extensive knowledge of these little plants, and that what he has written is the result of long and patient original observation. Had his power of generalizing but equalled his industry in observing, and if he had possessed the art of combining in as eminent a degree as that of separating, he would have produced a valuable scientific work. Unfortunately, such is not the case. From want of technical skill in managing his typographical arrangements, it is excessively difficult to understand what his classification is; and owing to the formidable scientific jargon adopted throughout the work, without the smallest necessity, it is hopeless to expect any reader to master it, except an adept. Nevertheless, in the midst of the thickest verbal fog which we ever endeavoured to penetrate, we are to grope for the distinctions of no fewer than 105 genera, where Linnæus made one suffice; Acharius, the great reformer of the order, 43; and even Fries could discover no more than 32. Some may call this the result of scientific exactitude, and adduce it as a proof of the advance made in the modern power of observation. We cannot accept the explanation. Undoubtedly it arises out of a microscopical examination of the tissues of these plants, and a belief that structural peculiarities invisible to the naked eye are of more importance than those which are obvious to all men. But we cannot perceive any proof that mere microscopical characters possess the value assigned to them, and that a plant is better known by the micrometrical measure of its internal particles than by its general form and surface. To say nothing of the notorious uncertainty of over-minute exami-

nation and the variable form of vegetable cells, we are at a loss to discover upon what principle the spores (or microscopical seeds) of a *Nephroma* are to be distinguished from those of a *Peltigera*, or a *Synechoblastus*, or *Rocella*; or why they should be selected for distinguishing characters rather than the old Acharian marks derived from the thallus and its shield. We might as well endeavour to classify animals by differences in the form of the ultimate organized elements of their fat, flesh, muscular fibres, or bones, instead of taking those manifest differences with which zoologists have hitherto been satisfied. A good manual of British Lichens is wanted; and if Mr. Mudd will discard his crabbed phraseology, introduce clearness into his arrangement—throw overboard all such spurious genera as *Diploicia* *Thalliodima*, *Toninia*, and *Lencothecium*—offer differences to the consideration of the reader instead of descriptions,—in short, follow the example set by Bentham in his admirable *Handbook of the British Flora*; if he will do all this, we have no doubt that he will produce a work which English science will gladly recognize.”

Of the merits of a purely botanical book, I must confess myself altogether an incompetent critic, and therefore cannot judge of the justice of the foregoing review. Of Lichens and Mosses I know little except their exceeding beauty, and I can only say, that I have often felt with *RUSKIN**:—

“As the earth’s first mercy, so they are its last gift to it. When all other service is vain, from plant and tree, the soft mosses and grey lichens take up their watch by the head-stone. The woods, the blossoms, the gift-bearing grasses, have done their parts for a time, but these do service for ever. Trees for the builder’s yard, flowers for the bride’s chamber, corn for the granary, moss for the grave. Yet, as in one sense the humblest, in another they are the most honoured of the earth-children. Unfading, as motionless, the worm frets them not, and the Autumn wastes not. Strong in lowliness, they neither blanch in heat nor pine in frost. To them, slow-fingered, constant-hearted, is intrusted the weaving of the dark, eternal tapestries of the hills; to them, slow-pencilled, iris-dyed, the tender framing of their endless imagery. Sharing the stillness of the unimpassioned rock, they share also its endurance; and while the winds of departing Spring scatter the white hawthorn blossom like drifted snow, and Summer dims on the parched meadow the drooping of its cowslip gold,—far above, among the mountains, the silver lichen-spots rest, star-like, on the stone, and the gathering orange stain upon the edge of yonder western peak reflects the sunsets of a thousand years.”

* *Modern Painters*, vol. v.



B b

JOHN CASTILLO.

"Corrupting beaunks he did detest,
 For hiz wer ov the varra best,
 This meead him wiser then the rest
 O' t' neeighbours round ;—
 Tho' poor i' poss, i' senses blest,
 An' judgment sound.
 Before the silver neet ov age,
 The precept ov the sacred page
 His meditation did engage
 That race te run,
 Like those who 'spite ov Satan's rage
 The prahze hed won.
 But noo hiz een's gone dim i' deeach,
 Neea mare a pilgrim here on eearth,
 Hiz soul flits fra' her shell beneeach
 Te realms ov day ;
 Where carping care, an' pain, an' deeach,
 Iz decan away."

CASTILLO's *Awd Isaac*, part ii.

John Castillo, the Bard of the North York Dales, was of Irish origin, having been born at Rathfarnum, three miles from Dublin, in or about the year 1792, "of poor but honest parents," who left their then grievously-oppressed country, (where secret conspiracies on the one hand, and tortures on the other, were the order of the day,) and, after having been shipwrecked at the Isle-of-Man, settled at the quiet hamlet of Lealholm Bridge in Cleveland when the subject of this notice was in his second or third year : and, though often obliged to leave his foster-valley "to beg a brother of the earth to give him leave to toil," (as BURNS very pithily puts it,) the principal part of his life was spent in the parish of Danby. Thus in his "Lealholm Bridge—a Soliloquy during a Visit, after some Years Absence," we have :—

"In distant lands my father's lot was cast,
 And we were left to feel the bitter blast.

Death's fatal hand its victim did arrest,
 And tore him from the darlings of his breast.
 I, by a mother's care, when young, was led
 Down by the river to yon primrose bed,
 Where birds so sweetly sung the trees among,
 I thought those days were happy, bright, and long.
 Oft I, a boy, with others of my age,
 Did eager here in youthful sports engage:
 Oft in yon wood we roved when life was new,
 The rocks, and trees, and rugged caves to view,
 Where woodbines wild with sweets perfumed the air,
 And all seem'd joyous, beautiful, and fair."

Well would it have been for poor Castillo if he had but possessed some kind and intelligent friend capable of leading him to commune with Nature, and of teaching him to despise that soul-blighting Superstition which is sacrificed to in all quarters, but has its most devoted worshippers in sequestered dales like the Danby* of Castillo's time. As it was, he had fearful dreams of "an ocean of troubled liquid fire," at a time when such deleterious teaching ought never to have reached his childish ears; and he "saw a number of tormented and tormenting beings, most of which were in human shape, rolling about, tossed by those dismal and furious waves, and as soon as some sunk, others arose, full of horror and dismal wailings," in visions which ought to have been redolent of the beauty and perfume of flowers, and the music of birds and brooks. The humblest psychologist who glances through the writings of poor Castillo will at once perceive the baleful effects which the popular superstitions have had on what, under proper culture, would have been a great intellect. Some day we may

* Thank God, we have at last got a railroad through the dale; and I know of no pleasanter railway ride than on the line foolishly called *Cleveland and North Yorkshire*,—just as though Cleveland was *not* a portion of the North Riding. Danby and its neighbouring dales is a district rich in the remains of Scandinavian folk-lore. The following communication, from the late respected member for the North Riding, speaks for itself:—

"11, Dean's Yard, Westminster, May 7, 1861.

"Sir,—I shall be happy to be a Subscriber to your work on *Cleveland* as described in your prospectus. I hope it may include the district of Danby-dale, where I suspect the traditions must be curious, both in the way of language, customs, and sports.

"Your faithful Servant,

"E. S. CAYLEY."

"G. M. Tweddell, Esq."

discover, that the true development of our future men and women, mentally, morally, and physically, is the only sound political economy, and the surest way to augment "the wealth of nations."

When about eleven or twelve years of age, he lost his father, who had sent him to school, and taken him to hear mass (like a good Catholic), and given him such training as he was capable of giving. But the now-fatherless lad must leave school, like tens of thousands of lads in the present day,* just

* The great increase in the number of schools throughout the realm, is one of the most gratifying sights that can gladden the eyes of any one interested in the welfare of humanity,—as every true man and woman must be, whatever their sect or party. But I regret to say, that children are generally taken from school just at the very age when their faculties are beginning fairly to develop themselves. The Rev. F. WATKINS, B. D., one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, has noticed this most lamentable fact, in his very able General Report for the year 1850, on the schools inspected by him in the counties of York, Durham, and Northumberland. Addressing the Right Hon. the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education, he says:—"One might almost state it thus:—*that about five children out of one hundred of the poorer classes stay at school to an age when they may learn something, and when their characters may be moulded into shape.*" The italics are the worthy Inspector's own; and he forcibly adds:—"Is not this a mockery of education? We have, my Lords, improved school-buildings; we have, in many places, excellent rooms, airy, cheerful, well-warmed rooms, both for teachers and children; we have a very fair supply—and it is yearly increasing in quantity and quality—of school-books. We have improved apparatus of all kinds—maps, slates, black-boards, desks, stands, &c.; almost everything which ingenuity can devise, or experience approve, for this object; and, above all these, we have a much-improved race of school teachers, many men and many women of recognized ability, of consistently religious character, of earnest devotion to their work, of high purpose, and practical success. The number of these teachers is yearly increasing, and must increase year by year, as each generation of pupil-teachers passes on from the school to the training institution, and from it into the field of work for which it has been so long and so well trained. There is—it is no exaggeration to say it—improvement in all respects but one, and that one a most important, an essential one—one without which all the others are void and pointless—*the age of the children in the schools.*" To remedy this huge social evil, Mr. WATKINS earnestly calls upon the Legislature to interfere. "Will the employers," he asks, "on the one hand, employ the adult instead of the child at a double rate of wages? or will the parent forego the child's earnings, and pay its school fees? The answer is quite plain, Neither will do so *voluntarily*. Yet the thing must be done; and it must be done, and can be done only, by the solemn voice of the law, pro-

when he is beginning to imbibe a little book-learning, and (as the Cleveland folks say) "he mun try te mak a bit scrat for his awn living!" Castillo was what my Lancashire friends call "*punced up*:" we must not wonder, then, if he is slightly intolerant to all who do not see with his eyes. Leaving Lealholm Bridge on the death of his father, he went, as servant-boy, with a gentleman, into Lincolnshire, where he spent two years, and then returned to his adopted valley, where he learnt the art and mystery of a stone-mason, and became converted amongst the Wesleyan Methodists; being admitted into class, April 5th, 1818, at the chapel at Danby End, when he was some twenty-six years years old: and to the end of his life he was an energetic revivalist amongst that body, through all his poverty and privations. Thus in "A Farewell," he sings:—

"From a land full of friends where he covets to stay,
Poor tost-about Castillo's forced far away,
Into regions beyond, where his lot may be cast,
So he leaves this small tribute, which may be his last.

How happy is he who has work to abide,
With his child on his knee, by his own fireside!
Where he's cheer'd with the counsel and charms of a wife,
To lessen or share in the troubles of life.

'T is but few who the ills of the traveller know
While to rivers and hills relating his woe;
Far away from his friends, and out of employ,
With no one to share in his trouble or joy.

While he sees some for wickedness highly extoll'd,
He is sharing the frowns of a hard-hearted world;
Receives for his good deeds a sad recompence,
A stranger, a lodger, and all on expense!

Yet there's One, who if he will his follies control,
Will preserve both the health of his body and soul;
To the married or single, the husband or wife,
Religion can sweeten the bitters of life!"

And in "The Lodger in Liverpool, or the Mason in Winter

tecting the child from parent and from employer alike. * * * This well done, almost all that has been done for education in the last few years is well done also; this undone, almost all that has been done is of little use."

nupt by the Frost, while a Card-party were enjoying themselves in an adjoining Room," he says :—

"While sad I sit, oft musing over
Happy days for ever fled;
A lonely lodger in a corner,
Like some hermit in his shed.

All around seems blithe and merry;
My light 's dim and harp 's unstrung,
While memory turns to yonder valley,
On whose flowery banks I 've sung.

Dirty, ragged, and down-hearted,
Far from country, friends, and home;
And as far from kindness parted,
Doom'd for work the world to roam.

* * *

But when time makes all surrender,
Nor permits the least excuse,
Happy they whom time's avenger
Charges not with its abuse."

In the months of January and February, 1837, Castillo caught a succession of colds, which, added to previous hardships, brought on influenza; and he never afterwards was the strong man whose brawny arm had hewn out and dressed the freestone of the Cleveland hills, happy if he could but earn daily bread by his hard toil, and assist in the labours of the sect with which he had allied himself. That year, on his partial recovery, he was invited during the Summer to Stockton-on-Tees, with a brother-revivalist, "but," says he, "we carried rather too coarse metal for that refined place,"—methodism always changing its character when wealthy folks join the society. In the dales, however, Castillo was a successful revivalist. In February, 1838, he set out for the Pickering circuit. "Finding," says he, "the channels at home (if I have a home) in some measure blocked up, I went away, in the storm of 1838, but not having my name on any plan as a preacher, I occasionally got severe lashes on that account; but endeavoured, as much as possible, to keep out of the pulpits, by holding prayer-meetings, and giving exhortations out of the singing-pews, or from the forms:" and, I presume, it is in allusion to some of those revivalist doings that he remarks, in his "Village Preaching:"—

"Far over Cleveland's lofty hills,
 Water'd by rivulets and rills,
 A lovely village doth appear,
 And o'er the trees its chimneys rear.
 A church there is without a steeple,
 And several unconverted people;
 Though not much pious fruit appear,
 The people still desire to hear;
 To chapel oft they go and back,
 In their old Summer-beaten track.

* * *
 The forms were set, and rostrum fixt,
 The preacher went, and took his text.

* * *
 Having, as he thought, cleared his way,
 They sang, and then began to pray:
 He left his elevated station,
 And went among his congregation.

* * *
 But such unusual proceeding
 They say completely spoil'd the meeting:
 That preacher's conduct is unstable,
 Who cannot keep behind the table!

* * *
 If I should go that way once more,
 And find the people as before,
 They must have either chain or cable,
 If they keep *me* behind the table."

Castillo died at Pickering, April 16th, 1845, at the age of fifty-three. With all the vigour of an ancient Puritan, he was cramped in mind by most of the narrowness that rendered Puritanism intolerable to the people of England in the days of my illustrious ancestor, the Lord Protector. Thus we have, as the title of one of his rhyming dialogues, "The Music Band is all the go, but it is a plausible and successful Snare of the Devil." In his verses on "The Wedding," the "bands of music, singing, dancing, and drinking," are condemned as though bad in themselves; jollity being a crime in his eyes, even though it was unaccompanied by excess.* "Merry Christmas as kept in England," in the nineteenth century, was as great an abomination to poor Castillo as the old English May-games were to Philip Stubs in 1595, or to the Rev.

* In his "Broad and Narrow Way," he says:—

"With pleasant walks and cheerful company,
 And harmless games—if harmless games there be."

Thomas Hall, B.D., of King's Norton, in 1660; neither of whom could have read Herrick's beautiful verses, "Corinna's going a-Maying," without almost falling into fits. And as for the theatre, why all who frequented such places, though it might be to listen to the unequalled plays of Shakspeare from the lips of the greatest actors of the day, were vile and accurst. Unlike the generality of dissenters, who generally make Good Friday a day for tea-meetings and rejoicings, Castillo had a peculiar veneration for the day set apart to commemorate the death of the Holy Jesus; and he even believed that the two *sinkers* who were dragged out of a coal pit, one of them killed, and the other dreadfully wounded, when

"The kibble kick'd, brim-full of splinter'd rock,"

were punished by "the just judgment of an angry God" for going down to work on that holyday!

Castillo's longest and most popular poem is "Awd Isaac," which gives a graphic picture of a Sunday in the Dales, and of which the following are the best verses:—

Awd Isaac.

"Yah neet az Ah went heam fra wark,
A lahtle bit afor 't waz dark,
Quite blithe an' cheerful az a lark
Ah thowt me-sel;
An' sat mah down, te rist a bit,
At top o' t' hill.

Fowks just wer tonnin out ther ky;—
A lahtle plain awd man com by;—
Cum sit ye doon, gud frind, sez I,
An' rist yer legs:
He 'd been a bit o' flour te buy,
And tweea 'r three eggs.

Ah fand him varra gud te stop;—
Hiz stick he set up as a prop;—
Hiz hoary heead he lifted up,
An' thus cumplain'd;—
(Sum fragments ov a gud-like feeace,
There still remain'd.)

Yoo see, sez he, mah deer yung frind,
Me travel 's ommost at an end;
Wi' age me back begins te bend,
An' white 's me hair;
Ov this world's griefs, yoo may depend,
Ah 've had me share.

Hiz teal, tho' simple, it was grand,
An' varra gud te understand,—
Hiz stick steed up aboon hiz hand
T' awd fashin'd way;
Hiz couat an' hat wer weather-tann'd,
A duffil grey.

Ah think, sez Ah, 'at Scripture sez,
Grey hairs is honorable dress,
If they be fund i' righteousness,
Be faith obtain'd;
An' Ah think, be what yer leeaksexpress,
That prahze yoo 've gain'd.

We age it izzent gud te joke,
An' 't 'z ommost ower warm te woke;
Sit doon, an' hev a bit o' toke,
O' things at 'z past:
Awd men, like yoo, hez seeaf beeah
heead,
An' seen a vast.

A vast Ah hev beeah heead an' seen,
An' felt misfotten's arrows keen,
Az yoo remark, whaile Ah hev been
On this life's stage;
It is a varra changin' scene,
Fra youth te age.

Hoo great, an' yet hoo feeble 's man!
 Hiz life at langest 's but a span;
 Hiz history he thus began,
 Wi' tears te tell;
 An' if yer ears be owt like mahne,
 'T will pleease ye well.

Lang saihne Ah lost me wife, sez he,
 Which was a heavy cross te me;
 An' then me sun teeak off tit sea,
 A faihne young man,—
 An' Ah neea mare his feeace mun see,
 It 's ten te yan.

Ah happen'd te be off yah day,
 A kaihnd ov sweetheart az thay say,
 Com in an' teeak me lass away,
 An' howsin stuff;
 An' noo, poor thing, she's deead thay say,
 A lang way off.

It's noo neen year, an' gannin i' ten,
 Sen Ah at barkwood met sum men,
 'Twaz there Ah fell an' leeam'd me sen,
 E spite o' care:
 Ah waz fooust te give up ther an' then,
 An' work neea mare.

But t' neeighbours hez been varra gud,
 Or else lang saihne Ah'd stuck et' mud,
 An' seea throo them, an' t' help o' God,
 Ah gets me breed;
 Ah hope they 'll be rewarded for 't
 When Ah 'z loa laid:

Bud, seeing all me cumforts gone,
 Ah diddent noa what way te ton,
 Then Ah began to sigh an' mon
 Beeath neet an' day;
 Ah bowt a Bahble, an' began
 Te read an' pray.

An' az Ah read, an' az Ah pray'd,
 Ah thowt it thunner'd owwer my heead,
 An' offen Ah was sadly flay'd
 We dismal noises:
 Sumtahms e bed Ah thowt Ah heeard
 Mysterious voices.

Tell a preacher chanced te cum this
 way,
 Ah 'v koase te ivver bless that day
 Kahnd Providence led me that way
 This man te heer:
 Ah like a sheep had geean astray
 For monny a year.

He sed 't waz luv o' Christ cumpell'd
 him,
 Bud seean az ivver Ah beheld him,
 Ah thowt at sum kahnd frind had told
 him

 All me heart;
 For ivvery word, like arrows pointed,
 Meead it smart.

Ah thowt, till then, 'at Ah was reet,
 Bud he set me sins all e me seet,
 At last Ah fell down at his feet,
 Wi' solid grief;
 Ah thowt Ah sud hev deed afoore
 Ah fand relief.

Ah really thowt, if you 'll believe ma,
 'At hell was oppen te receeave ma,
 Sum sed the Lord waz seean relieve ma,
 He waz me keeper;
 Bud all they sed did nowt but greeve
 ma,
 It cut ma deeper.

Ah dreeaded the Almighty's frown,
 Ah wander'd greetin up an' doon,
 Nowther e country nor e town
 Neea rist Ah fand;
 Me sins, like stars, did me surround,
 Or heeaps o' sand.

At thowts o' ivverlasting pains,
 An' being bund iv endless chains,
 Me bleead like ice ran through me
 veins,
 We shivverin dreead;
 Ah cuddent sleep, an' Ah forgat
 To eat me breed.

Then varra seean t' repoort waz raized
 An' all round t' village it wor blazed,
 Awd Isaac, he war gannin craized,
 An nowt seen seer;
 Me cottage then for days an' days
 Neea sowl com neer.

At last this gud man com ageean,
 For which me heart waz glad an' fain,
 Just like a thosty land for rain,
 Ah sat quite near him
 Wharle ivvery organ ov me soul,
 Waz bent te hear him.

But seean as Ah that sermon heer'd,
A still small voice me sperets cheer'd,
An' Ah, that varra neet, waz meead,
A happy man;
Te praise the Lord, wi' all me heart,
Ah then began.

Ah knew he had me sins forgeen,
Wharle Ah had in Hiz prisance been,
An' that Hiz blood cud wesh ma clean.
An' white as snaw,
An' mak ma fit wi' Him te reign,
Wharle here below.

Sen that, e all me conflicts here,
Ah flees te Him wi' faith an' prayer,
An' He, in marsy, lens an ear,
Throo Hiz dear Son;
An' this iz t' way, wi' houp an' fear,
Ah travels on.

Oft, when Ah thus draws near te Him,
He macks me eez wi' teers te swim,
Then fills me heart quite up tit brim
We t' luv o' God;
An' when Ah gits mare faith e Him,
Ah hods me hod!

Sumtahms ah 'v had yon beek te swim,
An' monny a tahme this hill te climb,
Wi' heavy heart an' weary limb,
An' sweetaty brow;
Bud all 'at Ah can trust Him in,
He helps ma through.

E' all the straits o' life, sez he,
Howivver bare me cubbert be,
We brown breaad crusts, an' worm-
wood tea,

Or even gall;
Wherivver Ah finds Christ te be,
He sweetens all.

Me neibours all, Ah dearly luv em,
An' oft Ah 'z fuost for te reprove em,
Te seek the Lord Ah tries te move em,
Wi' heart sincere;
Bud t' answers oft 'at Ah gets frev em,
Iz quite severe.

Ah 'v oft felt sorry te me-sell,
Beeath grieved an' shamm'd the truth
te tell,
When Ah hev heeard our awd kirk bell
Ring in te prayer;
Ah 's flay'd 'at sum el heer 't e hell
Upbreaid em there.

They'll sit or lig upon ther deead,
An' toke about all kahnds o' trade,
An' laff an' lee, quite undismay'd,
Till they 've rung in;
Sike fouks, tit waird thay 're owther
wed

Or near akin.

Sum sez ther priest 'z a stumbling
block,
He nivver leads em on tit rock,
Like those at mends a threed-bare
frock

Wi' a new piece;
He cares bud little for hiz flock,
If he git t' fleece.

But ours, he iz a Christian breeght,
He preaches Christ wi' all his meeght,
Fills each believer wiv delect

'At gans te hear him;
An' therefoore ov hiz people's blud
The truth el clear him.

* * * * *

Ah 'v seen yung men, and wimin too,
An' men we t' hair all off thir broo,
Afoore he 'z read hiz lessons throo
'Z been fast asleep;
Wharle others that far better knew,
'Z been seen te weep.

They 'll rock and riggle like a ship,
Till sum kahnd frind giz them a nip,
Or wacken'd up wi' t' saxten's whip
Or others koffin:

Then, mebbly when thay 've rubb'd
ther een,
They 'll start a laffin.

Sum 'z lived te three or fowwer skoor,
An' 'z lang tahme here had rulin
power,

They 've worn deep tracks across t'
moor

We constant gannin;
Bud still all t' wharle, for this waird's
loore

Ther hearts wer langin.

Thersels they 've nivver fairly seen,
They 've nivver knoanther sinsforgeen,
Tho' monny a tahme ther pray'rs hev
been

Az loud az t' clerk;
For all they 've had twee pair ov een,
Thay 've deed i' t' dark.

Thar's some at t' neeam o' Christian
beers,
'An' z had that neeam for monny years,
'At 'z berried owver heead an' ears
E wardly care;
An' oft at kirk, we 've cause te fear
They market there.

Ah waz at a sarten house yah day,
An' t' awd man tiv his son did say,
If all be weel, thou mun away
Te mouan tit kirk;
An' try te git our reet next week,
Te cum te wark.

Ey, an' Tommy, he 'z i' sike a tackin,
That couat al spoil for want o' mackin,
If t' taylear 'z there, thou mun be at
him,

Te cum an' all;
That 'z weel contrahved, an' then yah
thrang
Al deca for all.

Thou needant stoppe gan round t' farm
Thou 'll hea te be there e reet good
tahme,
Or mebbly, if tha dizzent mahnd,
Thou 'll loss the chance;
There 'z sumtahms three or fowwer at
him
All at yance.

It 'z owver far te gan-afeeat,
An' if 't be warm thou 'z seer te sweeat,
The mudder, she 'll dea nowt bud
freet,
Seea tak awd Dragon;
An' tell him he mun cum next week,
An' mend our waggon.

Then if ye chance i' t' coourse o' t' week,
O' t' Sunday's subject for te speek,
You 'll find awd memory seea weak,
It 'z all forgotten;
Thus wounded souls 'at 'z been hoaf
heal'd
T' awd serpent 'z bitten.

That skull 'at 'z moulded green and
gray,
T' awd saxten dug up tuther day,
Knaws varra neer az mitch az they,
O' t' Sunday's sarmon;
You may az weel o' t' subject talk
Te sum awd Garman.

That poor awd man 'z noo deead and
geean,
It 'z hard te say what way he 'z teean,
'At us 't te stand ageean t' funt steean,
Te tack fuoks' watches;
Wharle careless lads i' t' singing pew,
Wer cuttin natches."

This poem ran through several editions, and became in such demand that a knavish bookseller, professing the same creed as the author, was tempted by the love of gain to print and publish the work, without so much as asking permission to do so, or even giving him the credit of the authorship; hence, in the second part of the poem, he tells us:—

"Without the author's neeam or leave,
They 've put his stoory through the sieve,
And roond his circuit set the screeve
Of justice keen;
Fra crotchets, cramps, and semibrieve,
Te sift him clean."

The greatest merit of Castillo as a writer is his quiet humour. I never met him but once: I was then very young, and he had his poem of the "The Pickering Steeple Chase" in manuscript, which he read to me, with some other then unpublished pieces.

I at once singled out the following lines as the best of all he had read to me ; and, on going through the printed poem, I still regard them as the most original and vigorous in the piece ; and it was through my recommendation that he retained them in the printed copies, when some Wesleyan preacher whom he had consulted had got him persuaded to expunge them :—

“ To see them all seea blithe and merry,
Waz famous pastime for awd Herry !
If ought te him could be delighting,
’T wad be te see them drunk and fighting.
He popt about amang the people,
At last he popt up on te t’ steeple,
Oppen’d a pair ov dismal jaws,
Flapp’d hiz dark wing, and yawn’d applause
Like some proud emperor or lord,
Upon t’ awd weathercock he rode,
Where he might all at once survey
The grand proceedings of that day !—
A flagstaff for a whip he seized,
And spurr’d the spire, he was so pleased
To think it should his cause defend,
And that his bait had answer’d t’ end ! ”

Many of Castillo’s pieces have a local interest. Thus we have one on “Tea among the Rocks, or the Whitby Missionary Party in Arncliffe Wood on their way to Glazedale.”

“ Old Limber distant shakes his hoary locks,
Where spiry larches show a passage free,
Pointing to heaven, where down among the rocks
The congregation sat around their tea.

The other side, old Snowdon Nab appears,
When rainbow splendour does the valley span,
Like some old castle of a thousand years,
Which long has mock’d the puny arm of man.

* * *

Such footsteps seldom sounded in that glen ;
Old Arncliffe seldom saw so proud a day,
So worthy of recording with the pen ;
The trees rejoiced in all their best array !

* * *

Old Arncliffe wears its generations out,
 And new ones gaze and wonder as they pass
 At those huge rocks, and trees of massy root
 Whose branches whisper, 'All flesh is but grass.'"

We have a "Caution from Limber Hill, occasioned by a
 Fall during a Frost," beginning:—

"'T was a bit gone December,
 As I well remember,
 I met with a rubber, and got some advice;
 What harbour to rest in,
 What friend to put trust in,
 And how we may walk with slape shoes upon ice!
 In coming down Limber,
 Among the young timber,
 My foot slipp'd, and falling, it was a take in;
 The night being darkish,
 And we a bit larkish,
 Instead of a broom brush, I grasped a whin!"

And he concludes, after a wee bit of moralizing, with the
 sensible remark that

"So sin is deceiving,
 Bewitching, bereaving,
 'T will pierce through the heart, and invite you to sing;
 'T will put on fair faces,
 To woo your embraces,
 But after you've grasp'd it, there follows a sting!"

Amongst the subjects of his muse are, "Stonegate Gill;"
 "Lines in remembrance of a Gentleman who was found Shot in
 his Field in Comondale;" "Sheep-marking at Westerdale;"
 "The Leisure Hour in Danby Churchyard;" "On the Re-
 moval of the Old Cam Brigg, dated 1668;" two pieces on "The
 Building of Glazedale New Bridge in 1827-8;" "A Visit to
 Farndale;" "On Visiting Fryup during a great Revival;"
 "Lines in Memory of the Rev. Daniel Duck,* Curate of
 Danby;" "On the Death of Jane Wood, of Fryup;" "Castle-
 ton Fair;" "A Dialogue between Rosedale Bob and Hartoft

* Also, for many years, the faithful Curate of Westerdale, for "doing duty"
 at which place the late Archdeacon Harcourt paid him the handsome stipend
 of thirty pounds a year!

John, on a Speech delivered by the Venerable Archdeacon P——, LL. D., at a Bible-meeting held in the New Church, Rosedale;" "Rosedale Festival;" "A Strange Effusion, or Wesleyanism at Easby in the Stokesley Circuit;" "Lines on Leaving Fryup in search of Work;" "The Country Love-feast, held in an old Barn at Farndale;" "On a Meeting of Revivalists near Staithes;" "Fryup's Lamentation;" and "Lealholm Bridge, a Soliloquy during a Visit after some Years' Absence;" all these are connected with our district by their very titles: in most of the others there are local allusions. Thus, in "The Race-course in Ruins," we are told:—

"Fra' Runswick they had come, and Steers,*
 Wi' apples, oranges, and peers,
 Wi' crabs and lobsters i' ther geers
 Fresh aut o' t' seas;
 And buyers buzz'd about ther ears
 Like swarms o' bees!"

The Esk rolls its placid waters through his "Autumnal Reflections," his "Poetical Reflections," and his "Solitary Reflections:" but he is more at home in the humorous than the pastoral. In "Bob and Bill's Alarm," we are informed that

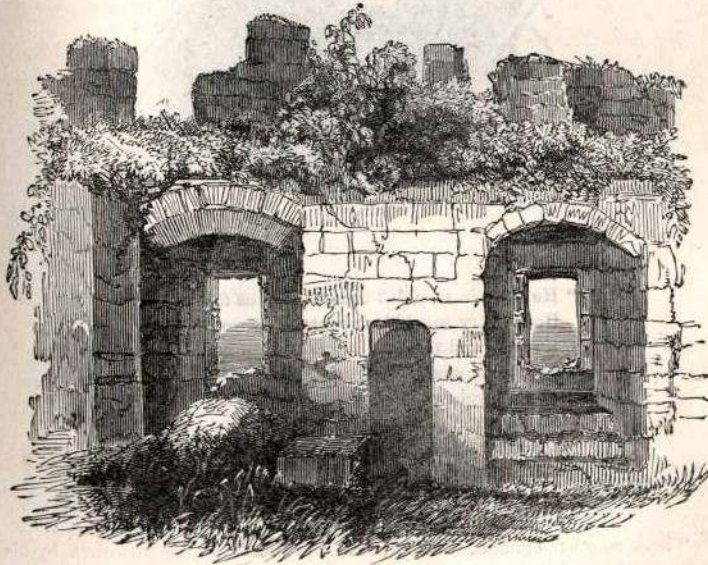
"Old Gisbro' the message is receiving,
 And Skelton is catching the flame,
 And Stanghow and Moorsholm's believing,
 And Brotton does sanction the same;
 Poor Liverton still is lamenting,
 Her harpers have ruffled their strings:
 And there's some in Lofthouse repenting,
 Yet we are asleep in our sins!
 Upleatham has catch'd the emotion,
 And Marske is beginning to sing:
 All down by the side of the ocean,
 They're owning this Christ for their king."

The verses entitled "The Broken Guide Post" were written on the poor bard passing it, between Yearsley and Easingwold, a perfect stranger to the course of the country, and losing his way for want of the information which it ought to have supplied, when he had to seek for shelter all night in a cow-shed,

* Staithes.

"And there on strawy pavement try to sleep;
Or, like a thief, to watch the morning light,
And keep himself conceal'd from human sight;
Then snugly slip away."

What traveller has not, at some time or other, when rambling for the first time over a thinly-populated district, felt puzzled what to do, when he has come to a junction of two or more roads, with no direction-post to tell him where they lead to, or the distance he is from any town or village, with no human being to enquire of, and no habitation within sight? Now that we have rural police all over the country, let us hope that they will receive strict instructions to summon all those pig-headed surveyors of highways who neglect to provide proper direction-posts in their several townships. It is a subject quite as worthy of magisterial attention as the committal to jail of destitute wretches who may have "no visible means of making a living," or even of the preservation of game,—much as vagrancy and poaching need exterminating.



Ruins of Danby Castle.

BISHOP BRIAN WALTON, D. D.



" He lived in troubled times. Let us forget
How paltry squabbles about tithes would fret
His soul and those of others : nor need we
Fight o'er again, with paper chivalry,
The struggle anent lectures. 'T is alone
As scholar Brian Walton will be known
Age after age : for ne'er will be forgot
His famous bible cleped the *Polyglot*."

PETER PROLETARIUS.

" Seek no other epitaph, traveller, than the illustrious one furnished by his
very name : and if thou desirest further explanation, consult his fame, not his
monument."—*Translation of the Epitaph on Bishop Walton's Monument in St.
Paul's Cathedral, London.*

The Right Reverend Brian Walton, D. D., one of those learned literary labourers whose names shed a halo around their humble natal villages, was born at Seamer, two miles from Stokesley, in the year 1600; about three years before the death of Queen Elizabeth; when Shakspeare, then in his thirty-seventh year, was enriching the world with his immortal plays, Lodge was quitting the stage for the practice of medicine, and Nash and Lyly were resting for ever, alike from controversy and dramatic labour, in the sleep of death; when brave John Stow was publishing his *Annals of England*, and Camden and Cotton were busy examining the Piets' wall; when Hakluyt was making known the enterprising voyages of our early English navigators; and English intellect and prowess was in every way developing itself for the most important results to all humanity. Many who were infants along with Brian Walton were doomed in afterlife to pass through a fiery ordeal for royal prerogative or for the liberties of England, so that the reader must not expect the subject of this notice to be allowed to repose on a bed of roses.

As the parish register of Seamer does not commence until the year 1638, it is useless to search it for the baptism of Brian Walton; but tradition points to a small cottage nearly opposite to the church as occupying the site of that in which the Polyglotist was born. As any high building in Seamer church-yard would be a conspicuous landmark for a considerable distance, and as the present church-tower bears an ugly resemblance to a cottage chimney, I would earnestly suggest that a subscription be at once commenced for the erection of a strong, neat, and lofty spire, which,

"Pointing its silent finger to the sky,"

might form at once an ornament to the landscape and a monument to the learned Brian Walton in (and almost upon) the place of his birth.

In July, 1616, three months after the death of Shakspeare, Brian Walton was admitted a sizar of Magdalene College, Cambridge; and was removed to Peter House, in the same university, also as a sizar, December 4th, 1618. In 1619, he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts; in 1623, that of Master of Arts. Leaving Cambridge, he became, for a short time, a curate and schoolmaster in Suffolk, and afterwards assistant

curate at the church of Allhallows, Bread-street, London. In 1626, he was appointed rector of St. Martin's Orgar, London, where he was soon "over head and ears" in one of those unfortunate quarrels about tithes which have ever been a cause of alienation between the clergy of established churches and the souls committed to their cure. In his *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Right Rev. Brian Walton, D. D., Lord Bishop of Chester, Editor of the London Polyglot Bible*, the late ARCHDEACON TODD remarks :—

"Distinguished, as he then was, for great activity and diligence, for abilities by which he could command any learning though he had not much studied it, and for judgment by which he could manage to the best advantage any important project; it is no wonder that to him was confided, soon afterwards, the principal management, on the part of the London clergy, in a very arduous undertaking; namely, a minute inquiry into the law, and a proposal of improvement in the payment, of Tithes in that city.—From oblations, made to them by their parishioners upon certain days and occasions, the revenues of the London clergy, anciently accrued. Contests and decrees about them, in succeeding times, were at last merged in a statute of Henry the Eighth, which fixed the tithes or oblations at two shillings and ninepence in the pound. To avoid the regular payment thus established, not only were true rents subsequently concealed, but other means of depreciation invented; so that when James the First commenced his reign, the clergy sought redress from the legislature. A bill was accordingly brought into parliament; which, however, did not pass into a law. Nor did a similar bill in 1620 meet with the desired success. At length, in 1634, the clergy renewed their petition for relief, in a statement, to King Charles the First, of the greatness of their benefices in former days, and of the meanness of them then, together with an exposition of the causes. Of the practices against which they complained, there were palpable detections. Yet arbitration was the measure to which both the injured and the injurious party submitted; and the arbitrator was the king, who was pleased to hear the matter himself. Nevertheless, the business proceeded slowly, till 1638; when the clergy were ordered to exhibit a copy of the valuation of their respective tithes, with the value likewise of the houses in their parishes. Dr. Walton's copy bears the title of '*a moderate valuation*' of the houses in his parish, made according to his Majesty's direction, dated April 22nd, 1638. But to these statements, exceptions were taken; and therefore another royal order authorized the incumbent on the one part, and the alderman of the ward or persons to be appointed by him on the other, to discuss the subject, and call in such assistance upon the occasion as they might choose. There were also committees of three aldermen appointed for the city, generally; and three of the clergy for the rest; to treat of accommodation. In the latter selection was Dr. Walton. The national distractions, however, soon closed their proceedings.—Of the care and vigilance then employed by Dr. Walton, abundant proofs have been pre-

served; which, when questions respecting the Tithes of London are at any time discussed, will afford the most accurate information. These proofs consist of copies of customs, laws, proclamations, and orders, respecting these Tithes; and of valuations of them, delivered both by the clergy and the parishioners; together with his own important observations. That such a man as Dr. Walton, therefore, should have been pronounced, as he was, by one who presided in a court of judicature, unanswerable upon these points, excites no surprise. But, besides these collections, Dr. Walton formed a regular and complete treatise upon the subject, about the year 1640; which, however, was never published before the year 1752; and then, only among other ecclesiastical tracts. As a monument of antiquarian learning, as well as successful vindication, it has been since proposed for republication with notes. An abstract of it, indeed, had appeared so early as in the year 1662. And at the earlier period of 1641, there had been published 'An Abstract of a Treatise concerning the Payment of Tithes and Oblations in London, shewing the Antiquite of those Payments according to the Rents of Houses,' &c. Two or three notes, written in the margins of a copy of this tract, which I have seen, appear to be the writing of Dr. Walton; who, probably, was the author of the Abstract; although our antiquaries have not so noticed it."

Although the learned Archdeacon has throughout the foregoing extract mentioned the subject of this notice by the title of Doctor, he was as yet merely Master of Arts; having been incorporated Doctor of Divinity, at Oxford, August 12th, 1645, as noticed in Wood's *Fasti Oxonienses*, and *not* in 1660, as some writers mis-state. He had, indeed, "commenced Doctor in Divinity" at Cambridge in 1639, but had been driven from the university, like many others, by the revolutionary hurricane that swept over the land. On the fifteenth of January, 1635-6, he was instituted to the two rectories of St. Giles-in-the-Field, London, and of Sandon in Essex; but, for some cause or other, he did not long retain the former of those benefices, but continued to hold that of St. Martin's Orgar. He is supposed also at this time to have been one of the chaplains to Charles the First and a prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral. In 1640, when May was merry with her blossoms and her flowers, the heart of the learned Brian Walton was sad, for the shadow of death had overspread his Essex rectory, and he was no more to be comforted in this life by the dear wife of his bosom,—one of the Claxtons of Suffolk; the following lines from whose epitaph in the chancel of Sandon church were perhaps composed by her bereaved husband:—

"If well to live, and well to die,
 If faith, and hope, and charity,
 May crown a soul in endless bliss;
 Thrice happy her condition is.
 Vertuous, modest, godly, wise,
 Pity flowing from her eyes;
 A loving wife, a friend most deare:
 Such was shee, who now lies here.
 Earth hath her body, Heaven her soul doth keepe,
 Her friends the loss, and so shee rests asleepe:
 Rest then, deare soul, till Christ return; while wee
 Mourne here below, and long to come to thee."

Having already had a chancery suit with his parishioners of St. Martin's Orgar, regarding Tithes, we find him, in 1641, charged by them before Parliament with sundry offences;* such as insisting on, and, by his own hands, placing the communion-table under the east window; reading one part of the morning service at the reading-desk, and the other part at the altar; not preaching on Sunday afternoons, nor allowing the parishioners to procure a lecturer at their own charge; that he was non-resident all the Summer, and committed "the charge of the petitioners' souls to an ignorant curate, maintaining him no otherwise than with a salary catched out of the revenue of the parish lands;" and that, to use the language of the petition, "he disgracefully and contemptuously asperseth those persons of quality and worth which at this time serve the Commonwealth in the honourable house of parliament, as men chosen for the knights and burgesses of this city; affirming that the city had chosen Soame, because he would not pay shipmoney; Vassal, because he would not pay the king his customs; Pennington, because he entertains silenced ministers; and Cradocke to send them over into New England;" and they beseeched parliament "to examined their abuses, and to take some course for their reformation." The end of all which was, that Walton is *supposed* to have been dispossessed of both his rectories; that, towards the latter end of 1642, he was, according to WALKER'S *Sufferings of the Clergy*, "sent

* Set forth in full in a quarto pamphlet of fourteen pages, entitled *The Articles and Charge proved in Parliament against Doctor Walton, Minister of St. Martin's Orgar, in Cannon Street. Wherein his subtile tricks and Popish innovations are discovered,* etc. 1641.

for into custody as a delinquent ;" the same author informing us, that once, when sought for by a party of horse sent in pursuit of him, he hid himself amongst the broom,—the pretty emblem of the old Plantagenets. Devoting himself to the cause of the king's prerogative, Walton retired to Oxford, until the royal cause became hopeless ; upon which he returned to London, taking up his abode in St. Giles Cripple-gate Churchyard, in the house of Dr. William Fuller, whose daughter, Jane, he had married for his second wife. From hence he issued, in 1652, his " Brief Description of an Edition of the Bible in the Original Hebrew, Samaritan, and Greek, with the most ancient Translations of the Jewish and Christian Churches, viz: the Sept. Greek, Chaldee, Syriac, Ethiopic, Arabic, Persian, &c., and the Latin Versions of them all: a new Apparatus," &c. The Council of State, by their order bearing date Sunday, July 11th, 1652, gave their approbation and allowance of the work, declaring the same to be " very honourable and deserving of encouragement;" Archbishop Usher and John Seldon, two of the most eminent scholars of the day, published their testimonial to the merits of the work, as " more useful than any that hath been hitherto published in that kind ; and that the printing thereof will conduce much to the glory of God, and the public honour of our nation;" and begging of the learned to give it " all due encouragement:" an appeal that was heartily responded to, notwithstanding the troubles of the times ; for by May 4th, 1652, the handsome sum of £9,000 was promised for the work : a fact which I would recommend to the especial consideration of the illiterate crew of would-be gentlemen who declare it " very low" and " not at-all-the-thing, you know," to publish any book by subscription ! May their names and their carcasses perish together !

They who wish to know all of Dr. Walton's co-adjutors in the work of the Polyglot Bible, cannot do better than study the able work of the late Archdeacon of Cleveland already referred to. The first volume of the Polyglot, containing the Pentateuch, was sent to the press in the Autumn of 1653, and delivered to the subscribers in 1654: prefixed to the Pentateuch were treatises on weights and measures, geographical charts, chronological tables, and the *Prolegomena*, pronounced by ARCHDEACON TODD to be " an inexhaustible fund of Oriental Literature," and eulogised by Dathe. In the same

year, (1654) "for the help of such as are ignorant of the tongues," a small *Manual* was published, "containing an introduction to the reading of them, together with Alphabets of them all, as also of the Coptic and Armenian; and directions what grammars and lexicons to procure," etc. Notwithstanding the opposition of those who maintained that "many tongues and languages were only confusion," and that "to be book-learned and to be irreligious were almost terms convertible," the work of the Polyglot went on apace. The second volume, containing from Joshua to Esther, was finished in 1655; the third, giving the books from Job to Malachi, in 1656; and the remaining three volumes in 1657. "And thus," says TWELLS, "in about four years, was finished the English Polyglot Bible, the glory of that age, and of the English church and nation; a work vastly exceeding all former attempts of that kind, and that came so near perfection, as to discourage all future ones."

In the first Latin preface to the Polyglot, Dr. Walton acknowledged his obligations to those by whose favourable exertions he had received a charter, exempting the book from paper-duty, granted by the much-slandered Commonwealthsmen five years before, "and afterwards kindly confirmed and continued by His Serene Highness the Lord Protector in Council for the purpose of furthering the work." But at the Restoration, this simple act of justice to him whose achievements, the divine MILTON tells us, "exceed all limit; not only of title, but even of admiration; and, like the points of pyramids, rising above the breath of popular applause, hide themselves in the skies," must be torn out from the Polyglot, and "the volume of the sacred law" in so many languages was considered to be honoured by a dedication to the most shameless of whoremongers, simply because the Almighty permitted him to wear a crown,—perhaps that we might be more forcibly taught the great truth of His inspired word:—"It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes."* I pass over the uncharitable attempts to prove that Cromwell attempted to extort from Dr. Walton a dedication of the Polyglot, as totally unworthy of a man of the late Archdeacon Todd's undoubted ability, there not being a shadow of evi-

* Psalm cxviii., v. 9.

dence to support it. I can only hope, that, as a clerical magistrate, he had more regard for the laws of evidence when on the bench, or alas for the faithful administration of justice! Even if true, it would be one more fact to give the lie to those rabid slanderers of their great countryman, by proving him not so incapable of appreciating learning as they would some of them have us believe. When a new English translation of the Bible was contemplated by "the Grand Committee for Religion," January 16th, 1656-7, we learn from BULSTRODE WHITELOCKE, Lord Commissioner of the Great Seal to Cromwell, that Dr. Walton was the first named to be consulted on the subject:—

"Ordered, that it be referred to a Sub-Committee to send for and advise with, Dr. Walton, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Castle, Mr. Clark, Mr. Poulk, Dr. Cudworth, and such others as they shall think fit, and to consider of the Translations and Impressions of the Bible, and to offer their opinions therein to this Committee; and that it be especially commended to the Lord Commissioner Whitelock to take care of this business. This Committee often met at my house, and had the most learned men in the Oriental tongues to consult with in this great business, and divers excellent and learned observations of some mistakes in the Translations of the Bible in English; which yet was agreed to be the best of any Translation in the world."

In 1659, Dr. John Owen, then Dean of Christchurch and Vice-Chancellor of the university of Oxford, published some *Considerations* on the Prolegomena and Appendix of the Polyglot. This drew from Dr. Walton a rejoinder, entitled *The Considerator Considered*, etc., in which I had marked a few passages for extract, but space compels me to pass them by for the present.

Soon after the Restoration, Dr. Walton was appointed chaplain to the king: and, on the second of December, 1660, he was consecrated Bishop of Chester, in Westminster Abbey. In March, 1661, we find him one of the Commissioners at the Savoy Conference. In September of the same year, he visited Chester, entering the ancient city on Wednesday, the eleventh of that month, amidst a great display of swords and firelocks, not much in keeping with Christianity; for the whole militia of the city and county were assembled, to salute him with volleys of shot, and five troops of horse had met him overnight at Nantwich, to escort him to his see: and there was much firing of gunpowder and eating and drinking, in thorough

English fashion. But short was the learned Doctor's enjoyment of his new honour; for, returning from Chester to London, he fell sick, and died at his house in Aldersgate-street, November 29th, 1661: and, on the fifth of December following, was interred, with much pomp, in the south aisle of St. Paul's Cathedral, opposite the monument of Elizabeth's dancing Lord Chancellor, Hatton, with a Latin epitaph, of which ANTHONY A WOOD gives the following translation:—

"Here awaiteth the sound of the last trump, BRIAN WALTON, Lord Bishop of Chester. Reader, look for no further epitaph on him, whose very name was epitaph enough. Nevertheless, if thou lookest for a larger and louder one, consult the vocal oracles of his fame, and not of this dumb marble. For let me inform thee (if it be not a shame to be ignorant) *this was he* that with the first brought succour and assistance to the true Church, sick and fainting under the sad pressure of persecution. *This was he* that fairly wiped off those foul and contumelious aspersions cast upon her pure and spotless innocence by those illiterate and clergy-trampling schismaticks. *This was he* that brought more light and lustre to the true reformed Church here established; whilst, maugre the malice of those hellish machinators, *he*, with more earnest zeal and undefatigable labour than any, carried on, and promoted the printing of, *that great Bible* in so many languages. So that the Old and New Testament may well be his monument, which he erected with no small expense of his own. Therefore, he little needs the pageantry of pompous titles emblazoned, or displayed in herald's books, whose name is written in the book of life. He died on St. Andrew's Eve, in the 62 year of his age, in the first year of his consecration, and in the year of our Lord God 1661."





ROBERT PURSGLOVE, THE LAST PRIOR OF GISBRO.
(From a Sepulchral Brass in Tideswell Church.)

THOMAS WEBBER.

"Being, like poor Dryden, frequently hard up, he generally wrote more for profit than for fame. Most of his poems were written for the passing hour, and excited great interest at the time they were published. No important event transpired in Stockton but he recorded it in verse, and thus he acquired the name of its poet-laureate."—HEAVISIDES'S *Annals of Stockton-on-Tees*."

Though for many years known as "the Stockton poet-laureate," Thomas Webber was born at Tiverton, in Devonshire, about the year 1783, where he received a fair amount of schooling, and served his apprenticeship to woolcombing. In 1806, he obtained employment with Joseph Pease & Co., at Darlington, with whom he continued for some years. In 1814, he had removed to Stockton-on-Tees, where (though he did not, like Orlando in *As You Like It*, "hang odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles,") he was ready to rhyme on all occasions, serious or merry, if a few shillings were to be honestly earned in that manner; but he would not attempt to blacken a fair character, nor to write or speak in favour of oppression, however much he might need the gold which such prostitution of the pen would have brought him. To enumerate the titles alone of his pieces would occupy more space than I can afford for this notice; for he seems to have sung an elegy on the death of every Stocktonian of consequence for many years. The following is a favourable specimen of his

Elegiac Stanzas.

*To the memory of the late much-lamented and highly-respected
T. H. FABER, Esq., for many years Recorder of
Stockton-on-Tees and Coroner for Stockton Ward.*

E e

“ To THOMAS HENRY FABER, now no more,
 Forced by a ruthless conqueror away,
 Whose loss a whole community deplore,
 I fain would tune an elegiac lay.
 Though all Jehovah's mandate must obey,
 In every age, in every state and clime,
 Where'er the sun emits his cheering ray,
 From the first dawn, through all revolving time ;

Still, Nature prompts Affection's tears to flow,
 And sanctifies the impulse in our kind,
 While Friendship's sacred strains impassion'd glow,
 Unheard, unseen, in many a feeling mind.
 Such are the ties, the kindred ties, which bind
 The nearest, dearest relatives and friends ;
 Whence we at times a mournful solace find,
 A hallow'd boon which every gift transcends.

FABER, in neither station which he held,
 Was over by vindictive motives sway'd,
 Nor could in either office be excell'd,
 For he impartially the balance weigh'd.
 In social life he ev'ry trait display'd
 Which can confer a dignity on man,
 But Death the *Coroner* hath lowly laid
 And summon'd the *Recorder* to his ban.

Yes, ere he in th' unequal conflict fell,
 While keenest anguish rent his manly frame ;
 And woes unnumber'd would his bosom swell,
 He struggled nobly till th' Avenger came,
 When soon extinguish'd was the vital flame :
 Then, when reclining in the arms of Death,
 He with his Saviour's breathed his partner's name,
 And bless'd his children with his parting breath.

And he is gone—gone to his final home,
 To where we hope immortal pleasures reign,
 And 's welcome made beneath that heavenly dome
 Where sits the Judge, the Lamb for sinners slain :
 No more to feel disquietude and pain,
 Nor base contumely with its scorpion stings,
 But with the seraph-band, a countless train,
 Chant forth Hosannas to the King of Kings.

His widow (but how delicate the theme)
 Will with their offspring long their loss deplore,
 Nor cease to mourn till life's last ebbing stream
 Shall cause their exit to an unknown shore;
 To meet with him, we trust, to part no more;
 With him to share the everlasting prize;
 With him the King of Glory to adore,
 Whose throne is space, whose footstool is the skies.

May his *successors*, and all ranks around
 Who knew his worth, his virtues emulate;
 That, when their race is run, they may be found
 To be partakers in that happy state
 Of joys no language can delineate,
 But which conception can alone portray,
 When gliding o'er the shoals of adverse fate,
 To a millenium of eternal day."

In his "Lines on Witnessing the Ceremony of Laying the
 Foundation Stone of a New Cotton Mill at South Stockton,"
 May 13th, 1839, he sings:—

"Behold the *Carr* transforming to a town,
 Panting for glory, thirsting for renown;
 Where, but as yesterday, in proud array,
 The jockies strove to bear the palm away,
 Urging, with whip and spur at their command,
 The high-bred coursers to their destined stand,
 To win, if possible, the glittering prize,
 While pealing plaudits seem'd to rend the skies,
 For *races* captivate the giddy throng.

* * * * *
 Or where a gamester's tent uprear'd its head,
 A *Cotton Mill** will flourish in its stead:
 And others may, at no far distant date,
 Arise in all their splendour, pomp, and state,
 Where hundreds doubtless will obtain employ,
 And all alike the sweets of life enjoy.

* How far the Bard's prophecy has been fulfilled as to the growth of South Stockton, I will endeavour to show fully in my forthcoming *People's History of Cleveland*. Cotton did not take kindly to the Cleveland soil; and, after standing empty for many years, the mill was converted into a machine-shop. South Stockton has certainly made rapid strides of late; but, at the time I write, its trade is far from being "free from contentious strife," owing to that unfortunate antagonism between Capital and Labour, which the wisest and best of the human race are most anxious to see brought into harmony.

In fancy now the Bard a scene beholds,
 A scene which he with ecstasy unfolds ;
 There squares and spacious streets, or grand arcade,
 And here a crescent, or a promenade :
 Shipyards and roperies there attract my sight,
 With foundries blazing forth their streams of light :
 Churches and chapels too their fronts uprear,
 To His eternal name whom all revere ;
 And schools for all the useful arts abound,
 While countless cots are studded all around,
 With bands of artisans in full employ,
 Blest with contentment and domestic joy :
 Such will SOUTH STOCKTON be, to grace the page
 Of some more favour'd in a future age.
 And may success their every effort crown
 Who lend assistance to SOUTH STOCKTON town :
 O, may its commerce flourish and increase,
 Free from contentious strife, knit in the bonds of peace."

Webber, who had long resided at No. 11, Passage, Skinner-street, Stockton-on-Tees, died there on the seventeenth of July, 1851, aged sixty-eight years. In his latter years, like the industrious historian, Stow, he was glad to receive the alms of the benevolent. Thus we have "The Humble Address of an Old Stockton Bard, to the Ladies and Gentlemen of Stockton and its Neighbourhood, Friends, Patrons, and Patronesses of the tuneful Nine" :—

"When CHRISTMAS comes, that festive season, when
 The favour'd few dispense their charity
 To the less favour'd, I entreat you *then*
 Will kindly condescend to think of *me*.

When CHRISTMAS comes, and round the blazing hearth
 Convivial parties congregate with glee,
 Amid their pastimes, revelry, and mirth,
 Oh, may some kindred spirit think of *me*.

Or else on NEW YEAR'S DAY, if I should be
 Still sailing in my wherry on the river
 Of chequer'd life, *then* from their treasury
 May Heaven induce them to remember

WEBBER."

And in another appeal :—

"Permit an old Stocktonian Bard to say,
Should you a trifle have to give away,
Either at Christmas or on New Year's Day,
Prior or subsequent, I humbly pray
You will remember Webber.

For he at sixty-seven has grown so lame,
So paralysed and shatter'd is his frame,
That he is but the semblance of a name,
A flickering ember of a smouldering flame;
Then kindly think of Webber.

And he will, as he is in duty bound,
Pray when you 've finish'd your terrestrial round,
You with the saints and seraphs may be found,
And be, like them, with wreaths of glory crown'd,
In realms of bliss for ever."

Let those of us who think Literature should not be a thing to be rewarded in an eleemosynary manner, pardon the poor paralysed poet's appeal; for even the chameleon cannot live on air; and Webber had claims upon the people for his labours for Reform, and his sufferings in the cause, when to be a Reformer was looked upon as criminal.



BYRON WEBBER.



"The goddess Poesy hath joys for all.
Give up thy soul to her sublime control
And thou shall ne'er regret it: earth, air, sea,
And 'all that they inherit' will become
Thy ministering angels."—*Saddle-room Justice.*

Byron Webber, grandson to the Thomas Webber just noticed, was born on the twentieth of June, 1838, at Stockton-on-Tees, where he served his apprenticeship as a letter-press printer, and where he published, in 1860, under the assumed name of CECIL DEVON, a small collection of poetic pieces, entitled *Snowdrift, or Poems for the Christmas Hearth*,

appropriately dedicated to Mr. Thomas Nelson, "as a slight mark of gratitude for his long and uniform kindness to the author." The little volume was favourably noticed in the *Athenæum*, and certainly justifies us in looking for a larger book of true poetry from this South Durham bard. The following verses are a fair sample of MR. WEBBER'S *Snowdrift* :—

OLD Winter.

" Oh, I love the hard grip of Old Winter's rough hand,
Which to many is cheerless and chill ;
And feel my cheeks glow as he strides through the land,
Flinging snow flakes o'er valley and hill.
There is joy to my ear in the wild whisking hail,
And high life in the rattling strain,
When 't is borne on the wings of the bleak northern gale,
And dash'd against shutter and pane.
Then say not Old Winter 's a stern-visaged churl ;
There is honesty writ on his brow ;
And, robed in his glittering garments of pearl,
He 's a dainty old fellow, I trow.

Come, bind on your skaits, boys, the lake bears to-night,
O'er its frost-fetter'd surface we'll slide ;
A clear mirror it is to the moon's silver light,
And we seem over cloudland to glide !
Bright icicles glitter like gems on the trees,
And the trembling stars sprinkle the sky ;
Then onward we dart, boys, and breast the sharp breeze,
Till the blood on each face mantles high.
Then say not Old Winter 's a stern-visaged churl ;
There is honesty writ on his brow ;
And, robed in his glittering garments of pearl,
He 's a dainty old fellow, I trow.

Thank God for Old Winter ! The blessings he bears
Light each hearth with a kindlier glow :
'T is a dark home indeed which no merriment wears
When he comes shaking down the soft snow.
Love's evergreens spring round his iron-bound feet,
Youthful hearts leap with glee when his voice
Rings blithesome and bold through the hail, frost, and sleet,
With a sound that bids mortals rejoice.
Then say not Old Winter 's a stern-visaged churl ;
There is honesty writ on his brow ;
And, robed in his glittering garments of pearl,
He 's a dainty old fellow, I trow."

After leaving Stockton-on-Tees, Mr. Webber resided for three years at St. Helier's, as sub-editor of the *Jersey Independent*. Returning to his native town, he was for some time engaged as reporter and correspondent of the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*. At present, he resides in London, and is engaged on the *Sportsman*.

Since Charles Dickens moved so many human hearts with his holy *Christmas Carol*, the press has teemed with Christmas tales and other genial literature at the sacred season of Yule-tide,—all more or less calculated to foster those friendly feelings which should always actuate us, but especially at Christmas time, "when," as CAMILLA TOULMIN well observes, "the old and new years meet, and the world pauses, as it were, to breathe amid the toil, and strife, and struggle of life; and the holy gratitude to which the sacred season should give birth, inclines us to be at peace with all men: and none the less that we show our gratitude in mirth, and revelry, and song, and laughter!" In the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* of December 24th, 1864, we find "Our Christmas Box of Yule-tide Stories," contributed by the subject of this notice: Chapter I. "which is prefatory," opening with the following free and forcible sketch of

The North Wind.

"The Editor, seated in his velvet-cushioned easy chair, his purely classical countenance surmounted by one of those innumerable *bonnets Grecs* wrought by the dainty fingers of the prettiest of his accomplished female devotees, the Editor, I say, was lazily inhaling the breath of his fragrant hookah. It was an ugly night outside the shutters, as the shutters every one shakily testified. There was a North Wind hard at work in the raw street, pouring forth a shrill song of defiance; and although he, the North Wind I mean—one may personify, in the poetical manner, at Christmas time, you know—had been engaged in a similarly vocal manner for a full week, night and day, there did not as yet appear to be the least sign of his giving in.

He was up to concert pitch at present, and his putting in a deep dotted crotchet now and again was more from choice than necessity. Ordinary vocalists will tell you that street singing, under the best of circumstances, is an awful fag; and, except at fashionable watering-places (famous Tiddler's grounds these!) not to be borne on any account. But *our* Street Singer! Hark! How he loves to sweep the chill street and the bare plain, trolling sturdily the while! How he loves to skim the heathery moor and climb the mossy mountain—to curl the crests of the drunken river, and tumble the billows of the mad sea! And

he does help the blast of the seaside cottage-grate and sends the finely sifted seacoal scudding over the good wife's sea-sanded floor; and when he does stir the tarry knobs of Wallsend that top the rich man's bars—stirs them till they shoot forth sudden jets of joyous flame, it is merely condescension on his part, nothing more. Bless you, he has other fish to fry.

"He is an honest carle, too, and it is almost a wonder to me however he has come to be so coldly shouldered. Why have poets, for example, treated his rhythmical claims so scurvily? I could mention a score twangers of celestial lyres who have belauded the Zephyrs of the west and south—weak effeminates, these! no end, and could name one rare rhymer who has piped magnificently of the wild wind of the east. But point out the bard who has dared to publish the grim grandeur of the Wind o' the North? Never mind your books. No dusty disentombing of black-letter lore for me. No knotted forehead and sagely-crooked forefinger here. If any of your especial literary ones have had a kindly word to say of the strongest son of Æolus, out with it at once. Run it off the reel of your memory, my friend, and I will call yours loving testimony.

"Ha! Ha! I know. Whose wings brush the cold Winter stars till they blink again? *The North Wind's*. Whose neaf cuffs my crusty neighbour—cuffs him till his nose is as blue as a carpenter's whetstone, and his cheeks as chill as a post-office pillar, cuffs him till he is constrained to feel human about those poor shivering bodies that are less comfortably clad than his? Why the *North Wind's*. Who lays a firm hold on the limpid lake, binding it hard and fast for the sinuous skater? *The North Wind*. Who chokes off hectic fever and trips up ravening disease? *The North Wind*. Who comes to clear the way of dead leaves and to dry up autumn pools that Christmas may have such a carpet as beseemeth the hale chief of Saxon cheer? *The North Wind*. That there is another side to the shield, another verse to the song, another chapter in the story, another act in the drama, is, alas, too true. The bluff breeze, whose place of nativity is leagues away (where the many-hued bergs of Winter glisten wondrously in the dancing spires of the borealis) has been too rudely nurtured, if one may call his bleak beginnings nurture, to heed the mighty cairns which Life and Art pile fearfully high to stay his wrath. So we shrink from him in his rougher moods, and look askance at him perhaps; cuddling closer together in the chimney corner. Yet not so close, I trust, as to be gentled into forgetfulness of the want and suffering and danger which hurtle so thickly in the world that lies beyond our own fire-lit walls."

Both in his *Snowdrift* and in his *Yule-tide Stories*, Byron Webber has given proof that he has all the elements of a great man within him; and he only has to be true to his own soul to make for himself a proud position in English literature.

JOHN WALKER ORD, F.G.S.L.

" Hail, child of Genius ! *Cleveland's* honour'd bard !
Who, singing *England's* praise, forgot not her
Whose hills, and brooks, and plains, thou didst prefer
To all the world : thou wert a worshipper
Of Nature fair ; and on the daisied sward
Of thy dear native vale did oft-times lay,
(When Phœbus high in azure heaven did ride,
And sea-nymphs sported in the ocean tide,)
To hear the lark's glad song, see lambskins play,
And view thy *Cleveland* clad in garments gay
Of lovely green, with Flora's gems bedight
So rich and profuse, that thy gladden'd soul
Felt inspiration at the very sight,
And wing'd its way beyond the world's control."

PETER PROLETARIUS.

Amongst the poets and prose-writers of Cleveland, few deserve a more prominent place than the late John Walker Ord ; an excellent portrait of whom forms the frontispiece to the present volume. And I cannot but express my very deep regret, that his nearest relatives should, from some cause or other, have thought fit to refuse me even the slightest materials towards his biography ; as I would fain have penned a much better memoir than my readers, under the circumstances, are ever likely to get from me. He was a man of considerable genius, warmly attached to our dear old Cleveland ; and, though he penned many passages which I for one consider to be unjust, in his criticisms and in his political partizanship, yet few men have had a stronger love for literature, or a keener sense of the beauties of nature,—as the extracts I am about to give from his writings will show.

John Walker Ord was born at Gisbro', on the fifth of March, 1811, where his father still carries on a respectable business as a currier. For some years our author attended the Grammar School of his native place, founded along with the

Hospital of Jesus, by Robert Pursglove, the last Prior of Gisbro',—an engraving of whose portrait, from his sepulchral brass in the chancel of Tiddeswell Church, Derbyshire, is given in the present work. From Gisbro', our author was removed to a school at Sowerby, near Thirsk; and, on his return home, he devoted himself assiduously to the study of the English poets, English history, and the classics. His first production that I can ascertain the date of was the following poem, written at Gisbro', on New Year's Day, 1829, and pronounced by PROFESSOR WILSON to be "full of fancy, feeling, and imagination":—

A Vision of the Moon.

"There is an hour, an holy hour, a time of bliss and peace,
When night has set upon the earth, and caused our cares to cease;
When midnight, brooding o'er the plain, breathes stillness and repose,
And calms and soothes the raging main, as dew the breeze-stirr'd rose;
When through the woods more softly creep the winds which stirr'd the day,
Or on their pinions lull'd to sleep, thus dream the hours away;
When through the sky the night-bird wings his long and darken'd course,
And feeds upon the earth-born things, the victims of his force;—
There is an holy, hallow'd hour for feeling and for love,
When Nature wantons in her power, and draws our thoughts above;
When visions float across the soul, and fast in their embrace,
Unawed by Reason's stern control, our thoughts are lost in space.

I dreamt that I had left this earth to dwell within the moon,
And wander'd through its halls of mirth, unfetter'd and alone;
It seem'd like to our world below in structure and in form,
Yet still, and calm, and undisturb'd by tempest or by storm.
The beings who inhabited its wide and sunny land
Seem'd to my dream of mightier mould than aught on earthly strand:
Their natures were of nobler stamp, their thoughts of wider scan,
And more unlimited in range than those of earthly man.
In palaces of gold they dwelt, yet there was not their sleep,
But 'neath the glorious canopy of heaven's o'er-arching steep;
For their's was one unvaried clime of brightness and of heat,
And ne'er upon its parched soil had Winter set his feet.

I look'd unto our world below, and thought upon the worms—
The things of clay, the sons of dust, and all its boasted charms:
How paltry did Earth now appear, a speck upon the sky—
A dusky spot on heaven's bright face, to stain its majesty!

Who would have thought that man, so proud, so mighty in his sphere,
 All-powerful, all-commanding man, should wholly disappear?—
 He who hath done such wond'rous things, and vaunted in his pride
 All things in earth and sky were his, and in the ocean wide!

And thou, my own, my sea-girt isle of freedom and the brave,
 The lord of many nations, and the conqueror of the wave,
 Where now were all thy bulwarks, thy armaments of power,
 Which triumph on the waters unto earth's remotest shore?
 And where thine Autumn's smiling fields, thy harvest rolling bright,
 Which gently waves beneath the blast in mockery of its might?
 Thy blooming fields of fertile Spring, thy regal mountain oak,
 Which from its seat so long hath braved the whirlwind's fiercest stroke?
 And where were now the fair and brave who graced thy much-loved land?
 And where the wise who, by their nod, light up thy gifted strand?
 Thy men of North, thy men of South, are nowhere to be seen,
 All centred in that 'dusky spot,' as if they ne'er had been.
 The scorch'd plains of the distant East, and Afric's dreary wastes,
 And Arabs' lands, so oft upturn'd by the Simoon's sweeping blasts;
 Kamtschatka, lord of Norland snows, its sons the scoff of men,
 The first-born child of the misty storms, and knight of the hurricane.
 The West, the East, the North, where now are all your boundless climes?—
 And thou, sweet South, so oft gone o'er in the poet's glowing rhymes?
 The Sea, whose caverns ne'er have been unveil'd to human ken,
 Where lifeless forms have oft 'repair'd, and will repair again,'—
 Where were you all, when from Night's lamp I gazed in quest of each,
 In that other orb, from burning Ind to Lapland's sounding beach?
 And nought might now distinguish you save a bright and dusky stain,
 The *bright* the scorching southern fields, the *dark* the watery main:
 I saw but dimly, yet, methought that such must be the change
 Which spangled o'er the brighten'd face of Earth's unbounded range.

And now my dream hath pass'd away, like a thought across the mind,
 The dews before the sun's hot ray, or a bubble on the wind,—
 The joys we felt in dawn of youth, when all our thoughts were bliss,
 A shower upon a Summer's eve, the rapture of a kiss;
 Yea, even as these, 't is vanish'd, fled—its fancies all are gone,
 No vestige on my soul is left save memory alone;
 And there, long as life's lamp may burn, imprinted shall it be,
 A phantom of the bygone years—a treasure unto me!"

Early in 1829, John Walker Ord proceeded to the University of Edinburgh, to study with a view to become a physician, and for this purpose became a pupil of the celebrated anatomist, Dr. Knox; and between the two there was afterwards a life-long intimacy, notwithstanding the pupil's too-great devotion

to poetry to allow of his following the art of Æsculapius. The poems of "Mary," and "To the Eagle," were both written at Edinburgh in March; "To the Swallow," May 4th; and "Lines written on Arthur's Seat," August 5th, of that year. In the latter poem he aptly characterises Burns as—

"the best of Scotia's bards,
The heaven-inspired and passionate child of song,
Who, as yon sun, lighten'd up rural life,
And threw a shade of splendour o'er the land:
The peasant-poet, who in gladness walk'd,
Encircled with delight, enrobed in joy,
The glory of his country."

The following extract from a letter addressed to Mr. John Jackson, of Lackenby Old Hall, will be interesting to the reader who wishes for some insight into the young poet's opinions and feelings at this period:—

"Edinburgh, Thursday Evening, April 8th, 1829.

"DEAR IOANNES,—

Notwithstanding your long and deep silence, I am determined not to be affronted; and as I have just now an opportunity of sending my letter through a young man from Stokesley, who is about to leave this worthy town, I have accordingly got out my pen, ink, and paper, to scrawl out 'a few lines.' I don't know what sort of a night you may have in your pretty, secluded, little village to-night, but I can tell you that here it is a perfect hurricane: the wind is kicking up a most tremendous shine; the rain is pattering, pattering away, in most mournful music, against the windows; and the room smokes like the crater of Vesuvius after an eruption. But in spite of all this, now that I have sit down, I am determined to go on, and, therefore, 'blow, winds, and crack your cheeks, rage, blow,'—'spit fire, spout rain,'—'nor rain, wind, thunder, fire,' shall stop me now; neither, if I can help it, will I be either pathetic or sentimental.

"I suppose you will have got the news by this time that the Catholic Bill has been passed; and I have no doubt that, in your part of the world, all the sensible people are cursing the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Peel for their madness and folly in again granting these idolatrous wretches the power which they have so deservedly lost. In Edinburgh, the circumstance of the measure passing the House of Lords so triumphantly was received with the deepest indignation; and, I have no doubt, had the hero of Waterloo been here, he would have been treated in a very different way to what he has heretofore been, and that black apostate Peel would, ere this, have gone the way of all flesh. It is a mystery yet to all, what in the name of goodness could induce Lord Wellington to act

so inconsistently; it is yet a mystery how the King could be so easily persuaded to break his coronation oath, and give his assent to a bill which his pious father regarded with such dread and abhorrence; and still more is it a matter of mystery how it came to pass that Mr. Peel—even Robert Peel, the pretended champion of the Reformed Church in Britain—could turn apostate to his former principles, betray his constituents, and instil into the ears of royalty the poisonous counsel of Papal Equality. Everything now is in the same state it was a year ago: the English nation is still opposed to Emancipation—the Protestant Church of Ireland is still in danger from the brutal violence of the mob, and the more dangerous efforts of the ambitious, and those who wish to raise their own polluted church on its ruins; there are still six million men in Ireland bound by a common tie, and by the usual feelings of their religion, to assist each other in putting down from power what they deem to be a band of heretics; and, last not least, the Catholic Church still holds the same tenets, still follows the same foolish errors, and still indulges the same feelings of hatred towards other churches, that it did a thousand years ago. They still hold from the common eye the inspired pages of Scripture; they still worship the wooden forms of saints and those forbidden in the Commandments; they still hold in the deepest reverence those doctrines of Transubstantiation and Purgatory denounced so completely in the Bible; they still indulge in that showy form of worship, that expensive and luxurious and dazzling form of faith, which so disgusted the high-minded and truly-religious Reformers; they, in short, still adhere to the same absurdities, to the same ridiculous mode of worship, which first stirred up the pure spirit of faith in the bosoms of Knox, Luther, and their compeers, and which lit that flame of indignation among their followers which in the end drove the 'beast with the seven horns' from the now Reformed nations of Europe. And is all this again to return?—are Darkness and Error again to stride over the land, and again cast the dark shadows of error and superstition over the rising purity and civilization of its inhabitants? Are our churches, which now echo with the songs of praise and the holy breathings of eternal life, to be once more lit up with the flame of waxen tapers, and be polluted with the idolatrous mummery of the beast of Papacy? Oh God, little as my mind has ever been touched with the pure spirit of religion, still I cannot think upon such things without shuddering; and I cannot think of the doctrines whether of Cranmer, or Luther, or Calvin, or Wesley, being thus again surmounted by the hated form of Popery, without shrinking beneath the thought, and lifting up my voice among the other true Protestants of Great Britain, indignantly against the man who could thus permit such a dangerous inroad to be made into the constitution and laws of the land. The Catholics have long striven for this. Thirty years ago did one of their speakers first bring forward the motion before the House of Commons, and at that time almost every individual in that House shrunk with indignation at the attempt. Since that time, their eyes have never been removed from the contemplation of this great work; the abbey and monasteries and rich lands of former times have, no doubt, always been before their imagination. Be this as it may, they have attempted, by every means, directly and indirectly, to further their schemes;

and at length, after Sheridan and Grattan, and Burke and Fox, had expended their eloquence in vain—at length—oh, tell it not in Gath—Robert Peel has, in the year 1829, carried by intrigue and secrecy, and in spite of the petitions of the English nation, this hated and abominable measure,—fatal alike to the Protestant interests of the realm and the rising intelligence of individuals. Such is my view of the subject; and, had I room, I would prove my assertions by a hundred arguments: but, as I did not sit down to write to you on politics, I will not detain your time farther on the subject. * * *

“As for myself, I am determined, some way or other, to be married by the time I am twenty-one. I could not live unless I were so: and I have got such an idea of the happiness and comfort of the marriage state, when both entertain sentiments pretty alike on general subjects and things, that I really think, if I lived longer than that age in ‘single blessedness,’ I should soon *kick*, or at any rate proceed very hastily into the ‘sear and yellow leaf.’ Time, however, works wonders; and no soul on earth knows what may be my feelings at that period. Of this I am pretty settled, that if I am once disappointed where I have fairly fixed my affections, I will never utter another word of ‘wooing,’ to any woman under the face of the sun. I am a fool of that kind that I do sincerely believe it would do me up, and the grave might then open its dusty and dirty mouth as soon as it chose. My epitaph should be—Here lies JOHN W. ORD, *Æ* 21, a young man highly respected by all who had the honour to know him, but so damnable a fool as to die of love. The young lady has also gone to the home of her *fore-mothers*, from sorrow and pique at her having rejected him. ‘*Sic transit gloria mundi*.’ Then after this, in clear gilt letters, there should be that exquisite verse of SHAKESPEARE:—

• *He never told his love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on his damask cheek: he pined in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
He sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.*

This, you must allow, would be extremely and wonderfully pathetic. All the love-sick girls, with tears in their eyes, would exclaim:—Poor young man! how unfortunate was his fate. ‘Alas poor Yorick!’ Whenever my thoughts are in the wandering humour, and I think of happiness, immediately the married state comes before me. Indeed, union with a soft and lovely wife whom we love, always seems to me the highest felicity in the world. What, oh, what in this vain and foolish and sorrowful world is equal to this? Are you in grief? She is immediately at your side, whispering sweet words of consolation into your ear, and casts, by her gentle voice, a more perfect calm over your mind than would a thousand homilies or a thousand sermons. Are you glad? Her merry laugh and smiling eye beaming on you in the fullness of her own bliss, kindles up still more joyous feelings, and excites still higher gaiety and gladness within the heart. Are you at variance with

the world? The music of her tongue breathes a living beauty over all external things; and after you have listened to the magic eloquence of her words, you look on all around with more softened complacency, and no longer cast a surly glance [upon] your fellow-creatures, or a murmuring complaint against the Great Author of the World. Are you sick? Her gentle and sorrowful eye is continually fixed upon you; and not a sigh is breathed, or a word spoken, but the want is immediately supplied; and the guardian angel is ever there, to minister to the slightest necessity, and listen to the most imperfectly-breathed wish. In short—with a wife, a hundred blisses are tasted which otherwise would be completely debarred from us. By night and by day she is always near you: her head is pillowed on your bosom in the still watch of that silent hour; and resting near you, like a young dove against its cooing parent, she scarcely can contain the bliss she feels in thus tasting of such pure and spiritualized (if I may so express it) happiness. And then—curly-headed boys and young blue-eyed girls grow around you; and never does the loved mother look so truly beautiful as when, transferring her love from the parent to the offspring, she kisses and fondles the young child, and gazes on its fair face, with a deep joy which words in vain attempt to express. In short, I do again and again assert, that in no state of life can an individual be more truly blessed than in [the] state of matrimony; and when compared to the wretched solitariness of the old bachelor, the superiority is at once seen. Thus thinking, you may depend upon seeing me at twenty-one joined in matrimony. * * *

"You will see, by Crummey's coming home, that the Winter Session is now closed, and glad am I that it is. Many a heart will beat with gladness at the prospect of again entering the often-thought-of home of their youth; and joyfully will they hasten away to again behold the green mountains up which they climbed in their schoolboy years—and the wood where the birds built their nests—and the glad faces of school-companions—and the modest glance of one who may, perchance, have thought with deeper feelings than mere friendship on the absent student; and, last, they will again meet with loving parents, and again behold, with filial love, brothers and sisters, the dearest-loved of their hearts, who have often, aye, often, by night and by day, cast tender thoughts after them while residing in the far-off city. Many an eye, dim with midnight watching and daily hard labour, will look bright at the passing prospect of returning to the peaceful retirement of their country home; many a pale and sallow cheek, pallid through anxiety and close study, will regain, for a moment, the bright and cheering glow of health, while thinking of the pure air, and the blue sky, and the melody of birds, and the green fields of their own native plain; and many a voice, which through six long months has, perchance, never hardly uttered an exclamation of joy, will enthusiastically exclaim, with the versatile HORACE,—'Oh rus, quando, te aspiciam.' Glorious and joyous indeed is the feeling of leaving for a time the close streets of a crowded city and a people whom we hate, to return to the fair solitude of the country. Here there is, perchance, no single individual who cares for

us alive or dead; who rejoiced to see us in health, or who would sorrow beyond mere commiseration to behold us on the silent bier. Here there is no loving eye, no warm affectionate hand, to bid us welcome, and no kind words to breathe peace and gentleness into the stormy soul. Here there is no parent's kindness or fraternal affection. But go we into our own land—into the land of merry and magnificent England—and we possess them all. And even though we possessed now these, and plenty of warm stranger hearts to open to us, and to melt at our necessities, *I* never think of home and England, and the loved and beloved there, without being impressed with a momentary pleasure which words cannot express. My thoughts never wander away into happy Cleveland without a hundred tender remembrances crowding upon me, and infusing a soothing joy, superior, perhaps, to what any other circumstance can afford. I never think of hill-and-wood-surrounded Gisbro', and of peaceful little Lackenby, without almost imagining myself there, and enjoying, for a time, in a sort of reality, the pure and exquisite pleasure which that place of all others can afford. Even now—seated, as it were, beneath the hills, as a young wood-pigeon under the bosom of its mother, and opening out its Spring beauties to the gaze of the heaving sea—I behold it in the palpable clearness of undimmed vision, and almost fancy that I am again tasting of the deep pleasures which I have there so often enjoyed. But these are the mere passing pleasures which, like shadows, come upon the mind, only to leave it in deeper darkness. These are mere momentary glimpses of passing joy, which, like a wave which is rearing its crested head on the sea, murmurs for a moment, and then sinks down for ever. These are mere breathings of rapture within the sorrowful soul, which, like the murmuring of a word whispered into the ear of a deeply-loved maiden, is first felt, and then subsides, and is for ever silent.

“Still, after all, not to be misanthropical, Edinburgh has *some* pleasures which, enjoyed with anything of proper feeling, must ever give pleasure. To the studious mind are a hundred libraries teeming with the purest information from the fountains of science. To the man of pleasure there are theatres, and ball-rooms, and assemblies, and exhibitions of the fine arts, which are a continual fund of amusement and recreation. To the Bacchanal and the debauchee, there are hotels, and taverns, and eating-houses, without end. To the politician, there are newspapers, and registers, and gazettes, from every corner of the civilized world; and not a thing goes on in any civilized country throughout the great globe, but he may, if he chuses, know it. To the lover of female beauty—of bright eyes and fair faces—a hundred lovely forms are almost constantly before him, let him walk in the streets, or go to the theatre, or post away to a party: everywhere beauty is around him; and if he cannot fall in love with any of these passing spirits, the reason is, that there are too many, and that they are all too dazzling to allow him to fix upon one. In short, for every man of every taste there is some separate and peculiar pleasure; and though, to a person who has been brought up in the country, these are all tame and stupid, yet to one who has been amid crowded towns and cities from childhood, they are, no doubt, both useful and entertaining. In my opinion, however, the country is ten times superior. Do we want a theatre? There is the

whole mighty and beautiful and magnificent theatre of nature. Do we want balls of dancing and singing? There are the birds in the green woods, and the dancing of the breeze amid the waving branches and among the leaves. Do we want politics? Each individual knows his neighbour, and what passes in his own immediate sphere,—and *this* is 'enough for man to know.' Does he want to see beauty? *There* beauty is a thousand times more perfect than in the close and sickly streets of a city; *there* beauty exists in its most beautiful and spiritualized state; *there* are eyes of the brightest sheen, cheeks likest to the fair garden rose, and forms of the most sylph-like loveliness. In short, the country has everything in its greatest perfection; and, if we want to enjoy this world as it is—everything as it exists most beautiful and in its greatest purity—the country is the place: the home of trees, and mountains, and babbling streams, is the only and the best place. I, for one, do not envy that man his taste who cannot behold beauty in the retirement of a village and amid the revelling of country scenes. I do not envy *him* who cannot go into the hallowed range of Nature's perfections, and hold converse with her beauties as a saint with his God. And I envy not that man (nay, I detest that man) who, in the words of BEN JONSON, can travel from Dan to Beersheba and say—'Tis all barren.' That individual goes about with a more burning curse upon him than that on the forehead of Cain: everything to him is full of bitterness, and, therefore, for him Nature can pour out no balm.

"And now, in conclusion, I hope you have had good health since I left England, as also papa, mamma, Mrs. Lamb, and sister Ann. I hope also that Mrs. Jackson and family have all been in continued possession of that most precious and valuable gift. As I have not heard from you, I cannot guess how the squire from Gisbro' is getting on in that quarter. He may, indeed, be married for anything I know; or, if he is not, may in a short time. Elizabeth ——— is, however, no easy and no common prize; and, from what I know of her and have seen, with other circumstances, I think if H——n ever succeeds, it will be after a hard contest, a severe struggle. I, even I, should almost be sorry to see him *now* baulked, after his long and assiduous attention to her; and I cannot help thinking that such a circumstance would almost break his heart. I don't, indeed, know what effect such a thing might have upon him, but I know upon me its consequences would be immediate. After an individual has worshipped long and devotedly at the shrine of female beauty; after he has watched constantly, month after month, every look of kindness, and every whisper of encouragement; after, by constant perseverance, he has at length hoped that some effect has been produced in the hitherto inexorable fair one; oh, what is there in the wide earth so galling—so bitter to the sensitive mind—as to be at once thrown from his seat of happiness, and plunged, in a moment, into the depth of agony and despair. Of this subject, however, I have the *pleasure* to know nothing; and God forbid that, if *ever* I happen to fall in love, my hopes and wishes should be *thus* cast down.

* * *

"I now close, and send you my best wishes. Give my kind love to your sister, &c., and to all who may have the kindness to enquire.

"I am, dear friend, your sincere and ardent friend,

"JOHN WALKER ORD."

I have quoted the greater part of this lengthy epistle, because it is interesting in more respects than one: it not only shows the writer's devotion to nature, and that ardent attachment to his native Cleveland which even increased upon him in after years; but the remarks on love and marriage may help us, in some measure, the better to understand his course of life thenceforward to his death.

Though much time and attention were given to his medical studies at Edinburgh, both in that city and at home he held constant converse with the Muses; and amongst his literary acquaintances were Professor Wilson, James Hogg, and Henry Glassford Bell,—the latter of whom was editing the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, towards which our author contributed a "Fragment from an unfinished Poem," which was highly commended by the editor. His beautiful verses on "The Winds" first appeared in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, in 1831; and, the same year, he published, at Edinburgh, *The Wandering Bard and other Poems*, in 12mo. Though a wild poem, the *Bard* is full of bursts of genius, and at once proved that John Walker Ord was no mere poetaster. He sings of the hero of the poem:—

„There yet are hopes; thy soul shall know
 Life's pleasant flowerets are not dead;
 Thou 'lt hear the joyous waters flow,
 And mountain breezes fan thy head.
 The pious lore of ancient men
 Shall greet thee in thy lonely bower,
 And magic of the wood and glen
 Entrance the passing hour.
 Along each happy solitude,
 Still Beauty walks in joy and pride;
 And Love shall smooth thy pathways rude,
 And lure thee to her side.
 What if the lady of thy love
 Hath scorn'd thee, and denied her smiles?
 Or if she tread the skies above,
 Amid the heavenly isles?
 Lament not,—give thou scorn for scorn,—
 Or tears and blessings, if no more:
 Though storm to-night, to-morrow morn
 The sun will gladden every shore.
 * * * * *
 Beauteous and brave, he once had been
 Among the mountains like a god;

No spot of all this varied scene
 His footstep had not trod.
 His soul had drank each new delight,
 Each impulse swell'd his heaving breast;
 And Nature, in her power and might,
 His being and his life imprest.
 The morning hue, the evening dream,
 The ocean's calm, or stormy deep,
 These lit with joy each favour'd theme,
 And linger'd in his sleep.

* * * * *

Amid the chambers of the brain,
 The waves of death in terror flow;
 Like eagles stricken to the plain,
 Lies Fancy and her champions low.
 Wild are its steps, and wild its eyes,
 And bloodshot with the tears of blood;
 Whilst shapes of hell and tempest rise,
 And haunt its spectral solitude.
 Thus, like a lute's harmonious dreaming,
 When heaven and all its winds are still,
 On some lake-side, melodious streaming
 Angelic notes o'er grove and hill;
 Some chord is broke,—no more the wind
 Bears dulcet music on the ear;
 So, with the fibres of the mind
 Unstrung, they murmur of the bier.

* * * * *

Now morning rose upon the sky,
 The waters and the winds were still;
 Peace ruled each quiet cottage nigh,
 Each valley, grove, and hill;
 The mists along the lake lay sleeping,
 The dews still press'd each blade of grass;
 The idle brooks their notes of weeping
 Chant dolefully as on they pass.

* * * * *

Lo! the soft echoes waken round
 Of bleating lamb, and shepherd boy:
 From all the earth leaps forth the sound
 Of merriment and joy!
 Exultant from the dust starts up
 A spirit of the heavenly air—
 The lark, to swell her daily cup
 Of offering to the morn's young star.

A thousand myriad hymns I hear,
 Of voice and echo, at heaven's gate;
 Glory seraphic sounds within mine ear—
 Oh, never can it sate!
 Glad choristers, that fragrantly do go
 Out from the yellow broom, singing so sweet;
 How do I bless you for the strains that flow
 Of love and joy from your ærial seat!
 Again! oh, yet again! that dulcet shower,
 Which through the azure deeps ye thus profusely pour!

Now through the prismy dews we moved along,
 Past the dark broom, and by the forest steep,
 Till far away, broad sycamores among,
 A snow-white cottage lit the foliage deep.
 In spiral wreaths the smoke ascended high,
 And winded softly through morn's ruby light;
 How sweet a place,—how calm,—to live and die
 Enrapt in visions of poetic might!

Sudden the youth:—
 'O bright, bright skies! O sunshine ever fair!
 How often have ye darken'd since I knew
 What glorious visitations died in air,
 Since here the flower most loved, most cherish'd, grew!
 The honey-bees' sweet work-song fill'd my soul
 Soft from those sycamores in ancient day;
 And o'er my waken'd spirit oft would roll
 Even as an angel's song, the blackbird's lay.
 And *she* would sing, whose voice was sweeter far
 Than all the birds that warble on the bough,—
 Than all the marvels of each spher'd star.
 Where, where breathe on those heavenly murmurs now?
 I wot to feel a joyous bounding *here*—
Here, at the heart,—but *that* hath fled away;
 And *now* the fiend Remorse, the spectre Fear,
 Watch ceaselessly the portals night and day.
 A wither'd tree, the youngest in the grove,
 Leafless and lost, the rest in foliage strong;
 Where never come the balmy winds of love,
 Sunlight, nor fruitage, nor the forest song.
 Wilt thou hear more? Long, long ago,
 A beauteous phantom did appear;
 When first she came I scarcely know,
 So swiftly flew each happy year.

I ne'er again may hope to feel
 Those joys, those raptures of the soul ;
 Nor e'er in human words reveal
 The bondage of her sweet control.
 To hear her voice, to watch her eyes,
 To listen when her footsteps came,—
 O nought beneath yon blessed skies
 Could match the maid I may not name !
 Not angels, when with quivering lip
 They list the music of the spheres,
 Such charms could boast, such pleasures sip,
 As broke entranced upon mine ears :
 So sweet the virgin dreams of love—
 So fair the azure robes of truth—
 Like firstling blossoms from above,
 And pure as heaven, the hopes of youth !

* * * *

Woe to the generations ! ever woe !
 That love should fade like wavelet of the sea ;
 Nor Summer clouds, enrich'd by evening's glow,
 Nor rainbow-splendour, are so frail as thee !
 Yet beautiful as diamond in the mine,
 Or glow-worm dreaming in some mossy dell ;
 One ray of sunlight, where lone captives pine,—
 One star rejoicing o'er some mountain well !
 But, lo ! the Winter clouds o'erspread the sky,
 And Winter tempests whistle through the air ;
 Love's fruits and flowers are left to fade and die,
 Her bridegroom Sorrow, and her fruit Despair.

* * * *

I kiss'd her snow-white brow, I kiss'd her eyes ;
 And pointing upward to the evening star,
 ' Sooner,' I said, ' from yon embracing skies,
 From their enduring and immortal car,
 The beams of liquid light shall die away,
 Than shall my heart's eternal love decay !
 I swear by the great ocean, changing never ;
 I swear by the far mountains, rear'd sublime ;
 I swear by the bright moon, still young for ever,
 That I must love thee to remotest time !
 Listen, ye glimmering stars, and hear my vow,—
 Spirits that haunt the moonbeams, come and hear :
 These all are mine,—this face, these eyes, this brow ;
 And when I love not, come thou mournful bier !'

* * * *

The cataract rolls down the cliff unbound,
 The stars dart headlong from the heaven's brow,
 Storms soon will roar where softest breezes flow,—
 I AM A MADMAN NOW!"

The small capitals are the poet's own: and the careful reader will notice how, alike in his prose and poetry, our author has brooded over insanity,—as though he had some presentiment that the mental malady which had attacked Nat. Lee, Sir Isaac Newton, Collins, Fergusson, Cowper, Ritson, and other literary men, would also fix its fangs on him. And there were good and substantial reasons why he should dread so melancholy a fate. Gifted with an unbounded imagination and with the intensest passions, there needed the sternest reason to hold the mental reins, or alas for him, and for all so gifted!

The quotations I have given from the *Wandering Bard* are from the first and second parts: in the third part he sings, under the poetic license of his lady-love being dead:—

"Have I not seen her floating o'er my head,
 Chanting high, holy hymns; and o'er my brow
 Breathed to my aching brain in murmurs low?
 I have beheld her in the silver mist,
 Clothed in celestial garments; and have kiss'd
 Her heavenly eyelids bending o'er my face.

* * * * *

Oft, oft, like streams of moonlight in the glow
 Of the white mountain mists, her footsteps flow;
 She gladdens the black gloom; her walk is high
 Amid the fleecy clouds that round her fly;
 Bright hosts of angel-sisters, robed like her,
 Chant o'er her hymns of harp and dulcimer;
 And in the quiet of the brooding storm
 I have beheld her heaven-bearing form,
 And heard her voice in caves and among groves,
 And where the pine-trees chant the requiem of our loves.
 And yet she must be dead!—Now, never more
 Shines the celestial presence as of yore.
 Changed, changed to me a madman. I became
 Crazed miserably—heart and brain of burning flame.
 Madness, the giant fiend, the spectral host
 Of nightmare, fear, and death; the tempest-tost
 Shipwreck, upborne upon the perilous sea
 Of blacken'd dream; the wilder'd phantasy;

The hideous thing ; the unconnected throng
 Of shapes and faces wild, unnamed in song ;
 The fancy drown'd in ashes, waking never ;
 Imagination wrapt in tortures ever.
 What tongue can tell the pangs beyond control,
 That sat like nightmare on my shrinking soul ?
 The fires that burn'd like hell—the clinging weight
 That press'd my spirit with a giant's might ?
 All beauty gone, all sights of earth and sky :
 Still every sound of hope—no solace nigh ;
 No hope, no Summer breeze—joy in the sun ;
 No splendour of the moon, and the bright starlight gone.

* * * * *

The dews of heaven, that wet the orphan's hair,
 That calm the conflagration of despair,
 That sleep like tear-drops in the widow's eye,
 That cool the Summer flowerets ere they die,
 Why fell they not on me ? But I was wild
 With grief and madness—heavily beguiled ;
 I was undone, and lost, and utterly gone,
 Spurn'd, scorn'd, an outcast, and denounced as one
 Whose curse was that of death, to suffer—and alone !
 At last, methought, within a frozen cell,
 With chains and stripes, I was condemn'd to dwell :
 Loud, hideous shriekings stunn'd my aching ear—
 Yells of despair, and agony, and fear."

I could quote as many more passages of the same sort, from this weirdlike *Wandering Bard*, but the foregoing will suffice. That English player of the days of Elizabeth and the first James, to whose far-seeing ken human nature seems to have been better revealed than to any other of the many myriads of men who have lived and died upon our globe,—the immortal SHAKSPERE—shows as much of the subtle philosopher as of the inspired poet, when, in the opening of the fifth act of his glorious *Midsummer Night's Dream*, he makes Theseus, Duke of Athens, observe to his betrothed Hippolia, Queen of the Amazons (and the passage was a favourite one with poor Ord) :—

"More strange than true. I never may believe
 These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
 Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
 Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
 More than cool reason ever comprehends.
 The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,

Are of imagination all compact:
 One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
 That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantic,
 Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
 The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
 Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
 And, as imagination bodies forth
 The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
 Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
 A local habitation, and a name.
 Such tricks hath strong imagination;
 That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
 It comprehends some bringer of that joy:
 Or, in the night, imagining some fear,
 How easy is a bush supposed a bear!"

And Ord soon became a lover as well as a poet: a lover, but, alas! one whose love was not returned again. The object of his adoration was none other than a daughter of the renowned Christopher North; and he was about as unfortunate in his wooing as Torquato Tasso was with the Princess Leonora of Este. Professor Wilson had fallen in love with a wealthy English lady at first sight, when they met at the Lakes; and had wooed and won her with the rapidity of romance: why then should not the young Cleveland poet be equally successful with a daughter sprung from their loins? Be this as it may, he stayed but to see her hand given in wedlock to another, and then, with an aching heart and throbbing brow, he left Scotland, as he thought, for ever: but, alas! to return there, in after years, an incurable lunatic.

It requires no fervent fancy to imagine how keenly "the pangs of despised love" must have pained the sensitive mind of the young poet: and, to make matters worse, his fellow-student and brother-bard, M. S. Milton, and himself had foolishly wiled away the hours, wanted for more serious work, in scribbling ephemeral pasquinades, for which they were cited to appear to answer in a court of law. Having put the Tweed, the Tyne, the Wear, and the Tees, between themselves and their prosecutors, before the Scottish day of judgment arrived, they were (with a solemnity at which one is half inclined to smile) declared *outlawed* in the kingdom of Scotland! A simple-minded Reformer like myself, however, cannot help thinking that, so long after the union of the two kingdoms, if Englishmen really commit an offence of any kind during

their residence in Scotland, it is surely high time that the laws of the sister-countries were so far amalgamated as to reach the offenders in any part of the British dominions. This, in such a case, would be far more effective than an impotent sentence of Outlawry, extending only to one part of the realm, whilst offenders snap their fingers at it in another.

Every sensible person must regard the medical profession, in the hands of a skilful, humane, and conscientious man or woman,* as one of high honour. Pity that human butchers and charlatans should ever pass its portals. No statistics will ever show forth the fearful mortality of those whose real cause of death might be truthfully stated as *killed by the doctor*. Approving of the act (55 Geo. III. c. 194) passed in 1815, which rendered it obligatory upon those who might thenceforth take upon themselves the cure of bodily and mental ailments, to give some proof that they were not entirely ignorant of all medical science; and only regretting that those who cram, once in a life-time, to pass an examination, are not compelled to present themselves for further scrutiny once in every seven years, or ten at the farthest, so that it might be ascertained whether they have been leading mere animal lives, caring only at the most for what THOMAS CARLYLE calls "the beaverisms of Society,"—or whether they have been combining careful observation and study with the practice of their never-completely-to-be-mastered profession;—I will not be one to throw ink-drops at those who very properly reject the careless student as totally unqualified for a profession entrusted with the lives of men, women, and children. I am sorry to have it to record, that the subject of this memoir was *plucked* on presenting himself for examination. I know that many of his friends have conceived that his libelling the magnates of the university had much to do with his rejection; and it is probable enough that he was doomed to feel that he had made enemies of those who could have served him as friends. Many a man with less real knowledge of the laws of health, but with a ready memory

* I have long been convinced that a serious mistake was made in substituting Dr. Slops for the old midwives. Not only do we need women properly educated to act as accoucheurs, but able to treat all female complaints and diseases of children; and an enlightened public opinion will soon carry this and many other social reforms. As for the colleges that oppose progress, they must be compelled to do their duty: being the property of the nation, the government must deal with them as such.

of technicalities, would at once pass an examination called strict, and be licensed thenceforth to practice his kill or cure system,—perhaps, like Sangrado, thwarting nature by all means in his power; and, as he walked proudly at the head of the funeral processions of his victims, he might hear on all hands the exclamation—“Well, poor thing, all was done that could be done!” But I candidly confess, that I fear literature too much engrossed our author’s brain to allow him to pay proper attention to those studies necessary to prepare him for a physician. Let us hear what he says himself on the necessity of close application to the medical profession, and of the fine facilities afforded at Edinburgh for study. I quote from a letter he wrote to his and my friend, John Jackson, Esq., a respectable solicitor of Stokesley :—

“Edinburgh, April, 1829.

“Dear Friend,—

“As I have only ten minutes to spare, you cannot expect that I should be very long. I intended to have written to you last evening (Saturday), but having been sent for by Mr. Knox, to assist in some business in which he was engaged, and as it was late when I came home, I could not find any time for my purpose. *** Our Winter Session here is now closed, and as Crummey is disengaged from his classes, (being only a first year’s student) he has rather chosen to come home than stay a month or two longer; indeed, if I might judge of his fidgetting, and desire to leave ‘Auld Reekie,’ he is heartily tired of the place, and prefers fair Stokesley, with its country seclusion, far before stately Edinburgh—‘the Modern Athens’—the seat of Wisdom and the Muses. From what I have seen of him this winter, he appears to have been very attentive to his studies; and I should judge, from his constant appearance at the classes, the hospital, etc., that he has made great progress in his profession. The Medical Profession is one of all others which demands constant and close attention; the mind must be fixed on it alone; its different branches must be studied ardently and devotedly; it must be the *Ægis* of all our thoughts, the *summum bonum* of all our desires; and if it be not enthusiastically followed—if we do not bow down to it and worship it—if we do not labour constantly in the abodes of sickness and in the noxious air of the dissecting-room, we cannot hope to make much progress. Edinburgh is, of all other places, best fitted to follow it to advantage; every advantage is held out to the student; and if he will not seize hold of them, he only is to blame; and he can only, in after life, when he stands in need of all that could have been acquired, throw reflections upon his own indolence. It is a rich sea, formed by many rivers; and each of these mighty streams must be explored ere he can hope to launch into the boundless reservoir, or be acquainted with the riches it possesses. It is a mighty land, full of many precious things; but these precious things the eye of Industry alone can find out, and when found out alone can appreciate and take advantage of. *** I have already written about a dozen long letters to go

with Crummey, and I intended sending a longer than any of them to you ; but, from being interrupted last night, I was completely hindered. I may, however, find an opportunity to send by some one coming your way : and, if I do, I will not fail to seize hold of it. * * I come to England about the end of July, and we can then talk over things in general. * * *

"I am now in much better health, and a great deal stouter than I was last summer, and I enjoy shooting, etc., etc., with more zest.

"I am, dear John, your affectionate friend,

"J. W. ORD."

Under the able tuition of a philosopher like Dr. Knox, what a glorious chance of acquiring immense knowledge for a sober-minded and plodding student ! But Ord and young Milton were "merry dogs," who would neither turn spits nor hunt with the pack. I remember the able author of *Self-help* telling me, during the few hours I had the pleasure of being his guest in Leeds some three-and-twenty years ago, how, when he was a student at the university of Edinburgh, he chanced to lodge in the room immediately under that occupied by young Milton ; and how, when Milton was visiting his friend Ord, all was calm, so that he could pursue his studies without interruption ; but, on the contrary, when Ord happened to be visiting Milton, the noise above the head of the future historian of the English Engineers, bore no slight resemblance to that made by a party of foxhunters holding their jollification at an inn, after the excitement of the chase. It is, however, a pleasure to know, that between the greatest of modern anatomists and his pupil, there existed a very strong friendship, which death only terminated,—if death *does* terminate true friendships. Surely, if the immortality of the soul be not a mere idle dream, the friendship begun on earth rots not with the corpse in the grave, but ripens in heaven.

Like every true Englishman, WALKER ORD had strong sympathy with the down-trodden people of Poland, as the following poem will show. It was written to be recited by a friend, at a projected banquet to the Prince Czartoriski, which was to have been given in London, in 1833, at which Lord Mahon had consented to preside ; but which never came off. The verses were afterwards published, "affectionately inscribed to my dear friend, Thomas Campbell, Esq., 'the bard of Poland and of Hope.'"

I.

"What sound is that I hear?
 What wild convulsive breath
 Of agony and death
 That breaks upon mine ear?
 Poland shouts across the sea:
 'T is Poland shrieks aloud for life and liberty.

II.

'T is Freedom's frenzied groans!
 Freedom wailing o'er the dead,
 To see the hideous vulture fed
 On Poland's noblest sons:
 To see each murdered sire,
 Each ravish'd maid in tears, 'round Poland's funeral pyre.

III.

Her patriots hopes are dead;
 Her halls, her peaceful solitudes,
 Her fields and pleasant woods,
 Have felt the invader's tread.
 Poland's wrongs, and Poland's woe,
 Record to endless time that RUSSIA was her foe!

IV.

Awake, ye ancient kings,—
 Ye who trod the battle field
 With helm and blazing shield!
 Let Victory wave her wings.
 Awake, awake, each mighty name,
 Till the barbarian shrink from Poland's ancient fame.

V.

France, get thee up—arise!
 Is there no spark remains
 Of thy former gains,
 Thy valorous enterprise?
 Poland's heroes stood by thee,
 Let GAUL's triumphant hosts array for liberty!

VI.

England, where art thou?
 Where are now the notes of war
 That sounded high at Trafalgar,
 When Neptune wreathed thy brow?
 Where Cressy's fame?—where Agincourt?
 And Waterloo's fierce day, and laurels drench'd in gore?

VII.

Freedom, bare thy bloody arm!
 Hie thee from Thermopylæ,
 From the cities of the free,
 And smite the ruffian swarm.
 Hurl thy shafts along the sky—
 Come forth—and all the earth shall listen to thy cry.

VIII.

Poland, Poland is not dead;
 She shall revive—she *shall* be free!
 She shall regain her liberty,
 And lift to heaven her head.
 God looks down upon her cause—
 The Assyrian hosts shall fall, and *Heaven maintain its laws!*"

In the spring of 1834, he issued the prospectus of his *England, a Historical Poem*; and, in the autumn of the same year, he accompanied Dr. Knox on a principally pedestrian tour through a part of Holland and South Wales. He has described his impressions of the places they visited in letters to his friend, Hartley Coleridge, one of which concludes as follows:—

"As we neared Amsterdam, we had sufficient time to examine the loveliness of the prospect around us. The sun was just declining in the heavens, behind bars of cloud, like solid gold—a sheet of vivid purple entirely surrounded him—no mountain stopped the full beauty and glory of his setting; but, far as the eye could reach, the heaving waters seemed one mighty sheet of livid fire;—and, as the ships, like a great forest, reared their burnished heads, and floated their glittering pendants in his farewell beams—and the towering spires of Amsterdam stood like rejoicing giants in the distance—I could not but wish that I had the pen of a Byron, or the pencil of a Claude Lorraine, to give my thoughts and feelings to immortality."

The first volume of his *England* appeared in 1834; the "Dedication to the King's most excellent Majesty," bears date at Gisbrough, November 4th, 1833, and the "Author's Preface," the day following, from which latter I quote the following eulogium on Old England:—

"Could I live in this degenerate period, and, looking for relief through the clouds time has gathered over our history, not seek some bright and sunny memories of England in her proudest prime, and in those glorious days when her heart was soundest and best at the core? I have sought for such relief, and I have found it! The more I have pondered, the more proud I am of my country,—the more elated do I feel in the consciousness of being born of the

same soil, that, in its early infancy, produced Caractacus, Boadicea, and Alfred; that, in its youth, sent out its heroic children to the fields of Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt; that, in its manhood, gave us Shakspeare and Milton, and a holy army of martyrs and the Protestant church; and that, in the prime of years, at the Nile, Trafalgar, and Waterloo, planted the standard of true liberty over all nations, and made the thunders of its might be heard to all the corners of the earth. *** Just, generous, benevolent, hospitable, as well as brave;—ambitious, enterprising, undaunted, and unconquerable, with the best blood of the Saxons, the Romans, and the Normans, in her veins, England ever has been, and ever must be, *if true to herself*, the greatest country and the happiest people in the world. Her seas and rivers are covered with the merchandize of the earth—her valleys are rich with verdure and the pride of agriculture beyond the most fertile lands—her cities are full of palaces, and temples, and domes,—her forests teem with the rich seed of the 'Wooden Walls of Old England'—her cliffs, whitened with the snows of ages, tell of the heroic contests of our forefathers, and of the stainless footprints of Freedom—her castles are the records of her past glory—her abbeys, of the magnificence of her piety, of her dead kings, and heroes, and statesmen, and bards—in all that she possesses, she is great and glorious—the empress of the earth, the corner-stone of the universe. I look at France, stained and polluted with the blood of murdered kings, and queens, and nobles—restless, phrenzied, blaspheming, and revolutionary France. I look at Italy, once the seat of arms, and a mighty religion, and I see its beautiful blue skies and richly-teeming soil polluted with the breath and the footsteps of slaves. I look at Spain, it is groaning under the horrors of a demoralizing religion, and an intolerable despotism. I look at Portugal, and there civil war is raging, and the children of one sire, who drunk of life from the same mother's breast, are deluging their native land in blood, for the bauble of a crown. I look at the old worlds—Greece, with its temples, and pillars, and climate—the sweetest under the sun—and there I behold the savage barbarian wandering on the same fields where Pindar sung and Socrates died;—at Macedon, Babylon, Carthage, that are buried;—at Egypt, with its cities under the desert sands, and its mighty deeds, half sunk away, amid the wreck of time;—and then I look on England—majestic England;—and I see her the same proud country she was a thousand years ago—and I thank my God, that I am an Englishman, born of the land of the brave and free!"

And he adds, with a manly courage and truthfulness seldom found in prefaces:—

"I know not what may be the fate of this my little volume, produced under numerous difficulties and disadvantages of health and opportunity; nor do I care. If it should occupy that place among the works of those authors whom I have ever held in reverence, which elevation I fondly trust it will attain, most amply shall I be rewarded; and efforts, perchance far worthier, under the maturity of the thoughts and feelings of ripened manhood, shall complete what I have begun. If I have miscalculated my powers, or chosen the wrong path for their demonstration, I am at least where I began, neither better nor worse than I am at present. I have spent many pleasant hours over the composition of

this work, that would not otherwise have been relieved. I have felt my spirit enriched and ennobled. I have been lifted beyond the narrow round of common aims and purposes. I have felt some few of the sparks of immortality. I have partaken of the streams that flow from the sacred fountains of inspiration."

And in his "Introduction" he sings:—

"What is the poet's heritage? What right
Is his, to enter on the unknown bourne?
And, aided by Imagination's light,
Knock at the golden portals of the morn;
And seek the rainbow's hues that he may them adorn?"

O blame me not, that with a lofty theme
I seek to dally—and on lofty wing!
That, wakening from a long unbidden dream,
I raise my lyre, and England's glories sing,
Stirring the loudest notes that slumber on her string.

Perchance, where Fancy slumbers on the skies,
Beyond the fleeced clouds, where the stars rest,
I might have sung to holier melodies,
And clasp'd a brighter chain upon my breast,
And borne a richer gem upon my laurell'd crest.

For all my life hath been a summer heaven
Around the ocean-calm of poetry,
And with the golden hues and tones of even:
As some glad bark that wanton'd in its glee,
My soul hath skimm'd the waves, or-walk'd the air-groves free.

True, to the earthlier nature sorrow came,
And with the sear leaf tinged my laurel crown;
Yet still I follow'd to the towers of Fame,
Nor suffer'd any chain to bind me down;
And I have lived till now, in spite of every frown.

And I will live, and still will sound the lyre,
Though in another land my footsteps fall;
And let them do their worst, I will aspire
To plant my standard in the immortal hall,
And hold the golden crown, and wear the purple pall.

From earliest youth, my feet have wander'd free;
Where Nature held her choicest paths was mine;
My boyhood trod the hills in liberty;
My youth hath ever knelt at Nature's shrine;
My manhood is with dreams and visions all divine.



H. Allard sc.

John Pyley Robinson

F.R.G.S. — F.S.A. Scot. — F.G.S. Edin.

F.R.A. du Nord. M. Société Asiatique de Paris &c.

From earliest youth, my feet have held no bound;
 Where Summer shower'd each sweetest scent and hue,
 Where Autumn's richest treasures did abound,
 Where Winter's frostworks were most rare to view,
 My footsteps ever roam'd, whilst still each scene was new.

And Morning's golden towers rejoice mine eyes,
 Her minstrelsies, her sounds, her heavenly light;
 Noon hath his glories on the burnish'd skies;
 And, oh! the exceeding glory of the Night,
 When the pale Moon is out, and all the Stars are bright!

Still—oh, be still, my soul!—be still—the storm
 Of many feelings struggling in my breast!
 When Poetry first show'd her radiant form
 Beneath the Moon,—when Earth was all at rest,
 And the low mourning Waves were singing their unrest,—

Did I not swear beneath the listening Sky,
 Beneath the Stars, and the applauding Moon,
 That I would do thee homage, Poetry—
 And ever make thine household gods my own,
 And walk me in thy train, and kneel before thy throne?

And I have kept, and still will keep the same:
 Bear witness, witness bear, thou broken heart,
 Ye alien footsteps, and thou blacken'd name!
 Bear witness, burning eyes, and forehead's smart,
 That we are wed for aye, and never more will part!"

Besides the poetical Introduction just quoted from, the volume contains poems on the following noble subjects:—An Address to Spenser, beginning

"Great Spirit, let me worship on my knees,
 With reverent adoration, thy great name."

The Legendary Gods, the Legendary Kings, the Aborigines, the Roman Invasion, Ancient and Modern London, the English Children in Rome, St. Augustine and the Introduction of Christianity, Rowena and Vortigern, King Arthur, Alfred the Great, St. Benedict, Elgiva, the Death of Edward son of Edgar, King Canute, King Harold, the Norman Conquest, the Norman Forests, the Death of Rufus, Peter the Hermit, the Shipwreck of Prince William, King Stephen and the Civil Wars, Fair Rosamond, Thomas a Becket, Richard Cœur de Lion, Robin Hood, the Murder of Prince Arthur, the Great

Charter of Runnymede, Edward Plantagenet, King Edward in Palestine, the Maid of Orleans, the Massacre of the Jews at York, Gerard's Martyrdom, the young Princes in the Tower, with a "Concluding Address to Margaret W * * * * *;"—all these are sung with great beauty and with many blemishes. Thus, for instance, in the Introduction, of the then "delectable Whig Ministry of Earl Grey & Co.," he sings:—

"Shall I not curse that foul and hellish breed
Who took from lofty Coleridge his poor fee?
And from the Ettrick singer held his meed?
Shall I not curse them, curse them on my knee,
Who dared to do the Muse such rank indignity?"

And in "Edward Plantagenet" his hatred of the Scots thus gets the better of his judgment and naturally-noble heart:—

"A fair shoot oft will spring from rotten tree,
And sweetest flowers grow from corruption's grave.
And so sprang Edward. Would the mountains free
And wilds of Wales, had never stain'd his glaive;
Nor torn the freedom from Llewellyn brave;
Nor crown'd his forehead with the willow bough;*
Nor slain each patriot in his rocky cave;
Nor pluck'd the hero's laurels from his brow,
Where, eagle-like, he pass'd his mountains to and fro!

Then had the tarnish lain not on his crest:
Yet for that he the dastard Scots drove back,
And crush'd them to the mire, where yet they rest;
And o'er each fetid carcase made a track
For his red chariot wheels, and was not slack
To drive his horses' hoofs through heart and brain;
And burnt their homes, till all the land was black;
And hunted forth their young, o'er hill and plain;
And hang'd their rebel chiefs, to rot in wind and rain—

I do forgive them all. Their damned guile,
Cant, craft, and lies, he stopp'd with the red sword;
And smooth'd the prickles on their thistled isle.
Rank slaves;—did they not Wallace sell, their lord?

* "The willow crown was placed on the trunkless head of Llewellyn, in mockery of the old Welsh songs, that had foretold him a deliverer and conqueror."—J. W. ORD.

And she, their hapless queen, * whom all adored?
 And their own king, slain by the hangman's knife?
 Long since the hate and curse of God was stirr'd;
 And now, like Jews, they lead a vagrant life,
 And blacken all the earth with lust, and greed, and strife.

They shout of Bannockburn!—they shout aloud!
 Who was their foe?—Our poorest, feeblest king;
 An army worn and faint, by famine bow'd.
 They shout of Preston!—(well they know each thing
 Of scanty conquest, and its honours sing.)
 But I a hundred blood-red fields could show—
 I could a hundred glorious victories sing.
 No more. The curse burns on their craven brow,
And I have nought but curses, and I curse them now.

Yea, from my heart of hearts, and on the day
 I lie in death, my last curse be for them.
 Wildly they wrong'd me, and my sullen clay
 Shall lend a light to show the world their shame—
 A might to tear away their latest gem—
 Whose hearts are barren as their shatter'd shore—
 Bleak as their deserts—narrow as their fame.
 O, that the stripe might lash them as of yore,
 That English swords might chase them forth for evermore!"

Surely, this is genius run mad! Charles Churchill, in his *Prophecy of Famine*, seventy years earlier, had not shown a more rabid anti-Scotch prejudice than is here displayed. The poet, in his most unfettered flights, should rigidly adhere to truth and justice; not his to flatter, or unduly to depreciate; nor ought he to allow either imaginary or real wrongs from the hands of the few, to provoke him to vent his wrath on the innocent many. I fear me that, in those sanguinary strifes between the peoples north and south of the Tweed, which for centuries devastated the Borders, scarcely worth dignifying with the name of wars, there was much more unbridled brute force, on both sides, worthy of penal servitude, than of honest commendation, by poet, novelist, or historian. The true Bard, whilst he faithfully commends, as every good patriot ought,

* "The fair Queen Mary was a little unlike the other stately high-cheek-boned Queen Grizzles of Scotland; so they slew her. King Charles was a Tory and a Gentleman, and his cause was, for the time being, unpopular; so they sold him to be murdered."—J. W. ORD.

all that is lovely or glorious in the history of his own land, and teaches her people to love her more than life, should be the first to break down those accursed barriers of prejudice, which teach us to regard our fellow-citizens beyond the Grampians or the Irish Channel as foreigners, and foreigners as foes. In the passages I have last quoted, my dear friend seems, for the nonce, to have retrograded from the England of the nineteenth century, and, by some strange transmigration of souls, which Pythagoras alone could explain, to have been changed at once into a Scandinavian Scald,—and his curse upon Scotland would have been more appropriately written in Runes. The famous *Death Song of Regner Lodbrog*, as thus versied by our author ten years afterwards, does not breathe a more warlike spirit:—

“We fought with our swords on Northumbria’s craggy mountains,
Where revengeful fate prevailing, haughty Ella drove us back;
Yet though hemm’d by countless thousands, we crimson’d Cleveland’s fountains,
Whilst shriek’d the hungry vulture along our gory track,—
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! how we clave their helms in twain,
And the blood-drops fell that day thick and fast as thunder rain.”

A long prose “Note to ‘Edward Plantagenet,’ on that part regarding Scotland,” given at the end of the first volume of *England*, is in equally bad taste, to say the least of it. The reader who has not access to our author’s work, will find this marvellous curiosity given in my forthcoming *Cleveland Biographia*: but I must pass it here, merely expressing my sorrow that anything so unjust as Ord’s Curse on Scotland should ever have been written,—and that too so long after the days when Malcolm the First, or William the Lion, or Sir James Douglas, were making their predatory irruptions into Cleveland; or when our Sir Ralph Eure was hurrying Teviotdale with fire and sword.

“The Scots that once for Wallace bled,
For England now their blood would shed,
England would bleed for them!
In BRITAIN’S blending name they close
Those dire divisions, countless woes;
The Northern Thistle—Southern Rose—
Now blooming on one stem.”

ETA MAWR.

In the “Concluding Address to Margaret W * * * *,” he thus wails his woes:—

" And I shall never *feel* what I have *felt*—
 Such raptures ne'er shall swell my breast again—
 The mountains, on whose foreheads I have knelt,
 The silent shores that gird the heaving main,
 Have stolen their hues away from out my spirit's train.

* * * *

Beloved Maiden!—thy celestial face
 Did ever gaze on me—I had no might
 That was not thine—no power had I to trace
 One thought that shone not on thy forehead bright,
 'T was thou that drove away the shapes and fears of night.

Can I forget thee?—Can this frozen clay
 Forget that thou hast borne it from the mire?
 Sooner, far sooner, shall the ungrateful day
 Forget the sun—the sun forget its sire,
 Than shall thy praises cease on my enraptured lyre.

I see thee not—I hear thee not, fair maid,
 And thou may'st never more rejoice my sight;
 And thou may'st never more, in love array'd,
 Come gliding forward in the summer light,
 To clothe my burning brow with laurels fresh and bright.

* * * *

When first I saw thee, 't was in sorrowing,
 Alone, and like a star thou greet'dst my sight—
 When last I saw thee, thou didst strike the string
 Of thy loud harp, amid the festal light,
 Within thy father's hall, in all thy beauty bright.

* * * *

I loved thee with the passion of all love;
 With love like fire, and wildest ecstacy,
 As if a blessed angel from above—
 I loved thee with a love that cannot die,
 Love strong as death—a love eternal as the sky.

Hast thou not heard me, O, thou mournful moon,
 Call on her name?—have ye not heard me, all
 Ye sullen frowning mountains, late and soon?
 Hast thou not striven, thou angry waterfall,
 To drown my groans and sighs that rose above ye all?

I saw thee, like the splendour of a dream,
 In sleep, and stretch'd mine hands to meet thee there;
 Thy dewy eyes let fall a starry gleam;
 I strove to kiss away the tear-drops fair;
 I started from my couch—the form had sunk in air.

But yesternorn, as long and long ago,
 I saw thy snow-white forehead near mine own;
 I saw thy burnish'd tresses heavenly flow;
 Thy large bright orbs, all pensive, looking down;
 I clasp'd thee to my heart—alas!—the dream was gone!

* * * * *
 Margaret, thou *never*—*never* wilt be mine;
 Thy blessed breast will never bear *my* head.

* * * * *
 With thee I could have been, what never now
 I shall be—high and radiant as the rest
 Of bards—and fame, perchance, had clad my brow;
 And, with the love that springs from thy dear breast,
 I might have plumed my wings unto the gorgeous west.

Aided by thee—by thy most saintly voice—
 By the dear light that shroudeth all thy frame;
 By the dear eyes, that bid the earth rejoice—
 By that fair soul that seems the eye of fame—
 I might have walk'd the woods, and won myself a name.

I have a heart to bind the world with fire:
 It should have bound thee as the hallow'd morn.
 I have a soul that heavenward doth aspire:
 It should have own'd thy footstool, late and soon,
 And been thy slave, to loose the latchets of thy shoon.

It cannot—cannot be: and this my dream
 Must fall away upon the empty air;
 My sighs must linger as an idle theme;
 My lofty hopes must lose their aspect fair;
 And this, my bounding heart, must pine in sullen care."

But we must pursue this theme no further. To have stated less, would have been to have ignored the most important event in the life of the bard; for what is wealth and social position, which so many damn their own souls to attain to, compared to that true love which, in its intensity, when faithfully returned, renders the humblest cottage far happier than the palaces of kings.

The second volume of *England, a Historical Poem*, appeared in 1835; and the "Dedication to his Grace the Duke of Wellington" is dated Gisbrough, October 1st, 1834. Like the first volume, it consists of two hundred and fifty pages of demy octavo, and was printed at the *Herald* Office

in Sunderland. The themes of his song are, besides some long "Introductory Stanzas," the Battle of Crecy, the Siege of Calais, the Death of Richard the Second, King Henry the Fifth, Elinor Cobham Duchess of Gloster, Elizabeth Woodville married to Edward the Fourth, the Shepherd Lord Clifford, the Wars of York and Lancaster, Jane Shore, Perkin Warbeck, the Imprisonment and Death of young Edward Plantagenet Earl of Warwick, Queen Philippa, the Babes in the Wood, the Coronation of Henry the Eighth, Cardinal Wolsey, the Suppression of the Monasteries, Lady Jane Grey, Shakspeare and the Reign of Queen Elizabeth, all sung in flowing numbers, winding up, as in the previous volume, with a lengthy "Concluding Address to Margaret W * * * * *." I wish I had space to give "Queen Philippa" entire, because it contains the most complete description of every phase of lunacy which I know of: as it is, the following four verses on insanity generally must suffice for the present:—

"Even like a noble tower that stands alone,
Perfect in all its parts, and soaring high
Above the ocean-waves, as on a throne,
And mocking at its wrath with placid eye;
Its halls attired with pomp and bravery;
Its courtways throng'd with statues; every wall
Hung round with pictures and rich tracery;
Yea, like a stately mansion, perfect all
That habitation is, which holds the immortal soul.

Again, and when the waves and winds have swept
That temple, and destroy'd the marble floor;
Shatter'd the niches where meek statues slept,
Erased the paintings all so rich before,
Through every room and chamber revell'd o'er,
And stolen each gem and lovely thing away—
Such is the Mind when roused by Madness' roar:
Its beauteous fabric hath no morning ray;
Its heavenly tenant seems no more than passive clay.

* * * * *

And Madness—Madness of all woes the chief;
The spectral phantom—the strange ghastly form—
The blood-stain'd nightmare—and the midnight thief—
We, we ourselves have conjured to deform
Our temple; we gave valour to his arm;
Lust, wrong, intoxication brought him here;

We gave the giant's sinews to the worm,
 And call'd the midnight phantasies of fear—
 For that which came from God was stainless, pure, and clear.

What wreck hath Madness! Comes a changed hue,
 Black and distorted, o'er each living thing!
 The hidden workings of the soul are new—
 Its gates, and halls, and courts, and chambers ring
 With sound of desolation! The winds bring
 The shrieks of ghosts; fiends echo in the ear;
 And wild and strange unearthly voices sing,
 As from the dead, of grief, and woe, and fear,
 And the stars seem to mock from out their holy sphere."

Dr. Knox, who visited the young poet at Gisbro', failed to induce him to prefer the practice of medicine to the more uncertain one of authorship; and, in April, 1836, his friend and fellow-outlaw, Matthew S. Milton, and himself, commenced, in London, the publication of a weekly three-penny *Metropolitan Journal of Literature, Science, the Fine Arts, &c.*, with the motto—"Eyes to the blind, ears for the deaf, limbs for the maimed;" which appeared for sixteen Saturdays, and then left the blind, the deaf, and the maimed, to shift for themselves. A project, however, in the mean time had been brought to maturity, to establish a new Tory weekly newspaper in London, which Ord and Milton were engaged to edit, and which was launched at once under the imposing title of *The Metropolitan Conservative Journal*. My friend's slashing articles took well with his party, and I will pass them over without further comment than that his grand panacea for the ills of Ireland was—that the head of Daniel O'Connell should roll on the scaffold! In 1838, *The Church of England Gazette*, edited by the Rev. Michael A. Gathercole, was united to the *Metropolitan Conservative Journal*; it was during their joint-editorship that I became acquainted with Walker Ord; and on my naming his clerical co-adjutor, he remarked, "I have no hesitation in stating, that if the reverend gentleman had his own way, he would very soon relight the fires of Smithfield." High Tory as he was, Walker Ord had no sympathy with Gathercole's religious intolerance; and he removed, in 1839, to Sunderland, where the Tory Beacon had for some time been burning with a very dim light, and which re-appeared, under our author's management for a time, on

the fourth of October, re-christened *The Northern Times*. Before leaving London, he had become intimate with Thomas Campbell, Richard Sheridan Knowles, the Countess of Blessington, and other literary characters, and only the night before he left he became personally acquainted with Douglas Jerrold. Several of the political and other pieces given in his *Bard and Minor Poems*, published in 1842, originally appeared in the *Metropolitan Conservative Journal*, or in the *Northern Times*. This volume was nominally edited by John Lodge, of Stockton-on-Tees, but the "Preface" and the "Note to the Reader," though bearing Lodge's initials, were Ord's. Lodge got the subscribers, and had the profit for his pains. There are many beautiful poems in the volume, some of those I have quoted amongst them, and others which want of space alone compels me to decline giving here,—for, with all his faults, John Walker Ord was a true poet.

In 1845, he published his *Rural Sketches and Poems*, chiefly relating to Cleveland, some of the papers in which had previously appeared in the *Northern Times*. In this volume, as in most of his writings, he worships Nature with a true devotion, and his love of dear old Cleveland shines conspicuous. Indeed, if any man ever lived who has attempted to make Cleveland classic ground, and to render all men acquainted with the beauty of its scenery, that man is John Walker Ord, and the inhabitants of his native vale owe him a debt of gratitude which they will never repay; a debt which I, as one belonging to that delightful vale, thus publicly acknowledge, as some trifling instalment of the whole account. True, he has said much for our own dear Cleveland, in the volume before us; but he has not said *too* much. To the human earthworm,—the wretch who passes through life a slave to the mere accumulation of wealth; or, what is equally vile and servile, the dissipated coxcomb,—the slave of fashion and luxury; to both these benighted children of men, the love of nature which burns so brightly in the poet's soul, illumining his mind with unrevealable splendour, and warming his inmost heart with an unquenchable love of all that is fair and pure upon earth—the sublime conceptions of his imagination—and the faith which upholds him with the hope that the masses will catch a portion of his celestial fire—are nothing more than

———"the children of an idle brain,
 Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
 Which is as thin of substance as the air;
 And more inconstant than the wind."

SHAKSPERE'S *Romeo and Juliet*, Act i., Scene 4th.

Mountain crags, standing like mighty giants, rearing their sky-kist crests to heaven—crystal streams, meandering through emerald meads richly studded with daisies, king-cups, lady-smocks, cowslips, and all the thousand wildings which Flora so plentifully scatters over hill and plain—the enamelled woods, where gnarled oaks have borne the brunt of a thousand winds, and the spreading sycamore and the umbrageous chesnut afforded shade and shelter to many generations—the hedge-rows, white with Vestal Mayblossom—the rustic road, skirted with wild-roses, honeysuckle, foxgloves, bluebells, violets, and primroses—the mighty ocean, spooming in undulating pride at the feet of beetlebrowed cliffs, which for ages have stood, the iron coastguards of the isle! sentinels to keep the mass of water in check, and guard the shore from its encroachment,—to speak in terms of admiration of *these*, and other beauties of nature, to the mere drudge of business, or the gossamer of fashion, is indeed to "cast pearls before swine," and happy are ye, oh men of letters! if they do not "turn again and rend ye."

The square, ivy-mantled tower of the old village church, where generation after generation have knelt in pious adoration of the Most High on each returning sabbath, and whose ashes now repose in silence beneath the shadow of that primitive temple—the mouldering arches of each ancient abbey, where holy monks erst chaunted their songs of praise and thanksgiving, morning, noonday, and evening, to their God; but where the nettle and the nightshade now occupy the site of the high altar, and the winds of heaven sing a requiem over monks' and abbots' graves—the time-crumbled walls and battlements of our baronial castles, where the feudal lords once held high revelry, living in a style of splendour little inferior to their monarch's, and surrounded by dependent serfs, ever ready, at a moment's notice, to forsake their ploughs, and range themselves in arms beneath their master's banner, to conquer or die in his service—the old ruinous halls, where happy hearts once gathered around the log-piled hearth, and beneath whose windows, at the dead of night, when the silver

moon was keeping her silent watch on high in the cerulean sky, the amorous minstrel sweetly sang his serenades to the lady whose beauty had captivated his heart, and taken his soul her prisoner—the battle plain, where hostile armies met in furious fight, to contend with sword, and spear, and battle-axe, for the mastery, while, as GRAY has it,

“Iron sleet of arrowy shower
Hurtled in the darken'd air,”

ere the thundering cannon and the murderous musket changed the mode of warfare, and offered fresh auxiliaries to the slaughter of man—the solitary tumulus, where some fierce warrior of by-gone days now rests in peace, a blessing which in life he never enjoyed—the humble cot where some immortal genius first breathed the breath of life—possess no fairy spell to charm the worlding's heart, which is indeed “of the earth, earthy.”

The poet, on the other hand, loves to contemplate the beauties of Nature ; and leaving for awhile the smoky atmosphere and tumultuous din of crowded cities and manufacturing towns, he loves to breathe the air of heaven as God has made it, and listen to the vocal minstrels of the grove. The sun, shining with all his meridian splendour at noonday, or gilding the village windows with his fading light ere the shades of evening come over the earth like a funereal pall—the queen of night, travelling forth with her myriad attendants in their starry chariots, to view the sleeping earth, or to afford their kindly light to the benighted traveller—the fields of clover, richer than the imperial purple of ancient Rome—“the waving of the corn in the valley”—the grassy carpet that Nature has spread around the earth for her children—the sweet perfume of the bean fields at evening, when the weary labourer rests him from his toil—the sylph-like maiden, moving in love, and beauty, and innocence, along the path of life—and the smiling child, reposing in placid sleep in its enamoured mother's arms—are a few of the things and scenes of earth which entrance the poet's heart, and wing his soul towards Heaven.

In perusing these *Rural Sketches* I seem once more to be roaming along my native hills, and every well-remembered spot appears to my “mind's eye,” linked with a thousand pleasing associations. They who have once visited the Cleveland

hills in the summer season—when the purple heather is in full bloom, and the whin and broom in golden flower (the *whin* of which the great naturalist, Linnaeus, is reported to have said, that “he envied the land that possessed so golden a treasure”)—they who have climbed the rugged heights of Carlton Bank, Broughton Bank, Caldmoor, Cranimoor, Easeby Bank, Highcliffe, Rosebury Topping, Freeborough, or Eston Nab, when “the lark at Heaven’s gate sings” his morning hymn, and blackbirds, and cushats, and throistles, and linnets make the vale harmonious with their glad notes; or when the playful lambs are frisking about in the green pastures, and the trout, the minnow, and the chub, with all the finny tribe of the rivulet, are sporting in the mountain streams, and Phœbus with his fiery steeds gains the keystone of the arch of Heaven;—they who have looked upon Cleveland in an hour like this, will never forget her charms, if the love of Nature finds a place within their hearts.

In the *Rural Sketches* there are several scenes with which I am well acquainted delineated with great power and truthfulness; but there remain many, very many more, which are still to be touched upon, and which would afford ample scope for the painter’s pencil and the poet’s pen. John Walker Ord has done *his* duty to Cleveland: God grant that I may be able to do mine. I had marked several passages for extract, but want of space compels me, as usual, to send my notice, “into this breathing world,” if not like SHAKSPERE’S Richard the Third) “before its time,” at all events, like his sacred majesty, “curtailed of its fair proportions.” But I regret it the less, as my readers will be able to procure several of his local pieces—such as “Prince Oswy,” for instance, where he has worked out Mrs. Merryweather’s version of the Legend of Rosebury Topping most effectively in the old ballad style—in the series of *North of England Tractates*, with which I am now striving to foster higher tastes amongst the people, at the smallest remunerative prices, the most of them as low as one penny each. I am firmly of opinion, that to interest the working-classes in the history, traditions, literature, and scenery, of the district in which their lot is cast, is to alienate them from mere animal pursuits, and to elevate alike their minds and their morals, and thus to bestow a benefit both upon them and on society generally.

Early in 1844, began to appear, in half-crown parts, John Walker Ord's most important work, his *History and Antiquities of Cleveland*, which was supplied at irregular intervals to subscribers until its completion in 1846. None but those who have laboured over local histories can appreciate the amount of study required for such an undertaking. With all its shortcomings, Ord's *History of Cleveland* is a work of which he might well be proud. I have heard it sneered at by many, but never by a man who could have equalled the undertaking. A quarto volume of six hundred and fourteen pages, dealing with so many persons, places, and occurrences, may reasonably be expected to have some errors and many omissions. When he undertook to write his *History and Antiquities of Cleveland*, no man with a tithe of his knowledge of history in general, was so deficient in that of his own district,—though he had ever loved its heather-crowned hills, its sylvan shades, its whimpling rivulets, its rocky shores, and all its infinite variety of scenery, with a devotion worthy of a worshipper of the god Pan. Antiquities were to him a new study, which he entered upon with an ardour which, if applied to medicine, anatomy, surgery, and the like, must soon have placed him high in the faculty. I remember one day when we met, just after the first part of his *History* was published, knowing how short a time had elapsed since he consented to write it, I remarked to him, that he was doing wrong to commence to issue it so soon; that he ought to have devoted two or three years at the least to collecting materials for the book; and that he would then have found it quite sufficient labour to have moulded them into shape, to have added such fresh information as is always turning up, and to have corrected the printer's proofs; but that he was then attempting too much to be done creditably with safety to his own brain. His answer was—"You are quite wrong, friend Tweddell: when I know a thing has to be done, I set to work and do it; but if I can take my own time, why then I *do* take my own time, and it is never accomplished." Three or four years had elapsed, and the work was finished, when he one day startled me by laying his hand with considerable force on my shoulder, and exclaiming abruptly—"You were right, friend Tweddell, you were right, though I did not believe you at the time!" Not having the remotest idea to what he was referring, I very naturally requested him to

explain, when he at once reminded me of the advice that I had given him, adding—"You were the only one that gave me that advice; I did not accept it; but I wish to God that I had: but *it is too late now! it is too late now!*" These words were said with a pathos which I never fully understood until long afterwards, when I heard that my dear friend was the inmate of a lunatic asylum. In his "Remarks on the Sympathy existing between the Body and Mind, especially during Disease"—first written as a thesis to read at college, and afterwards forwarded as one of his many contributions to *Tweddell's Yorkshire Miscellany*—he thus speaks of the fearful malady and his views of its proper treatment:—

"Let us take *Madness*.—Madness depends entirely on derangement of the mental functions. The memory is disordered, the judgments are erroneous, the associations are jumbled together and confused, the sympathies are irrational and mis-placed, and there exists a preternatural excitement of the action of the brain. All the emotions are disproportionate, and the imagination takes wild and strange fancies, quite incredible, that in the sane mind never could exist. Madness commonly dwells sternly on one fixed leading incident of life; its feelings are fierce and ill regulated; remorse, jealousy, rage, or revenge is predominant; one sole object fills the temple of the mind, dwells before its recollections, and directs its sympathies; it melts in passion or burns in love. Awake or in ghastly visions the phantom comes—if in love, soft glancing through the moonlight, with looks of unutterable tenderness—if in remorse then, (but how well SHAKESPEARE forestalls me):—

————— 'A voice cries, sleep no more,
Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep—
Still it cries, sleep no more, to all the house,
Glamis hath murder'd sleep; and, therefore, Cawdor
Shall sleep no more—Macbeth shall sleep no more.'

Everything is to the eye of the madman distempered, false, and greatly exaggerated. If he walks into the fields, the object of his love or dread still is there,—haunts him, dogs his footsteps, and never will leave him. Wherever he goes he is a doomed man.

By indulging in melancholy and desponding thoughts, the disease of the madman (I do not speak so much of inveterate insanity, but of that kind that is of the most easy remedial form,) becomes more incurable, so that unless attended to at an early period, he becomes altogether beyond all medical art. In treating it then in its earlier stages, we must endeavour to win the patient from his fixed attention to the accustomed and unchanging train of thought, and associations of anguish, despair, or fancied remorse, to which he has become habituated. Among grateful and delightful scenes of nature, he must be induced to wander, far from those familiar objects which recal his old

feelings; and our sole hope of cure is, in 'ministering to the mind deceased.' Time and the company of affectionate friends may mellow down into peace and content his bitter remembrances, and he may at length discover new sources of pleasure, which he had previously considered totally exhausted; and new abodes of delighted happiness and peaceful friendship, that he had before thought were entirely swept away from the world. Even in the worst and most desperate cases of this disease, it is the mind almost entirely that we have to do with. This we are to awe by fear, or elevate by hope. We must endeavour to impress upon the maniac, that his feelings are inordinately excited, are the phantoms of his own diseased imaginations, and easily admit of being relieved. His physician must endeavour to win his friendship and confidence; and, having, by due skill and kindness, thus much prevailed, his nostrums will become of more speedy avail, and his words will possess greater influence to soothe and alleviate. To obtain this power, it is necessary, in some cases, to have recourse to extraordinary severity; but this in the ordinary run of maniacal cases would be wanton and cruel barbarity. It is better to win their respect and attention by acts of kindness, and an apparent interest in their whims and desires, than to terrify them with the whip and the torture. On this Dr. Cullen has expressed himself with great indignation. Moreover, the cases of mania differ exceedingly, and the same remedies will not apply.

Of the probable extent to which disease may have gone in the brain of a maniacal person, we have only an imperfect knowledge. Morgagni, who was most accurate in all his observations, tells us, that on the dissection of maniacal persons, he has found the cerebrum firm, hard, and dry, whilst the cerebellum was as soft, or softer, than in its usual state. It would be important to know more of the pathology of the brain than we do at present. Gall and Spurzheim have, certainly, within the last twenty years, extended our knowledge on this matter much; yet, after all, it is, perhaps, very doubtful if our utmost knowledge of this disorder would lead to any material advantage, as the agencies of the brain itself are but imperfectly understood, and it is the seat of a set of diseases that have baffled the most skilful of the medical profession, since the time of Hippocrates. We daily perceive peculiarities in persons labouring under disease, for which we are scarcely able to account. We see this in persons habitually asthmatic; to a still greater degree in those habitually dyspeptic; and there are innumerable cases to show, that after a paralytic stroke, or fit of apoplexy, the disposition and character of the mind entirely alter. The temper becomes irritable and uneven; the memory and the nerves are impaired; the mind becomes peevish, suspicious, and passionate."

John Walker Ord died in the lunatic asylum at Morning-side, near Edinburgh, on the twenty-ninth of August, 1854, aged forty-two years; and was buried in the churchyard of his native Gisbro', as he has expressed a wish to be, in his poem of "Home Revisited," which was published in *Tait's Magazine* in 1840:—

"And 'mid this vale of my kinsfolk, my comrades—
Here, where the loved and the cherish'd repose—
Here, where the abbey salutes the last sunbeams,
Grant me a grave!"

John Walker Ord was very tall, and of a commanding appearance; and the excellent portrait* given as a frontispiece to the present volume, will enable the reader to picture him to his imagination better than any description of mine can do. After a friendship of several years, I have immense pleasure in stating, that a more unselfish and gentlemanly man I never met with; our whole connection was a pleasant one; and differences of opinion on political points never alienated us, though I was at that time regarded, by clergymen, country squires, and farmers generally, as a traitor to my queen and country for publicly proclaiming free trade principles in Cleveland, which was at that time almost exclusively an agricultural district; and my friend's pen, amongst others, was called into requisition to attempt to write down the great truths of the blessings to be derived from commercial freedom amongst nations, which I had the privilege of being an apostle of in my native valley—sharing the fate of most other apostles, viz., much persecution. As a public speaker, he was remarkably eloquent and animated. In private life, he was so meek and mild in his manners, that one had some difficulty in comprehending that it was really the same man who wrote such strong articles and who had published that awful curse on Scotland,—fitter for the army which STERNE tells us "swore terribly in Flanders" than a bard of the nineteenth century. To my Scottish readers, I can only say, as HENRY CHETTLER did of poor Robert Greene's attack on Shakspeare, nearly two centuries and a half before:—"I am as sorry as though the original fault had been my fault." JOHN WALKER ORD was not the man to bear malice when the first fits of anger were passed away: and it is pleasing to find him, only ten years after, writing thus of Scotland and

* The plate from which the Portrait of poor Ord is printed, with Two others of the Views of Acklam Hall and Lofthouse Rectory, engraved for and given in his *History of Cleveland*, at the time I purchased them were in the possession of Messrs. Morris and Co., of No. 28, Ludgate Hill, London; but I have never been able to obtain them, as they appear to have been unaccountably lost! Should this meet the eye of any one who can aid in their recovery, I hope he will do so.

the famous festival held at Ayr, August 6th, 1844, in honour of that peasant-poet whose glorious lyrics he and you and I alike have revelled in : —

" In Scotland we see thousands crowding like Moslem pilgrims to the shrine of their prophet; we behold men of distinguished rank sitting side by side with men only eminent for their genius; we see a whole nation stirred, as by the sound of a trumpet, at the name of a humble poet, sprung from the humblest rank. But Burns never was in poverty; he died free from debt; over his corpse martial artillery* sounded, and the tears of universal Scotland fed the flowers upon his grave. Nor were they faithless to those for whom his great heart was most deeply troubled: his widow lived in affluence; his sons were raised to a distinguished position; and, proudest sight of all, they came back to their native land, and beheld her tributary at the tomb of their immortal father! Can rich imperial England exhibit a picture like this? Let broken-hearted Spenser—let Milton, 'fallen upon evil times and evil men'—let Dryden, struggling with toil, and penury, and grief—let Otway, perishing of famine—let Chatterton, driven to suicide—let Savage, from his prison bars—let Byron, banished from his country by cruel persecution, and then refused a tomb in Westminster—record the story of England's ingratitude to the noblest and greatest of her sons!—With, wealth, intelligence, and large pretence to intellectual progression, how is this? Is it the carking spirit of Mammon that curdles their heart's blood, and freezes the sympathies of Englishmen? Or is it vulgar pride, aristocratical intolerance, hatred and indifference to mind and soul, on the part of our countrymen? We cannot tell. Is it in Scotland, larger moral and intellectual capabilities, education more general and universal, an aristocracy more liberal and generous, a public more enthusiastic, more enlightened, more discerning and patriotic, that pictures the reverse?"

* Not *artillery* but *musketry*. Burns was a member of the Gentlemen Volunteers of Dumfries; hence that military funeral of the bard, which writers who ought to have known better have deemed inappropriate. It was his brother volunteers who fired the usual three volleys over his grave; whilst the Fencible Infantry of Angusshire and the Cinque Ports Cavalry, who were then quartered in Dumfries, and offered their services, lined the streets, to keep an open road for the immense concourse of people who had flocked from all parts of the country to pay their last tribute of respect to the mortal remains of him whom WALKER ORD has so well described as

—————"the best of Scotia's bards,
The heaven-inspired and passionate child of song,
Who, as yon sun, lighten'd up rural life,
And threw a shade of splendour o'er the land:
The peasant-poet, who in gladness walk'd,
Encircled with delight, enrobed in joy,
The glory of his country—BURNS."

Surely, after reading this, the generous-hearted Scot can stand side by side with me by the obelisk that marks the ill-fated poet's calm resting-place in Gisbro' churchyard, in a direct line with the unsurpassed orient window of that priory whose ruins he so dearly loved; and, as we join our hands above his peaceful grave, whilst we strive to avoid his errors, by learning wisdom from his experience, let us firmly resolve to emulate all that was truly noble and generous in his nature—and it was much—and, like him, to cultivate within ourselves the love of poetry,—poetry, which he has himself so well defined:—

"Truly poetry is love. What is poetry but the desire of the beautiful? The poet walks the high hills, and pierces the deepest dells—he traverses foreign lands, or wanders half inspired amidst the fairest objects of his own—at morn, or noon, or night he still scan's heaven's sweetest, deepest mysteries—the sights which live on mountains, and in summer woods, and in moorland vales—the sounds that are heard in heaven, when the lark sings her first matin or vesper song—when silver brooks mingle together, or when ocean waves fall softly, like the sound of angel's wings, on the moonlit shore: what are all these but the *beautiful* to ear and eye?—what is he but a lover?—what is his poetry but the language of adoration?"



JOHN RYLEY ROBINSON, LL.D.

"Poets, inspired, write only for a name,
And think their labours well repay'd with fame."

CONGREVE, *from* OVID.

Though not a native of, or resident in, Cleveland or South Durham, John Ryley Robinson may be fitly included in this volume, as a poet who has sung on Cleveland scenes; and, in that sense, he is more of a Cleveland bard than some who, by birth or residence, have belonged to the district. For after all, the place of our birth is one of those circumstances over which we ourselves have no control whatever; and, whilst it is well to search out and to record every spot where Genius has nestled or wrestled, we ought never to forget that the poet, the painter, the sculptor, the patriot, the philosopher, and the philanthropist, belong to all humanity; and that, wherever their fate may be cast, their influence, whether local or national at first, is eventually felt by the whole human race. Nor am I quite so strict in limiting my notices to the poets and prose writers of my own immediate neighbourhood, as I otherwise might be, seeing that (as stated in the Introduction*) the present volume is but the germ of a much more extensive work, intended to include the whole northern counties.

John Ryley Robinson was born at Dewsbury on the fifth of September, 1829; and was the son of Joshua Robinson, a popular local preacher amongst the Wesleyan Methodists, who had married Sarah, daughter of John Ryley, master of the Leeds Grammar School; to whom our author alludes, in his "Yorkshire Worthies,†" as

* See page 18.

† Published as No. 5 of the *North of England Tractates*.

———"John Ryley, who
For fifty years contributed to all
The scientific journals of the day,
And wrote the History of Leeds."

We are all more or less poets in our infancy : it is only when false education and other untoward circumstances have done their evil work upon us, that we cease to *live* poetry ; for, as WORDSWORTH has well observed, "there are many poets who ne'er pen their inspirations." But our author might say with POPE :—

"As yet a child, and all unknown to fame,
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came."

In his tenth year we find him sending his sister one of those beautiful blue-petalled and golden-eyed wild-flowers, so common along our highways and byways, especially in damp situations, the *Myosotis palustris*, poetically called the Forget-me-not, and most unpoetically the Water Scorpion Grass ; which GOETHE calls "the loveliest flower, the fairest of the fair," and which all the German poets seem to love and have a kindly word for. The following verses, by the youthful bard, accompanied the flower of memory :—

"This beauteous flower, by nature wrought,
Will whisper thee 'Forget-me-not,'
In pleasure sweet, in pain severe,
Oh ! think of me, my sister dear.

Still think of me, if far away
In other lands I chance to stray ;
A wanderer's life may yet be mine,
Then let me breathe a prayer for thine.

May every earthly blessing be,
Until life's close, surrounding thee ;
Domestic joys, and friendship's charms,
Crown'd with that hope which Death disarms.

Should Fortune smile upon my aims,
I'll recognise a sister's claims,
And gladly aid to smooth thy lot,
To prove that thou art not forgot.

But, if to pain and grief I bow,
And happiness I may not know,
Let flowers like this reminders be,
And help thee—to remember me."

Though our bard has commendably cultivated his poetical powers, he has by no means been indifferent to other studies ; not being one of those fools who imagine that poetry and the exact sciences are diametrically opposite, and that a poet must of necessity be an impracticable person, if not an actual lunatic. At school, he had distinguished himself by an ardent devotion to languages, especially the ancient Greek ; and the arts and sciences have ever had charms for him. He has had the honour of being elected Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society—the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland—the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, Copenhagen—and member of the Geological Society of Edinburgh—the Royal Asiatic Society—the German Oriental Society—the Asiatic Society of Paris—and I know not how many beside ; and the senate of Tusculum College, at Greenville, in Tennessee, recently conferred upon him the high degree of LL. D. Though still residing at his native Dewsbury, he has rambled in search of beauty and information, through most of the United Kingdom, France, Italy, and Switzerland, climbing Alpine summits in the Mont Blanc range with the same vigour that had taken him to the top of Snowdon and other celebrated mountains of his native land. After visiting Italy, he writes :—

———“Is this proud Rome?

Once mistress of the world : whose empire vast,
Stretch'd from the wild Atlantic's stormy shore
To India's burning plains : from northern climes,
Where the stern Grampians rear their snow-clad heads,
To the Sahara's boundless desert sands :
Alas ! how fallen from her high estate !
Her wealth, magnificence, and power all gone,
And, but these ruins, (splendid in decay,)
Left, by the hand of time, to show how vain
The boasted title of 'Eternal Rome.'

. . . : Farewell !

Thou glorious city of the Cæsars, where
The grandest monuments of ages past
Still stand erect, and by their presence show,
More forcibly than strongest words could speak,
How great the change which hath come over thee,
First city of the world. In ancient times
Thy will was law. Thy sons their courage proved
On many well-fought fields. Thy senators
Made laws for all mankind ; but now, alas !

What city on the earth is like to thee ?
 Behind all Christendom. Thy people, (crush'd
 'Neath the despotic power of papal sway,)
 Scarce call their lives their own; thick darkness spreads
 Its gloomy mantle o'er thy sacred shrines,
 Thy hovels, and thy gorgeous palaces.
 Oh ! that a ray of heavenly light would pierce
 And dissipate the night which now hangs o'er
 'The modern Babylon.' "

Our bard has evidently no wish to drag us back again to the superstition and tyranny of Rome, as the following poem will show ; which I venture to quote, albeit that by doing so I may again subject myself to a flagellation from the editorial hands of Mr. JOHN GOUGH NICHOLS, F. S. A., who is not ashamed to state that my "dislike of the Church of Rome is expressed in almost every page of this book, and not in the most delicate phraseology,"—a departure from truth unworthy of a great antiquary. At a time when the archbishops, bishops, and other dignitaries of the Church of England, which some of us have been taught to regard as the great barrier against papal usurpation, are seeking to endow the popish priests and give to their bishops seats in parliament, simple Protestants like myself may be excused that we value those liberties which our protestant forefathers laid down their lives so bravely to obtain for us, more than we do all the writings of all the John Gough Nicholises in the universe. John had better *skip* this poem, for it evidently has too much of the true protestant metal in it to ring to his pleasure.

A DREAM.

"I SLEPT, but my sleep was troubled,
 For I dreamt of coming ill,
 And, so much like life it seem'd to be,
 That its memory haunts me still:
 For I dreamt of a beautiful island,
 The mistress of the sea,
 Which, Tradition said, had but raised its head
 Within man's memory;
 And, for fear lest the roaring waters
 Should encroach upon its shore,
 They built strong dykes, and placed warders there
 To guard them evermore.

And all seem'd safe on the land reclaim'd,
Rich harvests were gather'd in,
Whilst hymns of praise they sweetly raised,
And shunn'd the approach of sin;
But, by and bye, a rumour came,
The sea was rising higher,
Yet they laugh'd at those who gave alarm,
Though the waves were creeping nigher.
Till at length its approach was so surely seen,
They could doubt its truth no more,
For the churches which once stood far inland
Were now on the crumbling shore:
Yet they ate and drank, and carelessly slept,
Regardless of coming ill,
For the warders, they said, safe watch had kept,
And would surely keep it still.
But, as time roll'd on, it was whisper'd low
That the warders themselves were seen
To open the flood-gates, admitting the tide
Where the land had lately been.
Yet they felt no fear, though the waters rose,
And rapidly onward came,
Nor made they an effort to mend the dykes,
Lost pastures to reclaim.
I saw that the banks most insecure
Were those where the ladies dwelt;
And, though treacherous waters were oozing through,
Alas! no fear was felt—
Till it seem'd to require but a stormy night,
And winter was close at hand,
To fulfil the threaten'd work of death
And engulph the fated land.
I awoke, and fain would read aright
The moral of my dream,
For much I fear in this Christian land
Things are not what they seem.
Is there not now in our very midst,
Stealthily gaining ground,
A system which, like the ocean waves,
Is creeping all around;
Worming itself in our very homes,
Leaving no stone unturn'd,
To regain the power it had in the hour
When our forefathers it burn'd?

Oh! can it be true that the watchmen placed
 To raise the warning cry,
 Are themselves in league with their Church's foe
 And care not though we die?
 Brethren awake! 't is no time for rest
 Or sleeping at our ease;
 Ring out to the world a warning voice
 Ere our liberties they seize!
 And, in spite of the faithless warders,
 Our courage let us prove,
 In the name of our martyr'd fathers,
 And the country that we love;
 In the name of our sacred liberty,
 And the slaves their wiles enthrall;
 In the name of friends departed,
 Come at the warning call;
 In the name of Christ's own Gospel,
 Which they seal from human ken;
 In the holy name of God above,
 For the sake of dying men;
 Oh! Britons, fellow Christians,
 Come to the rescue, come!
 A close-barr'd door to Popery,
 And no peace with treacherous Rome!"

But the poem which has more particularly caused Dr. ROBINSON to be included in this volume is the following tribute to what HENRY HEAVISIDES calls

—————"the storm-beaten cone,
 Seen afar on the billowy main,
 That stands in magnificence lone,
 The lofty Mont Blanc of the plain."

For, as WALKER ORD remarks, "Is there any man, woman, or child, through all broad Yorkshire, that has not heard of Rosebury, famous old Rosebury? We should think not one!"

ROSEBURY TOPPING.

Oh! how indelibly a lovely view
 Imprints itself upon our memory.
 For who can climb thy summit, and from thence
 Behold that prospect, so enchanting, spread
 Before his wondering gaze, nor feel its power
 To cheer the mind and elevate the soul?
 Around, and over us, the clouds are borne

With gentle motion, glittering in the sun ;
Like those huge icebergs, which, in Arctic seas,
Contrast, with dazzling white, the blue beneath :—
Whilst others, fleecy, float, with crimson tints,
Emblems at once of peace and purity.
And, far beneath us, blooms the lovely vale
Of Cleveland, with its smiling fields of corn ;
Its meadows with their peaceful flocks and herds ;
Its rural villages ;—those happy seats
Of busy, prosperous industry, and all
The little farms which dot the landscape round,
And give an animated gaiety,
Adding fresh pleasure to the wondrous scene ;
Extensive woods, seats of nobility ;
The ruin'd arch of that grand priory
(Which, near a thousand years ago, De Brus
Founded in honour of the Virgin, now
Fast crumbling to decay : this arch alone
Superb in ruin ; elegant in form ;
Remains, in beauty exquisite, to show
The former grandeur of the noble pile.
The ruins of that ancient Saxon camp
Where Arthur gain'd his splendid victory.
And distant Tees winding its gentle way,
And shining like a silver riband, set
In fields of emerald, which clothe its banks
With robes of brightest green,—while on its breast
It bears rich vessels laden with the fruits
Of commerce to supply our wants ; or take
The produce of our shores to distant lands.
And though the furnaces upon its banks
At times pour forth such volumes of dense smoke,
Which sadly mar the prospect, and obscure
The view beyond, we bear with them, because
We know they turn our iron into gold,
Developing our hidden wealth, and build
Such towns as Middlesborough, which we see
Whilst standing here, and wonder at its growth.
Then to the north the dark blue sea extends,
Far as the eye can reach, like molten lead,
Cover'd with ships, whose glitt'ring sails are seen
Now, fully bosom'd by the wind, and now
As eddying to the breeze, in various shades
Contrasting with each other, they present
Fresh source of pleasure to the raptur'd sight.

Turn we our faces to the south—we see
 The distant prospect bounded by a chain
 Of lofty hills, whose mountain summits rise
 In tow'ring majesty, and seem to vie
 In loftiness with this on which we stand.
 Rarely doth earth present so rich a scene
 Of beauty, grandeur, and sublimity
 United in one view, such as we see
 When standing on thy summit. May our minds,
 Whilst gazing on these scenes of beauty, placed
 Around us for our pleasure and delight,
 Be drawn away from earthly things, and find
 New source of comfort in the thought that He
 Whose word created all this loveliness
 Hath promised by Himself, that He will be
 Our God, our guide through all the cares of life,
 And, if we serve Him faithfully, will raise
 Our souls to dwell with Him in endless bliss."

The following may be called religion without cant !—

FLAMBOROUGH LIGHTHOUSE.

"Brightly from the beacon streaming,
 Comes a light across the sea,
 Through the darkness ever gleaming,
 Warning sailors constantly,
 Lest they here might find their graves,
 Underneath the treacherous waves.

Light of mercy ! still shine brightly,
 Guiding vessels on their way ;
 May thy rays direct them nightly,
 Safe into the welcome bay :
 From all fear of danger free,
 Riding in security.

Emblem of that glorious beacon,
 Guiding with its heavenly ray,
 O'er the darkness of life's ocean,
 Pilgrims on their homeward way :
 Rocks of sin, and sorrow past,
 To their blessed home at last."

And to those of us who have children who "have passed the bounds of time and space," the following beautiful verses come home with redoubled power ;—

“STEER, FATHER, STRAIGHT TO ME.”

“Oh ! wildly blows the wind to-night,
As swift the gale sweeps by—
The timid heart beats with affright,
To think of tempests nigh;
Fearfully—on the rock-girt shore—
The waves of ocean beat,
While clouds of foam, amid the roar,
Are hurried to our feet.

’T was on a stormy night like this,
Close by the dashing spray,
A youthful voice was heard to call—
‘My father—come this way;
Avoid the rocks on either hand,
And, oh ! steer straight to me ;
Behold this light upon the shore,
Where I am waiting thee.’

The father heard his darling child,
And, guided by the ray,
Was thus enabled to escape
The dangers of the bay:
And soon upon the solid ground
He clasp’d him to his breast,
Then quickly in his cottage home,
Slumber’d in peaceful rest.

But, ah ! ere long, that treasured boy
Was doom’d to pass away,
Borne from the darkness of earth’s night
To realms of endless day.
Yet still his parent hears him call,
Across life’s troubled sea,
‘Avoid the rocks of sin and shame ;
Steer, father, straight to me.’

I’ve pass’d the bounds of time and space,
I’ve gain’d the wish’d-for shore ;
Once met upon this peaceful strand,
Partings shall be no more.’
‘Aye, by God’s help,’ he cried, ‘I will,
Whate’er I suffer here ;
I’ll strive to gain that heavenly shore,
And meet my darling there.’”

The following song has been set to music by Mr. J. Waring, of Heckmondwike, and is alike creditable to the West Riding Poet and the West Riding Musician :—

THE POET TO THE WIFE OF HIS YOUTH.

“ Once more I take my harp in hand,
The harp oft struck for thee
In by-gone times of happiness,
When thou wert all to me.
When thy fond heart breathed forth its sweet
Assurances of love—
Deep graven in my inmost heart,
And register'd above.

Thy earnest vows spoke endless truth :
‘ Ever the same to thee ;
Thine am I, and in life, in death,
Thine will I ever be.’
Thus said’st thou, and I fondly hoped
And pray’d it might be so ;
And that our future life might prove
Devoid of care and woe.

That could not be, and we our share
Of grief and pain have borne ;
Yet mutual love hath heal’d the hearts
Which—else had been forlorn.
And my strong arm shall still support
And guide thee on thy way ;
Till earthly cares are lost to sight,
In realms of endless day.”

The following little poem, in its quaint sweetness, reminds one of Carey, Herrick, Wither, Herbert, Suckling, and others of those lesser lights which, though paled by the brighter orbs of Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton, were each luminaries in the literary firmament, and whose poems might be now republished with benefit in the columns of our penny periodicals :—

NIL DESPERANDUM.

"Cease thy sorrow,
 For to-morrow
 Happiness may bring :
 With to-day
 May pass away
 Grief and suffering ;
 Let not the cloud,
 All bliss enshroud.
 The sun will shine again,
 Though long the night,
 Joy and delight
 Will come—be patient, then.
 Though keen the blast,
 'T will soon be past,
 All sorrows have an end ;
 Spring-time will come,
 Fresh flowers will bloom
 And sweetest influence lend.
 Bid care depart,

Let not thy heart,
 Beneath the smart
 Of sorrow thus bow down,
 The darkest night
 By morning's light
 Is put to flight,
 And joy doth all things crown.
 So—when despair
 And anxious care
 Appear to bar thy way ;
 Uplift thine eye,
 And earnestly
 Unto thy Father pray,
 That He may give
 Grace to relieve
 Thy soul from grief and woe,
 So shalt thou find,
 With thankful mind
 All sorrows quickly go."

Some of DR. ROBINSON'S largest poems have appeared in the *Methodist Quarterly* : from one of those, "The Deluge, a Fragment," the following admirable lines are taken on that arch-curse of man, War :—

————"The mighty chiefs
 Their savage course of warfare still pursued,
 And for the sake of self-aggrandisement,
 Increase of territory, and the hope
 Of founding mighty empires, waded through
 Deep seas of blood, regardless of the train
 Of dire disaster which their conduct brought
 Upon their foes, and their own people too.
 Satan's great engine of destruction—WAR,
 Written in characters of blood—it shows
 What fearful hold the enemy of man
 Hath gain'd upon our race,—that man, design'd
 To spend on earth a life of happiness,
 Enjoying all the good and perfect gifts
 Which God's kind providence hath spread around
 With lavish bounty for His creatures' use ;
 And, when their sojourn on this earth is o'er,
 Hath for their endless bliss a heaven prepared,

Where, from all earthly grief and sorrow free,
 They shall for ever dwell, secure from care,
 And praise and worship Him for evermore,—
 That men, with such an heritage of good
 Here and hereafter, should devote themselves,
 Body and soul, to carry out the plans
 Of the arch fiend, and by the fearful scourge
 Of war, bring death and desolation vast
 Upon the earth, where peace and joy should dwell,—
 Alas! how fallen from their high estate,
 Foregoing heaven,—anticipating hell.”

And in the same poem he remarks :—

“The Christian knows his Father will not put
 A burden on him which he cannot bear,
 But, as his day is, so his strength shall be ;
 And the protecting, all-supporting power
 Of Him who made the universe, shall be
 Exerted still on his behalf,—and all
 The various incidents of life shall still
 Work for his present good, and future bliss.”

DR. ROBINSON has evidently “the pen of a ready writer,” and all the productions of his muse are cheerful, flowing, and pure, as all poetry should be. His last poem is entitled “Esther, or the Origin of the Feast of Purim,” and was contributed to the *Methodist Quarterly* for June, 1869. The story of Esther is so beautifully told in the Bible, that one is bad to please with any other version, and cannot, at first sight, see the good Doctor’s object in putting it into blank verse. But the oftener the poem is read, the more the reader likes it,—a sufficient proof of merit. At first perusal, one is apt to ask, why the poet did not tax his own feelings for some additional touches of tenderness, and his imagination for scenes, not described in Holy Writ ; but, on second thought, we approve his strict adherence to the Scripture narrative, so touching in its truthful simplicity, and I am only sorry that space prevents me from giving this excellent poem either in whole or in part. Dr. Robinson is a writer of whom Yorkshire has no cause to be ashamed, and an earnest labourer for many a good object. God has work for us all to do ; and happy is he who is “careful to perform his allotted task while it is yet day !”

JAMES CLEPHAN.

"His leisure only to the Muse he gives;
By writing prose, not singing verse, he lives."

PETER PROLETARIUS.

Though belonging more to North Durham than to the immediate district to which this work is devoted, yet James Clephan has a claim to be noticed in its pages. Born March 17th, 1805, at Monkwearmouth Shore, Mr. Clephan's schoolboy days and his apprenticeship as a printer were both spent at Stockton-on-Tees; and several of his pretty verses are on South Durham and Cleveland topics. After leaving Stockton, Mr. Clephan spent some years in Edinburgh, London, and Leicester; and in 1838, he left the *Leicester Chronicle* to undertake the editorship of the *Gateshead Observer*, with which he was connected until 1860, when he was presented with a handsome silver inkstand, and a purse containing two hundred and fifty pounds, as a substantial token of public esteem, on retiring from the paper. At present he is one of the able staff of contributors engaged on the *Newcastle Chronicle*.

During Mr. Clephan's editorship of the *Gateshead Observer*, the people in the north of England had their minds violently agitated by many subjects; perhaps the most trivial of all, for the amount of interest it caused beyond the district where it took place, was the row between Baron Platt, one of the judges of assize, and Sir Horace Saint Paul, high sheriff of Northumberland, July 31st, 1851, which drew from M. Clephan the following humorous verses in the *Observer* of August 9th, of that year:—

ASSIZE INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

THE JUDGE'S CHARGE AGAINST ST. PAUL.

*Letter from Dick Thompson, Driver of the Old Highflyer, to Harry
Alright, the Guard.*

"Dear Harry, have you heard about
The row in our Moot Hall,
Between old Baron Platt, the Judge,
And black-avised St. Paul?

Sir Horace, as you know, this year
Is Sheriff, and should meet
My Lord in state, and guard him safe
Through every lane and street,
With trumpeters a-blowing on
Their horns a thundering blast,
And bringing out the boys to see
His Lordship as he pass'd.

But only think of Baron Platt's
Surprise and sore dismay,
When at the railway station he
Beheld no proud array;
But in a sorry cab St. Paul
To pick him up drew nigh,
As if for common passengers
By train he'd come to ply!

No 'hammercloth'* the coachman had,
No wig nor three-cock'd hat;
And, all 'unliveried' and ashamed,
John in the 'rumble' sat.
The 'indignity' was 'keenly felt'
By Mr. Baron Platt.

No coat of arms upon the doors
His Lordship could detect;
With 'plated mountings' and with
'brass'

The coach and horse were deck'd;
'No javelinmen—no trumpeters—
Oustriders none' were there;
No grandeur to delight the eye,
No noise to rend the air.

The learned Judge his anger nursed
As he rode side by side
With our teetotal Sheriff, who'd
So small a share of pride;

And when he got upon the bench,
The culprit first arraign'd
Was poor Sir Horace, charged that he
Had very ill sustain'd
His rank and station; for that he
Had sorely seem'd to grudge
The 'garniture' betokening
Respect to Queen and Judge.

'Considerably perturb'd,' St. Paul
'Not guilty' pleaded, and
Declared himself as loyal as
The loyalest in the land.

That may be true, 'Lord 'Size' rejoind;
But if so, I must say
You take a shabby manner, Sir,
Your loyalty to display.
'A gentleman of ample means,'
You should have cut a dash,
And done Her Majesty and Me
Some honour with your cash.

This altercation quite a stir
Created in the Court;
And short-hand writers snapp'd it up,
To garnish their report.

The Baron, vex'd, a message sent
The trumpeters to tell,
To take their instruments and run
Along the streets pell-mell,
That they might catch Judge Williams,
and,
With long and lusty peal,
Escort him for the honour of
Old England's commonweal.

But ah! these local Koenigs, Hal,
No splendid livery wore:—
One had a dingy black surtout,
All button'd down before.
His marrow—(not his match)—was
clad
In seedy blue dress-coat,

* See the *Times*, and other newspapers, Harry, for my quotations."



"THEY MEET—AND RAPT'ROUS, LIKE THE CURLING VINE,
AROUND HIS KNEES THEIR LITTLE ARMS ENTWINE."

HEAVISIDES'S *Pleasures of Home.*

<p>With scanty smalls, bepatch'd, and dear, If purchased at a groat; A sight far from imposing, and More apt to make them joke, Than to inspire with wholesome awe The minds of vulgar folk.</p> <p>But, Harry, what could Baron Platt In reason more expect, When by himself our customs old Have thoughtlessly been wreck'd!</p> <p>When you and I had charge from York Of the <i>Highflyer</i> coach; What pomp and pageantry announced The Judges' dread approach!</p> <p>To Sheriff Hill a gallant train Of loyal horsemen sped— The Sheriff in his bran-new coach By six blood-horses led— Outriders and bold javelinmen His family livery wore— And on each side were pages who Small silken banners bore.</p> <p>The streets were throng'd—the windows fill'd With youth and beauty then; The ladies waved their handkerchiefs— And loudly cheer'd the men.</p>	<p>These were 'the good old times;' but soon The railway system came, And Judges, just like the vulgar folks, On circuit, to their shame, Went to and fro by steam, got up By enginemen and stokers! What right have <i>they</i> against St. Paul To be among the croakers? If he had spear'd the javelinmen— Turn'd over a new leaf— The pages doubled up—why, who Presented him his brief? The Judges, Harry—Platt and Co.— May thank themselves for all. Assize parade, they might have known, Into decay would fall, When they discarded coach and horse, And (oh, the sorry tale!) Their tickets took to travel on The democratic Rail.</p> <p>Depend upon it, in this age Of Coke and Steam accurst, Of Change and Cheapness Baron Platt Has yet to see the worst; And if next year this railing Judge Should steam again this way, The Barrownight, if in the mood, Will carry out the play, By tumbling him along to Court Inside his <i>one-wheel</i> SHAY!</p>
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Cloth Market, Newcastle, August, 1851."

FRANCIS MERES, writing in 1598, mentions Shakspeare's "sugared sonnets among his private friends;" but, as the printing-press was then very circumscribed, they were doubtless circulated in manuscript only. Mr. Clephan, from time to time, has been in the habit of presenting *his* private friends with neatly-printed selections from his otherwise-unpublished poems, some of which are Tennysonian both in style and spirit without plagiarism. From one of these, *The Bud and the Flower*, "printed for private distribution" in 1856, the following beautiful verses are extracted: and, oh! to those of us whose hearts have been riven by the deaths of near and dear ones, what balm they bring! I am sorry that want of space prevents me from quoting the entire poem, which is entitled "Anne Eleanor," and concludes thus:—

"Say not that 'tis a Mystery,
For morning Bud and noontide Flower,
For Life in Blossom, and mature,
In mortal eyes to cease to be.

Is Man Divinely taught, so blind,
That he the lesson cannot read?
Can fail the secret clue to find
That shall to Understanding lead?

Death, with its hard Bereavements, weans
The Child of Earth from Earth and Time;
And shall we mark the Earth sublime,
And marvel at the appointed Means?

When, one by one, the old and young
Have to the World of Spirits flown,
And more and more we stand alone,
With anguish'd hearts and bosoms wrung—

Are we not taught how frail is life—
How vain this passing show of Earth—
How mean a thing, how poor its worth,
Did nought survive its dust and strife?

Through Suffering heavenward we aspire,
Through Sorrow are we sanctified:
Grief is the Great Refiner's fire,
By which His sons are purified.

While smoothly runs the flowing stream
On which we sail from Birth to Death,
Fann'd by the Zephyr's dallying breath,
Our life is but a listless dream.

But buffets of the wind and wave
Give us their strength. And they who strive
And in the troubled waters lave,
Find health that keeps the Soul alive.

The rod that smites our hearts of stone
With cleaving blow, doth it not bring
Refreshing waters from the spring,
And make the Smiter's goodness known?

And whom He smiteth, armour wears
Of proof, and Man of Woman born
And Earth-begotten cares may scorn:
A charmed life the Mourner bears.

Say not, then, 'tis a Mystery
 Of Providence, for Bud and Flower,
 For Life in blossom, and mature,
 In mortal eyes to cease to be.

Our Dead our Guardian Angels are:
 By other eyes than ours unseen,
 They come with grave and solemn mien,
 And tend our footsteps everywhere.

We see them in the broad daylight,
 Amidst the crowded haunts of men:
 We see them flitting round us when
 We pass the watches of the night.

We see them our night-dreams among,
 When to our pillow'd rest we go:—
 Ascending and descending, lo!
 The heavenly ladder now they throng!

They bend their glistening faces down,
 And beckon us the upward way,
 That we, transfigured as are they,
 May wear the amaranthine crown.

'Twas good for them, they bid us know,
 And good for us, who still remain,
 And mourn our 'parted ones with pain—
 'Twas good for all that they should go.

'Tis good for Thee, 'tis good for Her,
 That, Brother, she hath gone to dwell
 With Him who doeth all things well,
 The Chastener and the Comforter."

From *Finchale, the Holy Isle, etc.*, printed "for private distribution" only, in 1857, the reader must be content with

"THE SHOCK OF CORN.

'Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like a shock of corn cometh-in in his season.'—*Job*, v., 26.

'Tis harvest-time! The joyous fields
 Lie laughing in the sun:
 The summer-skies and summer-showers
 Their work divine have done.
 Brown Autumn's wealth is spread abroad
 O'er valley and o'er plain;
 And the reapers thrust their arms with song
 Among the golden grain.

The peasant maids and matrons bind
 Their sheaves with rustic glee;
 And grateful husbandmen look on,
 Earth's foison glad to see.
 At cottage doors grey patriarchs sit;
 And in the sunlight play,
 Where the wild-flowers grow, the little ones,
 In life's sweet holiday.

Slowly sinks the harvest-sun;
 Softly shine his evening beams
 Through white-curtain'd window-panes;
 Shine, in mellow, amber streams,
 O'er the bed whereon is lying
 Hoar and reverend age a-dying.

Eighty winters' snows he bears:
 Eighty summer's roses bloom
 On the old man's youthful cheek,
 Breathing odours for the tomb.
 Ripe old age to Death is calling—
 Shock of corn in season falling.

Softly slumbering out of life,
 Hush! he breathes her maiden name—
 Hers, whose dust this moon shall see
 Mingling with his mortal frame;
 Memory fifty years throws over—
 Once again is he a lover.

Round his bed his issue stand—
 Children and grandchildren come:
 Life, that rounds their own, ebbs out,
 In that solemn, silent room.
 Never yet was Earth without him
 To the loved ones round about him.

One farewell from glazing eyes,
 And the flickering spirit's gone;
 His encircling life disparts,
 And they stand on Earth alone.
 Death the reaper hath removed him
 Far from those who fondly loved him.

Last was he of those who slept
 Under one maternal wing:
 All her sheaves are gather'd now,
 By the faithful harvest-king.
 Mourners see, in tribulation,
 Sunset of a generation.

Evening shadows wrap them round;
 And the hearse-like trees at night
 Stand against the silent sky,
 Where the stars, with borrow'd light,
 Whisper in the ear of Sorrow
 Of a sun shall rise to-morrow.

Dust to dust! they lay him down;
 In Death's harvest-field he sleeps,
 Where the river of his love
 Round his sacred ashes sweeps—
 Where, afar, his bed embowering,
 Cleveland, thy fair hills are towering."

From *Hareshaw Burn, Evening on Hexham "Seal," and other Poems*, printed, "for private distribution," in 1861, passing by some excellent pieces which I hope to be able to quote in others of my local works, I copy

"THE CHURCH AND THE MILL.

"By Hartness strand stands Stranton
 tower
 Strong as it stood of yore,
 When Norman hands the church set
 down

Upon this northern shore.
 Change hath come o'er the church, and
 't is

A history writ in stone;
 Yet calm and firm it looks around,
 And keeps its ancient throne.

The barren sands that lay between
 The village and the sea,
 Touch'd by a master-spirit's * wand,
 Have grown a goodly tree—

A crowded mart, with street and fanes,
 And docks, and fleets, and piers;
 Yet Stranton church is lordliest still,
 And proud its tower uprears.

And by the church the tapering mill
 Lifts up its loftier head;
 And round and round it flings its sails,
 Preparing daily bread.

Six days the honest miller works,
 If heaven give favouring winds.
 'To labour is to pray;' and so
 He worships as he grinds.

And once in seven the village-flock,
 When motionless the mill,
 Go up to prayers, and keep the day
 Which says to Earth, 'Be still.'

Thus church and mill together work,
 And this great truth make known,
 That man must live by daily bread,
 But not by bread alone."

* Ralph Ward Jackson, Esq., Founder of West Hartlepool.



HENRY HEAVISIDES.

"The Bard of Home, though old in years,
In heart is still as young
As when he first a-wooing went,
And wedlocks praises sung."

FLORENCE CLEVELAND.

Few of the bards or other authors of Cleveland or of South Durham are better entitled to a niche in our local Pantheon than honest, manly Henry Heavisides; who, through a long and industrious life, has cultivated music and poetry as the solace of his leisure, and ever steered clear of that fatal error, that a man of genius must neglect the ordinary duties of life for the ephemeral excitement of dissipation. Both by precept and example, he has taught his brother working-men how to rise from their down-trodden condition; and, after those trials which all true labourers for the cause of Progress ever have to encounter, he has won for himself the esteem of all who know him, both as a man and a poet.

Henry Heavisides was born at Darlington, on the twenty-ninth of November, 1791; at which place his father was at that time conducting a respectable business as printer and bookseller. Michael Heavisides, the father of the poet, was a native of Norton, near Stockton-on-Tees, but the family had for some time resided at Billingham, in which churchyard I have seen more than one tombstone to their memories. In January, 1791, the Darlington bookseller married Miss Mary Marsh, an accomplished young lady of respectable connections,* a native of Croyden in Surrey, who had been for two

*She was the daughter of a lieutenant in the royal navy. Her brother, Lieut. John Marsh, also in the royal navy, was killed during the French war, in an action, off the West Indies, with a French privateer. Her uncle, Capt. H. Marsh, likewise of the royal navy, after being in the service some years, was appointed, in 1753, to command one of the royal yachts at Deptford; and on

years governess to the children of Bishop Thurlow, at Bishop-Auckland, and was the authoress of several productions, both in verse and prose. Besides the instruction given by that best of all teachers, a good mother (and before we can materially elevate the masses we must elevate the mothers), "the Bard of Home" was educated at the grammar-school of his native place, then conducted by the Rev. William Clementson, an excellent master and good Greek and Latin scholar. He was apprenticed to his father, who, through ill-health and various difficulties, ultimately declined business; and consequently, at twenty years of age, our author left Darlington, to make his way in the world as best he could. In a touching little prose paper, communicated some years ago to the *Stockton and Darlington Times*, he thus refers to his boyish recollections:—

"It is now many, many years since we learnt to conjugate Latin verbs at the old Grammar School, in Darlington, then decorated, we well remember, with a full length portrait of the frilled and furbellowed 'good Queen Bess,' of blessed memory. The head teacher, then, at that useful seminary, was the Rev. William Clementson, who, for his extensive classical knowledge and the simplicity of his manners, bore a strong resemblance to the well-known Parson Adams, whose character has been so inimitably drawn by the powerful pencil of Fielding.

At that period, when we enjoyed, in all its delightful freshness, the gay spring-time of life, there was not a nook in the good town of Darlington, and the pretty woodlands in its vicinity, with which we were not intimately acquainted. Even at this moment, that town and 'all the country round' bring to our memory a thousand dear recollections and old associations, and as we now muse upon them, we feelingly exclaim, 'Scenes of our early days, ye still are in our remembrance!' Yes, we still can recal our once pleasant strolls along the sedgy margin of the Skerne, our frequent rambles in the 'green waving woods' of Baydales, and even the intrepidity we once displayed by swimming those imaginary bottomless pits the far-famed Hell Kettles—a feat which we then, in our boyish days, were as proud of as was the immortal Byron, when, at a later period, he swam the broad Hellespont, and caught an ague in accomplishing the daring exploit.

About thirty years ago, being then in the prime of manhood, we left Darlington, casting many a long and 'lingering look' on our 'old house at home,' and the scenes we had beheld and loved in our boyhood. Since then, however, we have lived to see strange things come to pass, not only in the world at large, but even in South Durham—things that our forefathers never dreamt nor had the least idea of. Well may it be said, that 'Time works wonders.' As it rolls onward in its resistless course, how strikingly it develops to us the

his appointment he removed with his family to Greenwich, where he died in 1772. John Marsh, Esq., the celebrated musical amateur and Major of volunteers at Chichester (of whom there is a long memoir in the *Biographical Dictionary of Musicians*), was the eldest son of Capt. H. Marsh.

astonishing powers of the human intellect ! To bear out the truth of this remark, we need only refer to the discoveries which have, of late years, been made in mechanical science, producing such extraordinary results that this may truly be called the age of miracles. By these discoveries the greatest difficulties have been surmounted, the most seeming impossibilities achieved, so that the new and wonderful impulses they have given to British energy and enterprise have completely metamorphosed the old state of things, and been the means of directing the principal operations of trade and commerce into a variety of other channels. * * *

While dwelling upon these reminiscences, we cannot conclude without once more reverting to our native place, Darlington, which, after many years of absence, we lately visited for a few hours. We cannot forget the deep emotion we felt when we beheld the old grey church still 'pointing its finger to heaven,' and the old stone bridge yet bestriding the placid Skerne, where every scene recalled some gentle memory. Here we stood and mused, and then slowly passing on, we contemplated the mighty changes worked by the busy hand of Improvement. All appeared new to us, especially the shops, above which we looked in vain for the names of our old familiars. Death had been busy amongst them, as we soon found on visiting the old church-yard. How wonderful the changes in a few years ! We pondered on the thought as we wandered through the streets and met no old acquaintance. Hundreds passed by us in quick succession, but amongst them we saw not an 'old familiar face.' We felt, as it were, *alone* in the crowd, a solitary stranger, unknown and unnoticed in the very town where once we knew every one, and every one knew us, and at that moment mentally exclaimed, in the words of Byron—

'—'midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
With none to bless us, none whom we can bless ;
Minions of splendour, shrinking from distress,
None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less
Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought and sued ;
This is to be alone ; this, this is solitude !'

Childe Harold, canto 2."

Our author first worked as a journeyman printer with Mr. William Pratt, who then carried on an extensive business in the number trade, at Stokesley ; and whilst there was married to Miss Jane Bradley, of that place. He next got employment on the *Hull Packet*, then published by Mr. Peck. From the *Hull Packet* he went to the *Leeds Mercury* office, where he worked for some time for the late Edward Baines, the historian of Lancashire, and afterwards member for Leeds. He afterwards worked for a short time at Bradford ; and ultimately settled, in 1814, at Stockton-on-Tees, where he was employed as foreman, in the printing establishment of Messrs. Jennett & Co. for the very long period of forty-two years. In 1857, he commenced business on his own account, as a printer

and stationer, at No. 4, Finkle-street, Stockton, where he has been very fairly patronised by the public, with whom he has ever been a favourite. The high estimation in which he is held in his adopted town was proved on the twenty-ninth of March, 1847, when an excellent portrait of himself, painted in oil, in a superior style, by Mr. James Hume Taylor, was publicly presented to him, by the mayor,—the elegant gilt frame bearing a brass plate with the following inscription engraved thereon:—"Presented to Henry Heavisides, author of *The Pleasures of Home*, &c., by John Crosby, Esq., Mayor of Stockton, on behalf of the Subscribers, as a small token of their high respect and esteem for his Literary Genius and Attainments.—Stockton, March, 1847." But the reader must not imagine that "the Bard of Home" has had all sunshine; no, clouds and shadows have at times darkened his path through life; for, as SHAKSPERE* tells us, "the web of our life is of a mingled yarn;" and, as Henry Heavisides from his youth was a warm advocate for constitutional reform, during the dark days of the two last Georges, he was more than once in danger of losing his situation for conscience sake. On one occasion, when he had been taking one of his daily walks into the country, he found a number of his fellow-townsmen assembled in an open air meeting, who, having been disappointed in the attendance of a political speaker, begged of him to address them, when he advised them to subscribe their pence, to rent a room and purchase books, and form themselves into a society for mutual mental improvement (what would now be called a mechanics' institute), for which, I am told, he was denounced in the newspapers of the borough-mongers as a "black-avised man," and all sorts of uncharitable things said about him. But when the Reform Bill of 1832 became the law of the land, and so happily saved this country from a bloody revolution, and the inhabitants of Stockton celebrated the important event with music, and banners, and peals on the church bells, and firing of cannon, and a grand public procession headed by the chief magistrate of the borough, and a dinner in the Green, of which more than seventeen hundred persons partook, and toasts and speeches were the order of the day; then some of the unprincipled paltroons who had opposed all reform all their lives, and most unrelentingly

**As You Like It*, act iv., scene 3rd,—one of the sweetest things ever written.

persecuted the poor poet for the part he had taken in helping to procure it, were loudest in their huzzas over the drink after dinner, and even had the unblushing fronts to speak to toasts, whilst Henry Heavisides, being a working man, though he had taken a most active part in the Reform movement, was merely present with his clarionet to lead the orchestra!

In his *Annals of Stockton*, to be presently noticed, Mr. Heavisides thus takes a retrospective glance at the political brigandage which reigned rampant in this country previous to the passing of the famous Reform Bill of 1832:—

"I am reminded here of an occurrence which much annoyed me when I advocated parliamentary reform previous to the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832. One day my employer came to me, and, showing me a written paper, said, that he would be obliged to discharge me if I did not sign it. The following is a copy of the paper:—

'I hereby acknowledge that I have acted very improperly in advocating political principles having a tendency to subvert the British constitution, and that in future I shall take no part whatever in the Reform Movement, provided my employer will retain me in my situation.'

I was required not only to sign this precious document, but to consent, when signed, to its being published in all the newspapers in the district. Refusing to do this, my employer told me he was sorry, as he had the highest opinion of me as a man and a servant; but he was necessitated to part with me to oblige some of his best customers who had taken umbrage at my political conduct. I had then a wife and eight children depending upon me for support; and yet I received fourteen days' notice to quit my situation. I took the paper home, and on reading it to my wife, she indignantly exclaimed, 'I tell you what, Henry, I would rather we went a-begging than you disgraced yourself by signing so infamous a production.' If ever I admired my wife more at one time than another it was at that moment. About ten days after this unpleasant event took place, and I knew no other but I would have to leave my situation, I received a visit from the Rev. Mr. Robson, who said that he had come to convince me that in advocating parliamentary reform I was advocating what was dishonest. 'Well, Sir,' I replied, 'I am open to conviction, and if you can prove what you say, I'll recant my opinions and sign the paper.' After a discussion for some time on this subject, he fairly acknowledged I had the best of the argument, that I was a different person altogether from what he took me to be, that I should retain my situation, and he would always be a friend to me. We then shook hands and parted, and I never heard any more of the disagreeable affair."

Like his relative, Mr. Marsh, Henry Heavisides from boyhood had been passionately fond of music. At an early age,

he served five years as a performer in the band of the Darlington volunteers; and then five years in the same capacity in the South Durham local militia. He afterwards, for twenty-five years, was leader of the Amateur Band at Stockton, where he gave twenty-seven concerts, which were well patronised by the public,—the first concert having been given October 29th, 1827, and the last December 26th, 1845.

Having when young a taste for drawing, which was fostered by his gifted mother, who at one time kept a boarding-school at Darlington, where she taught drawing and other accomplishments, he was induced to commence as an amateur engraver on wood, whilst in the employment of the late Mr. Jennett. The tools which he used were invented by himself from old heckle-teeth; and he executed, at his leisure hours, the whole of the woodcuts in the second edition of Brewster's *History of Stockton*; the remains of the old cross at Eaglescliffe and some others being sketched by him as well.

But it is as an author I have principally to do with him; though the few facts I have recorded are more pertinent than much of the personal rubbish raked up about poets generally, and have the additional merit of being true.

Though several of his minor pieces had appeared in the poet's corner of various journals, it was not till he was in his forty-fifth year that he came before the public with a volume: the first edition of his *Pleasures of Home, and other Poems*, being published in 1837; the second edition, in which the principal poem was considerably enlarged, in 1840; the third edition in 1859; and the fourth in 1868. This work is undoubtedly the one on which Henry Heavisides's fame must depend more than all his other works, pleasingly written as they all are. On reading the first edition, inferior as it was to the second, ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, no mean judge of poetry, addressed to him the following Letter:—

“Belgrave Place, London, 5th July, 1839.

“Sir,—Your little Poem of *The Pleasures of Home* contains some very gentle scenes and touching features, more particularly those parts which are drawn from your own heart and copied from your own observations. Other bards have showered more execrations on conquerors and despots, but few have sung with truer knowledge, or in more moving strains, the sweets of the domestic

hearth, or of the faces that gladden it. I hope that others will follow your example, and prove as you have done that Poetry humanizes and exalts the mind, and lifts it into the regions of purity and religion.

I remain, Sir, yours, very truly,

"To Mr. Henry Heavisides."

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM."

A greater poet than Allan Cunningham also expressed, personally, to Henry Heavisides, when at Stockton, the pleasure which he had derived from a perusal of the poem,—I allude to the great High Priest of Nature, William Wordsworth. But the reader shall judge for himself.

The poem opens with the following apostrophe to Home :—

"O Home ! dear Home ! where all delight to move,
Sweet couch of Peace and nursery of Love !
Dear hallow'd birth-place of domestic joy !
Fountain of pleasures that can never cloy !
O blessed Home ! it boots not where thou art,
Thy charms, like ivy, twine around the heart ;
Steal on the mind, invest its mystic cell,
And bind each feeling there, as with a spell ;
To us endearing all within thy shade,
Each thing familiar God or man has made.
Whate'er the clime where human dwellings rise,
'Neath laughing Italy's unclouded skies,
Round Andes' heights that 'bove the storm-clouds run,
Mid Turkey's minarets glittering in the sun,
By Ganges' banks, on China's wide domains,
Or Scandinavia's less luxuriant plains,
Or e'en where Winter rules with aspect keen,
And dreary Lapland's stunted sons are seen,
However humble, and however poor,
Still Home is Home, when comes the trying hour ;
Still Home is Home, to those who know its worth ;
Still Home is Home, the dearest place on earth !
There, lovelier landscapes seem to glow around ;
There, brighter flow'rets deck the sparkling ground ;
There, every pleasing beauty seems more sweet,
And bosom friends in social converse meet ;
Whilst scenes beloved are in our pathway cast,
Rousing the soul to dream on days long past,
As silvery voices on the zephyr swell,
And wake the echoes of the mountain dell.

Delightful Home ! though distant we may be,
 Still there 's a power that turns our thoughts to thee;
 Conjures up visions in the restless brain,
 That draws us back to youthful scenes again;
 To harmless Childhood's pure and dreamy hours,
 To Boyhood busy in fair Learning's bowers,
 To kind companions scatter'd wide and far,
 And pleasures gone we never more can share."

The above reminds us of Goldsmith, and the following of Campbell, and the passages are worthy of both poets, and yet I see no plagiarism in either.

"Where is the tyrant—hated let him stand—
 Who drags a being from his father-land?
 Where is the tyrant? Sons of Poland, tell?
 Alas ! alas ! for you, ye know too well.
 He spake the word—a thousand clarions peal'd
 And keen as wolves his cohorts took the field—
 Impetuous rush'd upon your hapless plains,
 To bow your necks to Slavery's galling chains;
 To trample on a nation's sacred rights,
 And plant his standard on Sarmatia's heights.

But who with Freedom blest would e'er submit
 To tamely brook Oppression's iron bit—
 To play the crouching spaniel to a knave,
 And basely bear the worst of brand-marks, SLAVE?
 Up rose the Free—alike each son and sire—
 With bosoms glowing with heroic fire;
 Up rose the Free—their country's living wall—
 Who for their country vow'd to stand or fall;
 'To arms ! to arms !'—o'er Poland flew the shout,
 And from the scabbard every sword leap'd out;
 Then came Destruction yelling from afar,
 And Rapine at the chariot wheels of War;
 Murder's dread engines thunder'd through the dell,
 Fair cities blazed, and bleeding patriots fell—
 Undaunted fell, in manhood's noon-day pride,
 While 'God for Poland !' rang on every side !
 In vain her sons like lions met the foe,
 In vain they dealt the life-destroying blow;
 The tyrant conquer'd—heroes could not save—
 And Polish freedom found at last—a grave !

How changed the scene ! where *then* the peaceful home,
 The blooming vale where Pleasure used to roam,
 The ready laugh that round the table went,

The happy look that shew'd a mind content,
 The sunny smile, the cheerful hearth and wife,
 And all the little nameless sweets of life?
 All, all were fled! and sunk was Poland's sun,
 Her heroes fallen and her battles won.
 No more the voice of gladness bless'd the scene;
 No more fair maidens danced upon the green,
 Nor smiling youngsters gambled on the glade,
 Nor old men chatted in th' accustomed shade,
 Nor village bells chimed on the Sabbath day,
 Each simple rustic summoning to pray;
 But Desolation wild and black Despair
 Mid widows' groans and orphans cries were there,
 A stricken people, bow'd by Misery's force,
 And weeping forms o'er many a bleeding corse.

O Poland, Poland! Ruin on thy plains,
 Thy captive nobles led in massive chains,
 Thy homes in ashes, or to pillage given,
 How were thy kindred links remorseless riven!
 Well might thy daughters when appall'd they stood,
 And Carnage revell'd in thy martyrs blood,
 Well might they wring their lifted hands and wail,
 As Mercy shrieking hover'd o'er the vale.

O Glory, Fame! how dearly ye are bought
 When Might not Right first wakes the battle-note!
 The plunderer comes! he strikes the deadly blow,
 And fiend-like takes the life he can't bestow;
 He comes, he comes!—'gainst Mercy shuts the door,
 And wades for you through seas of human gore—
 He comes! and Fortune, mid the sobs of Grief,
 Around his temples binds the blood-stain'd leaf;
 Whole nations quail—they kiss the oppressor's rod,
 Crouch at his foot, and tremble at his nod;
 Deep skill'd in all the subtleties to kill,
 He owns no law except his sovereign will;
 Plays with his puppets War's precarious game,
 And slaughtering millions wins at length a name!"

Passing by a hearty apostrophe to his and our common
 country, beginning:—

"Hail, happy England! cradle of the brave!
 Mighty on land, still mightier on the wave!
 Nurse of each science! Queen of every sea!"

which ought to be read by those whigs and tories who imagine
 they possess a monopoly of patriotism, and that all radical

reformers are traitors to their country, (a beautiful passage of two of which I had marked for quotation,) ending,—

“ Dreaming that Wealth to every comfort leads,
That Wealth 's the source whence happiness proceeds :
Alas ! weak, sightless mortals ! not to know,
Man, pompous ‘ man, wants little here below’ —
That Happiness still seeks the rural grot,
Frequents the hut, and nestles in the cot,” —

our next extract is that pleasant pen and ink picture of domestic joy in humble life, of which the accompanying wood-cut is an illustration :—

“ Mark yonder cot, down in the blooming dale,
There, unalloy'd, lo ! other joys prevail :
There seated, see ! where woodbines climb the pane,
A mother happy with her infant train.
Close by her pluck the wild flowers of the lawn,
Her eldest sportive as the playful fawn ;
While on her knees, pure as the violet skies,
Her youngest like a beauteous cherub lies,
How soft the glance on that dear form she throws,
What sweet emotion in her bosom glows,
As dotingly she views each budding grace,
Or fancied likeness in its angel face !
See, how she pats its cheek ! tries every scheme
To light its looks with intellect's first beam !
Next fondly holds it in her outstretch'd arms,
And pours a flood of nonsense on its charms.
At length attention shews the dawn of thought,
Her voice the little charmer seems to note ;
Stedfast it gazes—wonder in its eye—
As one amazed looks on a star-paved sky,
Till, like a sunbeam bursting through the haze,
A smile celestial on its features plays.
Now wild with rapture, thrilling with delight,
The mother's feelings kindle at the sight ;
Her lips, unconscious, fall upon its breast,
And smothering kisses tell how she is blest !
How sweet to youth, down Pleasure's stream to sail !
How sweet to maidens, Love's persuasive tale !
How sweet a god-like action to perform,
To dry the tear, and stay the mental storm ;
Or raise the soul, when drooping in distress,
And make the load of human suffering less !

Yet what so soft, so pure, so rich in bliss,
 As a fond mother's sweet impassion'd kiss,
 When gazing on her infant's winning charms,
 Entranced with joy she clasps it in her arms?

Now sinks the cloudless sun in glory bright,
 And lingering bids the darkening hills, Good Night !
 While down the uplands homeward bends his way
 This happy group's best earthly friend and stay.
 Joy lights each glowing face as he draws nigh,
 And ' Father ! Father ! ' pleased the prattlers cry.
 Away they trip like fairies o'er the mead,
 And first to meet him try their infant speed.
 They meet !—and rapt'rous, like the curling vine,
 Around his knees their little arms entwine ;
 On each he smiles, caresses all by turns,
 While ' all the father in his bosom burns : '
 So when the parent bird, with generous food,
 Returns unwearied to her nest-flown brood,
 With cheerful chirps dull silence they destroy,
 Hop to her breast, and flap their wings with joy.

Thrice blest the Home that yields delights like these,
 Thrice blest the heart such simple joys can please ;
 That 'mid the troubled world's unceasing strife,
 Can soften down the rugged cares of life ;
 Sweeten each moment, banish every woe,
 And make our hearth a paradise below."

The foregoing are all taken from the first part of the poem. The second part opens with a healthy description of Home at Christmas, and contains two stories, those of Betson, the shipwrecked tar, and Mary, "fair Leven's sweetest maiden," which I am sorely tempted to transfer to my pages, but space forbids. Indeed to give all the passages I admire, would be to rob the poet of his copyright ; besides, I had rather help the sale of the works of all worthy living authors ; and I would sincerely recommend all my readers to purchase Henry Heavisides's *Pleasures of Home, and other Poems*, as containing more real merit, and much less shoddy, than most works of higher pretensions. Thus, in the third part, after touchingly alluding to Major Denham's adventures on the banks of the lake Tchad in Africa, in 1824, and the hospitality shown to him by Tahr, the chieftain of the Shouaa Arabs, he touchingly concludes his narrative :—

"Ye icy-hearted, who in Grandeur move,
 See here a wandering Arab's tender love !
 Blush, as ye roll in all the pomp of state,
 And learn the truly good alone are great."

The minor poems are all beautiful, especially "The Maiden's Dream," "England," and "The Emigrant's Farewell to Cleveland." Henry Heavisides's first attempt at writing verses was not made till he was thirty years of age, and consisted of some Lines written as a tribute of respect to the memory of the late Thomas Dixon, a Wesleyan Minister, who was born at Barnard Castle, in 1745, and died at Stockton-on-Tees, December 11th, 1820, in the seventy-sixth year of his age. This elegy was printed in a pamphlet in 1821, preceded by one on the same subject by Thomas Webber, and followed by some verses signed A WESLEYAN, the authorship of which is unknown to me.

On the twenty-ninth of November, 1861, we find our hale old bard writing some vigorous verses on attaining his seventieth year ; and, in the following month, singing "A Welcome to merry Christmas," in so cheerful a manner that good old Herrick, the poet of our festivals, might have joined in the chorus. In 1863, he sung an enthusiastic "Welcome" to "Denmark's Royal Maid :—" and who had more right to welcome her than the men of the North of England, who have so much Scandinavian blood in their veins, and so many Danish words in all their dialects ? Think of our songster, in his seventy-fifth year, writing an address like the following, for the opening of the new Stockton Theatre, August 6th, 1866 :—

"From Richmond Hill,* so famed in classic song,
 Where the smooth Thames winds gracefully along,
 We've hither come, obedient to your will,
 To win your favour by our mimic skill ;
 And should success our humble efforts crown,
 In this gay pile, an honour to your town,
 Expression to our joy no words could give,
 For on your smiles alone we daily live ;
 And here, though carping critics may find flaws,
 We'll nightly strive to merit your applause.

* Opened by Mr. W. Sidney's Company, from the Theatre Royal, Richmond, Surrey.

A century now has scarcely roll'd away,
 Since your old play-house had its opening day—
 The house where once a KEMBLE* show'd his art,
 Where VESTRIS sang, and FOOTE† charm'd every heart:
 Where stately BROOKE,‡ alas, the buskin wore,
 And ROXBY§ set the gallery in a roar;
 But now deserted, desolate, and lone,
 Its scenes decay'd, its former glory gone,
 The comic Muse from thence has taken flight,
 And hither come, she courts your smiles to-night,
 And with her Tragic Sister hopes to reign
 The rival Queen of this her gay domain;
 Where, seated round, appear the Loves and Graces,
 And high above, the gods rule in their places.

Ye generous patrons, blest with Fortune's smile,
 Who by your means upraised this splendid pile,
 And thus evinced your spirit and your zeal,
 By nobly catering for the public weal—
 To you, ye patrons of dramatic art,
 Our thanks are due—you've acted well your part—

* Stephen Kemble, who was many years manager and proprietor of the Stockton Old Theatre, and who spent the remainder of his life in elegant ease and retirement at Durham, where he died in 1822, much lamented.

† During the last fifty years many eminent actresses have appeared on the Stockton stage. Amongst the number may be enumerated the fascinating Miss Foote, Mrs. Charles Kemble, Madame Vestris, the accomplished Miss Kelly, one of the finest performers England ever produced, and the celebrated Mrs. Jordan, once the Mistress of William the Fourth, and mother of the late Lady Falkland, who used to reside at Skutterskelfe, in Cleveland.

‡ G. V. Brooke, who was educated for the bar, but afterwards devoted his life to theatrical pursuits. After many successes and reverses in various parts, he was at last unfortunately lost in the "London," on his passage to Australia. It is said the exertions of Mr. Brooke to save the vessel surpassed those of any on board. Barefooted and bareheaded, with his strong-built form and handsome features, he was seen attired in a Crimean shirt and trousers, working more bravely than any one, and as one of the survivors has said, he formed a picture of dauntless heroism that will long live tenderly in the memory even of many who have no sympathy with his profession.

§ Samuel Roxby, who was both proprietor and manager of the Stockton Old Theatre. But poor Sam, delightful, laughter-provoking Sam, who was once the prince of grimace, the paragon of drolls, yea, the very pink of humourists, is now no more. He died at Scarbro', in 1863, much regretted by all who knew him. H. H.

Have rear'd this temple, pleasing to the sight,
Where Genius may display her wondrous might :
Long may it flourish, with attractions new,
And stand a lasting monument to you.

And ye who may applaud our labours here,
To raise a smile or draw a crystal tear,
We hope to show, as we sustain each part,
The Drama's aim is to improve the heart ;
To point a moral or a laugh extend,
And thus instruction with amusement blend.

With feelings now of pure, unfeign'd delight,
We thank you for your welcome smiles to-night ;
Trusting our efforts in this gay resort
Will ever meet your kind approval and support."

In 1860, our Author published *The Minstrelsy of Britain ; or a Glance at our Lyrical Poetry and Poets, from the Reign of Queen Elizabeth to the Present Time, including a Dissertation on the Genius and Lyrics of Burns* ; a portion of which I remember to have heard him deliver, with considerable vigour, to a crowded audience, in the Town Hall, on one of my visits to Stockton ; and the little volume, which has long been out of print, is pleasantly written, and in excellent taste. After glancing at some of those lyrical productions of our true poets, which will endure as long as the English language, which is now spreading around the habitable globe, Mr. Heavisides comes down heavily, but deservedly, on the vitiated taste of the present age for Cockney slang songs :—

"At the present time, the depraved taste in this country for songs utterly destitute of the morality and graces noticed in the preceding chapter is a disgrace to the intelligence of the age. Bad as the insipid compositions of the 17th century were, a great number of the songs now popular are still worse. It is really astonishing how such effusions, the very essence of vulgarity, could have become so popular. They are chiefly produced from the Cockney school of versifiers, at the head of which is Sam Cowel, who has obtained a world-wide popularity for singing them. Though entirely devoid of originality, wit, or humour, yet these wretched ditties have been sung in most of the singing saloons and concert rooms in the kingdom, as though they were lyrical gems of the first order. 'Can such things be?' Is the throne of Taste to be thus usurped by a host of illiterate scribblers? Are such productions, abounding with Cockney slang, *double entendres*, and indelicate allusions, to be longer tolerated? Forbid it, shade of the immortal Burns! It is high time such

nonsensical rubbish as '*Vilikins and his Dinah*,' '*Billy Barlow*,' and the '*Ratcatcher's Daughter*,' was discountenanced, and a higher and more refined taste evinced for genuine songs of an elevating nature, pure in sentiment, rich in natural feeling, and bearing the impress of having sprung from the depths of the poet's heart."

Of that true poet-laureate whose sweet songs are now refining the age in which we live, he judiciously remarks :—

"The fame of Tennyson has been gradually increasing during the last thirty years. His genius is retrospective; and though not so popular as our greater poets who have passed the bourne of life, yet he is undoubtedly the best 'poet of the age.' He has won the poet's crown, and he has won it honorably. His first volume of poems he published so far back as 1830. About four years afterwards he produced another volume. Both these volumes being severely criticised in some of the leading reviews, his Muse remained silent for eight years. He then reprinted them, much altered and improved, with several additional pieces. Subsequently he has produced many poems of superior merit, all of which have had a favorable reception.

The style of Tennyson is particularly quaint, yet always graceful and elegant. His greatest characteristic is a beautiful simplicity. He has neither the fervency of Campbell nor the passion of Byron. His poetry is calm and meditative. It flows like a placid brook gliding gently along through 'quiet meadows' and 'sighing reeds,' where nothing interrupts the even tenor of its way. He embodies in his verse the deepest thought in the most simple language, and many of his poems, such as '*Mariana in the moated grange*,' breathe the very soul of sadness, as though, at times, he felt in his heart the 'charm of melancholy.'"

And of brave Gerald Massey, he truly says :—

"He is a lyrist of the greatest promise. In many features of his genius, Walter Savage Landor observes, 'he bears a marvellous resemblance to Keats.' He has been designated 'the poet of the people.' He sings 'heart-stirring and melodious songs—songs of Liberty and Love, coming warmly from the heart,' and the latter so pure and sweet as oft to rival the best love strains of Burns. As a lyrist of superior power, Gerald Massey at present stands high. Already has he reaped a rich harvest of fame, and in all probability he is destined to earn for himself a crown of immortality. In the preface to the third edition of '*Babe Christabel*,' he states, when speaking on this subject, 'that the dearth of Poetry should be great in a country where we hail as poets such as have been crowned of late. For myself,' he continues, 'I have only entered the lists and inscribed my name; the race has yet to be run. Whether I shall run it, and win the Poet's crown, or not, time alone will prove, and not the prediction of friend or foe. The crowns of Poetry are not in the keeping of critics. There have been many who have given some signs of promise—just set a rain-

bow of hope in the dark cloud of their life—and have never fulfilled their promise; and the world has wondered why. I hope that my future holds some happier fate. I think there is a work for me to do, and I trust to accomplish it.'

Thus speaks the author of '*Babe Christabel*;' but with due deference to his remarks, we beg to observe, that though he still is young, though his early years were passed in the deepest poverty, deprived of all scholastic instruction except what a penny school afforded, and though, when more advanced in years, he had to labour with his own hands for a very bare subsistence, yet by his perseverance and genius, he has surmounted the obstacles that retarded his onward progress, and at length, climbing the steep of Parnassus with the easy grace and bearing of a conqueror, he has far out-distanced his youthful and less gifted compeers in the race for lyrical fame.

The poetry of Gerald Massey is highly exuberant in imagery, and healthful in freshness like a sweet morning in Spring. He is the champion of Freedom, and his war odes in her cause are splendid compositions. He sings them with a brave English heart and an unshackled mind, like one not to be cowed down by the carping of critics or any one else. They contain strong words and burning thoughts, that flash in almost every line, like volleys from the 'red artillery,' as the 'combat deepens.' But how great the contrast when he sings of love and beauty. How gentle, how extremely tender, and how full of feeling his effusions then are! Devoid of any meretricious ornament, they glow profusely with the sweetest flowers of Poesy."

The dissertation on Burns shows a thorough appreciation of Scotland's most gifted poet, and is worth ten thousand of the appalling pulpit blasphemies uttered by the irreverent and pragmatic sceptic to true poetry and the highest religion, who had the unblushing front to proclaim to his countrymen and to the world, that Robert Burns had miserably failed both as a man and a poet; and that it was therefore wicked to celebrate the anniversary of his birth; a tirade of impudent ignorance, both of his own shallow judgment and of the great genius and infinitely more resplendent soul than his own whom he profanely sought to sit in judgment on; which will for ever render the name of the presbyterian bigot a byword amongst the admirers of the bard,—a term which comprehends all who can appreciate true poetry and a man with some great human failings, but with many more virtues to redeem his name.

Having glanced at Burns as the poet of the beautiful, as the poet of the humorous and the social, at the influence of woman on Burns as a poet, and at his nationality and independence, he briefly answers the lies about the great bard being a drunkard as follows:—

"That Burns had many failings he himself in his poems frequently admits with sorrow; but, it is now generally acknowledged that they have been much, very much, exaggerated. The greatest of his failings was want of prudence in managing his own affairs. But whatever they were, the noble qualities of his nature shone out like bright stars in his character. These qualities were a glorious intellect, a magnanimous moral nature, a strong religious element within him, a generous manly heart, and an honourable mind that scorned to commit a mean and selfish action. But it is boldly asserted, by some, that Burns, with all his intellectual endowments, was at best little else than an habitual drunkard. Those who go so far as to assert this, cannot, we think, possess a general knowledge of his character and writings. Mr. Findlater, many years superintendent of Burns as an excise officer, when defending his character against the base aspersions then cast upon it, says, 'I have seen Burns in all his various phases—in his convivial moments, in his sober moods, and in the bosom of his family, and I never beheld anything like the gross enormities with which he has been charged—with his family, I will venture to say, he *never was seen otherwise than as attentive and affectionate in a high degree.*' This we believe to be the case, for during the latter part of his life at Dumfries, how did he employ himself? Most assuredly not like a drunkard. A great portion of his time he spent in educating his sons in the rudiments of knowledge—he was editing, at the same time, a new edition of his works, corresponding daily with the most distinguished ladies and learned men of Scotland—writing the best songs ever penned, and sending them gratuitously by dozens for insertion in Thompson's Musical Museum—and moreover discharging, in an exemplary manner, the onerous duties of an exciseman, in which occupation he was in the habit of riding two hundred miles a week! What man, we ask, doing so great an amount of mental and bodily labour could be a drunkard? The question requires no answer. But the fame of Burns has outlived the malice of his calumniators. His worth as a man has risen in public estimation, and his renown as a poet has extended to all parts of the globe."

At the conclusion of the volume are some spirited lines, spoken by the poet himself, at the Stockton Centenary Dinner in honour of Burns.

In 1864, he published an interesting little volume, entitled, *Courtship and Matrimony; their Lights and Shades: comprising Practical Considerations for the Married and the Unmarried*. A great portion of the book had been delivered as lectures to mechanics' institutes and similar societies, in whose progress he has always taken a laudable interest. A second edition of the work was issued in 1868. All who have the pleasure of Henry Heavisides's personal friendship are aware that he possesses a world of quiet humour which adds

greatly to the geniality of his fine flow of spirits : and in none of his works is this so apparent as in his *Courtship and Matrimony*, where sage advice, which young and old may alike practice to advantage, is interspersed with passages which would not dishonour a Smollett or a Fielding. But my readers shall have a taste of his quality ; and I trust that the specimens I give will induce them to procure *all* Henry Heavisides's writings as soon as they can do so, for none of them will disgrace any library in the kingdom. Of love and lovers he remarks :—

“ There are only two descriptions of lovers ; one, he who pretends to love ; and the other, he who really loves. The former, from sordid, ambitious, or other unworthy motives, seeks to win the heart and hand of the lady to whom he pays his addresses ; while the latter courts her to whom he is attached from the impulse of Love, which is an affection of the mind, founded on esteem, desire, and kind feeling, binding heart to heart and soul to soul. The one is actuated by worldly considerations, where the blackest baseness is often blended with the most unscrupulous hypocrisy ; the other, by noble and elevating sentiments worthy of a man. Love has been termed ‘ the ruling passion ; ’ and so it is, for what is more powerful and universal ? Men of every grade, from the cottage to the throne, comprising every distinction of character, and females in all the ranks of society, have paid homage at the shrine of Love, and felt its potent and heart-pervading influence.”

There is much truth in his observations on courtship :—

“ Courtship means an ardent wish on the part of the lover to win the love and regard of his affections, and make himself appear to her as agreeable and amiable as he possibly can. A great deal of unapparent deception is, therefore, practised in Courtship, as both parties generally endeavour to hide their faults from each other. For instance, if the lover has any bad qualities in his nature, he takes special care that the lady to whom he is attached shall not discover them ; while, on the other hand, if she is of a saucy, petulant temper, she endeavours, when in his presence, to be the very quintessence of ‘ ethereal, mildness,’ to gain his admiration : and thus the amiable deception is carried on until, at last, the nuptial knot is tied. Scarcely, however, has the honeymoon passed away, when the mask is torn off, the parties see one another in their proper characters without disguise, and they then, alas, find out, when too late, that in getting married they had made a *sad mistake*.

How can Courtships of such a character, where so much deception is practised, lead to happy results ? But there are other Courtships of a worse and more unnatural description than those just noticed. How often do we perceive an individual, whose wizened features and gray-tinged locks proclaim him far advanced in the pilgrimage of life—how often do we see such a person, with

scarcely a tooth in his head, ridiculously aping the lover, and paying his addresses to a young creature blooming in the beauty of virgin womanhood ! But, though tottering to the grave, he possesses wealth ; his addresses are therefore received, he at once proposes, the lady consents, and like an innocent lamb she is led, poor thing, to have her future happiness sacrificed at the hymeneal altar.

Then again, on the other hand, how often do we behold a maiden lady, who has passed the meridian of life, spreading her artful web, like a human spider, to entangle any young man she can ensnare for a husband. For this purpose, she does not employ the artillery of her charms. Oh, no ! but the whole artillery of her toilet. If she has lost her teeth, she can have them supplied with a handsome new set, white as pearls and regular as the teeth of a saw. If her hair, once so glossy and beautiful, has turned to gray, she can have it changed to any colour to suit her complexion, by the application of certain wonder-working compounds. If her form has lost that youthful plumpness it once possessed, she can be padded scientifically to supply any deficiency in this respect ; therefore, what with such artificial adjuncts, and what with oderiferous scents and rouge, and the superlative advantage of being dressed in the very pink of fashion, with a graceful crinoline of no slight dimensions, she thus marches forth to conquest under false colours, till at length, like an old recruiting sergeant, she enlists some poor simpleton to join her in making one couple more to the great matrimonial brigade.

But, there is another class of single ladies, the very reverse of those to whom I have just alluded. These ladies are worthy of our highest esteem and admiration. They are those who enjoy 'the luxury of doing good,' who employ their time in performing acts of charity, in alleviating human suffering, and pouring the balm of consolation into a wounded spirit. Such ladies, whether in the cottage, the camp, or the hospital, are the earthly angels that minister there when the afflicted lie on the couch of sickness. They are the Florence Nightingales of our country, the brightest ornaments of society, and the noblest benefactors of the human race. To them, therefore, be all honour and praise ; and may they have their reward, not only in this world, but in that where suffering, and pain, and sorrow will never have existence."

And of marriage matches, he says :—

" Courtship leads to a kind of bargain between two lovers to be united, and this bargain is made binding for life at the hymeneal altar. Now men, in general, are extremely particular in making a bargain for their own advantage. For instance, when a man is about to purchase a horse, how carefully he endeavours to ascertain its age, its pedigree, its temper, and its good and bad qualities ; and after all, forsooth, he must needs see it trotted out, and lastly, have a warranty as to its soundness ; yet, when a lover takes to himself a wife, he takes her 'for better for worse'—he takes her with all faults, and even without a warranty ; and, strange to say, he seldom takes the trouble to ascer-

tain whether she possesses the qualities necessary to make him a good wife. And what are the most essential qualities for forming a wife of this description? They are as follow :—

1st.—PRUDENCE.

2nd.—FRUGALITY.

3rd.—GOOD TEMPER.

4th.—INDUSTRY.

5th.—A KNOWLEDGE OF DOMESTIC AFFAIRS.

As to BEAUTY, this is entirely a matter of taste, for many ladies designated as plain have been found more amiable, more agreeable, and more fascinating than those considered as handsome. Regular features are all very well; but they only appear *dollish*, when they beam not with the light of amiability and intelligence."

Here is a picture sketched from real life :—

"I once knew a lady of this temper, and all the pleasure she seemed to have on earth was to vex the good man who was so unfortunate as to be her husband. One night he came home rather later than usual, and he found a bright fire glowing in the kitchen grate, but no wife. She had disappeared, and he knew not whither. He sought her upstairs, and he sought her down. He inquired of her amongst the neighbours, and a great part of the night he wandered the streets in search of her; but all to no purpose. Well might his search prove ineffectual, for all the time he was endeavouring to obtain tidings of her, strange to say, she was in her own house, where she lay concealed in a small recess in the kitchen, so small indeed that it was truly astonishing how she had managed to creep in; and in this small recess, purposely to vex and perplex her poor husband, she sat all night, with her knees cooped up on a furnace pot, like a hen on its nest, and never once cackled to let her good man know her whereabouts! O she was a Tartar!

'Sic a wife as Willie had
Ah wadna gie a button for her.'

BURNS."

After denouncing Idleness as the mother of Uncleanliness, and truly stating that "where these are the ruling deities, they are sure to engender dirt, and disease, and misery of the most revolting character," he sensibly says :—

"If you marry a woman who has no knowledge of domestic affairs, she will most assuredly be a drawback upon your efforts to obtain a livelihood. Without a lady possesses this knowledge, more or less, she will make at best but a sorry wife. She may have had a boarding school education—she may have

been taught to embroider, to dance a quadrille, to play a polka on the piano, and jabber French without understanding the idiom of her own language; but, as a wife, of what use are such accomplishments if she knows nothing of domestic matters? Such a wife, as regards the management of a house, would be little better than a grown up baby.

In thus alluding to female accomplishments do not conceive the idea that I am opposed to ladies being accomplished. By no means. What I disapprove of is, the present too prevalent system of teaching young ladies accomplishments, and altogether neglecting to teach them those important domestic duties which are so necessary to make them good wives and excellent mothers.

And here let it be understood that the remarks I have made upon the choice of a wife, are equally applicable, with one exception, to a lady accepting a husband. What lady can ever expect to enjoy either comfort or happiness if she marries an imprudent man, an extravagant man, a man with a bad temper, a man of idle habits, or, worst of all, a drunkard? Ladies ought to pause before they form any connexion with such characters. In this free country, where all equally enjoy the same laws and rights, every lady when of age has the privilege of accepting or rejecting any proposal of marriage. She ought, therefore, to exercise that privilege with discretion and due consideration, and not suffer herself to be deceived by false appearances, nor led away, as is too frequently the case, by the deceptions professions of some designing villain.

Women, generally speaking, are much more confiding in their nature than men. They evince more tenderness, more affection, and more disinterestedness, than the opposite sex; and their love under all circumstances, especially those of a trying description, is more ardent, more truthful, and more enduring. What the sun is to the natural world, woman is to the domestic world. Her smile is the sunshine of home, her influence the invigorating principle that warms and expands our affections. By her, our manners are formed and refined, our joys created and expanded. Wherever the female sex are polite and elegant, the opposite sex will never be found coarse and vulgar. Without the society of woman what would men be but brutes, and brutes of the lowest grade? By nature women are constituted to make men happier than they would be in a single state, and the reason why so many marriages are not attended with better results is not so much their faults as the fault of those who take them 'for better for worse.' 'To the honour of the fair sex,' says a shrewd writer, 'this is the case nine times out of ten.' Nine times out of ten, says this writer, it is the fault of the men not of the ladies. Whoever has paid attention to the subject, will acknowledge the truth of this remark. At the present day, how many young men inconsiderately marry when not in a position to maintain a wife! How many marry, and before the honeymoon is passed, they begin to treat their partners with cold neglect—how many marry and will not give up their intemperate habits, and thus their forsaken wives are left to pine in anguish at home—and how many marry who soon treat them as slaves, and care not how they insult them should they dare to utter a complaint!

How sad it is to think there are such unfeeling brutes, such abominable specimens of humanity in the world! They ought to be drummed out of the society of the fair sex, and branded as monsters in human shape, undeserving their smiles, their beauty, or their love.

It is unmanly to treat any lady with rudeness, but it is infamous for a man to use his wife cruelly. I would earnestly impress, then, upon the mind of every young man who takes a wife, that it is his bounden duty to treat her as one of the fairest portions of God's handiwork. He should remember that she sells her liberty and surrenders her person for life to him alone. He ought, therefore, to act towards her according to his marriage vow. He ought to pass over her little weaknesses with an indulgent eye; and, at all times, to study her comfort, to prize her worth, and, above all, to bear in mind, that *'A bad husband can never be a happy man.'*

And again, with a manly outspokenness characteristic of the "Bard of Home" through life:—

"Had we no loving heart to sweeten our daily toils and cares, no cheering smile from those we love, to encourage us in our pilgrimage through life, what a long and dreary path we should have to tread? Woman, then, was wisely formed to contribute to man's happiness; and it will be found that those who highly esteem the gentler sex will always appear more fresh, more joyous, and more happy than those who have no relish for such society. I consider myself a living evidence of the truth of this observation. Though now close verging upon seventy-two years of age, by the blessing of God, I still enjoy the tranquil pleasures of life the same as in my early days, and I greatly attribute the genial feelings, the green old age which I now enjoy, to the kind attention I have received in my own domestic circle, and to the elevating influence which the society of woman has had upon me."

As a Benedict of twenty-six years' experience of the immeasurable blessings of true wedded love, I cannot help, not merely quoting, but endorsing as well, the following excellent observations:—

"Man was not created to live alone, or why was woman formed?—woman, the last and most exquisite workmanship of Him who made her. Before the creation of woman, Adam had dominion over every thing on the face of the earth; but though the birds of the air and the beasts of the field had each a companion, and two and two they lived in happiness together, yet there was none of the same species to hold communion with him. He had no one to share his happiness, no one to converse with, no one to love. He stood alone as it were in the world, a solitary being amid the bowers of Paradise, where every thing but himself had a mate. God, however, saw, that it 'was not good for man to be alone.' Therefore, in His bountiful kindness, He created woman to be the partner of his bliss; and, in creating her, He concentrated every perfection of body and mind that could contribute to heighten man's felicity.

Thus, the creation of our first parents led to wedded love, which surpasses all love save the love of God. Take wedded love from the world, and what would it be? A wilderness without a flower, a desert without a spring. This love is the silver cord, the mysterious sympathy that binds heart to heart, and soul to soul. It bloomed the sweetest flower in Eden, and surviving the glories there, it still blooms on, giving to 'fleeting life its lustre and perfume;' and, in defiance of the cold blasts of the world, it will continue to bloom, in all its beauty, so long as it is nurtured by the warmth of woman's kind affections.

Though fragile the form of woman, though gentle her nature, yet how strong is her influence, how potent her power! Her smile has conquered kingdoms, her tear softened the stoniest hearts, her beauty enslaved the mightiest conquerors, her love enabled her to suffer the greatest privations and brave the most appalling dangers. Happy is the man who has won the affections of a true-hearted woman, and can proudly call her his own. She is a treasure to him of more value than aught in the world beside. If prosperity smiles upon him, she will double his pleasures; if the ills of life depress his spirits, she will lighten his cares, and with the finger of Hope point to a 'good time coming;' if he be laid on a couch of sickness, she will attend to his wants with all the gentleness of her nature; and, should it be his fate to be dragged to prison, even there she will follow him, and illumine its gloom with the light of her presence. O woman, lovely woman! how like an angel thou art, when the higher attributes of thy nature are developed for the good of man!

The cynic may snarl, and the bachelor may rail and jeer; yet, after all, marriage is unquestionably, as MILTON poetically observes,

'The perpetual fountain of domestic sweets;'

And experience has proved, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that where pure and mutual attachment subsists in the marriage state, there is no other state of human existence so happy or more honourable."

Here is another of Mr. Heavisides's humorous pen-and-ink pictures, drawn with the fidelity of a Crabbe in poetry or a Hogarth on canvass:—

"Too frequently we see the home of a married pair become a hotbed of dissension. A dispute takes place upon some unimportant point—one angry word begets another—the war of words waxes hotter and hotter, and as both parties seem determined to have the last word, there is no knowing when the stormy conflict will cease. At length, after one volley of abuse has succeeded another in rapid succession, the ammunition of the belligerents being expended, a kind of truce succeeds, during which the parties are in the sulks for some days, until either a reconciliation takes place, or the wordy cannonade is resumed with redoubled vigour. Thus, with an utter disregard of every hymeneal obligation, the unhappy couple live on together, leading a cut and

dog existence, alternately frowning and smiling, quarrelling and sulking, until one of them is removed from the great drama of life.

Trifles, as I have previously observed, make the sum of human happiness; yet, what bickerings, what revilings, what heart burnings, arise in the married state merely about nothing else but trifles. Nearly all matrimonial quarrels originate from trivial matters. How fearful are such quarrels when man and wife have no control over their tempers, as no one can tell how they will end, or what may be their consequences.

I once knew a middle-aged couple, who, possessing a competence, had the means of enjoying every comfort; yet, owing to both parties giving way to a bad temper, they were continually wrangling and jangling. One day, the wife removed a painting in the sitting room, to what, she thought, a more advantageous position for the light to fall upon it. The husband going into the room soon after, and seeing the painting removed, he exclaimed, 'Hollo, who's been so devilishly officious as to remove the painting I placed there with my own hand?' Then addressing his wife, in a tone something like the growl of a tiger, he said 'Is this your doing, madam?'

'Yes,' replied the lady, not in the least daunted by her husband's rudeness, 'I removed the painting, as I thought the light would show it to more advantage on this side of the room.'

'The light! a fiddlestick!' growled the husband, 'what do you know about light? I'll have the painting removed—I'll let you see I'm master here.' With his face red with anger, he then gruffly exclaimed, 'Do my bidding, madam—I insist upon it, that you immediately remove the painting to where you took it from.'

'Indeed I shall not,' resolutely replied the lady, 'I'll do no such thing!—I'll not be at your bidding—I did not marry you to become your slave, you good-for-nothing brute!'

'Good for nothing brute!' reiterated the enraged husband. 'And pray what are you? The plague of my life; a thorn in my side; a she-Beelzebub—but I'll let you know, madam, I'm master here. Take the painting back, I say!'

'No, Sir, I wont!' answered the lady.

'You wont, wont you,' roared out the husband, 'But I'll find a way to make you. Will you remove the painting, madam, or you will not!'

'No, I will not, you tyrant, you unreasonable monster,' she indignantly replied.

Here a scene of recrimination ensued that beggars description. At last the infuriated husband stepped up to the painting to remove it himself—his wife endeavoured to deter him—a scuffle ensued—and, on hearing a loud scream from her, the neighbours rushed into the room, and found the husband,

furious as a mad bull, smashing the painting to pieces, and crying out at the top of his voice, 'There, madam, look there, madam—I'll let you see I'm master here!'

Thus arose, from so trivial a matter as the removal of a painting, this discordant matrimonial duet, and the scene that followed, which ultimately led to a separation of the parties. How important it is, therefore, that we should endeavour to control our tempers, and, giving way to each other's little faults and infirmities, bear in mind, that

'The kindest and the happiest pair,
Will find occasion to forbear,
And something every day they live,
To pity, and perhaps forgive.'

COWPER.

But though the want of good temper and mutual forbearance creates unhappy dissensions in the wedded state; yet the greatest foe to peace and happiness in that state is drunkenness.

'Happy is the man that loves his home,'

says the old poet, HERRICK. But what home can be happy where a drunkard is its lord and master? What relish can a drunkard have for home and its endearments? What cares he for its pure and tranquil pleasures? What regard can he have for his suffering partner's acts of kindness, her endeavours to promote his comfort, her gentle solicitations to win him back to love and duty? He cares nothing for these. His heart has become callous—his sense of propriety lost—his feelings imbruted. A slave to a depraved appetite, all he thinks of is indulging it, even at the price of his eternal ruin. In vain are his wife's entreaties, in vain her tears and supplications. He heeds them not; but, as though led by some irresistible power, he rushes headlong to destruction.

Such is the potent power of Drunkenness, the monster vice of our country, the great moral pestilence, that like the destroying angel sweeps over the framework of society, and in its desolating track leaves the sad history of many a premature and awful death. What maiden can marry a sot, and expect to be treated like a woman? Drunkenness is incompatible with domestic peace. No woman can be happy who is married to a sot. Mark this, ye peerless daughters of England! Mark this, ye blooming maidens, whose hands and hearts are still your own, and beware of receiving the addresses of young men addicted to this hideous vice; for rest assured, it is only by marrying those of an opposite character that you will have an opportunity of enjoying true matrimonial felicity."

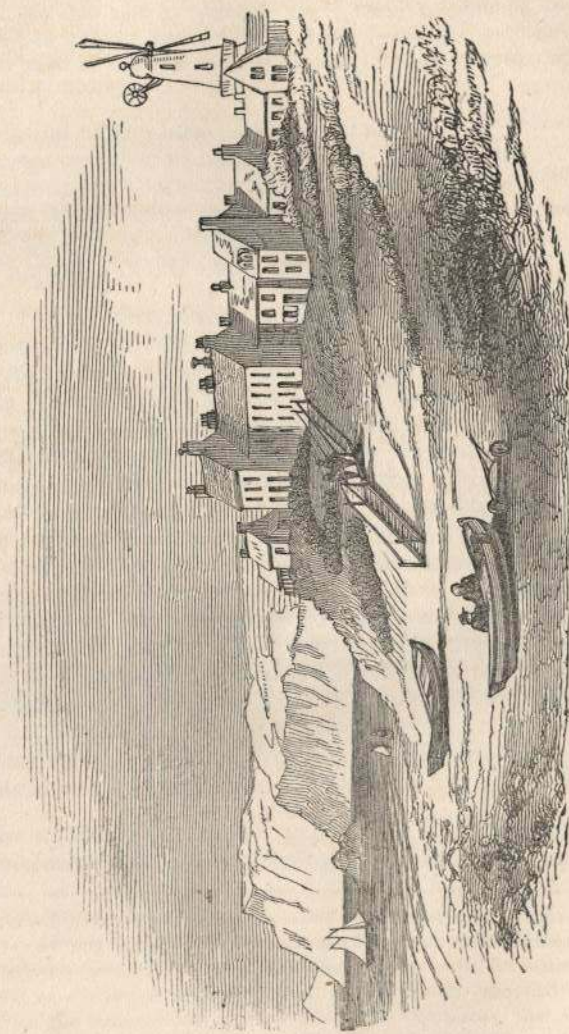
The following is matter-of-fact enough to have pleased Benjamin Franklin, William Cobbett, or Jeremy Bentham:—

"A good wife is a blessing to her husband. When his heart is weighed down with sorrow, or the cares and anxieties of life oppress him, she it is

that pours the balm of consolation into his soul. Her tender love sweetens his toil, her smile throws sunshine on his path of life. She rises early, and every morning she sees that the windows of the bed rooms are thrown open, as she knows how necessary it is for health that the air we breathe should be pure and wholesome. A good wife attends to the kitchens, and the pantries, and the closets, and sees that the hobs are dusted, the grates brightened, and the fenders and fire irons polished. She takes care that the pans are scoured, and all slops removed as soon as possible. Whatever she does, is to promote the comfort of her husband and those within the immediate sphere of her influence. A good wife should not only be a skilful and careful manager, but also a good cook. In providing for the house she will act with prudence and economy, purchasing her goods at first hand, and not incessantly buying in pennyworths. She never thinks of doing this, as she studies to make her husband's earnings go as far as possible. She is able, therefore, to make one pound go as far as some wives make two. In the upstairs department she attends to the ticking, and the sheets, and the quilts, keeping them in good repair. She sees that the furniture is dusted and rubbed bright, the water jugs at the dressing tables filled, and the closets freed from every particle of dirt. As to cobwebs they are as bad to find in the home of a good wife as a policeman when he is wanted; and as she has a natural aversion to spiders and other obnoxious insects, she makes it a rule to give them no quarter. In the afternoon she dresses for the remainder of the day, taking care to dress in a becoming manner, according to her position in society; for a good wife not only likes her home to look sunny and comfortable to her husband, but she likes to adorn her person so as to win his approving smile.

When dressed, she generally looks amongst the linens, the flannels, and other articles, to find employment. In particular, she looks to the mending department, as a good wife well knows that 'A stitch in time saves nine.' She, therefore, inspects her husband's apparel, especially his shirts, to ascertain that no button is wanted, as it is a sure indication of negligence on the part of a wife to present her good man with a shirt *minus* a button. Having been diligent throughout the day in attending to her duties, she secures to herself in the evening a little leisure for the mental recreation which the society of her husband and their mutual tastes afford, and thus employing her time, her mind is well regulated, and she spontaneously treats her husband with that respect and consideration which are his due, consequently he is led to prize his home more than any other place on the face of the earth.

How appropriate is the language of Solomon upon this subject! How accurately he has drawn the character of a model wife! 'The heart of a husband,' he observes 'doth safely trust in her. She will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life. She worketh willingly with her hands. Strength and honour are her clothing, and she shall rejoice in



EAST END OF REDCAR, WITH VIEW OF HUNTCLEIFF NAB, ETC.

(From *Ord's History of Cleveland*, 1846.)

time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children rise up, and call her blest; her husband also, and he praiseth her.* These beautiful words were written by the king of Israel three thousand years ago; yet, how powerfully they show all the requirements necessary to form a good wife even at the present day."

The conclusion of the book contains some pleasant gossiping on marriage customs, which, though far from exhaustive, is very interesting. Both the *Minstrelsy of Britain* and *Courtship and Matrimony** are dedicated to Mr. John Reed Appleton, F.S.A., of Western Hill, Durham, whose biography has already appeared in this volume.

In 1865, Henry Heavisides appeared in a partially new character as a writer, though I can scarcely say so entirely, seeing that for many years he was the faithful local correspondent of *The York Herald* for his adopted town. Though history is not his forte, *The Annals of Stockton-on-Tees, with Biographical Notices*, was well received by the public; the whole edition being sold within a fortnight after publication, and has since remained out of print. It was dedicated to Joseph Dodds, Esq., who has since become member of parliament for the borough, "and whose indefatigable exertions and superior abilities have always been devoted to the advancement of its interests," an appropriate "tribute of respect for his public spirit and services." However crude the *Annals of Stockton-on-Tees* may be considered by those who look for a well-digested history, it is one of those books which I for one would not like to be without; for its chatty reminiscences are a welcome addition to such historical collections as the accursed hag, Poverty, has allowed me to make.

The following extract from his paper on "*Literary and Educational Institutions*," shows the progress which has been

* The dedication of the latter is a manly one:—"To you, my dear Sir, whom I have known for so long a period, and whose kind and unbroken friendship I have enjoyed for many years, I have much pleasure in dedicating this little work, as a token of my esteem and regard, having the fullest confidence, from the home-feeling which I know you to possess, that its contents will meet your approval." Is not this a model dedication?

made in a few years in the right of free speech, and is alike creditable to the writer and to the brave woman now in heaven who was prepared to suffer cold and hunger rather than that her dear husband should degrade himself by prostituting his conscience. I quote the passage with immense pleasure, because every such wife and mother is one of the best bulwarks of human liberty; and accursed is the teaching, whether of pulpit, platform, press, school, or social circle, which does not aid in producing and fostering them, for they are more powerful than all the artillery of Satan.

"I well recollect the period when the means of educating the children of the poor in Stockton were at a low ebb. At that time, there were only two public schools in the town; one, called the 'National School,' where the scholars were taught on the 'Madras system' of education, introduced by Dr. Bell; and the other, the 'School of Industry,' instituted in 1803, by Mrs. Sutton and other ladies, and which is still supported by public subscription.

At the time to which I allude, the higher classes of society, generally speaking, were decidedly hostile to any extended system of education to the children of the working classes, as they openly declared that 'a little learning was a dangerous thing,' that the less educated the people were, the better servants they made, and, in a national point of view, the better they were to govern. This was particularly exemplified by the determined opposition and non-support of the influential inhabitants of Stockton to the Mechanics' Institute when it was formed in 1825 in that town. This opposition was probably adopted at that time in consequence of the kingdom being deluged with cheap political pamphlets advocating a reform in the House of Commons. Meetings for parliamentary reform were then held in almost every town in the kingdom; and, amongst others, one took place at Stockton, which I unfortunately attended, and having been called upon by the Chairman to address those present, I obeyed the call, and thus made my maiden speech, which brought upon my poor devoted head a nest of human hornets I never expected. In this speech I merely exhorted the young men present to form a Reading Society in the town for the purpose of improving their minds and making themselves better acquainted with the subjects that then agitated the public mind. Mark, there was no Mechanics' Institute at that time in Stockton, and though in this speech I made no allusion to politics, though I said nothing to offend any one, nothing that I ever had the least reason to be ashamed of; yet, strange to say, so high did political feeling run in those days, that I was branded by the tory journals in the district as 'a black *advised* man,' and a dangerous, seditious person, one who wished to plunder the rich; and I was even threatened to be discharged from my situation if I ever addressed another political meeting.

R R

Many years after this event took place, and I had nearly forgotten it, I attended a Tea Festival of the Mechanics' Institute in the Borough Hall, Stockton, where, as one of the Committee, I was on the platform. During the proceedings, the meeting was addressed by Mr. Lockey Harle, the sheriff of Newcastle, who was brought up at Stockton. In the course of his remarks, which were principally on popular education, he said, that he remembered when he was a boy and resided in Stockton, a party of young men in that town who used to hold meetings for the improvement of their minds by reading, and who took an active part in the reform movement then in agitation. 'All honour,' he continued, 'to those then young men; they were the pioneers of progress at that time. I wonder whether any of these *chaps* are living now!' On hearing these words I felt proud of the part I had once taken in the reform movement, and had I been called upon to address the company I would have felt great pleasure in acknowledging the compliment thus made to the party alluded to; all of whom, I believe, are dead, except myself and the Rev. William Foster, once a woolcomber in Stockton, and now minister of the Free Church, Clarence Road, Kentish Town, London, which church he founded twelve years ago, and where in June last he was presented by his congregation with a very handsome timepiece and a purse containing 160 guineas, as a mark of their appreciation of his services as their pastor."

Then follows that noble tribute to his first wife, quoted at page 306.

Since Mr. Heavisides commenced business, all his works have issued from his own press, which I am happy to state has been well supported by the people of Stockton, with whom their good old laureate has ever been deservedly a favourite.

In the fourth number of *Braithwaite's Cleveland Journal*, published, at Stokesley, April 2nd, 1836, was commenced a tale, from the pen of the late Robert Temple, entitled *The Folly of being Discontented with our Lot, Exemplified in the Story of Henry Fitzgerald*; but as the *Journal* only lived for eight weeks from its birth, and as Mr. Temple was appointed Chief Justice of Honduras in 1843, and the publisher wished to reprint the fiction in a volume of prose and verse in 1845, Mr. Heavisides resumed the thread of the unfinished story from the end of the third chapter, and finished it in two more chapters. No easy task that of finishing a tale begun by another, of whose plot you can only conceive by what is previously published. The little volume just alluded to was edited by Mr. Heavisides's gifted son, the late Edward Marsh

Heavisides, who was then working as a journeyman printer at Stokesley, but who died at Stockton-on-Tees on the 6th of September, 1849, aged 28 years.

In the autumn of 1849, I felt it my duty, through the columns of the *Sunderland Herald* and of the *Stockton and Darlington Times*, to state that "since the publication of my friend's *Songs of the Heart*, he had produced a number of excellent pieces, remarkable alike for elegance of diction, sweetness of rhythm, and true poetic feeling," and also to express a hope "that the literary world would soon be favoured with the whole in a collected form," and that they might not be lost through the barbarous neglect of his contemporaries. The appeal was nobly responded to, and in the following year I had the melancholy pleasure of receiving *The Poetical and Prose Remains of EDWARD MARSH HEAVISIDES, Edited by HENRY HEAVISIDES*, to which was prefixed a Memoir of his departed poet-son which is alike creditable to the head and heart of the poet-father. It is easy to see that when Henry Heavisides dedicated his greatest work, *The Pleasures of Home*, in simple words to his children, he obeyed the natural dictates of his heart.

As our author, in all trials and difficulties, has put his trust in God, and solaced himself with Music and Poetry, I cannot better conclude my notice of him than by quoting a beautiful passage thereon from his *Minstrelsy of Britain* :—

"In our pilgrimage through life, Music and Poetry have been to us a consolation and a joy. They have cheered us in the hour of sorrow—they have consoled us in the day of misfortune. They are also connected in our mind with many pleasing reminiscences and associations, and we may justly add, with some of the happiest moments we have ever enjoyed. They are to the intellectual world what the glad sunshine, the gay flowers, and all that is beautiful in Creation are in the natural world. Music is of heavenly origin, and her divine sister, Poetry, is the acknowledged civilizer of the human race. Hand in hand they contribute to brighten our existence as the dispensers of pure and rational enjoyment. May we more and more, then, be induced to cultivate a taste for them. May their influence be felt in every bosom—in the social circle, as well as at our own firesides, where they are best appreciated ;—so that they may ever continue to charm and delight us, to refine our feelings, to elevate our thoughts, and expand our affections to admire whatever is truly

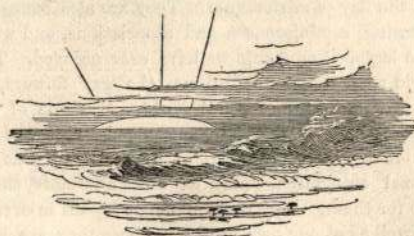
great and good in human nature, and whatever is lovely and delightful to behold when we contemplate the wondrous works of Him who laid the foundations of the earth, and bid

'The spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim,
For ever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine!'"

[When the foregoing notice of my earliest literary friend was written, "the Bard of Home" was a vigorous veteran in the little literary army of the northern counties, and regarded by many of us as the patriarch of the living "Bards and Authors of Cleveland and South Durham." Since then it has been my melancholy duty to pay him repeated visits on his death-bed, and to follow his corpse to the grave. After a tedious illness, borne with great fortitude, and preserving his usual serenity to the last, he departed this life on the 13th of August, 1870, in his seventy-ninth year. He was buried at some distance from his poet-son, in the churchyard of Holy Trinity, at Stockton-on-Tees, August 15th, 1870, several of the local writers being amongst the mourners; all of whom regarded him as a faithful friend and trusty companion,

"Gone from our homes, but not our hearts,"

whose vacant place would be ill to supply. He has left behind him an unblemished name; writings which all will be the better for reading; and an example which it will be well to follow; and has now entered into the rest prepared for the just.]



SAMUEL GORDON, F.S.A. SCOT.

"Behold the proud Press! how it labours to bless,
By the numberless tones of its voice!
To lofty and low its grand harmonies flow,
And the multitudes hear and rejoice:
Scarce an alley of gloom, scarce an artizan's room,
Scarce a heart in the mill or the mine,
Scarce a soul that is dark, but receiveth a spark
Of its spirit, so vast and divine!"

JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

Though a native of Longton, in the Staffordshire Potteries, where he was born November 25th, 1832, a residence of upwards of nine years in this district, during which time he has been daily writing for some of the Cleveland and South Durham newspapers, and produced three little books on Cleveland, gives Samuel Gordon a fair claim to a place in these pages. He was the son of a poor clockmaker, a man of unusual intelligence for his position in life, who was said to be some distant relative of the aristocratical family of the same name. Poor Sam's parents were unable to afford him even the barest rudiments of schooling, and he was early inured to toil; but with an unquenchable thirst for knowledge, by close application, assisted by the efforts of kind teachers in the Methodist New Connection Sunday School, of whom he always speaks with gratitude, he succeeded in acquiring sufficient mental culture for his after-life efforts, albeit with some narrowness of thought, as we shall see anon. At an early age, he evinced a strong passion for books, a taste which was wisely fostered by his father. He was not like myself, reading all sorts of things, and returning to those which on perusal seemed best adapted for mental food, but appears to have been very select in his readings, carefully eschewing all sensational writing, fiction, and so forth, which had both its advantages and disadvantages; but he happily grew up with a love of literature, and his favourites were the classics of our English tongue.

In the spring of 1858, the committee of the Stoke-upon-Trent Mechanics' Institute, with a view to the encouragement of literary talent amongst the working-men of the Potteries, offered two valuable prizes, one for the best poem on any subject, and the other for the best prose essay on *Public and Popular Amusements*. The competition was open to all the towns in the Potteries, including Tunstall, Burslem, Hanley, Stoke-upon-Trent, Fenton, and Longton; and competitors from each of these places entered the field; but the prize for the best prose essay was unanimously awarded to the subject of this memoir. The essay was read at the literary and musical entertainment given in the Assembly Room at the Town Hall, Stoke-upon-Trent, October 11th, 1858, and afterwards printed in a London periodical called *The Institute*, from which the copy before me has been reprinted in pamphlet form. In this paper Mr. Gordon takes a proper view of the importance of the amusements or recreations of the people in helping to form their characters, taking for his motto that sensible passage of SAVILLE's:—"To unbend our thoughts when they are too much stretched by our cares, is not more natural than it is necessary; but to turn our whole life into a holiday is not only ridiculous, but destroyeth pleasure, instead of promoting it." And he remarks:—

"Looking back upon the history of Public Amusements, we cannot but feel deeply thankful for the great change which has taken place in our national taste for enjoyment. In the 'good old times,' our forefathers were wont to divert themselves with the most cruel and barbarous sports—such as the bull-ring, the bear-bait, the cock-pit, dog-fighting, and prize-fights, which only served to inflame the passions and deprave the morals of the people. But, thank God, a change has taken place, and although some of these disgusting exhibitions still remain, they are of comparatively rare occurrence, and we hope a few more years will terminate them altogether. Doubtless, one cause of the decrease of these painful scenes is the praiseworthy vigilance of the police authorities; the principal cause, however, is the growing intelligence and enlightened humanity of the people. Education is a great reformer—a reformer no less of morals than of prejudices. Every day gives us some cheering proof that the masses are becoming more and more alive to their true interests, and are gradually rising superior to grovelling influences. Too long have the people revelled in sensuality; too long has ignorance held them in its benighted thrall; too long have error and superstition claimed them as their helpless prey. But a better time is near. The low passion for brutal sports is fast passing away

and is being replaced by an elevating taste for the attractions of science, and for the beauties of nature. Habits of order, prudence, cleanliness and sobriety are largely cultivated. Everywhere we see indications of a great progressive movement which is entirely changing the aspect of society.

Recreation of some kind is absolutely necessary for those who are constantly engaged in the pursuits of business: for the human frame is so constituted that incessant application and toil, without any relaxation, are sure to result in the enervation and prostration of the powers both of body and mind. Recreation is as necessary for the health of the body as food and drink are for its support; it raises the drooping spirits, imparts fresh strength and energy to the exhausted frame, gives new life and vigour to the whole man, and so enables him to struggle on through the busy world. If, however, recreation must attain its legitimate end it must be manly, innocent, and rational—of such a character to conduce to real enjoyment. That many of our popular amusements are not of this character is too apparent, but the fault is less that of the people than of those who provide the diversions. The people must and will recreate themselves; they will grasp at such diversions as are within their reach, regardless of their character or their consequences. We firmly believe the people would not wickedly resort to immoral diversions, if others of an attractive and elevating character were easy of access."

The observations on the Theatre, I fancy, would be considerably modified had Mr. Gordon to write on the subject now that he really knows some little of it for himself, instead of taking his notions of it second-hand from well-meaning but (in that respect) mistaken Methodistical teachers, who invariably write and speak of the most rational and elevating indoor amusement of this or any previous age, just as though it was in the same corrupt state that "his most sacred majesty King Charles the Second" and his profligate court delighted to have it in two hundred years ago. Of Horse-racing, every true friend of humanity towards that noble animal the horse must endorse his condemnation:—

"But see! a sudden rush is made by the crowds to the staked enclosure. Yonder are the horses with their coloured riders cantering up the course. Now they are off amid the deafening shouts of the assembled crowds. Urged on by the ceaseless whip and spur, the poor animals strain every nerve until their veins stand out like cords, and their bodies are bathed in gory sweat. Still they are goaded on, every stride increasing their sufferings, until, arriving at the goal, the prize is won.

Were there nothing worse than this barbarous treatment of the poor brutes, humanity would compel us to object to racing; but when we consider the

frightful amount of evil of which it is the cause, a sincere regard for the public morals urges us to utter our protest against this national vice."

It is pleasant to find working-men, in our great hives of industry, solacing their souls with a love of Nature, who, as WORDSWORTH well expresses it, "never did betray the heart that loved her;" and, if there is no originality of thought, there certainly is a healthy tone, in the following passage:—

"A love of the beautiful in nature is an unfailing source of the purest enjoyment. No pleasures are equal to those which nature affords—none so pure in character, so elevating in tendency. A love of nature is one of the noblest affections of man, and he is never better employed than when giving scope and exercise to this lofty faculty. Man is formed with a capacity for enjoyment: his Maker designed him to be happy, and has given him the faculty, and surrounded him with objects calculated to minister to it. We are placed in a world of beauty; the meanest object, the tiny blade of grass, the delicately-pencilled flower, the fluttering leaf, and the feathered songster, all are beautiful, and with the mightier works of the Creator, may yield us the purest, sweetest joys. What can be more delightful and refreshing, than a stroll through the bright green fields, on a fine summer day? Above is the orb of light, shedding down his genial rays; here and there a fleecy and fantastic cloud floats along the sky. All around is gay and joyous; the merry warblings of the birds fall like music on the ear; the gentle winds come murmuring through the leafy branches with a sweet though solemn cadence, bringing with them the perfume of nature's thousand flowers; the little streams dance merrily on o'er their pebbly bed. Nature then, is dressed in her brightest, freshest garb, and, in the contemplation of her varied charms, the soul is filled with the most delightful emotions."

It is pleasing to see a working man pleading for musical entertainments, public parks, gymnasiums, and country excursions to places of interest, with addresses to be delivered on botany, geology, and so forth; and not less gratifying to find him, in the midst of master manufacturers, boldly denouncing those badly ventilated workshops in which they wantonly sacrifice to Moloch the lives of their wealth-producers:—

"Gymnastics, though of the highest value in developing the muscular energies, are too much neglected by all classes. It is true, many scholastic institutions have their gymnasiums, yet we have few for public use. Every manufacturing town should possess one: it would be a valuable acquisition, as affording means of healthy enjoyment to those engaged in sedentary and injurious occupations. Many of the diseases to which our working classes

are subject, result from the nature of their work, or from working in badly ventilated rooms. Many of the workshops in the potteries are of the worst possible description, being badly lighted, and without even an attempt at ventilation. Little regard is paid to the health or comfort of the inmates; year after year they are deprived of air and light, and compelled to breathe a poisoned atmosphere, whose fearful ravages are seen in the weak, attenuated forms of its victims. Doubtless, the effects of injurious trades and bad work-rooms are increased by the neglect of our out-door amusements. This neglect arises less from indifference than from the want of suitable places for diversion. The English are an eminently social people, and when an opportunity presents itself, are eager to indulge in active recreation."

He was a wise man, whoever first uttered the sentiment, which I have seen fathered upon several, that others might make the people's laws so long as he was allowed to make their songs; and there are hopes for any country whose working-men think and speak as follows:—

"Our literature is rich in the brightest gems of song. Many of our popular songs and musical compositions take rank with the noblest efforts of the human mind, and are remarkable for their depth and purity of thought, their dazzling brilliance and force of expression, their heightened sentiment and devoted patriotism. Who has not seen an English audience sit unmoved during the artistic performance of a foreign piece, when, no sooner have the first notes of one of our own inspiring and patriotic airs fallen upon the ear, than the whole company has been filled with the warmest enthusiasm. We make these observations, not because we dislike all foreign music, but because we like the English better."

Two years after producing the essays from which the foregoing extracts are taken, Samuel Gordon engaged in a similar competition in his native Longton, when a handsome special prize was awarded to his production,—*The Working Man; his Position, Duties, and Means of Improvement*. I do not remember to have seen this essay. In 1859, he entered upon his professional career as a newspaper reporter; commencing on the staff of *The Staffordshire Sentinel*, at Hanley. In November, 1861, he became sub-editor and reporter of *The Stockton Gazette and Middlesbrough Times*, which two papers had then become amalgamated. The duties of this position he discharged for nearly five years, with great industry and fidelity; and he has since then been laboriously engaged on various Cleveland and South Durham newspapers, and is at present upon the staff of the *Northern Echo*.

Having known Mr. Gordon ever since he came to reside amongst us, and soon perceiving his keen relish for good scenery, I had very great pleasure in arranging to accompany him in one of my favourite pedestrian tours along the Cleveland coast; and, though one thing or another often occurred to prevent us both being able to accomplish it at the same time, the thing was at last accomplished. As he was already familiar with the scenery along the Tees from Yarm to the estuary of the river, and from thence along the coast to Saltburn, we agreed to proceed by rail to the latter place, and take the cliffs leisurely from thence, by way of Skinningrove, Rawcliffe, Boulby, Staithes, Runswick, and so on to Whitby,—which I hold to be one of the most glorious rambles in England for any one fond of good sea-views, seeing that our Cleveland cliffs are amongst the finest in Britain, and Boulby is, according to the eminent geologist, PROFESSOR PHILLIPS*, “the loftiest of all the precipices which guard the English coast.” According to previous arrangement, I left Stokesley by the first train on a fine morning in August, 1864; joined my brother-pedestrian at Stockton-on-Tees; thence speeding on past Newport, Middlesbrough, Cargo Fleet, Eston Junction, Redcar, and Marske, with the noble Cleveland hills on the one hand and the fine river Tees and its estuary on the other, and signs of manufacturing industry and commercial energy all around, we were soon at that best of all situations for a watering-place that I know of, Saltburn-by-the-Sea. Yes! when the cutting east-winds are over, (which is rarely until towards the latter end of May,) Redcar is unequalled as a watering-place for invalids and children, and Saltburn for the more robust; and, as the two places are so near, visitors can run backwards and forwards by rail between one spot and the other, or can walk or ride along the sands, just as suits their tastes and their pockets: and instead of one place ruining the other, as some short-sighted people imagine, both will grow together until, I trust, from Coatham to Runswick will be studded with marine residences. Whether my companion or myself enjoyed the unrivalled prospects along our route the most, it would be hard to tell: but after his return he published a small work entitled *Rambles along the Cliffs—Saltburn*

* *The Rivers, Mountains, and Sea-Coast of Yorkshire.*

to *Whitby*, which is very pleasant reading, and secured considerable popularity. He remarks of

"SALTBURN.

And, first, a word on Saltburn as it once was. The North-Eastern coast of England has been from time immemorial celebrated as the scene of some of the boldest and most extensive smuggling transactions. The whole line of this coast was infested with bands of these adventurous and daring spirits, but it was at Saltburn the contraband trade was most extensively carried out. The inhabitants of Old Saltburn were ostensibly fishermen, but in reality smugglers, brave, bold, and dashing smugglers, defiant of the laws of both God and man. The nature of the coast was such as rendered these illicit transactions comparatively easy, and afforded abundant facilities for the secretion of the booty. Here and there the perpendicular cliffs, which rise like gigantic rampart walls, are indented with small creeks, which afforded excellent landing places, whilst the numerous gorge-like valleys, running inland, offered admirable facilities for hiding the landed goods, and on the summit of the lofty heights was stationed the keen-eyed look-out, to give notice of approaching danger. Indeed, to such an extent was the traffic carried on in these parts, that great difficulty was at times experienced in finding safe hiding places for the large quantities of goods that were landed, and a few miles from the place of which we are now writing there is an old church, in the belfry of which, on one occasion, a large number of kegs of spirits were discovered snugly stowed away. The sides of the hills in some of the more out of the way nooks were quite honey-combed for the same purpose. On the beach at the foot of the conical hill called Cat Nab, there formerly stood a row of cottages, which were demolished somewhere about twenty years ago, and it was then found that in each house was a large underground cellar, for hiding away any smuggled booty. At the southern end of this row of buildings, and somewhere about the site of the Life Boat House, was a public house, once kept by one Andrews, one of the most daring smugglers in the locality. This Andrews emigrated hither from Arbroath, in Montrose, Scotland, and the wife of Mr. Temple, the landlord of the Ship Inn, at Saltburn, and Mr. Andrews, the master of the Cleveland Hounds, are descendants of his. This place was the resort of a club of local literati and kindred spirits, who used to hold periodical gatherings for their carousals. There are still living in the neighbourhood old men who can well remember when smuggling was in its highest prosperity, and it is by no means rare to meet here with those who have themselves been engaged in that dangerous trade, and who can recount some thrilling tales of adventure. On the occasion of this visit we fell in with a hearty old salt, of seventy years who assured us he had assisted in many a run, and he had seen no fewer than, three vessels at a time lying in the offing, waiting for a favorable opportunity to land their cargoes. Many a sanguinary affray has taken place on the beach between the smugglers and the coast guard, and many a brave fellow has lost

his life in these encounters. The coast guard of those days was invariably too weak to check the lawless proceedings of the smugglers, who were so fearless and determined as often to openly defy them. Gradually, however, the trade declined, and Saltburn sank into a state of insignificance.

Of the Saltburn of the present day we have a different tale to tell. These pleasant valleys and picturesque cliffs are no longer the haunts of the brave but reckless law-defiant smuggler; no longer does the vigilant sentinel keep a sleepless watch on the brow of Cat Nab, and rouse the village beneath on the approach of a well-known and friendly sail in the offing, or to signal the presence of danger. The smooth and sandy beach below is no longer, under cover of night, the scene of the smuggler's hurried but noiseless run, or perchance a hand to hand and murderous conflict. Happily these are all things of the past, remembered only in popular tradition, or on the page of history. Could one of those bold adventurous sea rovers rise up from his grave and re-visit the scene of his former exploits, what a wondrous change would meet his astonished gaze. The beetling rocks and narrow glens remain, but how altered their aspect. Peace, progress, and modern enterprise, have made 'the desert smile.' Art is changing the wilderness into a lovely garden, and, on the summit of those heights from which the smuggler once cast his anxious, peering glance o'er the hazy sea, there now stands the nucleus of what, we believe, will ere long become a large and fashionable watering place. Modern Saltburn is a creation of that marvellous enterprise which within the past few years has done so much in enveloping the almost unlimited commercial advantages and resources of the now famous Cleveland district. The selection of Saltburn as the site of a new watering place was marked by a sound judgment, as the spot possesses all those features which are essential to a first-class marine resort. Its situation, about eight miles eastward of the estuary of the Tees, and on the verge of lofty cliffs, in close proximity to the sea, and surrounded by charming inland scenery, gives it advantages which are possessed by perhaps no other watering place in England. Most of the health resorts of the country have become so 'popular,' and the fashion of sea side visiting during the summer has grown to such an extent among all classes, that for some years the more exclusive of the fashionable have been casting about for a spot where they could enjoy all the essentials of a marine and health resort, combined with the privacy of retirement. All these advantages Saltburn possesses. Removed at a considerable distance from any of the seats of industry, with a most salubrious atmosphere, with unrivalled sands, in the midst of varied and picturesque scenery, and easy of access, it would be strange if Saltburn did not attain a prominent position among the watering places of England. It is not our intention to attempt at present a minute description of Saltburn, but we may observe that its attractions to individuals of every taste are so numerous, that a more desirable spot for a sea side sojourn is not to be found in Great Britain. The Zetland Hotel, at Saltburn, built in 1861-2, at a cost of about £30,000, is one of the most extensive and magnificent establishments of the kind in existence, at least, in this country. The internal arrangements command every

modern appliance of luxury, and at the same time are adapted to meet the requirements of every class. Since it was opened in 1863, the establishment has been very extensively patronised, and its admirable system of management has elicited the highest encomiums. The Hotel stands on the summit of a lofty cliff rising precipitously from the beach, and on every side commands extensive and charming views of every variety of scene, including sea, rock, mountain, valley, wood, and stream. The valley of Old Saltburn runs from the beach inland for several miles; a pretty rivulet winds through it, and the sides are richly wooded. Through this lovely vale some most beautiful walks have been laid out, and in the summer season these afford a delightful retreat."

Of Staithes, where we spent the first night, he thus records his impressions:—

"STAITHES.

Staithes is a large fishing village, containing about eighteen hundred inhabitants; its situation and appearance are the most singular and romantic that can well be imagined. It stands between two lofty cliffs, and if approached by land cannot be seen till you are close upon it, and the spectator is suddenly surprised to find several hundred houses rise up below him, as if by magic. The two cliffs, or 'Nabs,' as they are locally termed, which enclose the village, are Penny Nab on the south and Colburn Nab—or, as the people call it, 'Cowber'—on the north. Both these Nabs rise perpendicularly to a height of several hundred feet, and the houses are built up to their bases. In some places the cliffs overhang the houses, which seem in great danger of being buried, should a portion ever become loosened and descend from the rocky mass overhead. The best view of Staithes is obtained from the brow of Colburn Nab, from which every house may distinctly be seen. The village stands on the side of a hill, the houses rising one above another, and are clustered together in the strangest confusion. We had nearly said there is not such a thing as a street in Staithes, but we must qualify the remark if the few yards of level road from the post office to the beach may, by any stretch of the imagination, be supposed to be a street; indeed, the houses are so strangely placed that streets are an impossibility. If the reader will take a box of wooden toy houses and turn them out in a heap upon the floor, he will have a good idea of the 'plan' of Staithes. With the exception we have named, the streets—for we suppose we must dignify them with that name—are narrow passages running up and about the hill, and are all paved with huge stones, placed with their sharpest corners uppermost. A walk along the 'streets' of Staithes, even in broad daylight, is a serious affair, and should the pedestrian be afflicted with corns, or tender pedal extremities, O, excruciating agony! To see a stranger daintily picking his way along these torturous paths is indeed a most comical sight, and would provoke the risibilities of a Stoic. But to attempt the feat after dark is most hazardous, for of all Breakneck Alleys, gracious heavens, preserve us from those of Staithes. Being on the side of a hill, some of them have the most zig zag windings; here passing by the side of one house, and there along the

roof of another; and, as you pass along, you may easily drop stones down some of the chimneys. A few feet from the door of one house, and you may easily step upon the roof of another, three sides of which will, perhaps, be built in the hill. The chief employment of the inhabitants is that of fishing; vast quantities of every description of the finny tribes frequenting this coast being taken by the Staithes fishermen. On some of the hills in the immediate vicinity we saw an immense quantity of fish 'flakes.' These are a sort of stand, formed of stakes and boughs, about three or four feet in height and width, upon which the cod and other kinds of fish are exposed for drying. The whole atmosphere stinks of fish, and unless the visitor has pretty strong olfactory nerves, the stench will sometimes be intolerable. On the first day of our visit, we found a large fleet of yawls and cobs lying off the beach, but were unable to ascertain the exact number either of men or boats engaged in the fisheries."

And of the superstitions of those stalwart heroes, in their way, the Staithes fishermen, concerning which I was anxious to collect all the information I could for Mr. William Henderson's then forthcoming (and I may now say very interesting) *Notes on the Folk Lore of the Northern Counties of England and the Borders*, as well as for my forthcoming *People's History of Cleveland*, he says:—

"But singular and romantic as are the situation and aspect of Staithes, the inhabitants are equally interesting in their character and customs. The fishermen are a bony stalwart race, but are very ignorant, excepting of what appertains to their dangerous pursuits. They are brave, however, to the last degree, but, like all other fishermen, are exceedingly superstitious. They will not go out to sea on Good Fridays, Christmas Days, or Sundays, as those days are unlucky. If, while on their way to the beach on a morning to launch their boats, the first person they meet be a woman, they will at once return home, and not go out that day, as they would have no luck; but if the first individual they meet be a man, all is right. You must never, in speaking to a fisherman of eggs, call them eggs, but 'roundabouts.' If they require liquor at their own houses, they will send for it to the nearest public house, but will seldom or never send a pitcher to contain it; the landlord or landlady must lend them one, and they always return the borrowed vessels safely. Most of the boats are held in shares by the crews, who divide the proceeds of their week's toil on the Saturday night. In the dividing of the profits, which is called the 'doling-out,' the fishermen have a singular custom. Owing to their profound ignorance on any subject beyond their calling, most of them are unable even to divide their wages, except in the most simple method possible, and this they do in the following manner. Suppose there is a sum of seven pounds to be 'doled out' to seven men, an equal share to each, they will not give a pound to each and have done with the matter, but they will get the sum to be divided, in change, and one begins to share it by putting down half a crown or a shilling to the first man, saying 'Here's one for thee,' then to the next, 'and here's one for thee,'

in this way going the round of the whole number, when each one takes up his dole, and the same form is gone through till the whole sum has been divided among them. In matters affecting their occupation the fishermen are excessively superstitious. When the crew of a boat is changed, the new crew will have what they call their 'shipping pots,' and whilst they are sitting drinking, whoever comes in is sure to be asked to drink with them. If the person invited does not drink the whole of the liquor in the glass or pot, the men will be highly offended, and regard the circumstance as the clearest possible proof the person does not wish them luck, and will be sure to say amongst themselves something to the effect 'We see now who are our friends.' In the rear of the village is a field called the 'Stubble,' in which the fishermen spread out their nets to dry. On this ground is a place that has been excavated, called the 'Cockpit,' and that was used for cock fighting: fishermen are always very careful not to lay their nets near to or over this spot. Sometimes, however, somebody, either out of spite or waggery, will get to the nets lying near the cockpit, and draw them over it. When the owners discover what has been done, they often become greatly exasperated, and look upon the trick as a certain indication that somebody wants to take away their 'luck.' The net or nets that have been thus interfered with, are gathered up and laid by, and never 'bent' or used again during the remainder of that season. Sometimes when the boats go out, and they are unable to take any fish, on their return the crews say there is a spell or charm thrown over them. To break this spell, they will procure a sheep's heart, and stick it as full as possible with pins. They will then kindle a bonfire on Seaton Garth, on the beach, and burn the heart, whilst they dance round the fire like so many witches. The fishermen are firm believers in ghosts and supernatural appearances, and they have great relish for tales of ghosts and 'spiritual manifestations,' and there is scarcely one to be met with who has not some story of this kind to relate. Some years ago, a young woman was at the foot of Colburn Nab, when a portion of the overhanging rock fell down, and striking the young woman on the neck, cut her head clean off, and it is said the head rolled some distance along the ground. There is a wooden bridge which crosses a beck near the spot where this awful occurrence took place, and many of the villagers affirm that several nights in the year the headless body of the young woman may be seen crossing the bridge, and whenever she is seen she screams and utters fearful moans. Whenever a fisherman goes out after nightfall, he has an overpowering dread of ghosts, and it is but rarely a man will leave the village alone in the dark. If one has occasion to go any distance from the houses in the dark, he must procure at least another to accompany him. In this respect they are like children, scared at the tales of ghosts and goblins told them in the nursery. Many an amusing tale is told of the fishermen's terror of ghosts. A burial ground or churchyard they regard with peculiar dread; and should a party returning to Staithes have to pass the churchyard at Hinderwell in the dark, as soon as they get up to the place, they become mute as death through fear, and huddle together; but no sooner

have they passed the dreaded spot than they set up the wildest shouts, and away they scamper as if Old Nick was at their heels, and sure to get the hindmost. But although they are the subjects of these childish alarms on land, on the deep they are utter strangers to fear, and are as brave a set of men as ever plied the oar or furlled a sail. On their own element they know no danger and shrink from no duty, though death itself should stare them in the face."

In 1869, Mr. Gordon compiled a small local publication entitled *Bates's Guide to Redcar and Saltburn-by-the-Sea*, which (as the Author of *The Visitor's Hand-Book to Redcar, Coatham, and Saltburn-by the-Sea*, published in 1850, and again in 1863,) it is not for me to criticise. In the same year he produced his more important work, *The Watering Places of Cleveland; being Descriptions of these and other attractive Localities in that interesting District of Yorkshire*. The book contains much useful matter-of-fact information, and opens with a paper on Saltburn-by-the-Sea, of which the following is a portion:—

"Saltburn is situated about twenty-one or twenty-two miles northward of the well-known port and watering place of Whitby, so justly celebrated for its venerable monastic ruins, and its trade in jet; and is about five miles to the south of Redcar. Saltburn is a terminus of the Darlington Section of the North Eastern Railway, and its origin is due to the enlightenment and public spirit of the present directorate of a body who were the pioneers in our modern railway system—a system which has covered our own country with a net-work of iron, and whose ramifications extend to almost every civilised nation in the world.

Little more than half-a-dozen years ago, Saltburn consisted of but a few insignificant cottages—the habitations of fishermen, and presented an appearance wild and desolate indeed; but the genius of modern art and taste has been at work, and transformed the wilderness into a smiling garden. It must be confessed that it was a bold idea to originate a watering-place at Saltburn; but, in this matter, the same sound judgment was displayed as has characterised the policy of the promoters in all their vast undertakings. The word 'failure' has no place in their vocabulary; whatever they have yet undertaken has prospered, and why should not Saltburn?

In fixing upon Saltburn as the *locale* of a new marine resort, considerable discrimination was evinced as to the requirements of such a spot; and we venture to say that there is scarcely any other watering-place in Britain that can boast of so many of what we may call the *natural* requisites for a first-class sea-side resort. A large proportion of those who periodically frequent watering-places are led thither, not so much for sea-bathing, as for a brief cessation from the toils and anxieties of business, and their choice naturally falls upon

those spots which afford the most facilities for a quiet rustication. Such a place is Saltburn, as it blends the advantages of the sea-side with the rural enjoyments of the country. * * *

The situation of Saltburn is exceedingly eligible as a marine resort, as it occupies an eminence of about 150 feet high, overlooking the North Sea, and is surrounded by various magnificent scenery; comprising precipitous cliffs hundreds of feet in height, one of the most extensive and excellent of sandy beaches to be found on the British coast, with many acres of ground laid out in a perfect paradise of gardens, and vast glens whose wild beauty calls up in the imagination the most brilliant descriptions of the luxuriance of tropical climes. * * *

The Zetland Hotel occupies a very commanding site fronting to the south, and is an erection of palatial proportions and appearance, in the Italian style of architecture, from the designs of Mr. Peachey, of Darlington. The foundation stone was laid by the Right Honorable the Earl of Zetland, in the year 1861. The main front is five stories in height, and 180 feet long; a broad terrace, approached by two flights of steps, runs along the front and sides, with balustrades which are here and there ornamented with elegant vases, filled with choice and brilliant flowers. A neat cast-iron balcony runs round the second story, from which a capital view is obtained of the surrounding locality. In the centre of the building is a semi-circular projection, in the upper portion of which is the telescope room, which forms a splendid observatory, and terminates in a tower rising above the rest of the edifice. The summit of this tower is gained by a staircase, and on it is fixed a flagstaff, from which the Union flutters in the breeze.

It is impossible to give in words an adequate picture of the prospect which bursts upon the beholder from this elevation. At one survey, the eye takes in a scene which at once bewilders by its variety and extent, whilst it charms by its scarcely rivalled magnificence. On one hand stretches the German Ocean in all the freshness and beauty of the 'wild waste of water,' with the snow-white sails of many a good ship studding its surface. The tide gently laves the sandy beach below us, and fills the air with a murmur almost musical as it falls upon the ear. Before us lie snugly in the valley a few cottages—all that is left of Old Saltburn,—but whose position, sheltered by the neighbouring hills, is highly picturesque; and in the distance rises the terribly-beetling brow of Huntcliffe Nab, and a little further on the lofty, burly form of Warcett Hill. The eye then, sweeping round to the west and north, takes in, at one glance, a lovely view; there is the cloud-capped mountain, the craggy peak, the sombre moorland, and the secluded dell. Ridge after ridge of undulating hills, here bare, rugged, and desolate; or there, dotted with luxuriant foliage, stretch away for miles until lost to view in the blue mist of distance. As we gaze in rapture upon the landscape we call to mind the glowing words of an old poet, in describing a somewhat similar scene:—

T t

'Fields, lawns, hills, valleys, all appear
 Clad in the varied beauties of the year;
 Meandering waters, waving woods are seen,
 And cattle scatter'd on each distant green;
 Here curling smoke from cottages ascends,
 There towers the hill, and there the valley bends.'

It is one of those scenes which, if once it passes before the mind, can never be effaced; which the memory, in after years, loves to recall and linger over with fond delight.

Descending from this giddy eminence, we are conducted by the kind and courteous manager, Mr. Jackson, through the vast suites of apartments, all of which are fitted up in sumptuous style, but with exquisite taste and every possible attention to the comfort and convenience of guests. In short, no expense whatever seems to have been spared in furnishing the Hotel with every appliance of modern refinement. There is one feature in the management of this excellent establishment very noticeable. Many will presume, from its magnitude, that this Hotel is intended exclusively for the wealthy, and that the expense of a sojourn here is within the reach only of the moneyed classes. Such, however, is not the case. It is designed as a home for all classes, and the tariff is so adjusted that the humble tradesman may be accommodated as comfortably and as economically as at an ordinary inn.

It is not our intention to go into further detail in describing the interior of this admirably-conducted Hotel. We, therefore, dismiss this part of our subject with the remark, that all who have yet availed themselves of its hospitalities are loud in their praise; and we believe there does not exist in England, an establishment which more completely realises our idea of what such an Hotel should be, than does the one at Saltburn.

The Hotel is situated in the immediate vicinity of the railway station, the line and platform being extended to within a few feet of its back entrance. The trains are run to this entrance, so that all visitors to the Hotel alight or depart at its very doors, thus avoiding any trouble or inconvenience in cab or bus transit, and the removal of luggage.

We will now take a stroll through the pleasure grounds. As we stand at the front of the hotel, a deep and wide valley lies before us, running from the beach inland for several miles, and remarkable for its picturesque and romantic scenery. In this valley are the famed gardens which constitute the leading attraction of the place, and which comprise many acres, laid out in the highest style of the landscape gardener's art. The sides of the dell are also clothed with dense woods, whilst a pretty rivulet winds along the bottom.

Entering the gardens at the front of the Hotel, we pay a small fee to the collector, at his neat wooden box, and receive in return a ticket which, we are informed, ensures us admission for the whole of the day to every part of the grounds.

* * *

With Old Saltburn are connected some thrilling associations of the past, and did the hills and valleys in its vicinity possess the gift of speech, they might tell of many a daring deed of lawless adventure they had witnessed. Up to within half a century ago, when the excise duties on imported goods were most heavily felt, and more laxly enforced than they are now, smuggling was carried on, upon all parts of the coast, to a great extent, but nowhere with greater impunity than along the Yorkshire coast, which was peculiarly favourable to this illicit trade. For scores of miles the cliffs rise at right angles from their breaker-beaten bases, often to hundreds of feet in height, and frequently these rocky ramparts are pierced with narrow ravines running far inland, their precipitous sides covered with woods, and thus they afforded every facility for the landing of goods, and their secretion. For many years Old Saltburn was the head-quarters of the illicit traffic, and amongst the law-defiant band that took part in it there was no bolder, or more successful smuggler than the famous Andrews, of Saltburn. We have met with several old fishermen in the neighbourhood, who remember the time when smuggling was pursued by scores, as a constant vocation; and we have often seen a veteran of the deep, with an almost worn-out frame, become suddenly erect, as with his dim eye lighted up with unwonted fire, he recounted, with an old man's garrulity, the exciting 'runs' he had either witnessed or participated in.

A circumstance that is well remembered in the locality is, perhaps, worth repeating here. One evening a man set out for an adjoining village, carrying a couple of kegs slung over his shoulders by a string. Next morning he was found a corpse. In attempting to pass a stile, or fence, the cord slipped round his neck, and by the weight of the barrels he was strangled.

Standing now on the summit of Cat Nab, we can almost imagine one of those thrilling scenes that must have been so frequent in days gone by. We fancy it is night: from the brow of Cat Nab, or the still higher summit of Huntcliffe Point, the signal-fire gleams forth through the murky air. Groups of dusky figures are gathered round the flickering flame, and move stealthily about. Pale and anxious faces peer into the darkness to catch the first glimpse of the expected sail. By and by, the well-known signal is descried and promptly answered. The news is carried to the village, and all at once it wakes up to a scene of bustle and excitement. Stalwart forms move hurriedly about, and in a few minutes the beach is covered with a brave but lawless band of smugglers. Boat after boat is launched, and proceeding to the vessel in the offing, they return with the contraband booty, which is then piled in heaps upon the sands. Carts are heard coming creaking down the rugged lanes that lead to the beach. Soon they are laden with the smuggled goods, and at once proceed to convey them inland. Long before daybreak, the landing is effected, the ship has set sail, the beach is cleared, and the cargo all stowed away in the surrounding villages, or in the caves that abounded in the neighbouring ravines. Such scenes were of constant occurrence, but now and then varied by an encounter

with the coast guard, and on this beach many a bloody fray has taken place on such occasions.

But, now, how the scene is changed ! The smuggler's ' occupation is gone,' the vigilant watch is no longer kept on the hill tops, and all around is peaceful, secure, and happy.

At the foot of Cat Nab, and fronting the sea, there stood, till a few years ago, a row of cottages with a public house on the site of the present life-boat house ; and it is said that, when these cottages were demolished, a large cavity was found beneath the flooring of each house, used for the hiding of smuggled goods. As soon as smuggling was put down by the vigilance of the authorities, Old Saltburn began to decline, the population being compelled to seek their livelihood by more legitimate means."

Writing of the remains of the ancient Camp at West Coatham, MR. GORDON says :—

" In Coatham Marshes, at a short distance west of Redcar, are seen a number of large mounds, which have been thought to be the remains of an ancient encampment, it being probable that in the days of the Britons a camp was formed here, at the mouth of the Tees, as a protection against invasion. This camp, if camp it was, would be overlooked from the entrenchment on the summit of Eston Nab, five or six miles distant, to which signals of threatened danger could be readily communicated. We are not aware, however, that these hillocks have ever yet been thoroughly examined by a competent antiquary, to ascertain the probability of the correctness of this conjecture, and until this has been done it would be improper to hazard an opinion on the point."

Without professing to be " a competent antiquary, to ascertain the probability of the correctness of this conjecture," I remember, after inspecting the mounds, conversing on the subject with the late Major Rudd and a military gentleman who was then visiting him at Coatham, both of whom pronounced the entrenchments as having been unmistakably intended for warlike purposes ; and the late JOHN RICHARD WALBRAN, Corresponding Member of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, Honorary Member of the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and Local Secretary of the Royal Archæological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland, (" a competent antiquary," whose lamented death is a loss to the science of archæology,) writing in 1848, states :—

" Not very far from the end of the village, and at what is called West Coatham, though only two farm houses now mark the site, is a curious EARTH

WORK, which may have been cast up by the earliest inhabitants of the island—one of whose stations or strongholds, is to be seen on Eston Nab, about four miles hence. It is on a rising ground on the edge of the marsh, and about 90 feet square. The rampart is of irregular height; but, on the east side maintains an elevation of above 20 feet. On the south side are traces of supplementary works, in which a semicircular vallum may be traced, surrounded by several mounds."

In an interesting paper on the Upleatham Mines, MR. GORDON states that:—

"These mines, with the neighbouring ones at Hob Hill and Lofthouse, which belong to Messrs. Pease, give employment to between two and three thousand men. The Upleatham Mines yield about eighteen thousand tons of ironstone per week,—the average yield of the three places we have mentioned being from twenty-two to twenty-five thousand tons per week, but they are capable of turning out from 30,000 to 40,000 tons per week, whilst the total quantity obtained last year was upwards of one million tons. There are at least ten miles of railway in the mines, including the engine plane, 'headings and boards.'"

On the nomination of Mr. John Reed Appleton and the author of the present volume, Mr. Gordon has recently been elected a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland: he is also a member of the Grampian Club.



FRANK WILKINSON.

"He wooed the Muses on thy banks, fair Tees!
And oft, in distant Burmah, sigh'd once more
Bardlike to loiter in the pleasant fields
And flower-strewn footpaths of his native land:
And when he sang by Sitong's eastern stream,
His songs breathed love for home, and Hurworth rose
In his 'mind's eye,' with all its quiet homes
And dear familiar faces, till he wept,
And felt himself a child again."

PETER PROLETARIUS.

Frank Wilkinson was born at Hurworth-on-Tees, June 7th, 1826, at which place his father, Edward Wilkinson, was master of the national school for thirty-two years. At an early age, Frank entered the post-office at Darlington, as an assistant-clerk, and afterwards became an apprentice to Mr. Robert Dixon, a chemist and druggist in that town. On the death of Edward Wilkinson, in 1843, the rector and principal inhabitants of Hurworth wished his son Frank to succeed him as school-master; and, after receiving a training for that purpose at Durham, he was appointed school-master of Hurworth, though only seventeen years old! He remained at Hurworth until the early part of 1849, when he resigned the school, and went to London; but, like Dick Whittington in the story books, he did not find the streets of the great metropolis paved with gold; and, failing to meet with a situation to suit him there, he entered the service of the East India Company, and towards the end of the year (1849), he sailed from dear Old England to try his fortune in the East Indies, though without any expectations of ever wielding the wealth or power of a Clive or a Warren Hastings. On his arrival in India, he was employed as clerk to the commissioners or political agents who collected the revenues of the country at many places. In 1853, he was ordered to Burmah, and three of his letters from that distant region and a manuscript volume of his

poetry having been kindly lent me for my present notice, I will favour my readers with a peep at the contents; not to gratify an idle curiosity, but believing with POPE that

"The proper study of mankind is—*man*,"

I regard all such laying bare of the human heart as so much wisdom gained in a world where human life is for the most part either a death-struggle for the means of existence, or a sickening course of frivolity, enough to disgust one with our species, did we not know that wiser social arrangements are capable of producing better things. Writing to his sister from "Ionghoo," September 7th, 1856, at which time he was Orderly Room Sergeant, he says:—

"My dear Meggy,

Probably you never expected to hear from me any more. Such was my intention; but the all-powerful voice of Affection prevailed, and I once more feel my heart attracted to that sphere of goodness, gentleness, and goodness of which you have always appeared to me as the queen. Think not that I speak in high-flown language. I have had a terrible experience since I saw you. I have mixed with people of all countries—of various creeds, and every variety of thinking; and the lesson I have acquired is that the gods of my youth—the treasures of early days—are the most valuable,—far beyond, in genuine worth, the objects of my subsequent career.

I have heard with pleasure that you are well—and happy. If I am not so myself, I still rejoice in the happiness of others, especially in the case of those I love.

Since I wrote to you last, I have had further wanderings. I have left India, and [am] in a strange, wild, uncultivated country. Burmah you may have heard of; but the knowledge you may acquire from books regarding it, is very scanty and defective. The country is poor, wanting in population; and a long period must elapse before it, as a possession, can be of any value to England. The people are low in the grade of humanity; with no exception beyond their honesty, which appears to be an instinctive feeling. I scarcely ever knew a Burmese to be guilty of dishonesty. But take things altogether, the life of a European in Burmah is the climax of misery.

I must now bid you 'Adieu.' With my kindly regards to all who know me,

I am, my dear Meggy, your affectionate brother,

Don't fail to write.

FRANK WILKINSON."

In another letter, to a male friend, dated "Ioungoo," August 24th, 1857, at which time he had become head clerk in the deputy commissioner's office there, he writes:—

"My dear Edward.—I think that I shall be able, in the course of about twelve months, to return to England. Is there any prospect of my getting a good situation? I don't expect so large a salary as I have at present; but this is so detestable a country,—so devoid of all real enjoyment—that I would willingly exchange it for one in England of much less emolument. I have had a good deal of office experience since I came to India. I dare say that there are very few descriptions of official routine with which I am unacquainted, so far as such business relates to India; and have no doubt but that I could easily adapt myself to any system in England. I don't complain of my present lot: it has its advantages. I have more real influence now than I could ever expect in the best situation in England. Other considerations, however, induce me to wish to return; viz., health, which no man can enjoy long in Burmah; to rejoin my friends, from whom I have been so long separated; and the longing, which never leaves me, of beholding once more my native land. England, even in privation, is better than India in affluence."

On the eleventh of April, 1859, I find him writing to his mother as follows:—

"My dear mother.

I am now free—my discharge has been granted, and I can return to England whenever I like. I must confess that I have some doubts as to the prudence of resigning my situation at present. I would wish to be sure of obtaining a situation on my arrival in England. My present appointment is good, and I would very soon be able to rise in the department to one greatly superior. The great drawback is the country: it is sickly and miserable to an extreme. Doctors say that three years is the longest period a man ought to remain in it, if he wishes to preserve his health. I have now been here for that period; and, though I have, as yet, had no material sickness, still I do not feel myself as vigorous as formerly. The climate is all extremes; intense heat at this season of the year; in another month we shall have incessant rains for three months; and these are followed by a few months of very cold weather: at least, I feel it so, though it is the only season in which you can properly enjoy yourself. My earnest wish is, to return to England, where I could have some enjoyment of life. Here life is a dead blank. It is so much of existence lost. I care not for labour—my time is pretty well engaged—and I think that it is nothing but this continual and practical mode of occupying time that has kept me alive. I am afraid to think or be idle. If I had hopes of getting a tolerable situation at home, I would not hesitate for a moment, I would be ready to start in the course of four months. * * * tells me—has reformed. I am glad of it. He will find a temperate life to be the best. My experience tells me that such is the case. * * * Why, I shall scarcely be able to know my old companions when I return. Childhood will have expanded to youth, and youth to manhood. Many whom I last saw in the prime of life, will be now in its decline.

I am, my dear Mother, your affectionate Son,

FRANK WILKINSON."

In 1859, after an absence of six years, he returned to England, and received an appointment as station-master on the North Eastern Railway. On the tenth of October, 1860, he married Pamela, daughter of Mr. William Browne, of Carlisle. On leaving the railway, in 1863, he removed to London, to enter the office of his brother-in-law, Mr. Edward Wilson, coal-merchant. In 1865, he was appointed to a situation in the post-office at Carlisle, but was taken ill on arrival at that place, and died on the twenty-fifth of February, 1866, in his fortieth year.

Such was the "brief eventful history" of this South Durham bard,—one of the many children of Song who have first felt their inspiration on the beautiful banks of the Tees. Let us now cull a few of his hymnings from a manuscript volume, the loan of which, and of the letters just quoted, has been kindly procured for me by a genial literary friend, to whom I venture not only to return my own thanks, but those of my readers as well. Nature is full of compensations; and if the local historian and biographer, as is usually the case, has to lament the ignorant churlishness of many who might easily assist him in procuring valuable information for his works, thank God! there are hearts that beat time to humanity, and brains clear enough to perceive that in giving what does not impoverish themselves, they are helping on that civilisation to which we are indebted for all the comforts of life which we and others enjoy.

Most of the pieces in the manuscript volume are without dates. Here is one dated October 15th, 1848,—a year of aspirations for the down-trodden nations of Europe, as well as for individuals :—

ASPIRATIONS.

" My spirit never leads me
To wish for power or fame;
There are Etnas in the mountain
When peace is on the plain.
Those who may reach the highest
The summits of Renown,
Grow dizzy with the prospect,
And headlong oft fall down.

Ambition to be like such,
Without soul-strength to be,
Forms, like an evil spirit,
The worms of misery!
And they who might be happy
Within a lower sphere,
Seek lights that but mislead them,
And then they disappear.

Wealth is the nurse of Luxury,
The nurse too of Disease,
Which for a transient hour
May its possessor please;
But when old age extracteth
The strength from life and limb,
The mind holds gold [no] treasure,
Its lustre waxes dim.

For other lands, where nature
Is richer in its dress,
Where are more beauteous flowers
And skies of loveliness;
Where Arno by bright Florence
Has mirror'd on its face
Trees, smiling seats, and temples,
The richest eye can trace.

For such my spirit yearns not;
It pants not far to roam;
It may, if it but searcheth,
Find equal joy at home;
And England's woods and waters,
And fields so rich and bland,
May well excite its natives
To love their fatherland.

Not power—not wealth—not roaming
Excite a wish in me,—
Except a moral power,
From vice to keep me free,—
Except a wealth that 's mental,
Except a change that makes
Me higher rise in knowledge,
And, star-like, elevates.

My life I 'd wish to glide on
As glides the placid stream
By fertile banks and bushes,
Where birds give song to scene;
With Content close around me,
With Friendship by my side,
With Love, whose kindly tenderness
Is stronger as it 's tried.

With heart-charms thus surrounded,
My soul would higher rise,—
Feel evermore expansion
In Godlike sympathies.
Life thus becomes a journey,
With flowers on its way,
Whose sweetness is expanding
On each successive day."

The foregoing was written before he left Hurworth. In October, 1849, he pensively penned

THE LAST LOOK OF MY FATHERLAND.

"Away from the land we are speeding away—
Night's shadows are falling: this is the last day
Perhaps I shall ever my native land view;
But with it my blessing—I bid it Adieu!

The white cliffs are fading—to-morrow and they
Shall have vanish'd from view, and I far away
On the wide trackless ocean, in danger and pain,
In doubt that I ever shall see them again.

Again will the pleasures, the thoughts of my home,
Unbidden, unask'd for, still over me come,
In spite of my reason, exclaiming, How vain
The thoughts of my native land come back again.

The village where I first life's journey began,
And pass'd all its stages, from childhood to man,
On the banks of the Tees, perhaps never more
Shall I wander with pleasure as I did of yore.

The friends of my bosom in spirit appear,
And chidingly ask me, Why am I thus here?
Why have I forsaken both them and my home,
And thus in strange regions decided to roam?

Why have I done this?—Ask the clouds why they move!
Ask the stars why they shift in their orbits above!
Ordain'd by a power far above them or me,—
Thus, thus I am sailing far over the sea.

Farewell, then, my country!—though now I depart,
Thou still art the dearest on earth to my heart;
And should a kind Providence keep me in care,
I may yet again breathe my own native air."

"In far-away Burmah, the poet's heart glowed with sympathy towards that "man after God's own heart," the heroic and disinterested champion of freedom all over the world, General Garibaldi; and it is pleasant to find him stringing his lyre, June 5th, 1860, and thus uttering his honest aspirations for the freedom of priest-enslaved Italy:—

GARIBALDI AND ITALY.

(1)

Go on, brave man! success be thine,
In Freedom's never-dying cause!
May Victory o'er thy banners shine
For Nature's violated laws;
And Heaven give thee the arm of
Tell,
Like him Oppression's reign to quell.

(2)

The eyes of Europe on thee now,
Are fix'd intent with earnest gaze;
And men are anxious on thy brow
To place a crown of deathless
praise,
Such as inspires the patriot spirit
To reach the highest rank of merit.

(3)

Thine is a great, a noble task,
A despot's legions to expel,
Who underneath a popish mask
Would hide the evil deeds of Hell,
And keep within tyrannic span
The eternal liberties of man!

(4)

Thine is the great, the glorious deed
To make an enslaved country free;
To carry out the glorious creed
Of wrong'd and exiled Liberty,
And give Italia, fair and bright,
Again the star of Freedom's light.

(5)

Heed not the statesman's plotting
snare—
His schemes let him at pleasure
weave;
Be thine the ever-watchful care
A name apart from such to leave:
Thou has the praise of all the free
To bless thy work for liberty.

(6)

The Roman spirit cannot yet
Have lost aught of its native fire;
Nor can Rome's sons so far forget
Their origin, nor feel desire
As not at once with thee to claim
Redemption from their lot of shame!

(7)

Then Italy, the fair and free,
 Again shall claim a lofty place
 Amidst the mighty powers that be,
 With nothing lost of ancient grace,
 Which Art and Genius gave before,
 To deck her beauteous land the
 more !

(8)

Again shall Italy arise,
 A free, an independent state,
 And to her other nations' eyes
 Be turn'd with admiration great,

To see Rome's ancient deeds at last,
 By present deeds have been sur-
 pass'd.

(9)

And thou, brave man—chief of the
 brave !
 Shall earn thy meed of grateful
 praise,
 When thou thy country's cause
 shalt save
 From tyrants' and oppressors'
 ways,
 Whilst high upon the roll of Fame
 Shall stand brave Garibaldi's name.

Though many of the poems in his manuscript volume, from which all my extracts are carefully copied, are undated, I find at least a dozen of his pieces have been written in 1862 ; viz., "Twilight," January 4th ; "Separation," January 13th ; "Adversity, a Sonnet," October 29th ; "America," (a sonnet on the great civil war which was then righteously punishing our trans-Atlantic brethren for their sins, and purging the republic from the hell-blot of slavery,) November 22nd ; and in December, without particularising the day, "Winter Winds ;" "Liberty," on the 1st ; "Coming Home down the Rangoon River," on the 13th ; "Hope," and "Happiness," both dated the 18th ; and "Pensive Pleasures," and "The Holly Tree," on the 22nd. In 1863, I find him singing "The Old Year," and "The New Year," and also a "Hymn for the New Year," on the 1st of January ; "Work and be Glad," and "Sympathy," on the 14th ; "Self-Help," and "The Song of Birds," on the 16th ; "Home shall I never see again," on the 19th ; and "The Bitter Portion" also belongs to this year. In 1864, we have some verses beginning—

"Few are here who were around us
 In our youth's gay sportive day,"

dated February 17th ; and a piece entitled "Child and Woman," October 25th. In 1865, I find "Unexpected Kindness," January 15th ; and this is all the "tombstone information" which the reader must expect from me.

I have only room for one more poem by our almost unknown bard ; it is entitled, "Lines written on the Banks of the River

Sitong in Burmah," and shows how strongly poor Frank's heart yearned for the scenes of his childhood on the Banks of our beloved Tees:—

"The Sun is set, and quick his light,
Is swallow'd up by dark-brow'd Night;
And sweet, oh! passing sweet the time
This moment is in Eastern clime.
Beneath a tamarind tree I sit,
Whilst fire-flies start around and flit
Now here, now there, and brighter growing
As darkness o'er the earth is flowing;
Whilst 'neath my feet thy waves, Sitong,
Flow with a current deep and strong,
I musing sit, and catch the breeze,
And think upon thy banks, O Tees!

The days come back again to me—
The days of youthful revelry;
A thousand thoughts of love and home,
Ere yet my footsteps learn'd to roam.
The wildflower in the lonely lane
I gather in my hand again;
And give to her who stands close by,
And catch thanks from her light blue eye;
And, careless of the way we sped,
With Summer scenes around us spread,
We loiter long amidst the trees
That shade thy banks, my much-loved Tees.

The faces loved then, where are they?
Are many like me, far away?
In foreign climes, perhaps, like me
Now think on scenes of infancy;
And picture me as I see them,
In happy days of boyhood then;
And many more, perhaps, are fled
To the dark regions of the dead;
The changed too—they no doubt are many,
And I, perhaps, as changed as any,
Since last I sat at peace and ease,
Upon thy verdant banks, oh Tees!

And still my spirit longs to see
Those dear-loved scenes of infancy;

The scenes endear'd by all that can
Make them the holiest themes to man;
That with him like good angels stay,
To watch him on his lonely way;
And keep him worthy of the light
That led him first to think aright;
Those early lessons ne'er forgot,
Wherever Fate may fix his lot;
Such thoughts come back—such thoughts as these—
Whilst thinking on thy banks, oh Tees!

Where shall my grave be?—oft I say,
Shall it be foreign—far away
From scenes on earth I loved so well?
At sea, with not a stone to tell
Where I shall rest beneath the wave?
Ah! no,—let none such be my grave;
But let it be—I hope and pray,
On scenes that saw my earliest day;
The ground wherein my fathers sleep,
May it my ashes also keep;
While thy soft murmur on the breeze
Might play around my tomb, oh Tees!"



THE HON. COMMODORE CONSTANTINE JOHN PHIPPS,
M.P., AFTERWARDS BARON MULGRAVE.

"Come, Galatea, come; the seas forsake:
What pleasures can the tides with their hoarse murmurs make?
Come then, and leave the waves' tumultuous roar:
Let the wild surges vainly beat the shore."

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

THE HONORABLE CONSTANTINE JOHN PHIPPS was born May 9th, 1744. His father was Constantine Phipps, (grandson of Chancellor Phipps,) who, having obtained from the king a lease of the estates of Mulgrave, in Cleveland, was, August 15th, 1767, created Baron Mulgrave of New Ross, in the county of Wexford, in the peerage of Ireland. His mother was Lepel, daughter of John, Lord Hervey, son of John, first Earl of Bristol. "Living in sight of the German Ocean and its passing fleets," says the REV. GIDEON SMALES, "and having Sandsend as a scene for the gambols of childhood, he early imbibed a predilection for the enterprising life of a sailor." His mother's brother, the Honorable Augustus John Hervey, being captain of the *Dragon*, a seventy-four gun ship in the royal navy, he at once became a midshipman therein whilst yet a stripling, according to that ancient system of privileged classes which discontented democrats are about to destroy. In 1768, he was elected member of parliament for Lincoln, after a severe contest with Mr. Vyner. "He does not appear to have distinguished himself in any particular manner in a subordinate situation," remarks the REV. JOHN GRAVES; "nor do the naval annals record anything material except the mere dates of his commissions, till the beginning of the year 1773, when he was appointed to the *Racehorse*, bombketch, as senior in command on the projected expedition to the North Pole."

For centuries the idea of a North-West Passage to India, by way of the Arctic regions, has haunted the minds of English navigators; and the attempts made previous to the voyage of Commodore Phipps, are thus pithily related by him, in the Introduction to his volume, *A Voyage towards the North Pole: undertaken by His Majesty's Command, 1773*, by CONSTANTINE JOHN PHIPPS:—

"The idea of a passage to the East Indies by the North Pole, was suggested as early as the year 1527, by Robert Thorne, merchant, of Bristol, as appears from two papers preserved by Hacklitt, the one addressed to King Henry VIII; the other to Dr. Ley, the king's ambassador to Charles V. In that addressed to the king, he says, 'I know it to be my bounden duty to manifest this secret to your Grace, which hitherto, I suppose, has been hid.' This secret appears to be the honour and advantage which would be derived from the discovery of a passage by the North Pole. He represents, in the strongest terms, the glory which the kings of Spain and Portugal had obtained by their discoveries East and West, and exhorts the king to emulate their fame by undertaking discoveries towards the North. He states, in a very masterly style, the reputation that must attend the attempt, and the great benefits, should it be crowned with success, likely to accrue to the subjects of this country, from their advantageous situation; which, he observes, seems to make the exploring this, the only hitherto undiscovered part, the king's peculiar duty. To remove any objection to the undertaking, which might be drawn from the supposed danger, he insists upon 'the great advantages of constant daylight in seas that, men say, without great danger, difficulty, and peril, yea, rather, it is impossible to pass; for they being past this little way, which they named so dangerous, (which may be two or three leagues before they come to the Pole, and as much more after they pass the Pole,) it is clear from thenceforth the seas and lands are as temperate as in these parts.'

In the paper addressed to Dr. Ley, he enters more minutely into the advantages and practicability of the undertaking. Amongst many other arguments to prove the value of the discovery, he urges, that by sailing northward and passing the Pole, the navigation from England to the Spice Islands would be shorter, by more than two thousand leagues, than either from Spain by the Straits of Magellan, or Portugal by the Cape of Good Hope; and to show the likelihood of success in the enterprise, he says, it is as probable that the cosmographers should be mistaken in the opinion they entertain of the polar regions being impassable from extreme cold, as, it has been found, they were in supposing the countries under the line to be uninhabitable from excessive heat. With all the spirit of a man convinced of the glory to be gained, and the probability of success in the undertaking, he adds;—'God knoweth, that though by it I should have no great interest, yet I have had, and still have, no little mind of this business: so that if I had faculty to my will, it should be the first thing that I would understand, even to attempt, *if our seas Northward be navigable to the Pole or no.*'

Notwithstanding the many good arguments with which he supported his proposition, and the offer of his own services, it does not appear that he prevailed so far as to procure an attempt to be made.

Borne, in his *Regiment of the Sea*, written about the year 1577, mentions this as one of the five ways to Cathay, and dwells chiefly on the mildness of

climate, which he imagines must be found near the Pole, from the constant presence of the sun during the summer. These arguments, however, were soon after controverted by Blundeville, in his Treatise on Universal Maps.

In 1578, George Best, a gentleman who had been with Sir Martin Frobisher in all his voyages for the discovery of the North-West passage, wrote a very ingenious discourse, to prove all parts of the world habitable.

No voyage, however, appears to have been undertaken to explore the circumpolar seas, till the year 1607, when 'Henry Hudson was set forth, at the charge of certain worshipful merchants of London, to discover a passage by the North Pole to Japan and China.' He sailed from Gravesend, on the first of May, in a ship called the *Hopewell*, having with him ten men and a boy. I have taken great pains to find his original journal, as well as those of some others of the adventurers who followed him; but without success: the only account I have seen is an imperfect abridgment in Purchas, by which it is not possible to lay down his track; from which, however, I have drawn the following particulars:—He fell in with the land to the Westward in latitude 73 degrees, on the twenty-first of June, which he named Hold-with-Hope. The twenty-seventh, he fell in with Spitsbergen, and met with much ice: he got to eighty degrees three minutes, which was the Northernmost latitude he observed in. Giving an account of the conclusion of his discoveries, he says, 'On the sixteenth of August, I saw land, by reason of the clearness of the weather, stretching far into eighty-two degrees, and, by the bowing and showing of the sky, much farther; which when I first saw, I hoped to have had a free sea between the land and the ice, and meant to have compassed this land by the North; but now finding it was impossible, by means of the abundance of ice compassing us about by the North, and joining to the land; and seeing God did bless us with a wind, we returned, bearing up the helm.' He afterwards adds: 'And this I can assure at this present, that between seventy-eight degrees and a half, and eighty-two degrees, by this way there is no passage.'—In consequence of this opinion, he was the next year employed on the North East discovery.

In March, 1609, old style, 'A voyage was set forth by the right worshipful Sir Thomas Smith, and the rest of the Muscovy Company, to Cherry Island, and for a further discovery to be made towards the North Pole, for the likelihood of a trade or a passage that way, in the ship called the *Amity*, of burthen seventy tons, in which Jonas Poole was master, having fourteen men and one boy.'—He weighed from Blackwall, March the first, old style; and, after great severity of weather, and much difficulty from the ice, he made the South part of Spitsbergen on the sixteenth of May. He sailed along and sounded the coast, giving names to several places, and making many very accurate observations. On the twenty-sixth, being near Fair Foreland, he sent his mate on shore; and, speaking of the account he gave at his return, says, 'Moreover, I was certified that all the ponds and lakes were unfrozen, they being fresh water;

which putteth me in hope of a mild summer here, after so sharp a beginning as I have had; and my opinion is such, and I assure myself it is so, that a passage may be as soon attained this way by the Pole, as any unknown way whatsoever, by reason the sun doth give a great heat in this climate, and the ice (I mean that freezeth here) is nothing so huge as I have seen in seventy-three degrees.'

These hopes, however, he was soon obliged to relinquish for that year, having twice attempted in vain to get beyond $79^{\circ} 50'$. On the twenty-first of June, he stood to the Southward, to get a loading of fish, and arrived in London the last of August. He was employed the following year (1611) in a small bark called the *Elizabeth*, of fifty tons. The instructions for this voyage, which may be found at length in Purchas, are excellently drawn up: they direct him, after having attended the fishery for some time, to attempt discoveries to the North Pole as long as the season will permit; with a discretionary clause, to act in unforeseen cases as shall appear to him most for the advancement of the discovery, and interest of his employers. This, however, proved an unfortunate voyage: for having staid in Cross Road till the sixteenth of June, on account of the bad weather and great quantity of ice, he sailed from thence on that day, and steered West by North fourteen leagues, where he found a bank of ice: he returned to Cross Road; from whence when he sailed, he found the ice to lie close to the land about the latitude of 80° , and that it was impossible to pass that way; and the strong tides making it dangerous to deal with the ice, he determined to stand along it to the Southward, to try if he could find the sea more open that way, and so get to the Westward, and proceed on his voyage. He found the ice to lie nearest SW and SW by S, and ran along it about an hundred and twenty leagues. He had no ground near the ice at 160, 180, or 200 fathoms: perceiving the ice still to trend to the Southward, he determined to return to Spitsbergen for the fishery, where he lost his ship.

In the year 1614, another voyage was undertaken, in which Baffin and Fotherby were employed. With much difficulty, and after repeated attempts in vain with the ship, they got with their boats to the firm ice, which joined to Red Beach; they walked over the ice to that place, in hopes of finding whale-fins, &c., in which they were disappointed. * * * Fotherby was again fitted out the next year in a pinnace of twenty tons, called the *Richard*, with ten men. In this voyage he was prevented by the ice from getting further than in his last. He refers to a chart, in which he had traced the ship's course on every traverse, to show how far the state of that sea was discovered between eighty and seventy-one degrees of latitude, and for twenty-six degrees of longitude from Hackluit's Headland."

The various expeditions commanded by these indomitable contemporaries of Shakspeare, Frobisher, Best, Hudson, Poole, Baffin, and Fotherby, were, as COMMODORE PHIPPS expresses

it, "fitted out by private adventurers, for the double purpose of discovery and present advantage." And one is pleased to find him "doing justice to the memory of these men; which, without having traced their steps, and experienced their difficulties, it would have been impossible to have done.—They appear to have encountered dangers," says he, "which at that period must have been particularly alarming from their novelty, with the greatest fortitude and perseverance; as well as to have shown a degree of diligence and skill, not only in the ordinary and practical, but more scientific parts of their profession, which might have done honour to modern seamen, with all their advantages of later improvements."

For more than a century and a half this important problem in geography was allowed to remain quietly unsolved; and our celebrated Clevelander, Capt. Cook, having already proved that neither New Zealand nor Australia was part of the supposed southern continent, was on his second voyage round the world, with instructions to circumnavigate the globe in high southern latitudes, and to prosecute his discoveries as near the South Pole as possible, when the Royal Society, about the beginning of February, 1773, made an application to King George the Third, to fit out an expedition to try how far navigation was practicable towards the North Pole. The Earl of Sandwich, who was the First Lord of the Admiralty, laid the proposal before the King, recommended its adoption, and was commanded to at once carry it into execution. "As soon as I heard of the design," says our author, "I offered myself, and had the honour of being entrusted with the conduct of this undertaking." So that the two government expeditions to either Pole, were both commanded at the same time by Cleveland navigators,—a circumstance highly honorable to this then comparatively unimportant part of the country.

"The nature of the voyage requiring particular care in the choice and equipment of the ships," says COMMODORE PHIPPS, (for such he now became,) "the *Race-horse* and *Carcass* bombs were fixed upon as the strongest, and therefore properest, for the purpose. The probability that such an expedition could not be carried on without meeting with much ice, made some additional strengthening necessary: they were therefore

immediately taken into dock, and fitted in the most complete manner for the service. The complement for the *Race-horse* was fixed at ninety men, and the ordinary establishment departed from, by appointing an additional number of officers, and entering effective men instead of the usual number of boys." He was allowed to appoint his own officers, and wisely engaged two masters of Greenlandmen as pilots for each ship. His own vessel, the *Race-horse*, was furnished with the new chain pumps made by Mr. Cole according to Captain Bentick's improvements; and they made use of Doctor Irving's apparatus for distilling fresh water from the sea,*—an invention worth more to humanity than all the murderous improvements in artillery and rifles with which professedly Christian nations have massacred each other's armies for the cause of despotism.

The Royal Society favoured him with such information as they judged might serve to direct his enquiries, whenever the circumstances of the voyage afforded him leisure and opportunities for making observations. His particular friend, Mr. (afterwards Sir) Joseph Banks,† gave him full instructions in natural history, and caused a skilled botanist and astronomer, Mr. Israel Lyons, to be sent out with him. Jean-le-Rond D'Alembert, (no longer a poor perishing child in a public market at Paris, nor the foster-child of a humble glazier's wife, but a world-renowned philosopher, repeatedly refusing the royal invitations of Frederick of Prussia and Catherine of Russia,) with that generous heart and enlarged intellect which so eminently characterised him, communicated to him "a short paper which," to use COMMODORE PHIPPS's own words, "from the conciseness and elegance with which it was drawn up, as

* Commodore Phipps's volume contains a full and interesting account of Doctor Irving's method of obtaining fresh water from the sea by distillation, from the inventor's own pen; including a glance at the experiments which had been made by others on the subject for the previous forty years. The ancient alchemists, I believe, had also some knowledge of this; and Nature had through all the ages been distilling fresh water from salt, and clean from the dirtiest, in her wonderful laboratory, as she will do for ever.

† They had visited Newfoundland together in the summer of 1766, two years after Banks had come into full possession of his paternal fortune, and the year of his election into the Royal Society; when Phipps, who was sixteen months younger than Banks, was a lieutenant in the navy.

well as from the number of interesting objects that it recommended to my attention, would have done honour to any person whose reputation was not already established upon so solid a foundation as that learned philosopher's." Mr. Cumming lent him the identical pendulum with which Mr. Graham had made his experiments, rather than furnish him with one, as he had been requested to do, of his own construction for the voyage. The Board of Longitude sent "two watch machines for keeping the longitude by difference of time; one constructed by Mr. Kendal, on Mr. Harrison's principles; the other by Mr. Arnold." He had also "a pocket watch constructed by Mr. Arnold, by which," he informs us, he "kept the longitude to a degree of exactitude" much beyond what he could have expected; "the watch having varied from its rate of going only 2' 40" in 128 days." Whatever wealth or skill could procure for the voyage was not wanting; and yet, without throwing any blame on any one, it appears to me to have been without adequate results. In fact, the experience of centuries seems to prove, that, for all practical purposes, no North West Passage really exists. That fish may pass under the ice I do not doubt; but that we will never be able to navigate vessels beyond where COMMODORE PHIPPS and others have been glad to return from, without them being crushed by icebergs as a giant would crush a castle of cards, that also, to my mind at least, is very evident; and I hope, for the future, our money and our heroical endeavours will be turned to more profitable account. Not but what men may as well lose their lives and a few vessels in Arctic Expeditions as in murdering one another, and desolating inhabitable and cultivated countries, by the hell-sprung art of war.

He received his commission for the *Race-horse* April 19th, 1773; and on the 22nd the ship was hauled out of dock. May 21st, the ship being manned and rigged, and all the provisions and stores being got aboard, except the gunner's, they fell down to Galleons. The next day, they received their powder, with eight sixpounders, and all the gunner's stores; the Earl of Sandwich personally visiting the vessel to satisfy himself that they lacked nothing. The Easterly winds prevented their going down the river till the 26th; when he received his instructions for the voyage, dated the day previous, directing him to fall down to the Nore in the *Race-horse*, and

there taking under his command the *Carcas*, to make the best of his way "to the Northward, and proceed up to the North Pole, or as far towards it as possible, and as nearly upon a meridian as the ice or other obstructions might admit; and, during the course of the voyage, to make such observations of every kind as might be useful to navigation, or tend to the promotion of natural knowledge." Should he arrive at the Pole, and even find free navigation on the opposite meridian, he was not to proceed any farther; and at all events to secure his return to the Nore before the winter set in. Should the *Race-horse* be lost or disabled, he was commanded to prosecute the voyage on board of the *Carcass*.

He anchored at the Nore, May 27th; was joined by Captain Lutwidge, in the *Carcass*, on the 30th; and weighed anchor June 2nd. On the 10th, they "anchored in the morning for the tide on Robin Hood's Bay, with little wind at NW: worked up to Whitby Road next tide, and anchored there at four in the afternoon, in fifteen fathom, with very little wind." Next day (June 11th), it being calm in the morning, they completed their water, live stock, and vegetables, and he took his last bearings before leaving England from those ruins of Whitby Abbey which he had so often loved to look upon.*

"[June] 19th. Wind to the NW. Took the meridian observation at midnight for the first time: the sun's lower limbs $0^{\circ} 37' 30''$ above the horizon; from which the latitude was found $66^{\circ} 54' 39''$ N: at four in the afternoon, longitude by the watch $0^{\circ} 58' 45''$ W: at six the variation $19^{\circ} 11'$ W.

20th. Almost calm all day. The water being perfectly smooth, I took this opportunity of trying to get soundings at much greater depths than I believe had ever been attempted before. I sounded, with a very heavy lead, the depth of 780 fathom, without getting ground; and by a thermometer invented by Lord Charles Cavendish for this purpose, found the temperature of the water at that depth to be 26° of Fahrenheit's thermometer; the temperature of the air being $48\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$. We began this day to make use of Doctor Irving's apparatus for distilling fresh water from the sea. Repeated trials gave us the most satis-

* "At nine in the morning," he records in his journal, "longitude observed by the watch $1^{\circ} 55' 30''$ W; Whitby Abbey bore $S\frac{1}{2}W$. Weighed with the wind at SE, and steered NE by N to get so far into the mid-channel as to make the wind fair Easterly or Westerly, without being too near either shore, before we were clear of Shetland and the coast of Norway."

factory proof of its utility. The water produced from it was perfectly free from salt, and wholesome, being used for boiling the ship's provisions; which convenience would alone be a desirable object in all voyages, independent of the benefit of so useful a resource in case of distress for water. The quantity produced every day varied from accidental circumstances, but was generally from thirty-four to forty gallons, without any great addition of fuel. Twice, indeed, the quantity produced was only twenty-three gallons on each distillation: this amounts to more than a quart for each man, which, though not a plentiful allowance, is much more than what is necessary for subsistence. In cases of real necessity, I have no reason to doubt that a much greater quantity might be produced, without an inconvenient expence of fuel."

It appears that Doctor Irving accompanied the expedition, and took an active part with the barometer, &c. On the 31st of July, both ships were so closely surrounded with ice, eight yards thick, that they were unable to proceed, and both made fast to the same field, and took in fresh water from the ice, which they found very pure and soft. Next day (August 1st), "the ice pressed in fast; there was not now the smallest opening; the two ships were within less than two lengths of each other, separated by ice, and neither having room to turn. The ice, which had been all flat the day before, and almost level with the water's edge, was now in many places forced higher than the main-yard, by the pieces squeezing together." They were now in latitude $80^{\circ} 37'$; and, unless they meant to endure one of the punishments of Dante's *Inferno*, the sooner they were back to the Nore, the better for themselves as well as for the safety of their vessels. They may visit the Arctic regions that will—COMMODORE PHIPPS could neither find insect nor reptile there, "not even the common earthworm"—but a lubberly landsman like myself will be quite content with his knowledge thereof second hand, when it can be got from such books as our author's, read over a comfortable fireside on a winter's evening, or lolling on the Cleveland hills on a fine day in summer!

We will glance at COMMODORE PHIPPS once more in the *People's History of Cleveland*; nor must we here leave him amongst the icebergs, from which one feels comfortable to find him getting safely away on the 10th of August, when he little expected it; arriving off the Shetland Isles on the 7th of September, and, after many rough blasts, finding a safe

anchorage on the 24th at Orfordness, after "ascertaining repeatedly the situation of that wall of ice, extending for more than twenty degrees between the latitudes of eighty and eighty-one, without the smallest appearance of any opening."

On his arrival home, COMMODORE PHIPPS prepared for the press *A Voyage to the North Pole: undertaken by His Majesty's Command, 1773*. It appears to have been published in London in a quarto volume: my copy, however, is an octavo, published at Dublin in 1775. It is dedicated, by permission, to the King.

On the death of his father, Constantine, first Baron Mulgrave, which took place September 13, 1775, COMMODORE PHIPPS succeeded to the Mulgrave estates in Cleveland, and became second Baron Mulgrave in the Irish peerage. In 1777, through the influence of the Earl of Sandwich, he became member of parliament for Huntingdon, and a Lord of the Admiralty. At the commencement of the American war, he was Captain of the *Ardent*, of sixty-four guns, with which he cruised in the Bay of Biscay. He is said to have borne a distinguished part in the action off Ushant, July 27, 1778, where he commanded the *Courageux*, a seventy-four gun ship. In January, 1781, being in the Channel service, he captured the French frigate, *Minerva*, after a brave defence on the part of the enemy. He was also in the action near Gibraltar, October 20th, 1782, where he led the van of the fleet under Lord Howe: and he resigned his post of Lord of the Admiralty May 30th of that year. In 1784, his Lordship became member of parliament for Newark-on-Trent, one of the commissioners for managing the affairs of the East India Company, and a Lord of the Committee of Council for Trade and Foreign Plantations. In 1787, he married Anne Elizabeth, daughter of Nathaniel Cholmondeley (or Cholmley), of Howsham, in the county of York, Esq.: but she died May 22nd, 1788, leaving him a daughter who bore her name, and was married in 1807 to Lieut. Gen. Sir John Murray, Bart. In 1790, Baron Mulgrave was created a peer of England, as Baron Mulgrave, of Mulgrave Castle, and the following year resigned his offices at the East India Co. and Council for Trade, &c. He died October 10th, 1792, and was buried at

Lyth, in Cleveland, beside his wife; and the title became extinct, but was revived in 1794, in the person of his brother Henry.

"His Lordship," observes DR. YOUNG, "was a man of great talents and learning, and possessed an extensive and intimate acquaintance with naval architecture, and nautical affairs in general, as well as with political economy and the constitution of his country;" and he states that he was a member of the Royal Society. As the first edition of Dr. Adam Smith's celebrated *Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations* (in which, for the first time, labour was clearly shown to be the only true source of wealth, though Hobbes and Locke were not without some glimmering light on the subject) was published three years after the Commodore returned from his Arctic expedition, and he had sixteen years of life allotted him in which to become acquainted with its teachings, it is possible that he may have learned *some* lessons in "political economy;" but I have been unable to discover any proofs of his proficiency therein. As the fault may be in my ignorance, I will be glad to be enlightened on his claim to be regarded as "possessed of an extensive and intimate acquaintance" with a science of which legislators have generally proved themselves to be so lamentably ignorant.



REV. JAMES HOLME, B.A.

"The Rev. James Holme is already known as one who has done something as a Bard of Cleveland. Strong or weak, potent or unsuccessful, he at least occupies the place of one who 'has nobly dared' the craggy heights and precipitous summits of Fame. That he may gain the guerdon of his dangerous enterprise, is the heartfelt wish of one who equally loves Literature for its own sake, and who is a Frater-Poet of Cleveland."—JOHN WALKER ORD.

The Rev. James Holme, "although," as JOHN HOLLAND remarks, "not a native of the county, is entitled to the character of a Yorkshire poet, by more than one collection of sweet and elegant flowers of verse, raised on Eboracian soil." He was born of respectable parentage, at Orton, in Westmoreland, on the 12th of March, 1801,—when his uncle, the Rev. John Redman, was vicar of the parish, who succeeded the celebrated theologian and magistrate, Dr. Richard Burn, author of the well-known *Burn's Justice, Ecclesiastical Law*, and (conjointly with Joseph Nicholson) the *History of Westmoreland and Cumberland*; and whose position, both as vicar and magistrate, is now held by Mr. Holme's nephew, the Rev. John Septimus Sisson.

A considerable part of Mr. Holme's education was obtained in the excellent endowed school of his native place, under the tuition of the Rev. Thomas Moss, a master of whom I have heard him speak with affection and esteem. After spending a year at the grammar school at Appleby, he went, at the age of twenty, to Cambridge, and graduated in honours at Gonville and Caius College, in 1825. After being curate and amanuensis to the Rev. John Hodgson, then vicar of Whelpington, and author of the famous *History of Northumberland*, he was, in 1827, appointed curate of Pannal and Low Harrogate, and soon afterwards became incumbent of the latter place, where he resided for twelve years; publishing, in 1835, a small volume, entitled *Leisure Musings and Devotional Meditations, in humble Strains of Poetry*, dedicated to the Rev. Sir Francis Lynch Blosse, Bart. Though four thousand copies of this little work were sold, and some of the pieces became widely popular,

the author derived no pecuniary profit from it. Most of the pieces are too evangelical for quotation in a work like the present, but here is a "humble strain of poetry" which our readers will thank us for extracting for them :—

ON LEAVING DARLEY DALE.

"Call'd from thy haunts by the summons of duty,
With sorrow we turn from this loveliest scene;
And leave thee, sweet Dale, in the pride of thy beauty,
Adorn'd with thy mantle of silver and green.

Shall we murmur that pleasures have thus flitted o'er us,
That moments have pass'd so unwittingly by;
That times of exertion and toil are before us,
And scenes all familiar, and tame to the eye?

Is it thus we requite the great Source of our pleasure?
Forbid it, Thou Spirit that guidest our ways!
O teach us to breathe from our hearts, without measure,
The incense of love and the accents of praise.

Dear valley of Derwent! thy peacefulness cheereth
My mind; which, as bound by some magical spell,
Yet clings to each hill that around thee appeareth,
And loves in thy Dale of enchantment to dwell.

Farewell, lovely Matlock, embosom'd in mountains,
Reposed, like a babe on its fond mother's breast;
Where Nature still feeds thee with warm flowing fountains,
And the winds and the waters oft hush thee to rest.

Old Carcliff and Roo Tor we leave far behind us,
Where Druid and hermit's dark altars have stood,—
Wild rocks! where the rustic's rude legends remind us
Of England's bold archer, the brave Robin Hood.

Gray Haddon, thy glory has long since departed,
Thou featest no friend, nor imprisonest foe;
The Wye past thy ramparts, all lone and deserted,
Steals silent and deep to the Derwent below.

Far and wide is the scene of enchantment extended,
O'er valleys, and mansions, and rivers, and dells;
By columns of rock with the blue mountains blended,
Through Nature's deep caverns, o'er heath-cover'd fells.

Yet thou, favour'd Darley, art brightest and dearest:
 The charms of thy Dale as we leave thee increase:
 Yes, thou, 'mid the glory of Nature, appearest
 The valley of friendship, retirement, and peace.

Dear friends of the valley, your kindness remaineth
 Engraven alike on the heart and the mind:
 Your favours fond memory grateful retaineth
 When Nature's fair beauties are all left behind."

"Besides exhibiting a well-cultivated taste," as a critic remarked in the *Britannia*, "and a natural poetic temperament, these poems are distinguished by the faculty which we remark in the best compositions of Wordsworth and Hemans, of suggesting to the mind the loftiest and holiest subjects of contemplation from the observance of incidents and objects sufficiently trivial in themselves. To find sermons in stones, and tongues in running brooks,* is one of the most pleasing and legitimate provinces of poetry, as well as the most instructive exercises of thought. It is, as PALEY has well observed, 'to make the universe the temple of the Deity.' Many of the hymns and prayers scattered through the volume are of great beauty." And the *Christian Remembrancer* observed, that "the pieces have somewhat of a mournful tone, but many of them are eminently beautiful; and, though there is unquestionably great inequality in the volume, all are far above mediocrity."

The poem entitled "The Robber's Grave," is a well written parody on the Rev. Charles Wolf's beautiful Ode on the Burial of Sir John Moore; but I am sorry to say that Mr. Holme has therein, and most especially in a foot-note, unwittingly done scant justice, not to say gross injustice, to poor much-belied Eugene Aram, the vulgar account of whose guilt he has evidently accepted without challenge; and I would recommend him, and all who share his belief in the crime of one of the

* A mis-quotation from SHAKSPERE's glorious comedy of *As You Like It*, act ii., scene 1st, where the banished Duke remarks to his brother-exiles in the Forest of Arden:—

"And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
 Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

most wonderful men which Yorkshire has ever produced,* to peruse with attention, the publications on this subject of "one who has travelled hundreds of miles to enquire about Aram's case," viz., the late Norrison Scatcherd. The judge (Noel) and the jury who *tried* Aram in their own infernal fashion; and condemned, to a disgraceful death, on such so-called "evidence" as one would not hang a dog on now-a-days, that genius for whom they were scarcely worthy of doing the meanest service, richly deserved to be sent to penal servitude for life: and I am quite sure that Mr Holme (to whose energetic efforts we almost entirely owe the restitution of the Grammar School endowed by the munificent Sir William Turner, but of which the parishioners of Kirkleatham had been so long despoiled,) is of too noble a nature wilfully to help to perpetuate an injustice done to a brother-bard, of whom I too, like his true-hearted daughter, Sally, "console myself in the persuasion that he is traversing the Elysian fields, associated with the kindred shades of his beloved Homer and Virgil."†

* "He was, in fact, a sublime visionary, who held chief converse with the ancients, or with the stars, and followed Nature to her inmost recesses. By all persons who were not in the trammels of a party, Aram was highly valued; and especially for his extraordinary usefulness as a teacher. In this department, the modesty and amiability of his character was remarkably conspicuous. He was no pedant or pedagogue, but another Aylmer; and by patience, by gentleness, and elucidations, he so recommended learning to his pupils, that he was equally beloved and admired by them all."—NORRISON SCATCHERD'S *Memoirs of the celebrated Eugene Aram, who was Executed for the Murder of Daniel Clark, in 1759.*

† I notice that the late THOMAS DIXON WALKER, in his *Dinsdale and Croft*, claims Aram as a native of our neighbourhood; but, I am sorry to say, that honour is not ours, or I would have rejoiced to have included his Memoir in the present work. Writing of Eryholme, Mr. WALKER says:—"I am not aware that this village has ever given birth to any one of fame or notoriety, except 'Eugene Aram,' who was born here, in the old hall, in 1704." And he immediately proceeds to quote from a letter written by Eugene Aram from his condemned cell at York Castle to the Rev. Thomas Collins of Knaresborough, which, had he known more of it, would have informed him, that he "was born at Ramsgill, a little village in Netherdale, in 1704;" where his "maternal relations had been substantial and reputable in that dale for many generations;" but he states, as quoted by Mr. WALKER, that his "father's ancestors were of

In 1838, the late Lady Turner, then on a visit to Harrogate, became favourably impressed with Mr. Holme's ability and religious earnestness, and, in the following year, presented him to the vicarage of Kirkleatham, which he resigned in 1851. He now became, in a double sense, a Cleveland Bard, publishing, in 1843, his most pretentious poem, *Mount Grace Abbey*, which was dedicated, by permission, "to Her Majesty Adelaide, the Queen Dowager." He had previously published, at the request of her sister, a *Memoir of Mrs. Presgrave*, which I do not remember to have seen, and consequently can say nothing about. But in his *Mount Grace Abbey*, (which, by the bye, should be *Mount Grace Priory*, to be strictly correct, Mount Grace having never been an Abbey at all,) it is easy to see that the fine flowing style of the late Sir Walter Scott has entranced him, as it has done thousands, and will do to the end of time.

An ancient minstrel is journeying towards Cleveland at eventide, and his arrival at the monastery is thus described in the opening stanzas of the first canto:—

"The curfew's last expiring knell
 Flung its deep tones o'er hill and dell:
 The sound repeated through the year,
 And day by day scarce gain'd an ear;
 Yet was it gladly heard by one,
 Wearied, benighted, and alone;
 Silent and sad, no help is there,
 He sinks the victim of despair.
 Like voice from heaven the curfew's toll
 Rekindles hope within his soul:
 One effort more—with quicken'd pace,
 He gains the Abbey of Mount Grace,
 Those were dark days, when civil war
 Guarded each gate with bolt and bar:
 Suspicion held his stubborn sway,
 And friend as foeman chased away.
 Short parley he with porter holds—
 His claim is own'd, the gate unfolds;

great antiquity and consideration in this county, and originally British. Their surname is local, for they were formerly lords of the town of Harem, or Aram, on the southern banks of the Tees, and opposite to Sockburn in the bishopric of Durham."

REV. JAMES HOLME, B.A.

And now there stands within that house,
The scene of penitence and vows,
'Mid wond'ring novice, monk, and prior,
A minstrel, bearing harp and lyre:
'With cares and troubles long opprest,
I here implore my earthly rest;
This token will ensure for me
A gracious answer to my plea;
Far have I wander'd, faint and weak,
Rest for my weary limbs I seek.
Sad are my tidings, sad my heart—
If Heaven, through sleep, meet strength impart,
You shall not fail to hear me tell
How Surrey for his sovereign fell.
Fast flows the tear-drop o'er his cheeks,
While thus the aged pilgrim speaks."

For the Minstrel has been in the service of that Thomas de Holland, (Duke of Surrey, Earl of Kent, and Lord Wake,) who founded the Priory or House of Mount Grace in the latter part of Richard the Second's reign, and who figures as one of the historical characters of Shakspeare.* Having shown the signet of their fallen founder, the minstrel is at once assured by the prior of a welcome asylum:—

"What thou canst wish, and we can give,
Be thine while here thou deign'st to live."

After a comfortable night's sleep, (let us hope not with an empty stomach, though the poet does not deign to notice their setting victuals before him,) the Minstrel rises refreshed, for

"Sleep, like an angel's spell, bestows
Relief from pain, respite from woes."

To the prior and monks he sings the tragic fate of the illustrious nobleman who had founded their house, and who, with Thomas Mereks, the brave bishop of Carlisle, remained true to the unfortunate and unscrupulous Richard the Second, when others were playing as false to him as he had done to

*See his touching tragedy, *The Life and Death of King Richard the Second*, act iv., scene 1st.

the followers of Wat Tyler ; and the following is the strain in which he sings

SURREY'S FATE.

"Our king had gone to Erin's land,
With many a noble in his band,
Eager to win some martial fame,
And add more lustre to their name.
All thirsting to avenge the wrong
Done to their liege by baron strong,
Leinster's high chieftain, bold O'Brin,
Who dared to slay our sovereign's kin;
His viceroy too, a rebel deed,
Which made that country groan and bleed—
For Richard felt the martial fire,
The lion-heart, of his great sire,
When friend so dear as this was slain
By traitor chief and lawless train.
Scarce were some dear-bought trophies won—
Scarce was the work of justice done,
When news, all fraught with grief and fear,
Of home-bred treason reach'd his ear.

Proud Bolingbroke, with sword and might,
Came, as he said, to claim his right;
Had that been all the baron sought,
No deeds of horror had been wrought;
Yourself, Lord Prior, his bearing saw,
Amid the assembled lords, the awe
His looks, his eloquence, inspired;
All hearts were with false pity fired.

* * * * *
Surrey, with other barons brave,
Who now had sworn their king to save,
From camp to Cirencester repairs,
And for great deeds his soul prepares;
But then came messengers to tell
How Richard by assassins fell.
Scarce had this message credence gain'd,
As if injustice had obtain'd
A right from Heaven all earth to sway,
And mark each good man for her prey,
When mob of townsmen, arm'd and fierce,
Rush to our resting-place, and pierce,
In fiendish rage, with many a dart,
Our friend, our patron, to the heart."

The monks then chant a requiem for their fallen founder, after which :—

“ Long the harp in silence hung ;
 Monk and minstrel, many a day,
 Felt their souls with anguish wrung
 By the strains the bard had sung,
 And retired to mourn and pray.”

But time softens grief, and the minstrel's harp is once more welcome to them all :—

“ Gladly again both monks and prior
 Listen to his minstrelsy.”

But “ not yet of conquering prince and lord” is his song. His “ heart is more attuned to dwell, in plaintive tone and measured time,” on his “ own sad eventful tale ; the various fortunes which befel from infancy to manhood's prime.” Every student of English history is aware how, from the reign of Stephen at least, the Jews in England were persecuted alike by rapacious kings and ignorant multitudes ; and how the priests, who professed to teach the religion of love and universal brotherhood, hounded on the savage persecutors ; until, in the reign of the first Edward, the fifteen or sixteen thousand children of Israel then in England were banished from the kingdom : which bigotry even the power of Cromwell sought in vain to destroy. The minstrel was “ a widow'd mother's son” of the persecuted race ; but one who, unlike his mother, had renounced the faith of his fathers :—

“ A law was framed, with vile intent,
 By avarice and extortion plann'd,
 Which doom'd to endless banishment,
 And, robb'd of all possessions, sent
 Each child of Abraham from the land.
 I dare the truth unfold to you ;
 Uncheck'd by fear will I proceed :
 I am myself, by birth, a Jew—
 My heart dwells with that injured few,
 Tho' from their errors I am freed.
 That law, like vengeance sent from God,
 Fell on our ruined race in blood :
 They drove us like foul beasts away,
 To want, and woe, and death, the prey.”

I was a widow'd mother's son,
 An infant, and her only one;
 Her husband gone, she was bereft,
 And in the world a stranger left.
 She heard the sovereign's direful law—
 It fill'd her soul with thrilling awe.
 Where might a lonely woman flee
 To find some spot from terror free?
 She 'd not renounce her father's faith;
 No, rather would she welcome death.
 Her heart with maddening care grew wild,
 Not for herself, but me her child.
 Far from the haunts of men she flew,
 And kept aloof from human view;
 She found a dreary solitude
 In Kilton's dark secluded wood.
 Oft would she cast a longing glance
 Over the ocean's wide expanse;
 Oft stretch from the tall cliffs her eye,
 If happily she could descry
 Some vessel, which might bear us hence,
 From land of blood and violence.
 In vain she look'd; Heaven did ordain
 On earth she should no peace obtain:
 No shield from fear and famine found,
 She sunk, she sunk, upon the ground!
 What agony I felt when prest
 To her cold lip and fainting breast!
 She could but, as she died, exclaim,
 'Thy God 's the God of Abraham.'

Left alone, in his sixth year, a poor, friendless orphan, of a banished race, he is found mourning by the side of his mother's corpse by a crutched friar,* or friar of St. Cross,

* "The order of cross-bearing, or crouched friars," according to STEVENS, "was distinguished from other religious bodies by always carrying in their hand a wooden staff, with a cross on the top, which originally was of iron, but in after times it was a silver crucifix." They had a house in London, founded about the year 1298, which after its suppression became "a glass-house, or house wherein was made glass of divers sorts to drink in," and was burnt down September 4th, 1574, and the site of their church became "a carpenter's yard, a tennis-court, and such like." The history is given by good old Stow, in his invaluable *Survey*, and the site still bears the name of Crutched Friars.

who took him to his hermitage on Raweliff:—

“ Not long alone did I thus grieve:
 A form approach'd, haggard and grim;
 My parent's corpse I would not leave,
 Else had I fled in fear from him:
 His long loose robes of sackcloth made,
 His forehead brown'd by summer's heat;
 His limbs were naked, and he had
 Sandals of wood beneath his feet.
 His white beard down his bosom hung,
 His hair was o'er his shoulders flung,
 His rigid face was wrinkled o'er,
 And in his hand a cross he bore:
 You know quite well, by his attire,
 The hermit was a crouched friar.
 * * *
 We dug her grave—my mother's grave—
 By the clear stream in Kilton Dell:
 He pray'd that God her soul would save,
 And snatch her, though a Jew, from hell.”

Wonderful liberality, certainly, for that age: but Wycliffe's doctrines were spreading, like his disentombed ashes,* despite of priestly persecution, and the crutched friar goes mad with bigotry against the Lollards:—

“ He led me to his wild abode
 On Raweliff's frowning height;
 I saw the mighty power of God
 In the deep blue ocean far abroad—
 A glorious, wond'rous sight.
 He daily taught me to revere
 The Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea:
 There did I learn to love and fear
 That God who saw the orphan's tear,
 For ever great, for ever near—
 A God reveal'd in persons three.”

* John of Wycliffe died in 1384, at Lutterworth; and, having escaped the stake during his life-time, through the protection of the Duke of Lancaster, the Romish Church ordered his bones to be taken up and burnt, forty years after his funeral, and cast into the Swift, a beck that flows along the foot of the hill on which Lutterworth is built. “This brook,” says the truly-quaint FULLER, “hath conveyed his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they into the main ocean: and thus the ashes of Wycliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which is now dispersed all the world over.”

This harp was his; he tutor'd me
 In lore of song and minstrelsy;
 O had you heard him touch the string,
 And to the tones enraptured sing;
 While the dark ocean murmuring 'neath,
 Seem'd in sweet harmony to breathe;
 As the thundering waves roar'd deep and loud,
 Wild, fast, and high, and fitful flow'd
 The hermit's voice and the music's tone,
 Then died away in the ocean's moan—
 You 'd deem that he must surely be
 Some spirit of the mighty sea.

Firm was his step, and terrorless
 Down the steep cliff he 'd go;
 And, seated on dread precipice,
 Where nought but gull or eagle is,
 Watch the white waves below.
 The heretics he ill could brook;
 Then only did I feel afraid,
 When, with clench'd hand, and frenzied look,
 And voice that my awed spirit shook,
 He utter'd curses on their head."

Cursing the heretics, the mad hermit dashes himself from the top of Rawcliff during a storm; but, unfortunately, did not destroy bigotry and superstition along with him. They only are to be driven from men's minds by teaching to all the sublime truths of science, and the true religion of the holy Jesus as set forth in his inspired Sermon on the Mount. As for the hermit:—

"Men told how fragments of a corpse
 Were found, far off, upon the strand,
 With a crouch'd friar's staff and cross
 Clasp'd firmly in a dead man's hand.
 They lie beneath stone cross, 't is said,
 Full low and deep, in Leatham Dell:
 Who rear'd the cross, or tomb'd the dead,
 And the crouch'd staff with the relics laid,
 No human wight may surely tell."

So endeth the second canto, of which there are six in all: the third relates Edward the Third's first invasion of France; the fourth, the sieges of Hennebon and Auberoch; the fifth, the heroical battle of Cressy; and the sixth, the

memorable Tournament in Smithfield, held to commemorate the English victories in France and Edward's fiftieth birthday. "The battle of Cressy," says WALKER ORD, "is written with much care; and, for high lyrical force, must be considered the *chef d'œuvre* of the poem: it is also quite equal and well-sustained throughout, without any breaks or falls; and proves beyond question that Mr. Holme is endowed with the full animus, and life's blood, and inspiration of a poet." The work has for some time been out of print; as has also his *Psalms and Hymns, Original and Select, for Public Worship*, published the same year.

Mr. Holme has published occasional Sermons, in a cheap form, by request of his parishioners; and, in 1861, in conjunction with his brother, the Rev. Thomas Holme, vicar of East Cowton, a small volume of original *Hymns and Sacred Poetry*. In 1850, I happen to know that he had three works in manuscript, but I have never heard of his publishing them, viz., one entitled *The Village Lyre*, containing many religious and moral poems, with two on the abominable Slave Trade; *Reminiscences by a Village Pastor*, containing a number of tales, and sketches of character, which formed a part of his own experience; and *The Pagan, the Papist, and the Puseyite*, interspersed with sketches from ecclesiastical history, "showing how Satan's plan has ever been the same in seducing into error." He has also been repeatedly solicited to either edit Dr. Burn's *History of Westmoreland*, or to write a new one of his native county. Since his resignation of the vicarage of Kirkleatham, he has been more than once offered a benefice; but, being in possession of a comfortable competency, he has preferred to take charge of pastoral duties for other clergymen, and has been for some years at Bolton, near Bradford, in the west-riding of Yorkshire.

THE REV. THOMAS HOLME.

The Rev. Thomas Holme, alluded to above, is the elder of the two brothers. He was born at Orton, in Westmoreland, August 8th, 1793; ordained deacon, by the Bishop of Durham, September 22nd, 1816, to the curacy of Kirk Harle; ordained priest, by the Bishop of Carlisle, to the curacy of Lowther,

in Westmoreland, July 18th, 1819; and instituted to the vicarage of East Cowton, by the Bishop of Ripon, October 25th, 1842. He published, in 1861, in conjunction with his brother, the before-noticed Rev. James Holme, B.A., a small volume of original *Hymns and Sacred Poetry*, dedicated to Sir Walter C. Trevelyan, Bart., in which the pieces by the two brothers are given separately. The following is a specimen of the elder brother's hymning:—

"Almighty Father, King of Kings!
In thee I live, and think, and move;
From Thee each earthly blessing springs,
And richest streams of heavenly love.
Assist me, Lord, with willing speed,
In duty's happy paths to run;
May every thought, and word, and deed,
Confirm this prayer,—'Thy will be done.'

And should some wish that 's near my heart
Conceal no sin, nor hurtful be,
Kindly the wish'd-for gift impart;
The time and way I leave to Thee.
But would that gift ensnaring prove,
O, then the rebel thought dethrone;
My anxious prayer denied in love,
Help me to say, 'Thy will be done.'

When life's bright scenes shall fade away,
And dark'ning clouds of grief appear,
Be Thou my light, my hope, my stay,
And still each murmur, doubt, and fear.
With heart and eyes upraised to Thee,
When joys, and health, and friends, are gone,
Then shall my prayer through Jesus be,
'Thy will, good Lord, not mine, be done.'"

The vicar of East Cowton is well known as an earnest labourer for the Temperance Societies, and here is an hymn written specially for them:—

"In brotherhood we meet,
Lord sanctify each heart;
Our earnest counsels to direct,
Thy gracious light impart.
Thy word our guide, we trust
Our aim Thou dost approve;

To rescue drunkards from their sin,
By self-denying love.
Th' inebriating cup
We cheerfully forego, [world
As the foul stream which steepes the
In wickedness and woe.

To quench the natural thirst
 Pure water Thou dost give;
 That man, and beast, and bird, and
 flower,
 May freely drink and live.
 Our work of love to Thee
 In faith we now commend;

To crown this work with full suc-
 cess,
 Thy blessing, Lord, extend.
 Then, with its countless ills,
 Strong drink shall disappear;
 And the bless'd fruits of temperance
 Our happy homes will cheer."

In 1862, the Rev. Thomas Holme published a small religious tractate, entitled *The Serene Sunset of a Young Pilgrim in the Twenty-First Year of her Age*, which is an affectionate memorial of his daughter,

MARY JANE HOLME,

the eldest child of his second family, who was born on the twenty-third of April, 1840, and died December second, 1860. She appears to have been an amiable young lady, of great promise in the work of education, for which she was being trained; and, in her thirteenth year, commenced a manuscript family-periodical amongst her juvenile cousins, her father's pupils, to which she contributed the following Hymn, dated January 1st, 1853.

"Almighty Father! God of love,
 Whose will first gave me light,
 Should I not serve Thee all the day,
 And think of Thee at night?"

While yet I'm young, oh guide my steps,
 Give me a humble mind;
 Forgive my sins for Thy dear Son;
 Who died to save mankind.

If I grow old, oh! grant me peace,
 The peace of Thy dear Son:
 Carry me gently to my grave
 When my short race is run."

[Since the above was in type, I have learnt that the Rev. Thomas Holme departed this life, at East Cowton, universally respected, on Saturday morning, January 20th, 1872, aged 78 years. He may be said to have died in harness, having officiated at a marriage on the previous Saturday.]

THE REV. JOHN GRAVES.

"Hail! patient plodder in the useful mine
Of our antiquities: Cleveland owes to thee
Honour, as one who made her History
From out the darkness of the Past to shine;
And evermore thy brows we will entwine
With bays that will not fade. Although no bard
To sing her greatness, yet thou labour'd hard,
In nervous prose, to make her name divine
In our land's letters. Pioneer wert thou
For ORD to follow; and now I aspire,
To pen in prose, and sometimes tune my lyre
To sing, of Cleveland in the Past and Now.
May thy industrious labours, GRAVES, to me
Prove such example, that I equal thee!"

PETER PROLETARIUS.

The Rev. JOHN GRAVES, to whose indomitable industry we owe the first *History of Cleveland*, was born at Threekeld,* in Cumberland, on the festival of St. John the Evangelist, December 27th, 1761, and was baptised there, according to the register, January 7th, 1762. His father, Thomas Graves, was one of the old English yeomanry, being the owner and

* Threekeld is a chapelry in the parish of Greystock, four miles and a half E.N.E. from Keswick, and five miles W. from Penrith; is in the Leath ward, and in the East division of the county of Cumberland. I have great pleasure in acknowledging my obligations to the Rev. Charles Grant, the present vicar, for his kindness in searching the registers for me, and making inquiries at Threekeld to aid me in this brief biography. I have also to thank the Rev. John Winpenny, Rector of Yarm; the Rev. Wm. Turner Putsey, Vicar of Kirklevington; and the Rev. William Henry Elliot, Vicar of High Worsall, for their courtesy in examining their registers to aid me in my researches. To Mrs. Kite, the daughter of the historian; to Mrs. Henry Graves, his son's widow; and to the historian's grandsons, more especially to Dr. Dale, of Stockton-on-Tees, I have also to express my thanks. And yet, after travelling (at various times) about a hundred miles, and after writing scores of letters, in order to secure the materials for a good biography for our first Cleveland local historian, the reader sees what a mere mole-hill of a tumulus I have been enabled to throw up to his memory! What, then, must have been his own ardent labours to produce his *History*!

occupier of a farm there called Bridge End, and was married to Sarah White on the first of May, 1758; and their eldest son, Thomas Graves, has descendants still living in the parish. Our historian was the second son by the above marriage; and he was probably educated in one of the excellent grammar schools of his native county; for, as the late Rev. ISAAC BENSON, of Acklam, (Richard Cobden's tutor,) once wrote to me:—"The Free Schools in Westmoreland and Cumberland have turned out men that have risen to eminence in all the walks of life,—statesmen, warriors, bishops and archbishops, lawyers and judges, &c. The education imparted in the Free Schools alluded to is not of that smattering stuff to be met with in private academies, where they get a smattering of everything, and a bellyful of nothing. In the Free Schools they acquire a thorough knowledge of Latin, and Greek, and Euclid, and mathematics, which enables them to make themselves master of whatever they take in hand, whether as men of learning or commerce: their talents become early developed, and befit them "for anything."

In the year 1783, he was married, at Stockton-on-Tees, to Mary Bedford Rayner, by the Rev. John Brewster,—who did not produce the first edition of his *History of Stockton* until thirteen years afterwards; so that no one who witnessed the ceremony could be aware that the officiating clergyman and the bridegroom were both in after years to become famous as local historians, the former for the north, and the latter for the south, of the Tees, any more than they dreamt of the immense material development that has since taken place on both sides of the river.

On the opening of the then newly-established Grammar School in West Row, Stockton-on-Tees, in 1785, the Rev. John Graves was the first master; being succeeded, in 1789, by Thomas Allen. "It is much to be lamented," remarked BREWSTER, writing in 1796, "that in a populous town, and in so good a situation, the Grammar School should be wholly without a foundation."

Mr. GRAVES was for many years master of the endowed Grammar School at Yarm, founded in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, by Thomas Conyers; but when his mastership

commenced, or when it ceased, I have not been able to ascertain.

In the year 1794, he became incumbent of Kirklevington, vacant by the death of the Rev. John Hopkinson ; and also, on the resignation of the Rev. J. Thompson, was appointed, October 24th of the same year, to the perpetual curacy of High Worsall. For a short time Worsall was his residence ; but his appointment as stipendiary curate of Yarm in May, 1797, and his mastership of the Grammar School there, would necessitate his removal to Yarm, where his name appears in the registers for the last time in January, 1832,—only seven months before his death.

In the year 1808, he published, in a quarto volume, printed at Carlisle, *The History of Cleveland, in the North Riding of the County of York ; comprehending an Historical and Descriptive View of the Ancient and Present State of each Parish within the Wapontake of Langbargh ; the Soil, Produce, and Natural Curiosities ; with the Origin and Genealogy of the principal Families within the District*, dedicated to the Very Reverend George Markham, D.D., Dean of York, (the then Rector of Stokesley,) “as a grateful tribute of respect.”

From that time to the present, the work has held a respectable place amongst local histories. It would be as easy as it would be useless to point out a few faults and many omissions in the work under consideration ; but when we remember that our author was the pioneer to open out the path for all future historians of Cleveland, with comparatively few books for reference in his labours ; that he had the parishes to map out for us, and the clay and stubble alike to gather for the bricks of his edifice ; even some of his brother-clergymen (like poor drunken Deason, of Whorlton,) throwing impediments in his way instead of stretching out a helping hand ; and that at the time he was writing his *History of Cleveland*, he was also teaching the Yarm Grammar School, and (with the single exception of some one to take the Sunday duty for him at Kirklevington) he faithfully discharged his pastoral duties as incumbent of the two benefices of High Worsall and Kirklevington, and the curacy of Yarm ; and that his income from all sources never realized Three Hundred Pounds a year,—

men like Graves and the learned Oxlee never being appreciated in the church, whilst drones not worthy to buckle their shoes rolled in luxury—one's blood boils at the thoughts, and one cannot help exclaiming with honest BOBBY BURNS:—

"It 's hardly in a body's power
To keep, at times, frae being sour,
To see how things are shared;
How best o' chieles are wiles in want,
While coofs on countless thousands rant,
And ken na how to wear 't."

Mr. Graves, evidently believing that it was better to be worn out than to rust out, died in harness. She who had been his dear partner in life for a period of some forty-seven years, had slept beneath the sod in Worsall churchyard two years, when he went to his rest beside her. He died at Yarm, August 2nd, 1832, in his seventy-first year, and was buried at High Worsall, August 6th, where, on a stone standing against the west end of the church, is the following inscription:—

"*Omnes eodem cogimur serius ocinus.*"

Near this place lies interred the body of the Rev. JOHN GRAVES, upwards of 40 years Incumbent of this Parish,—Author of the *History of Cleveland*. The divine precepts of that religion which he inculcated upon others was eminently evinced in the sincerity of his friendship and benevolence of all his actions. He exchanged this 'mortal for immortality' on the 2nd day of August, 1832, aged 71 years, deeply regretted by his surviving family and a large circle of friends.

Also MARY BEDFORD GRAVES, wife of the above JOHN GRAVES, who departed this life July 28th, 1830, aged 78 years.

Also MARY GRAVES, their daughter, who died May 2nd, 1796, aged years.

Also MARY ANN GRAVES, their daughter, who died December 11th, 1802, aged 3 years.

Also JOHN GRAVES, their son, who died December 17th, 1802, aged 10 years.

Also DAVID GRAVES, who died at Kingston, in Jamaica, 1815, aged 17 years.

Also WILLIAM GRAVES, who died at Valparaiso, 1817, aged 21."

I have only room here for one extract from MR. GRAVES's *History*: it is his description of

THE CASTLE HILL.

"William Beckwith, of Herrington, in the county of Durham, Esq., a descendant from the ancient family of Beckwiths, near Doncaster, who claim the

descent from Sir Hercules Malbisse, knight, possesses a considerable estate here [at Castle Levington]; upon which there is a circular eminence, called the *Castle Hill*, which is worth the attention of the curious; and from which we presume the name of *Castle Levington* to be derived. The annexed sketch will give the reader some idea of this monument of antiquity; which is situated on the western bank of the river Leven, to which the descent is steep; and commands a pleasing prospect of the windings and wooded banks of the river, and the country adjacent. The hill, on the west, south, and south-west, is nearly upon a level with the fields adjoining, from which it is guarded by a deep trench. The sides on the east, south-east, and north, are almost perpendicular: and rise, from the bottom to the summit, to the height of about two hundred yards above the river. The crown of the hill is a plain of forty paces in diameter, defended by a breast-work of earth of considerable height, forming a circle of two hundred paces in circumference; with an opening or entrance on the south. This opening has, of late years, been considerably enlarged, by digging and leading off the soil, of which the breast-work is composed; and which being of the richest quality, has been found highly useful and beneficial as a manure, particularly in the culture of turnips. In digging into the side of the hill, bones, supposed to be human, are sometimes found, with pieces of corroded iron, and fragments of coarse pottery, which appear to have been used for domestic purposes. There are no remains of any buildings near; but the place bears evident marks of a perfect fortification; and its circular form is highly characteristic of a *Danish Camp*.

The Danes are generally supposed to have made use of this mode of defence, upon the crown of some eminence, encompassed with intrenchments, and defended by a breast-work; which might, indeed, be afterwards followed by the inhabitants, either as a strong-hold, for the security of their valuables, or as a resort of fighting men, when they had to oppose the attacks of an enemy; for which purpose this hill seems well adapted, considering the mode of warfare, and the military weapons of that age;—the sides of which are so steep, that a small body of men occupying the summit, might defend themselves against a numerous enemy, who attacked only with missile weapons, or charged sword in hand.

It has been suggested to us, by an ingenious and learned correspondent, that this place might have been appropriated to *civil or judicial purposes*; like the *mons placiti*, which is described by Du Cange as being a hill where the people assemble at a court, like our assizes."

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G. M. T.

