

OXFORD
COUNTY HISTORIES



EAST RIDING
OF
YORKSHIRE

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OXFORD COUNTY HISTORIES

THE EAST RIDING
OF
YORKSHIRE

BY J. L. BROCKBANK, M.A.,

JOINT AUTHOR OF "YORK IN ENGLISH HISTORY."

WITH 69 ILLUSTRATIONS AND MAPS

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PREFACE

IN writing this little history I have consulted many books and documents, but of these it seems unnecessary to give a list: in this connexion I am under an obligation to Mr. Godfrey, of Stonegate, York, to whose valuable collection I often had recourse. But, naturally, the most interesting fields of research were the historic places themselves.

For personal assistance I must thank Mr. James Chilman of Hull, who read through my manuscript, and whose suggestions were very helpful.

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TO THE READER

No arguments should be needed to convince the inhabitants of East Yorkshire, young and old, that it is worth their while to learn something of the history of their own district. All of them, doubtless, are patriotic ; ought they not, for this reason alone, to know more of their *patria* or fatherland, and, especially, of that part of it which most closely concerns them ?

Let it be granted, then, that local history is a useful and proper field for study. The difficulty which remains is to interest people in it.

During a certain week in July, 1909, York presented a strange appearance. Ancient Britons were once more to be seen in the land ; monks walked the streets, and knights in armour clanked past. The idea of playing such parts had appealed to hundreds in the district ; in leisure hours they had prepared themselves to act in living and speaking pictures, and in this way to reproduce scenes from past ages. From all over the world people were attracted by the promise of seeing such a pageant of local history ; obviously a good method of interesting them in the subject had been found.

Now *pageant* and *page* have a similar meaning ; both imply something compacted or brought together to present a spectacle or picture. So in each chapter of this book I have tried to convey to the mind of the reader, by printed page and illustration, a vision of East Yorkshire appropriate to the period concerned. If you are sufficiently enthusiastic, you can make each vision a living pageant ; you can yourselves act the parts of the personages described ; you can turn the inanimate contents of the pages into words and actions of your own. Boys and girls of towns, villages, and hamlets, aye, and their elders too, might find much pleasure in reviving thus some scenes of long ago.

I know this is an ideal which, for many reasons, cannot always be attained. But the mind has no such

limitations as the body. Imagination is free; it can, with ease, people the streets and country-side with phantoms of the past. With Fancy's eye we can see to-day the prehistoric hunt, the Druid procession, and the noisy wapentake meeting. Will the readers of this book feel inclined to give such play to their fancies? Will they, if only in the crudest fashion, go further when possible, and in their own persons act real scenes from the more dramatic portions of the book? Such are the hopes of the author.

You can have little idea, until you have tried it, how much enjoyment follows when you make an object, a walk, or a visit, the centre of a field of historic memories. The old houses, the old roadways, the hills, the woods, the old earthworks and ruins in your neighbourhood, even the effigies in your church, remain but dull things to many. People are too often history-blind. They have eyes and see not. This book may serve to prove to such persons that things are not just what they seem. I have endeavoured, with a twofold object in view, to fit certain remarkable reminders into the pages of history to which they belong; localities and objects so mentioned may become hereafter, it is hoped, centres of interest to the reader; with regard to those not mentioned, I have tried to supply an incentive to search for and examine them, and sufficient simple history by which to study them intelligently.

It was clearly inadvisable, within the limits of this book, to attempt a reference to every village or locality which can boast of special historical associations or relics. It seemed much better to select certain important ones for treatment, and to leave the rest to the efforts of the readers themselves; and in those very efforts they will, I assure them, find pleasure.



Simple Geological Map of the Crust of East Yorkshire.

CHAPTER I

EAST YORKSHIRE—IN THE MAKING

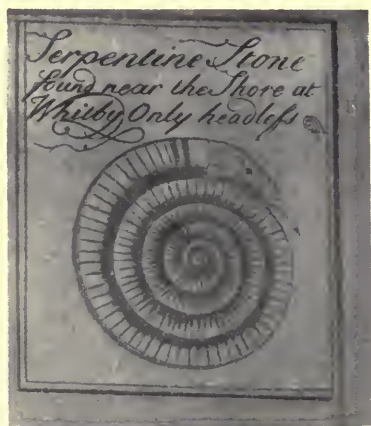
LAND has a history, as well as the people occupying it. Just as the years rolling on bring changes to nations, so to the land come modifications due to various causes. But the processes are slow ; we must look, usually, through many centuries to be able to note them clearly.

Certain forces of Nature are constantly bringing about changes in the land. All along the east coast, and at Flamborough especially, the restless sea is constantly gnawing. The cliffs are gradually undermined, become top-heavy, and pieces fall. The ceaseless grinding soon reduces these fragments to powder, and away they are swept by the coast currents. Strangely enough, they are deposited, mainly, in another part of East Yorkshire ; for Spurn Point is pushing itself farther and farther to the south-west with the sand the sea has stolen from the cliffs at Flamborough. Rivers, too, are at work carrying off more or less soil in solution ; while rain and storm affect even the hardest rocks.

But such changes are trifling compared with others of which we have no less sure evidence. In studying them we shall have to think, not in single years, as we do of our own lives, nor in centuries, as we might do of a nation, but in geological time—which counts centuries as minutes !

We can get some of the evidence we require by visiting places where a considerable depth has been exposed to view, as, for instance, the faces of cliffs, quarries, and mines. Rocks known as shale and limestone will appear ; if pieces of them are examined under a microscope then we shall conclude they have had an early history under water. Shale, being composed of minute particles of mud or sediment, must have once formed a soft layer at the bottom of some lake, sea, or river estuary. Limestone is composed mainly of the shells of tiny animals that once lived in water, or of the powder into which those shells were ground.

Where limestone and shale are found, therefore, they furnish clear evidence of an old-time sea, with a floor of soft ooze. When creatures living in that sea died their bodies would sink into the mud at the bottom ; flesh, skin, bone, all of these would decay and disappear. But something was left. The dead body was gradually displaced by the finest of sediment, and an impress of that body, faithfully portraying its outline and parts, remained. These we know, to-day, as fossils. They can be picked up in many a quarry ; they peep out from the worn faces of



A common mistake ! The original was not a snake but a shell-fish !

cliffs ; they can be unearthed from the crumbling *débris* on the sea-shore. The most common are ammonites, the fossils of creatures like the nautilus of to-day ; you may easily find specimens. East Yorkshiremen of more ignorant times accounted for them in a characteristic way : they thought they were snakes which had been turned into stone 'when Holy Hilda prayed'. Then there are belemnites, popularly known as 'thunderbolts'. They are really the fossilized backbones of fish, which had no other parts sufficiently durable to leave an impress. Those interested, who live near Flamborough, or who can

go and examine the cliffs between that town and Filey, will have a good chance to find such fossils, while those who live in the neighbourhood of Hull can go to North Cave and North Cliff; but any quarry provides a likely hunting-ground.

Those old-time seas contained big animals too, and lucky diggers have, occasionally, come across fossils thirty or forty feet long.



Photograph by J. B. Sparling.

FLAMBOROUGH HEAD.

The seaward termination of the chalk wolds.

Chalk has had an early history similar to that of limestone; with the microscope you can detect quite clearly the traces of tiny skeletons and shells, all testifying to little lives lived in that old, old sea. If nothing had disturbed its floor of ooze there would have been no East Yorkshire to-day. If some mighty force had lifted up the bottom of that sea, high and dry, without tumbling it about, then we should have had a flattish plain, with a thick layer of chalk or limestone on top, and another thick layer of shale underneath; of hills and valleys, rivers and lakes,

there would have been none. But the earth has had terrible convulsions, due to various causes ; sometimes the land was heaved up, sometimes it sank. Those great layers of shale, limestone, and chalk have been bundled about, so that they crop out, generally speaking, as the map indicates. The chalk has been pushed up until it forms, to-day, the huge backbone of East Yorkshire ; on the Humber, between Brough and Hessle, it is only a few miles broad ; it becomes wider and wider as it goes north in a crescent, till, between Driffeld and Acklam, it is over 15 miles across ; from these points it begins to narrow again and ends in those high cliffs along the Flamborough nose ; but in no part does this backbone reach a height of 900 feet above the level of the ocean. You will notice from the map that, between the limestone and the chalk, and all round the edge of the Wolds, the shale has broken through.

One part of East Yorkshire has become dry land so recently—geologically speaking, remember—that it is composed simply of dried mud and sediment of all descriptions which have been carried there by water ; and hence the term, *alluvium*. Notice, by the way, that *hol* in Holderness, too, refers to a long experience of flooding by *water*.

Clearly, then, all the land of East Yorkshire has had a long life under the sea—how long you can guess at from these facts. Yorkshire chalk is, in some places, 1,200 feet thick from top to bottom. Now, on the ocean floor chalk is being formed, to-day, from the myriads of bodies of the tiniest shell creatures ; the deposit is made so slowly that a layer of the thickness of a quarter of an inch only is said to be the product of a period of a hundred years. Calculate, therefore, how long it took to make the Wolds.

But, besides this life under the ocean, it is supposed that the land of East Yorkshire has had also thousands of years of a Tropical life, succeeded by thousands of years of an Arctic life, before it settled down to that Temperate (but erratic) life of to-day, which it has now lived for many thousands of years. At any rate, the climate of East Yorkshire, once upon a time, as they say in fairy tales, must have been like that of India ; and, certainly,

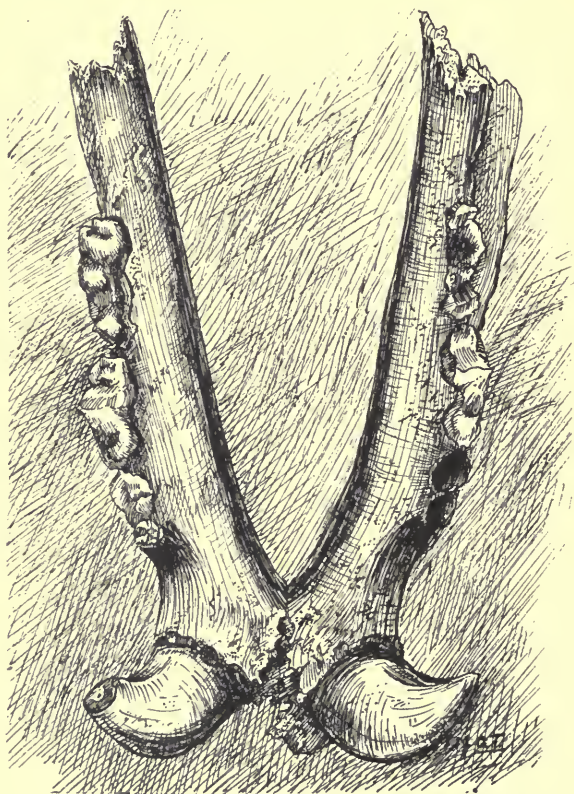


Photograph by Chas. Goulding.

BEMPTON CLIFFS, 300 FEET HIGH, ILLUSTRATING THE THICKNESS
OF THE CHALK.

Hundreds of sea-birds make their nests in these cliffs. Notice the
egg-gatherers at work.

as if to bring the average round to that of to-day, East Yorkshire afterwards had a climate like that of the polar



LOWER JAW OF A LION.

[In York Museum.]

Relic of the 'Tropical Age' in East Yorkshire. Found near Market Weighton.

regions. It sounds ridiculous! But how are we to explain the following facts otherwise? While digging near such places as Hessle, Sewerby, and Bridlington, men have

found bones of the elephant, hippopotamus, and rhinoceros; in York Museum there is a fine collection of those that were found at Sewerby, together with fossil ivory and other similar things from Bridlington. Such places as those mentioned are on the edge of the 'crust' of East Yorkshire, where there is a chance of getting at things buried long ages ago. It is absurd to think such animals could have lived through a modern East Yorkshire winter. Then, at Gristhorpe, just outside the East Riding, the fossil remains of huge tree-ferns have been dug up; you could not grow such vegetation there to-day except in well-heated greenhouses.

But nearly all traces of that far-off tropical period were destroyed or covered up by the succeeding Ice Age. For some reason the climate grew colder and colder. In the mountainous districts of Britain, to the north and west, glaciers were formed. In their grinding, almost imperceptible way, they moved, carrying rocks and soil, and grooving deeply all the country over which they passed. The traces of these grooves even now remain as evidence. Some of the material carried down was deposited at the sides, and much at the ends, of the glacier beds; it was left lying in huge, straggling heaps. Thus we find isolated rocks scattered about in East Yorkshire, related in no way to the rocks anywhere near them, but closely akin to those to be found on the hills of Cumberland and West Scotland. The nearest museum may contain specimens, even if you are unable to recognize them lying about the country-side.

Between Speeton and Buckton there are mounds largely composed of material carried down by glaciers in the Ice Age. The chain of low hills running in a shallow crescent from Bridlington, through Brandesburton and Sproatley to Burstwick, is probably composed mainly of *débris* left by a great icefield, as is almost all the surface land east of the Wolds. The gravel-pits of Burstwick, therefore, provide specimens of rocks and fossils of *all* kinds; for, of course, the ice would bring fragments collected from the varied land over which it passed in its slow journey.

The vast mounds and ridges of piled-up rocks and earth, called 'moraines', left by the icefields when they

melted, had a very great effect afterwards on the direction of the rivers. Moraines compelled the river, now called the Derwent, to flow by a roundabout way into the Humber, and we find a great glacial mound at Paull turning even the Humber itself from its direct easterly course towards the sea.

A glacier-field, 'once upon a time', would doubtless fill all the plain of the Ouse; there would be another to the east of the Wolds; there would be others from which these sprang, or which they joined, but with which we are not now concerned.

The animals that would probably exist in the Ice Age were such as the reindeer, the Irish elk, the grizzly bear, and the walrus; and, sure enough, excavations amongst the *débris* carried down by the glaciers of those far-off times bring to light the bones of such animals. There was also a gigantic elephant-like creature, the mammoth, now long extinct; some extensive digging which took place at Hessle unearthed a tooth which had belonged to one of these hairy elephants; it is as big as the shoe of a boy of ten. Another just like it was found on Bielbeck's Farm, near Market Weighton, as well as several relics, such as bones and teeth, belonging to the Ice Age of East Yorkshire; amongst them were certain portions of the skeleton of what had once been a woolly rhinoceros; an elephant or rhinoceros clothed like those of to-day would, of course, soon have perished.

The land of East Yorkshire, therefore, had a wonderful history all to itself, most of it before man arrived; but it is difficult sometimes to accept all that geologists would have us believe, and it is a good rule to ask for as much proof as possible. Consequently, every one who can is advised to read this chapter with the help of the nearest good museum, where many proofs of its statements will be found, neatly arranged, with wonderful names on the labels attached to them.

CHAPTER II

MAN IN THE EARLIEST TIMES

IN that dreary time, the Ice Age, it is doubtful if any human beings lived in the land now called the British Isles. Probably they had been driven southwards by the deadly cold. Most of the animals preceded them. There was no barrier of ocean to obstruct their journey; for the shallow North Sea and Baltic Sea were then dry land. It would have been possible, but for the obstruction of great rivers, to walk across from what is now the coast of East Yorkshire to the land now called Denmark. The present floor of the North Sea formed in those times the basin of a mighty river, which has, through the sinking of the land, long ago dwindled down to the River Rhine of to-day. The stream which we think of now as the great Yorkshire Ouse would be but one of its smaller tributaries.

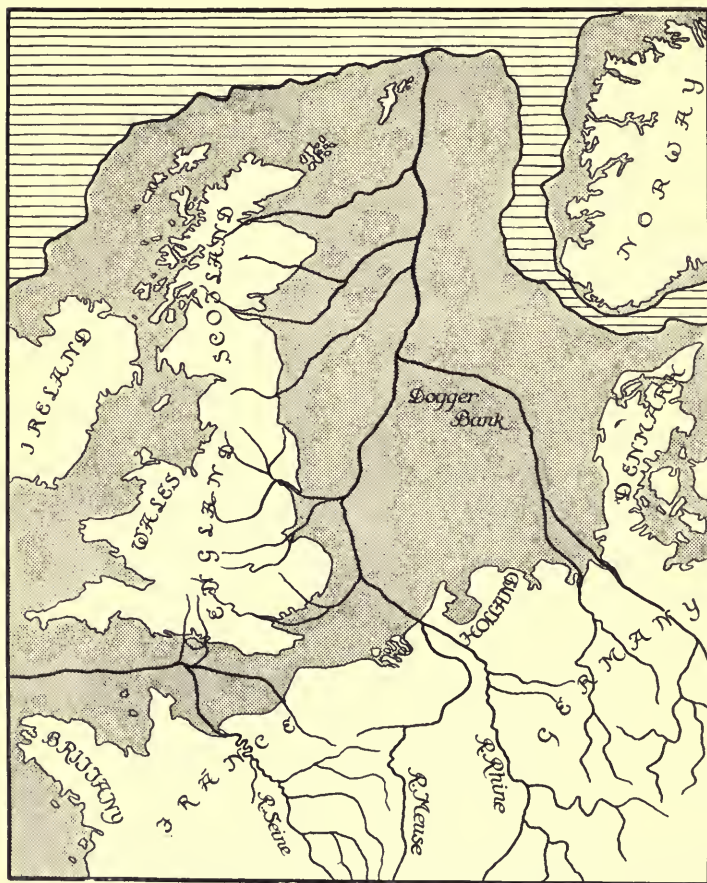
If the plain of Yorkshire could be raised as high as the top of the Wolds, and all the surface of the British Isles and the ocean beds around, in the same proportion, then we should get approximately some idea of geography before the Ice Age.

From Sewerby, in a course passing through Driffield and Beverley to Hessle, runs a ridge that existed as dry land before the Ice Age, but it was later covered up deeply by the glacial deposits. Yet it is possible at Hessle and Sewerby to come at parts of that old ridge, and something may perhaps, one day, be found at those places to tell us of the first men of the East Riding.

Those primeval men must have been weird creatures. Traces have been found of them, usually in old river beds. For this reason they have been called River-Drift men, and sometimes, from their rough weapons, Old-Stone men. They had no houses, no fires, probably no places of refuge. Their bones show that they were no taller than most boys are nowadays at fifteen.

There are no people living to-day who have descended from these River-Drift men; for it is very probable that

they were nearly all killed, and those who escaped gradually died off.



MAP TO SHOW EAST YORKSHIRE BEFORE THE 'ICE AGE'.

Based on Map of C. R. L. Fletcher.

Their disappearance was due to another set of Old-Stone men, who dwelt in holes or caves, and so are sometimes called Cave-men, and of these, too, no traces have

been found in East Yorkshire. Yet it seems a pity to omit mention of them, because the Esquimaux of to-day are almost certainly descended from them.

Some time after the Ice Age our land became separated into two large islands, with shallow seas dividing them from each other and from the continent. Men wishing to come north into what is now Britain would have to know at least enough to make log canoes. Such men soon began to come in considerable numbers, and they brought animals with them which they had domesticated. Their weapons were so well made, although still of stone, that these men have been called New-Stone men. At Speeton, Boynton Hall, South Skirlaugh, and at other spots, considerable collections of their flint and stone implements have been found.

What would East Yorkshire look like after the great melting of the ice? It would be a land of mere, marsh, and morass! For, consider its surface even now. The greater part, if we except the Wolds, is low-lying. Lakes, surrounded by marshes and quaking morasses, would, therefore, be relieved only by a few scattered pieces of firm land formed by the outstanding ridges or mounds. On these 'islands' primitive men had to make their rude homes.

Extensive beds of gravel and clay show us to-day how big were the sheets of water which once abounded all over what is now East Yorkshire. Certain names containing the syllable 'mere', or its derivatives, tell us that some of these lakes were in existence long after man reached a comparatively advanced state of civilization; while the word 'holm', meaning 'wooded island', occurs even more frequently. Sledmere, Sand-le-mere, Marfleet, Nunburnholme, Holme, Holmpton, are instances. But agriculture as the years passed, claimed more and more of the fertile beds of those early lakes. One by one the sheets of water disappeared before the skill of man, to reward him with fertile fields after the toil of drainage. Hornsea Mere, alone, is left as yet unconquered.

The primitive New-Stone men, amongst the lakes and woods of the East Riding, had to contend with nature in the form of many floods and much water, and with living

enemies in the form of wild animals and, perhaps, the revengeful Cave-men. A house built, therefore, above the level of the water, but yet surrounded by it, would seem to them to offer an ideal retreat.

A remarkable discovery at Ulrome has made the life of the earliest 'lake-dwellers' peculiarly interesting to all East Riding people. At a considerable depth below the present surface of the soil were found the remains of two of those old-time lake-dwellings. One had been built on the remains of the other, and both had been preserved by the peaty deposit in which they were found. Large trunks had been laid parallel to each other, with short trunks lying across them. These formed a sort of rectangular platform about 30 yards by 18 yards. This platform was fastened in position by stakes, from 4 to 6 feet long, driven into the bottom of the lake. The lower ends of these stakes had been roughly pointed by the use of fire and stone axes. On this platform the New-Stone men no doubt built rude huts. They first filled up the gaps in the platform with broken wood and twigs, and they also made the upper surface of the tree-trunks as flat as they could with their stone axes. Then they covered the whole with bark and sand, and so they got a fairly level surface. A pair of tree trunks, 5 feet apart, stretched from the platform to the shore, and formed a rough means of communication. Try to draw a picture of such a lake-dwelling for yourselves.

From the trees used we can see of what the early forests were composed. They were, mostly, oak, ash, birch, willow, and hazel. On the upper platform a bronze spear-head was found, and the stakes which fixed this platform looked as if they had been sharpened with a metal implement.

But the lower platform, through which the stakes of the upper had been driven, yielded evidence only of the Stone Age. Many weapons and implements were lying about, but all were of bone or stone. The leg bones of oxen, broken across midway between the joints, and pierced near the joint end with a circular hole for a wooden handle, may have been used to till the ground. Sharpened stones, with a hole in the middle, served as heads for

hammers and axes. Flint flakes were used as knives and scrapers. By their aid the New-Stone man could skin an animal and make himself a rough coat. Large oval stones, with a flat smooth surface, and rounded stones, were used for crushing grain. Bones were plentiful; the jaws of wolves, the tusks of boars, the horns of reindeer, the bones of sheep, oxen, and dogs, showed what were the most common wild and domestic animals in the days of the New-Stone age.

At times, with their stone axes, those early East Yorkshiremen laboriously cleared a space for their corn. Then with their poor implements they scratched and picked at the soil. More frequently they hunted in the dark forests and so obtained food and skin clothing.

The historical name for the New-Stone men is Iberians, and in certain parts of Wales, Ireland, and Spain some of their race still survive; while the name, Iberian Peninsula, reminds us that, before the coming of the Celts, they were living here and there, in a very scattered kind of way, all over Western Europe.

CHAPTER III

PART I

CURIOUS 'HISTORY BOOKS' OF EAST YORKSHIRE

CERTAIN remains suggest so much that they seem to deserve this title.

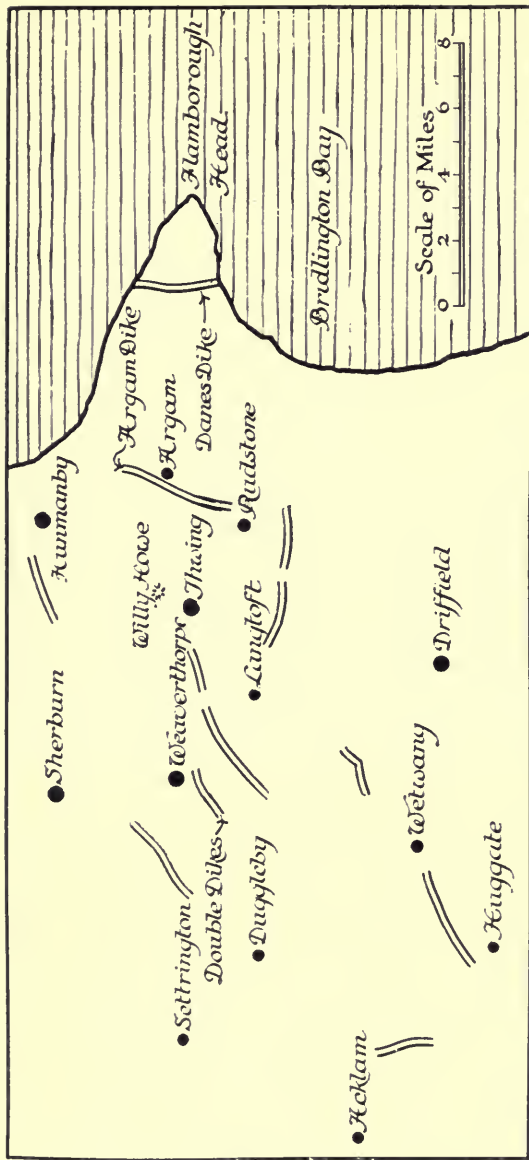
There are huge 'dikes' or lines of earth-mounds scattered at intervals over North-east Yorkshire. The district containing them, so far as the East Riding is concerned, may be roughly indicated by a triangle with base extending from Huggate to Sherburn, and with apex at Flamborough Head. Men have dug into them and found, near the surface, weapons in abundance; but all, or very nearly all, were made of stone; a few pins, only, of bronze have been discovered. Evidently, then, the entrenchments were raised before the Stone Age had been succeeded by the Bronze Age. Their popular name of 'Danes' Dikes'

is misleading ; whether the Danes ever used these 'dikes' or not they certainly did not make them.

Most of them were built so that they would help in the defence of the ridge or slope on which they were placed. Their very positions indicate that they were military safeguards against enemies ; the weapons found lying along the top and just beneath the present surface suggest the same thing. The 'dikes' at Huggate look particularly military. It seems reasonable to interpret the numerous openings in them as serving for gateways through which the defenders could easily rush out, or through which they could quickly retreat if worsted in open battle. On the whole we may, perhaps, decide that they were raised by the Iberians or New-Stone men for a last great struggle with the invading Celts. What enormous labour they must have involved ! Near Flamborough, the ramparts form an almost impregnable barrier against any attack from the west. To understand the extent of the entrenchments, study the map ; but, to know what they are really like, try to visit the nearest.

On the Wolds are many mounds called 'barrows' ; some are longer in proportion to their width, while others are round like inverted bowls. They are not easily distinguishable now except at such places as Duggleby Howe and Willie Howe. They are the burial-mounds of the Iberians and the Celts. The former, from the shape of their skulls, are classed as a 'long-headed' race, and, for a similar reason, the Celts are a 'round-headed' race. By a curious coincidence, the 'long barrows' belong to the Iberians and the round barrows to the Celts, although, of course, it would be ridiculous to think that the shape of the head has had anything to do with the shape of the burial-mound.

Examination of the contents of the 'long barrows', therefore, tells us something more about those men who built that lower lake-dwelling at Ulrome. Evidently they offered up sacrifices at their burials. Perhaps they worshipped the sun ; for the greatest length of their barrows always runs east and west. There are very few of these 'long barrows' ; probably only Iberian chiefs were buried in them.



MAP SHOWING THE POSITIONS AND EXTENT OF THE ENTRENCHMENTS OR DIKES IN EAST YORKSHIRE.

The general position and directions of the dikes are shown, but there is no attempt to indicate in detail the various branches, gaps, or other intricacies in any one of them.

Passing over a consideration of the 'round barrows' for the time being, let us turn to an examination of certain other mounds which may also have belonged to the Iberians or New-Stone men. These are to be found on Skipwith Common and on the neighbouring common of Thorganby. They are mounds of two types; in the square-shaped, bones as well as ashes have been found;



PHOTOGRAPH OF 'A BRITISH HUT CIRCLE' ON SKIPWITH COMMON.

The 'Circle' appears, of course, as an ellipse in the photograph; the shallow curve of light-coloured sedge grass shows the line of the old trench. The mound is now only about two feet high; the black patches on it are heather; the rest of it is covered with short, bright-green grass; it is about sixty yards in circumference.

in the round-shaped, ashes only. They were called 'Danes' Hills' by people who assumed that Danes had been buried there. But probably they are not burial places at all, and, in any case, the Danes never reduced their dead to ashes.

What, then, are they? They appear to-day like low flattish heaps, which have been raised, apparently, by digging along the sides of a square or a circle, and

throwing the soil inwards. In early spring they are plainly to be distinguished. The line of their ditch-enclosure can easily be traced. They are remarkable enough in appearance to attract the notice of the least observant, set, as they are, like green raised islands in a sea of dark heather. But in summer they are overgrown and not so noticeable.

Most of them are to be found at intervals, in groups, or singly, along the edge of the wood which bounds Skipwith Common on the side toward Riccall. The mounds in ditch-enclosures that are square-shaped have the line of their boundaries running North, South, East, and West. Is this another hint at sun-worship? The ashes and traces of burning which were discovered by digging into them were often found, more particularly towards one end.

There we have the facts. What can be inferred from them? The common is wet and swampy now in many parts. Were the mounds raised to give human beings drier dwelling-places? Did the ditch serve to drain off the water and to be a means of defence at the same time? Do the ashes and bones show where human beings crouched round a fire and, in their primitive way, roasted the animals they had captured? If so, then we can give further rein to our imagination and see in our mind's eye, on Skipwith Common, the little rude huts and something of the lives of the Iberians of prehistoric times. Certainly, 'British Hut Circles' is a better name than 'Danes' Hills' for these curious History Books.

PART II

CURIOUS 'HISTORY BOOKS' OF EAST YORKSHIRE

THE number of 'round barrows' on the Wolds, especially in the neighbourhoods of Driffield, Bishop Burton, Hutton Cranswick, and Acklam, is remarkable. Many of them have been opened and furnish considerable information about those Celts who succeeded the Iberians as inhabitants of East Yorkshire. Occasionally, persons belonging to the two races are found buried together; this perhaps shows

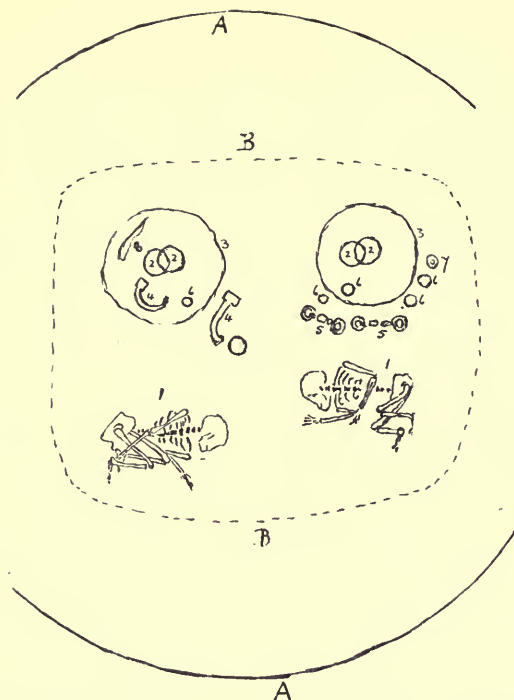


DIAGRAM OF CONTENTS AND PLAN OF A 'ROUND BARROW'.
PROBABLY A 'CHARIOTEERS' BARROW'.

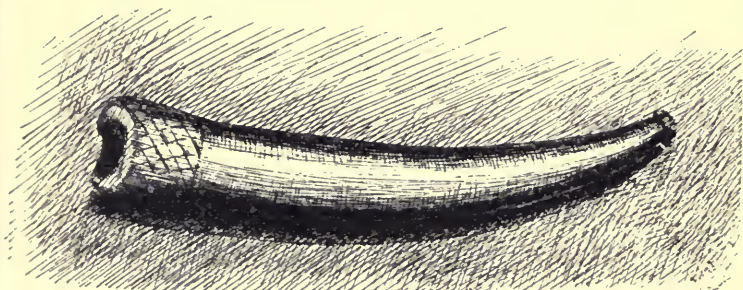
A, A. Line of mound.

B, B. Limit of grave.

- 1, 1. The skeletons of the buried 'charioteers'. (Their skulls are preserved in the York Museum.)
- 2, 2. Nave hoops. 5" inside diameter, $\frac{5}{8}$ " wide, and $\frac{1}{4}$ " thick.
- 3, 3. Iron hoops of chariot wheels, 2' $6\frac{3}{4}$ " diameter, 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ " wide, and $\frac{3}{10}$ " thick.
One hoop is 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ " less in diameter than the other. Why is this?
- 4, 4. Pieces of iron. Were the wheels fastened to the body of the car by means of these?
- 5, 5. Snaffle-bits for the horses; there is a joint in the middle of each. One end ring is 3" across; the other in each case is $\frac{1}{4}$ " smaller.
Why is this?
- 6, 6, 6, 6. Rings—some hollow, like thin tubing. Were they once parts of the harness? Some are of bronze.
7. A ring of bronze different from the others.
8. A piece of iron to which, apparently, wood was once attached.
What was its use?

that the Celts allowed submissive Iberians to live amongst them, probably as slaves or wives to their conquerors.

Amongst the contents of the 'round barrows' plenty of weapons were found; some were beautifully fashioned from stone; the majority were of bronze; a few had been made from iron or from a mixture of bronze and iron. It seems as if the Celts must have been emerging from the Bronze Age when their Roman conquerors arrived. The studs of jet and pins of bronze which were unearthed show how they fastened on their garments; the necklaces and rings of the same materials, which were dug up, no doubt once ornamented their women folk. The discovery, too, of a few flint 'spinning-whorls' leads us to suppose



Drawn by M. G. Teesdale.

Worked portion of deer's horn, from 'Charioteer's Barrow', Hessleskew.
The original is now in York Museum.

they were able, in some small degree, to supplement garments of skin with roughly woven cloth of 'home manufacture'. Use your imagination as you look at the details of the 'Queen's Barrow' picture.

Many bowls and urns were found in the 'barrows'; some had contained food, while certain of the larger ones held the ashes of burnt human bodies. Specimens of this pottery appear in most museums.

The contents of the 'Charioteers' Barrow' and of the 'King's Barrow' should summon up a vision of the Celtic struggle against their Roman conquerors. In battle, one Celt drove the horses while another, or perhaps more, attended to the fighting. Examine the diagram and



The most important of the contents of the so-called King's Barrow and Queen's Barrow are here shown photographed as they appear fixed to a board in York Museum to-day. These Barrows were opened and examined near Arras.

The relics shown include : the nave-hoops and tyre of chariot wheel. Snaffle-bit of bronze, and of iron coated with bronze. Something like a lynch-pin. Certain pieces of bronze that may have been buckles of the harness. Bronze bracelets and other things—probably portions of articles of dress or ornament. Small bronze rings. An amber ring [the thick one]. Glass beads. A brooch and pendant ! A supposed spindle-whorl. Bones—some of human beings, some of a horse, and some of a pig.

You can puzzle them out for yourselves. It is a fairly easy task, as is also that of saying which came from the King's and which from the Queen's Barrow.

The illustration perhaps enlightens us as to the state of civilization to which the Celts of East Yorkshire had reached immediately preceding their conquest by the Romans.



Photograph by W. Watson.

THE BEST WEAPONS OF THE CELTS OF THE BRONZE AGE, DUG FROM
ROUND BARROWS ON THE WOLDS.

(Now in York Museum.)

Note the axe-head without any hole for the shaft; it had to be driven through the wood and then tied on. There are two spear-heads and one sword—the wooden shafts and handles are, of course, missing.

The other three weapons or implements are curious and specially characteristic of the Bronze-Age Celts. The hollow for the shaft and the peculiar holed loop have given rise to an ingenious suggestion as to how the Celts used them; you see this illustrated on the right of the photograph.

photograph, in detail, as you read the explanations; then you may draw, or at any rate see in your mind's eye,



Photograph by Chas. Goulding.

THE RUDSTONE MONOLITH.

This huge pillar is reddish in colour, and is composed of millstone grit; it is one entire natural stone [monolith], which extends as deeply into the ground as it rises above, and so is over 50 ft. long. It is estimated to weigh over 50 tons.

something like a Celtic chariot in action. It dashes up to the ranks of the enemy; its fighters throw their spears or jump down and hack with their swords. Meanwhile the

chariot has wheeled round ; the fighting Celts, having done as much harm as they can, nimbly leap on it again and the horses gallop off. It is related of those Celts that some of them could run along the chariot pole, or jump off and on again, while the horses were going at full speed.

Evidently, the early Celt's idea of the next world was one of another life where hunting and fighting weapons, food, servants, and tools, would be wanted. Else, why bury them with the dead body ? The constellation of the Great Bear certainly impressed them, because, in some places, the arrangement of the groups of 'barrows' imitates closely that of those seven stars. Did the Celts *worship* these and other striking wonders of the heavens ? If so, they must, of necessity, have placed the sun at the head of their gods ; and some people see in those gigantic stone-pillars, to be found about the country, the relics of sun-temples. There is one at Rudstone, and from it the parish is said to take its name. Drewton boasts of a similar pillar, and has even claimed to derive its name from 'Druids' Town'.

We know very little about Druidism—that weird religion of the Celts, with its mysterious rites. But in connexion with it the evidence of an old Celtic roadway between Goodmanham and Beverley is specially interesting. It seems certain that at Goodmanham there was a regular establishment of Druids. For certain of their ceremonies a dense oak forest, surrounding a lake, was necessary. There was an ideal spot just where Beverley now stands, and hence the old Druid road between the two places. It must have witnessed many a wild and imposing procession of priests, devotees, and, perhaps, human victims for sacrifices. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that some writers derive the name Beverley from one of those weird Druid rites of which no one has any certain information ; but others say the word is a corruption of 'Beaverlac', or 'the lake of beavers'.

CHAPTER IV

UNDER ROMAN MASTERS

LIKE all the rest of their race, the Celts of East Yorkshire were divided into tribes; it is agreed that there were even two or more in such a small district as the East Riding of to-day, and that the tribe of the Parisi occupied Holderness; while the name Brigantes served as a general term for all Celts north of the Humber at the coming of the Romans.

Julius *Caesar* invaded Britain in 55 B.C., but no Romans seriously disturbed the Brigantes until Julius *Agricola* undertook their conquest about A.D. 79. The Brigantes were difficult to subdue, but the Roman general was an able man and Roman soldiers were unequalled in the world at that time. The result was the addition of another province to the great Roman Empire, having the Roman name of *Maxima Caesariensis*—The Emperor's Greatest or Farthest. It was ruled from the walled camp at Eboracum, the Roman name for York; its young men were enlisted in the Roman army and drafted off to defend other portions of the Roman Empire; it was kept in order by the presence of a Roman legion, usually the famous Sixth—known throughout the Roman world as The Victorious and Faithful.

Roman conquest caused great changes both in the habits of the Celts of East Yorkshire and in the appearance of their land. As for York, it became *Altera Roma*—a Second Rome; not all at once, of course, but during the height of Roman power in Britain—say about A.D. 300. Its theatres, its gladiator shows, its baths, its market, its imperial palace and other fine buildings, were copied from those of the mother city in Italy.

East Yorkshire is concerned only indirectly with York and its rectangle of strong walls; with the Roman emperors who visited it; with the expeditions that started from it to punish the Picts and Scots; and with the vain attempts to secure permanent peace to the

province by those long lines of walls and forts built laboriously across the land to the north.

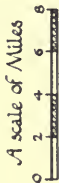
The work of the Roman masters east of the Derwent must be our special consideration. They opened up the land of East Yorkshire by well-made military roads, so that, amongst other advantages, their soldiers could quickly reach points of unrest. They formed settlements so that time-expired veterans of the Roman army and other Roman citizens might dwell there as favoured colonists. They erected pretty villas so that Roman officers and others of superior rank might have country residences. They promoted a more extended and skilful cultivation of the land so that many loaded vessels, floating down the Humber, might carry food to parts of the Empire across the sea. Finally, the Celts, living as a subject race, aped their masters as well as they could, paid them heavy taxes in labour and produce, and possessed, in varying degrees according to their circumstances, the rights of Roman citizens.

To ascertain details about the East Yorkshire of this period is difficult. The map shows the *probable* lines of the Roman roads. Their directions have been guessed at to a certain extent, but, in some cases, bits of the old Roman road itself remain as sure guides. Part of an old Roman road was laid bare when the lake in Londesborough Park was cleaned out in 1895; from Malton to Millington the course of the old Roman road can be followed to-day; between Sledmere station and Sledmere is another section. In many places the modern highway follows exactly the same course as the old Roman road, for a Roman legion possessed good engineers and they planned their roads well in addition to making them well; there is a long piece, for instance, passing through Barmby-on-the-Moor. Two names, also, give us very sure evidence about the old Roman roads; they are Wharram-on-the-Street and Thorpe-on-the-Street; 'street' can only mean a road or *strata* which the Romans had made. Finally, there are such remains as the Roman 'camp' at Octon and the traces of a Roman villa at Langton to help us.

That there were, at least, three Roman settlements in

Modern names are inserted to help in their location.

Malton - 4



East Yorkshire is clear, because a Roman historian mentions them by name: Derventio, Delgovitia, and Praetorium. It appears fairly obvious that Derventio was on the Derwent. Malton seems a likely site because so many Roman relics have been found there; but then the Roman writer said it was seven thousand paces from Eboracum, and Malton is seventeen thousand. Stamford Bridge is about the right distance, and, since the Roman road crossed the River Ouse there, why that seems the most probable site of the old Roman settlement; but then, again, Kexby is about the same distance from York, and some say it was there the Roman road crossed the River Ouse and not at Stamford Bridge. However, let us conclude, with the majority of historians, that Derventio was at Stamford Bridge. Now from Derventio to Delgovitia was thirteen thousand paces, and then onward from Delgovitia, in another twenty-five thousand paces, you came to Praetorium, which was on the sea; at any rate, it ended the journey of the Roman historian. Taking a mile as equal to one thousand paces, and the direction of the roads as marked in the map to be fairly accurate, then Delgovitia may well have been near Fridaythorpe and Wetwang, and Praetorium at Bridlington.

Certain interesting remains which have been discovered in East Yorkshire may serve to remind us of the style of houses in which its Roman masters lived. A piece of 'tesselated' (i.e. made of tiny squares) pavement unearthed at Sledmere tells of floors laid in mosaic pattern. A 'hypocaust' discovered at Langton recalls how their rooms were heated; the hypocaust was a hollow chamber under the floor; it was filled with hot air conducted through 'box-pipes' from an enclosed pit of burning charcoal outside the house.

But the glorious days of the Roman Empire passed away; it became feeble and disunited, and about A.D. 410 the inhabitants of a much-changed Britain were again their own masters with no one but themselves to look to for protection.

CHAPTER V

THE DESTROYERS

THE departure of the Roman legions left Britain almost defenceless ; it became a prey to many evils. Picts and Scots continued their raids with greater boldness ; Angles and Saxons, hitherto bent only on plundering the coasts, now set to work to make the land their own. East Yorkshire, being near the Humber waterway, and easy of access from the great north road, would suffer accordingly.

The Angles were conquerors who killed the defeated in preference to enslaving them ; they preferred wooden shanties to stone buildings ; they hated towns ; they were far below the Britons in civilization ; they destroyed much because they had never learned how to understand or appreciate anything beyond their own rude requirements. Before their prowess as fighters the Britons of East Yorkshire either fled or were killed ; the villas were demolished and the houses of the settlements ruined. You can contrast the doings of the new-comers in each detail with those of the Roman conquest. The Romans were builders for civilization, and in the same sense the earliest English invaders were destroyers.

The Angles had little method in their campaigns ; naturally, they used such roads as there were, but they made no more ; they followed, too, the courses of the rivers and the cleared land in their conquering marches ; but they left the forests severely alone, and these, with other barriers, such as marshes and mountains, served to divide the little 'kingdom' of one body of English from that of another ; while hilly and wooded regions sheltered the fugitive Celts for many a year.

The Angles quartered themselves on the land of East Yorkshire only in those parts which had previously been cultivated, settling in little family groups of kinsmen called 'ings'. Such names as Patrington, Cottingham, Everingham, Skeffling and others, serve to remind us of the fact ; yet as 'ing' has another meaning in East



MAP TO ILLUSTRATE THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN ANGLES AND BRITONS.

The shaded parts show hills; and higher land within those regions is shaded darker still. Some attempt has been made to indicate where the greater forests were.

You can sparsely people the six northern counties with Angles and Britons, in imagination, as you please. Give the latter the darker patches and the forest; as time is supposed to go on, in imagination, see that their numbers get fewer and that they are pushed to the west and, finally, maintain an independence in the Welsh mountains.

TO HELP LATER CHAPTERS.

Y. York. H. Heathfield, where Edwin was slain. E. Forest of Elmet; little British kingdom there for many years. W. Winwid-field, where Penda was slain. L. Lindisfarne, where the great monastery was—the centre of Celtic missionary work. G. Goodmanham, where Wodin's temple was. D. Driffield, perhaps the sub-capital of Deira. B. Bamburgh, the sub-capital of Bernicia. E. Edinburgh, or Edwin's Burh.

Yorkshire, namely, 'land by a river-side liable to be overflowed', we must be careful not to be too sure of the name-origin.

It was not until the year A.D. 547 that an invasion headed by one Ida, who called himself a *king* of the Angles, landed in Yorkshire, at Flamborough; his followers, being greater in numbers and acting with more union than hitherto, enabled him to establish a sort of province which got called Northumbria. Soon afterwards, another 'king' of the Angles named Ella, and a relative of Ida, sailed up the Humber, and took possession of that part of Ida's kingdom which stretched from the Humber to the Tees. He is said to have made his head-quarters at Ellastown, now called Elloughton; and several other places in that locality have names—Ella, Ellerker, Ellerton, Ellerby—to remind us of him, even if their connexion with him cannot be established.

Ida's family were left, therefore, with a feud against Ella's family, and with that portion of Northumbria called Bernicia; while Ella's kingdom, consisting of the cleared land of Yorkshire, was called Deira. The river which forms to-day the western boundary of East Yorkshire would flow through the middle of it, and may from that time have been called, in consequence, something like 'Deira-went'.

The Angles of Bernicia and those of Deira were soon fighting with each other and, throughout their history as separate provinces with separate rulers, they were constantly at war. One consequence of their early fights is interesting; some little boys of Deira were captured; they were sold to a continental slave-dealer, and eventually appeared in the slave-market of Rome. It is worth while reminding ourselves that these were some of the earliest English Yorkshire boys and that they may have helped towards the introduction of Roman missionaries into heathen England.

CHAPTER VI

LIFE IN DEIRA

AFTER our early English forefathers had become permanent settlers in this country we must picture the open land of the East Riding as dotted here and there with their little wooden sheds, in clusters called 'hams' or 'tuns'; present-day names, such as Halsham, Goodmanham, Bainton, Barmston, Bampton, Aughton, may serve as reminders of those days; while a combination of 'ing' and 'ham', or 'ing' and 'ton', recalls again the fact that, in many of the little villages, the settlers were closely akin to each other.

The survival of the name Moot Hill—as at Driffield—should call up pictures of specially important phases in the lives of those early dwellers in the 'hams' and 'tuns' of East Yorkshire. Most of them were free men, and to a certain extent they were self-governing; each little village, called a 'tun' (town), had its *tun-moot* or meeting; each district its hundred-moot; and each shire its shire-moot; and thus they settled their own affairs, according to the degree of difficulty and importance.

A 'shire', which is only the old form of our word 'shear', meant a 'piece cut off' and put under the authority of some great officer—perhaps an 'ealdorman' (elder man). The term comes into use later on, as the kingdoms of the Angles get bigger and more thickly populated. A shire might contain many 'hundreds', and Yorkshire was so uncommonly extensive that it was considered too much for one ealdorman; it was therefore divided into *three* parts, each called a *thriding* or third, and thence arises that term peculiarly our own—The East Riding of Yorkshire.

The Moot Hill at Driffield must have witnessed many gatherings where men attended arrayed as for war; the districts called 'hundreds' perhaps obtained that name because each could furnish a hundred warriors armed with spear, sword, and shield, ready for battle; this is the



OLD MAP SHOWING EAST YORKSHIRE DIVIDED INTO FIVE WAPONTAKES.

reason why, in later times, the 'hundreds' were called wapontakes [weapontakes]. The term survives to-day, for the East Riding is even now divided into Wapontakes, although, perhaps, these divisions no longer have much practical significance. Still those ancient local names serve to carry us back, in historic memory, to a very interesting past, and it is only recently that map-makers of East Yorkshire have ceased to insert them.

Imagine, therefore, a meeting of the local warriors on the Moot Hill at Driffield. In our modern Parliament, when the Speaker 'puts the question', the members may express their assent by a chorus of 'ayes'; but those Angles, with a sword or spear in one hand and a shield in the other, had a noisier and more startling method; when the moot approved, bang went sword or spear on shield, with a loud and clanging din. It was an impressive and convincing form of voting, whether for a war, a law, or a candidate for kingship.

Children at play, in the well-known game of 'tig', act over again an important moot-hill ceremony. When a new chieftain became head of a wapontake, each warrior in the district had to swear allegiance to him; in turn, each must *tig* or touch the chieftain's spear with his own, and by so doing declare his fealty. In the modern game, the child who does not 'touch wood' is pursued and run down; in the olden days, the warrior who did not 'tig' the wooden spear-shaft was driven out or killed. A king's thegn or squire could claim to be excused, because as companion and servant to his royal master he owned personal allegiance to him only; and thus perhaps it may have come about, although many centuries intervene, that, instead of touching wood, children in their history-game may cry 'King's!'

CHAPTER VII

PAGANISM OR CHRISTIANITY ?

THE Celts of East Yorkshire, who buried their dead in those 'round barrows' on the Wolds, were heathens ; but sometime during the sway of the Romans in Britain they became Christians, and early in the fourth century there was a British bishop resident at York.

Then came the pagan Angles, who destroyed what few churches there were, and turned East Yorkshire once more into a heathen land.

When Ella, King of Deira, died, his son Edwin was but a child, so the King of Bernicia was able to add Deira to his own dominions for a time ; but Edwin, having grown up to manhood in the kingdom of the East Angles, came back to Deira and, turning the tables on his enemies, succeeded in making himself king over all Northumbria and the most powerful ruler in Britain.

King Edwin had a royal residence, probably a wooden one, near the site of Derventio, which we concluded might have been at Stamford Bridge. For this and other reasons the chief personages at his royal court are of special interest to East Riding people. Edwin's wife was Ethelburga, the Christian daughter of the King of Kent ; her father's court had been the first to receive those Roman missionaries sent by Pope Gregory as the result, perhaps, of his meeting with the Deira slave-boys. Ethelburga's chaplain was Paulinus, one of those same Roman missionaries—a man 'tall in stature, a little stooping, his hair black, his visage meagre, his nose slender and aquiline, his aspect venerable and majestic.' Finally, there was Coifi, priest of the temple of Wodin at Goodmanham, and head of the heathen worship in East Yorkshire.

This residence of King Edwin on the Derwent was the scene of many a discussion concerning the relative merits of Christianity and Paganism, and the king often 'sat alone by himself for a long time, silent as to his tongue, but deliberating in heart how he should proceed and to

what religion he should adhere'. One day he had a narrow escape from an assassin, and Paulinus asserted that he had been saved only by the prayers of Ethelburga; but Edwin returned thanks to the gods of the Angles. Yet he became more favourable to the Christian religion than before, and a quick recovery from his wound, combined with a great victory over a confederation of his enemies against him, led him to make a novel arrangement: Paulinus and Coifi should argue the merits of Christianity and Paganism before the whole court; and after that he would make his decision between them.

The discussion, held in the barn-like hall of the king's palace on the Derwent, ended rather unexpectedly; Coifi declared that his heathen gods had no power. The great wooden idol of Wodin, standing in that heathen temple at Goodmanham, had for years been an object of reverence and worship to the people of Deira. Now its chief priest flouted it; nay more, he was willing to prove to the king and his warriors that it could do neither harm nor good to anybody.

Next day, girt with sword, spurs, and spear, and mounted on a fiery horse, Coifi led the company towards Goodmanham. He had already broken priestly rules by his action. Who had ever before seen a priest of Wodin so armed and mounted? When he reached the temple, doubtless the god would slay him! Amongst the crowd were Edwin and his court; trembling people, angry people, and many merely curious; and Paulinus. The most exciting moment came when Coifi rode boldly in at the temple door and flung his spear at the idol; many shrieked aloud, in fear of the terrible consequences. But lo, nothing happened; earth and sky remained the same; and the spear was plainly seen sticking in the side of the helpless god. The faith of the people was shaken; king and subjects were ready to try the new religion. The heathen temple was burned and Paulinus had his great opportunity; converts came to him in hundreds; and he is said to have baptized them in the neighbouring rivers since churches and fonts were lacking. Yet there is an old font in Goodmanham Church to-day which is said to date from very near those times; tradition asserts that Coifi himself was baptized

at it. Incidentally, we may note the curious religious history of the locality of Goodmanham; for the heathen Celts as well as the heathen Angles of East Yorkshire had considered it sacred.



From a Photograph by Charles Goulding.

THE OLD SAXON FONT IN GOODMANHAM CHURCH IN WHICH IT IS
ALLEGED COIFI WAS BAPTIZED.

The story of how Christianity was finally established in East Yorkshire is concerned mainly with events which happened outside its boundary, yet not very far away.

Penda, the pagan King of Mercia, defeated and slew Edwin in A.D. 634 at Heathfield, now Hatfield, about seven miles from Doncaster; throughout the whole of Deira that year was for long known as 'The Unhappy

Year'; and East Yorkshire became a pagan land once more.

Then Oswald, Edwin's nephew, whose memory was afterwards revered as St. Oswald, tried to build up again a Christian kingdom, but he failed because Penda and his army defeated and slew him in A. D. 642.

Finally Oswy, Oswald's brother, took up the struggle, and in A. D. 655 he defeated Penda and his allies at Winwid-field near the site of Leeds, and East Yorkshire became again part of a Christian province. The old pagan king, then over eighty years of age, fell on the field of battle, and English armies, raised on behalf of paganism, became things of the past.

NOTE. See Map on p. 38 for places mentioned in this chapter.

CHAPTER VIII

THE NORTHUMBRIAN CHURCH

Oswy established himself more firmly as King of all Northumbria by paying an assassin to murder a prince of the royal blood who had set himself up in Deira. It was a bad start, but eventually he turned out to be able, brave, just, and a promoter of Christianity.

He and his brother Oswald had been educated in exile by the Celtic missionaries of Iona, and some of these missionaries, at first led by Aidan then by Colman, were at work preaching in East Yorkshire and the rest of Northumbria. The Celts had been converted to Christianity when Rome and Constantinople were cities of a united empire, but by the seventh century, quarrels between West and East had laid the foundations for *two* separate church systems. The Celtic Christians still continued to observe the old regulations, including those, for instance, concerning the date at which Easter and other festivals should be kept, and the shape of the priests' tonsures; but on these and other points the Roman or Western Church now held different views.

Ireland, by clinging to its Celtic Church system, cut itself off from the rest of Western Europe, and was dis-

tracted for centuries by its many little kings and princes, each backed up by the nearest monastery. Was Northumbria to follow its lead? At the great Synod of Whitby, in A.D. 664, where the chief churchmen on both sides argued before King Oswy, the question was decided in favour of the Roman system. The Celtic missionaries went back to Iona, and the land of East Yorkshire became part of the Diocese of York. Wilfred, a Northumbrian, who had been instructed at Rome, became its first bishop. He had been one of the most able speakers at the Synod of Whitby, and this was his reward. At first his diocese was too large—it was as big as the six northern counties—but a few years later it was reduced to the old province of Deira; and thus Bishop Wilfred came into closer connexion with East Yorkshire.

The history of Driffield becomes specially important about this time, for it seems that kings of Northumbria occasionally made it their favourite place of residence. Perhaps it was the capital of Deira, just as Bamburgh was the capital of Bernicia, both being considered as sub-capitals to York where Northumbria as a whole was concerned; some historians hold that its name shows that it was once the Deira-field of the Angles.

Alfred (or Alchfrid), son of Oswy, who began to reign in A.D. 686, had a stronghold at Driffield. He proved himself a very worthy king, and ruled for nineteen years with vigour and wisdom. Although he built churches and monasteries in various places, and supported the clergy in their work, he did not agree very well with Wilfred the bishop; finally, they quarrelled on some matter in which Wilfred showed himself to be too masterful—for he was as haughty and ambitious as he was able—and the king banished him. Wilfred went to Rome and laid the matter before the Pope, who took his side and gave him a written exhortation to deliver to King Alfred. Armed with this he returned to Northumbria, but the king would neither restore him to his bishopric nor tolerate him in the diocese.

Alfred's death is involved in mystery. Invaders from the north are said to have entered his territory and to have slain him in battle. Who they were is not clear:

neither is it known in what locality the battle was fought. Was it in the North Riding where, on the hills above Ebberston, even to-day men point out a cave in which the king hid when wounded? Or was it near Driffield, as some historians assert? Finally, was Alfred killed in battle at all? Certain monkish historians wrote that he died of a supernatural sickness brought on because he had treated Bishop Wilfred so badly and had flouted the Pope's command! We may, perhaps, conclude that a wound received in battle eventually ended the king's life after a lingering sickness, for in those rude days there was little surgical skill.

A tablet in Little Driffield Church announces that Alfred was buried in its chancel, but no trace of his bones has been found there in spite of two or three searches. The Venerable Bede, who was living at this time, writes that Alfred died in A.D. 705, which seems to be about the only certainty concerning his end. His subjects were anxious to let him be known to posterity as Alfred the Good, and perhaps this title will serve to prevent any confusion with Alfred the Great, who was quite another person.

From the Synod of Whitby dates a time of religious zeal in Northumbria, and in the eighth century it was famous for its monasteries and for the number of people of noble birth who wished to enter them. The daughter of Oswy, for instance, succeeded the 'holy Hilda' as Abbess of Whitby; and at least three of the Northumbrian kings abandoned their thrones for the cloister. Certain individual Northumbrians, too, attained considerable renown for piety and learning. There was Cædmon, for instance, the first religious poet of the Angles; he was attached to the Monastery of Whitby, and a monument to him now stands near the Abbey. There was St. Wilfred, the promoter of church-building, who so often was in trouble through his haughty bearing. There was St. Cuthbert, a man of singular piety, who delighted to preach the word of God in the remotest villages; he was Abbot of Lindisfarne. The Venerable Bede, from whose writings we can obtain much information about early England, was attached to

the monastery at Jarrow. He remained throughout his long life a simple monk, devoting himself daily to teaching and to 'learning some new thing'. Perhaps the greatest scholar of them all was Alcuin, the head master of a school which had been founded at York. It was a kind of eighth-century university; missionaries and scholars were trained there who had come from a great distance. Alcuin was eventually persuaded to cross the sea and enter the service of Karl the Great, in order to establish in France and Germany a system of teaching copied from that of York.

East Yorkshire, however, had to do with the lives of none of these so directly as with that of St. John of Beverley. Strange is the record of miracles he is alleged to have performed when living, and which his bones are said to have wrought after his death! He was born at Harpham, educated at the Monastery of Whitby, and became Archbishop of York in A.D. 705. For a time he was tutor to the Venerable Bede, who wrote an account of his life, but, as an old historian quaintly remarks, 'he hath so spiced it with miracles that it is of the hottest for a discrete man to digest into his belief.' It is related of the archbishop, for instance, that at North Burton he healed a servant of Earl Addi who was paralysed and lying at the point of death, with his coffin by his side as was the cheerful custom of those days. Then at Watton he miraculously cured (Bede says) a girl with a poisoned arm; and so on through quite a long catalogue. That visit of the archbishop to Watton, which Bede calls Vetadun, is specially worthy of note because it reveals the fact that there was a nunnery at that place in A.D. 718; if, indeed, it is certain that Watton and Vetadun are the same. But John of Beverley did most for the town with which his name is always popularly associated. He founded a monastery there in A.D. 704 near the site of the Celtic church which the heathen Angles had destroyed at their first coming; he established a nunnery there too. He endowed both with lands at Middleton, Welwick, Bilton, and Patrington, so that they should be richly supported. To Beverley he retired in A.D. 717, after ruling his diocese with prudence and piety for twelve

years ; there, for four years, he set those who dwelt in its religious establishments an example of rigid adherence to all the rules under which they lived ; yet, in spite of that, he was a true Yorkshireman, very fond of horses and skilled in their management.

He died in A.D. 721 ; the Pope canonized him, and from thenceforth he was known as St. John of Beverley. His bones were placed in a golden shrine in the church he had built, and for centuries afterwards many people yearly made pilgrimages to them. Once a year the holy relics were carried in solemn procession through the streets of Beverley, and the principal inhabitants followed in procession, barefooted and fasting. Throughout the Middle Ages there is a frequent reference to miraculous doings connected with these relics of St. John, whenever great events took place. The people of East Yorkshire even asserted that his bones had a good deal to do with the winning of the Battle of Agincourt in 1415 ! What is more, Henry V, on his return from France, came to Beverley with his queen to worship at the shrine, in gratitude for the aid he had received ; while in the same year the Church Council in London marked the occasion by directing that the relics should be carried in procession three times a year instead of once.

But, to return to the eighth century. It is worth while at this point to glance back at the changing religious history of the inhabitants of East Yorkshire from the beginning. Then note, especially, the seventh and eighth centuries. In the early part of the former, the land was overrun by pagan armies ; its inhabitants were pagans either from choice or from necessity. Little more than a hundred years later East Yorkshire had become part of what was, perhaps, one of the most advanced Christian provinces of Western Europe : it was a great change in a little time.

CHAPTER IX

THE DANES

THE next invaders of our shores, called Danes or Northmen, who in the first instance came as pirates just as the English had done, found special attractions in Northumbria; as heathens they hated priests; as pillagers they knew that rich booty was to be found in the religious institutions. Even before the end of the eighth century they had sacked the Monasteries of Lindisfarne and Jarrow, but East Yorkshire seems not to have been overrun by them till A.D. 866. In that year, for causes about which there is little definite information, an unusually large fleet of Danes sailed up the Humber. The invaders marched overland towards Beverley, and burning villages—the ‘hams’ and ‘tuns’ of the English—marked their approach. Fortunately, before they reached that double religious establishment founded by St. John, the monks and nuns had fled, taking with them the holy relics; but their treasures, their books and manuscripts, were lost for ever.

The Northmen in their conquest of the land were aided by the fact that Deira and Bernicia had, at the time, separate rulers who were at war with each other; yet there was a great battle somewhere between the Humber and York before Deira submitted.

Monkish writers, as we might have expected, describe the Danes as cruel and ruthless savages; but, whatever may have been their excesses at first, they soon learned to respect religious institutions, and certain historians assert that, within four years after its ruin, workmen were busy building up Beverley monastery again, and that its monks and nuns were returning once more to the scene of their former life.

For the Angles and Saxons in the South of England a champion was found in Alfred the Great, but the English of the north had no such leader, and thus were compelled to acknowledge Danish rule. Alfred and Guthrum divided the country between them by the great peace

treaties of A.D. 878 and 886, and East Yorkshire became a part of the 'Danelaw'.

From this time you must try to picture its inhabitants as a mixture of Northmen and Englishmen; they settled down together tolerably well, but the new-comers, if we are to believe the records of subsequent centuries, were in a considerable majority. English and Danes were akin to each other, and not of entirely different stocks like the Angles and the Celts; hence this great contrast in conquests. The Danish village name-endings, such as *thorpe*, *by*, *toft*, *wick*, show us to-day where, perhaps, groups of the new settlers lived. You can find thirty such names, easily, in a map of East Yorkshire. Burythorpe, Fridaythorpe, Lowthorpe, Weaverthorpe; Bessingby, Beilby, Carnaby, Ferriby; Blacktoft, Langtoft; Beswick, Burstwick, Welwick, Butterwick; these are a few chosen at random.

Danes and Angles in East Yorkshire intermarried freely, and, ever since the time of Danelaw, the people of the north have shown traits of character and disposition due to their Danish blood, while the Saxons and Angles of the south have preserved the characteristics of their race in greater purity. This is the chief reason why there are, to-day, considerable differences between the typical Yorkshireman and the typical south countryman. Is it not true, for instance, that the Yorkshireman is keener at a bargain and more independent? Our speech, and especially the vocabulary of the farmyard, is full of Danish terms; but, as the language of the Northmen closely resembled that of the Angles, it is not always easy to distinguish them. Plough, root, dairy, loft, kid, are almost certainly Danish in origin; while such words as flit (to go away), gab (talk), neave (fist), gar (to make or to cause), greet (to weep), stee (a ladder), come from a similar source.

The termination 'gate' in the name of a street is a marked sign of Danish influence; Hull, which (so certain historians say) had no streets to name until long after the Norman Conquest, contains to-day Lowgate, Whitefriargate, Posterngate, Mytongate, and Blackfriargate, showing how strong Danish influence continued in

East Yorkshire. Names in Beverley and other places prove the same thing. York has many streets so named, and there is one called Goodramgate, reminding us of Godram or Guthrum, the great Danish chief and first king of the Danelaw.

The succeeding Danish earls in the north, or kings as they thought themselves, were always full of restless



Scale of 1/4 inches

THE SUN-DIAL IN WEAVERTHORPE CHURCH.

Translation of inscription :

- ✠ In honour of the Apostle, S. Andrew, Herbert of Winchester founded this monastery in the time of Regn

The inscription was probably continued below the dial and finished with one or more lines at the top, as was frequently the case with these ancient sundials.

The illustration is traced from a drawing which appears in *The Four Churches in the Deanery of Buckrose*, by James Bayly. [Printed by Jas. Akerman, 6, Queen Square, W.C.]

enterprise. One of them, Regnald or Reginald, specially concerns us because of an old sun-dial at Weaverthorpe which is said to refer to him. Two Danish chiefs or kings were dividing Northumbria between them in the early part of the tenth century, and Reginald held the northern half. He seems, indeed, to have been the principal promoter of any trouble in the north; he was,

eventually, banished from the land, and spent an exile in the congenial occupation of ravaging the coast of France. But, according to ingenious antiquarians who have pondered over that sun-dial, he came back again to Yorkshire later.

The inscription, you notice, begins at the cross; a part inscribed below is lost; the part inscribed at the top, except the feet of the letters, is lost also. The puzzle is to make whole letters of those bits; examine them; they seem to spell *LIT OSCETULI ARC*. If that is so, then *LIT* may be the end of the word *OBTULIT*, meaning 'he offered', while *ARC* is the abbreviation of *ARCHIEPISCOPI*. We thus get, in a somewhat doubtful way, the information that Herbert of Winchester offered the monastery in the time of Archbishop Oskytel, who, we learn elsewhere, was appointed to the See of York in A.D. 958. If, in addition, we may conclude that *REGN* is part of the word *REGNALDI*, then we can say, first, that the monastery was erected in the tenth century, and secondly, that Reginald was again ruling over a part of East Yorkshire after A.D. 958.

While Reginald was living, the struggle of the king of the English in the south to make himself ruler over all England was going on. In the reign of King Athelstan (A.D. 925-940) the men of the north gathered an army of Danes, Angles, and Celts to defy him. Athelstan with his army of Angles and Saxons hurried to meet them. The story is told that he came to Beverley to ask protection from the bones of St. John and to pray at his shrine for success. As he knelt there he vowed that, if he secured a victory in the coming battle, he would restore the monastery at Beverley to greater wealth and honour than it had ever possessed before. Then he placed his dagger on the shrine of the saint to remain there as a pledge until he redeemed it by fulfilling his promise. Afterwards he went on to join his army, taking with him a consecrated banner. The battle was fought at Brunanburgh in A.D. 937, but the site of it no one knows though many have made guesses. The guess that pleases East Yorkshiremen is the one which places the battlefield in the neighbourhood of Little Weighton; but, unfortunately, it has no more to support it than certain of the other guesses.

Athelstan defeated his enemies, and afterwards he duly came back to Beverley very grateful to St. John. He richly endowed the religious establishment there, changing the monastery to a college of secular¹ canons and adding to its buildings; he gave it an important charter of privileges; he granted the valued boon of *sanctuary* to its church and precincts.

In Beverley Minster to-day, to the left of the door of the south transept, is an old painting representing King Athelstan in the act of giving to Beverley Minster (personified by St. John) its first charter; on it is the following quaint inscription in old English characters:—

‘Als fre make I the
as hert may thynke
or egh may see.’

An interesting commentary on the East Yorkshire of Reginald's time is concerned with a ‘hospital’ which was built during his reign in the locality of Flixton by a thegn called Aceborne. The Wolds were infested by wolves, and it seems they frequently attacked travellers and tore them to pieces. The ‘hospital’ was meant to be a refuge to which winter wayfarers might flee when they heard the wolves howling on their track. Even as late as the middle of the thirteenth century the hospital and its occupants were evidently proving themselves useful, although probably the wolves had disappeared.

It was in the reign of Ethelred the Redeless (or Unadvised) that the king in the south lost his hold on the country and England became for nearly thirty years a Danish kingdom. It was by way of the Humber and Danelaw that the land was overrun by Sweyn, King of Denmark, eager to avenge that terrible killing on St. Brice's Day, Nov. 13, 1002.

When Danish rule over the whole country ended (A. D. 1042) and Edward the Confessor began to reign, Northumbria remained half independent under its Danish earls. Of one of these, the men of East Yorkshire, in common with the rest of the Northumbrians, were especially proud. This was Siward the Strong, a Dane of extraordinary

¹ See chap. xiv, where this is explained.

strength and valour. He had a rude sort of palace in the East Riding, probably where Edwin's used to be ; but his *burh* or mound fortress was at York.

Siward's end was typical of the man. Sickness and the weight of years had laid him low, but he scorned to die in his bed. As a warrior he had lived, hero of a hundred fights, and as a warrior he would die. So, propped upright in a chair, clad in his battered coat of mail, his heavy iron helmet on his head and his great battle-axe in his hand, he breathed his last.

Tostig, the brother of Harold Godwinson, was now made Earl of Northumbria, although Siward had left a young son, Waltheof. The men of Yorkshire hated the new ruler for many reasons. He came from the south ; he was severe on the unruly ; he exacted heavy taxes. For a few years he kept them down, though they muttered rebellious words. Finally, taking advantage of his absence, the thegns met at York ; they deposed him ; they declared him an outlaw ; then, working themselves up into a fit of passion, they attacked his mound-fortress. His brave *hūs-carls*, who combined the duties of household servant and soldier-guard, fought till the last of them fell. Then, as a translation of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle tells us, the victors ' took all his weapons at York, and all his treasures which they might anywhere there hear of, and sent after Morcar and chose him to be their earl '.

The gentle Edward the Confessor, and Harold the ambitious noble, gave up the idea of supporting Tostig in face of the fact that an army composed of Danes, Angles, men who were a mixture of both, and even many Celts, had marched southwards as far as Northampton ; for such was the general feeling against Tostig in Northumbria, and such was the determination to oppose his return. So ' Tostig the earl and his wife, and all those who would what he would, went south over the sea '.

Is not this chapter a contrast to the last one ? There the greatest personages of the north were men of peace, of studious pursuits, of preaching and teaching fame ; here the notable individuals are men of war, caring naught for books and learning, known mainly for their prowess with the battle-axe amid a riot of fighting.

CHAPTER X

FULFORD AND STAMFORD BRIDGE—FAMOUS BATTLE-
FIELDS OF EAST YORKSHIRE

NORTHUMBRIA or North England, and Mercia or Middle England, were at this time in the hands of two brothers, Morcar and Edwin. To gain their friendship Harold Godwinson married their sister, and to conciliate the Northumbrians he paid a visit to York. He was now King of all England; for he had been elected by the Witenagemōt on the death of Edward the Confessor.

Meanwhile the revengeful Tostig was seeking the means to make a descent on his old earldom. Both the Count of Flanders, with whom he was staying, and William of Normandy encouraged him. But the fleet he got together was unable to do much more than ravage the coast, and particularly, so far as East Yorkshire is concerned, the unfortunate villages near the Humber.

But a great chance presently offered itself to him of joining in an invasion of Northmen which aimed at a new conquest of England. Harold Hardrada, King of Norway, with the largest fleet of war vessels his coast had ever seen, and a mighty host of Danes, Norwegians, and kindred pirates, crossed the North Sea. With Tostig as a willing ally, they proceeded down the coast of Scotland. They burned and plundered wherever they had an opportunity. The town of Scarborough was destroyed and the rest of the east coast, from the Tees to the Humber, hastened to submit on whatever terms they could.

But Hardrada and Tostig knew that, to hold the north, York must be taken, and so they rounded Spurn Point and entered the Humber. The two brother earls, Morcar and Edwin, had gathered both ships and men to defend their land. Their fleet was, however, of little use against that of the invaders, and it had to retreat up the Wharfe to Tadcaster. This led the Northmen to leave their ships under a guard near Riccall. If things went well with them they could prevent the Northumbrian fleet from

escaping ; if they were defeated their ships would furnish a good base on which to retreat

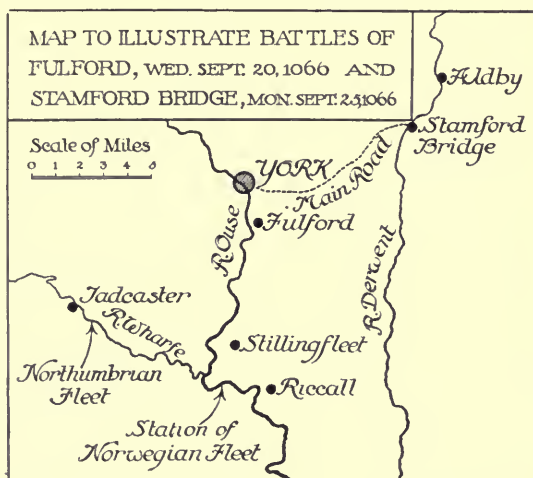
The huge army of Norwegians and Danes, pirates all, many of them of great stature and strength, then landed. The country people of Riccall, Stillingfleet, and the neighbouring villages, were terror-stricken. Many of the invaders wore short-sleeved shirts of mail. They carried great battle-axes and long kite-shaped shields. Iron helmets covered their heads. Their sturdy limbs were bare, and their looks were fierce and warlike. Men fled before them to York or escaped to places far away from their line of march.

At York, ten miles away, Morcar and Edwin were preparing an army to meet them. Brave and faithful hūs-carls stood round their leaders ; countrymen with more love for fighting than fleeing flocked to the banners ; even priests helped to swell the ranks, for well they knew there was little sympathy with their order amongst the invaders.

The Northmen marched on York along by the River Ouse and found no resistance until they came to Fulford, about a mile and a half from the city. Here their way was blocked by the defending army, and the two hosts came to grips with each other at once. Imagination can picture the swaying ranks of struggling men. Battle cries and the clash of arms filled the air. At last the war chant of the Northmen swelled loudly above the din. The defenders were giving way. Straggling bodies of men began to run towards the city ; others, their retreat cut off, fought desperately with their backs to the river into which the press of foes gradually forced them. The Northmen were masters of the field ; the Yorkshiremen had lost the Fulford fight, and with it their power and spirit to resist further. York submitted almost at once, and invaders and citizens, considering the circumstances, seem to have got on very well together. The Norwegian host required food and a guarantee against treachery ; the men of York wanted to preserve their bodies from violence and their city from being sacked. So, as the custom then was, each side gave hostages to the other. The Northmen marched off 500 men of York to their ships at Riccall,

while 150 of their own men were handed over for safe custody in the city.

Thus the earldom of Northumbria was once more in the hands of Tostig and his friends, and, when we consider the kinship between invaders and defenders, it is quite probable that, presently, they would have lived together on fairly good terms. The men of Northumbria cared very little for the Saxons of the south, and, but for dread of the revengeful Tostig, they would probably not have worried much over the new state of things.



But when Harold Godwinson heard the news of the great invasion, he immediately set off northwards. His army was already gathered together on the south coast watching for the expected landing of William of Normandy. With a part of these forces he accomplished such a rapid march that, on the fourth day after the battle of Fulford, he had reached Tadcaster. The Northmen did not wait for him at York, but took up a position at Stamford Bridge. The place was well selected and gave them great advantages. It is said, too, that there was, near by, perhaps at Aldby, an immense store of wheat with which their host could be fed. Stretched all along

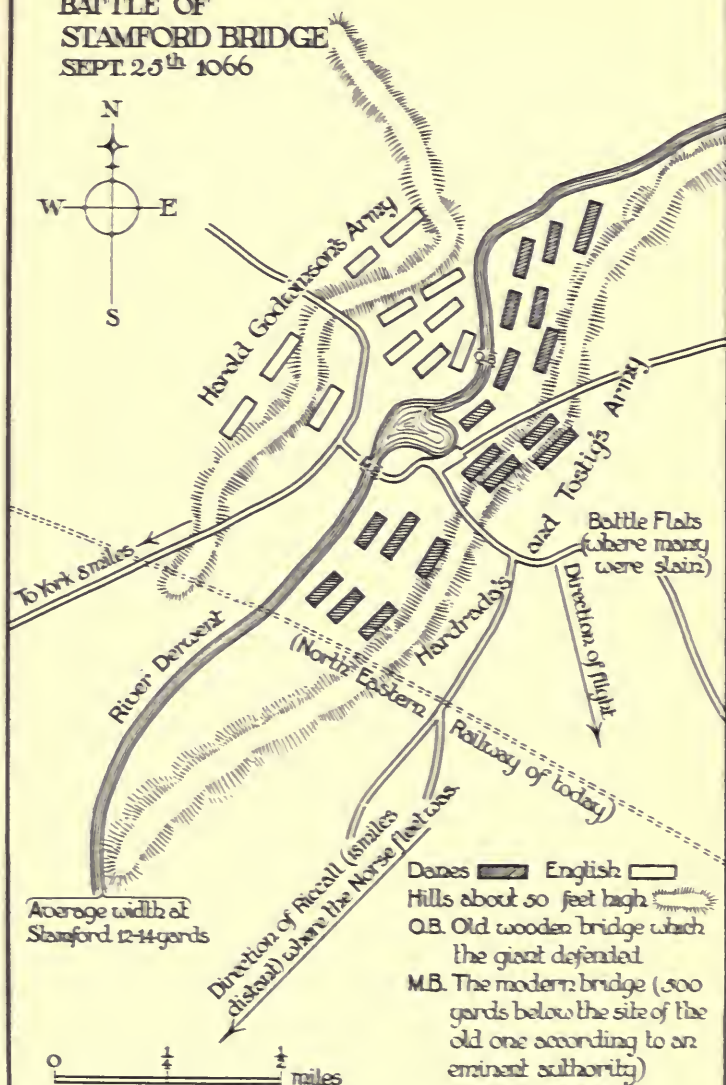
the low ridge of hills on the east side of the Derwent the Norwegians lay waiting. A sluggish unfordable river glided in front of them.

Harold Godwinson made no delay at York when he reached it, but pushed on rapidly over the eight miles of road that yet separated him from the foe. At daybreak on Monday, Sept. 25, 1066, his army could be seen from the eastern ridge quickly forming up on the other side of the river.

Tradition says that Harold Godwinson now made an attempt to parley with his brother Tostig. The story is interesting even if it is not true. He offered his brother peace and a large earldom if he would yield him allegiance. But, after the battle of Fulford, Tostig and Harold Hardrada had made a solemn compact with each other to attempt the conquest of the country and stand or fall together. So Tostig now asked what his brother had to offer to Harold Hardrada. 'Seven feet of English earth', replied Harold Godwinson, 'or, as he is very tall, perhaps a few inches more!' This answer ended the parley and began the battle.

Between the two armies there was, for men encumbered with heavy shields, weapons, and other warlike accoutrements, but one method of crossing the river. This was by a rough wooden bridge which has now long disappeared. On the York side of the bridge was a Norwegian advance guard, and on this the army of Harold Godwinson made its first attack. The Norwegians gave way, and one by one crossed the bridge to the other side. And now, if indeed it really occurred, came a most remarkable and exciting pause in the more general battle. One huge Norwegian refused to follow his companions in retreat across the narrow, wooden bridge, and, like Horatius of old, defied a whole army. He slew with his mighty battle-axe all who came at him, and the narrowness of the bridge prevented his being overwhelmed by numbers. But the total of men he is said to have slain and the time during which he is said to have held the bridge alike seem incredible. What a theme for a Norwegian legend! Doubtless in story and song it was afterwards glorified, amid thunderous applause, at many an old-time feast! 'Forty

BATTLE OF STAMFORD BRIDGE SEPT. 23rd 1066



Danes English

Hills about 50 feet high
O.B. Old wooden bridge which
the giant defended

M.B. The modern bridge (500
yards below the site of the
old one according to an
eminent authority)

0 1/2 1 miles

foes he slew, and for nine hours he kept a host at bay !'

At length an English soldier quietly floated underneath the bridge in a wooden trough used for feeding cattle, and killed the giant by striking him with his spear from underneath through the loosely laid planks of the bridge. Then the English began to swarm across ; but for a long time they could make no impression on the close ranks of the warriors on the long ridge. Neither could they get at their backs, for, when they tried to do so, the Norwegians extended the wings of their army rearwards in a rough curve.

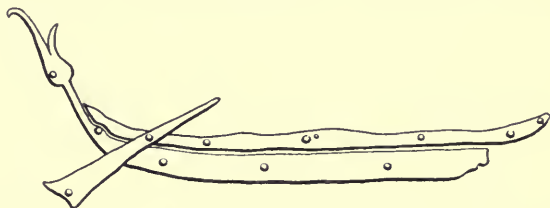
It is curious that it should have been stated that the English in this battle were successful through the same ruse that led to their own defeat later at Hastings. By a pretended retreat in which, at a given signal, they turned and ran down the slope towards the river, they tempted the Norwegians to break their lines and come after them. To pursue more quickly they threw away their shields, which had formed such an impenetrable wall. When the English swung round again they pierced the broken Norwegian line, and the tide of battle began to turn against the invaders. Bit by bit the crest of the hill was won by the English, and Norwegian fugitives began to stream towards Riccall and the ships which they had left there. The distance is over fourteen miles in a straight line, but doubtless the Norwegians would aim to reach the River Ouse as soon as possible, and this would make the distance greater. On that day hundreds of bodies strewed the fields all the way from Stamford to Riccall, while many of the fugitives were pushed into the rivers and drowned.

The survivors found no safe retreat even when they reached their fleet, for the exultant English attacked the ships and set them on fire. The poor remnant then yielded themselves up as prisoners, and Harold Godwinson mercifully spared their lives after they had sworn never more to disturb England.

Two local Stamford names serve to recall the slaughter of that day. The field of ' Malefax ', which, however, the natives call ' Halifax ', possibly means the field of ' dread-

ful deed'. The level ground, called 'Battle Flats', consisting to-day of several pastures (but at that time open country) has yielded such a numerous collection of all sorts of weapons that, possibly, the last stand of the Norwegians was made thereabouts.

The vast quantities of plunder which had been collected by the Norwegians now fell into the hands of the victors. It included 'such a mass of gold that twelve lusty young men could hardly carry it on their backs'. It is asserted that Harold Godwinson refused to distribute any of this spoil amongst the northern thanes. This may have had something to do with the fact that, when he marched again from York southwards to do battle with William of Normandy, few, if any, of the Northumbrian warriors went with him. But there was little



PORTION OF THE IRONWORK ON THE DOOR OF STILLINGFLEET CHURCH.

sympathy, in any case, between the earls and men of the north and Harold Godwinson and his men from the south.

The surviving Norwegians are said to have been permitted to stay and bury their dead, but many bodies lay for a long time scattered by the river bank just as they had fallen. The bones of these were eventually collected and buried, it is said, in a field called Danes' Garth near Stamford.

The great host of warriors—call them, as you please, Danes, Norwegians, or Northmen—and their destruction made such an impression on the country round that tradition gives the name 'Danish' to many entrenchments and mounds that have no such connexion. On the door of Stillingfleet Church is some remarkable ironwork, forged, it is said, in the twelfth century. It

is much battered and rusted through the wear and tear of many centuries, but it is still evident that one part is an attempt to portray a ship. It was done at a time when marvellous stories of the great fleet and the events connected with it would still be told in the village. That fleet, indeed, had been anchored but a little distance away. Did the man who made that ironwork think to commemorate the greatest event in the annals of the little village by fashioning a model of a Danish ship? It is possible.

Both Tostig and Harold Hardrada were slain in the fight; the former, it is even said, by the hand of his own brother. Of Hardrada there are some who say he was the giant hero of the bridge, and the older inhabitants of Stamford to-day remember a curious village custom, which, it was thought, commemorated the manner of his death; for each year a feast used to be held and tub-shaped pies baked, though why they called the event 'Pear-Pie Feast' no one seems to know. Perhaps it was, originally, '*Spear-Pie Feast*'.

When the survivors of that mighty Norwegian army set sail for home, twenty small vessels were sufficient to carry them. But, whether they knew it or not, an army of their own race, destined to conquer where they had failed, had landed on the shores of Kent. William and his Normans were Northmen. Their ancestors had been sea-rovers from Hardrada's country. The land of their Normandy home they had first harried as pirates before they owned it as settlers.

The English army, after their victory at Stamford Bridge, rejoiced in their particularly English way at York. Great joints of meat and hunks of bread, washed down with vast tankards of mead and ale, disappeared before men who were great eaters and still greater drinkers. Harold Godwinson and his thegns also held a boisterous banquet. In this connexion the York Pageant of 1909 depicted a striking scene, which we must remember, however, lacks historic proof. With foot on table and tankard high in air, Harold is about to drink a toast, when a horseman covered with blood and dirt rides up. He stumbles into the hall of noisy revellers,

and, amidst a hush of startling suddenness, he croaks out, 'The Normans!'. Day and night he had ridden from the far south with the news. Immediately Harold seizes



VIEW OF THE DERWENT AT STAMFORD BRIDGE AND, PERHAPS, OF
THE SCENE OF THE GIANT'S EXPLOIT.

his sword and sets out with such trusty followers as are filled with fidelity and zeal for him and his cause. He goes forth to hurry southwards and to fight that momentous battle of Hastings in which he lost his crown and his life.

CHAPTER XI

THE CITY OF REFUGE

THE battle of Hastings, 1066, three weeks after that of Stamford Bridge, had made an end of Harold Godwinson and his men. But there were plenty of English warriors left still—enough to drive William and his Normans into the sea. Yet they never accomplished anything of the sort. There was little or no national spirit amongst them. Yorkshiremen of to-day would gladly help the men of other counties to drive out an invader, no matter in what part of England he landed. But, at the time of the Norman Conquest, what cared the Danes and Angles of the north if the Saxons of the south were in difficulties! Men thought of their own district rather than of England as a whole. There was no noble of high birth and great ability to unite even a formidable number of them. Each district bargained with William, or fought against him, for its own reasons; or, rather, its chief man managed the matter in the way which best suited himself.

As for the Northumbrians, their ideas on the question of a king of England were simple. One of the type of Edward the Confessor suited them well. They may have acknowledged that most gentle of men, but they certainly never thought of obeying him. Now William was of a different character. He intended to be a real king of all England, to have real authority over every one in it, and over their land, too. That was clear enough to the men of the north, and, when they heard he was coming to see to it in their own particular case, they got ready at York to give him a warm reception. They were good fighters. Their mixed Danish and English blood made them sturdy foemen, as individuals. But their army was not equal to that which was marching northwards to make them into submissive subjects. Face to face, man to man, foot to foot, with equal weapons, they were a match for any of their Norman kinsmen from across

the Channel. But the Norman army was a well-trained fighting body—not merely a lot of warlike individuals. And it was well led by the skilful and cunning William. It contained a large number of that new kind of soldiers—men on horseback; its companies of bowmen had been taught how to make gaps in the ranks of the enemy to help the charge of those same horsemen.

Standing side by side and shield to shield, wielding their huge battle-axes with all the strength of their great bodies, and shouting their war-songs with all the force of their mighty lungs, the men of Northumbria would have been in their element against a foe like themselves. But to be attacked by an army like that of William—one that fought in new ways, with a leader trained in all the warlike arts of the age, and with certain stratagems peculiarly his own—was too much for them. The fame, too, of that coming army had preceded it. Our usual ardour for battle, therefore, was damped. The men at York changed their minds about fighting, and there was no great struggle after all. They submitted to William, who offered what sounded like very easy terms.

Perhaps the York men hoped that, presently, the Normans would march off again and leave them little worse than before. But that was not the way of the man who earned the title of 'The Conqueror'. First, he quickly raised a Norman castle of wood and then he put a strong Norman garrison inside it. This was his idea of securing a real submission to his rule, whether he was present in person or not. The intention of the men of Yorkshire, on the other hand, was to wait until he and the rest of his army had gone off southwards and then to show him his error! He certainly had not been gone long before they were swarming round his new castle, hewing at its timbers, trying to set it on fire and, above all, intent on getting at the Normans inside and making an end of them. The impetuous Yorkshiremen were so blindly mad on their purpose that they had, apparently, forgotten about a possible return of the dreaded Conqueror and his army. Whether William had expected some outbreak of this sort or no, it is certain that he and his men came back so suddenly that he surprised the besiegers red-handed at

their work and killed a great number of them. Then he built another and stronger castle and put in it another and stronger garrison, and, doubtless, made many threats and swore many oaths as to what he would do *next* time ! Then he went off again.

So now we have the men of Yorkshire, or Eurewickshire as it was called about that time, looking angrily towards those two Norman castles where their Norman masters were, and pondering another attack. 'Down with the castles and death to the garrisons !' were the ruling ideas of those reckless and turbulent Yorkshiremen. Let William and to-morrow take care of themselves !

At that time, in many northern lands, there were hundreds of bold spirits ready for any enterprise that promised adventure, with booty and rich lands as the prizes. Such men had been gathering in Denmark for some months, and when they were ready they sailed across to the Humber in two hundred ships. As they came up the Ouse, swarms of the men of Yorkshire joined them, running along the banks of the river and keeping up with the ships. By the time they reached York, they made up a howling rabble of an army without mercy or thought for a morrow of reckoning.

The Normans in their wooden castles had done what they could. They had burned down all the buildings near, which might serve their enemies for shelter. Unfortunately, they did this in a hurry, or, it may be, recklessly, caring not how much was burned. The result was that York itself became a blackened ruin ; the Minster and that famous library of Alcuin were destroyed.

Amid such a scene of smouldering buildings, the army-mob began their attack on the castles. Foremost amongst them was Waltheof of the famous battle-axe, a mighty man of valour like his father Siward. Before such numbers and determination the castles were doomed. Not a Norman escaped, except the commanders of the castles, and their families, who were to be held as hostages. Now, picture, if you can, the anger of William, hunting in Gloucestershire, when he heard the news. 'By the splendour of God !' he swore to put an end to those turbulent Northumbrians, once and for ever !

He hurried northwards as quickly as he could, but he found York deserted. The Danes had got on board their ships with a goodly store of booty, proposing to spend the winter in the Humber; the Northumbrians, left to themselves, had felt it hopeless to make a stand. Yet the subtle William knew there would be trouble if the Danes remained, and if Waltheof did not come over to his side. So by a bribe he got rid of the Danish fleet, and by offering favourable terms he secured the submission of Waltheof.

But never, in all the horrors of its annals, had Yorkshire such a harrying. When William swore to do a thing, he did it thoroughly!

He made camps as centres of destruction. From these camps his soldiers went out and destroyed everything on all sides. Men, women, children, cattle, crops, houses—all perished! That was the 'Wasting of the North'—the vengeance of a determined and ruthless king!

For nine years the land between the Ouse and the Tees remained untilled! There remained none to till it! The famous Domesday Book was compiled in 1086 to supply the Conqueror with numerous details concerning every estate in his new kingdom. That book is in existence to-day. But of a hundred manors in East Yorkshire the compilers of the book could only give the melancholy information, *vasta est*—'it is waste'.

Yet a strange thing befell in this wasting, and because of it Beverley, the city of John the Saint, with its lands and dependencies, remained scatheless amid the surrounding ruin.

The Norman soldiers had come to Beverley, intent on killing, burning, and destroying, and had reached the churchyard, which was crowded with trembling fugitives. And amid the pitiful throng a Norman knight espied an old man wearing gold ornaments. Immediately he made at him. On his plunging horse and with drawn sword he forced his way up to the door of the church towards which the poor wretch had run. But on the very threshold, before he could strike down his victim, his horse fell, and in the fall the rider was instantly killed. His corpse, with broken neck and distorted features, struck terror

into the hearts of his fellow-soldiers. The natives loudly cried that St. John of Beverley had punished him for profaning his holy place.

The Normans, in fear, went back to their camp. Respect and zeal for religion were striking characteristics of their race. They told William of the wonderful happening, and he was much impressed by their story. He ordered that the lands belonging to the monks of Beverley, wherever they were situated, should remain henceforth unmolested. For this reason the villages and churches of Leven, Welwick, Sigglesothorne, Middleton, and others were spared.

As for Beverley itself, it now became a veritable city of refuge. Where could such protection be found as under the shadow of that church in which the bones of St. John rested? There was no saint so powerful as he! Even the Conqueror himself dare not offend him!

We can try to picture Beverley in the eleventh century, therefore, as providing homes for the homeless, peace for the peace-loving, encouragement for the industrious. Here was a district owned by no warlike lord and fearing none. 'Villeins' (peasants), living in little cots, tilled the ground and paid the monks in produce and services. Mechanics, plying their simple trades, rendered them a percentage of their profit. Merchants paid 'tolls' and, carrying their merchandise down to the River Hull, shipped it to the outer world. By and by they dug a canal to avoid that awkward mile of portage between Beverley and the river, but that was not yet.

And so the City of Refuge grew and prospered in peace, and cared not how the storm and strife of turbulent lives might rage without. Did any disorderly fellows seek to disturb the life within, was there not a sharp method of dealing with them? My lord, the Archbishop of York, was the supreme authority. To him the monks of Beverley paid a fixed rent for their lands. In him rested the power to try, condemn, and carry out various pains and penalties on those who broke his laws.

But Beverley deserves the Bible title of 'City of Refuge' in a still more particular way. Like the six sacred cities of the Israelites, it was a 'refuge from the avenger of blood'. In those fierce old days, when men quarrelled,

blows soon followed words, and death often followed blows. Whether the slayer had planned to kill the other or no mattered not. Father, uncles, brothers, cousins—all the male kindred of the dead man—vowed vengeance. The blood-feud was up! They waited not for explanations! They went after the slayer with an eager fierceness that meant his sudden death if he were caught. Terror lent speed to his legs, and panting, dry-mouthed, wild-eyed, and trembling, he sped as fast as he could towards the City of Refuge, with the avengers straining hard at his heels.

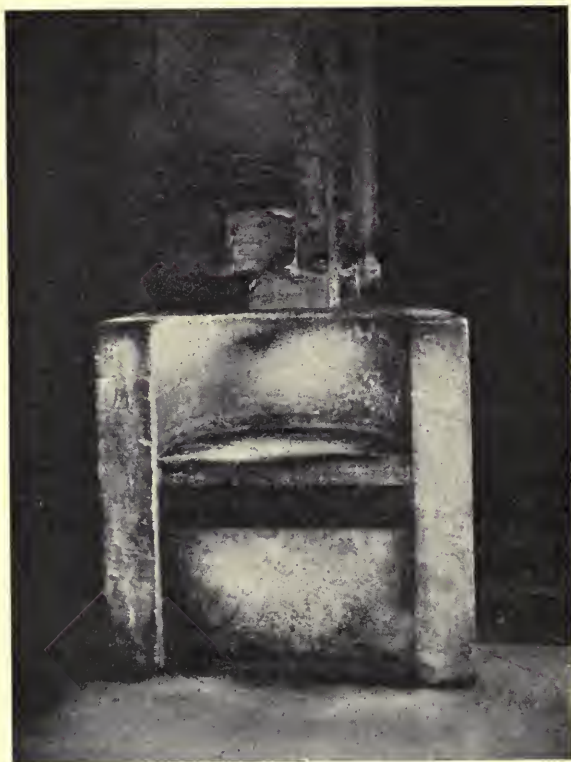
At Beverley, all the land within a mile of the church was holy ground. A little way within this mile limit, by the side of each road leading to the church, were beautiful crosses, and the ground became more holy. Holier still, again, was the enclosure in which the church stood, and then came the church itself, almost supreme in holiness. But finally, it was within that church that you found the real holiest of holies, the High Altar, where were the relics of the saints and the venerated bones of St. John of Beverley. Near that sacred spot stood a curious chair, the Fridstol or Seat of Peace.

Once the fugitive reached the mile limit, those who killed him had the clergy to reckon with. And the nearer he got to the sacred building, the worse it was for those who molested him; but, if he actually entered the church and sat in the Fridstol, then woe betide any one who attempted to hurt him! No matter how high his state, he was lost both in this world and the next beyond redemption!

It seems as if many churches possessed, afterwards, the 'right of sanctuary'. Of those in the East Riding, Halsham Church claims to have its sanctuary seat still. But none was like to Beverley in fame or holiness!

The next work of the clergy, after having given shelter to the hunted man, was to try to make peace for him with his hunters. For thirty days they tried, and, if by that time no satisfactory terms had been arranged, they usually conducted their fugitive down to the sea-shore and sent him off to another land, to return no more except at his own peril.

But in the case of Beverley refugees, the procedure was different. They were allowed to live within the mile limit of the Church of Saint John, after taking a solemn



Photograph by Charles Goulding.

THE FRIDSTOL.

It used to stand on the south side of the altar, but is now in the eastern aisle of the lesser transept. See plan of Beverley Minster, p. 228.

oath to be true and faithful to the Archbishop of York, to be of good heart to the town of Beverley, to bear no weapon against the king's peace, to be ready with all their might in case of riot or sudden fires, and to attend

dirges and masses for the soul of King Athelstan. This is not the whole of the oath, which included references to many other persons and things: it was meant to leave the refugee no loophole for misconduct. One cannot help thinking, however, that some of these men deserved to die, and that their presence in the town was anything but an advantage to it; and when, in later centuries, the privilege of sanctuary began to be greatly abused, there is little doubt but that Beverley became infested with a good many rascals.

CHAPTER XII

OASES OF RELIGION

THE monks of Yorkshire in the twelfth century had a noble boast. They claimed to have turned 'a wilderness into fruitful fields'. To a great extent this was true. The vengeance of the Conqueror had made a widespread waste. The awe inspired by the relics of the holy John of Beverley had preserved a little oasis here and there, besides the important one round his holy church. But by far the greater part of East Yorkshire was really wilderness. Now, over this wilderness, before one hundred years had passed, monasteries were dotted about, each the centre of industry and cultivation. The map shows their number and positions. Can we not imagine them as smiling oases in the dull desert of the Conqueror's making?

When we remember that there was only one important religious community, that of Beverley, in the East Riding of the eleventh century, the number in the twelfth century becomes remarkable. Why were so many monasteries built during the first century after the Norman Conquest? It was mainly because the Normans were stanch supporters of the Church. They could, too, easily afford to be generous. Had they not, one and all, obtained a share of the wide lands of England? Every man who had fought for William had been paid out of

that ample spoil. And the Church, in this instance, had a special claim on their gratitude. When they sailed across the Channel on their famous invasion, they came with the blessing of the Pope and the hearty wishes of the Church for their success. This fact added to their natural desire to stand well with her. So we find many of them ready to give land on which a monastery could



THE 'OASES OF RELIGION' OF EAST YORKSHIRE IN THE TWELFTH CENTURY, MARKED WITH A CROSS.

be built, and they compelled the sulky natives (they had every right to be sulky) to fetch and carry and do most of the hard work in connexion with the building.

East Yorkshire, more than any other district of England, illustrates that remarkable period of monastery-building. Why? Very probably because it was, at that time, such a wilderness. One order of monks, the Cistercians, had a rule which bade them live only 'in places remote from the conversation of men'. The East Riding was just the place for them. They came with

their sheep, and pastured them in the solitudes of Holderness. Probably these were the first men who kept large flocks of sheep in Yorkshire.

Now what is there to be seen to-day of all these twelfth-century monasteries of East Yorkshire? Very little. In some cases wonderful old ruins mark their sites, as at Kirkham. In others, more modern buildings have replaced them, as at Swine. In others, again, the sites remain bare and solitary, as at Watton. But, in the case of the old Priory at Birstall, we may almost say even the site itself has disappeared! The fickle Humber has turned it into Trinity Sands!

As we ride in the modern train from York to Malton, along by the banks of the Derwent, we can look across into the East Riding, and catch a glimpse of the most beautiful fragment that remains to-day of those twelfth-century monasteries. It is the old gateway of Kirkham Priory. It stands on one of the prettiest spots in East Yorkshire, and is quite close to Kirkham station. The site is so pleasant, and the gateway itself is so interesting, that it is well worth a visit.

The story of how the Priory came to be built there is very sad. The Lord of Helmsley, Walter Lespec, had but one son. This young man was a bold and daring rider. He had gained quite a reputation throughout the country-side; for it was his favourite sport to gallop furiously along the rough roads that led to and from his father's manor-house. But one day, near Firby, his horse fell with him, and he was killed outright. There are some who doubt the truth of this story, and say that Walter Lespec never had a son at all; but there are others so sure of it that they point out to-day the very stone on which his head struck!

It was natural that the Lord of Helmsley, in his great grief, should turn to the Church for comfort. His old uncle was the priest in charge of a little church at Garton-on-the-Wolds, and he went and talked over the matter with him. They decided to commemorate the sad event by building a priory on the very spot where the accident took place. Thus Kirkham Priory was founded by the Lord of Helmsley, and the old rector

from Garton became its first prior. There is no doubt about this part of the story. Walter Lespec gave many other grants of land to the Church, so much, indeed, that an old historian somewhat quaintly puts it, 'he wished to make Christ his heir'.

The story of a priory has introduced to us the greatest Yorkshire soldier of the twelfth century, Walter Lespec; now, curiously enough, the story of a fight will bring to notice its greatest churchman, Thurstan, Archbishop of York.

Life in almost any part of England became, during the reign of King Stephen, a wretched business. That king could not control the barons, and they did as they liked, which means that they behaved as badly as it was possible to do. Still, East Yorkshire did not suffer much from them. Its scanty inhabitants were mostly in monkish employ, or under the direct protection of the Church. Theirs was a trouble of another kind. King Stephen's right to the throne was disputed by Matilda, daughter of the late Henry I. The King of Scotland took up her cause, and the Lord of Malton, Eustace Fitz-John, joined in. The method of annoying Stephen which, naturally, most attracted them, was to ravage his kingdom—Northumberland and Durham first, and then Yorkshire. And, in this connexion, that famous churchman Thurstan, Archbishop of York, appears as the greatest figure of the day.

Much of his long life he had spent at Beverley, promoting the welfare of its inhabitants, and encouraging their industries. He had used his influence with Stephen to obtain special privileges for them. He was, in fact, a great friend of the king, but a still greater friend to his diocese. Thus he had two good reasons, in addition to his own brave spirit, to rouse him to action.

The mixed army of David of Scotland was killing, burning, and pillaging far and wide amongst his people. How could he stop it? There was no help to be expected from a king like Stephen. The Normans of the north were too few for the task. The natives were too sullen and indifferent. There were plenty of monks, certainly, but what good were they at fighting?

His scheme was a very able one. He proposed, by means of the monks and priests, to rouse both Normans and Saxons to such a pitch that they would forget their hatred of each other, and fight side by side. Remember, not seventy years before, they had been fighting face to face, and that one race had gained everything which the other had lost.

Yet, in the end, the archbishop's plan was successful. The preaching of his messengers, the appeal to sacred relics, and the influence of Thurstan himself, gathered a curious army together. From the little cottages came the half-English, half-Danish natives to fight side by side with Norman retainers under Norman barons. Priests, servants, and yeomen, from the priories and the priory lands, came in large numbers. Consecrated flags, holy relics, and crosses, were numerous. The sacred standards of St. John of Beverley, St. Peter of York, and St. Wilfred of Ripon, floated over all.

The aged Thurstan gave the host his blessing, but he was too feeble in health to go forth with them to battle. So, under the leadership of Walter Lespec, that priestly army, so strangely made up, went out to meet the foe.

The Battle of the Standard took place at Northallerton, and so a description of it is outside the range of this book, but it is good to chronicle how well that curious army fought round its threefold standard of holy banners, and what a great victory it won. And it certainly concerns us to note that, having once fought together in a common cause, Normans and the natives of England had taken the first step towards forming a united nation.

Eustace Fitz-John, Lord of Malton, never forgot that fight. He had, for weeks before, taken part with that army which had ravaged the lands of the Church. He had ended by fighting in battle-array against the priests of God and the relics of the saints. He had seen the Scots break before that host which, in so many ways, would seem awe-inspiring to him. He fled with the other fugitives, safe in body but uneasy in conscience.

By and by, when Stephen agreed that Matilda's son, Henry, should succeed him on the throne, civil war ceased. The Lord of Malton could return to his manor-

house without molestation. But he wished to make his peace with the Church and atonement for his misdeeds. The land round Watton had just been granted to him, and he offered to build a monastery there in return for a full pardon. The site was thought all the more appropriate, because there had been long ago a nunnery there, when the place was called Vetadun; but the Danes had completely destroyed it in the ninth century.

Watton was a sort of double monastery. It had separate buildings for monks and for nuns who belonged to the Gilbertine order. It is said that this order owed its foundation to a certain Gilbert of Lincolnshire, who made special arrangements in its rules for the education of women. Watton was thus a monastery of a peculiar type, and was the finest of its kind in England. The house in which the head of this double monastery lived still survives in a much restored form, but nothing remains of the great monastery itself, at any rate above ground.

Twelve years after the Battle of the Standard, a monastery was built, which became known to fame as 'the pride and ornament of Holderness'.

This was Meaux Abbey (pronounced almost like *muce*). Some of the records of this abbey, most beautifully written on vellum, can to-day be seen in the British Museum. They have been carefully preserved, but not so the abbey itself. That has long disappeared. Its site is nearly overgrown with grass. You may hunt about and find a few old stones and relics: that is all. Yet, remember, once Meaux, or Melsa, Abbey was a fine pile of buildings—perhaps the finest in the East Riding of the twelfth century—and it had eighty-five acres of grounds surrounding it.

At the time of its foundation, A.D. 1150, the lord of Holderness was a certain Norman noble called William. To mark him off from the many other Williams, this particular baron was named 'de Albemarle', that is, 'of Albemarle', because he had come, originally, from the Norman town of that name. In his younger days he had been a bold and fierce fighter, and had engaged in many a daring enterprise. One day, probably when he was undertaking something more desperate than usual, or

perhaps he was feeling more pious than usual, he vowed to go on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. That was a long and perilous journey, even if he did not mean to fight with the infidels when he arrived there. Now, he was faced with a difficulty. He had either to fulfil his vow, or persuade the Church to free him from it. He was growing old and fat, and people had begun to call him William le Gros, almost as often as William de Albemarle. He much preferred to stay at home and hunt than to go abroad and fight. Besides, he had just acquired a very likely hunting ground about four miles east of Beverley. He offered, therefore, to build a monastery if the Church would let him off his vow. And this was agreed on.

A monk, called Adam, came from Fountains Abbey to choose the spot where the monastery should be built. Up and down the lands of William the Fat he went, seeking a suitable place, and praying to God to guide his choice. At last he found a little mount and stuck his staff in it, and exclaimed that there the holy building should be placed. Unfortunately for William's hunting scheme, it was situated right in the middle of his new land! He grumbled a good deal, but Adam was firm, and asserted that no other part would do. So the baron was forced to give way.

Thus the abbey was started on the spot Adam had chosen, and he superintended the building of it himself. When it was finished, he became its first abbot, and sent to Fountains Abbey for other monks to come and live in it with him. Seven other monasteries had been founded from Fountains Abbey in this way in different parts of England, and Meaux Abbey became the eighth and last.

It would be too long a task to tell the history of the foundation of all the 'oases of religion' of the East Riding in the twelfth century, even if this were known. It should interest those who live on or near their sites to find out what they can about them for themselves. For instance, there is a large building at Swine called The Hall. It marks the spot where the old twelfth-century Priory of Swine stood, while the nave of the present church is on the site of the chancel of the old priory

church. Nuns sang and worshipped, therefore, in that old church on the very spot where the villagers kneel to-day.

Now Birstall must have been, you would think, an unpopular priory. It belonged to the Abbot of Albemarle, and the Prior of Birstall was his rent-collector. A number of farms in Holderness and in other parts of Yorkshire belonged to that Abbot. They had been granted to him from time to time by the Lords of Holderness. One of the prior's chief duties therefore was to visit these farms, keep an eye on their management, and, in particular, forward their rents regularly to his lord, the abbot across the Channel. It was one thing to pay rent to monks who lived near you and who did many a good turn to you and your poorer countrymen; it was quite another thing to pay into the pockets of a foreigner across the seas. Naturally, the agents from Birstall would receive only a sour sort of welcome when they called, but they could secure their rent, and that was the main thing, as long as the King of England was behind them. But the time was not long in coming when the Abbot of Albemarle saw that the people on opposite sides of the Channel would be at blows with each other. What about his Yorkshire rents then? So he wisely made haste to sell his farms, at a sacrifice, to the monks of Kirkstall in the West Riding.

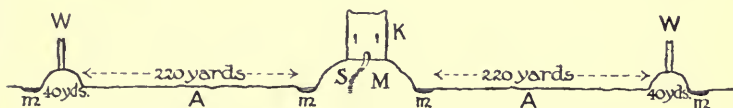
Of the nunneries of the East Riding it is not necessary to speak at length. They were not very important, and it is difficult to find out much about them. And they have quite disappeared. The three in the East Riding were only small. The one at Nunkeeling had a chapel which was only fifteen yards long and seven broad! But, in one way, we have after all a certain relic of a nunnery in the name of every place that has the prefix 'Nun'. If you are sufficiently interested you may count up the number of such names on a modern map of Yorkshire. The total may surprise you!

CHAPTER XIII

THE CASTLES OF EAST YORKSHIRE

IN East Yorkshire, after the 'great wasting', there would be few warlike individuals left. There was little to fear from religious communities, and there was not much need for castles in consequence. Perhaps one castle only was raised in the East Riding before the second half of the twelfth century, and that was at Skipsea.

Both Walter Lespec and Eustace Fitz-John had castles, but they were on the west side of the Derwent, and those



SECTION-SKETCH, MOSTLY IMAGINARY, BUT PARTLY BASED ON THE RESEARCHES OF POULSON, OF THE EARLY NORMAN CASTLE AT SKIPSEA.

Site now known as Castle [or Albemarle] Hill. M. Mound, perhaps 80 or 90 feet high, and about 130 yards round the top. [K. The Keep, built of sea-cobbles.] A, A. The flattish, grassy part, where cattle could be kept. m, m, m, m. Section ends of two circular moats about 20 yards wide. S. Steep steps leading from the drawbridge over the moat, to help the approach to the door. W, W. Section ends of a circular wall—perhaps 7 feet thick.

of York, too, were outside the present East Riding boundary.

Now the owner of Skipsea Castle, immediately after the Conquest, was not a Norman but a Fleming, Drogo by name. He was one of the numerous adventurers in the Conqueror's army. He had joined in the invasion of this land in the hope of spoil, and the Domesday Book shows that the whole of Holderness fell to his share. It was a generous gift, but he had married a relative of the Conqueror, so perhaps this had something to do with it.

Like the rest of the new 'lords of the land', he started to build a castle for himself and his followers at once.

Perhaps he had not much to fear, but in those days every lord wished for a castle, and there might come new invaders from the sea, or from the far north, even if the local men had been swept off. Besides, a castle was always a useful possession.

But why build it at Skipsea? That was chiefly because some of the work had already been done for him there. The name Skipsea Brough shows that. The 'brough' or 'burh' was probably an old mound-fortress of the Angles. He had only to set up his castle on the mound, build a wall along the rampart of earth where the Angles used to have a wooden palisade, and the work was practically done. Wretched serfs, pressed into his service from somewhere or other, would be compelled to carry 'sea-cobbles' from the beach, and of these his castle and walls were built. It is probable that neither the walls of the castle nor those on the rampart were very strong at first, but the fortress was much improved later.

Drogo was not 'Lord of Holderness' very long. His departure from this land was sudden, and the occasion of it tragic. He killed his wife; whether by accident or not does not seem quite clear. At any rate, he knew better than to wait for the verdict of William the Conqueror. His plan was bold and ingenious. He set out, immediately after the fatal deed, for an interview with the king; he told him he was anxious to return to Flanders, which was quite true. Then he had the assurance to ask for a sum of money to defray the expenses of his wife, himself, and his followers for the journey; and he obtained it! He concerns us no more; for when the angry William found out the trick and sent men post-haste to take him, he was, of course, safe across the seas.

After this, William of Albemarle became 'Lord of Holderness'. Nearly all the 'Lords of Holderness' belonging to this line seem to have been called William, and they were distinguished from each other by various nicknames. Thus we have seen that William le Gros held Holderness when Meaux Abbey was founded in 1150, and Skipsea Castle was his stronghold as it had been that of Drogo.

As the castles became stronger and stronger, the barons

inside them began to feel *too* safe; safe enough to think they could do as they liked. And in Stephen's reign (1135 to 1154) that is exactly what they did, the Lord of Skipsea Castle being no better than the others.

But Stephen was succeeded by Henry II, a very different kind of king. Henry II was determined that there should be one master only throughout the land, namely himself, and that all should bow to one system of law and justice. So he sent messengers to the lords of the castles, demanding that their castles should be handed over to him as overlord. The answers of those lords, accompanied by various insults, usually told him to come and try to take them! And the message sent by that William who held Skipsea was as bad as any.

Now consider the difficulty of taking a castle in those days. Walls are of little use against cannon, but what of the times before powder was thought of? Skipsea Castle was not by any means the strongest castle in England in the twelfth century, but it will serve to illustrate the sort of task facing Henry II. Study the section-sketch and use your imagination.

If Henry II had not been a marvel of energy and ability, he could never have subdued his lords. As it was, he managed to obtain possession of their castles one by one, and the taking of each gave a further fright to those holding out in the rest of them. And so, after a long struggle, he got hold of them all. Most of them he destroyed altogether. In others, he put his own men, and some were left, like Skipsea Castle, battered and broken, but in the hands of the original owner. You may be certain William of Albemarle had, first, to make a very complete submission, as well as give guarantees for his future good behaviour; and he would not dare to repair his castle as long as Henry II lived.

But, during the reign of Richard I, who was nearly always far away from England, and during the reign of his brother John, who would have pleased his subjects better if *he* had been away, Skipsea Castle was made strong again. This took place, as it were, 'when nobody was looking'. When King John died, in 1216, there was quite a number of castles like Skipsea, ready to give

trouble. The new king, Henry III, was only a boy of nine, so perhaps the barons looked once more for the good old days for themselves, which had been bad old days for everybody else.

Yet this was not to be. Yorkshiremen of to-day are fond of quoting the proverb, 'Like master like man'; and the chief minister of the little king aptly illustrates it. He was a certain Hubert De Burgh, an old minister of Henry II.

The William of Albemarle then holding Skipsea Castle was as defiant as his grandfather had been to Henry II. And Hubert de Burgh, just as his old master had besieged the grandfather, set about besieging the grandson. But the siege of Skipsea Castle had, this time, a different ending. We say sometimes, 'Once bitten twice shy', and Hubert De Burgh seems to have thought so too, for he did not give Skipsea Castle another chance of rebelling. It had been badly damaged during the siege, but when it was finally taken he had it demolished altogether. It was never rebuilt, yet its mounds and trenches have not quite disappeared, and you can trace considerable remains of them even to-day on the Castle Hill.

When we next hear of a castle belonging to the lords of Holderness, it is at Burstwick; its owner is another William of Albemarle, whose name, we notice, has simplified itself to William Aumâle. Exactly at what date that castle was built no one seems to know, but it was there in King John's reign. You remember how King John quarrelled with the clergy, and was going to inflict all kinds of penalties and punishments on them; and then he suddenly collapsed and was very humble to the Pope's messenger. Well, during the time King John was threatening the Church so loudly as to seem quite dangerous, the monks of Meaux Monastery were received into Burstwick Castle, which fact is enough to prove that it was built at least before that time.

There is little more to tell about the Williams of Albemarle or Aumâle. The family, soon after this, died out, and from time to time Holderness was in the hands of the King of England. That usually meant one of two things: either the Lord of Holderness had been in rebel-

lion and so forfeited his lands to the king, or his family had died out like that of the Aumâles.

During one of the periods when Burstwick Castle was in possession of the crown it held a royal captive. This was the Queen of Scotland and wife of Robert Bruce. Her husband had been defeated by Edward I, the son of Henry III, and she became his prisoner. But she was well cared for at Burstwick Castle, and it is interesting to read the minute instructions given to the steward by his royal master, as to how she was to be treated. She had a lady for companion and a woman for servant; two pages to wait on her and a footboy to do her errands; a valet to keep her keys and look to provisions, and a cook to prepare them for her table. She had three greyhounds with which to pursue the pastime of coursing in the parks, and she was to have venison or fish just when she wished, and to live in the best rooms of the manor.

The reference to the captive queen has brought our story of the East Riding castles up to the reign of Edward I (1272 to 1307). And here we must incidentally remark that the East Yorkshire of the thirteenth century was very different from that of the twelfth century. The lands of the Church no longer stood out as oases. A great deal more was under cultivation by this time. Manors and manor farms, other than those of the Church, had grown and prospered. We shall have more to say of them in the next chapter, but this will serve to introduce the Baron de Stuteville, who had a large manor-house and farm at Cottingham and others elsewhere.

To make the further acquaintance of the Barons de Stuteville, we must go back to King John's reign (1199 to 1216), and it is necessary to do so, because we are about to tell the story of the finest castle East Yorkshire has ever seen.

In those days the king travelled round the country with his court, seeing for himself as much as he could of the work of his officials, and giving his subjects a convincing sight of his power and the reality of his rule. Thus came King John on such a 'progress', or series of journeys, and arrived at Cottingham. The Baron de Stuteville was expected to find rooms, provisions, and

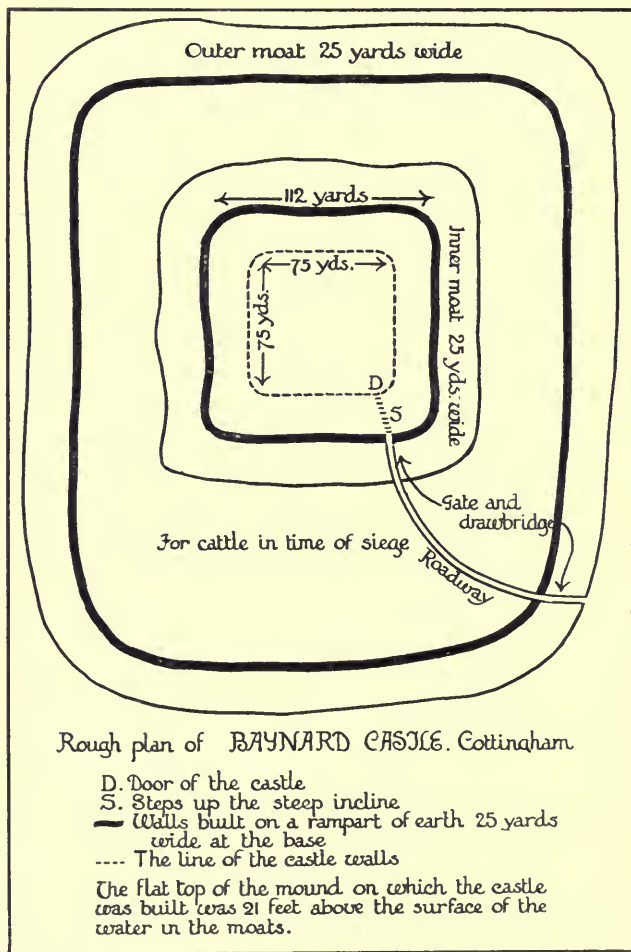
entertainment for John and his queen, while a whole crowd of officials, courtiers, and servants, had to be fed and put up for the nights somewhere, mostly outside in the open air, no doubt. The baron's purse, larder, hunting grounds, in fact all his resources, were taxed to the utmost to satisfy them.

But, being a wise and far-seeing man, this De Stuteville spared no pains. He entertained the king and his company right royally, and he lost nothing by it. John was put in a good humour, ready to grant favours. He made his host High Sheriff of Yorkshire, an official of great power, and in fact the representative of his royal self. He gave him the privilege of holding a market and a fair on his manor at Cottingham, a sure way of filling his purse again. Lastly, and perhaps most important in the eyes of a De Stuteville, leave was obtained to fortify his manor-house. Naturally, kings had become wary about the building of castles, and, following the good example set them by Henry II, they would allow no one to build a castle without permission.

Thus, in the year 1200, began the history of Cottingham Castle. But, for over a hundred years, it was to be only a fortified manor-house. The De Stutevilles did not elaborately fortify it, or make it very strong. Their chief residence was at Kirby Moorside, in the North Riding, where they had another castle of unusual size and strength. They had another castle, too, in far away Cumberland. And this should remind you of a little scheme of the wise and cautious William the Conqueror. He knew enough about his followers to be certain that the only way to keep them submissive was to put it out of their power to be otherwise. He was bound to give each of his chief barons a great grant of lands, but he made it up of smaller tracts allotted here and there at a distance from each other.

Cottingham Castle remained an ordinary fortified house for over a century. But in 1326, the year before his death, the ill-fated Edward II granted permission to the owner of Cottingham Castle to fortify it on a grand scale. It was then in the possession of a certain Thomas Wake, and he employed all the military skill and experience of

the times to make it a castle remarkable even in the days of those wonderful Edwardian castles of the fourteenth



century. It was afterwards usually known as Baynard Castle, but exactly why is not clear.

In early Norman times castles were 'keeps', i.e. single

towers, and little more ; the castle at Skipsea had its double moat and rampart-wall ; the castle at Cottingham was to mark the third and highest type of castle. You can see from the plan how many lines of defence there were, and you must picture the ground as rising from the outside inwards, so that the middle and strongest part of the castle stood on the highest level. The besiegers had always to attack a wall up hill. Not only could the defenders throw things at them from the top of the wall, but, if they came too near, the garrison of the castle could pour boiling pitch and other discouraging liquids on to them ; a sort of gallery built out from the wall with holes in its floor enabled the defenders to do this from sheltered positions. Then, at short intervals along the walls, projecting towers had been built so that, whenever a piece of wall was being attacked, the besiegers might expect to be hurt from loopholes that looked straight out on to them from right and left. Such castles could defy attack until men began to use cannon. Knights of the Cross had been to the Holy Land, fighting against the infidel. Their minds had been impressed by many things not dreamt of before. Such of them as did not leave their bones to whiten in the deserts of Palestine returned full of new ideas on castles, as well as on many other subjects. If you have a cross-legged effigy of a knight in your church, you may at least conclude that he was buried in crusading fashion, even if it does not necessarily follow that he had fought in Palestine ; there is one, for instance, at the church of Garton-on-the-Wolds, and another in Bainton Church.

If you wish to know about an old-time siege, read Sir Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe*, which tells, amongst many other matters referring to the same period, of the taking of a castle in the time of Richard I ; how the flights of well-aimed arrows kept the defenders from showing themselves ; how the scaling ladders failed ; how the hardiest got across the moat on a raft, and how the Black Knight, in that great scene, hewed at the door with his huge axe, heedless of the missiles showered down upon him.

Yet the downfall of that twelfth-century castle in *Ivanhoe* was not due simply to the efforts of the besiegers, great as these were, and the story only helps to show the



Photograph by Charles Goulding.

EFFIGIES FROM SWINE CHURCH.

Note the plate armour of the knight, his mailed neckpiece, and the horned head-dress of the lady. Period—end of the fourteenth century.

many advantages of defence over attack in the Middle Ages.

Even the fighters were better equipped to keep themselves from harm than to hurt others. For two centuries

after the Conquest, the knight wore a coat of mail; then he found that a good archer could send arrows through it, and so he began to wear plate armour. After that, fear of the cloth-yard shaft and the cross-bow bolt made him keep adding to his defences until he could not walk for them, and, off a horse, he was helpless.

There are effigies to be found in East Riding churches to-day, which illustrate these things.¹

It seems as if we ought to award the palm amongst East Yorkshire warriors of his day to Marmaduke Constable, a member of that famous family which so often appears in our history. On the top of a tomb in St. Oswald's Church, Flamborough, there is a brass inscription, setting forth in rhyme his many doughty deeds. He 'made adventure' into France with Edward IV, and again with Henry VII; he took part in the siege of Berwick, and was 'chosen captain there first of any one'; and, finally, he fought at Flodden Field at the age of 'three score and ten, with his sons, brother, servants, and kinsmen'.

One of the best books about those 'knights of old' is *The White Company*, by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle; it deals with a period earlier than that of Marmaduke Constable, but later than that of *Ivanhoe*; it is full of the interest and excitement of the great French War.

Both Wressle Castle and Leconfield Castle were fortified in the fourteenth century by the great family of the Percies. There was a similar castle, too, at Burton Constable, at which the Lords of Holderness seem to have lived after they left Burstwick Castle. But when and why they changed their residence is not known.

Mounds and, it may be, traces of moats and ramparts which surrounded them, are all that are left of the castles of Skipsea, Burstwick, Cottingham, and Leconfield. At Burton Constable there is to-day a descendant of the old castle, perhaps with some of the original masonry still in existence; it is one of the finest baronial residences in England. Finally, at Wressle, desolate ruins stand up patiently to the rain and storm, relics of the once proud castle of the Percies.

¹ See chap. xxviii.

CHAPTER XIV

MONASTIC LIFE

LET us now consider the men and women to whom those lands belonged which we have called 'oases of religion'. They were, for four centuries, a very important section of the inhabitants of East Yorkshire; and they exercised a great influence over all the other sections.

A critical reader will have noticed that the buildings in which they lived sometimes constituted a priory, sometimes a monastery or nunnery, and sometimes neither the one nor the other; he will have guessed that monks were not precisely the same as priests; that bishops, priors, and abbots were probably not the heads of exactly similar communities.

Let us take the religious community at Beverley as our first type.

Their buildings consisted of a number of separate houses set up round or near the big Church of St. John. The occupant of each of these houses was a 'secular canon'. He had taken no special vows such as a monk takes, but he had to live in accordance with *canons* or 'rules', and hence comes one part of his name. The house he lived in was his home. A secular canon might, for example, have a wife¹ and family and servants. But for the fact that his house belonged to the Church and he had to obey the rules and regulations of the Church, he lived very much like those *in saeculo*, that is 'in the world'. Hence the other part of his title. He and his fellows formed together a 'college of canons'.

It should now be clear what is meant when a parish church is said to have once been 'collegiate'. Thus Howden Church was made collegiate in the thirteenth century and had a college of six canons. Sutton Church was once collegiate. Hemingbrough Church was made

¹ Certain popes sternly forbade this.

collegiate in the fifteenth century, and was the last church in the East Riding to become so.

The head of a college of secular canons was the bishop : in the case of Beverley, the Archbishop of York. He had a fine house at Beverley and was often in residence there. He had a special seat in the church ; it was, no doubt, as elaborately made as the workmen could accomplish, and it would be a prominent feature of the interior. Above all, the fact that the archbishop was so frequently present in his seat gave greater dignity to the church ; and a new name was given to the building just because of that special seat, namely, *cathedral*, which means simply 'seat'.

The space occupied by the houses of the canons, the cathedral, and the grounds belonging thereto, was called the 'cathedral close' or sometimes the 'minster close'. The name 'minster', which is often applied to a cathedral church, hardly seems correct in the case of Beverley, for a 'minster' is really the church of a monastery ; and we have seen that there was no monastery then at Beverley, but a college of secular canons. However, we need not be too critical, because Beverley used to have a monastery, and the college of canons was its successor.

Each of the secular canons took his part in conducting the services in the big church, or in the little churches dependent on it, and situated in other places. Each canon was, therefore, a priest in holy orders.

Now let us consider a priory, such as that at Kirkham. The men living there dwelt in the same block of buildings, not in separate residences. They took meals together in one great room. Each slept in his own little cell, ranged alongside of a corridor, just like boys in a boarding-school of to-day. They were all priests in holy orders, but their holy orders were of a particular kind. They belonged to the Order of St. Augustine. There were various 'orders' in the East Riding priories and monasteries, and it is not necessary to go into details about them. The rules of some orders were stricter than those of others, but all were sufficiently strict, and if you belonged to a certain 'order' you had to regulate your whole life by its rules.

To such men their rules were supposed to be everything and the world nothing. They were '*rule* canons' or '*regular* canons'.

Now a monk lived in a very similar way in his monastery to the regular canon in his priory. Indeed, the men in both cases were often loosely called monks, while the women of both priories and nunneries were called nuns. But the monk was not necessarily a priest, while a canon always was. Monks belonged to '*orders*' like the regular canons, but, unlike them, they were bound by special vows, which might have nothing to do with the conducting of church services.

Thus we get our college of secular canons with the archbishop or bishop as head, the priories governed by their prior or prioress, and the monasteries and nunneries ruled by their abbot or abbess.

In East Yorkshire we have, to-day, Beverley Minster, with its canons and their residences. They conduct the services of the minster or those of a parish church according to the regulations of their bishop. They live their lives of work for the Church and its members every day before our eyes.

But what of the canons who lived together in great buildings like Kirkham Priory once was, and what of the monks and nuns of Meaux, Watton, Swine, and many other East Riding places? Their story is more strange and unusual. The East Riding knows them no more. Yet something of them lives again in the pages of old, old manuscripts, and careful digging and searching where they once dwelt has revealed something more. Of Meaux, we have parts of a '*chronicle*' kept by its monks five hundred years ago. Of Kirkham Priory, we have a plan, drawn in the eighteenth century, the result of clever and painstaking efforts to find things out. From these and many other sources it is possible to picture, fairly accurately, monastic life in the Middle Ages. And, by the help of our plan, we will have a peep into the Kirkham Priory of those bygone days.

First of all, you will notice at once that some parts of the plan are much darker than others. They serve to indicate that bits of the old walls were standing at those

spots when the plan was made. There are fewer now. Nothing can withstand the ravages of time. Yet there is enough left to-day to repay a visit, and with this plan you can trace out a good deal more, and almost set up the old buildings again in your mind's eye.

You will see that the Prior lived apart from the canons, just as an abbot from his monks, in a lodge or house of his own, but not far from the rest of the buildings. His house was rather like one of the manor-houses which will be described later. He was the head of the community, and managed the little world of religion under him by means of many officials. He appointed or dismissed them himself, so he was quite an autocrat in this as well as many other ways. If he was a good and able prior, things went on very well. Everybody did his work thoroughly, and behaved in accordance with the rules and vows, as he was supposed to do. If he did not, the Prior could give him a severe penance or punishment, of a nature that would have painfully surprised a man of to-day. But so much depended on the Prior that, when he was weak, or wicked, or both, things were very different.

Now the plan shows a great number of buildings, but, if a modern contractor had arranged to carry out the work, he would doubtless soon have had them up exactly to order. This, of course, is not how Kirkham Priory was built, and it must be understood that the original buildings were improved upon and added to, until, three hundred years later, the place was quite changed. The buildings grew under the hands of men who loved the work, did it beautifully in their own particular style, and took plenty of time over it. Building and repairing was the special province of an official of the Prior's called the Master of the Fabric, and by the work they did we can see that these Masters of Fabric changed their styles as the centuries passed. In four hundred years many a Master of Fabric and his staff would, day by day, work away at the buildings till death ended their labours; but, as we are supposed to be considering the persons inside the walls rather than the walls themselves in this chapter, we had better leave explanations about architecture till later.

The canons usually began their day by proceeding to their church to sing 'lauds' or *praises* to God ; this was followed by 'prime' or service for the *first* hour. The men in Kirkham Priory were, therefore, early risers, for 'prime' took place at 6 a.m. or thereabouts, when, in accordance with ancient reckoning, the day was supposed to begin. Then on ordinary days they heard morning mass, and afterwards walked to the Chapter House to listen to the solemn reading of a chapter from the rules of the 'order' to which they belonged. In that same Chapter House the Prior used to interview his agents and hear their reports, instruct his officials, and, in fact, conduct all important business ; to that room also, from time to time, he summoned his council. The Chapter House derived its name from that daily reading of the chapter, and after a time the council which met there also acquired the name. Thus the ruling council of Beverley Minster is called the Chapter and meets in its Chapter House, but they do not any longer carry on that formal reading from which both the building and themselves derived their names.

Having been reminded of the strict code of rules under which they lived, the canons now went into the refectory or eating room, where they had a light breakfast called the 'mixtum'. You will notice in the plan that the refectory was put on the side away from the church, while the kitchen was as far off as possible, so that no smell of food might reach the holy building.

If it was an ordinary day the canons were now free till dinner. Some of the more learned might be set to teaching. Their pupils might be either novices, that is those preparing to be canons or monks, or boys from outside whose parents wished them to become scholars. In the Middle Ages, monasteries were almost the only teaching centres. The students would sit in the cloisters, and you will notice little nooks into which a student might retire with his precious manuscript 'book'. The cloisters, too, were nicely sheltered from north and east winds.

Some of the canons might spend the morning in writing those wonderful manuscripts with elaborately coloured

initial letters, telling of the life in the Priory, and perhaps little bits about the great events happening outside. The man in East Yorkshire most famous for such work lived, however, in the priory at Bridlington. He became the head of that institution in 1152, and was so famous for his skill in penmanship that he was known as 'Robert the Scribe'.

But, to return to Kirkham: the rest of the canons would be engaged either about the stables, on the farm and gardens, or in the kitchen. Every one was supposed to have some work to do. Every monk and canon had his allotted work.

Ordinary days were few, and days of special holiness were many. For instance, every Wednesday and Friday throughout the year, besides numerous others, were days of special obligation. On these days every canon or monk went again to church at 9 o'clock to attend 'terce', or service for the *third* hour of the day. Then followed High Mass; and there was no dinner till after 'nones', or service for the *ninth* hour. That made dinner on 'fast'-days later than three in the afternoon, and in Lent probably three hours later than that. On an ordinary day, however, dinner was at noon, immediately after 'sext', or service for the *sixth* hour.

For special services in the church no one was excused. The canons worshipped in the choir. Their dependents, servants, and others living in the neighbourhood, listened to the chanting and singing from the nave. A *cancellus* or screen separated the choir from the nave, and our modern word 'chancel' comes from this Latin name.

Dinner, like the other meals, took place in the refectory, and all ate in silence. Conversation was forbidden. A novice usually read aloud from some book of religion until the meal was over.

The canons then dispersed, and probably indulged in mild recreation of various kinds. They might walk up and down the grounds in quiet conversation. In rough weather the quadrangle would be most frequented. There they could pace about sheltered from the winds, and from the rains too, along by the walls. Very probably, great care was taken of that quadrangle. There would be

garden-beds with flowers, and well-kept grass plots, and perhaps even a fountain in the middle. Some of the canons would sit in the sheltered nooks of the cloisters to read or study. But on warm days one would imagine they found the terrace most pleasant, or the river-side.

There was supper on ordinary days at 5 o'clock, and after that there was little time left for wandering. The priory gates were always locked at 6 o'clock. 'Vespers',



Photograph by R. G. M. Temple.

THE GATEWAY OF KIRKHAM PRIORY.

Built, originally, in the latter half of the twelfth century; certain existing parts belong to a later, the Decorated, period. (See Chapter on 'Sermons in Stones'.)

or *evening* service, was sung at sunset, and another service, called 'compline', at 9 o'clock, *completed* the day. In silent procession the canons then wended their way to the dormitory, and each entered into his little bare bedroom with its pallet of wood and its tiny slit of a window, without glass in the thirteenth century. But even in the night the service to God never ended. The psalms, divided into three night services or 'nocturnes', were sung by three relays of canons. In solemn, ghostly procession, each relay would pass down the corridor and

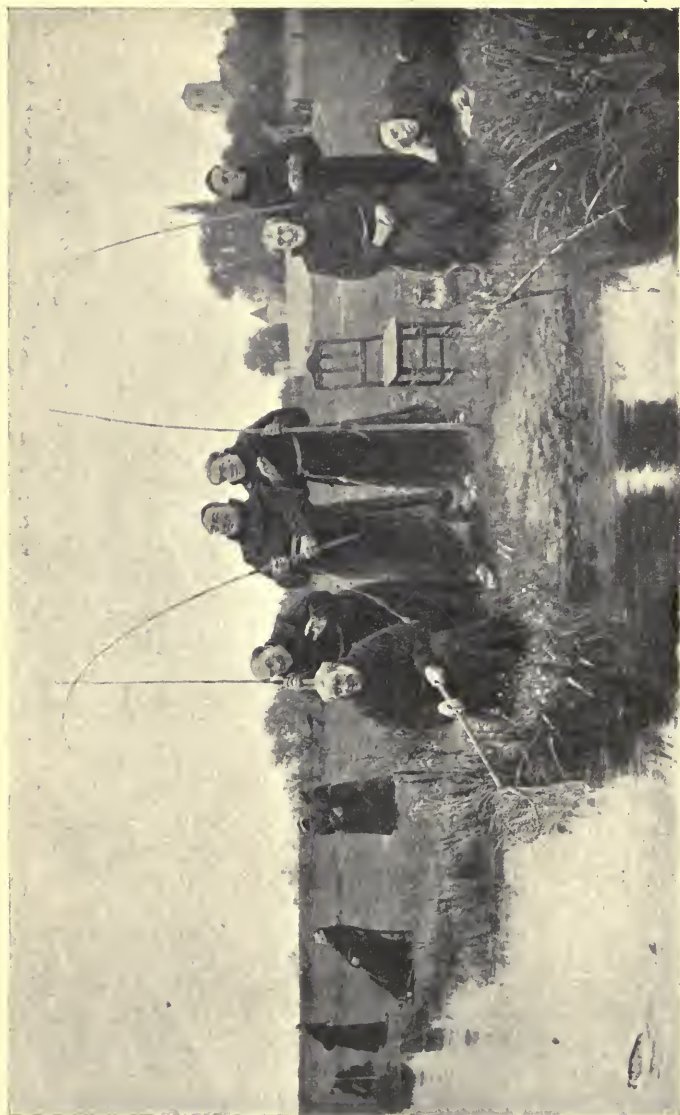
along the cloisters to the church, returning to bed again when their allotted portion was sung.

And so we can picture the busy day of the Kirkham Priory of long ago, with the long round of services in the church, and the many and varied duties outside, each phase of the monastic life superintended by a particular official. The sacristan saw to the arrangements for the many services, the cellarer kept the stores, the chamberlain had the care of the dormitory; and the whole was watched over by the sub-prior, the highest official, inferior only to the Prior himself. It was a well-organized little world of religion.

Now the canons must have been great fishermen. They fished both for pleasure and of necessity. It was a quiet, meditative pastime, and well suited to their habits. But, more than that, on fast-days meat was always forbidden and fish took its place. Hence, every monastery and priory in the East Riding had its fish-pond. Kirkham was fortunate in having something perhaps better, namely, a well-stocked river at its very gates. Many a canon, therefore, with his stool and rod, could be seen spending his leisure hours patiently 'waiting for a bite'.

A well-known picture, entitled 'Thursday', shows us a typical scene of this kind. The monks are, quite evidently, out in full force to get fresh fish for the morrow's dinner, and one of them has caught a fine pike. You cannot study the picture without feeling an interest in the fishers. There are jolly, contented faces, rejoicing with the lucky one; there is a gloomy face, possibly envying him, but more probably the expression is due to old age and sickness. And you can fall to musing about those men and their lives. Were their days dull? Well, they had their work and their fishing. In the Middle Ages¹ there was often war and strife outside; in the priory men were safe. Pestilence and famine carried off many poor people in those days, but the canons and monks looked well after their own lands; they were skilled cultivators; they had always plenty to eat. They knew something about their bodies, too, and how to take care of them. Often, near the site of

¹ Middle Ages: about fifth century to end of fifteenth.



'THURSDAY'.

From the picture by W. Dendy Sadler in the Tate Gallery.

an old monastery you will find, to-day even, a greater number of different varieties of plants and herbs than elsewhere. The monks were accustomed to make good use of these for simple ailments ; their skill as doctors was highly valued by all the country-side.

There was considerable contact with the outer world after all. The management of the farms belonging to a priory or monastery involved interviews with many kinds of people and sometimes visits to them. Perhaps occasionally a nobleman, travelling from one manor-house to another with his whole household, would claim the hospitality of a monastery. Yes ; the life undoubtedly had attractions. And many a man, after a career of strife and violence, longed for the calm peacefulness of a monastery and devotion to the service of God.

It is clear that, taking Kirkham Priory as a type of the monastic institutions of East Yorkshire, we have a centre where teaching, learning, chronicle-making, cultivation of land, building, study of medicine, and the worship of God, are more prominent or better done than anywhere else, and that certain of these were not done anywhere else at all. We have, finally, now to consider what was, perhaps, the greatest work of a monastic institution ; that is, its care for others. Every day there came to its gates the hungry, the sick, and the wayfaring man. Every day the canons or monks gave of their store of provisions or knowledge to help those distressed. This was the province of the almoner. Idle beggars and unfortunate labourers, rascals and the deserving, wayfarers of all descriptions, waited at the gates in a motley crowd for the daily dole. In an age when there were no schools, no doctors, no hospitals, no workhouses, who can estimate the value of the work done by such places as Kirkham Priory ? But if you want to learn more about these things, and that in a delightful way, read the adventures of Denys and Gerard in the pages of that wonderful story of Charles Reade's, *The Cloister and the Hearth*.

CHAPTER XV

MANOR LIFE

A typical 'manor' consisted of a single village and land surrounding it. The whole of the land, and the village too, belonged to one person called the 'lord of



Photograph by Charles Goulding.

BURTON CONSTABLE HALL.

Ancient seat of the Constable family, and the finest Manor-House in East Yorkshire.

the manor', and all the people living there were subject to his jurisdiction. Usually many manors went to make up a lord's estate.

There was, on each manor, one house very large and imposing when compared with the others. This was called the manor-house, and, in many a place in the East Riding to-day, the same title is given to a more modern house, which occupies the same relative position.

Amongst the best examples of these later manor-houses, we may take that at Burton Constable, which has long been the seat of the Constable family; Burton Agnes Hall, some parts of which date from before the Stuart period; and the old manor-house at Barmston, still partly surrounded by its moat, with a little of the original building still in existence.

From The DOM BOC (Domesday Book)

¶ In Schipewic. to Gam. iii. car. are ad gtd.
 tra. ē ad ii. car. lb. hē hugo. i. car. 7 xii. vill
 al. ij. car. lb. ecclia 7 pbr. Silua past. ii. lā lē.
 7 l. lā. Toō ās. ii. lē lē. 7 lē 7 dīm lāē. T. R. E. wat
 xl. sot. m. xx. fot.

Translation.

‘Manor. In Schipewic [Skipwith] Gam had three carucates of land to be taxed. There is land to two ploughs. Hugo has there one plough and twelve villeins with three ploughs. There is a church and a priest. Wood pasture 2 miles long and $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles broad. Value in King Edward’s time 40s., now 20s.’

A ‘carucate’ or ‘ploughland’ was a variable quantity, seeing that it meant the amount of land that could be tilled by one plough in one season. Henry II fixed it at 100 acres.

Note that Hugo, the Norman, had dispossessed Gam, the Anglo-Dane, and that ‘wasting’ had reduced the manor to half its former value.

This chapter, however, is concerned mainly with times over six centuries ago, and with manor-houses in their primitive form. In those early days the lord would choose his biggest manor-house, or perhaps his two biggest, and make them his chief residences. Thus the Lords of Holderness resided, chiefly, first at Skipsea, then at Burstwick, and during the latter years of their rule at Burton Constable. At these places therefore, in turn, a strong castle could be seen instead of a simple manor-house; but its internal arrangements were very like those of a manor-house.

The development of East Yorkshire from the Norman

Conquest may be, at this point, briefly summed up. The lands of St. John, spared by the Conqueror, formed starting-points; the religious foundations of the twelfth century, with the farms dependent on them, carried on further the work of cultivation; finally, a continually increasing number of manors brought the greater part of the East Riding under man's care. So in the thirteenth century, which seems the best period to choose for examination on this subject, we have areas of cultivation in all the more fertile parts. Over some of them the bishop, either of York or Durham, was lord; over others an abbot or prior; while those working on the rest of the manors had a more warlike lord, living, perhaps, in an East Riding castle or, it might be, in one outside Yorkshire altogether.



SECTION-PLAN OF A NORMAN WINDOW (*see* p. 228).

Life in the thirteenth century was largely spent in the open air. Houses were mainly places in which to eat and sleep in bad weather. You naturally expect, therefore, that even the lord's manor-house would be a simple, primitive building. It had a cellar where provisions of all kinds could be stored, and also a great hall where the lord and his numerous company could sit down together and eat them. That was all the men wanted. They could, and did, sleep on the floor when they could not sleep outside; the more particular of them had straw mattresses between their bodies and the rush-strewn ground; for others the rushes alone were sufficient.

There was, however, a third room called the 'solar' or *sun-chamber*. This was for the ladies, and some attempts at comfort appeared here. Tapestry was hung on the walls, and beds were arranged all round, separated by hangings. The windows had stone seats, where the ladies might sit in the sun, and by the thirteenth century there might be a few skins or rugs on the floor. But it

is very doubtful if there was glass in the windows. Glass was very expensive, and hard to replace if broken.

The lord and his household visited his manor-houses in turn, and usually stayed long enough to eat up most of the provisions which had been stored by the bailiff. This was the lord's system of collecting rents, which consisted in the thirteenth century mainly of farm produce.

Picture the household on the march! It would make an imposing procession. Family, body-guard, officials, servants, all the motley crew of 'hangers-on', set out in a huge company. All the movable household furniture and the precious cooking utensils were taken too. Roads were bad and carts were worse. A useful combination of the two would have been hardly possible, so everything was carried on the backs of horses and mules. Travelling from one manor-house to another was a big business, but all great lords did it, and it must have been quite a characteristic feature of thirteenth-century life. One may try to imagine the Earl of Northumberland's household going from Leconfield to Wressle. It was an annual affair, and would furnish good material for a present-day pageant scene.

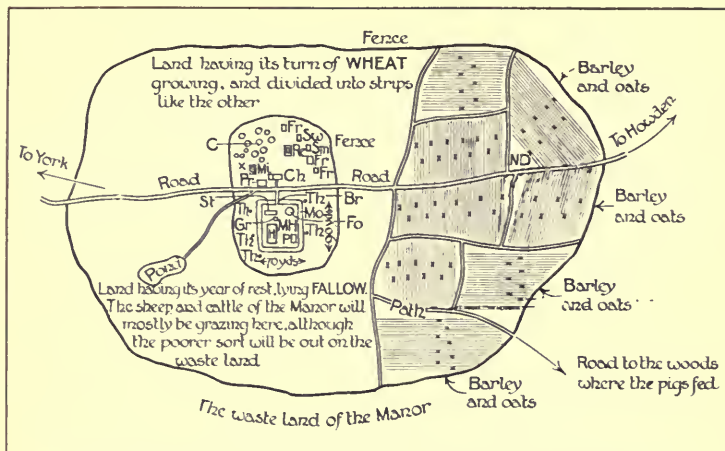
The workers on the manor were the villagers, who lived in those thatched cottages of varying sizes which clustered near the great manor-house. A few were 'freeholders'; most of them were *villeins*, which is not at all the same thing as *villains*, although the one word has really come from the other. All were employed upon the land and no villein was allowed to quit the land, although some of them had begun to think about doing so. One large portion of the land, about a third of the whole, the 'lord of the manor' kept for his own use. This was called the 'lord's demesne', and it was worked entirely by the villeins. Some gave one service and some another. Even the freeholders owed some sort of service, usually a small money rent, to the lord; but neither such rent nor the personal services paid by the villeins could ever be increased. The villeins gave all kinds of personal services; some were 'week-work' men, and had to give so much time each week to the land of their lord; others were 'boon-work' men, and had to do various things as the

occasion required ; some rode errands ; some fed swine or sheep.

Instead of wages they held land of varying areas, and they maintained themselves by tilling this, and rearing crops and cattle when they were not wanted on their lord's demesne. A freeholder might have quite a lot of land ; even a villein might have as much as thirty acres ; but a poor cottar-villein probably had nothing more than three or four acres and his little cottage.

Their system of working the land was both interesting and curious. You have probably thought of the lord's demesne as all in a great piece like a nobleman's park of to-day, or perhaps as like a big modern Yorkshire farm. This was not so. The whole of the land of the manor to be tilled was divided into three great tracts. Each tract was divided into strips ; between each two strips there was a 'baulk' left to divide one strip from another. Now in each tract you had a certain number of strips proportionate to your grade of importance. Your strips were all over the place ; if they had been together you might have got a poor part of the great 'field', and then you would have grumbled, or you might have chanced on an especially good part and then the others would have grumbled ; but, if your strips were scattered about, then you got some bad and some good, and no one had any right to grumble. One strip in about every three formed a part of the lord's demesne ; and a strip was about an acre or half an acre in area.

One great field of strips was sown one year with wheat or rye or oats ; from any of the three bread was made, and indeed, more often from rye than from wheat. The work had to be managed by an exchange of services ; for not everybody who held strips possessed a wooden plough and a team of six or eight oxen to pull it. Next year that same great tract would be sown with barley. Then, during the third year, that field lay fallow and every one turned his sheep and cattle into it. The other two great fields of strips had similar treatment in turn, and thus each year there was one great field of strips growing grain for food, another of strips of barley for the brewing of beer, and always one lying fallow to give



PLAN, MAINLY IMAGINARY, OF THE MANOR OF SKIPWORTH.

The following landmarks exist to this day, and form the basis of the plan:—The Main Road. The Pond. The Church, with the two lower tiers of its tower admittedly Saxon. The Enclosure (MH), surrounded by a reedy Moat (Mo) and called, with the buildings within it, Moat Hall. The buildings within the enclosure on the plan are arranged exactly as their present-day successors. The parts marked Th are old, twisted, thorn trees. Do you think they may be relics of a hedge which once surrounded the Manor House? The rude turf and stone Bridge (Br). The woods are in the direction marked. The measurements inserted are approximately correct.

The rest has been made up from facts that are known about such Manors, and the whole should be studied in the light of the text of the chapter on Manor Life.

H. The Hall or Manor House.

St. The Stables.

Fo. The Fodder Stacks (Oats, &c).

Gr. Grindstone or tool-sharpening stone.

P. Poultry Run.

Pr. Priest's House.

Ch. Church.

Mi. Windmill for grinding corn and the Miller's House.

Re. House of the Reeve.

Sw. Swineherd's House.

Sm. Smith's House.

Fr. Houses of Freemen.

C, C, C, C. Little cots of villeins.

H, H, H, H. Strips belonging to the Lord of the Manor.

The rest of the strips were allotted as explained in the chapter.

N. D. Such portions as these were not divided. Cultivation left out many old corners.

The 'strips' were more numerous than the plan shows.

it a rest from crop-bearing and afford pasture for the cattle of the manor. The pigs of the manor were, every morning, driven off grunting to the forest not far away, to feed on the thick *mast* of the oak, beech, and chestnut, under the care of the village swine-herd.

You can see how the treatment of the land round your own village has changed since then. Nowadays, men grow on their land what is most suited to it; in the thirteenth century the men on the manor tried to grow everything they wanted, no matter what the land was like. Each manor had to be self-supporting. There was little intercourse with other manors. If the manor's crops were poor, the villagers had to live on short commons; they could not easily buy from those manors where crops had been more abundant. Food was scarce or plentiful on a manor according as the crops on that particular manor had been bad or good; to-day, prices depend not merely on the crops of a district, a county, or even a country, but on the general crop of the world!

When a lord or a town got permission to hold a fair, things improved a little, and people could buy necessary things, if they lived near enough, from those who were selling their surplus stock. But one can well understand that a thirteenth-century Yorkshire winter was something to be dreaded on a manor. One can imagine a great killing of pigs, sheep, and cattle, and a busy 'salting down' on the approach of October, and the manor cattle thin in numbers and thinner in condition when spring came round once more; for there was practically no hay and very little grass or other provender on which they could be fed.

So we leave the East Riding manor of the Middle Ages, with the image in our minds of a self-contained little community, where every villager worked in many and various ways, not only for his lord, but for his neighbours; and where no villager could do anything different or go anywhere else even if he wished to do so.

CHAPTER XVI

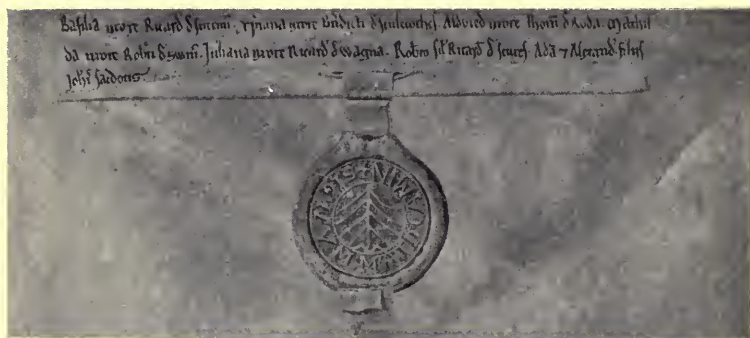
THE KING'S TOWN AND THE KING'S MERCHANT

THIS is, mainly, the story of how a manor-village became a town. We have seen that the people in a thirteenth-century manor-village depended upon a lord; they could not leave his manor; they had little communication with the world outside. All these conditions must be altered if the manor-village was to become anything but a mere adjunct to the manor-house. In the manor-village of this chapter, those disadvantages disappeared one by one, and eventually, instead of the protection of a lord, the inhabitants surrounded themselves with good stout walls of their own. That one-time manor-village is now the great city of Hull, the third seaport in the kingdom.

At the time Domesday Book was compiled, no one at all appears to have been living by the mouth of the River Hull. This seems rather singular. That inlet, or 'wyk' as they called it in those days, was a very safe shelter for ships; it was near the open sea; and it was at the mouth of a great waterway of rivers. It must have been used for shipping from the very earliest times. It seems almost certain that little clusters of seafaring inhabitants must have settled there from time to time, long before the Norman Conquest. But, remember this, they would live there at their peril. Sea-robbers abounded; the 'wyk' of the River Hull was too suitable a landing-place for these pirates to allow any settlement to thrive; they came for plunder, so nothing worth carrying off could remain for long near that too-convenient 'wyk'.

If we give play to our imaginations, we can picture its ups and downs before the Conquest. Sometimes it might be a busy little place; at others, for instance after a pirate raid, a mere heap of ashes. It may be, perhaps, because of its misfortunes that there is no mention of it in Domesday Book. Possibly, the recent great Danish invasion had left nothing there of sufficient importance to be chronicled.

After the Norman Conquest the land round the 'wyc' (it is spelt in all sorts of ways) belonged to the manor of Myton; and the monks in their Latin chronicles referred to it as the 'Wyc de Mitune'. That land was, in 1160, part of the estate of a Norman lady called Maud de Camin, who held it, probably, from the greater Lord of Holderness; and in that year the continuous history of Hull begins.



THE SIGILLUM OR SEAL OF MAUD DE CAMIN, TOGETHER WITH THE CONCLUDING LINES OF THE DEED OF SALE TO THE ABBOT OF MEAUX.

These consist of the names of witnesses, amongst whom it is interesting to note a number of ladies.

Translation.

'Basilia the wife of Richard de Sutton, Christian the wife of Bennet de Seulecothes, Aldured the wife of Thomas de Ruda, Matilda the wife of Robert de Swine, Juliana the wife of Richard de Waghen, Robert son of Richard de Seures, Adam and Alexander sons of John the Priest'.

Notice, too, the names of twelfth-century East Yorkshire villages. Which are still in existence?

About eight miles due north from the 'Wyc' was Meaux monastery. The Abbot saw the great advantages of possessing a convenient harbour, which was at the same time the outlet of a river not far from his monastery. He therefore bought from Maud de Camin 'two parts' of her possessions in the 'wyc' of Myton. The terms of the sale were written out, and a great seal attached thereto. That curious document is still preserved at Hull, and is now over 750 years old. It is the chronicle of the first

step to continuous prosperity of the land round the 'wyc'.

The 'wyc' came thus into the possession of the monks, and was thenceforth, for some forty years, to be under their special protection in an age when the Church was all-powerful. Presently, a manor-village sprang up, and in charge was the bailiff of my lord the Abbot. It was soon the rival of Myton and, in the chronicle of Meaux, they are mentioned on equal terms almost immediately.

In an attempt to picture what life in this manor-village was like, we must be careful to allow for the fact that it was on an arm of the sea; that any goods from Flanders, or persons from Normandy, coming to Meaux, would land there. It was not just an ordinary manor-village where 'services' to the lord were mainly connected with his land; here help would be required also in matters connected, perhaps, with the sailing of vessels, and certainly with the loading, unloading, or transport of any cargoes they might have. It is interesting to conjecture just what their lord, the Abbot of Meaux, expected the villagers, because the sea was at their doors, to do for him, and also what, so far as the sea was concerned, they could do for themselves. Another thing is worth noticing, too; the land round the 'wyc' did not all belong to the abbot; there was more than one other owner.

Presently the 'Wyke', as it began to be called, forged ahead of its rival, Myton. The monks obtained permission from Edward I to hold a market there every week, and also an annual fair. Here we have a manor-village holding regular communication with the world outside. Its inhabitants have something more to think about and to look forward to besides their manor-services. They have begun to trade with others, to buy and sell. The manor-village begins to grow, and the monks acquire more of the neighbouring lands.

The 'Wyke' also starts to enlarge its storehouses, and to plan more and more for its market days and its annual fair. A strong king, Edward I, was ruling the land, and the people of the 'Wyke' could prepare for buying and selling without anxiety. Besides, was not their lord the great Abbot of Meaux! Yet, on one side, the villagers

and the good monks suspected dangers. What was to hinder some daring sea-robbers from sailing up their river to plunder them in the dark nights? Remember, those were not the days of lighted streets. When neither sun, moon, nor stars gave any light, darkness, like a black pall, would fall upon them. But the only easy landing places, fortunately, were along the riverside. Across the mouth of the river, therefore, each night at sunset, a huge iron chain was drawn, to remain till sunrise, and thus the people of Wyke and their goods were preserved from the sea-prowler.

The buildings of Wyke, too, were becoming worthy of mention. The erection of Holy Trinity Church had commenced, and the house of White Friars (of which more later) had been founded.

Those early church-builders of Wyke, by the way, had a difficult task. The bog of peat, which is said to stretch under such a large portion of the alluvium of Holderness, afforded no firm foundation; so piles were first driven in, and on these Holy Trinity Church rests. Even then it is possible the builders were not confident that a heavy structure could be held up, and it is, perhaps, in consequence of this feeling that the pillars of the church have been made unusually slender.

The Abbot of Meaux was still the chief lord of Wyke, and to him the profits of its prosperity would mainly fall.

Now comes the second great step in the history of Hull. About five miles to the north-west of Wyke was Cottingham Castle. The Abbots of Meaux had been lords over Wyke for about forty years when to that castle came Edward I to spend Christmas. The story goes that he went out hunting one day in the direction of Wyke. As soon as he saw the place, he was greatly struck by the advantages of its position. He knew that it possessed all that a town needed to become great, strong, and prosperous. It required only further development under an enlightened lord. He determined, therefore, to buy out the monks and himself become its direct master. He interviewed the Abbot of Meaux, and gave him large grants in Lincolnshire and elsewhere for his rights over

Wyke. Then the King's Warden and bailiffs took the place of the abbot's officials, and Wyke became the King's Town in 1298. It was no longer called Wyke but Kingston, and, as there were other king's towns, it became Kingston-upon-Hull further to distinguish it.

A curious old picture-map illustrates the story. You can see the pillars of a building meant, doubtless, to



AN OLD PICTURE-MAP WHICH ILLUSTRATES HOW WYKE BECAME KINGSTON-UPON-HULL.

represent the Abbey of Meaux. In the fields is a party of hunters, one of whom has a crown on his head. This is the artist's way of enabling us to tell which of them is Edward I; it is not meant to depict how a sensible king usually went a-hunting.

To be a king's town, especially of such an enlightened sovereign as Edward I, was much better than to belong to a lesser lord; but, best of all, was to be a *free* town. Then, the greater your prosperity, the greater the profit for yourselves. Otherwise, if you had a lord, his scale of impositions and demands of all sorts on your profits were

likely to increase as he saw you become better able to pay more. A good plan, therefore, was to get your lord to accept a lump sum—usually something very big would tempt him if he were hard up—and then you became free of him altogether. It was a big struggle to pay the ransom for your freedom, as it were, but, having done that, then you had no more vexatious demands hereafter from



A. The Official Seal. B. The Common Seal of the Corporation of Kingston-upon-Hull. After securing their charter, the townsmen could act as a body, and signify their assent as a body to any document by means of their seals. Note how the seals typify the pride the townsmen took in belonging to a 'king's town'. There is a kingly figure with a crown; there is a group of three crowns; and even the animals are kingly, for they represent lions, and, in addition, they wear crowns!

your lord. In fact, you no longer had a lord, although you remained good subjects of your king.

The people of Kingston-upon-Hull, having changed a monkish master for a royal one, next desired, naturally enough, to be their own masters, and to become a 'Free Borough'. They sent up a humble petition to the king to that effect; and, for a 'fine' of a hundred marks, he granted them the title and advantages of 'free burgesses'. In 1299, therefore, they were free to work out their own

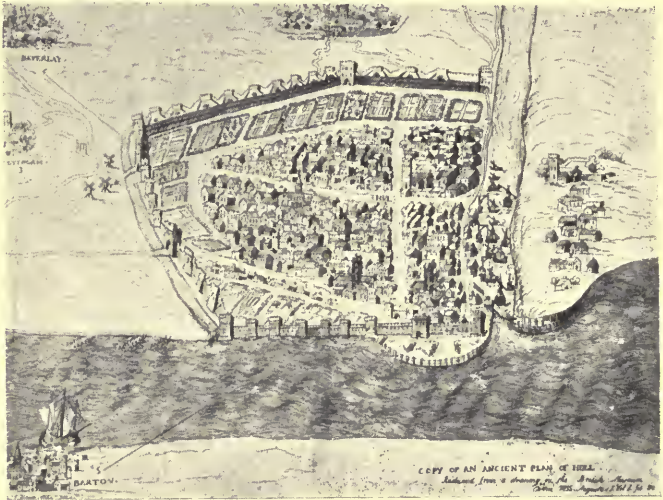
salvation as a 'town'. King Edward I, however, still took a sort of personal interest in them, and in the next year, when he was journeying northwards, he went out of his way to visit them. He seems to have given them a hint or two. At any rate, immediately he left them, they set to work to pave their streets with cobble stones. You can see what kind of a 'town' it was! To do the paving, and to purchase and carry the cobbles, money was needed, so the newly made free burgesses put special 'tolls' on certain goods for that particular purpose. You see they were 'free' of their lord but not free of taxes, only this time they taxed themselves, and that is a very different matter.

The king's town now went ahead. Its excellent trade-position on the Humber and at the mouth of the River Hull gave it opportunities superior to those few of the manor-villages round about which were all struggling at that time to be towns. In fact, Kingston grew at the expense of its neighbours. Its enterprising inhabitants saw that once good roads were made from the chief manors to Kingston, then its position as the best sea-outlet would do the rest. Hence roadmaking became the order of the day, and the Beverley, Hessle, and Cottingham tracks were improved until carts, of a sort, could jolt along them fairly comfortably. The establishment of a good big ferry-boat to ply across the Humber to Barton was a comparatively easy matter.

Before Edward I died, Kingston was important enough to be sending two of its burgesses to represent its interests in Parliament. It wanted one thing more and then it would feel safe as well as free. A petition was sent up to Edward II asking for leave to build a wall round the town, and when this was obtained the inhabitants set about the work at once. As usual, they levied special tolls on all articles of trade to pay for it. Some of the leading traders gave materials for the walls; all of them were interested in getting them up as soon as possible. Were not their storehouses a great temptation to lawless men? It was much better to have walls, with gates that could be locked up when darkness fell.

The half-plan, half-picture, will show you what the

town looked like after the walls were completed. You will notice that no wall was built on the side of the town facing the River Hull. The old river-chain was evidently considered a sufficient protection. But there was a good thick wall along the Humber and some curious-looking cannon to protect that side. The townspeople, let us hope, never had occasion to fire those cannon, for, by the look of them, they would have been more dangerous to



HULL IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

those firing than to those at whom they were fired. Apparently, they were of that type made from several bars of iron held together with hoops, in a hollow bundle. In firing them off, you were never sure that the crazy affairs would not fly to pieces and kill or maim every one round about.

Those who live in Hull can easily learn where the fourteenth-century walls stood. Start from the River Hull and walk along Humber Street; then turn to the right and follow the curve round made by the Humber Dock, the Prince's Dock, and the Queen's Dock; eventually

you will come to the north end of High Street. If you have been able to fancy a wall on your immediate left the whole time, you will have the elements for a picture of the little Kingston-on-Hull of the fourteenth century.

If you are further interested, compare the illustration with that of a modern plan of Hull; the site of the little fourteenth-century town is, to-day, but a small island in a great sea of modern houses. That main street, running almost north and south, was the Marketgate of the fourteenth-century town just as it is of the modern Hull. The other main street at right angles to it was called Aldegate; it led straight from the 'wyk' to Beverley. Is not that the reason why it was *alde* or 'old' even in the fourteenth century?

And now, knowing something of the King's Town, let us see who was the King's Merchant.

Some little time before the walls were built, a trader, called William de la Pole, came to Kingston from Ravenser Odd. He may have had other reasons for coming to Kingston, but there certainly was one good reason: Ravenser Odd was doomed to disappear into the maw of the sea!

He was a bold trader; he had several vessels, and he was not afraid to send these small ships on long voyages, which meant long profits, too, if they came back safely. Then he was prudent and far-seeing; he lost very little from wrecks, and he filled his storehouses with wines and cloth and other foreign stuffs, on which he made great gain. He also started some works which turned a good deal of Holderness clay into bricks, and you can see what that would mean when stone was scanty, wood was becoming less popular, and the town was growing. When he died, he was the wealthiest burgess in Kingston, and his three sons came into possession of many ships, great stores of goods, and the useful brick-making works. The youngest brother attained to nothing great, but the other two, taken together, could command more money than anybody else in the kingdom.

The chief trade of these De la Poles was, apparently, in wines. Richard, the eldest brother, was in charge of this branch, and he seems to have been very skilful in selecting

wines and in knowing whence to get them. By this time Edward III was reigning, with a wife from north-east France and a court that would not, or could not, drink English ale. Naturally enough, the king and his courtiers became the biggest customers for the wines of Richard de la Pole, and, presently, the wine-importer at Hull was made superintendent of all other English wine-importers. It was a post of great profit: the king's chief butler, as we may call him, had now the lion's share of a trade that was patronized by every noble household.

But it was William, the second brother, who became the beloved merchant of the king. William was the financier; and a man who could lend money to Edward III was of considerably more importance to him than one who could sell him good wines. Where the lending of money was concerned, William de la Pole worked in conjunction with his brother, and between the two they could act towards the king very like a fourteenth-century Bank of England.

In 1332, Edward III paid a visit to Kingston-upon-Hull, or Hull, as people say to-day; and indeed, the place was frequently called simply Hull in very early times. Just then Hull was rejoicing in its fine, strong new walls. Much of the materials of which those walls were built had come from the De la Pole brickworks, then in the possession of William de la Pole, the second brother; that same William de la Pole was spending money lavishly to make the entertainment of his sovereign as magnificent as possible. What wonder if that young warrior-king, of then only twenty years, was moved to reward his host with knighthood? Here was a man who could lend him money at need, who had contributed largely to the town's military defences—matters which were dear to his war-like soul—and who was making his visit so pleasurable!

In after life, Edward III was to be still more grateful to Sir William de la Pole of Hull. His was a reign of wars, and wars were and are a most expensive business. In the fourteenth century, parliaments were struggling against granting money, except on two conditions, first, that they agreed with the object on which it was to be spent, and second, that they obtained some concession

from the king in return. Thus a strong and tactful king might start a war with a fair money supply, but, if it were prolonged, he was in a difficulty. He could not leave his army to come home and persuade parliament to give him more money, yet soldiers must be paid or they will not fight well. Edward III would sell everything he had that he could sell, and pawn everything else that he could not sell, rather than be beaten by the enemy. Sir William de la Pole and many others lent him money time after time. It all went in the endless expenses of the French war. Then the king came to such a pass that he had sold, or raised loans on, everything he had ; even his crown was held in pawn by a rich foreign archbishop. He was in France with his army and at his wit's end. He could not even come back to England without breaking faith with his foreign creditors. In that great extremity, Sir William de la Pole came to his aid, and by mortgaging almost all his own possessions he was enabled, in conjunction with others, to send the king a very large sum of money, which set him free to continue the war.

Edward III nearly always spoke and wrote of Sir William de la Pole as 'Mercator Regis' (the king's merchant), referring frequently to him by the term 'beloved'. Of course we might think that the king's affection was more apparent than real, and due to motives of policy rather than those of personal regard. But this was possibly not so. Sir William de la Pole was a man of fine and generous character, and all who knew him, from king to his humblest fellow-townsmen, liked him. He used his friendship with Edward III to get favours for his native place rather than for himself. He founded a monastery and hospital to the 'glory of God and the benefit of the poor'. He showed his public spirit in many ways besides the building of the town walls ; and, if it is true he became the first Mayor of Hull, then he seems to have been quite worthy of such a unique distinction.

If you can visit Holy Trinity Church, Hull, look for the coat of arms of the De la Poles—grinning leopard faces. On the south side of the south aisle of the choir, you will see two recumbent figures of a man and a woman. The

man is in merchant costume with a book in his hands, and something like a dagger at his side. Is this figure meant to represent the beloved merchant of the king? Perhaps; for both he and his wife were said to have been buried in the chancel, although no signs of such interment have been found.



Photograph by Thomas Moorby.

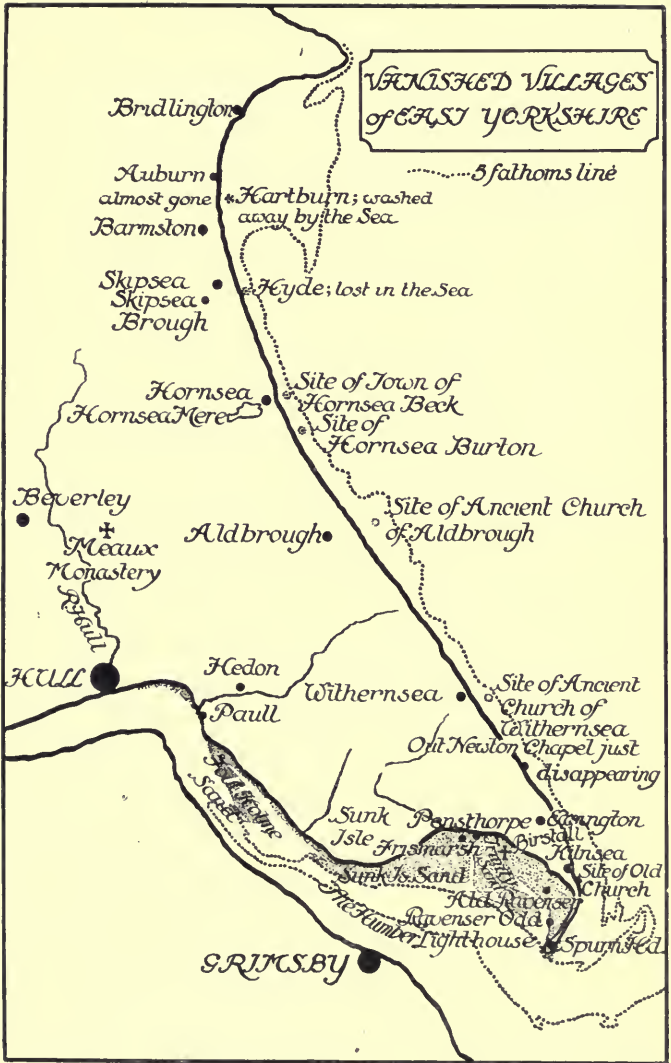
EFFIGIES, SUPPOSED TO BE THOSE OF SIR WILLIAM DE LA POLE
AND HIS WIFE.

CHAPTER XVII

VANISHED VILLAGES

THIS must be, to a certain extent, a 'tale of woe', for it deals with villages, and even towns, of which the remains lie at the bottom of a sea which destroyed them. Each village, almost a type of a human being, lived its little span, born as it were when its first little dwelling was raised; it grew up to have a church, a market, and perhaps a fair, with its straggling cluster of houses occupied by men looking to the water to supplement the produce of the land for their livelihood; it died a lingering death from restless attacks by the sea for which there was no cure, and it was, finally, buried under shifting sands and salt water.

VANISHED VILLAGES of EAST YORKSHIRE



Perhaps the oldest of those vanished villages was a little Danish hamlet called Ravenser, which most historians take to mean 'raven's tongue'. Tradition says that this was the place from which that small band of Northmen, left from the slaughter of Stamford Bridge, took their final leave of our shores. The village name was derived from their Danish battle-standard; the villagers were doubtless of their own race; and it is possible there was a good deal of sympathy in Ravenser with the downcast departing warriors.

It is not worth while following the fortunes of that Ravenser hamlet. It never became much larger; it does not seem ever to have had a chapel of its own, but was in the parish of the church of Kilnsea. Moreover, it was soon overshadowed by another Ravenser, which sprang up near it, and was called Ravenser Odd. The older place was then distinguished by the name Ald Ravenser. But both the places were so often called simply Ravenser, that it is difficult to disentangle the history of one from that of the other. However, it is Ravenser Odd that was by far the more important.

Now Ravenser Odd (the name has various forms) had a curious beginning. About 1234, a 'small island was born in the sea', as the men of Grimsby quaintly described the occurrence. The fact was that the tide of the North Sea and the current of the Humber were depositing sand and gravel, and the top presently appeared above water.

The island thus 'born' grew bigger with more deposits, and one day a ship was wrecked on it. The battered hull remained high and dry, and a venturesome individual soon came over from no one knows exactly where, took possession of it, lived in it, and became a voluntary Robinson Crusoe, and the first inhabitant of Ravenser Odd. Presently it struck him that if he laid in a stock of provisions he might dispose of them at a good profit to passing boats and ships. And so the first inhabitant of Ravenser Odd became its first trader.

Then the Lord of Holderness, who was that same William de Fortibus whom we have seen besieged in Skipsea Castle, thought the island sufficiently big to be worth settling. He sent over a bailiff and some villeins, and

soon there was a prosperous little hamlet. It stood farther out to sea than any other place with landing conveniences, and fishermen soon got into the habit of stopping there to dry their nets. Then Isabel de Fortibus, whose husband's stormy life had just come to an end, showed some of her late lord's spirit, and promptly charged a groat for each net. And when the bailiff reported that some would not pay the fee, she ordered him to keep their nets until they did so. This was particularly annoying to all the fishermen who lived at such places as Hedon, and to others living along the Holderness shore of the Humber. But the men of Ravenser Odd did not care. Sailors were finding their village very handy for the purchase of provisions, especially bread and beer, and Henry III had granted them the right to hold a weekly market and an annual fair of sixteen days, at which they did much trade.

The other Ravenser had almost disappeared by this time. It seems to have had nothing left but the manor-house and a few outbuildings. The sand and gravel deposits had pushed out past it, and made a tongue of land, perhaps in shape almost like that of Spurn Head to-day, but of course to the west of the present position of the Spurn Head and 'neck'. When Edward I came to the throne, Ravenser Odd had become joined to Ald Ravenser by a neck of sandy, pebbly road, 'about a bow-shot' in breadth. The latter place had very few pretensions left, even as a village, and its position was no longer suitable for calling vessels.

But Ravenser Odd grew and prospered. The monks of Meaux had obtained part ownership of it, and it is from their chronicle that we can learn about its fortunes. It had a chapel of its own, but this was subordinate to the church at Easington, to which it paid a goodly sum each year.

Presently, enterprising traders from other places began to make a custom of slipping over with a stock of bread and beer to Ravenser Odd, to share the profitable barter of the natives with the calling ships. But this was promptly stopped, and in 1286 Edward I proclaimed such sales to belong exclusively to the men of Ravenser Odd.

Then came an interesting struggle with the men of Grimsby. Note the relative positions of the two places; Ravenser Odd had the advantage; ships must pass it to get to Grimsby. The men of Ravenser Odd began to practise, therefore, a little 'forestalling'. They went out in boats to meet ships coming into the Humber. They advised the captains not to go to Grimsby but to go to Ravenser Odd. They said, 'The men at Grimsby will only give you 20s. for a last of herrings, but we will give you 40s.' Unfortunately for themselves, the men of Grimsby had played into their hands. A year or two before they had bought fish from a vessel, and then delayed paying until the ship had lost two or three tides. The crew, finally, were glad to accept a lower sum of money in order to get away; and they did not forget to spread the story of the trick. Hence, the men of Ravenser Odd made about a hundred marks (about sixty-six pounds a year) at Grimsby's expense, and sailors were quick to notice that they were not only having their revenge on Grimsby, but profiting themselves by preferring Ravenser Odd as the handier port.

It was exasperating to Grimsby men to think that they could remember the time—at any rate those over fifty years old could—when there was no such place as Ravenser Odd, and now it was a thriving town, in possession of much of their trade. When the time came for Grimsby to send up their 'fee-farm rent' to the king, they sent up a complaint against their rival instead; and Edward I, in 1290, ordered an inquiry to be made. But the Grimsby men gained nothing by it. They could not prove that the men of Ravenser Odd had acted in any way but as enterprising traders, pushing energetically the undoubted merits of their own port; while everybody knew that the men of Grimsby had been guilty of a piece of sharp practice about those herrings, although, naturally enough, they vowed that they would not now think of doing such a thing.

About the time that Hull became a 'free' town, Ravenser Odd obtained the same privilege. And, note this: Ravenser Odd had to pay £300 for the privilege, but Hull only 100 marks; that is, not one quarter as much.

Does this show royal favour only, or are we to take it as illustrating the comparative wealth of the two places?

Before the end of the reign of Edward I, Ravenser Odd, like Hull, was sending two burgesses to represent its interests in Parliament. It had a busy trade, importing 'wines, herring, and fishes', and selling provisions of all sorts. It was in the heyday of prosperity, bigger than either of its older neighbours, Hull and Grimsby. Yet where is it now? Somewhere under Trinity Sands!

About a century after the sea had begun to provide dry land for the future town of Ravenser Odd, that treacherous agent began to take it away again; and, about the time of the battle of Cressy, men were leaving the town as rats leave a sinking ship. The Abbot of Meaux swore that he could no longer pay the usual taxes on his possessions there. Twelve years after the sea had begun its work of taking away from the men of Ravenser Odd not only what it had given them but also what they had made for themselves, just one-third of its population was left. King Edward III could get sixteen ships and 466 men from Hull, but Ravenser Odd could only supply him with one ship and twenty-eight men. Even Grimsby, which had once been in danger of falling far behind it, could send eleven ships and 171 men.

The Chronicle of Meaux gives many pitiable details of the destruction of Ravenser Odd, especially the horrors attending the washing away of the chapel and cemetery. The advancing sea, by inundations, storms, and change of current, had, by the beginning of the fifteenth century, completely overflowed the sites of both the Ravensers. They were gone, and the chronicler of Meaux, commenting on the fact, asserts that their destruction was due to the wickedness of their inhabitants! It was 'their wrongdoing on the sea, their wicked works, and piracies' which, in the opinion of the monks, 'provoked the wrath of God against them beyond measure'.

The 'head and neck' of land was shifting eastward. Yet the 'beak' which marked its extreme point remained still, very near where Ravenser Odd had once been, and it was now known, under various spellings, as Ravenspurn. It was a lonely, desolate place, and, once more, it had

a single, solitary inhabitant. This was a hermit called Matthew Danthorpe. He built himself a little chapel of the shingle stones, and a little anchorage for his rude boat. There he was living, perhaps praying for the souls of those whose bones lay beneath the sea around him, when the Duke of Lancaster and his small company landed on the Spurn in June, 1399.

By September of the same year, that Duke of Lancaster had become Henry IV in place of Richard II who was deposed. Then he bethought him of the lonely hermit, who had been his humble host on that outlying little point where he had made his memorable landing; and he sent him a document, authorizing him to complete the building of his hermitage and chapel, and giving him full rights over the sands and seas for two leagues round.

Then Matthew Danthorpe died, and Richard Reedbarrow succeeded him as hermit of the Spurn. But do not think that, because this man came there to live by himself, he cared not for the welfare of others. Richard Reedbarrow had not been long on the Spurn before he wrote a letter to Henry VI and his Parliament, which did him the greatest credit as a lover of humanity. In it he described the dangers of the Spurn to shipmen, and how 'oft-times, by misadventure, many divers vessels and men, goods and merchandise, be lost and perished, as well by day as by night, for default of a beacon that should teach the people to hold in the right channel.' He told how he had 'begun in way of charity, in salvation of Christian people, to make a tower, to be upon daylight a ready beacon, and wherein shall be light given by night to all the vessels that come in into the said River of Humber.' But, he added, 'the which tower may not be made nor brought to an end without great cost'; so that he prayed the king to permit four merchants of Hull, whom he named, to take toll of all vessels coming to that town. With the moneys thus collected the tower was to be completed, fitted with a light, and carefully tended.

All the merchants and mariners of Hull were pleased with the scheme, and the king approved of it. Thus was the first primitive beacon built in 1427, and maintained on the Spurn; it owed its origin to a benevolent and

thoughtful hermit, and it has been succeeded, as time went on, by more modern structures until we come to the magnificent lighthouse of to-day.

The East Riding had little to do with the wars of the Roses, in which fickle fortune, or the Earl of Warwick, placed Edward IV on the throne and Henry VI in the



Photograph by J. B. Sparling.

THE BROKEN WALL JUTTING OUT TOWARDS THE SEA IS ALL THAT REMAINS
OF THE VILLAGE OF AUBURN.

tower, and then Henry VI back again on the throne and Edward IV in foreign exile. But the return of the latter concerns the East Riding intimately, for he landed in exactly the same place in 1471 as the Duke of Lancaster had done in 1399. It is curious to note, then, that the movement, starting in 1399 from the East Riding, resulted in establishing a Lancastrian line on the throne of England, while from the same locality, in 1471, Edward IV started out to re-establish the Yorkist line in its stead.

But the East Riding was mainly Lancastrian in sympathy, and a gentleman called Martin de la Mare gathered five or six thousand men to oppose the Yorkist pretensions. Then Edward IV told the old lie. He swore that he only wanted his own private possessions and had no designs on the throne. This turned most of his East Riding opponents into friends, and he was able to march to Beverley with quite a respectable little army, keeping strictly to the style and title of Duke of York. His artfulness deceived all but the men of Hull. The men of Beverley, and even those of York after considerable hesitation, could see little harm in a man's wanting to come into possession of his own property, but the men of Hull kept their gates tightly shut against both him and his messengers.

Now 'Martin de la Mare', or 'Martin of the Sea', was the last survivor of the chief family of Ravenser Odd. Nearly all through the time of that town's prosperity one of its representatives in Parliament had been a 'De la Mare', or, to put it in the English form, an 'Atte See'. It is clear enough how they had derived that surname, and we have, in the town's history, Hugh Atte See succeeding Peter Atte See, and so on from the very beginning to the end of its existence. And now the town was gone, and the last survivor of its most important family was living at Barmston. A mile away was the sea, busy with its ceaseless work of destruction. How often, we may wonder, did he walk to that wasting sea-shore to muse in sadness on the melancholy scene!

In 1494 he made his will, and gave orders that he should be 'beried in the queere' of the church of the place, and, when he died, the last reminder of that one-time flourishing Ravenser Odd seemed to die with him.

It would take too long to go into the history of the birth, life, and death, as it were, of Birstall, where the foreign priory was, of Pensthorpe, and Frismarsh, even if the details were known. It must be sufficient to look out on the map where they once were before the waters of the Humber devoured them. This great river estuary requires much watching. It is strong, treacherous, and changeable. The people of Hull know that the very existence

of their great city as a port depends on the behaviour of the Humber. Along the whole river front of Hull, and within a short distance of the bank, flows a fine deep-water channel. At Paull, the channel turns and crosses to the Lincolnshire shore, passing before it reaches the sea Immingham (a new port) and Grimsby. On the constancy of this channel the welfare of these ports depends. To



Photograph by Charles Goulding

EFFIGY OF THE LAST OF THE ATTE SEE FAMILY OF RAVENSER ODD.

Notice the details of the armour and the dog at the foot.

keep a watchful eye on the river, and to do whatever man can do to keep the channel in its present position, and, if possible, to improve it, is the work of an important body known as the Humber Conservancy Board. This Board consists of representatives of all the ports and interests concerned in the welfare of the great estuary.

But what of the sea-coast of the East Riding? There 'erosion', which is only another word for 'gnawing like a rat', is going on day by day. The sea, in great 'bites' during storms, and in little 'nibbles' at every tide, con-

tinues to take its toll of the land. It has taken Kilnsea old church, where people used to worship not a hundred years ago ; and you have only to visit the village to begin wondering how long Kilnsea itself will last. The men of Withernsea find it useless to erect a pier on their vanishing shore. Here and there, all along the whole sweep from Bridlington Bay, there is the same tale to tell of villages and churches which were, but are not. Sometimes their destruction was due more to their exposed sites than to the undermining of their foundations by the sea. During violent storms the land around them became inundated ; on such occasions ships, at the mercy of wind and wave, were driven *through* both Hornsea and Withernsea churches, of which fragments remained until comparatively recent dates.

Can anything be done to stop this work of destruction ? The question has, for a long time, occupied the attention of Parliament, and has been very carefully considered by a body of coast-erosion commissioners. The result has been to show that, on the whole, we are rather gaining than losing ; that the land being reclaimed in other places is more than compensating for that lost in the districts subject to erosion. Even in the Humber, the large area known as Sunk Island has been recovered from the river, the Spurn Peninsula is being enlarged year by year, and the space between Spurn and 'Sunk', where so many villages have been lost, is gradually being converted into dry land again. This knowledge is of small comfort to the owners and occupiers of land on the Holderness sea-coast, but it is probably enough to cause the Government to leave them severely alone. The sea is a powerful enemy. To fight it in one place only would cost many thousands of pounds, and the ultimate result would be very doubtful. Too often, therefore, villages must be left to their doom, and their inhabitants, after lingering on to the last, must leave their dismantled houses to the cruel will of a merciless enemy.

CHAPTER XVIII

FOURTEENTH-CENTURY PIPE ROLLS

IN a room, called 'The Pipe Room', in Somerset House, London, are many rolls or bundles of skins, dating from the reign of Richard II, and covered with writing equally ancient. On certain of them appear the names of the men who lived in our East Yorkshire towns and villages in the latter part of the fourteenth century, together with the names of their *uxores* or wives, their occupations, and how much tax per 'poll' or 'head' they had to pay.

The names themselves are interesting. The first thing to notice is that everybody had two names in the fourteenth century, whereas before the Conquest, and for some time afterwards, one name each was more usual.

The second names had evidently been derived from many different sources. Most of the landowners had clearly obtained theirs from places in which their forbears had lived, or into possession of which they had come; therefore, on the East Yorkshire rolls are second names exactly the same as those of towns and villages in France, like Percy, St. Quentin, and Lacy; or of places in East Yorkshire, like Cave, Sutton, Hotham, Holme, and Saltmarsh.

Many an East Yorkshireman had acquired a second name because of some distinguishing object near which he lived; thus, one man of Norman descent was called Duffield, which would be originally *de field*; while there were several East Yorkshire villagers called Athill, Atwood, Atkirk, and the like, where the English prefix had been used instead of the Norman.

There are also several names ending in *son*, such as Robinson and Johnson; one name, Custon, had been originally Cuthbertson, which reminds us of the tendency to make that distinguishing second name shorter and easier to say.

Perhaps the greatest number of fourteenth-century East Yorkshiremen had derived their second names from occupations. The Constables and Butlers would be, doubt-

less, of Norman descent, their ancestors having held those offices probably at the court of William the Conqueror; men of English descent, in similar cases, sometimes added the word *man*, and so there are such names on the lists as Bannerman (flag-carrier), Bowman (an archer), Palfreyman (having to do with ponies). There is too, as we should have expected, quite a number such as Smith, Baker, Mason, and Tailor.

The next point of interest about the second names on those old East Yorkshire lists is the fact that they were



SEAL OF GALFRID CARPENTER, A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY EAST YORKSHIRE LANDOWNER, WITH THE SIGN OF A RUDELY DRAWN AXE IN THE MIDDLE.

Galfrid was *not* a carpenter, but had derived his name and sign from his forefather who was.

no longer used because they were appropriate to their owners but simply because each had belonged to the owner's father; from characteristic names they had evidently become surnames. Thus a Nicholas Theker [thatcher], mentioned in one list, instead of thatching cottages like his great-grandfather, was in the fourteenth century tilling the fields along with a Nicholas 'Schole-mayster'. So also that East Yorkshire villager, saddled with the name Crackpot from some clumsy ancestor, might, no doubt, at the time when our fourteenth-century lists were made, be safely trusted with the dishes; in the same way, one called Brown might have a countenance

quite ordinary; while a third, called Proud fellow, might be, in spite of his name, the humblest of individuals.

On these rolls, many men are described as labourers, and still more as servants, but none are put down as villeins. There had been a revolution in manor life; workers on the land had obviously secured a certain amount of liberty and a right to demand pay for labour done; their status had changed.

It had come about in this wise: the Great Plague, the dreaded Black Death, had passed throughout England, and East Yorkshire had its woful turn in 1349. All through the country, men died in hundreds. Work in certain churches in the East Riding, which were being built or enlarged at the time, was stopped, and those churches remained unfinished for many years. The transept of Holy Trinity, Hull, is very much older than the choir, probably for that very reason; while the aisles of Patrington Church, built just previous to the Black Death, only got their vaulting recently.

We will now leave names and talk of the men themselves. On the poll-tax lists of 1379, relating to the East Riding, practically everybody's name appears, unless he was a beggar or a begging monk. We can, therefore, obtain a good idea of the populations of places at that time. Beverley had 4,000 persons over fifteen years of age, but Kingston-on-Hull 2,000 only. In the south-west corner of the East Riding alone there were 3,500 persons over fifteen; that seems to show that many of the villages in that part have fewer inhabitants to-day than in the fourteenth century.

Before the plague ceased half the villeins were dead, and, consequently, tillers of the soil were scarce; many landowners' families had perished too, and this made the estates of the survivors larger. At intervals, beginning in 1349, attempts were made by a series of laws called the Statutes of Labourers to hold the villeins to their old service-conditions; but in vain. Villeins were in a position to insist on better terms; and landowners in the end were obliged to grant them.

Some thirty thousand people in the East Riding paid the poll-tax collected in 1379. It was rather a heavy exac-

tion, because the poorest person had to pay a groat (4*d.*), and with a groat in the fourteenth century you could have bought a goose or a couple of chickens. Yet the tax was well graded according to rank; a duke, for instance, had to pay between four and five hundred groats.

But in the following year there was another tax levied, and, while the richest got off this time with three groats, the poorest had still to pay their one groat as last time. All over the country, apparently, people tried to avoid this tax; in East Yorkshire it seems that over five thousand managed to escape it in one way or another. Then Parliament ordered a strict inquiry into the matter, and rebellions like that of Wat Tyler followed.

The risings were, however, due to various causes; the new tax and the threatened inquiry served only to make men rebel who were already very angry for other reasons. The tumult in Beverley, for instance, had mainly to do with local grievances. During hard times, such as those connected with famine and plague, many poor men needed help to tide them over their distress; to secure it they had to bind themselves to perform all kinds of services. The rumour of risings elsewhere encouraged these men to try to redress their own grievances in their own way. They banded together in a disorderly rabble; they sought out the lawyers, beat them and burned their parchments (on which villeins' 'services' were written down); they broke open the Guildhall and seized the town's treasure; they lived for a little while in a fool's paradise. Then, when all rioting had been put down, they bore the inevitable punishment of whippings, fines, and imprisonment.

CHAPTER XIX

NAMES AS 'REMINDERS'

ALL over the East Riding we meet with names, as we have seen, which may serve as reminders of the many masters the land has had. Celtic, Roman, Anglo-Saxon, Danish, Norman—all its masters, in turn—have left their mark on its names as well as in various other ways. But

there are other names which recall, more especially, great movements, or phases of the lives of East Yorkshire men; they concern the time when its inhabitants, of whatever elements they consisted, had become welded together, and when, as there was no further foreign invasion, they can be called our real ancestors.

One of the greatest movements of the thirteenth century is recalled by such names as The Friary and Friar Lane of Beverley, the Whitefriargate and Blackfriargate of Hull. The movement began with the coming to our shores of a body of men called the Friars. They came in the early part of the reign of Henry III, soon after the death of King John in 1216.

You may have thought that the East Riding, with its monasteries, its colleges of canons, and its churches in nearly every village, would not have needed anything more in matters relating to religion. But let us look into that. You will have noticed what a great landowner the Abbot of Meaux became. He had possessions all over the place; we have mentioned amongst them, at different times, property in Wyke, Easington, Ravenser Odd, and Lincolnshire; and we happened to refer to these only because they came into our story. If our object had been to find the whole list of lands belonging to that one Monastery of Meaux we should have discovered a rent-roll equal, doubtless, to that of a great nobleman.

On those vast estates there were many churches of which the Abbot of Meaux was the rector. The services in those churches were conducted by his *vicars* or 'substitutes'. All moneys or produce paid by the villagers to support their churches went to the Abbot of Meaux, and he was responsible for the payment of his 'vicars'. Sometimes a bigger church was made responsible for a smaller one, or chapel; for instance, the chapel of Ravenser Odd was dependent on the church at Easington, the 'rector' of which paid a 'vicar' to undertake the services there. A chapel in those days only meant a little church, and implied no differences in religion or services.

Thus you see the arrangement. If the 'rector' thought more about his wealth than about the souls of the villagers, then the 'vicars' were badly paid; perhaps one 'vicar'

had to manage the services for two or more churches. The services in the Abbey at Meaux and at the greater



Photograph by Charles Goulding.

FRIARY GATEWAY AT BEVERLEY.

churches would be, no doubt, regularly and conscientiously conducted. At Swine, we noticed the villagers sat and

worshipped in the nave, getting a distant glimpse of the actual performance of the service through the chancel screen. And the same rule applied at all similar services conducted in churches attached to monasteries, nunneries, and priories.

If you want to see how far names to-day remind us of the times when bishops, abbots, and priors were such great landowners, notice the number of village-names with 'kirk' or 'bishop' in them. There are Bishop Burton, Bishop Wilton, Kirkby Underdale, Kirkburn, and others. Skirlaugh was probably called after the Bishop of Durham named Skirlaw, and of many a church in the East Riding he was 'rector'. The chances were that, at such a distance, the great bishop-prince would not trouble too much about the village church if the village payments to himself were satisfactory. The inhabitants of Bishop Burton, by the way, can still point, it is said, to some relics of the palace of the Archbishop of York, who had a residence there. Its site is now called Knight's Garth, and some traces of foundations may yet be made out.

The college of regular canons at Kirkham and the college of secular canons at Beverley, as 'rectors' of parishes, followed a similar system. Their own great churches, such as Beverley Cathedral and Kirkham Priory Church, were centres of religion where services were performed with regularity and conscientiousness. The buildings were magnificent, and worship in them was ceremonious and impressive. But here again the common people felt somewhat out of it, and no doubt, in the outlying villages of their many estates, the canons were not sufficiently careful to see that their 'vicars' were suitable men, that they conducted the services regularly, and that they were in touch with the people and had their respect.

So many East Riding men felt there was something wanting in the Church. They were all helping to pay its ministers. Every little agricultural village was setting apart a 'tithe'—that is, one-tenth of its produce—for their support. The 'Great Tithe' of wool and corn went into its special barn¹, filled by the contributions of

¹ One still remains at Easington.

every worker on the land. The 'Little Tithe' of poultry, eggs, geese, apples, &c., was carried up regularly to the priest's house. Yet sometimes that priest cared little how or when he preached to them ; perhaps he was very ignorant ; possibly he lived a loose life ; often he had taken 'orders' of the lowest kind, so that he could, and did, act almost like a layman, and a bad one too. There is little need to go into all the faults a man might have who was unfitted for such a holy office, and who was without proper supervision.

Then the Friars came to preach, and in many a village they received a hearty welcome from everybody but its priest.

An attempt has been made in a previous chapter to distinguish between monks and canons. The former need not be, but the latter were bound to be, priests. The former obeyed rules very like those prescribed by St. Benedict or Benet ; the latter, those of St. Augustine or Austin. Hence the terms we so often see, Benedictine Monk and Austin Canon.

Now the Friars were 'derived' from these two orders. All who acknowledged St. Francis as their head were under rules similar to those of the Benedictine Monks. They were Franciscan Friars or Friars Minor ; their long robe was of coarse grey cloth. On the other hand, the Austin Friars were all priests ; they were Dominicans, acknowledging St. Dominic as their head, who had been an Austin Canon himself ; they were Friar Preachers and wore gowns of white or black cloth.

But there were many differences between them and the monks and canons. The Franciscan Friars had no manual work to do in fields or elsewhere, like the monks, and neither they nor the Dominican Friars were bound to live together. On the contrary, they were to be missionaries ; they needed no lands, for they were to live on alms ; they were to be begging Friars.

Thus you can picture them with their long gowns, their tonsured skulls, their cowls serving for head-dress should need arise, their pieces of rope for waist-belts, their rosaries, their bare feet shod with sandals, going about through the length and breadth of the East Riding. They imitated our Lord's disciples ; they carried neither

purse nor scrip ; they ate and drank such things as the people gave them.

The villagers welcomed these earnest men, who preached from the heart, and who were ready to live amongst them and share their simple fare. Their mission was to the poor and needy ; they preached in the open air, and the men of the country-side flocked round to hear them ; they knew the lives of the common people so intimately that they could rouse them, and even amuse them, while all the time leading them to see more in the worship of God than ever before. This was the great work of the Dominican or Preaching Friars.

It is possible that very often the Franciscan Friars were even more welcome than the Dominicans ; for their great mission was 'to heal the sick'. In those rough ignorant times many a sore was left untended, many a small internal ailment caused much unnecessary suffering. The Franciscan Friar, with his simple herb medicines, his nursing knowledge, and his kindly sympathy, could always comfort the sufferer and very often relieve his pain.

Thus one order of Friars ministered especially to the souls and the other to the bodies of the villagers ; while both, in friendly rivalry, sought to improve their minds and, in particular, those of the children. Between them they furnished preaching, healing, and teaching to many parts of the East Riding sorely in need of all three.

But the Friars soon lost their high ideals of life. Not much more than a century after their coming, Wycliffe, a great preaching reformer, spoke of them as 'sturdy beggars' who deserved alms from nobody ; and what is more, the majority of English villagers agreed with him. The Friars had begun to acquire property and seek after wealth ; their 'orders' had become more numerous ; their lives had become debased.

To the north-east of the Minster at Beverley are the grounds and remains of a building which belonged to Dominican Friars, who wore the black gown. The grounds are still called The Friary, and there are two ancient doorways which used to give entry through the surrounding brick wall. The only parts of the original buildings left are incorporated into the private dwellings which

now occupy their site. The moated piece of garden land on the opposite side of the modern railway also seems to have belonged to them, and has the significant name of Paradise Garth; the lane leading to it has only recently been changed from Friar's Lane to Chantry Lane.

In Hull there were two houses of the Dominican Friars. One stood on the south side of the present Whitefriargate; the other was situated probably by the butchers' shambles in Blackfriargate. Now names alone remain to remind us of that great missionary movement which ended so badly.

There is a tract of ground in Beverley called the Trinities. On the east side of the railway station we can still see a part of the moat which used to enclose the whole of that tract; but now the greater portion of the site is taken up by the railway buildings and the coal depôt. Yet that bit of moat and the name are but the end of a long story reaching out to the hot, sandy plains of Palestine, with its marauding bands of Saracens and its weary, toiling, Christian pilgrims.

In the reign of William Rufus, when the Crusaders were fighting for the Holy Sepulchre, men had two great ideals—to be monks or to be soldiers. And, strange as it may seem, some determined to be both. This arose from the desire to help the numerous wounded and sick amongst both crusaders and pilgrims. By taking monkish vows they could all live together; by remaining soldiers they could beat off the Saracens, rescue those who were attacked, and defend their 'hospital'. They called themselves Knights of St. John (the Baptist) of Jerusalem, or Knights Hospitallers. They were monks, and soldiers too; they were connected with the Holy Land. All these things made them very popular, and, besides founding 'hospitals' in Palestine, money was freely given to them to found institutions elsewhere; and thus one came to be founded in Beverley and dedicated to the Holy Trinity. The knights were supposed to make the care of pilgrims their special work in days when pilgrimages to one shrine or another in England were constantly going on. Doubtless there would be numerous footsore and weary people arriving from time to time at Beverley, to peep at the holy bones

of St. John (of Beverley) and to pray at his shrine. These received food and shelter at the Hospital, and the monkish knights were their champions when they were molested; the strong walls, the moat, and the warlike men inside, could have made a stout defence in time of need.

Yet here again a high ideal fell to pieces. Quarrels amongst themselves, wicked lives, and greed for wealth, brought the Knight Hospitallers in England and elsewhere into evil repute. And the name 'Trinities' would have served only to remind us of another lost cause but for one fact; there is to-day an Order of the



BEVERLEY NORTH BAR.

Knights of St. John of Jerusalem in England. It is, most appropriately, one devoted to the relief of suffering and to all other forms of ambulance work. It has taken up the noble ideal of the original Knights Hospitallers, and it numbers on its roll of members some of the highest names in this land. They have no strong walls; they need be neither monks nor soldiers; but they are the true successors of those men of old who ministered to the sick and dying, on those terrible crusading marches through the desert sands

of the Holy Land towards the Holy City of Jerusalem.

There are many instances in the East Riding where streets are called 'gates'; there is at least one instance remaining where a gate is called a 'bar'. When we remember the number of Danes at one time settled in the East Riding, whose name for street was 'gata', then the present-day use of such names as Lowgate and Mytongate in Hull, and of Lair Gate and Fleming Gate in Beverley, is easily understood. But why call the north entrance to the town of Beverley North Bar?

This name may serve to remind us once more of mediæval fighting, before we finally take our leave of it and introduce armies with cannon.

In a mediæval walled town the gates were the weakest

points. The road immediately leading to the gate had, therefore, within a bowshot from it, a 'barre' or movable palisading across the road, to block it. Men who were attacking the city, in order to demolish this, had to come within the range of the town's bowmen. Later, on each side of the road leading from the 'barre' to the town gate, a wall was built. The 'bar' and the two walls joining it to the gate proper were then called the barbican, and there is one exactly like this to-day in York at Walmgate Bar. Finally, the gate proper was made stronger, and the barbican removed. The only barrier left—the gate proper with its tower and portcullis¹—retained the name 'bar'.

Now let a name which conjures up the saddest of memories end this chapter of 'reminders'. In the churches of Thwing and Lockington, and it may be in other churches of the East Riding, a narrow window-like hole in an interior wall will be pointed out to the visitor as a 'lepers' squint'. It is built obliquely, so that any one looking through it can see the altar and the priest standing there, but he cannot see the congregation nor can they see him. Thus standing or sitting, hidden behind the wall, and peering through that little opening, the poor leper of the Middle Ages was permitted to share in the public worship of God.

Leprosy is supposed to be a probable result of a continuous diet of decaying fish or flesh. Through the long winters how many East Riding poor people in the Middle Ages ate such stuff? Perhaps not so many, for the English love clean food. But some must have done so. They did not know how to 'cure' either fish or flesh properly. Salt was not cheap as it is to-day. There was great temptation to eat both fish and flesh long after it was unfit for food. Thus there were many whose bodies broke out in sores and who suffered from skin diseases almost as bad as leprosy, while others became lepers in reality. All alike were banished from their fellows. Yet they were not totally neglected. In most of the large towns lazaret-houses were built where they were cared for. The curious name comes from that Bible story where 'a

¹ A heavy iron grating which was let down by chains.

certain beggar named Lazarus ' was laid ' at a rich man's gate, full of sores '. There was a lazar-house at Beverley standing some distance outside the site of Keldgate Bar. Lepers were called Christ's poor, and it was accounted an act of great piety to build a lazar-house. Some lepers evidently were allowed to live by themselves in solitary places, but they were compelled to wear a hood and gown which warned every one that they had the terrible disease ; their faces and hands were covered to hide its awful ravages ; and a bell which they carried and tinkled as they walked, as well as their melancholy cry of ' Unclean ! Unclean ! ' caused every one they met to give them a wide berth.

Read R. L. Stevenson's book, *The Black Arrow*. There you get a fine picture of the times, and there is an eerie little scene where a man has disguised himself in a leper's dress with all its horrible suggestiveness. Just as your flesh begins to creep, and you picture what is behind that awful cloth-mask, you find that it is—well, read for yourselves !

CHAPTER XX

GUILD LIFE

EVERY great landowner from the time of William the Conqueror had considered that the men living on his land should serve their lord's interests in various ways. If they lived in a manor-village, they gave him certain services on the land ; if they lived in a larger collection of houses, and made things for the use of others, the lord claimed his share of what they made ; if they were traders and sent out goods from the town, he exacted tolls from them.

The worst feature of the system was that you were in the power of your lord ; if you were in a manor-village, you felt yourself, as in reality you were, his bondservant more or less ; if you lived in a town, he demanded a share of the produce of your labour. But here you should again note that custom fixed everything ; and

no rent, service, toll or other payment could ever be increased unless the king's law overrode local custom.

We have seen how the men of the manor-village became free, theoretically at any rate; now let us see how the townsmen fared.

You will think it very natural that men doing the same kind of work, in the same town, should have more sympathy with each other than with the rest of the townsmen. They had occupations and interests in common, and early in the history of trade such groups of men formed themselves into 'guilds'. These were very similar to the 'societies' to which workmen belong to-day, and probably they got their name 'guilds' or 'gilds' from the *payments* each member had to make to the common funds.

Now, 'union is strength', and it is quite easy to understand that the lord would have to be much more careful in his treatment of the guilds than in the past he had been of an individual. However, if members of a guild became too independent, what was to hinder him from putting an end to their guild altogether? For some time this is just what a lord could do, and then the townsmen became 'as they were'.

There were two officials who were the plague of their lives. One was the king's sheriff, collecting taxes for their royal master; the other was the lord's bailiff, collecting various dues for their other master. So the townsmen were always watching for opportunities to 'buy out' both. Perhaps the lord wanted a large sum of money to go on a crusade; perhaps he was greatly in debt and wanted more ready money to spend in riotous living; possibly he was an enlightened lord who saw the town needed more freedom. Whatever the reason, the townsmen's opportunity came some time, and they were freed of one lord for ever. To get rid of the king's sheriff was more difficult; no king would agree to sell his rights for a lump sum, however great. Yet a good deal was conceded when the townsmen were allowed to pay a fixed amount, called the 'fee-farm rent', annually, straight into the king's purse, without having that troublesome sheriff calling on them at all sorts of odd times; for the amounts

required became quite too frequent and startling if the king and his court were extravagant or warlike.

Now that the townsmen were 'free', we can see how the feudal system of the early Norman period had disappeared, all along the line as it were. Services have still to be done on the lord's estate, but he pays for them; men still hold his land, but they pay rent for it; soldiers are still wanted, but they don't fight as part of their obligations to their landlord—what they *do* fight for we will think about when war touches the East Riding. As for the townsmen, they now care very little for the lord in his hall; he has almost passed out of their lives, except as a good customer.

Trade and industry have become the important matters. Every townsman was connected with them in one way or another; at hay-time and harvest-time many might go out and help in the fields, but those were special occasions. The life of a town was wrapped up in its industries and its trade, and these were managed through its 'guilds'; the important men in the 'guilds' ruled the town; there was no townsman of any importance not in a guild. It seems quite fitting therefore to conclude that town life in the Middle Ages was really guild life, and it remained so till the close of the Middle Ages; that is, until Henry VIII, of the strong will and many wives, began to reign in 1509.

Now what were the special objects of a guild? Well, first of all the men of a guild looked after themselves. It was the most difficult thing in the world to become a member of a guild in a town unless you fulfilled certain conditions. In the fifteenth century you had to be a 'freeman', or the son of a 'freeman' of a town, before you could be an apprentice to any trade in it. No youth from a manor-village, no wanderer from any other town, was admitted to learn a trade there; the townsmen called such outsiders 'aliens' and 'foreigners', even though they had lived all their lives not ten miles away. No one could become a member of a guild unless he had been through an apprenticeship to that particular industry in that particular town. Hence you see what a most exclusive circle a guild was.

Again, each trade and industry of the town had a guild of its own. This was not so at first. Originally the merchants only had a guild; they were the most important traders, and theirs remained the most important guild throughout. Did they not trade far and wide, even with countries across the sea? Were not their chief men the richest, the ablest, and the most enterprising of all the townsmen? As Merchant Adventurers, they adventured their ships and cargoes, running great risks from storms and pirates, but making much gain out of each voyage successfully accomplished. In Hull these merchant-princes lived along the west bank of the river on the site of the present High Street. Probably each 'mansion' was a kind of combined warehouse, shop, and dwelling-house, with gardens in the rear running down to the river. That was in the days when the only defence of the town on the side of the River Hull was the huge barrier-chain drawn across its entrance from the Humber. Their privileges and rights were assured to them by a 'charter' (or written set of privileges) from the king himself, and no one could gainsay them. So their guild took the lead in the town, and assumed a sort of overlordship over the others. Yet certain of the others managed also to get royal charters, and then they asserted their independence of any control which touched their charter-rights.

It is clear that a town in the Middle Ages was quite a closed community. If the townsmen permitted an outsider to live amongst them at all, it was in a very humble position, with no rights or privileges, and with no chance of competing with their own tradesmen.

We have shops in London, and in other large towns to-day, which can supply you with almost anything you want—'universal providers'. There were no such shops under the guild system. You sold, usually, one thing only, and that was what you had made yourself, or it was, in some particular way, the produce of your own labour. Those following the same occupation generally lived in the same row, or quarter of the town, and thus many of the streets in the Middle Ages had such names as Tanners' Row, Skinners' Row, Shambles or Butchers' Row.

The guilds which had to do with the special industries of the town were the 'craft' guilds. There was, naturally, a large number of them, and each one concerned itself strictly with its own particular 'craft' or 'skilled work', and saw that no one belonging to another guild, or any outsider, infringed in the slightest on its particular sphere of industry.

Apprentices lived on the workshop premises. They were bound to their master at thirteen or fourteen years of age; for eight years they were under his control, learning the mysteries of his trade. If they misbehaved he corrected them—on occasion with a stick! They slept in a garret, or sometimes under the counter of the shop; independence of action was unknown to them until they were twenty-one. But they had time to learn their trade thoroughly; their master's discipline was usually wholesome, if severe; and, certainly, they made a close acquaintance with a great variety of work, which we now call 'menial', that prevented the growth of 'high notions' on the subject.

The following is a list of the chief crafts in Beverley in the Middle Ages: 'Tylers, saddelers, walkers, ropers, crelers, glovers, shermen, wattermen, bowers, arecshers, musterdmakers, chanlers, husbandmen, vynteners, gold-smythes, barbers, laborers, mylners, skynners, bakers, lusters, tailyers, marchants, drapers, bochers, cutlers, wevers, barkers, cooks, wrightes, smythes, fysshers, cowpers, shomakers, scryners.' What a number of us can trace our names from such lists!

You can recognize most of them as names of modern employments in ancient spelling. The 'tylers' could probably make those red-clay tiles and fix them on the roofs of East Riding houses, just as well as we can to-day. Possibly, however, they only did the 'tiling', while the tiles themselves were obtained from the 'potters' or brickmakers of Hull. The 'bowers' made the bows; the 'arecshers' the arrows. The 'cowpers' or coopers made barrels and tubs. The 'mylners' were millers. There are certain series of connected industries: 'bochers' killed the cattle; then came the turn of the 'skynners'; then the 'barkers' or 'tanners', who changed the skins

into leather, using much bark in the process; and so to the 'glovers', 'saddlers', and 'shomakers'. Beverley has long been noted for its tanning and leather industry, which it carries on to this day.

Another series was connected with the woollen manufacture. 'Walkers' cleaned the wool before it was woven; 'shermen' cut the 'nap' off the cloth after the 'wevers' had done with it; 'lusters' or 'litsters' dyed it; 'drapers', 'tailyers', and 'marchants' were also, of course, concerned with it.

'Wattermen' and 'fysshers' plied their business on the River Hull or on the canal; 'wrights' were carpenters; 'vynteners' were connected with the wine trade. The 'scryners' or 'scriveners' were writers,—a useful body in the days when so few could even sign their names. The 'crelers' plaited osiers to make 'creels' or 'baskets', more particularly those which could be used as 'paniers'; in the days when loads were usually fastened to the backs of horses, the trade would be brisk. We are probably inclined to smile at a 'craft' of mustard-making, but it is typical of that strict division of labour in the Middle Ages. As time went on crafts became more numerous, and frequent quarrels arose between those that were too closely akin, as to where the province of one ended and the other began.

A town's population in the Middle Ages, therefore, consisted of the privileged class or 'freemen' of the guilds, and of the unprivileged class of non-freemen, outsiders and 'foreigners'—'hewers of wood and drawers of water' for the community. Of the privileged class, the merchant guild came first, and then the greater craft guilds such as tailors and weavers, and then the lesser craft guilds. The unprivileged class came nowhere; did one of them do a little bit of working of a skilled character he was promptly reported, fined, expelled.

But this was in the heyday of guild life. Both Beverley and Hull grew tolerant much earlier than York. You find York even in the seventeenth century still expelling 'aliens' and 'foreigners'—Yorkshiremen, for the most part—as if they were robbers of its birthright. Beverley long before this had admitted even a colony of

Flemings into their town, and it has a street still called Flemingate. This was wise, for these men were skilled workers and, as Englishmen after a time acknowledged, a town that was too exclusive harmed itself.

The craft-guilds were supposed to see that every member of the craft did good work, and they appointed certain officials to go round and inspect it. If a man did his work unsatisfactorily, they were supposed to punish him, and, if he persisted in doing no better, to expel him from the craft. But you can see that the members of a craft-guild would all back each other up against the rest of the townsmen, in case a dispute arose. And what could the townsmen do? They could not get that particular article made or that particular work done elsewhere. Each guild had an industry, or a special portion of one, in its own hands; if its members made up their minds to act tyrannically, well, the rest of the townsmen were helpless. Clearly, some central authority was necessary to control a guild, especially if it tried, as a body, to impose on the town, or if certain members of it were inclined to scamp their work. So it came about that no one was particularly sorry when the town government obtained full control over its industries above the heads of the guild officials. We must not forget, however, that, even then, the great dignitaries of the town were probably great guild officials; but they were not, at any rate, chosen from a single guild, so that they would, at least, see that no one guild acted wrongly, even if the guilds as a whole had nearly as much power as before.

It is very curious how closely guild life was connected with the Church, but it was quite in accordance with the spirit of the times. Many of the guilds were dedicated to some patron saint or other, and, in addition, there were certain guilds of an entirely religious aspect. In Hull, there was a St. Barbara's Guild with a hall in Salthouse Lane; there was a Corpus Christi Guild in Monkgate; and there were others. In Beverley there was a Guild of St. John of Beverley, and one dedicated to St. Mary. Beverley Guildhall, itself, seems to have belonged to the former; at any rate, twenty shillings a year was paid to that guild for the use of it.

Apart from anything strictly industrial, all these guilds, whether wholly religious or only partially so, were a great mainstay to their members in days when there were no insurance companies, sick funds, or old-age pensions. To their members, many of the guilds served in the capacity of all three.

On the question of keeping up a sense of religion amongst the people all the guilds were agreed, and, what is more, all of them took a special part in such work. The plan was for the members to endeavour to present, in dramatic form, some religious play. Often the theme was taken from some period or act in our Lord's life; even His Resurrection and His Ascension were attempted, and were, to use a modern word, 'dramatized' as 'Mystery Plays'.

The Corpus Christi plays of Beverley in the Middle Ages were especially famous. There were over thirty craft-guilds in the town, and each one took a special Bible scene. Probably there was some attempt to give a craft an appropriate part, for the 'wattermen' played 'Noah and the Ark', the 'fishers' gave a 'Life of Simon Peter', and the 'scriveners' or 'writers' (perhaps lawyers) appeared as the 'Doctors in the Temple disputing with our Lord.'

The plays were held first at North Bar, from whence the pageants moved to different parts of the town, and finally, in procession, came back to North Bar again.

The 'theatre', as you will have guessed, had to be a movable one. It was a sort of huge wagon on wheels, consisting usually of three platforms, one above the other. On the uppermost one, God and his Angels were represented; on the middle one, His Holy Saints; on the third, mere mortals. At the side of the 'theatre', and on the ground, was a dark little representation of a cavern; from here came the appearance of flames, smoke, and sparks. From time to time the spectators heard hideous yellings and noises from the cavern, showing how the wicked are tormented by restless demons. Now and again devils of fantastic appearance would spring out of it 'to delight and instruct the audience'!

You can understand that such shows might appear to us

very ridiculous, but we have no right to say they had a similar effect in those times. The people looking on were doubtless, many of them, superstitious and ignorant; it was, perhaps, the best way to impress their minds with the lessons of the Bible. At any rate, such a scene was typical of guild life and times and, amid much buffoonery, probably did some good.

CHAPTER XXI

‘THE PILGRIMAGE OF GRACE’

THIS chapter will tell of the passing of the monasteries and similar institutions, and will note how, with their disappearance, English life emerged from that of the Middle Ages.

The suppression of the monasteries, as every one knows, is connected with the reign of Henry VIII, but exactly how much was due to the faults of the people who lived in them and how much to the greed of that iron-willed monarch will always remain a matter for argument.

Henry VIII, having quarrelled with the Pope on a purely personal matter, and having made himself instead of the Pope head of the Church in England, was now the spiritual lord of all the religious institutions in the country. They were in his power; they possessed great wealth; possibly, one acre in every fifteen cultivated in England belonged to them. The king was extravagant but able; he saw a means of getting hold of the riches and lands of the Church by making out a good case against monastic institutions at a time when the majority of Englishmen did not like them too well.

To show his Parliament that he had good cause for what he wished to do, he sent three men on a commission of inspection to inquire into things at every monastery, nunnery, and priory; to get a report as favourable to his plans as possible he chose his inspectors from those who hated the monastic system. You see clearly that Henry VIII was unscrupulous as well as clever.

The three inspectors, after an extensive but very hurried tour of visits, published an account of what they had found out and called it the *Black Book of the Monasteries*. No copies of this book are left, for Mary, the daughter of Henry VIII, when she became queen, naturally destroyed them all. But we know enough to be sure that it made out the people of the monasteries, and especially of the lesser ones, to be very bad indeed, probably much worse than they were; and it convinced Parliament that they ought to suppress all the lesser monasteries—that is, those with incomes under £200 per year—at once.

This affected the minor religious houses of Beverley and Hull, and others throughout the East Riding, such as the one at Warter. But the monastic institutions at Swine and Nunkeeling, although their incomes were small, were, for some reason or other, not touched. It seems that even Henry VIII's trio of inspectors had not been able to find fault with certain of the places they visited, and, let us hope, Swine and Nunkeeling had been amongst that number.

What did the people of the East Riding think of this violent step? It is difficult to say; but insurrections followed, and, as all the north of England, and particularly the East Riding, was concerned, we had better look into their affairs a little more closely.

The first thing that strikes us is that amongst the rebels nearly all classes were represented. There were noble prelates, such as the Archbishop of York and William Wolde, head of the rich Priory at Bridlington; we can understand why such men were greatly disturbed; if they were bold and brave they would be ready to fight rather than see the Church despoiled; if they thought of the future, they would guess that, with a king like Henry VIII, the seizure of the lesser monasteries was but the first step towards appropriating all of them. Thus, dispossessed monks and those still in possession would alike sympathize with the insurrection, and the less fear-some would join it.

There was also a great rabble of men who had lived a worthless sort of life, half maintained by the monkish institutions; some had been 'hangers round' the monas-

teries from choice, but many had done so from necessity, and their case needs explaining. They were mainly labourers, workers on the land, out of employment. Wool had become an important product, and consequently the rearing of sheep a paying business. Hence the landowners were turning much of their own land and still more of the land that used to be 'common' land into sheep pastures. And everybody in Yorkshire knows that pasture land requires fewer hands than that which is cultivated; hence, the number of labourers in Yorkshire who would be in want and thus suffer from the suppression of the monasteries would be considerable.

Then there were many of the noblest Yorkshire families represented amongst the rebels, including such men as Lord Darcy, Sir Robert Constable, and Sir Thomas Percy. They were not only angry at the king's policy but highly indignant that his chief counsellor through it all should be the low-born Thomas Cromwell.

The army of the north, therefore, was a considerable one, and we must remember that, even yet, men north of the Humber had few qualms about fighting 'the southerners' for good cause shown. Their nominal leader was Robert Aske, an East Riding gentleman, of Aughton. A field to the north of Aughton Church has traces of a rectangular mound surrounded by a moat, now dry; this is still called Castle Hill, and may be the site of the old seat of the Aske family. But they got their name, and came originally, from Aske, a village near Richmond, in the North Riding.

The appearance of the followers of Robert Aske, as they mustered near Weighton, sufficiently showed their religious fervour, and recalls again to memory that army which fought with and defeated the Scots at Northallerton, four centuries before. On its banners were painted the Crucifixion of our Lord, and the Chalice and the Host, emblems of its religious belief; many monks marched at the head of the army in the habits of their order, carrying crosses in their hands, and wearing certain signs worked on their sleeves typifying the five wounds of Christ, with the name of 'Jesus' wrought in the middle.

Robert Aske divided his men into three bodies, and wherever they went they restored the monks to their monasteries, and compelled the able-bodied of the villages to take their oath, and join the ranks of the 'pilgrims', as they called themselves.

The oath administered is interesting, and shows the moderation and restraint of Robert Aske and his followers. The 'pilgrims' asserted therein that they had entered into their 'pilgrimage of grace' for the love they bore to God; to do displeasure to no one; to slay or murder no one through envy; to restore the Holy Church; to put down heretics (especially Cranmer and Latimer); to expel villain blood from the king's council (here we note the hit at Thomas Cromwell and his kind), and, finally, to preserve the king and his descendants on the throne. The last clause shows that the 'pilgrims' had more loyalty and trust in human nature than knowledge of Henry VIII's true character. They would have stood a better chance of deposing him in favour of some one else than of getting him to abandon his plans when he saw it was safe to go on with them again.

Henry's proclamation against the rebels was characteristic and vigorous; he told them they had no more right to judge who should compose his council than a blind man to judge colours, and various other compliments of the same kind. But he changed his tactics when he heard the size of Robert Aske's army; for, in spite of his stubborn will and bad temper, he was quite a prudent king; and as for revenge, he could see a good time coming for that if he lay low for a while.

We had better follow Robert Aske and his men to the River Don before we see what happened to that body of 'pilgrims' which went to Hull; the seizing of York by the third party does not really come into our story. On one side of the swollen river was the king's army under the Duke of Norfolk, and on the other the much superior forces of the rebels. Aske was averse to shedding blood; the king pretended to be so because his army was small and he wanted to gain time. All sorts of royal promises were made; the rebels were to be forgiven, grievances were to be remedied; and those trustful 'pilgrims' went

home, leaving matters to be discussed between their leaders and the king.

Meanwhile that body of rebels which had gone towards Hull gave the townsmen a lively time. A contingent from Beverley was under the command of a William Stapleton, while the men from the Wolds were under various captains. When they clamoured at the gates for admittance, Sir John Constable, who was in charge of the town, said he would rather die with honesty than live with shame, and refused to let them in.

When they found the gates shut against them the rebels got out of hand. Some proposed sending lighted tar-barrels down the River Hull to set the shipping on fire; others suggested burning the windmills outside the Beverley Gate. Certain of them started plundering, led by a 'naughty fellow, a sanctuary man from Beverley, a common picker'; but he got a good sousing in the river from the more honest rebels. At last the Hull men, not knowing to what lengths the besiegers might go, let them into the town on promise of good behaviour. Thereupon they sang the *Te Deum* through the streets, and doubtless led the evicted friars and monks joyfully back to their old quarters. But their triumph was shortlived; apparently the Hull men cared little for their monks compared to the goodwill of the king and the promotion of their trade. When the news came that the main body at Doucaster had dispersed, the majority of the rebels at Hull began to do the same, and Harrison, the mayor, by force hastened the departure of the rest.

Henry VIII continued to waste their time, flattering Robert Aske, Lord D'Arcy, and the other leaders with fair promises, until the men of the north, fearing that the king was bribing their champions over to his side, broke out in revolt again. The king had now the advantage; he at once put the leaders negotiating with him in prison; his army was more ready than before, that of the rebels less ready. He had expected this ending; they had not. 'Before you close up our banner again,' said this merciless Henry to the Duke of Norfolk, 'you shall cause such dreadful execution to be done upon a good number of the inhabitants of every town, hamlet, and village that have

offended, as may be a fearful spectacle to all others.’ Many a body dangled at York before long, and amongst them that of the great-hearted, able, but deluded Aske.

Three abbots and the Prior of Bridlington were beheaded at Tyburn by orders of a king who seemed to care naught for the sacredness of their holy calling.

In this second insurrection, which had ended so disastrously for the rebels, the leaders were Sir Francis Bigot (spelt variously) of Settrington, and John Hallam, a yeoman of the Wolds. Hallam had been the cause of some disturbance at Kilnwick even before the first insurrection broke out; and during that rising he had been one of the Captains of the Commons between Beverley and Driffield. Now, in the second insurrection, he came still more to the front, and at Settrington he and Sir Francis Bigot arranged a plan by which the latter was to seize Beverley openly, while he himself took Hull by strategy.

The idea was for Hallam and certain of his followers to mix with the market-folks, and so get into Hull without attracting notice. They were to wear no war ‘harness’, to keep their arms under their farmers’ smocks, and enter in small groups. Their Holderness friends were to rush to their help when a sufficient number were safely inside. About twenty of them with Hallam entered in this way, but they found the mayor and his men so much on the alert, and the townsmen to whom they revealed themselves received them so coolly, that they thought it best to make a dash out again before they were seized. Hallam and two or three others had run through the Beverley Gate when cries for help were heard from the rest of their companions; Hallam turned back to assist them to escape, but he was himself seized, dragged inside, and the gate was shut.

Over that very gate Hallam was presently hanged in chains, while Bigot who, after taking Beverley, had come to his aid just too late, was pursued, captured, and executed soon afterwards at Tyburn. Poor Sir Robert Constable, who had taken no active part in the insurrection, perished too; for the Duke of Norfolk wrote, ‘On Friday, being market day at Hull, he suffered and doth hang above the highest gate of the town, so trimmed

in chains that I think his bones will hang there this hundred years.'

The Prior of Bridlington was no more; an end was quickly to be made of his Priory too. It was one of the richest and biggest in the East Riding, and it was now to be destroyed deliberately. The fragment of its church left to us to-day is the finest example of church architec-



Photograph by Charles Goulding.

THE BAYLE GATE OF THE OLD BRIDLINGTON PRIORY.

All that is left of its ancient fortifications, with their 'four square towers built of freestone and well covered with lead', erected in the reign of Richard II.

ture in the East Riding, with the exception of Beverley Minster; that and the entrance gateway, the Bayle Gate, are all that are left of that great monastic establishment, founded in the days of Archbishop Thurstan and fortified in the reign of Richard II. And, no wonder; for read what Richard Bellyseys writes in the autumn of 1539: 'As for Bridlington, I have done nothing there as yet, because the Days now are so short; but from such time as I begin, I trust shortly to despatch it after such fashion,

that, when all is finished, I trust your Lordship shall think that I have been no evil Husband in all such things as your Lordship hath appointed me to do’. Richard carried out his task of destruction in the following spring, and apparently did his work well.

If you were interested in the chapter on ‘Oases of Religion’ you will probably ask about the fates of Meaux, Watton, and Kirkham. Well, after the executions of the leading ‘pilgrims’ there was no more courage left in the monasteries. They were mortally afraid of that terrible Henry VIII, and their abbots and priors had sleepless nights. Most of them had been concerned in ‘The Pilgrimage’, and they never knew when that subtle-minded monarch might call them to account for their respective little shares in the rebellion. Better surrender their monasteries to such a king, trusting he might give them back a goodly portion of their own revenues on which to live abroad in peace, than await a worse fate. In a few years’ time, mostly in this way, Henry VIII had all the monasteries, nunneries, and priories, both small and great, in his own hands. Meaux, Watton, and Kirkham, all surrendered to the king in 1539. Some of the evicted ones fared well and got good pensions; some fared moderately; but out they all had to go. You may be sure there was a goodly balance for the king’s purse in every case. He did not spend all this on himself, although his pleasures accounted for a good deal of it. What there was left he bestowed very wisely on learning and on the creation of more bishops, and he very prudently used quite a large proportion of the confiscated lands to make a new nobility, who would support him in all his ways.

Presently, he went north—it was in 1541—to make a ‘royal progress’, and doubtless to see with his hard royal eyes how penitent the people were for their tussle with his august will. Well they knew his cruel ways, but by presents of fat purses and the most submissive and meekest of demeanours, they came through all right. If his receptions were like that so well portrayed in the York Pageant, then the town authorities must have appeared to us ridiculous in their penitence. Hull made him a present of £100. It was a good thing he

didn't know that the corporation, three years before, had unanimously resolved to sell the city plate for fear he should get hold of it.

However, the king was well contented with Hull, which had pleased him in the late struggle. Before he left he arranged for a new castle, two strong blockhouses, and other fortifications to be made. He was somewhat uneasy about the efforts of the Pope to bring upon England a foreign invasion; there was, surely, enough to rouse plenty of wrath amongst Roman Catholics on the continent. But Martin Luther's doctrines were spreading in Germany; no one was sufficiently at liberty to attack England, and angry foreigners had to content themselves with plots and violent language.

A street in Hull with the curious name of 'The Land of Green Ginger' may remind us of Henry VIII's stay in the town. Green ginger was a mixture of lemon juice and ginger, which people in the Tudor Period used to take to 'keep out the cold'. Henry VIII had a palace close by, and it is just possible he and his court were supplied with the delicacy from certain skilful makers of it who lived in that street. It seems a plausible way of accounting for the name.

After the dissolution of the monasteries the East Riding was a changed land. Beverley, especially, felt the change. The revenues of its religious houses had been one of the main sources of its prosperity. With these gone it naturally felt still more the disadvantages of its position compared with that of Hull. It does not seem to have bestirred itself much during the insurrections. Certainly two of its bailiffs joined the rebels, perhaps with a handful of followers; and they made themselves sufficiently objectionable to be specially excluded by name from the royal pardon, which was extended to those who were left after the royal revenge had been satisfied. But eventually they were forgiven. Probably a good many of the 'sanctuary' rascals took part in the movement, besides the one who distinguished himself at Hull. But, generally speaking, Beverley seems to have accepted the situation very quietly. The place was well treated in the matter of royal charters when its college of secular canons was

dissolved, in company with all similar institutions, in the first year of Edward VI's reign, but the town could not recover its prosperity; those who had been accustomed to spend a goodly portion of their big incomes in it were now gone from its midst. Such splendid customers could not be found again.

And what of the East Riding as a whole? The poor and the sick could no longer get help from charitable monasteries; the unemployed, including plenty of evicted monks, wandered about begging; the new owners of the monkish lands started sheep-farming on a larger scale, and there were more enclosures than ever, and, so, more 'out-of-works'. You will not be surprised to hear that in the sixteenth century, for the first time, English statesmen had to face two problems that beset us even to-day:—What to do with the poor who are unemployed but able to work; and how to help those who are poor, yet unable to work for reasons connected with old age, ill-health, or infirmity.

Three and a half centuries have failed to produce a satisfactory solution of these problems; when it is found we shall indeed be a 'Merrie England' again!

CHAPTER XXII

AN OLD HISTORIAN IN THE EAST RIDING

How many of us have stood beside an old building and wished that it could tell us of its experiences? The desire to hear voices out of the past affects almost every one who finds pleasure in matters historical. Buildings certainly tell us something in their own way, but it is man alone who can put his experiences into articulate words. And when an historian, nearly four hundred years ago, walked about this East Riding of ours, and saw things as they were then, it must surely interest us to-day to read of what he observed, and did, and thought.

He had come on an 'Itinerary', or series of journeys, intending to visit as many places as he could, and to write

down what he learnt. His name was Leland, and his words read like an interesting letter from another land; only it happens to be our own land in the year 1540.

It seems best to change his wonderful spelling into that of the present day, but otherwise the quotations are just as he wrote the words, with abundant capital letters. If he visited places or passed through country with



A GOOD TYPE OF HOUSE IN LELAND'S TIME, AS IT STANDS TO-DAY IN SKIPWITH VILLAGE.

which you are acquainted, it will be interesting to note what differences can now be observed. Where a word or phrase seems obscure, an explanation is added in brackets. Some of his ideas and comments are curious, but, right throughout, you must remember it is the writing of a sixteenth-century man, with a sixteenth-century mind, writing about sixteenth-century things.

'From York to Kexby Bridge by Champaine [open country] a 5 miles. This Bridge, of 3 fair Arches of Stone, standeth on the pretty River of Derwent, that

cometh by Malton, and, as I guess, this Bridge is toward the Middle way betwixt Malton and Wressle, whereabout Derwent goeth into Ouse.'

'The common Opinion is, yet, that Part of Derwent Water ran to Scarborough, but, by excavating two sides of Hills, Stones and Earth fell in great Quantity down, and stopped that Course'. A curious theory!

'Bridges on Derwent beneath [below] Kexby be none, but Men use to pass over by ferries, save only Sutton bridge of stone.'

'From Kexby to Wilberfoss Village a mile and a half, where was a Priory of Nuns; and on the left hand, not far off, was Catton Park, sometime the Percies', now the King's.'

Then Leland went through Barmby, Hayton, 'where is a pretty Brook rising a mile off in the Hills', and through Thorp village to Shipton. From Shipton he came to Market Weighton, which he calls 'a great uplandish Village', and from there through Sancton to Leconfield.

'And all this way', he says, 'betwixt York and the Park of Leconfield, is meetly [pleasingly] fruitful of Corn and Grass, but it hath little Wood. I learned that all this Part of the East Riding is in the Hundred or Wapentake called Harthill.'

'Leconfield is a large House and standeth within a great Moat in one very spacious Court. Three parts of the House, saving the mean [middle] Gate, that is made of Brick, is all of timber. The fourth part is fair [well] made of Stone and some Brick. I saw in a little studying Chamber there, called Paradise, the Genealogy of the Percies. The Park thereby is very fair and large, and meetly well wooded. There is a fair tower of Brick for a Lodge in the Park'.

But how the glory of all this has departed!

Then he came to Beverley, 'And', he says, 'these things I noted in Beverley. The Collegiate Church of St. John of a fair uniform making, wherein, besides the Tombs of Saints, be three Tombs most notable on the North Side of the Choir.'

The illustration shows the finest of these tombs.

Another of them is now known as the Percy Chantry; if Leland was told the story connected with it he would

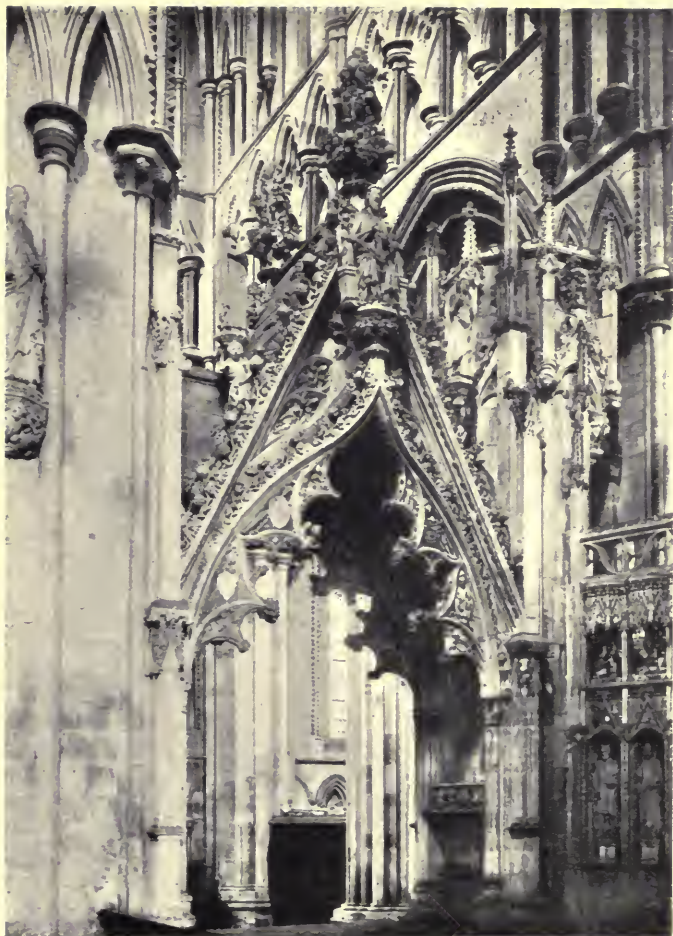
have been reminded of those exasperating little ways by which Henry VII collected that huge store of wealth which his son, Henry VIII, spent so quickly. Whatever Henry VII did he made money out of it ; when he went with an army to France, he taxed his people just as if he intended to embark on a great war, whereas his idea was to persuade the French to contribute, too, for the sake of peace ! The fact that the Lord Lieutenant of Yorkshire at that time was Henry Percy, fourth Earl of Northumberland, meant that this particular Percy had the disagreeable duty of explaining to Yorkshiremen why their money was needed. Whether the explanation or the audience was at fault is not clear ; the result, at any rate, was that the populace blamed the earl for the tax, and, presently, working themselves up into a frenzy against him, broke into his house and murdered him and several of his domestics. They seem to have been sorry for it afterwards, because, when the earl was buried, one writer says 14,000 people attended the funeral, while £10,000 [present-day value] was spent on the Percy Chantry where his body was to rest. But, surely, these must be exaggerations !

After describing the tombs, Leland continues : ‘The Prebendaries’ [Canons’] Houses stand round about St. John’s Churchyard, whereof the Bishop of York hath one moated, but all in ruin.’ Was this because of his share in the Pilgrimage of Grace, or simply due to the dissolution of monasteries and similar institutions ? You see how quickly those buildings disappeared. Had another man like Richard Bellyseys been at work ?

‘The fairest Part of the Provost’s house’, he continues, ‘is the Gate and the Front.’ ‘Provost’ was the title of the resident head of the college.

Note, in what follows, the effect of the late suppression of monastic institutions, and throughout this chapter the significance of the Past Tense.

‘In the town’, he says, ‘were, of late, two houses of Friars. There was a Hospital of St. Nicholas by the Black Friars, but it is decayed. There is a House of the Trinity about the East Side of the Town, which belonged to the Order of the Knights of St. John.’



Photograph by Charles Goulding.

THE CELEBRATED PERCY TOMB OR SHRINE IN BEVERLEY MINSTER WHICH
LELAND NOTICED.

Its carving is exquisite and wonderfully preserved. With the exception that the tomb and figure are gone, the Shrine stands just as it did when fashioned in the fourteenth century, and as it did when Leland visited Beverley in the sixteenth. It was erected in 1340 in memory of the wife of the first Earl Percy.

‘The town of Beverley is large and well builded of wood. But the fairest Part of it is by north, and there is the Market kept.’

Do you wonder that with towns built of wood disastrous fires were frequent? One in the twelfth century destroyed the whole of Beverley, and so there is a record of it. But fires, too numerous to mention as it were, occurred very often on a smaller scale, and then you may be sure the whole population was interested in getting them out as soon as possible. Once they got a hold, the whole town went, and you remember how ‘sanctuary’ men had to swear to help with all their might when fires broke out.

‘There was good Cloth-making at Beverley, but that is now much decayed’, says Leland. Evidently, the colony of Flemings, who, no doubt, imparted their skill to some of the townsmen, had departed to fields of commerce more conveniently situated.

‘The Town is not walled,’ he writes, ‘but yet be there these many fair Gates of Brick, North Bar, Newbiggin Bar by West, and Keldgate Bar by West also.’ Of these North Bar only remains. Leland’s statement about the walls seems to support those who assert that the town’s defences consisted of a moat and bars only. We shall see in the Civil War times that it could not offer any protection to a garrison.

Then Leland went on to Cottingham, ‘a 3 mile,’ he says, ‘whereof 2 were well wooded, and, at the 2 miles’ end, I left the great Park of Beverley on the left Hand; and so a mile by low Meadow ground to Cottingham. All the ground about Cottingham up to Meaux Abbey, and all that Quarter that goeth up on every side to Kingston-upon-Hull, is low ground very fruitful of Meadow and Pasture.’

‘Entering into the South Part of the great uplandish Town of Cottingham, I saw where Stutesville’s Castle, double dyked and moated, stood, of the which nothing now remaineth.’ You notice the great Baynard Castle had disappeared even by Leland’s day. ‘At the present Time’, he continues, ‘there be 4 sundry mean farmers’ Houses within the Castle Garth.’

‘From Cottingham to Kingston about a 4 miles by low Ground, whereof 2 miles be causey way [raised up, and paved] diked on both sides.’ This part used to be subjected to great floods, and the inhabitants had to take suitable precautions.

When Leland reached Hull, he seems to have been struck by its prosperity, for he writes in a surprised way, ‘The Town of Kingston was, in the Time of Edward III, but a mean fisher Town.’ However, modern historians think that Kingston was, even then, something more than that!

Leland’s comments on it are interesting. ‘The first great increasing of the Town’, he says, ‘was by passing for fish into Iceland, from whence they had the whole trade of stock-fish into England and partly other fish.’ This is true, and in the days when Englishmen were all Roman Catholics the fish trade would be comparatively extensive. Hull sailors used to bring cobble stones from Iceland, too, with which the streets of the town were paved. Whether they brought full loads of them, or used them as ballast for their fish cargoes, is not clear, but it is certain that Hull streets were at first paved with Icelandic cobbles. The last of this cobble paving has only just disappeared.

Leland, naturally, refers to the De la Poles, whose fame was well known in Hull, and particularly to a De la Pole who became Earl of Suffolk in the reign of Richard II. This earl founded more than one benevolent institution in the town, and, in particular, a large and useful hospital; of course a fourteenth-century one. This ‘hospital’ was a ‘Maison Dieu’, or God’s House, to provide shelter and food for the feeble and poor. It was situated in Charter-House Lane, and the original building stood until the days of the siege of Hull. Appropriately enough, on that very same site a ‘God’s House’ stands to-day and provides a home for a hundred aged poor.

The earl also built a large mansion for himself in Hull that was called ‘Suffolk Palace’, on the site of the present General Post Office. But although he was probably well loved in Hull, he was well hated elsewhere by both the haughty and the humble. The nobles sneered at him for an

upstart trader, and the taxpayers thought that, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, he was far too rich to be honest. The memory of the Peasants' Revolt was fresh in people's minds; the nobles combined against him; so the king, sorely against his will, had to dismiss his chancellor. Stripped of much of his wealth, and feeling his disgrace keenly, the Earl of Suffolk retired to the continent, and died at Paris within a year. It was a poor ending to a great and otherwise successful career.

Leland also describes the walls and defences of Hull as he saw them. There were four gates; and in the wall from North Gate to Beverley Gate there were '12 Towers of Brick; and, in one of them, a Postern' [small gateway]. Betwixt Beverley Gate and Myton Gate there were '5 Towers of Brick and a Postern', and '3 Towers of Brick between Myton Gate and Hessel Gate'. You will note the extensive use of brick at Hull, and contrast it with the use of wood at Beverley; but then the abundance of trees near Beverley and of clay near Hull to a certain extent accounts for it.

Rope-making, involving the use of a 'rope-walk', where the ropes in the making are stretched over a long straight line of 'holder-stakes', seems to have almost disappeared nowadays, but Leland's reference to it is interesting. 'From Hesse Gate to the Mouth of the Haven be a 5 Towers of Brick, to which the Humber See cometh and in one of these is a Postern to the Shore. And because that the Wall from Hesslegate to this Postern lieth straight as a line, there is much Gabylle [cable] making and Winding of Hemp for small Cords.'

'From the Mouth of the Hull River upper into the Haven, there is no Wall, but every Merchant hath his Stairs, even to the North Gate.' By means of these 'stairs' or 'staithes' they landed their goods from the ships in the river. You can notice them in the fourteenth-century plan.

Leland also mentions the two churches and four chapels of the Hull of his time. 'The Trinity Church most made of Brick is the larger a great deal and the fairer.' He noticed also that there was a 'free School erected by Bishop Alcock'. This was the original of the

present Hull Grammar School founded in Richard III's reign but rebuilt, of course, since Leland's time.

Leland also mentions the White Friars' College which 'stood by Beverley Gate', and that of the Augustine Friars which 'stood at the East End of Trinity Church'. Note that he uses the past tense.

'The Town Hall is thereby [near Trinity Church] and a Tower of Brick for a Prison. Most part of the Brick that the Walls and Houses of Kingston were builded was made without [outside] the South side of the Town. The place is called the Tytery.' Perhaps Leland has made a mistake here; for the old De la Pole brickyards were near the *North* Gate, and it was probably from these the material had come.

From Kingston, Leland went to Patrington, 'where', he says, 'is a Haven or Creek for Ships.'

Then he went to Ravensburg (as he calls it), 'the very point on York side of the Mouth of the Humber', and then to Hornsea, with its 'small Creek', and so on through Bridlington where, on another occasion, he saw the ruins of its Priory, and some of Robert the Scribe's manuscripts; and thence to Flamborough, 'pointing into the Sea', as he says.

He seems to get back to Hull by sea from the mouth of the Tees, and from Hull he goes to Beverley once more, 'by the gainest [quickest] way a 5 [miles] by low Pasture and Marsh Ground, and a Mile by enclosed and somewhat woody ground.' Then to 'Walkington Village a 2 Mile, one by enclosed, and another by Chaumpain [as he spells it] good corn land'. Whenever he uses the word 'chaumpain' he means land without any fences. 'From Walkington Village' he goes to 'North Cave Village 5 Miles by fair Champain [he is not at all particular about his spelling] Corn Ground.' He noticed that 'there runneth a Brook [Mire's Beck] by Northcave and so into Humber. From Northcave to Scalby a 3 miles, all by low Marsh and Meadow Ground, leaving the Arm of Humber on the left Hand in sight. This fen is commonly called Waullying [Leland's spelling] Fen, and hath many Carres [patches with the projecting land showing here and there] of Waters in it: and is so big that a 58

Villages lie in and butting of [near to] it, whereof the most part be in Houghden [Howden] Lordship belonging to the Bishop of Durham ; and part in Harthill Hundred. The Fen is 16 Miles in compass and is all of Howdenshire.'

Then, 'From Scalby to Howden 4 miles, scant one by enclosed Pasture and 3 by Moorish and Fenny Ground.' When Leland gets to Howden, the name of which he spells in four different ways, he has a good deal to say about it, but is not very complimentary. He says it is 'the only Market of Howdenshire but of no great reputation.' He notices the Collegiate Church and calls it 'meetly fair'. He goes on to say 'The Bishop of Durham's Palace lieth on the South of the Church, whereof the first Part at the Entry is of Timber ; the other 3 most of Stone and Part of Brick. Certain Churches of Howdenshire do homage to Howden Church. There is a park by Howden belonging to the Bishop of Durham in the way to Wressle.' He also mentions important gentlemen in the neighbourhood by name, but, on the whole, he seems to think that the best days of Howden were past, and certainly it must have been more important in the days when the Prince-Bishop of Durham was a great power in the land.

From Howden, Leland went to Hemingbrough, and noticed 'the small Collegiate Church belonging to Durham and three small Prebends [houses of the Canons] '.

Then he goes on to Wressle, but what he saw there belongs more appropriately to the next chapter. After that he made his way 'most by Meadow Ground' to the River Ouse, was ferried across, and returned to York.

We find that he is wandering again, some time afterwards, through the East Riding, after having made a survey of the coast, of which he has not much to say, except 'From Scarborough to Bridlington 9 miles all Cliffs to Flamborough and so to the Mouth of Bridlington Haven.' He seems to have called again at Hornsea, Ravensburg, Patrington, 'a Town of no Market yet having a Haven,' and thence to Hedon.

Here he seems to lament, as over a place that was dying. He says, 'Hedon hath been a fair Haven Town : it stand-

eth a Mile and more within the Creek, that cometh out of Humber into it. The Sea Creeks, parting about the said Town, did insulate it; but now, men come to it by 3 Bridges, where it is evident to see that some Places where the Ships lay be overgrown with Flags and Reeds; and the Haven is very sorely decayed. There were 3 Parish Churches in Time of Mind; but now there is but one: but that is very fair. And not far from this Church Garth, there appear tokens of a Pile or Castle, that was sometime there for a Defence of the Town. The Town hath yet great Privileges with a Mayor and Bailiffs.' Even to-day, Hedon is a corporate town, and possesses what is supposed to be the oldest mace in England; but the untrustworthy Humber has taken away from Hedon the advantages that once it gave. And so Leland's lament over it goes on, 'Where it had in Edward III's Days many good Ships and rich Merchants, now there be but a few Boats and no Merchants of any Estimation. Choking of the Haven, and Fire defacing much of the Town hath been the Decay of it. Some say That the Staple of Wool of the North Parts was once here. Truth is that when Hull began to flourish, Hedon decayed.'

But certainly, Hull had been helped in its victory over Hedon by the vagaries of the Humber.

After this visit to Hedon, and his somewhat pathetic observations on the place, Leland returned once more to Hull, where we can take our leave of him.

CHAPTER XXIII

A TUDOR NOBLEMAN'S HOUSEHOLD

A most interesting volume is still in existence which has on its title-page the words, 'The Booke of all the Directions and Orders for Kepyng of My Lordes Hous Yerely.' This book was begun when Henry VII was King of England, and contains, in quaint language and quainter spelling, the regulations and establishment of the house-

hold of Henry Algernon Percy, fifth Earl of Northumberland, at his Castles of Wressle and Leconfield in the East Riding of Yorkshire.

The Percy family is a notable one in English history. It was the Percies and their retainers who fought with the Earl of Douglas and his Scots at the memorable battle of Chevy Chase. On that occasion, it is said, nearly all the men of Wressle who could bear arms lost their lives. In the reign of Henry IV the Percies showed their dissatisfaction with that English king by raising a formidable rebellion against him; four years before they had helped him to depose Richard II. This rebellion was crushed at the battle of Shrewsbury in 1403, but only after a very obstinate conflict which might well have cost Henry IV his throne. That intrepid warrior, Percy the Hotspur, was nephew to the owner of Wressle Castle. Both uncle and nephew lost their lives as a result of their rising. The Hotspur, as we might have expected, was killed in the thick of the fight, after performing prodigies of valour. His uncle the earl was taken prisoner and executed, and the king, having thus made an end of the owner, confiscated his property in accordance with the law of treason.

During the wars between the houses of Lancaster and York in the fifteenth century the Percies were 'Red Rose' men, and Henry VI gave back the Castles of Wressle and Leconfield to the head of the family. Thus it came about that the fifth Earl of Northumberland was in possession of them when the story of our 'Booke' begins, in Tudor times.

'My Lorde', as he is usually called in its pages, had no small household. Two hundred and twenty-nine persons, daily, were fed at his table. He held a court that was very like that of a king. He had a council composed of principal officers, and a code of customs for his domain. He had bailiffs at his various castles to take charge in his absence, and constables to assist them.

All the head officers of his household were noble by birth: such were the Comptroller, the Clerk of the Kitchen, the Chamberlain, the Treasurer, and many others. The table where they sat at meat was called the

Knights' Board. The Clerk of the Kitchen, by the way, was Thomas Percy, evidently a relative of 'My Lorde'.

There was a great number of special servants. Many of these, too, were gentlemen or gentlemen's sons. For instance, there was a Groom Sumpter-man, whose duty it was to see the horses and ponies decked out in fine trappings to suit each particular occasion. There was a Groom of the Stirrup, who doubtless helped 'My Lorde' and others of his family to mount their steeds. All such officials dined at a great central table, in the



WRESSLE CASTLE AS IT APPEARED BEFORE BEING RUINED BY FIRE.

middle of which was an enormous salt-cellar. At this table you sat in an order depending on your birth and importance, so whether you could claim to sit 'above the salt' or not was a question of some moment.

Feeding such a household as this was a big business. The general principle followed was that of earlier centuries; for it is recorded that provisions for the 'houll yeir' were to be bought at the fairs. But the Clerk of the Kitchen had to acquaint the Earl 'afore he made any bargain for provision of gross emptions [big purchases] if soe be my said Lorde be at home'. Honey was still used for purposes for which we now use sugar, and the earl's

household apparently ordered, usually, a barrel and a half at a time.

Lent had to be prepared for specially, and so we find that the Comptroller and the Clerk of the Kitchen obtained one hundred and eighty salt salmon to last through the season in which the eating of meat was forbidden by the Church. They were bought at sixpence apiece! But probably money then had about sixteen times its purchasing power of to-day. Three firkins of salt sturgeon and five cags [kegs] of salt eels were also added to the stock.

A very considerable expenditure was entailed by the elaborateness of the services in the chapels attached to the castles. 'My Lorde' kept eleven priests, the head one being called the Dean of the Chapel. Under him was also an establishment of 'singing-men', consisting of thirteen 'Gentyllmen and Chylderyn'. The 'Childre' of the Chapel were six, and they had a 'Maistre'. Among the singers were 'tenors, countertenors, bassys, tribills, and meanys'; the last-named had an 'in-between' sort of voice—half alto, half tenor. They sang in the chapel daily at 'matins, lady mass, highe mass, even songe, and complynge'.

The arrangement of places, ceremonies, duties, times of attendance, vestments, liveries, were all minutely described in certain special books, not only for each day in the week but also for each person. The fame of Wressle Chapel and its services, priests, and choir, was so great in the time of Cardinal Wolsey as to upset the equanimity of that proud prelate, and he gave order that the books of its chapel regulations and instructions should be sent up to him. This served a double purpose. It threw the Wressle services into confusion and gave my Lord Cardinal valuable details on which to improve his own.

The 'singing-men' had for breakfast 'loofs of brede' and half a gallon of beer, with 'peces of salt fish and three white herryng' in Lent, and 'peces of beif boyled' at other times. Their allowance of butter was 'half a dysche' to each 'loof of breid'.

There were three minstrels included in the household, who played, respectively, on a taberet, a 'luyte', and a

'rebecc'. The last-named seems to have been a kind of fiddle with three strings. New Year's Day was their great time, because every member of the earl's family gave them a substantial sum, as you will observe if you remember to multiply each amount mentioned by sixteen. Very early in the 'mornynge' they played at 'My Lordis chamber door' for his 'lordschipp and my Lady', and they got 'xiiis. and iiiid.' [that is 13s. 4d.] from 'My Lorde and vis. and viiid. from my Lady'. From there they went to the door of the chamber of 'My Lordis sone and heire' and received two shillings from him, and so on through the whole of the family, by which time it seems evident that these minstrels would have made a pretty good haul!

When the king's juggler paid a visit to the earl he got six shillings and eightpence. When the 'bear-warde' came with his bear, the amusement its baiting provided gained its master a similar sum.

Christmas was the great time for 'plays'. These were nearly all based on Bible incidents. 'The Resurrection' was a special favourite at Wressle Castle. The earl's chaplain, as we might perhaps have gathered from the subjects chosen, was expected to write plays as well as sermons.

Leland visited both Wressle and Leconfield Castles.

'From Howden to Wreshill', he writes, 'are three miles, all by low meadow and pasture land whereof part is enclosed with hedges. Yet is the ground that Castle of Wreshill standeth on somewhat high in the respect of the low ground thereabout. Most part of the bass [lower] court of the Castle is all of timber. The Castle itself is moated about on three parts. The fourth part is dry where the entry is into the Castle. The Castle is all of very fair and great squared stone, both within and without, whereof, as some hold opinion, much was brought out of France. In the Castle be only five towers, one at each corner almost of like bigness. The gatehouse is the fifth having five lodgings [rooms]. The fourth [tower] containeth the buttery, pantry, pastery, lardery, and kitchen. The hall and the great chambers be fair [beautiful] and so is the Chapel. To conclude, this house is one

of the most proper beyond Trent [i. e. north of Trent] and seemeth as newly made.'

'One thing I liked exceedingly. In one of the towers there was a Study called Paradise where was a closet in the middle of eight squares, latticed about; and at the top of every square was a desk, ledged to set books on coffers within them, and these seemed as joined hard to the top of the closet; and yet, by pulling, one or all would come down breast high in rabbits [slots or grooves] and serve for desks to lay books on.'

'The guard robe [room containing clothes] in the Castle was exceedingly fair. And so were the gardens within the moat and the orchards without. And in the orchards were mounds wreathen about with degrees [steps] like turnings of cockle shells to come to the top without pain.' [This was a kind of spiral staircase arrangement.]

Wressle Castle continued in all its splendour till the great Civil War. What befell it then will be told later.

Leconfield Castle, too, in Tudor times was a fine building. Leland said it had a great 'Mote yn one very spatius Courte', and from another source we learn that it contained eighty-three rooms. Yet to-day there is nothing left to see but a big area surrounded by a reed-choked moat. All traces of building are gone. The Stuarts had scarcely replaced the Tudors on the throne of Britain when the castle fell into decay, and many of its treasures were moved to Wressle. The earl was in bad odour with James I. Thomas Percy, one of the family, became a 'gunpowder' plotter. The resources of the owner of Leconfield were possibly so crippled by an enormous fine of £30,000 which the Court of Star Chamber inflicted on him, that he left the castle empty and uncared for to the ravages of storm and time, and resided in more restricted fashion at Wressle.

CHAPTER XXIV

STRIFE IN THE EAST RIDING

BEFORE the Tudor line ended, the men of the north were to give their sovereign more trouble. As in the 'Pilgrimage of Grace', the main motive was anger at the changes which Henry VIII had made so sweepingly in the English Church, and which Edward VI and Queen Elizabeth had extended. As before, this new body of rebels professed loyalty to the reigning sovereign, but they would dearly have liked to see Queen Elizabeth release Mary, Queen of Scots, from prison, and acknowledge her as successor to the English throne; of the new Prayer Book and reformed Church Services their hatred was intense.

The insurrection concerns the East Riding mainly because Thomas Percy, Earl of Northumberland, was the leader, and because, as before, the rebels tried to get hold of that desirable fortress, Hull. How many men from Leconfield and Wressle were concerned we do not know, but the party that went to take Hull failed miserably. A conspiracy of a few townsmen to open the gates was discovered, and those individuals found themselves in prison before they could do anything. The whole insurrection was a failure, and the Earl of Northumberland was beheaded at York. One historian says, 'Between Newcastle and Wetherby, a distance of sixty miles in length by forty in breadth, there was not a town or village in which some of the inhabitants did not expire on the gibbet.' But it is only fair to say that some doubt has lately been thrown on the story of these numerous executions; and it is extremely improbable that Queen Elizabeth would have allowed them. Thus ended in 1569 the last insurrection of its type.

During the rest of the reign of Queen Elizabeth many an Englishman would probably have welcomed a return to the old Church system, but none of them wished it at the expense of a conquest by Spain. When the Spanish Armada was being fitted out by Philip II, nearly all the

gentlemen of the East Riding bound themselves to defend their queen and country with their lives and fortunes. Hull sent Elizabeth a loan of £200; men who possessed arms got them in readiness, and were drilled by the more warlike gentry; piles of firewood on Flamborough Head, Settrington Beacon, Bainton Heights, and other conspicuous places, were placed ready to blaze forth and telegraph the news if the Spaniards had landed.

But read in Kingsley's *Westward Ho!* of how it fared with that great Spanish Armada of 1588, and of the daring deeds of Elizabethan sailors in the Channel, on the coast of Spain, and, above all, in those Spanish-American territories in the far-off West. It is a stirring tale! No doubt that 'stout ship from Hull, of great burden, manned, supplied with ammunition, victualled for five months', which Queen Elizabeth asked for in 1588, and again in 1596, had a crew equally daring. What tales those sailors would have to tell when they returned, to be sure! You have only to see the faces in that famous picture, 'The Boyhood of Raleigh', to understand how the lads would listen.

The days of 'Good Queen Bess' passed away. During her reign men had, for the most part, thought more of their country than of their differences of opinion; they had, in fact, sunk their differences to fight shoulder to shoulder against a foreign foe. In the Stuart times, which followed, men seemed to think much more of their differences of opinion than of their country; and finally, in the reign of Charles I, they raised their differences on pinnacles, as it were, and fought round them against each other. What a contrast!

At first the quarrel was mainly concerning the limits of the king's power; that is, what he could and what he could not do without the consent of his Parliament. Then it gradually turned into a quarrel about how the Church should be controlled, whether by a system of bishops or in some other way. Thus it came to pass that very many more were drawn into the struggle than were at first interested in it; for the question of religion touched every one, and in those days rulers had no idea of allowing people to follow their own wishes in the matter. But,

still, it is surprising how many men would nevertheless have stopped peaceably at home, if they had been left to themselves.

As we might have expected, both the king's side and his opponents, the Parliament, wished to have control of Hull. One of the bones of contention between them was the right of appointing the governors of such strong towns; and, as they could not agree on the matter, in this particular case they each appointed one. There were thus two governors and only one post!

It will be interesting to see what the people of Hull thought about it. In 1626, when Charles I wanted ships for a war with Spain, Hull readily sent him three; but the town was not pleased when it heard he had used them against France. In 1635, Hull paid the ship-money tax very reluctantly, although the king said it was to be used to put down piracy, which was damaging the trade of English merchants, those of Hull, doubtless, amongst the rest. In 1639, Charles I visited the town in person, and the Recorder, as the town's orator, excelled himself in a most fulsome speech of welcome; however, that was the way they had of doing those things, and the Recorder, at any rate, cannot have been sincere, because before long he was an ardent opponent of the king. Yet the people loudly acclaimed their royal visitor, and, on the whole, they seem to have been very well disposed towards him. But, towards the end of the same year, it was quite evident that they wished to be masters of their own town, nevertheless; for, when Charles I wished to send Sir Thomas Glemham to be in command as governor, they replied that their mayor was their governor, and they did not want another. However, the king and the Scots at that time were threatening each other, and, as there was much material for war in the magazine at Hull, the king insisted on their acceptance of Sir Thomas. But when the matter with the Scots had ended, because the king had reached the end of his money, the mayor was again left in charge of the town.

In 1642, when it was apparent that both king and Parliament meant to secure Hull, with its great magazine of arms in Suffolk Palace (then called the King's

Manor Hall), with its blockhouse and bulwarks, and its splendid access to the sea, the mayor and townsmen were in a difficulty. They would gladly have kept out both governors. When the Earl of Newcastle, appointed by the king, arrived before their gates, they refused to receive him. When Sir John Hotham, appointed by 'King and Parliament', arrived, some weeks afterwards, he found himself locked out too. Here should be mentioned that, throughout the struggle, the opponents of Charles I professed to be fighting on behalf of 'King and Parliament', although to ordinary people it seemed as if they were fighting with uncommon zeal against him, and for their own cause only.

The situation now was, therefore, Sir John Hotham, and the 800 men he had with him, outside; and the mayor and townsmen inside, stubbornly refusing admittance. So matters remained, until the mayor, having communicated directly with Parliament, reluctantly gave way, and Sir John Hotham became governor in possession.

This Sir John Hotham was a member of the Long Parliament, and one of the representatives of Beverley, and his home was at Scorbrough. He had now a very difficult part to play. Early in the morning of April 23, 1642, King Charles I, with his son Charles, and a large attendance of gentlemen and servants, set out from York to Hull. When they had got within four miles of the place, the king sent word to Sir John Hotham that he was coming to dine with him that day!

A curious incident, too, had happened the day before. It was market day at Hull, and, along with the country people thronging in with their produce, the boy Duke of York (afterward James II), the Elector Palatine, Sir Thomas Glemham (the town's late governor), and several others of the king's party, had quietly walked in unobserved. But as they were looking around the town, they were recognized, and, word being brought to the mayor, he and the governor entertained them with due respect. Now with these already in Hull, the king himself, and a considerable train of followers, had sent word they were coming too.



SIR JOHN HOTHAM REFUSING ADMISSION TO CHARLES I.

From an oil painting in the possession of Ald. Brown, Mayor of Hull.

The King, with a gay cavalier hat and feather, and mounted on a white horse, is the central figure. The nobles and gentlemen of his train remain uncovered during his interviews with the Governor, who is on the wall. Note the drawbridge, the iron portcullis, the walls and towers, and the appearance of the two soldiers

The governor was in a dilemma, but, having consulted with the chief men of the town, he at last sent out a message, as humbly worded as possible, saying that he dared not, as governor for 'King and Parliament', admit His Majesty with so many attendants.

The King was startled by this reply, but he proceeded nevertheless, and by eleven o'clock appeared before the Beverley Gate. Here he had another surprise; for he saw the town was prepared as if to meet an enemy. Whatever had been the purpose of these high-born young men who had come so mysteriously into the town the day before, Sir John Hotham had prevented any chance of their rousing up the townsmen; for he had ordered every Hull inhabitant to go indoors, and stay there till sunset; no townsman was to appear in the street on pain of death; behind the walls his garrison of Parliament soldiers was drawn up; the gates were closed; the bridges were up; the cannon were charged; and it was under these circumstances that Sir John Hotham answered the summons of his king, and climbed up on the wall to speak with him, face to face.

There are various accounts of what they said to each other, but it seems certain that Sir John Hotham was irresolute and confused. Well he might be! With the king was that fiery young man, Prince Rupert. There were also the Earl of Lindesay, afterwards general of the royal forces; the Earl of Montrose, who, later on, conducted that brilliant campaign in Scotland—read Sir Walter Scott's *Legend of Montrose* if you wish to know more about him; the Marquis of Northampton, afterwards the hero of the Battle of Hopton Heath; and many others.

Sir John having objected, first, to the size of the king's retinue, Charles offered to enter with twenty horsemen only; but again he met with an apologetic refusal. Then he asked the governor to come outside to a conference, promising him a safe return; but the governor begged to be excused. Then Charles threatened to proclaim him as a traitor, and warned him that his action was bound to bring many miseries on the country. On this Sir John fell on his knees and protested that he

was, at heart, a loyal subject of His Majesty; but still he would neither go out nor let the king come in. Then Charles summoned the mayor, Mr. Thomas Raikes, and demanded admission from him; but the mayor fell on his knees and wept; he swore that there was a guard over every one, and that he could do nothing.

About one o'clock Sir John Hotham and the Parliament officers had a consultation in private with the Duke of York and his party, and the result was the latter were permitted to leave the town and join the king. A long conference outside then followed, and at last, at five o'clock, the king and his company approached the walls again and Sir John was asked once more whether he intended to open the gates or not; and he was given one hour to think about it.

At the end of that time everybody was losing his patience, and when Sir John Hotham still begged to be excused, the king ordered two heralds to proclaim him loudly as a traitor, and to command the corporation to reject him as a governor. After this there was a scene of great excitement, and the king, losing his temper, rode close up and ordered the soldiers to throw the traitor into the moat. Then Sir John became angry too, and defied the king. After that they left each other for the time being, King Charles going to Beverley, and the governor to an anxious conference with his officers.

For its connexion with this critical time 'Ye Olde White Harte' in Silver Street should have a special interest for Hull people; for it used to be the residence of the military governors of Hull. In one of the rooms on the first floor, ever since called the 'plotting chamber', the decision to deny the king entrance was arrived at. It was a momentous resolution!

When Queen Henrietta Maria heard of the affair, she wrote to Charles that, if she had been in the place of her 'son James', who, you remember, was inside the town, she 'would have thrown that scoundrel Hotham over the walls', which just shows the nice, prudent sort of counsellor she was to the king in his differences with his subjects.

The king complained to the Parliament about the

defiance of Sir John Hotham, but he got no satisfaction from them; they supported warmly the action of the governor, and sent him more soldiers from London and two ships of war.

Then Queen Henrietta Maria, being at that time in Holland, and having sold there her own and the crown jewels, was able to forward arms and ammunition to the king. A small vessel called the *Providence* brought them, and it just escaped the two Parliament ships. They chased it, but its captain ran it aground in Keyingham Creek, and the bigger ships could not follow because the water was not deep enough.

You will naturally think that if the Parliament ships could not get at the cargo of the *Providence*, a troop from Hull could do so; and here we obtain an idea of the side the men of Holderness were taking; for it was their 'trained bands' which successfully defended the cargo against the garrison of Hull, and it was 'trained bands' belonging to the county which saw the military stores safely conveyed to the king at York.

The great Civil War has begun; it will be as well to see, before going on further, who were fighting in the East Riding, on which side they were fighting, and how they fought in those days. It is a sad reflection on human nature that, although we all deplore the need for fighting, we are most of us interested in it.

Under the Feudal System of the early Norman times, every man having any land was expected to leave it at his lord's call, get ready for battle, and fight for his lord's cause. That was the condition on which he held his land; that was the main idea of the Feudal System. The king in the same way could call on all his lords and their companies; for did not all the land, as William the Conqueror said, belong to the king?

Then came those wars abroad, and since you could only compel your feudal soldier to fight for forty days a year, and not abroad, why then the feudal army had to go, and Henry II took money, instead of service, from his lords, and paid his own soldiers.

Later on came Edward I with a new scheme. Every one between fifteen and sixty must arm himself, at his

own expense, according to his wealth, to be ready to defend his own country for nothing, and to fight for his king abroad for pay. If he were rich enough he had to have a horse too; and everybody was to be inspected twice a year to see if men, arms, and horses, were fit for war.

Presently great lords began to keep armed servants, which they called retainers, while men not in any lord's service let their military duties go. But Henry VII put an end to this state of affairs, and revived the plan of Edward I, and made an official, called the lord-lieutenant of the county, responsible for its being carried out; but this time only a certain number of men from each county was insisted on. You see that, so far, a man provided his own weapons, and you may be sure that the county muster would indeed be a motley armed crowd.

Then James I improved matters a little and ordered supplies of arms to be kept at certain appointed places, in buildings called magazines. This ensured that each man attending a muster was armed in a fairly up-to-date way, and not, as before, with any sort of old rusty weapon that might have done duty in his grandfather's time. Thus you see men were no longer compelled to own weapons; and this is how it came about that, in the time of Charles I, there were magazines of arms at such places as York, Hull, and Beverley.

The men who were expected to be able to use them had to come up once per month to be drilled. These were the 'trained bands'. But their training was not worth much, and it did not make very good soldiers, except in London whose trained bands proved the best foot-soldiers in the war, and the great mainstay of the Parliament.

Such towns as Hull, York, and Beverley had trained bands of their own, and these were under the control of their corporations; and, if those corporations had been permitted to have their own way, it is quite certain their trained bands would have done nothing more than defend their respective towns from mischief. But what could the corporations do if there was a determined Royalist governor, with a strong following, or an equally determined Parliament governor in charge of their town; why,

they had mostly to do as they were told. As for any trained men in the country districts, well, unless they had strong opinions of their own, they followed the lead of the local gentry. Tenants, servants, and retainers usually did the same. There were not many men in the East Riding of the lower class who were readers and thinkers like those stern Puritan weavers of the West Riding. Hence the East Riding men followed their landlords, generally speaking, and were Parliament men only when their masters were so, as was the case with the Stricklands of Boynton, for instance. One of that family, later, sat in Cromwell's House of Lords as Lord Strickland.

Now, how did the soldiers fight? Well, if they were foot-soldiers, they were either pikemen or musketeers. A pikeman would use an ash shaft, perhaps 12 feet long, with a two-foot blade at the end of it. This weapon would therefore be twice his own height! He wore a steel breastplate and backplate, and a steel cap with a leather lining. All the best recruits were made pikemen.

The musketeer was quite a beast of burden. His musket was so heavy that he could not hold it to his shoulder, but had to carry a crutch to rest it on. Heavy bullets and a horn full of rough powder added to his burden, while, hung round him, was a coil of inflammable rope-match with which to 'touch off' his weapon. It is no wonder that sometimes he blew up himself and his companions!

Groups of pikemen had to fight in conjunction with groups of musketeers, and, when the enemy charged, the pikemen had to be ready to protect the marksmen.

The musketeers usually fought six ranks deep. When the front rank had fired off, they ran to the rear, then the second rank fired and so on. By the time all six ranks had fired in turn, the original first rank had managed to re-load!

The cavalry formed a very important branch of the service. Every one who joined it had to bring his own horse. Each cavalryman had a leathern jacket, with steel backplate and breastplate. He had also two flint-lock pistols, but he was very careful only to use them at short range, for they would not carry very far in

a straight line, even if they could be persuaded to go off at all.

Now let us return to the king at York, who has gathered together an army of 3,000 foot and 1,000 horse, consisting mainly of such soldiers as we have described, and including a goodly number of Yorkshire gentlemen and retainers; some of them have, of course, been armed through the timely arrival of the ship *Providence*. Notice that York, being in Royalist control, must act, willy nilly, for the king, while Hull, being in charge of a Parliament garrison, must act against him. As for poor Beverley, it lies between the two and it has no walls; it is bound to have a wretched time. You can sympathize, too, with the farmers round about all three places, and in between them. Crops will be spoiled and the fields stand desolate for want of workers; remember also that the East Riding was mostly 'champain', as Leland would say.

The first important news is the march of the king and his army from York to Beverley in order to attack Hull.

Perhaps we had better see what sort of a place he is going against. A parallel study of the plan¹ will make the text clearer.

Notice, first, that the town is surrounded by water; the Hull and the Humber go half-way round, and a wide and deep moat joins the two and finishes the circuit. Now, look at the walls; begin at North Gate, which gives you a good hint as to compass-points, and as you follow the walls on the west side you come, in turn, to Low Gate, Beverley Gate (where the historic interview took place), Myton Gate, and Hessle Gate. North Gate and Hessle Gate have barbicans, which hide the drawbridges over the moat, but at the other gates you can see them plainly enough.

On the other side of the River Hull you can see the fortifications due to the visit of King Henry VIII. There is the North Blockhouse and the South Blockhouse, with a castle in the middle, 'mighty strong', as Henry said it had to be. The three are joined by a thick wall.

Did Charles I really think to take a place like this with four thousand men? Besides, he had no ships. Parlia-

¹ See page 189.

ment could easily send men and supplies from London, as often as they were needed, by water, and land them at the Hull staithes without let or hindrance. Then why were Charles and his army coming?

The fact was, there were certain curious things happening inside the town. Amongst some prisoners whom the Parliament ships had captured was an individual who pretended to be a Frenchman. He was really Lord Digby, and a friend of Queen Henrietta Maria. In fact, he was on his way from her to the king when he was taken. To a man of his cunning it was an easy matter to get an excuse for a private interview with the governor. The result was that Sir John Hotham seems to have engaged himself in another dangerous business. He had safely passed through that critical affair of holding the town for Parliament, now he was going to try a still more risky game and betray it to the king. Lord Digby became their go-between, and so we find Charles I and his army encamped round Hull waiting to take advantage of the treachery which Lord Digby had brought him word was going on. But the scheme came to nothing, and this first siege of Hull, as it has sometimes been called, was very much of a farce. There were two small posterns or little doors in the walls of Hull, and out of these one day five hundred Parliament soldiers made a sortie and rushed on the king's foot-soldiers unexpectedly. The men attacked belonged mostly to the trained bands, and they took to their heels! Probably they were brave enough, but it is one thing to be ready to defend your home against a foreign enemy, it is another thing to be dragged away unwillingly from your own district to fight on behalf of a cause for which you cared very little. Besides, no doubt the poor fellows got a severe shock when they saw what fighting really meant.

The bulk of the footmen having decamped, the cavalry reluctantly followed, and after some skirmishes, in which a few were killed, the king found himself at Beverley again with his forces. He dismissed the trained bands, who, gladly enough, went off home; left a troop of more zealous material to take charge of Beverley, and with the rest returned to York.



PLAN OF HULL ABOUT THE TIME OF THE SIEGE.

The Royalist troop at Beverley was, however, soon driven out by a strong force from Hull ; and, until Yorkshire was peaceful again, it was Beverley's fate first to have Royalist masters, then Parliament masters, and so on, alternately. Both exacted from the wretched inhabitants what they could in labour, money, provisions, and recruits. Even when the townsmen were left to themselves for short intervals, their authorities filled in the time by quarrelling about the respective merits of King and Parliament.

Meanwhile, the Parliament had sent orders to the governor at Hull to make frequent sallies out of the town, with a view to distress the Royalist landowners and tenantry as much as possible. You can imagine, therefore, in what a state their fruit and crops would be ; and what effect such pillaging expeditions would have on any stores of provisions that fell in their way ; to say nothing of lively encounters with bodies of Royalists.

Then, in February, 1643, welcome news came for the king's party. Queen Henrietta Maria had landed at Bridlington Quay, under convoy of seven Dutch men-of-war, bringing a great store of cannon, small arms, and ammunition. But the Parliament ships were on the lookout, and by the time evening fell they appeared in the bay and started to bombard the loaded vessels. The queen and her ladies had disembarked and gone to bed on shore ; but when the bullets came whistling into their rooms they all got up and took refuge in ditches just outside the village. The queen, in a letter describing the incident, said, ' Before we could reach it [the ditch] the balls were singing round us in fine style, and a sergeant was killed twenty paces from me.' After about two hours' firing, the admiral of the Dutch men-of-war said he would treat the Parliament ships as enemies if they did not cease, although up to that time he had kept out of the trouble and left Queen Henrietta's vessels to their fate. This threat and the ebbing of the tide, which left the bay very shallow, saved the queen's cargoes.

By March 9th she entered York with them, amidst great Royalist rejoicing.

Away in the West Riding the sturdy Puritan weavers

under Ferdinand Lord Fairfax and his famous son, Sir Thomas, had almost made an end there of Royalist hopes; but now the pendulum of success was to swing the other way. The arrival of the queen, the immense stores of war material she had brought, the appointment of the Earl of Newcastle as commander of the king's forces in the north, changed the face of affairs. A big Royalist army went west from York, and towns fell before it one after the other until Bradford alone was left to the Parliament. Lord Fairfax and his son were there, but the place was in an almost hopeless plight.

At Hull, quite a drama was being enacted. The Fairfaxes had done so much for Parliament in the north that they were looked up to as the great leaders and champions of their cause. This did not please Sir John Hotham nor his son Captain Hotham. They felt that Parliament owed themselves more than the Fairfaxes. It did not suit their haughty temper to be thought inferior, and, indeed, they had heard that Sir John was even to be displaced at Hull by another governor. This decided them once more to prepare to go over to the Royalists and betray Hull to the queen and the Earl of Newcastle. The plan involved much secret arrangement; Parliament men grew suspicious, and spies found out the plot.

The mayor of the town, Mr. Raikes (who, you remember, had once wept on the walls), was evidently a strong Parliament man. He and others took instant action. Men were landed from a ship of war in the Humber, and the governor's house was surrounded. But Sir John escaped somehow, and, walking towards Beverley Gate, was lucky enough to secure a horse by the bold expedient of ordering a rider whom he met to give his mount up to him.

He passed safely out of the town because, of course, no one had yet any commands to stop him. His object was now to reach his fortified house at Scorbrough. If he went by a direct route, that is along the Beverley road, he thought he might be overtaken, and so both at Stoneferry (where a bridge has just recently been built) and again at Wawne ferry he tried to get over the River Hull into Holderness; but he could find no boat and the river

was too dangerous to be crossed otherwise. So he was obliged to go through Beverley after all, and there, you will remember, was a troop of Parliament men.

Straight into the market-place he rode, and there he saw seven or eight hundred men drawn up in arms. If they had heard about his flight then he was lost; but, if they had not, a bold course might save him. Riding up to them, he put himself at their head, and ordered them to follow him, and, probably recognizing him as the Governor of Hull, they obeyed. But before they had gone more than a few yards, Colonel Boynton, the officer in command at Beverley, met them. He had just heard the startling news from Hull, and he promptly proceeded to arrest the fugitive governor.

Sir John saw one desperate chance and took it; he set spurs to his horse, but, as he was making his dash out of the town, a soldier struck him with the butt of his musket and he was brought to the ground and secured. He was sent to Hull under a strong guard, and then to London, where both he and his son were put in the Tower. On New Year's Day, 1645, Captain Hotham was beheaded on Tower Hill, and on the following day, in the same place, his father suffered the same fate. Thus ended the career of a man who, at a critical time, had done the Parliament cause such a great service; his stern judges considered that the treachery of which he was accused not only outweighed all other considerations but demanded his death into the bargain.

And that officer through whose promptitude at Beverley he was brought to his doom was his own nephew! It is a striking illustration of how this unnatural war sometimes pitted the nearest of relatives and the closest of personal friends against each other.

CHAPTER XXV

THE PENDULUM OF FORTUNE

THIS chapter will chronicle such great changes, each reversing the other, that its title seems to be justified.

At Hull, in the East Riding, the governor had been arrested; at Bradford, in the West Riding, the Fairfaxes were continuing a hopeless struggle. These were the only two places left to the Parliament in the north in July, 1643.

It was under these critical circumstances that a hunted-looking man stole into Bradford with a message from Hull. He brought an invitation to Ferdinand, Lord Fairfax, to come and fill the vacant post of governor. It was accepted at once, and that same night Lord Fairfax with some forces, after a sharp skirmish, got out of Bradford.

Sir Thomas Fairfax, his son, stayed behind in Bradford; but it was hopeless to try to defend the place, so one night soon afterwards he resolved to rejoin his father. But the Royalists had by this time so completely shut in the town that it was almost a forlorn hope to try to get out of it. In the dark of night, with a body of determined companions, he made the attempt. They were discovered and attacked; some were slain; some were taken prisoners; the rest were scattered but got through safely, and Sir Thomas was amongst them.

We must take up their story again just as they are approaching Selby in hope to cross into the East Riding by the ferry—where the bridge stands to-day—over the River Ouse. Old Lord Ferdinand and his few men are actually engaged in crossing; Sir Thomas and his company of about eighty horsemen are a mile or two behind. You will notice, first, that Lord Fairfax has not got far yet on his way to Hull, and second, that those of the company of Sir Thomas who had escaped from Bradford have come together again somehow.

The incidents which now took place were so exciting that, although they happened just over the East Riding

boundary line, they should be described. Besides, they show how Lord Fairfax was able to pass through the East Riding to Hull, while Sir Thomas did not.

Sir Thomas must have been the idol of his men. He was an extremely brave and daring soldier, yet very cool



SIR THOMAS FAIRFAX.

‘Black Tom.’

in time of danger. He accomplished some remarkable feats during the strife in Yorkshire, and found himself frequently in startling situations. Yet he was always modest and unassuming, and in some memoirs which he has written he describes some of his wonderful adventures in a most matter-of-fact way. ‘Black Tom’ and ‘The Rider on the White Horse’ are names by which he was

known to many of those Yorkshire soldiers who trusted and admired him so much. It was only his hair and complexion that gained him the first nickname, for never was there a more humane and God-fearing man.

To Sir Thomas and his company, trotting along a mile or so from Selby, a message comes that his father is about to be attacked by three companies of Royalist horse.

‘I hasted to him’, writes Sir Thomas in his memoirs, ‘with about forty horse, the rest following in some disorder. He was newly got into the boat, when the enemy, with three cornets of horse, entered the town. I was drawn up in the market-place, directly before the street they came down. When they were almost half come into the market-place, they turned on the right hand. With part of my troop, I charged them in the flank and divided them; we had the chase of them down the long street.

‘It happened, at the same time, that those men I left behind [when he hasted off to carry help to his father] were coming up that street; but, being in disorder, and discouraged with the misfortunes of so many days before, they turned about, and gave way, not knowing we were pursuing the enemy in their [the enemy’s] rear.

‘At the end of this street was a narrow lane which led to Cawood. The enemy strove to pass that way; but being narrow, there was a sudden stop, where we were mingled one among another.

‘Here I received a shot in the wrist of my arm, which made the bridle fall out of my hand, and, being among the nerves and veins, suddenly let out such a quantity of blood, that I was ready to fall from my horse; but, taking the reins in the other hand, in which I had my sword, the enemy minding nothing so much as how to get away, I drew myself out of the crowd, and came to our men, who turned about, and seeing me ready to fall from my horse, they laid me on the ground; now, when I was almost senseless, my surgeon came seasonably, and bound up the wound, and stopped the bleeding.

‘After a quarter of an hour’s rest, I got upon horseback again; the other part of horse had beaten the enemy back to Cawood, the same way they came first to us.

‘Thus, by the goodness of God, our passage was made clear; some went over the ferry after my father; I myself, with others, went through the levels to Hull; but it proved a very troublesome passage, being often interrupted by the enemy, sometimes in our front, sometimes in our rear.’

Was ever a tale of derring-do told so plainly? Sir Thomas was no boaster, and you must read between the lines, and think for yourselves, before you can get a true picture of that fight and the part he took in it.

Let us meet him as he arrives in Hull, coming across the Humber from Barton; his father had some time before arrived in safety with his company.

This is how he writes of it: ‘I myself had lost all, even to my shirt, for my clothes were made unfit to wear with rents and blood.’

It is a simple and short description. You must know the man to grasp all it implies.

The Earl of Newcastle was at this time able to write to the king, ‘I account my business in the north almost done.’ Indeed, Hull only was left to the Parliament. But ‘Hull and Plymouth’, says a great historian, ‘saved the Parliament’, and the Fairfaxes essentially contributed to the saving of Hull. His lordship of Newcastle was, before long, to discover his mistake.

The next great event was to be the Royalist attempt to take Hull. It was to be a different siege from the other one, for the Earl of Newcastle had 4,000 horse and 12,000 foot. Stationed directly in his path from York to Hull was Sir Thomas Fairfax with a company at Beverley; once more, you see, he was in the forefront of the strife.

He had a small force of foot-soldiers and a troop of cavalry. There was plenty of time to escape to Hull before Newcastle with his great army reached him, but he had no orders to do so.

Let him tell, himself, how it all happened, and how, although he stopped to the last minute, he saved his men; and read into the simple story something of the skill and courage displayed but not described.

‘Finding we were not able to defend such an open place [Beverley] against an army, I desired orders from

my father to retire back to Hull; but the committee there had more mind of raising money than to take care of the soldiers, and they would not let any orders be given for our retreat; nor was it fit for us to return without order.

‘The enemy marched with his whole army towards us. Retreat, we must not—keep the town, we could not. So to make our retreat more honourable and useful I drew out all the horse and dragoons towards the enemy; and stood drawn up by a wood-side all that night.

‘Next morning by day our scouts and theirs fired on one another. They marched on with their whole body. We stood still till they were come very near us; I then drew off, having given direction before for the foot to march away towards Hull, and thinking to make good the retreat with the horse.

‘The enemy, with a large party, came up in our rear; the lanes being narrow, we made good shift with them, till we got into Beverley and shut the gate, which we had scarce time to do, they being so close to us.

‘The enemy, not knowing what forces we had in the town, stayed till the rest of the army came up, which was about a mile behind. This gave our foot some advantage in their retreat, it being five miles to Hull, and the way on narrow banks.

‘I sent the horse by Cottingham, a more open road, who got well thither; they overtook the foot, and made good their retreat till we got to a little bridge two miles from Hull, where we made a stand; the enemy followed close—our men gave them a good volley of shot, which made them draw back, and they advanced no further.

‘So, leaving a small guard at the bridge, we got safe to Hull.’

The Earl of Newcastle afterwards came up with his army and laid regular siege to the town on Sept. 2, 1643. But it is difficult to see why he should, confidently, have hoped to take the place. To begin with, his men could not get very near to it, because the garrison had opened the water sluices, and by various ‘cuttings’ had ‘drowned the land for two miles about the town’.

Still the highway was above the level of the water, and

along this he ranged his cannon, and fired shots 'at random into the place; and, for the most part, [red-]hot bullets; but, by the diligence of the governor, who caused every inhabitant to watch his own house, the danger [of fire] was prevented'.

There were two other reasons which spoiled the hopes of the Earl of Newcastle. The first was that his men kept deserting; they slipped off home during the nights until his army was most seriously reduced. Then, secondly, the Parliament ships commanded the sea; provisions and men could easily be got into the town, and the cavalry in Hull, which had become useless when the land was laid under water, could be sent over the Humber into Lincolnshire to carry on operations there. At last a very successful sortie of the besieged ended the matter, and the Earl of Newcastle, much dispirited, raised the siege on October 11, 1643, and returned eventually to York. How many of the thousands who visit the Hull Fair, which takes place annually on the 11th of October, are aware that it is held in commemoration of such an historic event as the Royalist failure to take the city?

The tide of fortune had turned, and some months afterwards, in May, 1644, forces from Hull, in company with the Scots and others, were busy at York besieging those who had besieged them. The tables were turned with a vengeance!

The ruin of the Royalist cause at Marston Moor and the downfall of York made the Parliament men masters in the north.

Two typical incidents which took place in the East Riding showed the kind of men into whose hands the land had fallen. One of the pet aversions of the Puritans was music during Divine Service, and in the fine church at Howden there was an organ, unusually beautiful and large, at any rate for those times. A body of their fanatical soldiers one day pulled that organ to pieces; and everything in the church which, in their narrow-mindedness, they thought too fine for a place of worship they either broke or mutilated. An army of savages could not have behaved worse; and when they departed, they carried off the organ pipes and went along

the road blowing them in derision of the discomfited villagers. Some of the finest churches of the East Riding had their furniture and decorations destroyed in this way by misguided men of this type. To such lengths did Puritan views carry the most extreme of the Parliament men.

The other incident is concerned with the destruction of Wressle Castle. It is quite true that there were reasons why the castle might become a dangerous place to Parliament rule, although the Earl of Northumberland was distinctly one of its supporters. Yet, if danger was feared, the castle could have been deprived of its defensive power in some way without totally destroying it as a residence; and, at any rate, the interior fittings might have been spared. But no; the men took no pains to save anything; they adopted the 'reddiest course'; they threw the stones of the battlements inward upon the floors and ceilings, as well as outward upon the ground; they pulled down the chimneys on to the leads of the roof and made holes therein; the whole business seemed to be done not so much to destroy the strength of the castle but in a spirit of wanton destruction of that which was beautiful and magnificent. Fortunately, the earl had sufficient influence to get this sort of thing stopped, and he was permitted to entrust the completion of the dismantling to his own servants.

The Parliament triumph turned out to mean Puritan rule and a life full of petty restrictions and narrow-minded laws and ideas. Cock-fighting, bull-baiting, and bear-baiting were cruel sports, and we cannot be sorry that these were stopped. Drunkenness and swearing and brawling had been far too frequent; now the stocks and prison awaited such offenders. But to *make* men go to church on Sundays was a doubtful policy; to stop all play on that day exasperated men who had no other on which they were free; and to put an end to all dancing and rejoicing round the village maypoles was foolish, if not worse. Some of the Puritans even thought it wrong to laugh. So 'Merrie England' changed for a time into a somewhat doleful country. Holy Trinity Church, Hull, during the period, is said to have been the scene of a

somewhat curious compromise. Two congregations (Presbyterians and Independents) worshipped there, but, as they differed in religious observance, a partition wall was built in the church to separate them.

What the men in the East Riding thought of it all became clear enough when, in 1660, Charles II 'came into his own' again. Its inhabitants went nearly mad with joy. It is very probable that, for some years, they were so delighted at being able to enjoy themselves as they liked again, that they behaved worse than ever before in their lives. Certainly, King Charles II and his court set them a bad enough example. Some of the old Puritan soldiers of Yorkshire were so disgusted that they tried to work up an insurrection to restore the late strictness of life, but they received little support from the rest of the people. Most men were quite out of sympathy with Puritan methods, and they certainly wanted no more fighting just then.

Amidst all the impurity and dishonesty of that wicked court of Charles II, the character of a famous East Riding man shines out unstained. This was Andrew Marvell, probably born, and certainly baptized, at Winestead in 1621. He was educated at that grammar school which Leland noticed on his visit to Hull. The father of Andrew Marvell was head master of that school, and at one time was Vicar of Winestead.

From school, Andrew Marvell proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge, and then he went on a continental tour. These three processes were considered in those days to furnish an ideal education for a young gentleman of means; travelling abroad widened and completed the training obtained at school and university.

Lord Fairfax chose Andrew Marvell as tutor to his daughter Mary; and then Cromwell made him tutor to his nephew. The poet Milton also thought highly of him and recommended him for appointment as Assistant Latin Secretary to Cromwell's Council of State, Milton himself being its Secretary for Foreign Tongues. It was not, however, until the post was vacant for the second time that Andrew Marvell obtained it; and thus he became an official under the Commonwealth government. Yet,

do not think Marvell was opposed to kingly rule. He simply saw no other method of getting order in the kingdom except through the rule of Cromwell.

After Cromwell's death, he became member of Parliament for Hull and represented that town till he died in 1678. We find him at King Charles' court, regarded by everybody in it almost as a miracle of honesty and fearlessness ;



Andr. Marvell

but, naturally, few of them liked him. Lord Danby, that corrupt statesman, feared him ; but Prince Rupert, headstrong and true, was his friend. Charles II, in his easy-going way, respected him. Everybody knew he could be neither bribed nor bullied.

He took his parliamentary duties seriously, and wrote regularly each post to his constituents, telling them what had happened in the House. His letters are amusing, as he made witty comments on what was said

and done. He belonged to no party, but was always on the look-out to promote local interests. He was the last of the old members of Parliament to be paid for his services; he got 2s. per day! We have just revived the practice on a somewhat more generous scale!

He was quite a celebrated writer both of satires and poems. In the former, he held up the conduct and manners of the times to ridicule; he had plenty of material, for never had an English court been so bad. Pepys, who wrote his curious diary during that period, said of one of Andrew Marvell's satires, 'it made my heart ache to read, it being so sharp and true.'

He was so witty that if he wrote against any one he usually made that person appear ridiculous. Injustice and intolerance he specially hated. Parker, Bishop of Oxford, who was a bigot, became quite the laughing-stock of society through a satire of Andrew Marvell's.

As a poet he loved nature. One of his best poems is entitled 'Thoughts in a Garden.' It is included in the *Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics*, and should be read by those further interested in him.

In 1685 James II came to the throne and another change began. He had visited the East Riding a few years previously, and, apparently, many of the inhabitants were not very glad to see him. They knew he was a strict Roman Catholic, and there was a strong opinion in the country against him.

James II was neither so prudent nor so able as his brother, Charles II, had been, though he was certainly much more religious. In fact, these particular differences of character show, to a certain extent, why Charles could go safely and comfortably on through his reign of twenty-five years while James II could not get through four.

The trouble began, so far as the East Riding is concerned, with his interference with the corporations of the towns. Of course the king's aim was to make the country Roman Catholic once more, and to do this as soon as possible. In a most reckless kind of way, considering the feeling of the country, he turned out men with English Church views from official positions and replaced them by men of his own religious opinions. The Judges of Assize, therefore, who

came to Hull in 1686, were Roman Catholics; it was the custom of the sheriff and his officers to accompany them to Divine Service, but, as the place of worship chosen was the Roman Catholic chapel, the sheriff and his men went no farther than the door.

Then James found many towns sending up members to Parliament who were most determined people in opposing his royal will, especially in the direction of his great plan. Quite regardless of consequences, apparently, he punished such towns by turning out of their corporations those men whom he considered were to blame, and putting in their places more submissive people, usually Roman Catholics. In that way the Mayor of Hull and four aldermen were evicted from office.

But the most exasperating of the king's punishments was to send down Roman Catholic soldiers—at any rate their officers were Roman Catholics—to be quartered on a stubborn town. The townsmen were annoyed by their presence, and, to add injury to insult, they had to pay for their board and lodging. Hull, evidently in very bad odour with the king, had to provide quarters and provisions for 1,200 soldiers, and these men were to be fed and kept by those whom they had come to hold in subjection. It was humiliating to the townsmen and dangerous to the king; for it was evident English people would not long put up with such treatment.

On November 5, 1689, rumours became facts; and William, Prince of Orange, landed in Devonshire. James II, knowing how Yorkshire people had come to hate himself, had expected him to land at Hull. In that place, therefore, he had gathered a great garrison of soldiers, and put the town under a Roman Catholic governor, Lord Langdale.

Up to this time, there had been quite a revival of Roman Catholic worship in the East Riding. It was not so much that the Roman Catholics had increased in numbers, but simply that they had become bolder. They had suffered under very severe treatment for many years. During the Puritan times, they hardly dared whisper a word about their religion, and, in Charles II's reign, too, they had to be very careful indeed. No matter

what plot was on foot, or even if there was no plot at all, people blamed the Roman Catholics. Their lives were very precarious ; their liberty was merely a name. Naturally, during the reign of James II they came out into the world again, and worshipped God in their own way, openly and unafraid ; perhaps even, and it is only human nature if they did so, they rejoiced in the faces of the others. Their turn had come, their bondage was past as it were, and, apparently, England was once more to be a Roman Catholic country. So thought James II in his blindness ; and, doubtless, the Roman Catholics of the East Riding may have thought the same.

You may be sure that when the news came to Yorkshire that William of Orange, a Protestant prince, long expected as a deliverer, had at last landed, the Roman Catholics were in sorry plight. Human nature, again, and the particularly intolerant views men had on religion, were responsible for what then happened. Gangs of men damaged the chapels and houses of Roman Catholics and in some cases the Roman Catholics themselves. In certain villages of the East Riding the Roman Catholics were chased out, and they fled to Hull, where the army of James was stationed. Meanwhile, Lord Danby, at the head of the Yorkshire insurrection, had taken possession of York.

Hull soon changed hands, too. The townsmen made their arrangements unmolested ; one cannot help thinking that the soldiers of James II at Hull were either very sleepy or they didn't care much what happened. A night-surprise secured the governor and his officers, and in the morning the guard of the town found they had new masters, and they surrendered quietly.

The East Riding had another spell of rejoicing, doubtless strictly limited this time to those who were not Roman Catholics ; yet including, probably, by far the greater number of its inhabitants.

A tragic little reminder of the Revolution of 1689 exists in St. Mary's Church, Beverley, in the shape of an oval tablet to two young Danish soldiers ; there is a rhymed inscription telling how one was killed in a quarrel by the other, who, later, was executed for his crime. These two

probably belonged to the Danish mercenaries of the Prince of Orange. It is said six or seven thousand of them were landed at Hull, 'all stout, fine men', ready to fight, if need were, in the Protestant cause.

Now, think for a minute of the contents of this chapter from the point of view of its title. The army from York besieges Hull; the army from Hull helps to besiege York. Royalist ascendancy changes to Parliament victory. Puritan laws and strictness are followed by Charles II's reign and looseness. James II's plans and Roman Catholic joy are followed by the coming of William of Orange and Protestant delight. It is a drama of changes!

Similar great changes, of course, coinciding with those affecting the nation at large, took place in the lives of individuals. There is a curious case in point concerning the career of Sir William Constable, a member of the celebrated East Yorkshire family. Before the great Civil War, he opposed the ship tax and Charles I put him in prison; after the war, we find him sitting as one of the judges of Charles I and adding his signature to the warrant for that monarch's execution! Before the Civil War, to pay his debts, he was obliged to sell his estates at Holme-on-Spalding Moor to Sir Marmaduke Langdale; but the latter was a Royalist, so when Parliament gained the upper hand Sir William had the good fortune to see the property he had sold given back to him for nothing! When Charles II's rule replaced that of the Commonwealth, the estates were once more seized by the Royalists, but, as Sir William was dead, this did not trouble him, any more than the senseless desecration of his grave by the king's orders.

CHAPTER XXVI

EVIL AND GOOD OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

In the eighteenth century there were, in the British Dominions, both white slaves and black slaves, most of them labouring on the tobacco and sugar plantations in America. The former had come in dirty, crowded trans-

ports from English prisons ; the latter had been brought, under still worse conditions, from West Africa by slave-traders.

English prisons in those days were much more horrible places than they are to-day, and, sad to relate, many of the people inside them were there only because they could not pay their debts. You can find out more about this in Dickens' *Little Dorrit*, but it is not comfortable reading.

Those who were not debtors, merely, were prisoners because they were accused of some crime. Whether innocent or not, prisoners they remained until the next 'jail-delivery'. If the judges delayed their coming, as they often did, then a prison might become crowded as well as dirty, and fevers would break out. At the best of times, the poor wretches cooped inside were in loathsome plight.

A 'jail-delivery' quickly emptied a prison, and those found guilty had short shrift. Some were hanged, and the public were allowed to see the dreadful spectacle. The last public execution at Hull took place in 1778, but the practice went on at York till much later; in fact, plenty of men living now can remember seeing such a horrible business.

The others found guilty were sold, like so many cattle, to American planters; under a semi-tropical sun, without consideration or comfort, they toiled on through their 'terms' of seven or fourteen years, or, more probably, sank and died.

Before the century ended this practice ceased; we lost our American colonies, and criminals were then sent to the antipodes, where Australia had just been discovered. This seemed to be rather a good plan; for offenders had a chance of reforming themselves, far away from the scene of their crimes, and becoming well-behaved settlers; many of them did so, but others relapsed into 'bush-rangers'. A village on the Wolds produced a family of which nearly all the members broke the law, and, one after another, were sent to Botany Bay. At last the father, left almost alone, purposely qualified for a voyage at government expense to join them!

It was to be a long struggle before the black-slave traffic from Africa was stopped. Many a member of the English Parliament was making a fortune out of it. The 'black' was valuable property where work was to be done under a burning sun, as in our West Indian possessions; and many thought him something less than a human being. So, although the negroes had committed no crimes, public sympathy had to be aroused in their favour, and private interest fought against, before there could be any question of freeing them. The man who championed their cause was an East Riding man, William Wilberforce. His public life was devoted to the work; to his untiring efforts, mainly, the negroes owed the Abolition of the Slave Trade Act of 1807. His family took their name from that little village of Wilberfoss where they had once a residence, but the champion of the slaves was connected most closely with Hull and York. At the former place he was born; he was one of its representatives in Parliament when only just of age, and was one of its aldermen for many years; of the County of York he was a representative in six successive Parliaments.

His native town, by subscription, raised a noble monument to his memory; York, in a similar way, founded a famous School for the Blind, which bears his name; while Westminster Abbey contains his bones amongst those of our nation's illustrious dead.

The latter part of the eighteenth century saw the outbreak of the struggle of Napoleon and France against the rest of Europe. Then followed a period of glorious victories on the sea, with which such towns as Hull were concerned in a peculiar way; for men were constantly wanted for the navy to fill the places of the numerous slain.

When the war first broke out, Hull was obliged to procure 731 men. This is how they set about it. A procession was formed consisting of a boat on a carriage, with six sailors distributing ale and biscuits from it to the populace, and drawn by a company of sailors; a band of music; the boys of the Trinity House School; a large number of sailors with flags. The procession attracted a big crowd, but not many volunteers, and Hull had great difficulty in securing its complement.

Hull was noted for its skilled sailors, but they knew too much about the poor food and the harsh discipline of the navy to be anxious to join it. The ship biscuits were as



WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.

hard as boards, and often maggot-eaten; the salt junk was as tough as leather, smelt bad, and tasted worse. There was, more dreaded than all, the bo'sun's mate with his cat-o'-nine tails: at the slightest murmur, an officer might order you 'two-dozen' on your bare back.

No wonder the Government were driven to employ 'press-gangs' to raid the streets and taverns of seaports after dark! The unlucky wanderer and the tavern tippler shared the same fate. The sailors seized on them, and hustled them down to the docks and into the boat, and away to share the hard life or violent death of a horny-fisted, pig-tailed crew!

In the eighteenth century, whale-fishing began to be a thriving industry for Hull sailors. It is said that Sir Samuel Standidge, a native of Bridlington Quay, but afterwards a famous Hull merchant, was the first to engage in it in 1766; and in that year he sent a ship to Greenland, which captured one whale and four hundred seals. Before this time, sailors used to throw seal-skins overboard and take the oil only! Trunkmakers might buy them at threepence apiece, but no one else wanted them, until Standidge started to have the skins cured properly, when they soon rose to thirteen shillings.

Now, try to picture the feelings of a whaling crew, coming back home after weeks of cold and toil, looking forward to a good time with ample wages to spend, when they see boats of the navy waiting off the Humber mouth for them. Perhaps the 'press-gangs' have had bad luck and have taken an insufficient number of men. In the whaler's crew are just the hardy, skilled, daring sailors the navy captain wants. So the jack-tars scramble nimbly up the sides of the vessel. But what wonder if the whaler's men knock them down again with marlinspikes, belaying-pins, hooks, whale-spears—anything handy, in fact. There were many such encounters for, later in the war, there was usually one king's ship, and sometimes two, regularly moored in the Humber, on purpose to way-lay these whalers; and there was a 'press-gang' of twelve men and two officers in regular 'practice' on the shore.

A whaler, called the *Blenheim*, not only beat off three naval boats' crews, but killed two of their number. The struggle was in daylight, and took place quite close to Hull. Many of the townspeople were excited spectators, and loudly cheered the whaler's men. At last, the crew escaped ashore, where they got a rousing reception. But their captain had to go to York to be tried for murder.

When he was acquitted, his return to Hull was the signal for another great ovation. It was quite evident neither juries nor the nation at large approved of such recruiting methods.

There was one way for a sailor to be fairly safe from the clutches of the 'press-gangs'; and that was to qualify for a certificate from Holy Trinity House, stating that he possessed an amount of skill in seamanship entitling him to be rated above the rank of an ordinary able seaman.

This Holy Trinity House was an institution which should remind us of the early Guilds. Like them, it had its religious side, and, indeed, it seems to have started as a religious brotherhood. It took special care of 'poor mariners', and seems to have been founded in 1369; but there was a Shipman's Guild before that, which did similar work, so perhaps the two were then amalgamated. In the fifteenth century, the Guild of Holy Trinity was keeping up an almshouse for old and poor sailors, just like the Shipman's Guild had done.

In the seventeenth century the Guild of Holy Trinity obtained the ground which had belonged to the White Friars, and the present buildings stand on that same site; but they date only from the middle of the eighteenth century.

The 'Brethren' of the Guild undertook many duties besides that of benevolence. These were chiefly in connexion with the navigation of the Humber. They provided beacons, buoys, and other helps to show vessels how to steer a safe course into the port of Hull.

The Hull Trinity House is well worth a visit. You may still see there the series of small rooms which were once used by disabled, old, or poor sailors. You may trace the evolution in shipbuilding from the models displayed; and you may get quite an object-lesson on the art of whale-fishing.

Attached to it is one of the best navigation schools in the kingdom, and, as if in contrast to this up-to-date excellence, the Brethren, when they hold their meetings in the council chamber, still keep to the old, old custom of strewing its floor with rushes, always supplied from the same locality.

You can see there, too, some most curious relics connected with our great naval victories during the war with Napoleon, in which by the way, two Hothams played a part. They were uncle and nephew; both had the same name—William Hotham; they were descended from that unlucky Sir John Hotham of Stuart times; both became admirals. The uncle, the first Lord Hotham of Dalton Holme (or South Dalton), obtained his title from parliament as a reward for his services when he was in command of the Mediterranean fleet; but he was by no means sufficiently enterprising to please Nelson who served under him. The nephew became admiral after Nelson had sprung into fame, and, for some time, he served under Nelson's immediate orders; he shared in the glory of the victory of Camperdown, and once when widespread mutiny broke out in the British fleet his ship was one of the only two vessels whose crews remained obedient.

When French sailors were taken prisoners they were sent to England and lodged usually in seaport prisons. Hull got its share. These wretched fellows had much leisure time but precious little food, so they made skilful use of the former in order to improve the latter. There were plenty of curious visitors to see them. Some of these had money as well as tender hearts, and the Frenchmen used to make various articles to sell to them. In this way they were able to add to their scanty fare.

One of the things they made is a marvellous model of a full-rigged ship. Its hull and masts have been formed from beef and mutton bones, picked clean at dinner time, and patiently scraped and carved into the required shape later on. The rigging is made from hairs pulled from their own pig-tails; the picture of 'The Dying Nelson at Trafalgar' will show you how sailors looked in those days. The model is 'painted' with lamp-black. The bits of metal for the guns were picked up somewhere. It is a wonderful piece of work, and there it stands to-day, in the Banqueting Room of Holy Trinity House, interesting alike from its clever workmanship and the historic incidents connected with it.

The well-known cavern of Robin Lyth, near Flam-

borough, reminds us of that very prevalent practice in the eighteenth century—smuggling. The high duties charged on certain imported goods tempted men to try to land such goods without paying the charges; and high and low sympathized with them. Bloodshed was a common feature of the conflicts between the ‘free-traders’ (as the smugglers called themselves) and the revenue officers. Many a wild story of smuggling adventure has been founded on such incidents. The tale of *Mary Anerley*, by Blackmore, centres round that ‘free-trading’ hero, Robin Lyth, and his cavern known to us to-day as Robin Lyth’s Hole. The story is well worth reading and should, obviously, be of special interest to people of East Yorkshire.

Smuggled goods were hidden away in all kinds of places, sometimes even in the cellars of the magistrates of the locality! One very stormy night in 1732 the parish clerk of Hornsea was busy storing smuggled articles under the chancel of Hornsea Church, where there was a small crypt; it was an eerie business, and when a greater gust than usual blew the roof off the church, the poor clerk thought his last hour had come; he was seized with such terror that he had a paralytic stroke which left him speechless, and his death followed shortly afterwards.

In the early part of the eighteenth century few people attended Divine Service; many clergymen seemed very indifferent about the matter, and their sermons were usually lifeless. Then it was that certain members of the Church arose and began to preach in fiery words, with many gesticulations; sympathy and zeal shone in their eyes; they appealed to the hearts and feelings of the people. The clergy thought them too noisy and excitable; they, on the other hand, considered the clergy too cold and lazy, and went into fields to preach in their own fashion, since their style was considered unsuitable for the pulpits.

In this way, to put the matter briefly, the ‘Methodist’ movement began, and the brothers John and Charles Wesley, and George Whitefield, were its great leaders. Many of their most successful preachers came from the

humblest ranks of life, and there were two East Riding men of this type who became especially well known for their share in the foundation of the great Wesleyan body of to-day. Thomas Jackson, of Sancton, near Market Weighton, was the son of a farm labourer, yet he displayed such a talent for fluent and impressive speaking that, as an 'itinerant preacher', he could command large audiences in any English town. John Oxtoby, of Bridlington, was another earnest and successful preacher, who is said to have effected a great improvement in the lives of many villagers in the East Riding, and to have turned the fishermen of Filey into better ways, when every one else was afraid to undertake the task.

The 'Methodist' movement not only touched the hearts of the people, but it made the Church of England more alive to their needs, and the two things combined tided our nation over that critical time when Frenchmen were running riot in the crazy excesses of their terrible revolution.

Another religious movement, which began in the latter half of the seventeenth century, has resulted in that important and influential body of Quakers so strongly represented in Yorkshire to-day. George Fox, the Father of the Quakers, visited the East Riding and paid a visit to Cranswick. He had also been to Beverley, where he had entered 'the Steeple House [church] and declared the truth to the priest and people'.

The Quakers met with much undeserved persecution, for theirs was a creed singularly inoffensive, including as it did the desire for peace, almost at any cost, with every one. Perhaps that, as much as their quaint dress, encouraged the mobs to howl and hoot at them.

John Richardson, a shepherd, of North Cave, was one of the earliest members of the 'Society of Friends', as the Quakers called themselves, and he proved well qualified to make converts. He was a fluent speaker and quick-witted; few who interrupted got the better of him; and he had a wide knowledge of the Scriptures as a further advantage. These qualities, added to a very robust frame, made him a valuable itinerant preacher for his creed in the first half of the eighteenth century.

In 1780, the attack by a Hull mob on a Roman Catholic chapel serves to remind us that the age of intolerance had not yet passed; but that local outburst was a small matter compared with those in London going on about the same time, and known as the Gordon Riots. Dickens' *Barnaby Rudge* will tell you in an interesting way all about them.

If we have any desire to try to picture an eighteenth-century town, we must remember that the last hundred years have made a vast difference. Till 1759 Hull had no newspaper, and there were no circulating libraries. Throughout the eighteenth century, there was not a single gas jet in the East Riding. During the greater portion of that century there were neither post-chaises nor mail-coaches; on horseback, with the lady on a pillion behind, was almost the only method of getting from town to town.

But, during the period, many new things were introduced; to the delight, doubtless, of the younger members of English families, puddings began to appear on the table at dinner. Fashionable gentlemen had begun to take snuff; although fiery gentlemen still fought duels. Careful people could buy umbrellas, foolish people could buy grog. You could, for the first time, purchase a piano or a thermometer. Yet vagabonds and other petty offenders could still be seen sitting in the stocks, the target for every idle boy when the beadle in charge was not looking. Grave city aldermen and councillors could still discuss, without seeing any humour in it, the details of a 'ducking-stool' for the punishment of scolding women, as they did in Hull in 1731; and until fairly recently the road from the North Bar at Beverley to Westwood Gate retained the name of Ducking-Stool Lane, to remind us of those old-time associations of the eighteenth century and earlier.

Education, generally speaking, could only be obtained by the children of those who had money to spare. Schools were few, and the majority of the poorer people could neither read nor write. Yet, occasionally, one might find a school at which, through the private benevolence of some deceased person, a certain number of poor children were cared for free; with the special

warning that they were to be taught 'their duty to God and good manners'. The founders of such schools were usually more concerned about fitting the children to earn their own living than anything else. William Bower, for instance, a merchant of Bridlington, in the eighteenth century erected a schoolhouse there for poor children, 'for their maintenance and education in the art of carding,



Photograph by Charles Goulding.

THE STOCKS AT BEVERLEY.

knitting, and spinning of wool'. A slab near the north door of Bridlington Parish Church commemorates the fact.

The most famous paper which has survived from the early eighteenth century was Addison's *Spectator*, a periodical publication, of which the principal feature was a series of 'Sir Roger de Coverley' essays. These essays give a most interesting and amusing picture of eighteenth-century village life. 'Sir Roger' is a landlord who owns a whole village and the surrounding country side. He is interested in the physical, moral, and religious welfare of the villagers. He sees they all go to church. When it is kneeling-time he sometimes stands

up to count them to see if they are all there. If any one is inattentive he admonishes him sharply. If any one falls asleep he sends his servant to wake him up. Yet he sometimes fell asleep himself, for it was the time when sermons were dull.

The period is marked by such landlords, acting as fathers of the villages, as it were. The villagers themselves were comfortable and happy; the squire knew them all and talked to them all; they had everything they wanted but independence; they must do 'as t' squire says'. The Socialist had not yet appeared in such villages, at any rate to stay.

Now one cannot help thinking that if one could have known that Sir Tatton Sykes who flourished during the latter part of the eighteenth century and the first half of the nineteenth, he would have seemed very like Addison's 'Sir Roger de Coverley.' Like him he had a manly, upright, and benevolent nature. He loved hounds, horses, and sport. He took a great interest in agriculture and farming. He was beloved and esteemed by his tenantry and neighbours on the Wolds. For the last forty years of his life he lived at Sledmere, and was always, when not engaged in sport, devoting attention to methods of cultivation, improvement of land and farmsteads, and the housing of the cottagers. He was liberal to his tenants, and to everybody on his estates; the poor and afflicted he always cared for. Of the Church he was an ardent supporter, having rebuilt or restored the churches of Kirkburn, Garton, and Bishop Wilton, and established several schools.

After his death, his friends, his tenantry, and his numerous admirers, subscribed enough money to erect a beautiful monument to his memory of the 'Queen Eleanor' cross type, on an elevated spot of ground between Sledmere and Driffild.

If you read about 'Sir Roger' you will see the likeness. Sir Tatton Sykes must have been dressed like him, too; for, though he lived to be 91 years of age, he kept to the eighteenth-century costume of long frock coat, drab breeches, top-boots, and frilled shirt, which had been the fashion in his young days.

CHAPTER XXVII

CHANGING TO MODERN TIMES

Up to the middle of the eighteenth century, the English were, in the main, engaged in agriculture; not only were they growing enough corn for themselves, but they were actually exporting some to other countries. To-day, we are told, the English nation, without help from outside, could not feed itself for three weeks! Here is a mighty change! It means no less than that an agricultural nation has turned into a manufacturing one.

Briefly put, this peaceful revolution in the industrial life of our country came about in this way. Certain men in England, notably Hargreaves, Arkwright, and Crompton, invented much better machines for weaving cloth than there were elsewhere. Then James Watt discovered the power of steam; and soon England possessed superior machines, worked by something far better than hand, horse, or water-power.

Following on this, the iron for the machines suddenly became cheap, because men found they could smelt it as easily with pit coal as with charcoal.

These great discoveries started Englishmen on the high road towards becoming the best manufacturers in the world. Factories with the new machines and the new power sprang up wherever coal and iron abounded. People flocked to such places, for there work was plentiful and wages were high. Many tillers of the soil became tenders of the factory machines. The family looms, used in the old house-spinning style, gradually dropped out of the competition. Towns which were not near coal or iron fields had done well enough when their inhabitants could spin and weave at home in their primitive way, but now they decayed, and their population dwindled.

The East Riding possesses no stores of coal and iron, and, probably, the great industrial revolution would not affect the occupations of its people very much; and it is likely that only a comparatively small proportion of its inhabitants were previously engaged in weaving. So,

on the whole, its population remained at a standstill, while that of many other parts of the country went up by leaps and bounds. Hull alone profited, for it soon became one of the most important outlets of the new trade.

In another way, the East Riding was considerably affected. Places like Leeds, in the West Riding, were springing up into big towns; while Hedon, that little place in the East Riding, continued just as before, with its one long, narrow, cobble-paved street. Yet Leeds was not represented in Parliament, while Hedon sent up two members! Smaller places too, some with even less than half a dozen electors, did the same!

There arose, naturally, a great outcry throughout the country, and a clamouring for a new distribution of members. The struggle was long; but at last the great Reform Bill of 1832 was passed. Poor Hedon, being 'very sorely decayid', as Leland had said nearly three hundred years before, with many others in a like plight, lost both its members. Hull, its population still increasing, retained its two members with ease, but Beverley, then on the downward grade, must have had great difficulty in doing so.

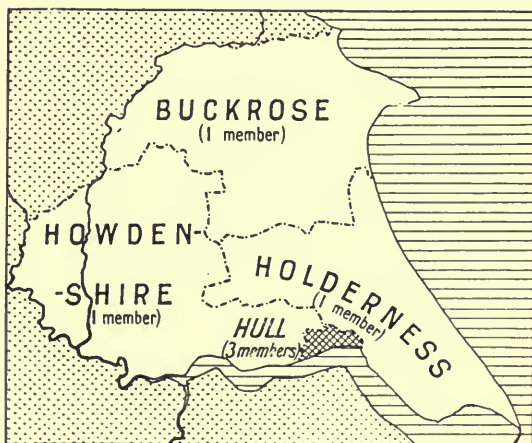
For many years before the great Reform Bill, the six members mentioned had represented Hull, Beverley, and Hedon; in addition, four members used to represent Yorkshire as a whole, but by that Bill one of these was given to the East Riding for itself.

It was a Redistribution Bill in 1885 which left the parliamentary representation of the East Riding just as it is to-day. Beverley lost its two members, but Hull obtained one more; as for the rest of the Riding outside Hull, it was marked out into three divisions, each with a single member. You can see for yourself what this redistribution implied.

An account of an old parliamentary election is weird reading! Take that of 'Eatanswill', for instance, of which Dickens wrote in his immortal *Pickwick Papers*, published in 1836. But perhaps, if you read it, you may be more disgusted than amused. Yet, in the midst of a certain amount of exaggeration, we must accept it as typical of the times.

This is how the affair was managed. A kind of high

platform was raised, called the 'hustings', which was reached by a flight of wooden steps. On that platform, when 'nomination' day came, there stood the high dignitaries of the place, with that important person the town's bellman; in addition were the candidates, who wished to be nominated, with their supporters. Round the 'hustings' was a noisy crowd, chiefly non-voters, by the way; these had been primed with beer and victuals, some sections of them by one candidate and some by another, to yell or hoot at the right moments.



THE PARLIAMENTARY DIVISIONS OF EAST YORKSHIRE.

The proceedings usually opened with a lengthy attempt on the part of the bellman to get a hearing for the mayor, by adding the jangling of his bell to the general pandemonium. By and by, a little lull in the storm gave the mayor a chance to announce that nominations were about to be made; whereupon the chief supporter of one of the candidates stepped to the front and, endeavouring to flatter the noisy mob by addressing them as noble-minded and intelligent electors, made an effort to announce the fact that Mr. X. (let us say) was the most fit and proper person to represent them in Parliament. But immediately he was met by a great storm of booing and hooting on the one hand, and cheering and yelling on the other; while

both sides flung bad eggs¹ and an occasional dead cat. This showed, at any rate, that the sections of the mob were fulfilling their respective duties, but it utterly prevented anybody from hearing a single word of the speaker. As Dickens observed, he might have been singing a comic song, and nobody would have been a bit the wiser.

Then the chief supporter of the other candidate spoke, with a similar result, except that the sections of the mob exchanged choruses.

After that, the mayor put the feeling of the assembly to the test by calling for a show of hands; but it did not matter how many 'hands' were raised in support of Mr. X., nor how much booing fell to the share of Mr. Y.; if there were two candidates for one vacancy, and one of them demanded a 'poll', then a 'poll' there had to be!

A day for polling was fixed, and when it came the proceedings were even more disgraceful than on the day of nominations. All sorts of ruses were tried by each party to keep the supporters of their opponents away from the poll. Dickens did not name the scene of his imaginary election 'Eatanswill' for nothing! Landlords of public-houses were in the pay of one or other of the candidates; gluttony and drunkenness were rife; brawls and broken heads were common on that day.

But, as for the act of polling itself, never was there a system more open to intimidation and corruption; the voters, usually with an escort of hired roughs, fought their way to the steps of the 'hustings' through, it might be, a crowd of similar roughs hired to stop them. Arrived on the platform, in a more or less dishevelled condition, the voters had to call out publicly the name of the candidate for whom they desired to vote.

Is it any wonder that those poor fellows who rose in rebellion in 1838, petitioning for various things which they called the People's Charter, should have put prominently amongst them the demand for 'Voting by Ballot'? But it was not till years afterwards that Parliament by the Ballot Act and the Corrupt Practices Act rendered

¹ A friend tells me that, as late as 1868, he saw, on the occasion of the Windsor Election of that autumn, a notice in a shop—'Election Eggs, forty for a shilling.'

bribery or intimidation of doubtful value and the risk of detection a grave matter.

What changes the grandfathers and the grandmothers in our households must have seen! Why, there is an old lady living now in Howden, in the year 1911, who was born in 1818! In that year, for the first time, a coach



MAP OF EAST YORKSHIRE, SHOWING ITS RAILWAYS AND RAILWAY STATIONS.

The nature of its surface is sufficiently shown by the fact that it was only necessary to make two tunnels, one between Wharram and Burdale and the other between Cave and little Weighton.

began to run through Howden from Leeds to Hull. Look at the traffic between those towns to-day, to say nothing of the towns themselves!

But let us take an ordinary old gentleman, say of eighty years, and briefly survey the chief changes he must have witnessed. As a boy of eight, he would be living in the hey-day of coaching. How he would delight to see the 'four gallant bays' dashing through his village, maybe, and swinging round the corners with a glorious jingling of harness and the merry sound of the horn! But perhaps

he lived in Hull. In that case he may have seen, too, the passengers alighting at the old Cross Keys Hotel, the gentlemen with their high white chokers and the ladies in their huge poke bonnets. And what a hero the coachman was to the little crowd of ostlers and loafers, to be sure! In Washington Irving's *Sketch Book*, in *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, and in many another novel of the times, you can learn more about this coaching period, its glories and, it must be said, its discomforts.

Our old gentleman at nine years of age would probably see his first steam locomotive; for, in 1840, the Hull to Selby railway line was opened. But he would be at least forty years old before he saw a bicycle; and the first one he saw would be, doubtless, a very curious production. Perhaps you may have seen an old picture of one. At first the bicycles had no pedals, and you got along by pushing on the ground first with one foot and then with the other! But look at them to-day!

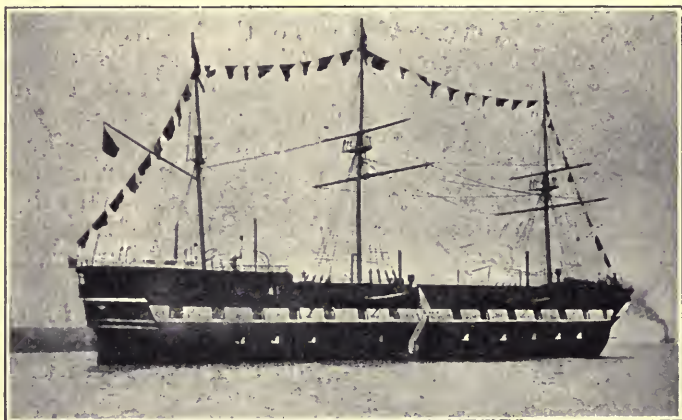
Perhaps in nothing will our old gentleman of eighty have noted such changes as in the means of communication. Locomotives, electric trams, motor cars, flying machines—he will have seen the introduction of all of them into the life of our nation.

He will remember, perhaps, seeing ladies with their powdered hair carried to the theatre in sedan chairs. When he was a young man of twenty-five, the ladies of the time all wore large crinolines. To-day he will notice that certain of the sex have gone to the other extreme, and are wearing the so-called 'hobble' skirts.

He may have a dim recollection, as a boy of six, of borrowing the newspaper for his father from a neighbour, if indeed he was old enough to be trusted with such a valuable article; for an East Yorkshire old lady says that, when she was a girl, newspapers were so heavily taxed that they cost eightpence or more each, and several people used to 'club together' and buy one to pass round! He will probably recollect, as a boy of about ten, posting the first letter he had ever seen with a penny stamp on it.

In the youthful days of our grandfathers, Britain's navy consisted of such men-of-war as that old fifty-gun frigate recently lying in the Humber and doing duty as

a training ship. Our line-of-battle ships were of course much bigger than that, but 3,000 tons was reckoned enormous even for a 'first-rate'. Notice its row of port-holes out of which the muzzles of its cannon used to peep, but which in the picture are serving as windows only. How vastly different is the modern cruiser !



H.M.S. *SOUTHAMPTON*.

When our grandfathers were young scapegraces they could carry on their street larks in comparative safety. Only old, decrepit watchmen guarded (?) the public peace; these had neither strength nor speed; they could only spring their rattles and yell lustily for help which seldom came. But both frisky young men and marauding rascals had to amend their ways when Sir Robert Peel introduced police-constables, whom people promptly nicknamed 'bobbies' or 'peelers'.

Think of surgical operations without chloroform or any other anaesthetic; business without telegrams, telephones, or typewriters; correspondence without post-cards; towns without free schools; cricket and boating in top-hats; and you will get some further ideas of what changes have been crowded into one life's experience.

Could any men of eighty, at any other period throughout the world's history, look back on such mighty changes as the white-haired grandsires of to-day?

CHAPTER XXVIII

'SERMONS IN STONES'

OLD churches themselves can always tell something interesting to those who are able to 'read' them. They contain, usually, more evidences of the handiwork of our forefathers than any other buildings. From generation to generation they were repaired, enlarged, or rebuilt, by men who considered such sacred structures worthy of their best efforts. Other buildings—even the great castles—crumbled out of existence; their preservation was, more or less, a private matter. A guild-hall might last through many ages, for it belonged to the important element of a town's inhabitants; but the care of the churches concerned every one, because, up to the sixteenth century, men were, generally speaking, united in their system of worship. The clergy were all-powerful; their riches were great; generous gifts and legacies to them were numerous.

The earliest Anglo-Saxons set up no stone buildings; they were, indeed, most energetic in pulling down those already in existence. By and by, when they were converted to Christianity, they built little wooden churches like their own rough houses and not very much better. Even York Minster began as a little wooden church of this kind in the reign of the great Edwin of Northumbria.

Perhaps our Anglo-Saxon forefathers in the East Riding owe their first churches of stone to that able and masterful bishop whom we now speak of as St. Wilfred of Ripon. He was born the day after the great battle in which Edwin was killed. At thirty years of age he visited Rome, that city of many fine buildings and noble ruins, the wonder and admiration of all barbarians. Doubtless, he came back full of contempt for Northumbrian ideas and urged the rude Angles to try and set up something better in which to worship God. But, naturally, they built with very little skill at first, though Wilfred probably tried to inspire them with descriptions of what

he had seen ; and, of course, they improved as the years went on.

Is there any structure originally set up by Anglo-Saxon builders that is left to-day in the East Riding?



TYPICAL ‘LONG AND SHORT’ WORK OF ANGLO-SAXON TIMES.

Small portions of such work can certainly be detected in Skipwith Church tower, and examples may perhaps be discovered elsewhere in East Yorkshire as at Wharram-le-Street, for instance, and at other churches possessing parts supposed to be Anglo-Saxon.

Well, one peculiarity they had was to erect their towers with corner stones; these were usually placed flat and upright, alternately, in a style called nowadays ‘long and short’ work. For this and other reasons we conclude that the western tower of Wharram-le-Street Church and the lower part of Skipwith Church tower were built before the Normans came, although exactly how much they have been altered and patched up since, by later

generations, is another question. There is a Saxon arch, too, in Skipwith Church, with curious 'roll' moulding, marking very early attempts at decorating.

Now the Normans were, as we have seen, great monastery and church builders, but their work, done as it was in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, has also, for the most part, passed away, though of course not so com-



SAXON ARCH, SKIPWITH CHURCH.

pletely as that of the Anglo-Saxons. Fortunately, when the rest of a Norman church perished, its archway and doorway often escaped, and there are plenty of instances of this in the East Riding.

In the eleventh century Norman arches and doorways were plain. You can see examples of them in the churches at Kirby Underdale, Speeton, Dunnington, Skirpenbeck, Rudston, and elsewhere. They have all the same semi-circular 'heads' and plain, solid appearance. It looks as if the Early Norman builder was

influenced by his castle-building experiences, and aimed at strength without ornament.

But the Later Norman doorways of the twelfth century are wonderful pieces of work. You can hardly mistake them. They have carved mouldings of, perhaps, three or four different kinds or ‘orders’. Stillingfleet, Riccall, and Bishop Wilton possess fine specimens. It is interesting to examine them closely. There may be an



NORMAN TIMES. DOOR OF STILLINGFLEET CHURCH.

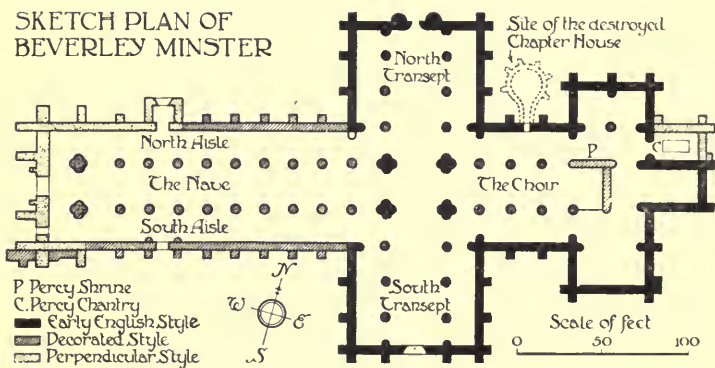
Notice the ship (see p. 63).

‘order’ of zig-zag form, another of grotesque heads, a third with projecting tongues or beaks.

There is a great number of churches in the East Riding with Norman work in them besides those already mentioned, as, for instance, Weaverthorpe, Market Weighton, Etton, Nunburnholme, Great Givendale, Sherburn, Kirkburn, and Skerne. It may add to your interest to try and pick out the work of these Norman builders for yourselves. At first their masons placed a great thickness of mortar between the stones, but, later, their building was finer jointed. You will probably notice this

peculiarity. Then the Early Norman pillars, whether square or round, are so very massive! Perhaps you may see some attempts at moulding on the early work, but it is very shallow and rough, and no wonder, for it was done with axes! But, after a while, the Normans found out the use of chisels, and then they were able to make those elaborate doorways.

Probably the Normans were still thinking about castle-building or, perhaps, it was only of cold draughts, when they made their church windows so narrow. They are like little round-headed doors, which give as much light



as possible, considering how narrow they are, by being made a great deal wider inside than out.

It seems as if the hints for further reading of 'sermons in stones' may well be helped by illustrations from that beautiful edifice, Beverley Minster. Some critics say it is 'the very finest church the country possesses'. It is natural that men of the East Riding should think so; it merits the reverence and admiration of everybody, and is as well worth a journey as in the days of old when pilgrims on horse and on foot flocked to the shrine of St. John.

We are dealing in this chapter only with what we can read in the structure of buildings as they appear now. In Beverley Minster, therefore, we must begin with the fragments remaining from that time when it was, in the year 1188, simply the blackened ruins of a Norman



Photograph by Charles Goulding.

EARLY ENGLISH ARCHES, BEVERLEY MINSTER.

Notice the ‘dog-tooth’ moulding so distinctive of this period.

church destroyed by fire; but even those few stones are curious. They show so plainly that the Norman style of stone-dressing was from corner to corner. You can find one of these stones in the wall in the north aisle of the nave.

It is obvious that Beverley Minster cannot give us, for lack of material, any further information about the style of the Norman period, which is usually said to end about the time that Richard the Lionhearted was fighting in Palestine; but of the succeeding style, that of Early English, it affords magnificent examples. The transepts and choir are almost wholly Early English. You may observe how the masons have changed their way of dressing the stones. These now appear marked all over in tiny grooves, as if the masons used a chisel with a rough, claw-like edge. The windows and arches are lancet-shaped; they have become pointed instead of round-headed. The mouldings have also changed; you will notice 'dog-tooth' carving and a simple ornament introducing a triple leaf.

That curious three-lobed leaf arrangement is interesting. It is imitated from a plant, now called the water avens, which had a great reputation in the Middle Ages. Its leaf with three lobes was thought to typify the Holy Trinity, and, in addition, it was much used in making the herb remedies of the time. People called it *Herba Benedicta* or the Blessed Herb, and old writers used to tell of it, 'where the root is in the house the devil can do nothing and flies from it, wherefore it is blessed above all other herbs.' No wonder, therefore, we find its leaves figuring so often in the ornamentation of churches. Curiously enough, through some error, it is the wood avens which has with us the title '*Herba Benedicta*', evidently stolen somehow from its sister plant.

The East Riding is particularly fortunate in possessing so many examples of the Early English period, which is usually considered to end with the reign of Henry III in 1272. The transepts and choir of Hedon Church belong to that period, and also the greater part of the nave of Bridlington Church, while some of the smaller village churches, such as Sigglesthorne and Filey, belong almost wholly to it. But, instead of giving the reader a list of such churches, it is better, and it certainly should be more interesting, for him to find out, from the hints given, what he can for himself in the churches of his locality or those which he has the opportunity of visiting.

The Early English period of architecture was followed by the period of the Decorated style, which lasted through-



Photograph by Charles Goulding.

DECORATED WINDOW, BEVERLEY MINSTER.

out the reigns of the three Edwards. The name plainly shows something of what we may expect. Notice, in particular, the heads of the windows of this style; they have graceful curved tracings. How different from the

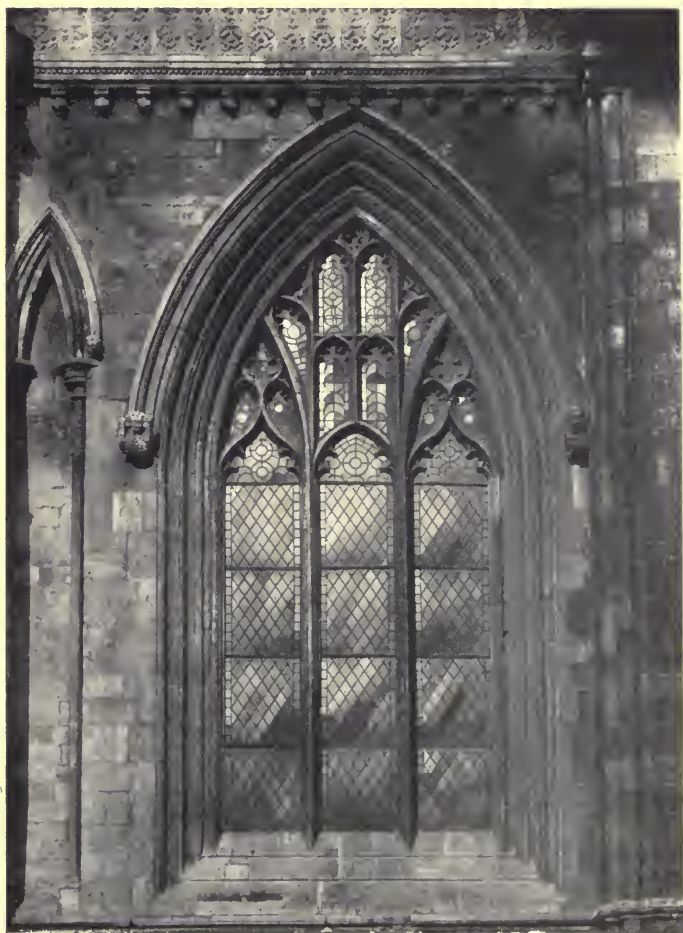
plain, pointed, Early English windows! Everything belonging to the Decorated period is elaborate; the intricate ornament is specially a marked feature, while the stone-dressings have become perfectly smooth.

Holy Trinity Church, Hull, contains many examples of this period; the builders there used much brick instead of stone, and the result is that we have in that church the most important example of fourteenth-century brickwork anywhere remaining in England. The Churches of Patrington and Bainton almost wholly belong to this period, and you may easily find examples of Decorated work in the chancels of many other East Riding churches, such as Skipwith, Rudstone, Langtoft, Sutton, and Lockington.

It should hardly be necessary to caution the reader that it would be ridiculous to conclude that in the year 1272, say, people ceased to build churches in the Early English style and suddenly commenced to build in the Decorated style. The 'Transition' from one to the other was not, of course, like that at all, and particularly it was a slow process with the Decorated period and the so-called Perpendicular period which succeeded it.

Signs of this last great change in style began to appear in the middle of the fourteenth century, and if you can visit St. Mary's Church, Beverley, you will see that the west front has the characteristics of both periods. The Perpendicular style, again, hints in its name at what you may expect to notice. Look at the window in the illustration, for instance, and note the number of vertical portions in the tracery. Skirlaugh Chapel and Paull Church were built in the Perpendicular period, and there are many East Riding church-towers in that style, such as those of Howden, Hedon, Holy Trinity (Hull), and other churches, while the twin west towers of Beverley Minster afford an exceptionally fine illustration.

Then we gradually approach comparatively modern times. The Perpendicular style was the last of the styles of so-called Gothic architecture, while the Early English was the first. The name Gothic was originally a term of reproach, for the Goths were those Teutonic 'barbarians' who took their turn in overrunning the Roman Empire



Photograph by Charles Goulding.

PERPENDICULAR PERIOD. WINDOW, BEVERLEY MINSTER.

and capturing its capital. The style, as we have seen, was introduced into England about the end of the twelfth century, and at that time nothing which did not spring from Roman sources was considered worthy of imitation:

and thus the newly invented way of building received an unkind nickname. The learned scholars of those days would have made everybody talk in Latin if they could !

It adds considerably to the interest which we should take in our old churches if we can do something more than wander aimlessly round them, vaguely admiring and wondering. If we know even the little which this chapter tells us about the main characteristics of each period of architecture, the stones of the sacred buildings will be able, of themselves, to excite a little more definite attention.

There is every reason, if indeed any excuse were needed, for giving churches an important place in the history of East Yorkshire ; we can have little conception of the important part they played in the lives of the people in the Middle Ages if we deny them that right. The coloured pictures which used to be on their walls, and the figures and images with which they were once so profusely adorned, served as their only ' books ' to poor people who could not read a word. To the churches the villagers ran in times of danger ; in them they often stored their precious harvests of grain ; in the churchyards grew the sacred yews from which they fashioned their bows ; only there, indeed, were trees safe when the bitter cold of winter found the people short of logs. In their church the villagers kept that long pole, with a great hook at the end, with which they pulled down any of their little shanties that had caught fire to the danger of the rest. There each villager had been baptized, entering into the church by the south door, while the north door was left open so that the devil might flee through it when the rite was completed. To the same holy building they were each of them taken when dead ; carried in through the north door, and down the church after the burial service, the corpse was borne out through the south door to its final rest ; people liked to know that the sun would be able to shine on their graves, and so the cemetery was always on the south side of the church.

Then, what numerous little things we may notice about churches, which give us peeps into the thoughts and ways of generations long gone by. You see, for instance, traces of staples on Norman fonts, showing how

the people were determined to keep the devil from tampering with the holy water. You find that little



Photograph by Charles Gouling.

PERPENDICULAR PERIOD. WEST FRONT, BEVERLEY MINSTER.

chapels, called chantries, have been built to certain churches to contain the body of some great man; each chantry had its slab above the tomb to serve as an altar, and its little sink or drain in the wall, where the cup

might be washed, after the daily mass for the repose of the soul had been sung; but these do not necessarily remain to-day. There is a chantry at the Church of Hemingbrough, and one, as we have seen, in Beverley Minster, and there are others in East Yorkshire.

Then consider the light shed on our history by the numerous effigies and brasses in our churches, although, of course, the 'brasses' are 'stones' only in the sense of our chapter-heading. They tell us of great families which have lived in the neighbourhood, sometimes the name and date only of an individual, but in certain instances something of his deeds too. If we have any interest in history we should leave none of these things unexamined. Knights in chain armour, and in plate armour with gorgets of mail, are numerous. Granted a general knowledge of our locality, we can indulge in little flights of fancy about each of them. There are fourteen churches in East Yorkshire with 'brasses'—those 'flat memorials' of the departed; the most interesting of them are to be found in the Churches of Bainton, Beeford, Bishop Burton, Brandesburton, Cottingham, Harpham, and Winestead. There are seventeen of our churches containing old 'brasses' with inscriptions; those of Flamborough, Londesborough, and Winestead are specially worth visiting; in most cases, unfortunately, only antiquarians can make out the inscriptions fully. But the figures in particular should interest every one, and if you can ascertain no more about each than its probable date, you will have a useful point round which to build your observation and fancy. No fewer than thirty-three churches in East Yorkshire have figures representing men or women who lived before the 'Reformation'; these, somehow, escaped the zealous Puritans, and they furnish a most interesting field for the study of local history. Twenty-three of these figures are knights; six are priests; and nineteen are women. The figure at Thorpe Bassett only is in civilian costume, a fact which should tell you something of the lives of those men of old; one at Eastrington, representing John Portington, is half in plate armour and half in judicial robes. Swine Church contains a

wonderful collection of seven figures; Howden Church contains four; the Churches of Aldbrough, Burton Agnes, Eastrington, Lowthorpe, Lund, Nunkeeling, and Skerne, contain two each; there are also two in the churchyard at Garton-on-the-Wolds, and two in a similarly unsheltered position at Nafferton.

In fourteen churches in East Yorkshire, there is a little low window, through which you can easily see into the chancel from the churchyard. Why were they so built? No historian has yet satisfied the others on that point. Some say they were for those poor, diseased persons, such as lepers, who could thus follow the service while standing or kneeling outside the church; they could indeed, as they knelt, receive the Holy Sacrament through such a window, because it was never glazed, but had only a grating and a shutter. Certain historians say that for these ‘low-side’ windows in an outside wall, the purpose is not yet known. However, some have hazarded a plausible solution; they suggest that the ‘leper squints’¹ were used by those with disease of some sort, in a mild form; while those more severely afflicted were compelled either to keep away from the church altogether, or use the ‘low-side’ windows.

‘Stones’ can, obviously, preach us many puzzling as well as interesting ‘sermons’.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE RATEPAYERS OF EAST YORKSHIRE

IT is sometimes said that there are certain persons who care for little beyond that which ‘touches their pockets’. Here then, at last, is a chapter which should interest them. Considered from one point of view, it concerns money which they have to hand over to other people to spend for them.

Yet this is only partly true; for it is an acknowledged principle, throughout the British Dominions, that those who have to pay money should have some voice in saying what should be done with it; and every one in

¹ See Page 143.

East Yorkshire who pays rates has a share in electing those people who will control the spending of them. Incidentally, we may notice that the old 'fee-farm rent' paid to the king is now replaced by taxes levied by Parliament and payable to the Chancellor of the Exchequer; while the old tolls and local assessments levied by corporations at odd times are now replaced by 'rates', payable to local authorities of different kinds.

At regular intervals during the year, nowadays, a 'demand note' comes to each ratepayer informing him how much the local authorities require him to pay; the higher the rent of the house he lives in the more is demanded from him. Let us, for the time being, adopt the rôle of ratepayers with an inquiring turn of mind, naturally desirous to know who the local authorities are that can thus demand our money, and for what they want it.

Placed first on every 'demand note' amongst the 'purposes' for which money is required is 'The Poor'. Since the downfall of the manor-system and the dissolution of the monasteries the poor have always been with us, as persons for whom something had to be done; and, from the time of Queen Elizabeth, the question has been a troublesome one. The first poor-laws ordered that each parish had to maintain its own poor, and that the churchwardens were to see to it in the best way they could. There were numbers of vagabonds about, plenty of them able to work but not anxious to do so. Such fellows as these were to be *compelled* to work, and to be whipped and sent to prison if they made any to-do about it; and the prisons were usually provided with some means of giving them employment.

But, of course, seeing the matter was left to each individual parish, there grew up considerable differences in treatment. In some parishes vagabonds of a worthless type got their strict deserts; and did not like it. In others, perhaps, the people were richer or had more tender hearts, and there, naturally, the beggars flocked in overwhelming numbers. As a consequence, in the reign of Charles II the poor were made to seek help only in the parishes where they had been born; and in this way

they were kept from picking and choosing where they would go.

A little later, the towns found they would have to make more preparations for those beggars who could work, in order to be in a position to make them do so; and thus *work-houses* came to be built. Every able-bodied pauper had to go into one, and do a certain amount of work for his food. This was satisfactory enough, providing there was room in the workhouses for them.

Then came the long wars of the French Revolution. Many men were out of employment, and the workhouses were overcrowded.

The nation felt obliged to give help to able-bodied paupers living away from a workhouse, and this turned out to be a very great mistake; many tenants found that their contributions towards the feeding of the poor came to more than their rents! The fact was that a pauper had an easier time than many a man trying to earn his own living!

The maintenance of these poor was such a burden that parishes were in difficulty all over the country; some groups of parishes, which had formed themselves into Unions, were no better off, although they were trying quite a variety of methods to solve the problem of what to do with their poor.

At last, in 1834, Parliament appointed a Poor Law Board; that is to say, the question of the poor became the business of a Department of the Government, and a system was prescribed which all the Unions and parishes had to adopt. Able-bodied paupers had again to go into the workhouses or they got no relief; and more workhouses were built. That improved matters; first, because many persons considered it a great disgrace to go into a workhouse, although they were ready enough to accept help and live at home; and secondly, because paupers inside those workhouses did not have an easy time when they got there.

Now we have not, even to-day, very greatly improved matters; our system is not very different. We still have those groups of parishes, for poor-law purposes, called

Unions; there are ten such Unions in the East Riding. Each Union has a body of men called the Board of Guardians, elected by the ratepayers, to control every thing within that Union connected with the spending of public money on the poor. They have many officials under their control, connected with their workhouses, infirmaries, and so on; overseers assess the rate for them according to the amount of money required by the Boards of Guardians for their own and any other expenses connected with their work. These Boards of Guardians usually appoint assessment committees, who assess the gross and rateable value of all properties in their Unions; and these assessments form the basis of the valuation of the whole of the properties for rating and other purposes. Thus it comes about that it is settled how each person must be rated at so much in the pound. The relieving officers of the guardians, too, visit cases in their districts to see who should have relief, and how much, and in what way.

All the efforts of modern statesmen and others have failed, so far, to get rid of the paupers amongst our countrymen. Our workhouses are still full, and the poor rate remains a large item on all our 'demand notes'. But let us hope that Old Age Pensions and the Insurance Act will cause an improvement presently.

There are so many divisions into which the East Riding is marked out that it will be unwise to try to describe all of them. We have already seen, for instance, that it is divided into ten Unions for poor rate purposes, and there are many others into which it is mapped out by the Church, the Parliament, and the Law. It is the second system of divisions which concerns ratepayers, and perhaps we had better confine ourselves to this at present, and just so far as it concerns local government.

To begin with, then, East Yorkshire for rating purposes, so far as concerns the rest of the charges on the 'demand note', consists of two great divisions, the County of the East Riding and the County of Hull; each is entirely independent of the other in this respect. The East Riding ratepayers, therefore, with whom we are concerned in the remainder of this chapter, do not include those of

the County of Hull. Until we came to this question of ratepaying we might have regarded East Yorkshire and the East Riding as one and the same division, but to-day East Yorkshire is made up of the East Riding *and* Hull.

The County of the East Riding is a rating division as a whole, but within its area there are certain rating subdivisions consisting of boroughs, townships or parishes, urban districts and rural districts; and every East Riding ratepayer must pay contributions accordingly.

For the whole Riding, the ruling body is called the East Riding County Council. This council meets at Beverley in the Council Chamber of the County Buildings. It consists of a Chairman, County Aldermen (who make up one-fourth of the number on the Council), and County Councillors. Its chief officials are its clerk and treasurer; they and its other officials have offices in the County Buildings at Beverley.

Now all the rating subdivisions have councils of one sort or another, and each one is concerned with the work of its own locality. What then does the East Riding *County* Council do?—for its district includes all the others. Well, you must try to think of public affairs of a more general nature than those of the lesser divisions. Whatever matters concern the whole Riding, rather than any special locality of it, are included in them. The main roads through the Riding and the more important bridges; county laws relating to rivers, fish, birds, animals; these concern all the Riding but are the special concern of no part of it in particular. Such institutions, for instance, as the East Riding Lunatic Asylum in Walkington Parish near Beverley, and St. William's Training School, not far from Market Weighton, do not exist merely for the little district in which they are situated. Charges for education, too, must be equally distributed over the Riding, where localities cannot undertake the burden themselves, or where an institution is meant to serve more than strictly local needs. And so we come to the second charge on the 'demand note', which is entitled 'County Contributions'. Every 'demand note' in the East Riding contains it.

The titles of the third and fourth items on the 'demand note' will depend on where the ratepayer lives; for they

are payments demanded by an authority more local than that of the county, and for expenses which are incurred from time to time, in his own particular district, for things exclusively connected with its inhabitants.

If he lives in Beverley, Bridlington, or Hedon, then he is in a borough; if he lives elsewhere in the East Riding he will belong to one of the three hundred and forty townships or parishes; and in any case he will be in an urban or rural district according as he lives in town or country. Thus he will have to pay a rate levied by a Borough, Township or Parish Council, and one levied by an Urban or Rural District Council.

The Borough Councils are such important bodies, and have the power to demand from ratepayers such large sums of money, that some further reference should be made to their origin and history.

The towns called boroughs are so named because, at some period of their history, their inhabitants have been 'incorporated by charter'. A town is usually said to become incorporated when the reigning sovereign, by charter or by Act of Parliament, grants privileges to the inhabitants as a body; and it is in virtue of its charter that a town has, within the limits of the charter's power, the right to govern itself. Hedon, Beverley, and Bridlington are all in proud possession of such charters.

In the Middle Ages, the officials of the guilds used to rule a town very much to their own advantage. Even when the guilds lost their power, the town was still so greatly under their influence that practically they alone chose the members of the town's ruling body. Naturally, as the towns began to fill up with many inhabitants who were not 'freemen', the system was most unsatisfactory. The privileged classes of each town with a charter just pleased themselves how they managed public affairs, and what exactly became of the money collected no one outside the ruling body knew.

This state of affairs was ended in 1835 by an Act of Parliament called the Municipal Corporation Act. All boroughs were made to elect the members of their council in the same way. The elections were put on a basis of fairness to every one, whether freemen or not. The

councillors were to be elected by the ratepayers, the aldermen were to be elected by the councillors, and, finally, a mayor, their chairman, was to be elected by aldermen and councillors. Thus every Borough Council was to consist of a mayor, aldermen, and councillors; and the aldermen must not be more than a quarter of the number on the council. 'Alderman', by the way, is that same old Saxon title which had, before the Norman Conquest, a very high dignity. Half the aldermen must retire every third year and submit to election, while one-third of the councillors must, for the same purpose, retire each year. By this Act, therefore, a mayor holds office for one year, an alderman for six, and a councillor for three years.

Thus the government of the boroughs was settled, and their inhabitants, within certain wide limits, managed their own affairs, all on the same plan. Naturally, there is a great number of duties and functions belonging to a Borough Council, and it would be impossible for the council as a body to discharge them all. Consequently, it makes special arrangements to deal with them. It divides itself into committees, each of which concerns itself more particularly with some special branch of the affairs of the borough. There are numerous committees of this kind, and by such division of labour the council is enabled more easily to get through the enormous amount of work which the government of a borough entails. There is the Education Committee, whose work is well known; there is the Watch Committee which, through the police, looks to the conduct and safety of the borough. Others, equally important in their own way, deal with the health of the inhabitants, and with the paving, lighting, draining, and cleansing of the borough. Then there are also the markets, the Corporation properties, the free libraries, and the finances, to each of which the attention of a special committee is devoted. The Council of the County, too, controls things concerning it in a similar way.

In order that a Borough Council may always have at hand an adviser whom they may consult on the legal aspect of a question, a town clerk is appointed. It

is through him that the resolutions of the council are carried into effect, and he acts as secretary at their meetings. He transmits their orders and wishes to the various departments, so that he may be called their general executive officer. Some idea of the number of the departments necessary for dealing with the many different aspects of public town life may be gathered from the work of the committees to which reference has been made. Each of these departments has its own special staff of head and assistant officials, so that the number in the employ of a Borough Council becomes very great.

Up to 1888, the boroughs were the only places where people really managed their own local affairs, but in that year the counties obtained the same privilege and became possessed of councils very much like those of the boroughs, elected on a similar plan; but, of course, they had no mayors.

You notice that the idea of leaving the management of local affairs to local people was gaining ground, and in 1892, by the Parish Councils Act, three hundred and forty little districts in the East Riding, comprising every part of it outside its three boroughs, obtained a similar privilege. Thus it is we have those rating subdivisions—boroughs, townships, and parishes—included in the greater division of the county.

Here you must understand that a 'parish' for the purpose of rating is by no means necessarily the same as 'parish' used in connexion with a church. Sometimes a parliamentary or civil parish will contain several church or ecclesiastical parishes, as in the case of the 'Parish of Hull', a term often used for rating purposes. But, on the other hand, the ecclesiastical parish of Howden is so enormous that it contains several civil parishes.

Each township and civil parish has its own local council, sometimes called a Parish Council, sometimes a Town Council, and sometimes either term may be used; but on such councils there is neither mayor nor aldermen.

You may judge what a stir the new Act under which Parish Councils originated would make in every locality which it affected! It set the inhabitants talking about

what their district wanted. Who was to be on the new Parish Council? What was to be done first? Various schemes were eagerly discussed. But it was a safe thing to leave the hard-headed Yorkshiremen in charge of the public expenditure of their own locality; for had not the money to come out of their own pockets? An additional safeguard, too, was provided by Parliament; a department or central government called the Local Government Board was instituted, whose main business is to keep an eye on all the councils to see that they do not enter upon anything rash, nor overstep the limits of their power, and incidentally, from time to time, to send down some one to take a keen look into their money affairs.

It is clear, then, that the third item on your 'demand note' will be either 'Borough Rate' or 'Expenses of Parish or Town Council'.

There is yet another contribution to be made by the ratepayer after he has paid his poor rate, his contribution to the county, and that to the borough, the township, or the Parish, as the case may be. There are the District Councils still to be reckoned with, which, under the names of Urban District and Rural District Councils, map out town and country localities for the purpose of seeing specially to such things as sanitary arrangements and water supply; and, of course, to defray the cost of their undertakings, the ratepayer must again contribute in accordance with that formidable 'demand note'.

But, periodically, the chance of the ratepayer comes! Those people who have been spending his money must give an account of their stewardship! They know that well enough, and, if they are seeking re-election, they will try to persuade him that they have always advocated a wise and careful expenditure. But it is the ratepayer's duty, and it is certainly to his advantage, to be able to form an opinion on that point for himself. If he has taken a proper interest in the affairs of his locality, he will know whether there has been any needless expense or waste, and who has been to blame for it.

Obviously we all belong nowadays to self-governing communities; we choose the members of the councils

which make our local regulations and spend our money. If they displease us, we can elect others, and it is our own fault if we do not elect wisely. We do not deserve the great privilege of being permitted to rule ourselves if we do not take a warm and intelligent interest in matters of public concern ; we are certainly foolish if we do not choose those men carefully who are to administer public affairs and, incidentally, to make such levies on our purses ; and it certainly is a reflection on ourselves if we have to grumble at the way things are managed, seeing that the people who have them in hand are the very men we ourselves selected.

CHAPTER XXX

A GREAT MODERN CITY

WE have seen how far the inhabitants of East Yorkshire, in common with the rest of the nation, have progressed on the road to freedom. As much as was possible of the struggle has been traced through periods of persecution, tyranny, civil war, and revolution, in so far as these concerned East Yorkshire ; and so we have arrived at a point at which freedom to manage their own affairs extends even to the smallest village communities. We now worship, think, speak, and act as we choose, so long as we do not violate laws and regulations which we have made ourselves, through our own elected representatives.

Side by side with a chronicle of that main struggle we have traced the advancement in the lives of the people making it, always, of course, from our local standpoint ; we have taken peeps at their institutions, their industries, their joys, their sorrows, and their modes of living and thinking, as they existed in turn, at various successive points, through the everchanging pageant of history.

There remains only to take the final historical snapshots, namely, those of present-day life ; and it seems as if we could not do better than select them from Hull, the

great city in East Yorkshire, and the third port in the kingdom. There we shall find the most striking features of local government and of modern conditions of life.

Hull, as we have seen, is a very ancient borough, and its inhabitants became a corporation over six hundred years ago. It has, more recently, acquired further cause for congratulation: it has become a 'city'. This title is usually reserved for those boroughs which possess cathedrals or have large populations. Hull, with its three hundred thousand inhabitants and its Church of Holy Trinity, long regarded as the largest parish church in England, well deserves this additional honour. Finally, it is a county in itself.

We may, perhaps, most fittingly begin with the Town Hall of the city, the centre of the civic administration; this is a fine building, covering a large extent of ground, and fronting Alfred Gelder Street and Lowgate. Here, in the Council Chamber, the local Parliament, as we may call it, holds its meetings, and deliberates on most things pertaining to the welfare of the city.

The Hull City Council is composed of forty-eight councillors, who are elected by the ratepayers of the sixteen wards into which the city is divided; sixteen aldermen, who are chosen by the rest of the council; and the mayor, who is elected by and presides over the whole body.

The council divides itself into a number of committees, each of which takes charge of some particular portion of the administration of the city. A marked feature is the tendency to spend more and more on the physical and mental needs of the citizens.

The health of the community is, of course, of vital importance. The Sanitary Committee see to this, and it is the duty of the members composing it to use all possible means to prevent the spread of disease. In connexion with this committee there is a refuse destructor and disinfecting station, and there are also three hospitals for infectious diseases, where scarlet-fever, diphtheria, typhoid fever, and small-pox can be treated each in a separate block of buildings. Another body, called the Port Sanitary Authority, has the difficult task of preventing

disease being brought into the city by ships coming into the port.

Cleanliness of person and suitable physical exercise will help to keep the great community healthy. To encourage these, the council has provided three sets of fine public baths, in addition to a large open-air swimming bath. There is also a municipal gymnasium open during the winter months.

Great care is taken by the council, too, that the citizens shall live amid clean and healthy surroundings. To the Works Committee is given, amongst other important duties, the task of cleansing and lighting the streets, and of carrying out the drainage of the city, the wide extent and extreme flatness of which makes this latter a work of much difficulty. Another Committee of the Council has charge of four fine public parks, of the cemeteries, and of the Municipal Crematorium—the first in the kingdom erected by local authorities.

The council sees that there is a good and abundant supply of water. This is a great task; for the trade and private consumption by such a city as Hull is enormous—amounting to nearly twelve million gallons a day. A special committee watches over the matter, and the community is amply provided for in this respect; pumping stations have been built some miles outside the city, and at these places deep wells have been sunk which are fed by long adits or tunnels running from them far into the chalk.

On the mental training of the citizens the council spends much money through its Education Committee. Both secondary and technical education are liberally assisted, while there are numerous 'free' schools wholly supported out of the rates.

Another important tendency of the times is also capable of excellent illustration from the action of the Hull Corporation. This is the desire which councils are now displaying to get under their control, as owners, those important undertakings which supply the community at large with some necessity. Thus the Hull Corporation, in addition to supplying the whole city with water and part of it with gas, provides electricity for lighting or power,

owns and works the tramways, and, until recently, one of the telephone systems.

The Central Police Station in Alfred Gelder Street is the modern emblem of a system which has replaced that



Photograph by Thos. Moorby.

HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, HULL.

of the old decrepit watchmen of early Victorian times ; while the new Law Courts, an extension of the Town Hall Buildings, remind us how much money we spend on settling our quarrels nowadays.

That great block of buildings, the New Post Office, in Lowgate, gives us some idea of the work of managing the

correspondence of a great modern city. Its site is well chosen, for the Town Hall, the Law Courts, the headquarters of the Police, and the offices of most of the city merchants are not far away.

The management of the Post Office is, perhaps wisely, never entrusted to any local bodies, but is wholly in the hands of the King's Government.

Another marked feature of modern times must be, obviously, the large number of persons in the employ of the local councils. In Hull alone there are over five thousand; for there is a clerical staff attached to each department of municipal work, and, in addition, a crowd of outside employees.

When we come to talk of the trade of Hull we are faced by a vast field of industry and commerce which is ever growing; its 'inward and outward' tonnage has increased nearly sixfold in fifty years.

Stand on Victoria Pier, that seaward chord of a circle of docks stretching from one end of it round and back again to the other end—Humber Dock, Prince's Dock, Queen's Dock, and the River Hull; from the ends of that great curve which they form, there run, eastward and westward along the bank of the Humber, lines of larger and more modern docks, made necessary by the increasing trade and the continued growth in the size of the steamships visiting the port. From your point of vantage on the pier, you will get a good view of the broad expanse of the splendid estuary, while before you will constantly pass craft of every type taking their part in the everchanging drama of the port life of Hull.

The incoming vessels may be carrying wheat from America, India, and Russia, much of it to be ground into flour in the great mills on the banks of the River Hull; others are bringing oil-seeds (chiefly cotton seed and linseed) for the seed-crushing mills, which give employment to hundreds of workmen in the city. One part of the Old Town is devoted chiefly to the trade in fruit, and large consignments arrive daily from across the sea to be sent off again by rail to all parts of the country. Huge stacks of timber, visible in many places along the docks, come from the Baltic; while raw material for manufac-

turers, in the shape of cotton, wool, metal and metal ores, arrive from all quarters of the globe.

The rich English coalfields, the cotton towns of Lancashire, the woollen towns of the West Riding, the iron and steel works of such centres as Sheffield, remind us how the cargoes of outgoing vessels may be made up; Hull is their great outlet for the East.

Then there are the hundreds of steam trawlers; some



Photograph by Illingworth & Co., London.

A HULL PORT SCENE.

How many different types of craft can you distinguish?

go as far as Iceland for their fishing; their catches not only supply the markets of Hull but those of many an inland town.

Our survey of this great modern port reveals, also, many illustrations of the inventive genius of the times; the marvels of the hydraulic hoist, such as the one at St. Andrew's Dock Extension; the double coal-hoists at the Alexandra Docks; the gigantic cranes which can lift and swing railway carriages; the dry docks for repairing the largest

vessels and floating them out again when completed. Every modern town furnishes us with its own particular examples of the labour-saving devices, of the intricate machinery, and of the keen competition, which mark the commercial and industrial life of the present age.

As a final comment on present-day life, may we say that there is, amongst us, a great desire for pleasure in itself? Look at the crowds which seek excitement in Music Halls and Cinematograph Entertainments, not just occasionally but as a regular habit. Look at the numbers who watch football matches instead of seeking some way in which they may themselves 'play the game'. Is not the tendency to sit or stand passively and expect to be interested or amused another feature of the present age? If it be so, then it is a bad sign. Will that modern movement, the Boy Scouts, bring about a change of outlook? Can our schools do more to shape a higher ideal in the minds of the rising generation?

Life has still many problems, and there are still many difficulties for ourselves and future generations to attempt to solve with the help of past experience, whether from our own lives or in those of our forefathers. We are still reaching forward to an ideal state; let us carefully study the history of what is past that we may avoid the errors of the past.

HISTORY TALES RECOMMENDED TO THE READER

<i>Book, author, and publisher.</i>	<i>Period dealt with.</i>
<i>Builders of the Waste.</i> Thorpe Forest. Duckworth & Co.	Britons and Angles in York- shire.
<i>The Son of Ella.</i> Gertrude Hollis. S.P.C.K.	Conversion of Northumbria.
<i>A Scholar of Lindisfarne.</i> Gertrude Hollis. S.P.C.K.	Time of St. Aidan.
<i>Harold the Norseman.</i> F. Wishaw. Nelson & Sons.	Battle of Stamford Bridge.
<i>The Black Arrow.</i> R. L. Stevenson. Cassell & Co.	Wars of the Roses.
<i>Robert Aske.</i> Eliza F. Pollard. Par- tridge & Co.	Henry VIII.
<i>The Siege of York.</i> Beatrice Marshall. Seeley & Co.	Charles I.

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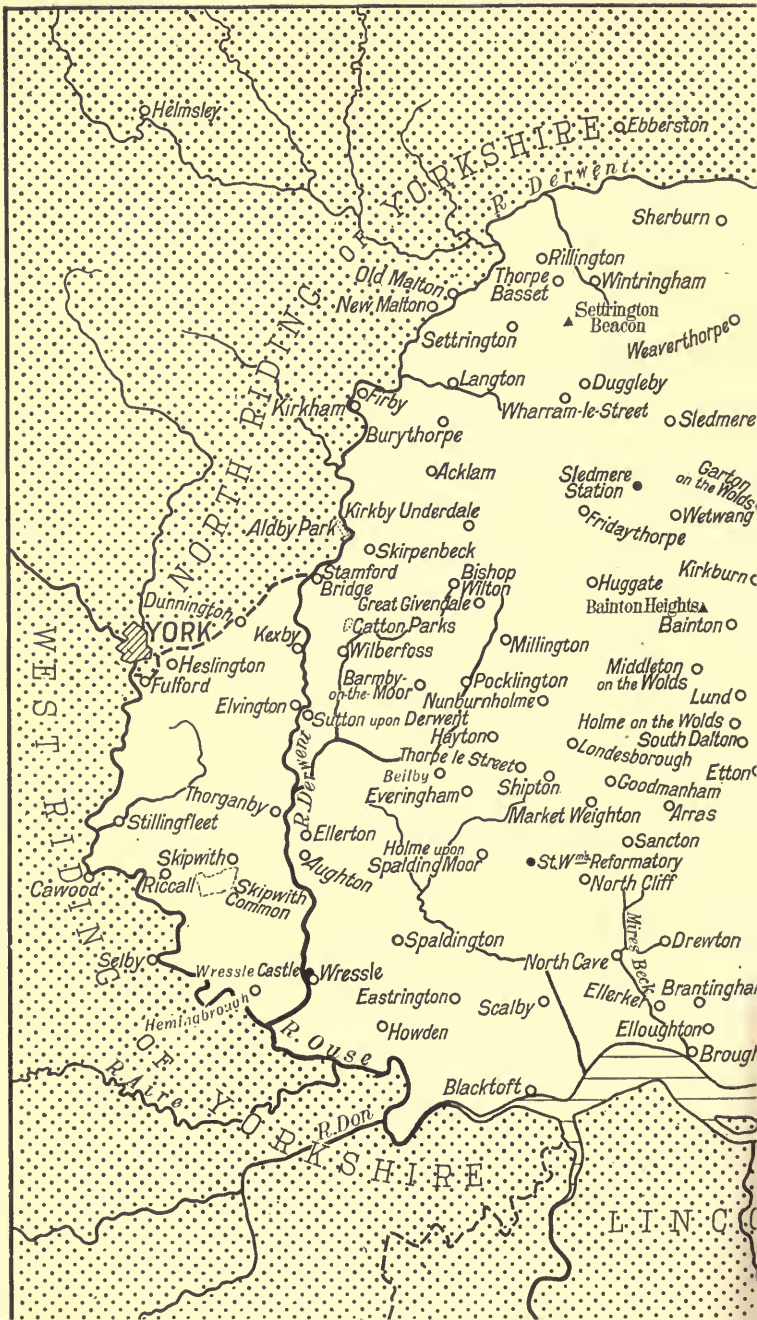
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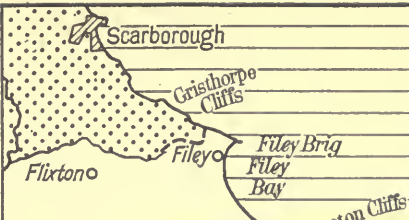
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