The Folk-Lore Society

FOR COLLECTING AND PRINTING

RELICS OF POPULAR ANTIQUITIES, &c.

ESTABLISHED IN

THE YEAR MDCCCLXXVIII.

PUBLICATIONS

OF

THE FOLK-LORE SOCIETY

LXIX.

[1911]

COUNTY FOLK-LORE

VOL. VI.

PRINTED EXTRACTS No. VIII.

EXAMPLES OF PRINTED FOLK-LORE

CONCERNING THE

EAST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE

COLLECTED AND EDITED BY

MRS. GUTCH

"In the East I reign (of which my name I take),
And my broad side do bear up to the German Lake,
Which bravely I survey."

POLY-OLBION, Song xxviii.

Published for the Folk-Lore Society by
DAVID NUTT, 17 GRAPE ST., NEW OXFORD ST., W.C.
LONDON
1912

CONTENTS.

PREFACE.

In the opening pages of a book entitled *In a Quiet Village*, Mr. Baring-Gould has told us the story, the true story, of a country tailor who spent all the leisure of thirty-five years in the secret preparation of an index to every word in the Holy Bible. Three or four times he revised his references, and then, one memorable Saturday evening, sought the Rector in his study, revealed the life-work that had been accomplished, and—was confronted with the earlier achievement of Alexander Cruden.

Some years ago, when I first set about making the collection I am now on the point of completing, I had reason to remember Dan'l Coombe, although my lot was the very converse of his, and happier. Upon a day, the title of Mr. John Nicholson's *Folk Lore of East Yorkshire* gleamed, monitory, from a library shelf, and I had to face my work conscious of the probability that one better qualified had done it all before me. This was not a little disheartening, but on that I will not dwell: the result was that I took counsel with myself, resolved that until my independent pursuit was ended that book should be for me as though it were not, and then felt strengthened, as hope of some kind of success returned and brought zest and doggedness for the enterprise. Now, after much toil, and after interruptions worse than toil, I have felt justified in appealing to Mr. Nicholson, and I count myself fortunate in having gained his kind permission to deal as I would with

his works on the speech and ways of a Riding which he knows right well. I should like him to feel that he has the hearty thanks, not only of the present scribe, but of the whole Folk-Lore Society. Gratitude, as somebody has observed, is "a keen sense of favours to come," and it is to be hoped that he is still a-gleaning.

Having once, as a collector of printed folk-lore, had the wide North Riding as my hunting-ground, I did, for a while, seem to lack elbow-room when I came to realize that I must confine my energies to the East. In a measure, I was able to understand the sensations of somebody from beyond the Atlantic, who, when visiting our inconsiderable Isle, was fearful of slipping over its edge. Stress of limitation, however, soon ceased to trouble me: rather was my mind occupied by the fact that though there were scores and scores of places on my bit of map, there was, Mr. Nicholson being "taboo," very scant record of the popular fancies that found acceptance in them; and that, in spite of the activity of the press in Hull, which is, in some sort, the Leipzig of the district. It required all the probity I could master to resist the temptation of supplying demand by inventing time-honoured customs and traditions to enhance the interest of my work: such a temptation, it seems to me, Richard Blackmore willingly embraced when he wrote his *Mary Anerley*. Twice have I gone through the three volumes of a well-known compendium of popular usages without finding any direct reference to the East Riding. I will not give the title of the book, or some casual opener of its covers will soon tell me of half a dozen.

Mr. Henderson's *Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties* is disappointing, as far as my subject is concerned. He asserts, indeed, in his Introductory Chapter that strange tales are told, and strange customs practised in the North and East Ridings of Yorkshire—why omit the West?—but not more than, say, six

times does he specially note our East-country superstitions, and twice or thrice his examples of them are culled from places in the northern part of the shire, as witness pages 46 and 49 of his very charming volume.

I have formed the opinion that the folk of the East Riding are more reticent of tongue and pen than are those of other parts of Yorkshire, for I cannot believe that they are freer from superstition than their neighbours—are less sufficingly "suckled in a creed outworn," which seems destined to assert itself to the end of Time. Ethnic influences may account for their reserve. Looking round on the company among which he found himself at Routh, Walter White[1] had little difficulty in discovering the three principal varieties of Yorkshire men: "There was the tall, broad-shouldered rustic, whose stalwart limbs, light grey or blue eyes, yellowish hair, and open face indicate the Saxon; then there was the Scandinavian, less tall and big, with eyes, hair and complexion dark, and an intention in the expression not perceptible in the Saxon face; and last, the Celt, short, swarthy and Irish-looking. The first two appeared to me most numerous in the East and North Ridings, the last in the West." The special blend of diverse blood which circulates hereabout tends, perhaps, to check self-revelation: the result may sharpen the interest of the anthropologist, but it foils that of the lover of folk-lore.

Again, the scenery of the East Riding could not be expected to be as fertile in legend as is that of the sister spheres.

> "Lordinges, ther is in Yorkshire, as I gesse
> A mersshy contree called Holdernesse."

and this has its own beauty, its own excellence, but when we say that it lacks the romantic outlook of Craven and Cleveland, and of many a famous dale, we say everything, and may

[1] *A Month in Yorkshire*, p. 62.

hasten to acknowledge that, in spite of its disabilities, it has not done so badly.

In SECTION i., which regards *Natural or Inorganic Objects*, it will be found that good use has been made of Willy-howe, though that is an artificial elevation. Interest is attached to many of the Crosses and Wells which I have noted, but I have been disappointed at getting hold of so little concerning the mystery of those " who go down to the sea in ships." For this reason I am glad to repeat what I had in my North Riding volume about Filey, a thing I must have done in any case, as I find it is by the East Riding that this fashionable watering-place is claimed. Mr. Bartholomew, F.R.G.S., in a map which has for long inspired me with confidence, immerses Filey completely in the pink which borders his N.R. However, other authorities are not accordant: Cole tells us[1] that Fuvelae, or Facelae, File, Fieling, Fielay, Fyley, Fiveley, Fiviley, Fyveley, Fiveleiam, Finelay, Philaw and Filo, as Filey has been variously spelt, " is singularly situated in both the North and East ridings . . . in the Wapentakes of Pickering-Lythe (N.R.) and Dickering (E.R.)." Subsequently he adds the information: " The church is in the Deanery of Dickering and Archdeaconry of the East Riding, and the minister and churchwardens attend the visitation at Scarborough which is also in the Archdeaconry, though locally situate in the North Riding." T.C. of Hone's *Table Book*[2] is more simply explicit. He says: " The church . . . stands at a distance from the village, being divided by a deep ravine which forms the boundary of a partition between the N. and E. Ridings . . . the church consequently stands in the former and the village in the latter of the two Ridings." I hope the Folk-Lore Society will pardon, nay, even approve of my

[1] *The History and Antiquities of Filey*, pp. 1, 44, 45.

[2] P. 733.

dual introduction of Filey, and that the finger of scorn may not be levelled at me by the elementary schoolboy.

SECTION ii., devoted to *Trees and Plants*, is more arid than I could desire, and has not much to show that is indigenous. The *Animals* of SECTION iii. are rather an attenuated crew. One loses something by not having one's steps dogged by dragons as they were up further North.

In SECTION iv. and SECTION v., which are dedicated respectively to *Goblindom* and *Witchcraft*, uncanny creatures, whether in spirit or in flesh, comport themselves according to the general rule. One of several valued contributions owed to the courtesy of the Rev. W. D. Wood Rees, author of *A History of Barmby Moor*, is an interesting account of George Wales (see *post*, pp. 61, 62, 67, 68), who among other mystic vocations practised exorcism. There is nothing in SECTION vi., *Leechcraft*, or SECTION vii., *Magic and Divination*, that need evoke my comment, and I think the *General Folk-lore* of SECTION viii. is very general indeed. I should not expect a people, as self-contained as I take those of the East Riding to be, to give the chiel amang them takin' notes the chance of making "copy" out of their unorthodox traditions concerning the Hereafter. These, I imagine, they "try to keep secret, every man in the deep of his heart," and that is not unwise, if there be no more comfort in the other articles of their belief than there is in the two revealed in SECTION ix., where was ample space for more on *Future Life*. Unbaptized souls wandering through the air might not be altogether devoid of bliss, but fancy a poor bairn spending any time in the Better Land over seeking for a lost milk-tooth!

There is good material about *Festivals* in SECTION x.: the importance of the sex and complexion of Firstfoots—I suppose one should not write, Firstfeet,—on New Year's

Day and Christmas Day is well illustrated: sheep-clipping and harvest field observances are worthy of attention. The conservatism of folk-lore is shown in Mr. Nicholson's mention[1] of three traps set to catch the unwary on the First of April. They are the very three, indeed I remember no others, that were pointed out to me in another shire two long generations ago. Minor hoaxes were devised for the nonce, but these were of the genuine brand, and destined to endure.

Ceremonial, SECTION xi., would have borne a fuller record: *Games* are perhaps sufficiently honoured in SECTION xii.; and in SECTION xiii. will be found the result of my efforts to exemplify *Local Customs*. The list of *Tales and Ballads* (SECTION xiv.) is enriched by the inclusion of a chap-book, *The Distressed Child in the Wood: or the Cruel Unkle*, transcribed from a copy in the Dean and Chapter Library at York. I do not think that this story is very commonly known, though Mr. John Ashton gave the summary, as printed on its title page, in his *Chapbooks of the Eighteenth Century*, and reproduced a very curious wood-block (p. 447), which also appeared to illustrate what is given of the narrative in *Yorkshire Folk-Lore Journal* (pp. 115-119). The ballad on the subject preserved by Halliwell, Ingledew, and elsewhere may be more familiar. *The Seven Stars* is a great joy. It is the first cumulative song of its species that I have found within these latitudes, and is as corrupt a variety as heart of emendator could desire.

Good store is there of *Place and Personal Legends*, when we come to SECTION xv. I wish to make special reference to that told by Mr. Nicholson of the Wise Men of the East, who lived at Bridlington,[2] because I heard a like tale at Ulm, where the confectioners fashion sparrows bearing

[1] See *post*, pp. 89, 90. [2] See *post*, p. 189.

straws in their beaks, and distribute, to those who buy, a handbill enriched with the following lines:—

Geschichte vom Ulmer Spatzen.

Anno dazumal vor vielen Jahren
Ist den Ulmern Folgendes widerfahren:

Zu allerlei Bauten in der Stadt
Man Rüft- und Bauholz nöthig hatt',
Doch wollt' es den Leuten nicht gelingen,
Die Balken durch's Thor hineinzubringen,
Und doch war reiflich die Sach' überlegt,
Das Holz in die Quer auf den Wagen gelegt;
Das Thor war zu enge, die Balken zu lang,
Dem Stadtbaumeister war angst und bang.
Viel gab es hin und her zu sprechen
Und ungeheures Kopfzerbrechen,
Ja, selbst der hohe Magistrat
Wusste für diesen Fall nicht Rath,
Er mochte in alle Bücher sehen,
Der Casus war nirgends vorgesehen.
Der Bürgermeister selbst sogar
Hier ausnahmsweise rathlos war.
Ihm, der doch Alles am besten weiss,
Machte die Sache entsetzlich heiss.

Und stündlich wuchs die Verlegenheit,
Da—begab sie eine Begebenheit.
Von den Klügsten einer ein Spätzlein schauet,
Das oben am Thurm sein Nestchen bauet,
Und einen Halm, der sich die Quer
Gelegt hat vor sein Nestchen her,
Mit dem Schnäbelein—und das war nicht dumm—
An der Spitze wendet zum Nest herum.
"Das könnte man," ruft der Mann mit Lachen,
"Mit dem Balken am Thore ja auch so machen!"
Man probierts und es gieng.—Den guten Gedanken
Hatten die Ulmer dem Spätzlein zu danken,
Sie stünden wohl heute noch an dem Thor
Mit dem balkenbeladenen Wagen davor,
Oder hätten, ohne des Spätzleins Wissen,
Gar den Thurm auf den Abbruch verkaufen müssen.

Zum Danke dem Spatzen ist heut' noch zu schauen
Hoch am Münster sein Bild in Stein gehauen;
Auch seitdem beim ächten Ulmerkind
Die Lieblingsspeise "Spätzle" sind.

I have put a few *Jingles* into SECTION xvi., and probably as many more have place in other parts of the book, where they have the advantage of an appropriate setting. SECTION xvii. is chiefly remarkable for its promise of an apology in this Preface for the poverty of my collection of *Proverbs*. That apology must be not, to quote *The Concise Oxford Dictionary*, a "regretful acknowledgment of offence," but a vindication of my conduct. It would take a life-time, which is gone, and more knowledge and critical acumen than I ever possessed to examine the hundreds of pithy phrases and shrewd sayings which Yorkshiremen have claimed, and to prove the title of any Riding either to the authorship or subsequent ownership of this, that and the other of them. Somebody will be found bold enough to undertake the work —before the end of this century, I was going to say, but unless he do it at the beginning, Deira will be expressing itself in Cockney tones, and its phrases will be of Fleet Street. Owing to Mr. Nicholson's material, SECTION xviii. is comparatively rich in *Nicknames, Gibes and Place Rhymes*. Such *Etymology* as I could discover is hoarded in SECTION xix.: it may be as poor as Oliver Twist's workhouse gruel, but, like him, I could ask for more.

I must not lay aside my pen until I have gratefully acknowledged the help of those whose sympathy with the aims of the Folk-Lore Society has made possible such a collection as that which is here presented. I have already made manifest my sense of obligation to Mr. Nicholson and the Rev. W. D. Wood Rees, and I now thank the Rev. Robert Fisher of Stokesley Rectory, who gave me the freedom of *Flamborough Village and Headland*, an admirable manual of which he was editor; the Rev. Thomas Parkinson of North Otterington, liberal as aforetime with *Yorkshire Legends and Traditions*; and the Rev. A. N. Cooper of Filey, Hon. Secretary of the East Riding

Antiquarian Society, who kindly permitted me to take some valuable excerpts from the *Transactions*. I am indebted to Mr. S. O. Addy for leave to make use of *Household Tales*, to Mr. T. Tindall Wildridge for a like privilege, as regards some of his books on Hull, while Mr. F. A. Camidge has been good enough to assent to my wish to quote from the pages of his late father's *Ouse Bridge to Naburn Lock*. Among publishers whose hearty response to my requests deserves warm recognition are Mr. William Richardson of Hull, and the Manager of the *Hull News*, touching Hall's *History of South Cave*, and *Holderness and the Holdernessians* respectively; Mr. Richard Jackson of Leeds, who presides over Wheater's *Historic Mansions*, and Mr. Thomas Holderness of Driffield, who brought out Frederick Ross's *Contributions towards a History* of that place.

Again, the Editor of *Notes and Queries* must let me have the gratification of giving thanks for permission to help myself from his store. Men cast their bread upon the waters in "N. & Q." and find it after many days, increased in sustenance. I do not think I am wrong in holding that there is more definitely East Riding folk-lore in its pages than in any publication that is not exclusively devoted to the theme. A Benediction on divers other sources of succour too many to be specified here! Each contribution is duly attributed in the text. I regret that the Rev. M. S. F. Morris figures so seldom and so vicariously in my Sections. I thank him here, and have thanked him heartily elsewhere, for his readiness to let me take what I would from *Nunburnholme* and from *Yorkshire Folk-Talk*; but the copyright of the latter is unfortunately no longer his, and the favour I sought was refused by its present owners.

E. G.

Holgate Lodge, York,
Nov. 4, 1911.

SOURCES.

ADDY. *Household Tales* with other Traditional Remains collected in the Counties of York, Lincoln, Derby and Nottingham by Sidney Oldall ADDY, M.A. Oxon. London: David Nutt 1895.

ALLEN. *A New and Complete History of the County of York* (3 vols.) by Thomas ALLEN. London: I. T. Hinton, 4 Warwick Square, and Holdsworth & Hall, 18 St. Paul's Churchyard 1829-1831.

ANON. *Howden in the Month of April, 1644.* Howden: Printed and sold by W. F. Pratt, n.d.

APPLEFORD. *A Brief Account of the Parish and Church of St. Andrew, Buckthorpe,* by the Rev. J. W. APPLEFORD. Saffron Walden: William Masland, Market Place 1880.

ARMYTAGE. *Flamborough: Village and Headland,* by Various Writers, edited by Robert FISHER, M.A., Vicar of Sewerby. Hull: William Andrews & Co., The Hull Press 1894.

The chapter on Flamborough Folk-Lore is by Colonel A. H. ARMYTAGE.

BEDELL. *An Account of Hornsea in Holderness in the East-Riding of Yorkshire.* Hull: William Stephenson, 51 Lowgate 1848. Preface signed E. W. BEDELL.

BEST. *Rural Economy in Yorkshire in 1641*; being the Farming and Account books of Henry BEST of Elmswell in the East Riding of York. Durham: Published for the Surtees Society 1857.

BLOUNT. *Fragmenta Antiquitatis* or *Ancient Tenures of Land and Jocular Customs of Manors*, originally published by Thomas BLOUNT, Esq., of the Inner Temple, enlarged and corrected by Josiah BECKWITH, Gent., F.A.S., with considerable additions from authentic sources by Hercules Malebysse BECKWITH. London: Printed by S. Brooke, Paternoster Row, for Messrs. Butterworth and Son, Fleet Street 1815.

CAMIDGE. *Ouse Bridge to Naburn Lock*, by Mr. William CAMIDGE. (Reprinted from the *Yorkshire Gazette* 1890.)

CHAP BOOK. *The Distressed Child in the Wood: or the Cruel Unkle.* London: Printed by J. Read behind the Green-dragon Tavern in Fleet Street (*cir.* 1706).

COLE. *The History and Antiquities of Filey*, by John COLE. Scarborough: Printed and Published by J. Cole 1828.

COLLIER. *An old Dickering Song "The Seven Stars,"* by the Rev. C. V. COLLIER, M.A., F.S.A. East Riding Antiquarian Transactions 1896.

COOPER. *A Guide to Filey*, by A. N. COOPER. Filey 1893.

CRIM. CHRON. *Criminal Chronology of York Castle* with a Register of the Criminals capitally convicted and executed at the County Assizes, Commencing March 1st 1379 to the Present Time. York 1867.

DE LA PRYME. *The Diary of Abraham de la Pryme the Yorkshire Antiquary.* Durham, etc.: Published for the Surtees Society 1870.

DEPOSITIONS. *Depositions from the Castle of York*, relating to Offences committed in the Northern Counties in the Seventeenth Century. Durham: Published for the Surtees Society 1861.

DRAKE. *Eboracum or the History and Antiquities of the City of York*, from its Original to the Present Times, etc., by Francis DRAKE of the City of York, Gent., F.R.S., and Member of the Society of Antiquaries in London. London: Printed by William Bowyer for the Author MDCCXXXVI.

DUNHILL. *The Life of Snowden Dunhill*, written by Himself with an Additional account of him Subsequent to the Publication of his Life. The Facts of which were furnished by a Sea-faring Gentleman who had several interviews with him at Hobart Town. In the Month of August 1833. 5th Edition. Howden: Printed and Published by W. F. Pratt.

(DUNHILL'S Address to the Reader is dated 1830.)

EDMONDSON. *History of Fimber.* A treatise on Agricultural Improvements, Memories of Remarkable Events and Village Tales by T. EDMONDSON. Malton: Printed by H. Smithson 1857.

FABRIC ROLLS. *The Fabric Rolls of York Minster* with an Appendix of Illustrative Documents edited by James RAINE, Jun., Secretary. Durham: Published for the Surtees Society 1859.

F. R. H. S. *Holderness and the Holdernessians.* A few Notes on the History, Topography, Dialect, Manners and Customs of the District by a Fellow of the Royal Historical Society. London: Trübner & Co. Hull: William Hunt, 40 Whitefriars MDCCCLXXVIII.

GATTY. *Withernsea*, including an Historical Sketch of the Ancient Manor of Withernsea and the Sister Churches of Withernsea and Owthorne, by the Rev. Alfred GATTY, M.A., Vicar of Ecclesfield. Hull: Joseph W. Leng, Publisher, 15 Savile Street 1858.

GENT. *History of Hull (Annales Regioduni Hullini)* re-printed in Facsimile of the Original 1735 to which is appended Notices of the Life and Works of Thomas GENT Printer of York. Hull: M. C. Peck & Son, 10 Market Place 1869.

GENT. MAG. LIB. *The Gentleman's Magazine Library*: being a Classified Collection of the Chief Contents of The Gentleman's Magazine from 1731 to 1858. Edited by George Laurence Gomme, F.S.A. *Dialect, Proverbs and Word-Lore.* London: Elliot Stock 1886.

GRAPHIC, THE. A Weekly Illustrated Paper. London.

GUIDE. *The Stranger's Guide to Ferriby, Welton, Elloughton and South Cave in the East Riding of the County of York,* by the Author of "Counsels and Cautions addressed to Young Men." Hull: 1841.

HADLEY. *A New and Complete History of the Town and County of Kingston-upon-Hull,* with a Cursory Review of and Observation on the Ancient Legend from its Original Foundation in A.D. 1296 by the Illustrious King Edward the First. The whole brought down to the present Period and Carefully selected from the Records of the Town and other Original Manuscripts occasionally interspersed with Desultory Entertaining Anecdotes. Compiled by George HADLEY, Esq. Kingston-upon-Hull: Printed and Sold by T. Briggs at his Printing Office, Low Gate MDCCLXXVIII.

HALL. *A History of South Cave and of other Parishes in the East Riding of the County of York,* by John George HALL. Hull: Edwin Ombler, 7 George Street and 27 Dock Street 1892.

HALLIWELL. *The Yorkshire Anthology, a Collection of Ancient and Modern Ballads, Poems and Songs relating to the County of Yorkshire.* Collected by James O. HALLIWELL, Esq., F.R.S., Honorary Member of the Royal Irish Academy and the Royal Society of Literature, Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries. London: Printed for Private Circulation only MDCCCLI.

HEMINGBROUGH. *The History and Antiquities of the Parish of Hemingbrough in the County of York,* by Thomas BURTON, Esq., of Turnham Hall, edited and enlarged by James RAINE, M.A., D.C.L., Canon Residentiary of York. York: Sampson Brothers 1888.

HENDERSON. *Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties.* London. Published for the Folk-Lore Society, by W. Satchell, Peyton & Co. 1879.

HOLD. GLOSS. *A Glossary of Words used in Holderness in the East Riding of Yorkshire*, by Frederick Ross, F.R.H.S., Richard STEAD of the University of London and Thomas HOLDERNESS. English Dialect Society MDCCCLXXVII.

HONE. *The Table Book*, by William HONE. London: 1827.

HOPE. *The Legendary Lore of the Holy Wells of England, including Rivers, Lakes, Fountains and Springs*, by Robert Charles HOPE, F.S.A., F.R.S.L. London: Elliot Stock 1893.

INGLEDEW. *The Ballads and Songs of Yorkshire*, transcribed from Private Manuscripts, Rare Broadsides and Scarce Publications, with Notes and Glossary by C. J. Davison INGLEDEW, M.A., Ph.D., F.G.H.S. London: Bell & Daldy 1860.

KEIGHTLEY. *The Fairy Mythology*, illustrative of the Romance and Superstition of Various Countries by Thomas KEIGHTLEY. London: H. G. Bohn MDCCCL.

LONGSTAFFE. *Richmondshire, its Ancient Lords and Edifices*, by W. Hylton Longstaffe, Esq. London: George Bell, 186 Fleet Street. Richmond: John Bell 1852.

MACHELL. *Registers from the Parish of All Saints Roos Holderness* E. R. Y. Vol. I. Copied by me Richard Beverley MACHELL, M.A. Hull: A Brown & Sons, Savile Street 1888.

MADDOCK. *St. Patrick's Church, Patrington*, by Henry Ed. MADDOCK, M.A., Rector. Substance of a lecture to the Hull Literary and Philosophical Society on Feb. 14th, 1893. Hull and York: A. Brown & Sons 1893.

MAULE COLE. *Ancient Crosses in the East Riding*, the Rev. E. MAULE COLE, M.A., F.G.S., a paper in the East Riding Antiquarian Society's Transactions for 1906.

MORNING LEADER. A Daily Paper. London.

MORRIS. *Yorkshire Folk Talk*, by the Rev. M. C. F. MORRIS, B.C.L., M.A. London: Henry Frowde. York: John Sampson 1892.

MORRIS (2). *Nunburnholme, its History and Antiquities*, by the Rev. M. C. F. MORRIS, B.C.L., M.A. London: Henry Frowde. York: John Sampson 1907.

MURRAY. *Handbook for Travellers in Yorkshire.* London: 1874.

NICHOLSON. *The Folk Speech of East Yorkshire*, by John NICHOLSON. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. Hull: A. Brown & Sons, Savile Street. Driffield: T. Holderness, "Observer" Office 1889.

NICHOLSON (2). *Folk-Lore of East Yorkshire*, by John NICHOLSON. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton Kent & Co. Hull: A. Brown & Sons, Savile Street. Driffield: T. Holderness, "Observer" Office 1890.

NORTHALL. *English Folk-Rhymes*, by G. F. NORTHALL. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co. Ltd. 1892.

N. AND Q. *Notes and Queries.* Series i.-x. London: 1849-1909.

OLIVER. *The History and Antiquities of the Town and Minster of Beverley in the County of York*, from the most early Period with Historical and Descriptive Sketches of the Abbeys of Watton and Meaux, the Convent of Haltemprise and the Villages of Cottingham, Leckonfield, Bishop and Cherry Burton, Walkington, Risby and Scorburgh and the Hamlets comprised within the Liberties of Beverley by George OLIVER, Vicar of Clee in the County of Lincoln etc. Beverley: Printed and Sold by M. Turner 1829.

OVERTON. *The History of Cottingham*, by the Rev. Charles OVERTON, Vicar of Cottingham. Hull: J. W. Leng, Savile Street 1861.

O. Y. *Old Yorkshire*, edited by William SMITH, F.S.A.S. London: Longmans, Green & Co. Vol. I. 1881.

PARKINSON. *Yorkshire Legends and Traditions*, as told by the ancient Chroniclers, her Poets and Journalists, by the Rev. Thomas PARKINSON, F.R.Hist.S. London: Elliot Stock. Two Series 1888-1889.

PHILLIPS. *Railway Excursions from York, Leeds and Hull*, by John PHILLIPS, F.R.S. Hull: MDCCCLIII.

POLY-OLB. *The Complete Works of Michael Drayton* now first collected with Introductions and Notes by the Rev. Richard HOOPER, M.A. (3 vols.) vol. iii. London: John Russell Smith 1876.

POULSON. *Beverlac*, or the Antiquities and History of the Town of Beverley in the County of York and of the Provostry and Collegiate Establishment of St. John's, with a minute description of the present Minster and the Church of St. Mary and other Ancient and Modern Edifices Compiled from Authentic Records, Charters and unpublished Manuscripts. With Numerous Embellishments by George POULSON Esq., late of the University of Oxford. 2 vols. London: printed for George Scaum, Beverley 1829.

POULSON (2). *The History and Antiquities of the Seigniory of Holderness in the East Riding of the County of York*, by George POULSON, Esquire. 2 Vols. Hull: Robert Brown, 48 Lowgate MDCCCXL.

ROSS. *Contributions towards a History of Driffield and the surrounding Wolds District in the East Riding of the County of York*, by the late Fredk. Ross, F.R.H.S. Driffield: Thomas Holderness 1898.

ROYSTON. *Rudston*; A Sketch of its History and Antiquities by the Rev. P. ROYSTON. Bridlington Quay: George Furry, 3 King Street 1873.

SHAW. *Our Filey Fishermen.* With Sketches of their Manners, Customs and Social Habits and Religious Conditions. By the Rev. George SHAW. London 1867.

SHEAHAN. *History of the Town and Port of Kingston-upon-Hull*, by James Joseph SHEAHAN, 2nd edition. Beverley: John Green n.d. (Preface 1866).

SHEAHAN AND WHELLAN. *History and Topography of the City of York; The Ainsty Wapentake and the East Riding of Yorkshire*, by J. J. SHEAHAN and Thomas WHELLAN, 2 vols. Beverley: printed for the publishers by John Green, Market Place 1856, vol. ii.

SPENCER. *Letter written by one Edm. Spencer to the famous Nonconformist Divine Richard Baxter relating to divers Superstitions Practices and Observances in use in Holderness in the middle of the 17th century.* Printed from the original in the Library at Sledmere, Yorkshire, the seat of Sir Tatton Sykes, Baronet.

STEPHENSON. *Two Beverley Churches*; being Papers read before the British Association at their visit to Beverley, Sep. 1st, 1890. The Minster, by William STEPHENSON, M.R.C.S. and St. Mary's Church, by John BILSON, A.R.I.B.A. Hull: A Brown & Sons 1890.

THOMPSON. *Researches into the History of Welton and its Neighbourhood*: with a few Remarks chiefly of an Antiquarian Nature about some adjacent places in Yorkshire and about the Yorkshire Language. Printed for private circulation among his Friends and Neighbours by Thomas THOMPSON, F.S.A., of Spring Hill, Welton. Kingston-upon-Hull: J. W. Leng, 15 Saville Street 1869.

TICKELL. *A History of the Town and County of Kingston-upon-Hull*, by the Rev. John TICKELL. Hull: MDCCXCVIII.

VARLEY. *Guide to Bridlington-Quay and Environs.* 3rd edition. Bridlington-Quay: John VARLEY, Garrison Street MDCCCLX.

WALTER WHITE. *A Month in Yorkshire*, by Walter WHITE. London: Chapman & Hall MDCCCLVIII.

WARD. *Pictorial and Historical Guide to Bridlington Quay, Filey and other places in the East Riding of Yorkshire.* London: Ward, Lock & Bowden Ltd. n.d.

WEBSTER. *The Displaying of Supposed Witchcraft* [etc.] by John WEBSTER, Practitioner in Physick. London: Printed by J. M. and are to be sold by the Booksellers in London 1677.

WHEATER. *Some Historic Mansions of Yorkshire and their Associations*, by W. WHEATER, 2 vols. Leeds: Richard Jackson 1888, 1889.

WHITE. *History, Gazetteer and Directory of the East and North Ridings of Yorkshire*, by William WHITE. Sheffield: Printed for the author by Robert Leader, Independent Office 1840.

WILDRIDGE. *Old and New Hull.* A series of drawings of the Town of Kingston-upon-Hull also portraits of local worthies with Biographical and General Notes by T. Tindall WILDRIDGE. Hull: M. C. Peck & Son 1884.

WILDRIDGE (2). *Holderness and Hull: Historic Gleanings*, by T. Tindall WILDRIDGE. Hull: WILDRIDGE & Co. "The Hull Press," Savile Street 1886.

WOOD REES. *A History of Barmby Moor from Pre-historic Times*, by W. D. WOOD REES, Vicar. Pocklington: W. & C. Firth, Printers, etc., Market Place 1911.

WRESSLE. *An Historical Account of the Parish of Wressle in the East Riding of the County of York.* Howden n.d. [1799?].

Y. C. *Yorkshire Chat*, vol. i. [all published?] a short-lived periodical. Bradford.

YKS. CH. *"Church Bells" Album of Notable Ancient Yorkshire Churches.* London n.d.

Y. F. L. *Yorkshire Folk-Lore Journal*, edited by J. Horsfall TURNER, vol. i. [all published]. Printed for the editor. Bingley 1888.

Y. H. *The Yorkshire Herald*, a Daily Paper. York.

SECTION I.

NATURAL OR INORGANIC OBJECTS.

CAVES.

Flamborough. *Robin Lyth's Hole.*—A cavern on the eastern side of the Landing; named, as some say, after a certain smuggler who kept his unlawful merchandise therein; or to commemorate the name of a man who was caught in the cavern by the tide and saved his life by clinging to the topmost ledge till the water fell. Another is known as the Dovecote; another as Kirk Hole; and of this the tradition runs that it extends far underground to the village churchyard.—WALTER WHITE, pp. 92, 93; ALLEN, vol. ii. p. 313; VARLEY, p. 58.

CLIFF.

Filey. At Filey a singular range of rock, said to resemble the celebrated mole of Tangiers, extends from the cliff a considerable way into the sea, and is called Filey Bridge.[1] It is covered by the sea at high tide, but may be traversed for upwards of a quarter of a mile at low water. . . . . When the wind is from the north-east the waves break over it majestically, and may be seen rising up in foamy spray to a great distance, producing an imposing and awful appearance. From its singularity there is no wonder that the credulous, the superstitious, and the vulgar, who have always had a propensity to attach something of the marvellous to whatever is extraordinary, should have made this ridge an object from which to form a story.

[1 Generally spoken of now as Filey Brig.]

Perhaps, Mr. Editor, you, as well as many readers of the *Table Book*, may have seen the haddock at different times, and observed the black marks on its sides. But do you know, sir, how the haddock came by these said marks? The legendary tale of Filey says that the devil in one of his mischievous pranks determined to build Filey bridge for the destruction of ships and sailors and the annoyance of fishermen, but that in the progress of his work he accidentally let fall his hammer into the sea, and being in haste to snatch it back, caught a haddock, and thereby made the imprint which the whole species retains to this day. T. C.

Bridlington, Sept. 27, 1827. HONE, p. 733.

See also SECTION xix, p. 233.

STONES.

Barmby Moor. On the south side of the churchyard lies a rude rough stone, measuring six feet in length, twenty-two inches in breadth at the wide end, and fifteen at the narrow end, and nine inches thick. After rain, water lodges in a weathered basin on its surface, which tradition says was a certain cure for warts.—WOOD REES, p. 12.

Bempton. On Cliff Lane are seven or eight large whinstone boulders and the old people say the stones were washed up over the cliff by the sea.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 65.

Drewton-on-the-Wolds. *St. Austin's Stone.*—This stone, around which many traditions have gathered, stands in the vale about half a mile to the north-east of Drewton Manor. It is a mass of rock projecting from the side of a hill, and in its longest part, extending from the hill side to the face of the stone, measures about sixty feet. By some it is supposed to have formed a centre for Druidical worship, and that the adjoining township took the name of Drewton (or Druid Town) from this fact. When St. Augustine came to England . . . he is said to have visited this part of the East Riding; and that this stone took its name from his visit.—HALL, pp. 91, 92.

Welton. We ourselves do not . . . see in St. Augustine's Stone, near Drewton, any indication of its being a Druidical

altar of sacrifice, as many repute it to be. It seems to us to be a mere conglomerate mass of stone in its natural position.—THOMPSON, p. 124.

There is a tradition . . . that he [St. Augustine] came into the neighbourhood of Welton, and preached from the large stone near Drewton-on-the-Wolds, and it seems not improbable that he would visit the country whence the four slaves had been brought which led to his mission; but, as we have said, there is no written account of his having done so.

THOMPSON, p. 11.

Lowthorpe. There is a large stone, on both sides of which are carved Maltese crosses in excellent preservation, near the east end of the church, and to it is attached an interesting legend. We are told that it originally stood in the market place of Kilham; that during a visitation of the plague, it was removed to Harpham Fields, where the country people held their market, to avoid a visit to the infected town; and that when it was no longer required for that purpose, it was brought hither. But the truth of the tradition is somewhat problematical, for the stone bears a nearer resemblance to a sepulchral than a market cross.—WARD, pp. 64, 65.

See also p. 19 *post.*

Rudston. Celebrated for the Obelisk in its churchyard. It is composed of one immensely large stone; it is thought by some to have given the name to the parish. Its height is 29 ft. 4 in., and it has been traced 16 ft. into the ground without its bottom being reached; it is 2 ft. 3 in. in thickness, and its sides are concave. . . . Its weight is supposed to be about 46 tons, and its distance [is] nearly 40 miles from the nearest quarry.—WARNE, p. 72.

In the East Riding of Yorkshire, some eight miles from Bridlington, stands the Wold village of Rudston, celebrated for the tall stone in its churchyard. This stone is nearly 30 ft. high, and its estimated weight is 25 tons. It penetrates the earth about 20 ft. The monolith and church are mentioned in Doomsday Book, and many are the opinions as to the origin of the former, which is shrouded in mystery. The

local tradition is that it fell from the clouds, killing and burying certain desecrators of the churchyard. Photograph by F. W. Hornby.—THE GRAPHIC, April 18, 1908, p. 566.

Tradition says the devil threw [it] to destroy church and builders. Fortunately he missed his aim, but there the marble stands, a monument of miscarried malignity.

NICHOLSON (2), p. 62.

There is a report current that it was hewn out of a quarry at Whitby; but I deem it far more probable that it is one of those glacial deposits which lie scattered through the country. [The author goes on to describe how it might have been conveyed by men and rollers.]—ROYSTON, p. 62.

An old woman in the village informed the author that she could remember the remains of a similar block of stone, which was situated some yards to the east of the present obelisk.

ALLEN, vol. ii. p. 326, *footnote*.

The late Archdeacon Wilberforce, who was at that time Rector of Burton Agnes, had come over to make an archidiaconal inspection of the Church, when he met an old parishioner in the Church yard. The Archdeacon said to him, "Well! my good man, can you tell me anything about this wonderful stone?" "Na, I can't say as how I can," was the answer. "Why! you've lived here a great many years, and surely you *must* know *something* about it," said the Archdeacon. "Na, I doint," was the laconic reply. "Well! then if you *don't know* anything about it and *can't* tell me anything about it," said the Archdeacon, "you can tell me what *they say* about it." "Whoy! yaas, I can tell you what *they say* about it," was the information derived this time. "Come then, my friend, let me hear what they *do* say about it," said the Archdeacon. "Well!" replied our Rudstonian friend, "they says it was put up here to com-memorate a great vict'ry 'tween Danes and Roman Cath-licks."

ROYSTON, p. 66.

In A.D. 1865 a relation of Mr. Huffam of Hessle, a friend of ours, met a Danish gentleman staying at Scarborough, who inquired of him where he should find a place called Rudston on the Yorkshire Wolds, where he wished to see a "Beauta

Stone," [1] mentioned in an ancient Saga still preserved at Copenhagen, which Saga states, as he informed the gentleman, that a Viking called "Rudd" died of malaria whilst in England and was buried on the Wolds; and that afterwards his Beauta Stone was sent over from Denmark, and erected at his place of sepulchre [*sic*] which ever after was called Rudston, having before that borne another name. The Danish gentleman, having learned from his friend the locality of Rudston, was at some expense to go and verify the narrative in the said Saga. There is at Rudston a tradition that it once bore another name, "Seaton" we believe; but no one has any tradition about the stone there.—THOMPSON, p. 191.

In a letter received from Mr. Llewellynn Jewitt, F.S.A., the editor of the *Reliquary* and a Fellow of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquities of Copenhagen, he says, "I am extremely sorry to say that I know of no Saga containing the matter alluded to in the extract."—ROYSTON, p. 71, *footnote.*

EARTHWORKS, ETC.

Flamborough. The western boundary of the parish, about half a mile west of the village, is one of the most remarkable remains of former ages that is to be seen in the neighbourhood, being a ditch or ravine of immense width and depth crossing the promontory from north to south, and thus forming a bulwark between it and the main land. This entrenchment, called the Danes Dyke, is apparently the effect of art, and contains two lines of defence, one above the other, with breast-works. It extends above a mile and a quarter from the southern shore, where its bottom is on a level with the beach, and becomes gradually shallower, till it entirely disappears. History affords no account of this stupendous work, but tradition ascribes it with great probability to the Danes, who, in their hostile attacks upon England, in the early periods of her history, were accustomed to make this one of their principal stations, and might thus have attempted to insulate the promontory.—WHITE, p. 384.

Near Flamborough church is an ancient ruin, called the

[1 Memorial stone.]

Danish Tower, now consisting only of a square room with a vault, the ceiling of which is groined in one span.

WHITE, p. 384.

Driffield. *Moot Hill.*—Said to be the site of an ancient castle.—SHEAHAN and WHELLAN, vol. ii. p. 503.

Skipwith. On Skipwith common are many conspicuous tumuli, which are by popular tradition connected with the defeat of the Norwegian army which . . . landed at Riccall in 1066.—SHEAHAN and WHELLAN, vol. ii. p. 628.

Willy-howe. There is an artificial mount by the side of the road leading from North Burton to Wold Newton near Bridlington in Yorkshire, called "Willy-howe," much exceeding in size the generality of our "hows," of which I have heard the most preposterous stories related. A cavity or division on the summit is pointed out as owing its origin to the following circumstance:

A person having intimation of a large chest of gold being buried therein, dug away the earth until it appeared in sight; he then had a train of horses, extending upwards of a quarter of a mile, attached to it by strong iron traces; by these means he was just on the point of accomplishing his purpose, when he exclaimed,

> "Hop Perry, prow Mark,
> Whether God's will or not, we'll have this ark."

He, however, had no sooner pronounced this awful blasphemy, than all the traces broke, and the chest sunk still deeper in the hill, where it yet remains, all his future efforts to obtain it being in vain.

The inhabitants of the neighbourhood also speak of the place being peopled with fairies, and tell of the many extraordinary feats which this diminutive race has performed. A fairy once told a man, to whom it appears she was particularly attached, if he went to the top of "Willy-howe" every morning, he would find a guinea; this information, however, was given under the injunction that he should not make the circumstance known to any other person. For some time he continued his visit, and always successfully; but at length,

like our first parents, he broke the great commandment, and, by taking with him another person, not merely suffered the loss of the usual guinea, but met with a severe punishment from the fairies for his presumption. Many more are the tales which abound here, and which almost seem to have made this a consecrated spot.—T. C., Bridlington.

HONE, p. 41.

William of Newbridge[1] relates as follows: "In the province of the Deiri (Yorkshire) not far from my birth-place a wonderful thing occurred, which I have known from my boyhood. There is a town a few miles distant from the Eastern Sea, near which are those celebrated waters commonly called Gipse. . . . A peasant of this town went once to see a friend who lived in the next town, and it was late at night when he was coming back, not very sober, when lo! from the adjoining barrow, which I have often seen, and which is not much over a quarter of a mile from the town, he heard the voice of people singing, and as it were joyfully feasting. He wondered who they could be that were breaking in that place by their merriment the silence of the dead night, and he wished to examine into the matter more closely. Seeing a door open in the side of the barrow, he went up to it and looked in; and there he beheld a large and luminous house, full of people, women as well as men, who were reclining as at a solemn banquet. One of the attendants, seeing him standing at the door, offered him a cup. He took it, but would not drink; and pouring out the contents, kept the vessel. A great tumult arose at the banquet on account of his taking away the cup, and all the guests pursued him; but he escaped by the fleetness of the beast he rode, and got into the town with his booty. Finally, this vessel of unknown material, of unusual colour, and of extraordinary form was presented to Henry the Elder, king of the English, and was then given to the queen's brother David, king of the Scots, and was kept for several years in the treasury of Scotland; and a few years ago (as I heard from good authority), it was given by William, king of the Scots, to Henry the Second, who wished to see it."

[1 Probably William of Newburgh, who was born at East Newton.]

The scene of this legend, we may observe, is the very country in which the Danes settled, and it is exactly the same as some of the legends current at the present day among the Danish peasantry.—KEIGHTLEY, pp. 283, 284.

It is a singular proof of the strength of popular tradition that Mr. Wright heard this identical legend told of Willey-houe in 1857, the only variation being that the cup, when brought home, proved to be "fairy gold"—worthless and base metal. It has been handed on for 700 years.

MURRAY, p. 203.

See also SECTION iv. pp. 55, 56, 57.

WELLS.

Argam. Although the legend connected with the Well has been forgotten, the rhyme to which it gave rise is still repeated by the rustics. It runs thus:

> Put in a duck at Argam well,
> And it will come up at Grindale Kell.

WARD, p. 78.

Atwick. See SECTION iv. p. 41.

Barmby-on-the-Marsh. In this village are two extraordinary springs of sulphuric and chalybeate water denominated St. Peter's and St. Helen's wells. . . . Both of these wells, within the last six years, have been wantonly filled up, and the site is only known by a few of the villagers.

ALLEN, vol. ii. p. 380.

Here are . . . two springs called St. Helen's and St. Peter's wells, and said to possess medicinal qualities.

WHITE, pp. 311, 312.

Belthorpe, near Bishop Wilton. Here is a fine spring, which rises from a hard grit stone, and was once famed for its medicinal virtues; it is called St. Leonard's Well.—SHEAHAN and WHELLAN, vol. ii. p. 557; ALLEN, vol. ii. p. 252.

Beverley Minster. Within the altar rails immediately in front of the Sedilia is a well of the 13th century, which was

discovered during the alterations of the altar pace in 1877. Workmen . . . uncovered two very old and much worn steps which had been hidden, the upper one by the footpace of the altar, the lower by the foundation on which the rail at the south end of the altar rested. . . . It was found they had been used as an approach to a stone opening . . . this turned out to be the mouth of a well. . . . Several bones, all, save two human, being those of animals, were found. . . . There were also many hazel-nut shells, some hazel-nuts unbroken, walnut shells, pieces of hazel boughs and other wood, part of a crab's claw, and several oyster shells. There were also four small gold pins, with the heads soldered on; the rowel of a spur, probably of the late 16th or 17th century; the sole of a boot; part of a rude comb, with large and small teeth arranged as in a small-tooth comb; a small iron fork, with part of its haft attached; two pieces of iron, to which the handle of a bucket, some of the staves of which were found, had probably been fastened; a coarse iron hook, and a mutilated figure carved in hard stone, which had been about six inches high; these, with thirty-one rosary beads, four of jet, the remainder of wood, of various forms and sizes and apparently from different rosaries, and an encaustic flooring tile decorated with the *fleur-de-lis*, were the only objects of interest discovered.

The position of the well is curious, perhaps unique . . . it seems probable that . . . it may have been used for some sacred purpose, and possibly dedicated to St. John of Beverley.

STEPHENSON, pp. 12, 13, 14, 15.

Beverley. In a hollow on Beverley Westwood is a stone trough, into which a spring of exceedingly cold pure water once flowed abundantly. It is quite dry now, and has been for some years, but it still retains the name of Cobbler's Well. Tradition tells how a cobbler of Beverley, jealous of his wife, drowned her in this well while in a mad drunken state; but he cheated the law by dying almost immediately of remorse and grief.—Oliver's *Beverley*, p. 56.—HOPE, p. 187.

Catwick. Near the road from Riston to Catwick . . . is an excellent spring of water called the Lady Well.

POULSON (2), vol. i. p. 296.

South Cave. St. Helen's Well is a fine, clear spring within the park, said to have been formerly used by the inhabitants from time immemorial.—HALL, p. 66.

Near Cottingham. *Keldgate Springs.*—Sometimes they are dry for two, three, or even seven years, and then suddenly break out and utter for weeks an astonishing quantity of water. . . . Old inhabitants of Cottingham assure me that they have heard their fore-elders say,

"When Derwent flows
Then Keldgate goes."

OVERTON, pp. 60, 63.

It has imparted the name of *Spring Head* to the district where is rises, and being called, time out of mind, *the old Julian Springs*, it is by no means improbable that they were used by the Romans.—OVERTON, p. 64.

Everingham. In the garden belonging to Lord Herries is a well dedicated in honour of St. Everilda. It is square, and was formerly resorted to by the villagers, but is now closed.—HOPE, p. 178.

The Gipsies.

My Prophetick Spring at *Veipsey*, I may show,
That some years is dry'd up, some years again doth flow ;
But when it breaketh out with an immoderate birth
It tells the following year of a penurious dearth.

POLY-OLB. Song 28.

The Gipsies [g hard] are pretty well known as streams of water which at different periods are observed on some parts of the Yorkshire Wolds. They appear toward the latter end of winter or early in the spring ; sometimes breaking out very suddenly, and, after running a few miles again, disappearing. That which is more particularly distinguished by the name of *The Gipsy* has its origin near the Wold-cottage at a distance of about twelve miles W.N.W. from Bridlington. The water here does not rise in a body in one particular spot, but may be seen oozing and trickling among the grass, over a surface of considerable extent, and where the ground is not interrupted by the least apparent breakage ; collecting into a mass, it passes off in a channel, of about four feet in depth

and eight or ten in width, along a fertile valley towards the sea, which it enters through the harbour at Bridlington. . . . There is sometimes an intermission of three or four years. . . . A custom formerly prevalent among the young people at North Burton, but now discontinued . . . was "going to meet the Gipsy" on her first approach.—T. C., Bridlington.

HONE, pp. 115, 116.

A Mysterious East Riding Stream. *Woe-Waters of the Wold.* A correspondent of the London "Daily Mail" gives some particulars of a mysterious East Riding stream which comes and goes like a will-o'-the-wisp and the appearance of which superstitious folk regard as the harbinger of evil, and which is just now almost the sole topic of conversation in the villages and hamlets among the wolds and dales of North-East Yorkshire.

To solve the mystery of the "Gypsey Race," as the strange waters are called, has been the ambition of many modern scientists. Little, however, has yet been discovered to account for its eccentricities. Almost as suddenly as they came, some six weeks ago, the waters will shortly disappear, and may not be seen again for years. Only five or six times during the last twenty-one years has this brook run its eerie course. Its source of origin is a hidden mystery. The strange workings of Nature, however, appeal to the curiosity and imagination of the Yorkshire wold-dweller.

Day by day young and old watch the stream running its twenty-mile course of hide and seek among the chalk to the sea at Bridlington. Astonishment is often mingled with awe, for according to tradition dire disasters follow in the wake of the brook, and which in consequence bears the sinister title of "The waters of woe." Superstitions die hard, and in these out-of-the-way wolds people are still to be found whom it is difficult to dissuade that the running of a stream fed by an intermittent spring is not in some way associated with the supernatural. I have tried hard, however, to find someone who can give personal testimony in support of the theory that the appearance of the mysterious waters is a prognostication of trouble. With the exception of some heavy floods in the winter of 1860 and a great storm at sea in 1880, no one can remember that the coming of the stream has been attended

by any particular local woe. The legend seems to be founded on incidents belonging to a very distant past.

The "gipsey," it is said, appeared just before the great plague, before the restoration of Charles II., and a few weeks prior to the landing of the Prince of Orange. Its appearance in 1795 is also reported to have synchronised with the descent of a huge meteorite in the village of Wold Newton.

The mysterious stream meanders through this quaint little village, some of the inhabitants of which have not yet ceased to talk of the "bolt from the sky" and its supposed affinity with the "woe-waters" of the wold. Originating from an intermittent spring which bursts through the chalk strata to the east of the village of Wharram-le-street the gipsey stream performs at times so many queer pranks that its vagaries may have given rise to some of the superstitions associated with its appearance.

For instance, the waters may be running strangely at one end of a field and at the other end of the bed of the stream be quite dry. On one occasion the stream literally passed through some cottages at Kirby Grindalythe, the water forcing its way through the ground floors and only being released by artificial means. At times trout have been seen in the mystic brook.

Some authorities declare that the stream derives its origin from the Greek word Gupos (chalk), while others aver that it means the same as the ordinary gipsey wanderer. Only once during the last fourteen years have the limpid waters of this strange rivulet run as strongly as they have during the last few days. There are already indications, however, that the waters are about to ebb. Soon the stream will have entirely disappeared and children will again play in its dry and erstwhile channel. The waters, however, will not be forgotten, and not a few old folk will quietly, but anxiously, wait to see whether the gipsy's warning of 1910 of "battle, plague, and famine" come true or not.—Y.H. April 5th, 1910.

Harpham. At Harpham-on-the-Wolds, between Driffield and Bridlington, there is a noted well dedicated to St. John of Beverley, who was really the patron saint of all this part of Yorkshire. In mediæval times many miracles are said to have been wrought through the virtue of its waters, blessed

by the saint. It is a circular well or trough, with an opening in the side, and covered by a dome, and situated on the road-side by the churchyard. Among other virtues it possessed that of taming wild animals, and subduing and calming the fiercest brutes. William of Malmesbury relates that the most rabid bull when brought before it became as gentle as a lamb.—Y.F.L. vol. i. p. 197.

In a field near the church [is a] well called " The Drumming Well." . . .

About the time of Edward II. or III. . . . the Old Manor House near this well . . . was the residence of the family of St. Quintin. In the village lived a widow, reputed to be somewhat " uncanny," named Molly Hewson. She had an only son, Tom Hewson, who had been taken into the family at the manor and . . . appointed trainer and drummer to the village band of archers. A grand field day of these took place in the well-field. . . . One young rustic proving more than usually stupid in the use of the bow, the squire made a rush forward to chastise him ; Tom the drummer happened to be standing in the way. St. Quintin accidentally ran against him and sent him staggering backward, and tripping, he fell head-foremost down the well. Some time elapsed before he could be extricated, and when this was effected the youth was dead. . . . His mother appeared on the scene. At first she was frantic, casting herself upon his body, and could not realize, though she had been warned of the danger of this spot to her son, that he was dead. Suddenly she rose up and stood . . . before the squire . . . and in a sepulchral voice exclaimed, " Squire St. Quintin, you were the friend of my boy. . . . You intended not his death, but from your hand his death is come. Know then that through all future ages whenever a St. Quintin, Lord of Harpham, is about to pass from life, my poor boy shall beat his drum at the bottom of this fatal well." . . . From that time so long as the old race of Quintin lasted on the evening preceding the death of the head of the house, the rat-tat of Tom's drum was heard in the well by those who listened for it.—*Leeds Mercury.*

Hope, pp. 197, 198 ; Y.F.L. vol. i. p. 98 ; Parkinson, vol. i. p. 207.

Kayingham.[1] [In a field west of the town] is a well called St. Philip's Well; on a small stone are inscribed W.H. W.D. 1667. W.K. It is called the wishing well; and the country lasses were in the habit of dropping pins, or even sixpence into it, for the purpose of ensuring to themselves either particular or general good luck.

POULSON (2), vol. ii. p. 420.

Kendale. In the vale there is a spring to which was formerly attached a post and chained cup for the use of wayfarers, in connection with which the village of Beswick, for some unknown purpose, pays the sum of 24s. 6d. annually to the well estate, and in consideration of that payment the villagers are exempted from toll at the fairs of Driffield.

ROSS, p. 114.

Kilham. In the parish is a mineral spring; and after a wet autumn the Vipsey or Gypsey breaks out at a place called Henpit hole, near the Langtoft road with such violence, that the water, when it first spouts forth, forms an arch under which a man on horseback may ride, without being wet.

WHITE, p. 392.

North of Kilham. Swaythorpe, now a farm of 774 acres, . . . but anciently a village of two streets which may still be traced, on the west and north side of a large mere, or pool, called the Hemp-dyke; and the foundations of the chapel are still visible near a spring, called Chapel well.—WHITE, p. 392.

Kilnwick. See SECTION XV. p. 197.

Nunburnholme. *Lady Spring.*—The spring on the north side of the Bratt wood immediately above the Town Street.

MORRIS (2), p. 201.

Riccall. In the [vicarage] garden is a spring called the Lady Well.—SHEAHAN and WHELLAN, vol. ii. p. 627; ALLEN, vol, ii. p. 357.

Spaldington. See SECTION iv. p. 54.

Welton. Cattle Well, St. Ann's Well, and another.

THOMPSON, pp. 1, 2.

[1 Otherwise, Keyingham.]

Hornsea Mere. In Henry the Third's reign, as may be read in the *Liber Melsæ*, or Chronicle of the Abbey of Meaux, the Abbot of St. Mary's at York quarrelled with him of Meaux about the right to fish in the mere, and not being able to decide the quarrel by argument, the pious churchmen had recourse to arms. Each party hired combatants, who met on the appointed day, and after a horse had been swum across the mere, and stakes had been planted to mark the Abbot of St. Mary's claim, they fought from morning until nightfall, and Meaux lost the battle and with it his ancient right of fishery.—WALTER WHITE, p. 66.

CROSSES.

At **Appleton-le-Moor** on the way to Lastingham.

MAULE COLE, p. 6.

Atwick. A small, healthy, pleasant place, the greater part of it stands at the junction of five roads, nearly on the centre of which is an old stone cross, which appears to be of great antiquity . . . the inscription around the base is quite illegible; it is raised upon three steps, the height of the whole being about 15 feet, the cross stone, with which the shaft was originally supplied, has been long since destroyed. As lately as the year 1786 the cross was distant from the sea 33 chains 61 links; it is now scarcely half that distance.

POULSON (2), vol. i. pp. 173, 174.

Bainton [road-side].—MAULE COLE, p. 10.

Bentley, etc. Sanctuary crosses of which we have examples in the neighbourhood of Beverley, where the remains of three still exist, viz. at Bishop Burton, Walkington and Bentley. These marked the limits of the sanctuary of St. John of Beverley.—MAULE COLE, p. 1.

Connected with the "Fridstol" are the boundary stones, which marked the leuga or circuit of the sanctuary. There were four of these crosses . . . three only are now left; one in a field adjoining the road to York about a mile and a

quarter from the church of St. John, nearly adjoining Kinwalgraves, another about the same distance from Beverley on the Walkington road, and the third in the hedge-row of the road leading to Hessle. The fourth stone was situated in the valley a little beyond the hamlet of Molescroft.

POULSON, vol. ii. pp. 687, 688.

Cherry Burton. At a distance from the church a monument has been erected in the fields with the inscription, "Orate pro anima magis(ter) Richard Whorlton," the history of which is entirely lost. The stone is undoubtedly of ancient date, and has the appearance of a stump cross. . . . It is clear that no interment has been deposited beneath the monument, for in the month of July, 1827 . . . [certain people] excavated to a considerable depth beneath the surface, but they found no indications of sepulture, except a single bone, which was pronounced to be the tibia of a man. The stone was replaced in its pristine situation.[1]

[1] There is very little doubt but this is the remains of a sanctuary cross, the inscription being a subsequent work, and totally unconnected with the primitive intention of the monument.

ALLEN, vol. ii. pp. 211, 212.

Brandsburton. The Cross which stands in a large open space forms a prominent object; it seems to have been highly decorated with figures, but at present they are nearly all broken away; it appears as if there had been two standing figures surmounting the column (back to back), with their hands joined in the attitude of prayer. The shaft is an octagon about ten feet high inserted in a block of stone, and stands on three elevated steps. If there were at any time an inscription upon it, it is now completely obliterated. The entire elevation is about 15 feet.—POULSON (2), vol. ii. p. 284.

Burythorpe [ch. yard cross, now in a garden].

MAULE COLE, p. 3.

Carnaby [road-side].—MAULE COLE, pp. 7, 10.

Dunnington. In the church yard are the remains of an ancient sepulchral cross. [In the village] the stump of an

old stone cross, which stood in its centre for ages, was removed to the garden of the Rectory in 1840 and a new cross erected in its stead.—SHEAHAN and WHELLAN, vol. ii. p. 616.

Easington. In the church-yard is the base of a cross.
POULSON (2), vol. ii. p. 377.

Filey and **Fimber** [road-side].—MAULE COLE, p. 10.

Frodingham, North. The old cross was thrown down and destroyed by the excavators who were employed on the Beverley and Barmston drain. . . . The new cross was put up in 1811. . . . The remains of the old shaft form part of the pavement in the street.—POULSON (2) vol. i. p. 306.

Garrowby. [Cross base known as "the stone chair" found in a field near Garrowby Hill.] The popular legend that a British king sat in it to overlook a battle raging in the vale below may have had its origin in a lingering tradition of the Battle of Stamford Bridge.—MAULE COLE, p. 9.

Halfield [at cross-roads].—MAULE COLE, p. 4.

Hedon. At Hedon in the grounds of the late Wm. Watson, Esq., is a very beautiful cross of fifteenth century character. It was originally erected at Ravenspurne, tradition stating, and no doubt with accuracy, that it was to commemorate the landing there of the Duke of Lancaster (so soon afterwards King Henry IV.), a circumstance mentioned by Shakespeare :

> "The banished Bolingbroke repeals himself
> And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd
> At Ravenspurg."

A grant was renewed for building a hermitage "at a certain place called Ravencrossbourne, at which the King landed on his last coming;" probably the cross was erected in memory of that event, and the place for a time took the cross as part of its name. It was removed to Kilnsea when the sea took Ravenspurne, and upon the same insatiable devourer pursuing it thither, it was removed in 1818 to Burton Constable and subsequently to Hedon.—WILDRIDGE, p. 34.

Hornsea. The church, the two crosses and a moated piece of ground behind Old Hall are . . . all that remains of the town as it was while under the dominion of the abbey. Of the crosses, that near the church or its predecessor on the same site, is, no doubt, the oldest; the cross in Southgate (perhaps erected when the second market was granted in 1466, as there is a tradition that a second market used to be held there) is of the magnesian limestone, much used at York, and was probably fashioned there.—BEDELL, pp. 49, 50.

Howden [market-cross].—MAULE COLE, p. 3.

Huggate [road-side].—MAULE COLE, pp. 8, 10.

Hunmanby. Its cross with the old stocks near it may yet be seen on the village green.—WARD, p. 100.

Keyingham. In the village is the stump of an ancient cross upon three steps.—WHITE, p. 294.

Kirkham. See SECTIONS xiii. p. 156; xv. p. 195.

Leconfield [churchyard].—MAULE COLE, p. 2.

Leven. White Cross in the parish of Leven stands at the junction of three roads leading to Routh, Leven, and Riston . . . and is about a mile from Leven. It has been so denominated, no doubt in later days, from receiving the white-washers' annual covering. In a straight line it is about three miles from the abbey of Meaux, and placed opposite a farm house with brick battlements. A circumstance has occurred which gives to this solitary shaft a peculiar interest which is the discovery made of its capital, for so is the splendid piece of sculpture . . . supposed to be now lying in Leven church, and lately dug up in that churchyard . . . June 10th, 1836, about two feet below the surface. . . . The old Kilnsea cross removed from Ravenspurn to that place and since to Hedon [*vide supra*] [resembles it]. If that cross was originally erected at Ravenspurn to commemorate the landing of the Duke of Lancaster, as supposed by some persons, this now referred to may have had connexion with the same event.
POULSON (2), vol. i. pp. 400, 401.

The head of [White Cross] is walled into the new church of Leven over the doorway.—MAULE COLE, p. 2.

Lowthorpe [churchyard].—MAULE COLE, p. 2. See also p. 3 *ante*.

Lund [market-cross].—MAULE COLE, p. 3.

Millington High Street [road-side].—MAULE COLE, p. 10.

Nunburnholme [churchyard].—MAULE COLE, p. 2.

Nunkeeling. The Cross stands on the road side leading from this place to Catfoss, and about a quarter of a mile from the old priory church ; it stands about four feet high.

POULSON (2), vol. i. p. 388.

Ottringham [road-side].—MAULE COLE, p. 4.

Ruston Parva [road-side].—MAULE COLE, p. 10.

Settrington. [Often, when cross bases remain] they are said to be stone chairs, or troughs, or fonts, or heads of coffins—anything but the truth. . . . I was immensely amused to hear only recently that the " stone chair," so called in Settrington High Street, was the remains of a Roman coffin which had been intercepted somehow or another on its way to York, and that the remainder of the coffin was to be found in York Museum.—MAULE COLE, p. 5.

Skeffling [churchyard].—POULSON (2), vol. ii. p. 502.

Swine. The old stump cross . . . is perhaps coeval with the original Conventual Church.

POULSON, (2), vol. i. p. 219.

Westow [road-side].—MAULE COLE, p. 10.

Wetwang. Brought originally, it is said, from the extinct township of Holme Archiepiscopi in the parish of Wetwang adjoining Fridaythorpe. . . . Placed for protection in the new churchyard. . . . It may be added that this base is popularly described as a font.—MAULE COLE, pp. 7, 8.

Wharram le Street [road-side].—MAULE COLE, p. 10.

ATMOSPHERIC PHENOMENA.

"The true relation of a strange and very wonderful thing that was heard in the air Oct. 12th, 1658, by many hundreds of people: As the Lord sees what a deep sleep is seized upon us as no low voice will awaken us, so he is pleased to roar aloud from heaven, intending thereby (in all likelihood) either to rouse us up out of our present security, or to leave us the more without excuse in the day of his fierce wrath. Now I come to relate the matter, the which was thus: Upon the 12th day of October, in the afternoon, there was heard by some hundreds of people in Holderness, Hedon and about Hull, and several other places in Yorkshire —first, three great pieces of ordnance or cannons discharged in the air one after another, very terrible to hear, and afterwards immediately followed by a peal of muskets. This shooting off of muskets continued about an half-quarter of an hour, drums beating all the while in the manner just as if two armies had been engaged. Such as heard the aforesaid cannons, muskets, and drums, do report that the sound was from the north-east quarter, and to their thinking not far from the place where they stood. Two men being together about six miles from Hull in Holderness, near Humberside, supposed it was directly over Hull; whereupon one said to the other, 'It being the sheriff's riding-day at Hull, this peal of muskets must be there; and see (quoth he) how the smoke riseth!' Now the reason why he mentioned the smoke was, because no sooner was this noise finished over Hull, but (as it happeneth after the discharge of guns) there arose a very great smoke or thick mist round the town, although immediately before (the day being a very clear day, and the sun shining all the while very bright) he saw the town very perfectly. One thing more was observed by him who saw the smoke over Hull; that all the while this prodigious noise continued (which was as he supposed about the eighth part of an hour), the face of the sky (as in eclipses of the sun) waxed very dim; yea, such a strange nature accompanied it, that the very earth seemed to tremble and quake under him. A certain gentleman, who had been some time a major in the war, as he was riding with a friend

between the towns of Patterington and Otteringham, was so persuaded that some encounter by soldiers was on the other side of a small hill where they were riding, as that they could not but mount the hill to try the truth, so plainly did the drums beat and the muskets go off, and, to their thinking, so near them, as either it must be a sign from heaven or a real battle hard by. The country people were struck with such strange wonder and deep terror, that they gave over their labour, and ran home with fear; yea, some poor people gathering coal by the seaside were so frightened that they ran away, leaving their sacks behind them. In conclusion: for the space of forty miles this fearful noise of cannons, muskets, and drums was heard all the country over."—Y.F.L. vol. i. pp. 92, 93.

On the 13th of January, 1792, a singular meteoric appearance was observed near Stockton-on-the-Forest, about four miles from York, which resembled a large army in separate divisions, some in black and others in white uniforms. One of these divisions formed a line that appeared near a mile in extent, in the midst of which appeared a number of fir trees which seemed to move along with the line. These aerial troops moved in different directions and sometimes with amazing rapidity. The above is stated to have been seen by persons of credit and respectability.

Y.F.L. vol. i. p. 88.

The Northern Lights (*Aurora Borealis*) are supposed to be a sign of war and conflagration. The winter of 1870 was remarkable for the splendid displays . . . looked upon as the reflection of the immense destruction caused by the Franco-German war.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 45.

THE SEA AND SEAFARERS.

Filey. On going down to the sands to go off, if any of the fishermen met a pig, nothing could persuade them to go to sea on that day, as such an event was considered a certain omen of coming disaster. A Filey person informed me that, when a very little girl, she ran into the house of her grandfather, an old fisherman, who was engaged in baiting

a line preparatory to the day's fishing. On entering she said, "Grandad, I've just seen such a great pig run up our yard." Throwing the half-baited line upon the floor, he exclaimed, "Out wi thea, out wi thea, thou nasty hussey, thou's hindered mea ganing to sea to-day," and sure enough all idea of doing so was given up. To buy eggs after sunset was also considered unlucky. Indeed, such a thing was next to impossible, as no one could be found daring enough to sell them. A resident well acquainted with this place told me that, when a boy, he used to visit an old lady who "kept shop." One night, being desirous to learn whether there was any truth in the story about the eggs, he said, "Could you let me have an egg or two for my supper?" The horrified old dame replied, "Drat thea, get out o' me shop. Ah sall hev neeah luck to neet, and I mun as weel shut up at yance." Accordingly the shutters were put up, and business suspended until the following morning.

They had many curious notions as to what should and should not be done on board the boats. Sometimes when the nets were being "paid out," one of the men would cut a slit in one of the pieces of cork attached to them and insert a coin in it. It is not uncommon even now for some of them to do so. This is to show they can *pay for the fish.* Whether it is old Neptune they have to pay, or the acknowledgment is intended to satisfy some other sea-deity or not I could never learn.

To have a pin about you was considered very foolish, and if one were to go on board of a vessel belonging to some of the "old hands," we should probably be invited to "toss it overboard." They also thought it unlucky to put their hands *between* the steps of a ladder to reach a biscuit out of the bread-basket that stood behind it. To whistle was also considered very wrong, as it might "fetch up" a breeze. A local poet alludes to this superstitious notion in the following lines:

> "A pleasant breeze on a fine moonlight night,
> Then I began to whistle with delight.
> The mate he heard and soon called out to me,
> You must not whistle when you are at sea."

SHAW, pp. 11-13.

Previously to the fishermen setting out upon their expedition, they send a piece of sea-beef on shore from each boat to such of their friends at the public houses as they wish "weel teea"; this occasions a "bit of a supper," at which those who are going away and those who stay meet to enjoy good cheer with mutual good will. The Sunday preceding their departure is called *Boat Sunday*, when all their friends from the neighbouring villages attend to bid them farewell.

COLE, p. 143.

Among the remarkable customs relating to the Fishery is the following curious one, which is probably peculiar to Filey: During the time the boats are on the Herring Fishery the junior part of the inhabitants seize all the unemployed waggons and carts they can find, and drag them down the streets to the cliff top; there leaving them to be owned and taken away by their respective proprietors on the following morning: this is carried into effect about the third Saturday night after the boats have sailed from Filey, under a superstitious notion that it drives the herrings into the nets.

COLE, p. 143.

The fishermen paid particular attention to matters which they esteemed lucky or unlucky. At Christmas time they considered it of the greatest importance that each member of the family should sit down to the Christmas supper. The chief dish on this occasion was the "ancient and celebrated one of frumentie or frumity," which consisted of wheat boiled in milk. This was succeeded by apple-pie, cheese and ginger-bread. When the whole family had assembled an immense block of wood called a Yule Clog was placed on the fire, and the Yule candle, a tall mould, half a yard in length, was lighted. . . . It was believed to be very unlucky to cut into the ginger-bread or light the candle before the precise time for attending to those matters. Great care was also taken that no person should stir or snuff the candle, or move the table till supper was over. If any of these things were done the most melancholy consequences were supposed to follow. . . .

They were also very particular when Christmas morning arrived to allow no person to go out of the house till the

threshold had been consecrated by the entrance of a male; and should one of the opposite sex come in, the event caused the utmost horror and alarm. On no account would they give a light out of the house, or throw out the ashes or even sweep out the dust, there being as they believed no chance of a good fishing to such persons as committed these practices, and wilfully acted against their own interests.

SHAW, p. 9, etc.

Flamborough. For the last fourteen years I have annually paid a visit to the fishing village of Flamborough. On my first acquaintance with the primitive inhabitants of this place, they seemed to be a hundred years behind other inland villages in their manners and customs, but during the last five years civilization has made rapid progress, and you can only here and there find an old fisherman who has not shaken off the practices of his ancestors. . . . One of the oldest seems to have a strong antipathy to the "parson." It was considered a most unlucky thing for a clergyman to enter a cottage when the "gude mon" was baiting his lines, or to meet one on his way to the beach. To quote the words of one of the natives, "I'd as soon meet the devil as the parson." A fisherman would never go to sea after such a meeting. Thirty or forty years ago a man would not go to sea if a hare or rabbit crossed his path. As late as three years ago the fishermen would not go out if any one mentioned a pig in any way when they were baiting their lines; and they had a great fear if rabbits or eggs were spoken of. It is still considered very unlucky for a woman to walk over the nets or any of the fishing tackle, although the women take a very active part in collecting bait and helping their husbands to bait their lines. Witchcraft is another thing that has had great influence over their actions. A woman named Betty Adamson was reputed a witch, and her power is said to be exercised by one or two men at the present time. If a fisherman happened to meet Betty, he would turn back, and he always carefully avoided passing her house. Once she entered a cottage where the men were preparing their lines, which was considered so ominous of evil, that they would not let her go until she had knelt down and said the Lord's Prayer.

The fishermen now will go half a mile out of their way rather than pass the house of the man supposed to be "bewitched." A few years ago no fisherman would go to sea on Old Christmas Day. It was considered heathenish to do so; and two of the old residents still maintain the same. . . . It is particularly pleasing to see the wives and children dressed in their best going down to the beach when their husbands and fathers depart for their herring harvest.—E. S. N.

N. & Q. 5th S. vol. iii. p. 204.

We have the custom of *Raising Herrings*. It is believed that a good fishing season will surely follow this ceremony. When the men are at sea, the wives and other women disguise themselves in various ways, often in the garments of their male relations, and with music and laughter go about the village visiting the houses of their neighbours, and receiving alms or God speed.—ARMYTAGE, p. 143.

If a fisherman on his way to the boats should meet a woman, a parson, or a hare he will turn back, for he will have no luck that day. If while baiting the lines, and in this the men are assisted by the women, anyone should mention a hare, a rabbit, an egg, a pig, or a fox, it is considered very unlucky. A fisherman friend of mine related to me the following anecdote, the result of his own experience. A man named Nicholson, a poulterer and game dealer, went into a fisherman's cottage and asked him if he wanted to buy any rabbits. The man, who was baiting his lines at the time, replied, "Neea." "Then will you buy a hare?" said Nicholson. "Noo thoo's gan far eneeaf," replied the fisherman in a rage, "tak thi hook!" (go away), and he turned him out. After that, before Nicholson ventured to enter a house to hawk his rabbits he always premised, "If ya pleease are ya baatin yer lahns ti-daay?" He knew that in that case his mission would have been in vain!

A young woman mentioned in the hearing of the father-in-law, a Flamborough fisherman, that she had received a letter from Foxholes. The lines were being baited at the time, and he severely reproached her for the unlucky word, and gave over baiting for that day. It is curious that while in the parlance of fishermen the sun, the moon and the sea are

always lovingly spoken of in the feminine gender as "she," the female sex are currently supposed to bring ill-luck, whether as *first foot*, a cat, a hare, or a mare.

ARMYTAGE, pp. 143, 144.

On our coast, if fishermen meet a woman with a white apron when they are going to sea, they will turn back and wait a tide. In folk lore, the feminine sex carry ill-luck with them, whether as "first foot" or in the shape of a cat, a hare (which is always spoken of as feminine), or a horse.

NICHOLSON (2), p. 46.

Earrings are generally worn by Flamborough fishermen, whether by way of ornament, or as a charm against some unseen danger, I am unable to say, but, at least, in wearing them the Flamborians of to-day are but following the fashion of their great hero, the far-famed "free trader," Robin Lyth, of immortal memory.—ARMYTAGE, p. 148.

On some parts of our coast (Cornwall, I think) either the small hidden rocks or the waves as they break over them are called "dogs." Smaller instances are known as "whelps" as in the Humber there are Hessle whelps.—W.C.B.

N. & Q. 8th S. vol. vii. p. 173.

THE MOON.

The first new moon of the year must not on any account be looked at "through glass"—that is, through the window. When you hear (from someone else) that the new moon is to be seen, carefully turn your eyes from the window, lest you should inadvertently catch a sight of it through the glass; then go out to the door and take your look, and you will be lucky all the year.—F.R.H.S. pp. 61, 62.

Women go out of doors and turn their aprons before the new moon. They then wish something without telling their wish to anybody.—ADDY, p. 59.

See also SECTION X. p. 117.

When the new moon has her horns upward, she is said to be "on her back," and it is commonly believed to betoken fine weather.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 45.

SECTION II.

TREES AND PLANTS.

RESPECT PAID TO TREES.

South or **Bishop Burton.** In the valley beneath is a small lake, past which runs the broad turnpike road, and beyond that is an ancient tree of immense size and of the species called witch elm, which the villagers regard with the awe and jealousy of a sacred palladium. It measures forty-eight feet in circumference.—OLIVER, p. 492.

Flamborough. Not many years ago some of the Flamborough folk at a certain period of the year used to walk round a tree uttering some kind of incantation. An old Flamborough resident, from whom I made enquiries, told me he had "heeard tell on't," but he was unable to give me any reliable account of the meaning of the ceremony.

ARMYTAGE, p. 146.

Kirkburn. There are fine ash trees round; and near the churchyard a very large elm with knotted roots which is called the "village tree."—MURRAY, pp. 153, 154.

MAYPOLES.

Hedon. 1662, Charge for a May-pole 5s. [in the Corporation accounts].—POULSON (2), vol. ii. p. 154.

Birdsall, 1666. *Edward Ruddocke. For Murder.*—May 2, 1666. Before Wm. Gray, gent., coroner. *Thomas Bell of Birdsall, blacksmith,* saith, that the last day of Aprill last, about aleaven a clocke in the night of the same day, he did repaire, together with severall young men and boyes of the towne of Birdsall, unto a woodclose, or wood, belonging to Eddlethorpe grainge, being about the number of foureteene.

He and William Knaggs, soe soone as they were within the wood, went a part from the rest of the companyall, their intencon then being to chuse and gett a young ash tree for a May poll to carry to the towne of Birdsall. But immediately after this deponent and the said William Knaggs was parted a little distance from the other part of their partners, they heard some speake, but did not well understand what they said and, imediately after, was a gun discharged and the said William Knaggs, being then close by this examinate gave a shrike, and turned round, and fell down dead. . . . And imediately after the gunne was discharged, one Mr. Edward Ruddocke and another person unknowne to this examinate, came up to this deponent, saying " Ho rogues! Ho rogues! Have we mett with you. Ile make rogues on you. It's more fitt you were in your bedds then here at this tyme of night," or words to that purpose.—DEPOSITIONS, pp. 141, 142.

Naburn. One of the very few villages which retains its maypole. . . . Formerly [it] was taken down on the first of May in each year and carefully repaired, cleaned and painted; then on the twelfth of the month (the feast day) the girls of the village paraded the three or four little streets of the township dressed in spotless white and adorned with flowers, and interested the people with their May song, and pleased them with their garland framed in beauteous shape and covered with spring flowers. At most of the houses they stopped to sing their sweet little song:

" See our garland gay we're bringing,
For it is the month of May,
All the little birds are singing,
Singing sweet on every spray;
'Tis the merry, merry month of May,
Come and see our garland gay.

Hark the little bees are humming
On the flowers that honey give,
Teaching us to do our duty
All the days that we may live.
'Tis the merry, merry [etc.]

May the Queen who now is reigning,
Reigning o'er this happy land,
Always find her subjects pleasing,
Serving her with heart and hand.
'Tis the merry, merry" [etc.].

The song over, the children expected gifts of money, and were rarely disappointed; the poorest had their penny ready for the "garlanders." Then when the village had been thoroughly perambulated, they adjourned to the raising of the maypole, which, gay with its new coat of paint and streamers of ribbon, went up amid the shouts of the villagers, and was made fast in its foundations. The garland . . . was . . . fixed part of the way up the pole.

CAMIDGE, pp. 395, 396.

Wressle. On the green, nearly in the centre of the village, stands the May Pole, the scene of many a rural festivity. The young people of both sexes used to go out early in the morning of the first day of May to gather the flowering thorns and the dew of the grass, which they brought home with music and acclamations, and having dressed a pole on the town green with garlands, danced around it. The May dew was considered a grand cosmetic, preserving the face from wrinkles and the touch of old age. The May feast was prepared of warm milk from the cow, sweet cake and wine, and a kind of divination was practised by fishing with a ladle for a wedding ring, which was dropped into it for the purpose of prognosticating who should be first married.

WRESSLE, pp. 68-70.

GARLANDS

Naburn. A garland is still carried round by the children [at the village feast].—CAMIDGE, p. 401.

Beverley. *St. Mary's Church.*—In [the S.] aisle on the wall between the two easternmost windows hangs the frame of a garland, which here, as in the S. of England, was anciently suspended above the tomb of a maiden.—MURRAY, p. 151.

Filey. It is a seemly and profitable custom to follow the corpse of our friends to the grave . . . and as this form of procession is a memento of our dying shortly after our friends, so the carrying of ivy, laurel, rosemary, or some other evergreen, is to signify the soul's immortality.—COLE, p. 138.

SUNDRY TREES AND PLANTS.

Hull. *Apples.*—If an apple remain on the tree until the spring[1] . . . it is considered a sign of death in the family of the owner of the tree. Or if the apple-tree bear blossom and fruit at the same time a like result would follow; whence the following couplet:

> "A bloom on the tree when apples are ripe
> Is a sure termination of somebody's life."

The latter has been verified (1889) in the case of an old lady at Hull, in whose garden an apple-tree bore a beautiful cluster of blossom at midsummer when the fruit was growing to maturity.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 121.

Sancton. *Ash Trees.*—In *Recollections of My Own Life and Times*, by Thomas Jackson, I find that some of the people of Sancton (E.R. Yorks) "every summer examined the ash trees with great care to see whether or not they produced any seed; for the barrenness of the ash was said to be a sure sign of public calamity. It was a tradition among aged and thoughtful men that the ash trees of England produced no seed during the year in which Charles the First was beheaded" (p. 14).—St. Swithin, N. & Q. 6th S. vol. vii. p. 535.

Awd Noah.—Partially carbonized wood dug out of the "carrs" of Holderness. It is black and susceptible of polish. The Holderness people suppose the trees to have been submerged at the deluge; hence the name.—HOLD. GLOSS. p. 24.

Buttercup or Celandine.—When children find a flower of the celandine or buttercup, they pluck it, hold it under the smooth, fair chin of their comrades, to see "if they like butter." The liking is proportional to the brightness of the yellow reflection on the skin.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 123.

Dandelions.—Children will not gather or smell at the beautiful yellow flower of the dandelion, "piss-a-bed" or "pissimire" they call it, because they believe unpleasant results,

[1] It is believed to be unlucky to gather all fruit off the tree; so a few deformed apples, pears, or berries are left hanging for the birds, it is said, but do not the birds stand here for the fairies? NICHOLSON (2), p. 127.

as recorded in the former name, will ensue. . . . [They] pluck the flower stalks when the fluffy ball of downy seeds is quite ripe. They call them " clocks " and puff at them. . . . The number of puffs required to dislodge the whole denotes the time of day.—NICHOLSON (2), pp. 123, 124.

Goose-grass.—Children when they see a piece of it sticking to your dress say you have got a sweetheart.

NICHOLSON (2), p. 123.

Hawthorn.—In the East Riding the bloom of hawthorn is not permitted in the house ; " it has such a deathly smell."

ADDY, p. 63.

Hemlock.—The flower of the hemlock is by no means to be plucked, or even touched [by a child], as it is " bad-man wotmeeal " (the devil's-oatmeal), and if you do touch this flower " bad-man " will be sure " to get you." This little superstition . . . may have been *designed* for the purpose of keeping children from a poisonous plant.—F.R.H.S. p. 58.

Houseleek.—The " hoos-lock " (house-leek) is grown largely on the roofs of houses, thatched ones especially, as a preventive against fire.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 124.

Nettles.—Children impose on one another by saying " Nettles won't sting to-day " and grasp [one] firmly, to support their assertion, while their timorous unbelieving comrade scarcely touches it and is stung for his want of firmness.

NICHOLSON (2), p. 125.

See also SECTION vi. p. 70.

Onion.—The schoolboy . . . does not fail to make use of the time-honoured charm against the sting of the cane, viz. the rubbing of an onion on the palm of the hand. . . . A horse hair stretched across the palm will assuredly split the cane.—F.R.H.S. p. 58.

Poppy.—Head-waak, the scarlet poppy, so called because it is popularly supposed (E. and N.) to cause head-ache by its smell ; in W. by the intensity of its scarlet-colour, through its dazzling effect on the eyes.—HOLD. GLOSS. p. 74.

The Rowan, or mountain ash, is prized because of the protection it affords against witches. Carters like a whip-stock of it, for,

> "If your whip-stock's made of rowan,
> You may gan through ony toon."

Respecting its power over witches, the Rev. H. E. Maddock, M.A., Patrington, told me the following. In the late autumn of 1889, an old woman in Patrington came to Mrs. Maddock asking for a piece of the rowan tree which stood in the vicarage grounds. . . . She did not want the berries, but a piece of the wood. Further enquiries elicited the information that it was wanted to make a cross, and when the old woman felt unwell (of course, due to the malevolence of some witch) she spoke to this cross and it made her better. The wood was to be gathered at mid-day; but as an additional request the old woman said, "If this does not answer, will you let my son come at midnight to get some more?" The midnight gathering evidently was believed to be more efficacious.

NICHOLSON (2), pp. 125, 126.

See also SECTION v. p. 63.

Sorrel is known as "soor-dockin," or "green sauce," and is gathered by children and eaten, though they believe it grows only where dead men have been.

NICHOLSON (2), p. 125.

Speedwell.—The fragile blue flowers of the germander speedwell are . . . termed "bird eyes"; and children do not like to pluck them for fear the birds will peck their eyes out.

NICHOLSON (2), p. 122.

Sword-grass.—[Children pick off the spikelets of the flower-stalk of a piece of sword-grass.] Beginning at the lowest one, they take one for each trade or condition—

> Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor,
> Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief;

and that which falls to the last or topmost spikelet represents what they will be when they are to manhood grown.

NICHOLSON, p. 14.

Toad-stools.—Children are told not to gather them because toads have sat thereon.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 127.

SECTION III.

ANIMALS.

Badger.—The badger is believed to have the two legs on one side shorter than those on the other side, as well as having the two fore legs shorter than the two hinder ones, thus enabling the animal to run quickest and best across and up a hill side.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 135.

Bat.—Children cry out to the bat, flitting above their heads, "Bat, bat, cum undher my hat," and throw their caps up in the air to catch the creature. In some places they say,

"Black, black beear-way,
Cum doon bi here-away."

NICHOLSON, p. 92; HOLD. GLOSS. p. 39.

Bees.—The inhabitants of Cherry-Burton entertain a superstitious belief, that when the head of a family dies, it is necessary to clothe the bees in mourning on the funeral day, to secure the future prosperity of the hive. An instance of this observance took place in the month of July, 1827, on the death of an inmate only in a cottager's family. On the day of the interment the important ceremony was performed with great solemnity. A scarf of black crape was formally appended to each beehive; and an offering of pounded funeral biscuit soaked in wine was placed at its entrance; attended, probably, with secret prayers that the sacrifice might be efficacious to preserve the colony from fatuitous destruction.—OLIVER, p. 499.

[The hives are put into mourning and samples of all the viands provided for the funeral feast presented to the bees.]—See MORRIS, p. 253.

In the East Riding, when bees were ready to swarm, the new hive was sprinkled with a bottery (elder) branch dipped in sugar and water.—ADDY, p. 65.

Never kill a bee, for if you do, you will not be prosperous in your future undertakings.—F.R.H.S. p. 61.

Beetles.—If you kill a beetle it is sure to rain.
Nictillis Nictollis, N. & Q. vol. vi. p. 311.

Birds' Nests.—It is considered lucky for swallows to build their nests under the eaves of your house, and dire results will follow if the nests be disturbed, or are forsaken by the birds. . . . This notion of ill-luck following the disturbance of birds' nests is not confined to the swallow. In the spring of 1886 a rook built its nest in the solitary tree standing in the yard of Mr. Cass, Prospect Street, Hull, and when any mischievous lads came to molest it, an old lady in Portland Street used to drive them away with her sweeping brush; for, had the rook been compelled to forsake its nest, the whole neighbourhood would have participated in the consequent ill-luck.—NICHOLSON (2), pp. 131, 132.

See HENDERSON, p. 122.

Bird Scaring.

Shoo way bods! Shoo way bods!
Tak a bit, an leeave a bit,
An nivver cum ne ma'e bods.
NICHOLSON, p. 10.

"*A Little Bird.*"—The Yorkshire custom, when telling anyone of some act of his previously thought unknown, of commencing the story with "a little bird told me" that it happened so and so.—THOMPSON, p. 184.

Birds, Sea-.

Upon my Eastern side, which juts upon the sea
Amongst the white scalp'd cleeves this Wonder see they may.
The mullet [1] and the awke [2] (my fowlers there do find)
Of all great *Britain* brood, birds of the strangest kind,
That building in the rocks, being taken with the hand,
And cast beyond the cliff, that pointeth to the land,

[1 Puffin.] [2 Auk, or, perhaps, guillemot.]

Fall instantly to ground, as though it were a stone,
But just out to the sea, they instantly are gone,
And fly a league or two before they do return,
As only on the air, they on their wings were borne.
POLY-OLB. Song 28.

Beverley. *Bulls.*—In addition to the miracles performed by John himself, the Bollandists have published four books of those which were wrought at his relics, written by eye witnesses of the same.[1] William of Malmesbury has rather an amusing account of one which he states to have existed even in his day, and was shown as a sight.[2] "The people of the place used to bring bulls, the wildest and the fiercest they could find. These unmanageable creatures were brought hampered with cords, and several strong men to drag them along, but, as soon as they entered the church yard in Beverley, they dropped their fierce and formidable nature and were as tame as if they had been metamorphosed into sheep. The people were so well assured of their inoffensiveness, that they used to turn them loose and play with them."

[1] Acta Sanctorum Mense Maii, tom. 2, p. 166.

[2] "Johannes vir eximiarum virtutum notissimum praedicatorum habet Bedam in Gestis Anglorum. Sed nec modo minor est laudibus suis nec adhuc defunctus miraculis. Celeberrimum illud habetur quod habitatores Beverley, quo loci jacet, pro spectaculo soleant exhibere. Tauri ferocissimi qui nodosissimis vinculis astricti magni virorum fortium sudore adducuntur, statim ut coemiterum ingressi fuerint, ita omni feritate sopita conquiescunt, ut oves simplicitate putes. Laxatis ergo nodis dimittuntur, per atrium proludere, qui ante quicquid obstabat solebant cornibus et pedibus impetere."—Lib. iii. *de Gestis Pontif. Ang. in script. post Bedam*, fol. 153.

POULSON, vol. i. pp. 29, 30.

Brock.—The white frothy exudation from the brock is known as "frog spit" and is believed to be poisonous.
NICHOLSON (2), p. 136.

Cat.—It is considered lucky to have a black cat but unlucky to meet one.[1] . . . If a cat sneeze, it is believed that the disease will be taken by all in the house, so when it does sneeze, the cat is quickly turned out, to prevent in some degree the threatened epidemic.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 135.

[1] But see SECTION viii. p. 83.

Caterpillar.—When a "hairy caterpillar" is found the correct thing is to take it in the left hand and throw it over the right shoulder, saying at the same time, "Good luck." If one then walks away without looking to see where it fell, "luck" will certainly follow, but to look behind and see where the caterpillar dropped is most disastrous.

F.R.H.S. p. 79.

Cock.—This fowl is supposed to have a foreknowledge of death. Within the last dozen years a Holderness farmer conversing with a sceptic exclaimed, "Then dis thoo meean ti say oor awd cock disn't knaw when there's boon ti be a deeath i famaly!"—Hold. Gloss. p. 43.

Cock-sthride (*or* sthraade), a cock-stride. Used only in reference to the lengthening of the days in early spring, when it is said "days is a cock-*sthraade* langer noo."

Hold. Gloss. p. 44.

Crickets.—It is unlucky to kill a cricket.

Nictillis Nictollis, N. & Q. vol. vi. p. 311.

Lucky to have crickets in the house and unlucky to kill one; and if you put one in the fire it will not burn.

Nicholson (2), p. 137.

The Crow.—Should one be found sitting in any part of the churchyard there will without fail be seen another funeral there within the week.—F.R.H.S. p. 61.

Cuckoo.—It is lucky to have money in your pocket the first time you hear the cuckoo each year.—F.R.H.S. p. 61.

Cuckoo Penny.—If when you hear this bird you turn a penny over in your pocket, you will never be without one until you hear him again.—Nictillis Nictollis, N. & Q. vol. vi. p. 311.

"Cuckoo in April,
Cuckoo in May,
Cuckoo in June,
Then she flies away."

From the hawk-like flight of the bird, it is believed that cuckoos turn into hawks during the winter. Its frequent calling is a sign of rain; and before the bird emigrates its

call is less full and more indistinct, sometimes failing to give utterance to one distinct "cuckoo." Hence the saying "Cuckoo'll seean be gannin; she chatters rarely."

NICHOLSON (2), p. 131.

Death-watch.—An insect which emits a ticking sound at the head of a bed prognosticating, as is still popularly supposed in Holderness, the proximate death of the occupant of the bed.—HOLD. GLOSS. p. 51.

Dog.—A dog howling at night is always prognostic of a decease in the family.—F.R.H.S. p. 60.

If any one be bitten by a dog, it is believed that if at any future time the dog goes mad the person bitten will also do so. To prevent this the dog must be killed.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 135.

Donkey.—The marks on the neck and back . . . form a cross indicative of the entry into Jerusalem.

NICHOLSON (2), p. 134.

Earwig.—Should [one] get into your ear, it will eat its way to the brain and kill you. It is called a "forkin robin" or "battle twig."—NICHOLSON (2), p. 136.

Haddock.—See SECTION i. p. 2; SECTION xix. p. 233.

Hare.—The hare is a most unlucky animal to meet. . . . Visits and even weddings have been postponed because a hare crossed the path.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 134.

"*Herring-shine.*"—In the year 1854 a fisherman of Bridlington Quay told me that the name of the sea anemone was "herring-shine," and that in process of time they turned into herrings.—A.O.V.P., N. & Q. 5th S. vol. v. p. 466.

Lady-bird. Cushy-coo-lady, a lady-bird.

"Cushy-coo-lady, fly away home;
The sheep's in the meadow, the coo's in the corn."

or in N. and W.,

"The house is on fire and all the bayns gone."—*Child's Song.*

HOLD. GLOSS. p. 48.

"Your house is on fire, and your children all gone."

NICHOLSON (2), p. 137.

Magpies.—[A] method of protecting oneself against this [magpie] and all other evil influences I heard in Holderness one day. Here it is: "From witches and wizards and long-tailed buzzards, and all creeping things that run about hedge bottoms, good Lord deliver us."

York House, Skirbeck Quarter, Boston.

W. Henry Jones, N. & Q. 6th S. vol. x. p. 402, *footnote.*

Tell pie tit
Laid a egg an' couldn't sit.

NICHOLSON, p. 11.

Peacock.—[Its] feathers were always deemed unlucky.

NICHOLSON (2), p. 132.

Pigeons.—Should a pigeon alight on your house "rig" it is a certain sign of coming misfortune. Should two come on together your ill-luck will be extreme, whilst three pigeons on your house at once foretell nothing less than death. This last belief is extremely common, and that, too, amongst persons of somewhat superior position.—F.R.H.S. p. 61.

We find an otherwise intelligent farmer's wife trembling when a pigeon alights on the house top.—F.R.H.S. p. 56.

See also SECTION vi. p. 134.

Robin-Redbreast.—One of the nesters has robbed a robin's nest,—a shameful act,—which meets with summary jurisdiction whether done ignorantly or not. They all draw together from him, point their fore fingers at him, hiss and boo, and finally break into a singing rhythm—

Robin takker, robin takker,
Sin, sin, sin!

repeated again and again with increasing volume and vehemence as others join in the fray, until the offender is driven away. To effect this, his persecutors not unfrequently take their caps, or knot their handkerchiefs, and mob him for his cruelty to the bird they protect.—NICHOLSON, pp. 10, 11.

Sheep, etc.—They say that if animals are fortunate in bearing young, for example, if sheep yield good "crops" of lambs in spring, the same spring will be lucky for women and

babies. It is said that 1874 " was a terrible year for farmers and husbands, for so many sheep and wives died."

ADDY, p. 96.

Snail, Address to.

Sneel, sneel, put oot yer hoan (horn),
Or Ah'll kill yer fayther and muther to moan (to-morrow).

NICHOLSON, p. 14.

Sneel! Sneel! put out yer horn;
Yer fayther an mother'll gie yà some corn.

HOLD. GLOSS. p. 132.

Spider.—There is a small black spider, that often gets on our clothes or hats; this is called a " money spider "; and if you kill it you will be sure to suffer for it by lack of the needful.—Nictillis Nictollis, N. & Q. vol. vi. p. 311.

A couplet says:

" He who would wish to thrive
Must let spiders run alive."

NICHOLSON (2), p. 136.

Swine.—In the East Riding it is said that Satan was in the *hoofs* of the swine when they rushed down a steep place into the sea.—ADDY, p. 69.

Worms.—Earth-worms that have been cut in pieces are believed to grow into as many worms as there are pieces.

NICHOLSON (2), p. 136.

For animals which are unlucky to fishermen, see SECTION i. pp. 21, 22, 24, 25, 26; to any one, SECTION viii. p. 83, and *ante* pp. 35, 37.

SECTION IV.

GOBLINDOM.

THE bane of the boy's life at nightfall is the dire hobgoblin known under the various names of *bah-ghaist, bargest, boh-ghost, boggle, boggle-bo,* and others. The boggle-bo is, however, the one uppermost in the boy's mind when he happens to be in any lonely or "haunted" locality. The bargest's especial business seems to be to predict death in a family, which he does by howling round the house during the night. . . . Not so long ago a full-grown man, a sturdy fellow too, and a local preacher, "seed a real boggle." There could be no doubt about it, for not only did the man see it, but his son too, "an 'oss an all." There is another wicked sprite, who comes in most usefully as a protector of fruit. His name is *Awd Goggie,* and he specially haunts woods and orchards. It is evident, therefore, that it is wise on the children's part to keep away from the orchard at improper times, because otherwise "Awd Goggie might get them."

F.R.H.S. p. 59

In the East Riding of Yorkshire a spirit which gives warning before death is known as a "fetch."—ADDY, p. 140.

A bah-ghaist or bar-gest . . . is a spectre which takes the form of a bear or black dog, with large flaming eyes as big as saucers, and whose appearance is a sign of death. Sometimes it howls at night round the house in which the fated person is. A wimwam is an imaginary hobgoblin of minor order, and is applied to anything which causes fright.

NICHOLSON (2), p. 78.

I may here add, what few ever suspected was the case, that I was by nature a great coward; but I am not aware that I was ever guilty of a premeditated act of cruelty. Nor do I remember scarcely ever to have been out in the dark, without feeling an undefined dread of some thing, and for which I am even now unable to give a good reason. I refer it to the impressions imbibed in childhood, and to the stories of ghosts and hobgoblins I then heard from poor old Nathan of the Hall, who had told his tales too often not to be a strenuous believer of them himself. . . . Long ago, I was once passing opposite the house of a person I had business with; he was from home, and had to meet me that night. An indescribable something fluttered round my head, a kind of aerial flutter which spoke not, yet made itself understood. I felt afraid; I knew not why, nor do I know even now. By eight o'clock the following morning, it then might be ten at night, the person had shot himself in the presence of his family, not twenty yards from the place where this feeling or presentiment came over me.—DUNHILL, pp. 21, 22, and 24.

It was once the custom to bury suicides at cross roads, with a stake through their bodies, and such places are always accounted haunted. Horses especially are subject to the ghostly influence. A lady friend of mine, who at one time lived near such a place, declared that every horse which passed that way either shied, stood stock still, bolted, trembled, or even wheeled round, and refused to pass the place without being led.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 80.

SUNDRY APPARITIONS.

Atwick. Between Atwick and Skipsea there races along occasionally the headless man mounted on a swift horse; and between Atwick and Bewholme, at the foot of the hill on which Atwick church stands, there is a spring and pool of water overhung by willows haunted by the Halliwell Boggle. A boggle is an imaginary hobgoblin, without any special form, causing fear and terror.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 78.

Barmby Moor. Two young men of Barmby fitted up a study and museum combined in an outer room over a watch-

kitchen, and in it studied or played in peace, until on a certain night, when one of them was sitting alone, he heard footsteps slowly ascending the stairs; thinking it was a friend he called out, "Come in"; receiving no answer, he jumped up and opened the door, but no one was to be seen. This was repeated for several nights, sometimes two or even three persons heard the footsteps. The situation now began to look uncanny and mysterious; so they resolved to sit in the dark and find out if their nocturnal visitor would enter the room. Presently they once more heard the footsteps come up the stairs and pause outside the door; then (without the door opening) they distinctly heard the sound of footsteps crossing the room and pausing in front of a book-case. They quickly struck a light, but nothing could be seen. One of them then exclaimed, "The skull." A few days previously they had appropriated a skull, which the sexton had thrown up when digging a grave. They now for the first time associated the footsteps with the skull, so they

> "Buried it darkly at dead of night
> With the lantern dimly burning"

in the grave whence it came. The footsteps were heard no more.—Wood Rees, pp. 69, 70.

A Garden called "The Quakers' Burial Ground." [A person] told me that if you went into [that] garden on St. Mark's Eve, and turned round and round seven times, on looking over your shoulder you would see a man.

Wood Rees, pp. 54, 55.

Beverley. Simmon, pounded brick or tiles, used by bricklayers for colouring the mortar. Beating simmon was formerly the hard labour punishment in Beverley Borough Gaol. A phantom, popularly supposed to be the ghost of a prisoner who had committed suicide, and called "Awd Simmon Beeather," was said to haunt the gaol and appear to the prisoners, which acted usefully as a deterrent to criminals, who dreaded him much more than the confinement and punishment.—Hold. Gloss. p. 126.

For *Sir Josceline Percy's Team*, see Henderson, p. 327.

Brigham. The boggle infesting Brigham Lane end, where four roads meet, is a white dog known as Willie Sled's dog. Willie Sled used to attend to those who came to the Brigham sand-pit ; and as nearly every pit in the Riding has its goblin, this one is named after him.—NICHOLSON (2), pp. 79, 80.

Burton Agnes. So much that is inaccurate has been printed about the ghost that I am tempted to give a true and unvarnished account of the skull which undoubtedly finds a resting place in the great Hall. There is no want of foundation for the statement that three sisters built the Hall in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and were most impatient to see the work completed—especially so was the youngest of the three. One day, when wandering alone in the park, Miss Ann was murderously attacked and robbed by an outlaw, who seriously wounded her. This brought on a fever of which she died. Before her death she grieved incessantly that she would never see the grand structure complete, and made her sisters promise to remove her head to the new grand Hall, where it was to be placed on a table. This they agreed to do, but after her death they buried her without fulfilling the compact. Nothing happened until they took up their abode at Burton Agnes. Then strange moanings and weird sounds made the sisters' lives a burden to them. No servants would stay ; so at last after two years they caused the body to be dug up and decapitated, and placed the now fleshless head upon the table. For many years it was left there uncovered, until one day a certain maid professing to ridicule the story, took it up and threw it on a loaded waggon standing near. The horses plunged and reared, the house shook, pictures fell, until it was once more restored to the place of honour. It used to be a belief that so long as the skull was left undisturbed nothing serious would happen to any of the Boyntons, but woe betide the moving of it. To avoid calamity, it has now been placed in a niche of the wall, especially prepared for it, and hidden from view. Implicit belief in the story is a second religion with the Boyntons, and the skull is regarded by them as being almost sacred property.—Y.C. vol. i. p. 22.

Lund. There is a similar tradition respecting the Manor

House at Lund, where the skull has been walled up in the attic to prevent its removal.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 68.

Driffield. *Boggle Lane.*—What the boggle was that haunted this lane, whether the spirit of some man or beast, is not known.—ROSS, p. 194.

Easington. LETTER written by one EDM. SPENCER to the famous Nonconformist Divine, RICHARD BAXTER, relating to divers Superstitious Practices and Observances in use in Holderness in the middle of the 17th Century. Printed from the Original in the Library at Sledmere, Yorkshire, the seat of Sir Tatton Sykes, Baronet.

The letter here printed forms one of a small bundle of papers relating to the family of Thoresby, which are preserved at Sledmere, the seat of Sir Tatton Sykes, Baronet, in the East Riding of Yorkshire. An endorsement in the autograph of Ralph Thoresby, the antiquarian, of Leeds, informs us that " This noted Letter was writ to Mr. Richard Baxter." Thoresby intermarried with one of the ancestors of Sir Tatton Sykes. The Edmund Spencer, whose signature is at the foot of the letter, appears to have served for a time as private Chaplain to Colonel Robert Overton, of Easington Hall, Holderness, a noted Roundhead and Republican. At the Restoration Col. Overton was removed from his post as Governor of Hull, and committed to the Tower in March, 1660. He was soon afterwards released, and died at Seaton, in Rutland. Of Edmund Spencer, nothing further is known. Several other letters in the same packet of papers also relate to visions, prophecies and supernatural knowledge.

Rev. Sir, At the request of my good friend Mr. Saunders, I send you here an account of those things which I heard and saw in *Yorkshire*, whereof he saith he gave you some account when you were at Iroton.

About 17 years agoe I went down Chaplain into Yorkshire to Esqr. *Overton* of Easington, in *Holdernes*, upon his having marryed a Gentlewoman in Leicestershire, of my acquaintance. Soon after my coming to his house, I was informed by some of the inhabitants of the town, that his *house was haunted*

against the death of any of the family and was at that time disturbed. We had been there but a few nights, but the servants began to talk in the day time of noises they had heard in the night. I was loath to believe it was anything but the Greyhounds walking up and down the garret, and told them sure it must be so. I heard a rush like noise severall times my self, and I resolved at last to be satisfyed whether it was the dogs or no. In order thereto I stayed up with the boy late one night, and having turned out all the dogs I lock the door, and tooke the keys into my chamber. That night the noise in the garret was more than ordinary, such a jumping and lumbering, as if the floor would come down on my head.

The rooms commonly said to be disturbed were the garret, and three chambers, betwixt which and the family, I lodged. I heard frequently in the night as if a person came up the back stairs into those rooms, and walked up and down the next roome to me, and when it went down stairs it was as if a woman descended, and her coats swept the stairs. An old servant told me they have some seldome times seen the spirit, and that it was in the likenes of a maid of the family whom their old mr. not permitting to marry one she was deeply in love with, she pin'd away and dyed, and that this disturbance in the house had been from her death.

Against the death of the Gentleman's mother, a servant who then lived there, told me that they filling the copper with water overnight in order to brewing, in the morning, it was blood and could not be used, and their milk was spotted with blood severall nights. The last was also when I lived there: the Gentlewoman calling me one morning to see it I told her surely it must be the cats lapping with bloody tongues. She replied that could not be, since it was further than it was possible for them to reach, and more than it can be supposed a cat's tongue should bleed while lapping; we resolved to see how it would be if closely covered, and the next evening she ordered all the milk to be put into one larg vessel, which with our own hands we closely covered, and locked the door, and she tooke the key up with her to bed. In the morning when she was about to go in, she was pleased to call me, and the milk was as bloody as any time before, and the inside of

the vessel the spots were bigger and less, and the largest as broad as a silver twopence.

The fame of the house being haunted made it difficult for us to get any servants good for anything; and when we had them, they would stay but awhile. A new maid being hired was set to brew. In the day time she heard a groaning in the celler under her. There being a hole in the floor, she puts her head to see if there were anybody in the celler, when she heard 3 hideous groans, which extremely affrighted her, as appear'd by her countenance and trembling. This maid having been hired a good way of had not heard of the house being haunted.

This last was about two years after I was in the family, and then Colonel Overton dyed at Seaton in Rutland, that day that noon, that the maid heard the groans in the celler and as far as I could gather at that instant, above 80 miles distant. I lived afterwards there three years, but heard no more disturbance within the house.

A person related to the family, and of the same name, a *vicious man*, dyed about eight years before I knew the town. At the instant of his expiring (as I was credibly informed by many) a *spirit* set up a bellowing under the window, and ran up the street into the Church-yard at the end of it, continuing his hideous noise all along till it came thither, and ever since the death of that person, that if any dyed in that street, the spirit made the noise under there window, and ran up so into the Church-yard, and was some times met in one shape, sometimes in another.

Our washer-woman (they told me one day as we were at dinner) had in the night seen and heard the spirit, and was so affrighted that she kept her bed. I urged it might be onely the strength of her imagination, and that I would not believe there was any such spirit unles I *heard it my self*. That very night, we being three of the family, and a gentleman of the next, sat up till one o'clock, and in severall parts of the house, the gentleman and a young lady his mistress upon the stair case, two maids by the kitchen fire fast asleep, I in my study. A spirit came under my study window, and fetched such a groan, as no creature I ever saw could make so loud a noise. It awakened the maids, affrighted the

Gentleman and his mistress, set the dogs on howling and trembling, and I thought it might have been heard four or five miles, and yet none heard it but we five. That night a poor blind fellow of the town dyed. It was like his voice, but louder than it was possible for him to grown.

I suppose you may have heard of *watching the Church-yard on St. Mark's Eve.* It was frequently practised by those poor ignorant souls where I was. I have heard the manner of it from severall of them. They go two of them on St. Mark's Eve, and stand in the Church-yard, within sight of the Church porch, and at a certain time of night (they say) the likenes of all those of the parish that shall dye that year, passeth by them into the Church, and in that order they will dye, and when they are all in they hear a murmuring noise in Church for awhile, and then they have power to return. This they tell me was practised at *Pattrington*, and they that watched saw 140 pass into the Church, and one saw the likenes of the other. That year the *plague* came into the town, and so many dyed, and both the persons that watched.

One of my hearers of *Kelnsey* (which you will find in the map) told me a servant of his being in the field at work, a mile from the town, he went down to him, and while he was with him the bel rang. Saith the master, Somebody is dead. Saith the man, it is such an one. Saith the master, how do you know. Saith the man, I was coming over the Church garth one night late, and when I was hard by the Church door, I had no power to stir; by and by there passed by me the likenes of twelve, and this is such an one. I know he is dead, for it is his turn now. And as the man said so it proved. They told me that Easington Church-yard had been often watched, and that it was so one year that I lived there, and the watchers confidently reported that an old woman who was wont to hear me would dye that year, but they or the devil were mistaken, for she lived more than another. Sr, I fear I shall tire you with reading wt. I am weary with writing. I pray if you have occasion to make publick anything which I have written concerning the house I lived in, let not the family be named. I am, Sir, Your reall friend and unworthy Br. in the Lord work.—Edm. Spencer.

Leicester, July 26, 1673. SPENCER, 12 pp.

Filey. A native of Filey as a general rule has a great dread of the churchyard after dark; the place teems with tales of people who have "come back again," as it is described. For the following, I can vouch, one of the principals in the story being for many years a churchwarden. A shipwreck once took place on the Welsh coast and a father and son seemed doomed to a watery grave. The son escaped as by a miracle, but on returning home he found he was not a very welcome guest, as the mother had heard from one of the rescued sailors that the son had not done all he might to save his father. The estrangement continued for some years, and was a matter of public knowledge, when one day a reconciliation took place. The deceased husband had "come again" and exonerated his son from all negligence with regard to his death, and the widow immediately accepted the evidence as conclusive.

COOPER, p. 30.

Fimber. A railway station . . . [is] placed on that lonely plot of ground, known by the name of Fimber Cross Roads; where formerly the inhabitants saw nothing but ghosts and gobblings [*sic*] on a dark winter's night, and the adjoining valley, called Besendale Valley, which was formerly considered a lonely road for travellers pass to [*sic*] in the dark of the night. While living in the little village of Fimber, I have often been amused with our old neighbours while listening to the long parables they had to repeat on a winter's night, respecting the different shapes the Cross Road and Besendale ghosts had made their appearance to the passing inhabitants and travellers, while crossing this lonely plot of ground; some professed to have seen them in the shape of a female without head, and others professed to have seen them in the shape of a woman on horseback riding at a furious pace, and some professed to have seen them in the shape of a black cat, and others in the shape of a white cat. Such was the groundless fears of some of the village inhabitants respecting these nightly ghosts, when crossing this lonely spot, that imagination worked on their minds so powerfully, as to lead them to believe they saw something in the shape of a ghost, which led them to take to their heels, and run home with their hair standing erect, grounding their

fears upon the supersticious [*sic*] belief that they had seen the Cross Road ghost.—EDMONDSON, pp. 9, 10.

Flamborough. There are two ghosts to be sought for by those interested in departed spirits. One, the *White Lady*, is reported to inhabit the Dike. The other, a headless woman, is to be met with on dark nights at Tranmer hill and in the valley below the Thornwick hotel. Not long ago there was a Flamborough boy employed in the gardens at Marton who resolutely refused to cross the Dike after sun-down, for fear of meeting the White Lady! A few years since a poor girl, a native of Sewerby, was engaged to a Flamborough man. They went together to the Dike one fine night to see if they could meet with the White Lady. Whether or no they were successful in their search history does not relate; but the unfortunate girl caught a severe chill, which developed into a rapid consumption, resulting in her death within a month. She was buried in Flamborough Churchyard (St. Oswald's), her coffin being carried to the grave, after the custom of the place by women, a pair of white paper gloves being carried by another maiden at the head of the procession. These were afterwards hung up in the church to commemorate the event.

ARMYTAGE, p. 147.

Brave men who would face a raging sea to save the life of a fellow creature would shrink from crossing the "Dyke" or churchyard after dusk.

E. S. N., N. & Q. 5th S. vol. ii. p. 204.

Near Flamborough is a circular pit where a girl named Jenny Gallows is said to have committed suicide. It is a common belief along the coast that anyone running nine times round the hole can hear the fairies. Another legend connected with the spot is that the spirit of Jenny dressed in white rises when the eighth circuit is completed and cries out:

"Ah'll tee on me bonnet
An' put on me shoe,
An' if thoo's not off
Ah'll suan catch thoo."

ARMYTAGE, pp. 147, 148.

A farmer, some years ago, galloped round it on horseback and Jenny did come out. [He] galloped off as fast as he could, the spirit after him. Just on entering the village, the spirit . . . declined to proceed further, but bit a piece clean out of the horse's flank, and the old mare had a white patch there to her dying day.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 81.

Foston and **Frodingham**. Between Frodingham and Foston a headless man haunts the road, but he has only been seen once.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 79.

Fulford. An effort has been made to associate the ghost of Holy Trinity Church, Micklegate [York] (which was a very familiar object to the congregation of that church a few years ago [1]) with the burial ground of [the] old church of Fulford. The legend is, that a family of good position lived in Micklegate [York]. The father who died (leaving a widow and one child) was interred in the burial ground connected with Holy Trinity and his grave was regularly visited by his widow, child and nurse. A little while after his death the city was visited with the plague to which the child became a victim. In accordance with an order of the Corporation she, like all others dying of this fever, was buried at Fulford. To her resting place her mother and nurse made periodical visits, up to the time of the mother's death. The legend assumes that ever since the latter event the ghost of the mother has proceeded to Fulford weekly, received the ghost of the child from the graveyard there, and with the ghost of the nurse, they have gone to the grave of the father, making the time of service in the church the season of visitation.

CAMIDGE, pp. 211, 212.

Hull. In the *Fore Ropery* is Harry Ogle's Tower, so called from a prisoner of that name who, escaping and cutting his throat, ran as far as low-water mark before he died. Within these few years this story was a terror to the juvenile part of that neighbourhood, who were apprehensive of, and used to terrify each other with stories of goblins and apparitions; this is most likely the before-mentioned Tower called Cold and Uncouth.—HADLEY, p. 698.

[1 See *County Folk-Lore*, vol. ii. pp. 120-122.]

The following can be vouched for by persons now living. An old lady in Hull had a son who was a sailor and of whose ship they had heard nothing for a long time. One night as she lay in bed . . . she saw . . . the curtains noiselessly drawn aside and the head of her absent son appeared in the opening. The vision soon passed away, leaving a firm conviction that she should never see her son alive again. Her worst fears were confirmed by news brought by another ship, which had found the bodies of the crew of the ill-fated vessel in which her son had sailed.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 70.

The Hull police, in investigating a remarkable ghost story during the week-end, have expressed themselves as being completely baffled, and one constable has frankly admitted that he believes a supernatural agency has been at work.

Strange scenes are said to have been witnessed at a house in Sykes-street, where a young man died of consumption on Friday. So uncanny have been the occurrences that his mother swooned and to-day was in a state of great nervous prostration. She stated that not only were the windows broken by stones, but the furniture, pots and pans, and china moved across the room in a most remarkable manner.

A police constable was sent for, and no sooner had Constable Hynes gone into the room than further missiles crossed and re-crossed the room, and he narrowly escaped being hit. He made investigations, but failed to find any satisfactory explanation, and when he returned to the room in which he had narrowly escaped being struck by the flying pots he found the woman lying on the floor in a dead faint.

The neighbours were told of the occurrences, and Sykes-street is now in a state of great excitement, the story that the house is haunted being thoroughly believed by the alarmed inhabitants. . . .

Hull has had " mysterious visitations " before, but none have been quite so remarkable as this week-end occurrence. But then " ghosts " are said to give a complete change of programme. It was near Hull that bread loaves disappeared mysteriously a few years ago, and a decade ago there was a case of the shattering of windows by a " supernatural agency."

Y.H. Sep. 8, 1908.

Leven and **Riston.** At White Cross, between Leven and Riston, a woman without a head used to be seen on the road . . . who leaped up behind horsemen and slapped their ears.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 79.

Skipsea. *Bail-welts, Albemarle Hill.*—A legend narrated by Bigland in connection with this rampart will bear repetition. He tells us that on the parapet of this stupendous embankment are seen the footmarks of two warriors who are said to have fallen in single combat with each other. (Of course, a lady was the cause of the quarrel.) Respecting the nation to which they belonged, tradition is silent; but the prints of their feet in the places where they are supposed to have stood, when deciding their fatal contest, have been from time immemorial kept open; and a superstitious opinion prevails in this neighbourhood that, if these were filled up, the angry spirits of the combatants would return and terrify those who should pass that way in the night.—WARD, pp. 82, 83.

See also SECTION XV. p. 208.

Drogo de Beuere, a Fleming who fought under Duke William at Senlac, was constituted 1st Lord of the Seigniory. . . . King William the Conqueror gave him his niece in marriage, whom he poisoned, and then fled to Flanders. The [headless] ghost of the lady, known as "The White Lady of Skipsea," is popularly supposed to still haunt the spot, and to be seen flitting about the old earthworks on moonlight nights.
ROSS, p. 118.

No one has seen this ghost for years, but in the castle grounds there is a sort of pit, of which the boys of Skipsea say that if you walk round it seven times Awd Molly (for that is her name) will come up dressed in white. . . . She breaks down all stiles and fences placed across her path. The last new style was made remarkably firm and strong, and would test her powers of destruction to the utmost.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 78.

Watton. A chamber is pointed out in the abbey,[1] said to have been the scene of a most atrocious murder during the civil wars. This room is faced throughout with a strong

[1 A house incorporating some of the remains of the Priory, is known as Watton Abbey.]

wainscoting of panelled oak ; in one side of which is a closet door, corresponding so exactly with the wainscoting as not to be observed ; and was doubtless in its primitive state a secret entrance, which opened by a private spring, and communicated with a narrow staircase, still in existence, that descended into the moat or river which runs underneath the building. A lady of distinction, so says the legend, during the unhappy contest between Charles I. and his parliament, secreted herself in Watton Abbey, with her infant child, and jewels, and other portable property to a great amount. Her retreat having been discovered, a few soldiers, at dead of night, proceeding in a boat to the staircase which led to her chamber, entered it by the secret door, and, unimpressed by her beauty, or the unoffending simplicity of her lovely infant, unmoved by tears and supplications, cruelly murdered both, and took possession of her valuables, and conveying away the bodies by the secret staircase, they were never heard of more.

This legend has given rise to a belief that the wainscoted room is haunted. The lady appears *without her head*, which, it is hence supposed, was severed from her body by the ruffians, bearing the infant in her arms, and placing herself at the foot of the bed, stands for some time as inanimate as a statue, and then suddenly disappears. So fond is the murdered lady of this chamber that she pays it a nightly visit, and appears to regret the occupation of it by any other individual ; for though she never attempts to disturb its sleeping or waking inmate, yet when the bed is left vacant she does not fail to take possession of it for the night ; and it is generally found pressed and disordered in the morning, although no earthly being has entered the room. So runs the story. It is, however, asserted that some years ago, a visitor at the abbey, who knew nothing of this tradition, slept in the wainscoted room, and in the morning declared that he had been disturbed by the supernatural appearance of a lady, with garments stained with blood, and whose features bore a striking resemblance to those of a female portrait which hangs in the same room. This vision must therefore have been furnished with that appendage, equally useful and ornamental, the head.

OLIVER, p. 531 and *footnote* ; ALLEN, vol. ii. p. 272, *footnote* ; ROSS, pp. 120, 121.

HOBMEN.

"*Hob-thrust.*"—This charitably-disposed elf comes in the morning and assists the servant lasses with their house-work. There is one little drawback, however, to his kindness, for he always comes scantily clothed, in fact, in a perfectly nude state. It is related that one girl, whose sense of modesty was offended, offered to make him a "harden"—coarse brown linen-shirt! This proposition was not relished at all by Hob-thrust, who, taking offence, departed, never to return. Another name for this goblin is "Hobthrush."—F.R.H.S. pp. 62, 63.

Spaldington. [The family at the Hall] had its sprite who yet lives in the memories of many of the older inhabitants of Spaldington. He was a good-natured species of familiar, with his airy flail, assisting alternately the thrashers or the maids, and then playing upon both those elfish tricks for which his race has always been famed. Sometimes remixing the winnowed wheat with the chaff, now putting out the fire, now kicking over the milk-pail. He was commonly known by the name of Robin Round-cap, and tradition stated that he was, by the persevering prayer of three clergy-men, conjured or prayed into a well, where he stipulated to remain in quiet for a given number of years. The well is yet in existence, and still bears his name.—DUNHILL, p. 9.

[The well-worn story of the Hob that *flitted* with the farmer, who was tired of his pranks, is told in Holderness of this identical Robin.]—See NICHOLSON (2), pp. 80, 81.

THE DEVIL.

If ya say Oor Fayther (the Lord's Prayer) wrang-ways on, tha divvel'll cum.—NICHOLSON, p. 93.

Hull. There are several remains of the old walls and towers between the watch-house and *Hessle Gates*, which for several years were shut up, the only reason for which we could ever learn, is, that some years ago the devil flew away with the

sentry (who was posted there till the Gates were pulled down) and his box and all; the latter was found in *Barton* field, but the man was never heard of.—HADLEY, p. 698.

FAIRIES.

[The late Canon Raine thought it likely that the following narrative related to the East Riding, and the compiler believes that he attached it to Willy-howe. See SECTION i. p. 7.]

It happened in my time, and I was both eye and ear witness of the trial of the person accused. And first take a hint of it from the pen of *Durant Hotham*, in his learned Epistle to the *Mysterium magnum* of *Jacob Behemen* upon *Genesis* in these words: "There was (he saith) as I have heard the story credibly reported in this Country a man apprehended for suspicion for Witchcraft; he was of that sort we call white Witches, which are such as do cures beyond the ordinary reasons and deductions of our usual practitioners, and are supposed (and most part of them truly) to do the same by ministration of spirits (from whence under their noble favours most Sciences first grew) and therefore are by good reason provided against by our Civil Laws, as being ways full of danger and deceit, and scarce ever otherwise obtained than by a devilish compact of the exchange of ones Soul to that assistant spirit, for the honour of its Mountebankery. What this man did was with a white powder which, he said, he received from the Fairies, and that going to a Hill he knocked three times, and the Hill opened, and he had access to, and converse with a visible people; and offered, that if any Gentleman present would either go himself in person, or send his servant, he would conduct them thither, and show them the place and persons from whom he had his skill." To this I shall only add thus much, that the man was accused for invoking and calling upon evil spirits, and was a very simple and illiterate person to any man's judgment, and had been formerly very poor, but had gotten some pretty little meanes to maintain himself, his Wife, and diverse small children, by his cures done with this white powder, of which there were sufficient proofs; and the Judge asking him how

he came by the powder, he told a story to this effect. " That one night before the day was gone, as he was going home from his labour, being very sad and full of heavy thoughts, not knowing how to get meat and drink for his Wife and Children, he met a fair Woman in fine cloaths, who asked him why he was so sad, and he told her it was by reason of his poverty, to which she said, that if he would follow her counsel she would help him to that which would serve to get him a good living ; to which he said he would consent with all his heart, so it were not by unlawful ways ; she told him that it should not be by any such ways, but by doing of good and curing of sick people ; and so warning him strictly to meet her there the next night at the same time, she departed from him and he went home. And the next night at the time appointed he duly waited, and she (according to promise) came and told him that it was well he came so duly, otherwise he had missed of that benefit, that she intended to do unto him, and so bade him follow her and not be afraid. Thereupon she led him to a little Hill and she knocked three times, and the Hill opened, and they went in, and came to a fair hall, wherein was a Queen sitting in great state, and many people about her, and the Gentlewoman that brought him, presented him to the Queen, and she said he was welcom, and bid the Gentlewoman give him some of the white powder, and teach him how to use it ; which she did, and gave him a little wood box full of the white powder, and bad him give 2 or 3 grains of it to any that were sick, and it would heal them, and so she brought him forth of the Hill, and so they parted. And being asked by the Judge whether the place within the Hill, which he called a Hall, were light or dark, he said indifferent, as it is with us in the twilight ; and being asked how he got more powder, he said when he wanted he went to that Hill, and knocked three times, and said every time I am coming, I am coming, whereupon it opened, and he going in was conducted by the aforesaid Woman to the Queen, and so had more powder given him. This was the plain and simple story (however it may be judged of) that he told before the Judge, the whole Court and the Jury, and there being no proof, but what cures he had done to very many, the Jury did acquit him : and I remember the Judge said, when all the

evidence was heard, that if he were to assign his punishment, he should be whipped thence to Fairy-hall, and did seem to judge it to be a delusion or an Imposture."

WEBSTER, pp. 300-302.

Holme-on-the-Wolds. In the East Riding of Yorkshire, six or seven miles from Market Weighton, is a village called Holme. The church is on the top of a hill, and the following used to be believed by the villagers: "Some persons commenced to build the church at the bottom of the hill, and they were warned by the fairies to build it at the top, but they took no notice. When the church was nearly finished it was found all in ruins. They recommenced to build, but the church was found in ruins, again spoiled by the fairies. They then built it at the top, where it now remains."

R. CURTIS, N. & Q. 5th S. vol. ix. p. 508.

Nafferton Slack. About half way down the hill forming the eastern slope of Nafferton Slack, by the road-side to prevent waggons leaving the roadway, stood a large stone, which was believed to have wonderful powers. At night, at certain seasons, it glowed like fire, sometimes it seemed but the portal of a well-lighted hall, and one old stone-breaker declared he had heard wonderful music issuing therefrom, the like of which he had never heard before; while on one occasion he had seen troops of gaily-dressed elfins repairing thither, some on foot, and some in carriages, and they all went into this mysterious hall. The old man is dead, the stone is gone, and the fairies have departed. An old lady, with whom I formerly lodged, when returning home, and while in the country, one moonlight night, saw a company of fairies dancing round the trunk of an oak tree. She was looked upon as a friend (for did she not possess superhuman power?), but the little folk suddenly disappeared, on the approach of some one on horseback.—NICHOLSON (2), pp. 82, 83.

Mr. G—, a respectable Holderness farmer, resides in a mansion situated at a considerable distance from any other. He has been accustomed for several years, at intervals, to hear during the night the sound of different musical instruments, which together produced a most delectable and har-

monious concert. Two or three friends were taking their Christmas supper with him, when a domestic came to inform them that the musicians were at work in the garden. The party immediately sallied out, and, although they could perceive nothing save trees loaded with snow, their ears were ravished with notes of music. The night was more than usually serene, the moon nearly at full, and yet, notwithstanding a minute search, not the slightest vestige of a human being could be discovered. The farmer and his friends are convinced that they are indebted to "fairies" for the entertainment they received; and as that part of the country was formerly, according to oral tradition, the theatre often selected by Queen Mab and her tiny followers to perform their mystic evolutions, and "Dance the Hay," they are induced to hope it is again fixed upon for the same purpose, and that times like those in which of yore the "Elgin [Elfin ?] train" condescended to visit mortals, are on the eve of returning.

Hull Packet [n.d.].

Quoted in FOLK-LORE JOURNAL, vol. v. p. 157.

The dark green rings common in old pastures are "fairy rings," because here the fairies sport and play, dancing round their Queen.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 127.

SECTION V.

WITCHCRAFT.

WITCHCRAFT AND THE LAW.

Driffield Parva, 1481. Agnes Marshall, alias Saunder, de Emeswell, exercet officium obstetricis, et non habet usum neque scientiam ostritricandi; utitur etiam incantationibus.

[From Presentments made at the Visitations of York Minster and the Churches dependent on it.]—FABRIC ROLLS, p. 260.

Newbald (North and South), 1510. Yer is a womane yt hath demeyd her marvelously for sho hayth takyne ye coveryng of ye bere and layd it on hir kow, and a plewygh stayfe yt had kyld a mensse, and a clothe ondyr a corsse to cast over ye kow; [Verdict] do os it ples ye.

[From Presentments made at the Visitations of York Minster and the Churches dependent on it.]

FABRIC ROLLS, p. 266.

Alne, 1519. Ricardus Hall, capellanus . . . ministrat poccula amatoria sive medic' Agneti Hobson de Alne servienti suæ . . . et dicta pocula ministravit aliis quampluribus mulieribus [etc.].

[From Presentments made at the Visitations of York Minster and the Churches dependent on it.]

FABRIC ROLLS, p. 272.

Bishopwelton, 1528. Isabel Mure presented. Shee took fier and ij yong women wt hir and went to a rynnyng water and light a wyspe of straw and sett it on the water, and saide thus, " Benedicite, Se ye what I see: I se the fier burne and

water rynne and the gryse grew, and see flew and nyght fevers and all unkowth evils that evil flee, and all other, God will," and after theis wordes sais xv Pater noster, xv Ave Maria and thre credis.

[From Presentments made at Visitations of York Minster and the Churches dependent on it.]—FABRIC ROLLS, p. 273.

Hull, 1583. Three poor old women, for the supposed crime of witchcraft, were brought to their trials and one of these unfortunate persons whom charity would have kindly relieved, was sentenced to stand in the pillory on four several market days, for the space of four hours every time, and besides this painful and ignominious punishment, to suffer one year's imprisonment.—TICKELL, p. 249.

Roos, 1640. John Curteis [was indicted] for going to a witch in time of his sickness, to seek a remedy. Confessed his wife did go to one suspected to be a wizard to enquire of the recovery of a child.—DE LA PRYME, p. 289.

Pocklington, 1649. The strangest and most repulsive case at this assize [Spring 1649], was that of Isabella Billington, aged thirty-two, who was sentenced to death for crucifying her mother at Pocklington, on the 5th January, 1649, and offering a calf and a cock as a burnt sacrifice and her husband was hanged (but probably on another occasion, as his name is not recorded) for being a participator in the crime.

TWYFORD and GRIFFITHS, p. 177 ; CRIM. CHRON. p. 29.

Skipsea, 1650. In September, 1650, a woman called Ann Hudson of Skipsey in Holderness was charged with witchcraft. The sick person had recovered after he had scratched her and drawn blood.—DEPOSITIONS, p. 38, *footnote.*

Beverley, 1654. *Elizabeth Roberts. For Witchcraft.*—Oct. 14, 1654. *John Greencliffe, of Beverley*, sayth that on Saturday last, about seaven in the evening, Elizabeth Roberts did appeare to him in her usuall wearing clothes, with a ruff about her neck, and presently vanishing, turned herself into the similitude of a catt, which fixed close about his leg, and, after much strugling, vanished ; whereupon he was much

pained at his heart. Upon Wednesday there seized a catt upon his body which did strike him on the head, upon which he fell into a swound or traunce. After he received the blow, he saw the said Elizabeth escape upon a wall in her usuall wearing apparell. Upon Thursday she appeared unto him in the likeness of a bee, which did very much afflict him, to witt, in throwing of his body from place to place, notwithstanding there were five or six persons to hold him downe.

DEPOSITIONS, p. 67.

EXORCISM.

The Wise Man of Barmby, George Wales, was born in the year 1786, died in 1860, and is still well remembered by many who recall the awe and fear which he inspired in their minds; but from what I can learn the children of *larger growth* had their fears and fancies . . . and sought his aid when they or their stock were injured by witchcraft or troubled by evil spirits. Report says he could locate stolen property; in proof of this a story is told of his directing a man to seek his stolen watch in the thatch of an old cottage where he found it. . . . His nocturnal wanderings for astronomical study led many to believe that he was in league with the powers of darkness. This was certainly a mistake; he was a staunch churchman, and in practising exorcism always appealed to the Trinity, as you can see for yourselves by the following, which I have copied from his book of charms: "In the name of the holy, blessed and glorious Trinity, proceed we to our work in those holy mysteries to accomplish that which we desire, namely, to chase away from this daughter of Adam the evil with which she is tormented. We, therefore, in the power of God deputed to us, and being made after His image, do command that no spirit whatever do cause any noise or disturbance, or in any way cause injury or hurt to any of us here assembled, but that they may be compelled to quit this place, according to our commands, so far as it pleaseth Him who liveth for ever and ever. Bless, O Lord, this house in which we stand; confirm O God Thy strength unto us so that neither the adversary nor any evil thing may cause us to fail, through the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

"I exorcise and conjure thee, thou fearful and accursed spirit, by the holy and wonderful names of the Almighty Jehovah + Athanato + Ainos + Dominus Sempiternus + Aletheios + Sadai + Jehovah Kedesh el Gabor + Deus fortissimus + Anapheraton Amorule Amoron + + + Panthon + Craton + Jah Jehovah Elohim Pentasseron + + Trinus et Unus + + +.

"I exorcise and conjure, I invoke and command thee, thou aforesaid spirit by the power of angels and archangels, Cherubim and Seraphim, by the mighty Prince Coronson, by the blood of Abel, by the righteousness of Seth, and the prayers of Noah, by the voices of thunder, and by the dreadful day of judgment by all those powerful and royal words aforesaid, that, without delay or malicious intent, thou do quit this daughter of Adam and torment her no more for ever. These things I command thee in the power of Him who hath sanctified the name of the Father the Son and the Holy Ghost. Amen."

WOOD REES, pp. 60, 61.

ANTIDOTES.

About Bridlington. *Recollections of Practices formerly used to Avert and Avoid the Power of Witchcraft.*—Having a small smooth limestone, picked up on the beach with the edges rubbed down by friction and the continual action of the sea, and with a natural hole through it, tied to the key of a house, warehouse, barn, stable or other building, prevented the influence of witches over whatever the house, etc., contained.

Sailors nailed a horse-shoe on the fore-mast, and jockeys on the stable door, but to be effective the shoe ought necessarily to be found by accident.

On meeting a suspected witch the thumb of each hand was turned inward, and the fingers firmly closed upon it; care was also taken to let her have the wall-side or best path.

Caution was used that gloves, or any portion of apparel worn next the skin, came not into the possession of a witch, as it was strongly believed she had a highly ascendant power over the rightful owner.

A bit of witch-wood, or a hare's foot was carried in the pocket, under an impression that the possessor was free from

any harm that otherwise might accrue from the old hag's malignant practices.

One thing of importance was not to go out of the house in a morning without taking a bite of bread, cake, or other eatable to break the fast.

A thick white curtain was hung inside the window, to prevent an " evil eye " being cast into the room.

If a few drops of the old creature's blood could be obtained, they were considered sufficiently efficacious in preventing her " secret, black, and baneful workings."

Although the practices above mentioned are spoken of in the past tense, they are not, at the present time, altogether done away ; not a few, who are now living, are credulous enough to believe in their potency. The following may be mentioned as a fact, which occurred a short time ago in the neighbourhood where the writer of this article resides : A person bought a pig, which after keeping for some time " grew very badly," and witchery was suspected to be the cause ; to ascertain the fact nine buds of the elder-tree (here commonly called buttery) were laid in a straight line, and all pointing one way ; a dish made of ash wood was inverted, and placed carefully over them, and left to the next morning. This was done under the idea that if the pig was bewitched the buds would be found in disorder, but if not, in the state in which they were originally left.—T. C., Bridlington.

HONE, p. 706.

The wych elm, known as witch elm, is believed to be so called because witches dread it, so country carters put a sprig on their horses, and carry a piece of wood in their own pockets.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 126.

See also SECTION ii. p. 31.

Fimber. Opening the first outer door of the nook [house], there was a long wide and spacious passage presented itself to the eye of the visitor ; behind the first door was hung the charm stone and the horse shoe turned upside down for the purpose of keeping out the witch and the wizard.

EDMONDSON, p. 5.

Holderness. Witches are inconveniently numerous in many parts, but there is one consolation—they can be easily

kept at a respectable distance. A horse-shoe is, here as elsewhere, a noted specific against their intrusion into the stable, whilst they are kept from the home circle by hanging to the door-key a *witch-steean*. This "witch-steean" is a flat oolite stone, with a natural perforation, and is found in plenty on the Holderness coast.—F.R.H.S. p. 62.

The farmer . . . still nails an old horse-shoe on his stable door to keep off bad influences from the horses.

F.R.H.S. p. 56.

Sancton. From a most interesting volume of *Recollections of My Own Life and Times*, by the Rev. Thomas Jackson, we make the following extracts:

"In the days of my boyhood, the labouring people in Sancton were generally rude, ill-informed, profane, and superstitious. A young man, who died of consumption, remained several hours in his last conflict, his mother being almost distracted. It was believed that his dying agonies were prolonged by feathers of pigeons in the bed upon which he lay; and it was suggested that he would linger in a state of intense suffering till they were removed. The wife of a labouring man in the village was for several months in a declining state of health; her husband and some of their confidential friends thought that she was bewitched, and suspected that a poor old widow who lived in the neighbourhood, was the author of the mischief. Having been instructed by some persons, whom they thought to be wiser than themselves, as to the means by which they might detect and punish the witch, and effectually relieve the afflicted woman, they purchased of a butcher the heart of a slaughtered ox; stuck as many pins into it as it could well contain; used a form of incantation which they had carefully learned; and then placed the whole close to a blazing fire. The process of roasting the heart full of pins was begun early in the evening, and continued till midnight; and all the while it was supposed the witch felt as much pain as if her own heart were full of pins, and burning before a fire. At twelve o'clock it was believed the witch could bear the pain no longer,

would come to the house of the bewitched woman, beg in the most earnest manner for admission, confess her sin and ask forgiveness of the injured family. While the beast's heart was all but dried up before the fire, the hearts of all the party who were engaged in the punishment of witchcraft were full of wrath against the offender, whom they supposed to be in agonies of pain, and whose penitent confession they expected soon to receive. At last the desired hour arrived; the incantations were finished, the clock struck twelve, and all listened to hear the shrieks and entreaties of the poor old widow at the door. No voice was heard. The aged woman, whom I distinctly remember, and who was as innocent of witchcraft as those who suspected her were of wisdom, was, I presume, fast asleep in her bed. So after several hours spent in high mental excitement, the party confessed themselves to be disappointed, and, like children who are afraid of ghosts and apparitions,

> 'To bed they creep,
> By whistling winds soon lull'd asleep.'

This account is no fiction; for as I happened to be in the confidence of the afflicted woman's husband, though I was then a youth, he related the whole to me as a profound and awful secret."—HALL, pp. 132, 133.

INSTANCES OF WITCHCRAFT.

Driffield. Susanna Gore died at Driffield 1826, *æt.* 90. She was a professor of witchcraft, and in the pursuit of her calling had accumulated a considerable amount of property. She was generally known by the name of "The Barrow Witch."

Ross, p. 158.

Driffield. S. G. . . . was famous all over the country-side as a wise woman and fortune-teller. . . . When she died "she flew ower Driffield chotch (church) on a blazin' besom."—NICHOLSON (2), pp. 92, 93.

Flamborough. An old dame, Milkey or Milcha Lawrence, who died only fifteen years ago, used to sit in the church on

St. Mark's Eve and declared that she saw all those of her neighbours who were to die during the year pass in procession before the altar. An old fisherman describing her to me, said, "Shoo fled past ya, an' nivver spak ti ya." If men met her going on their way to the sea, they reckoned to have ill-luck.

People still living (1894) remember two other reputed witches, Mary Gibson and Betty Creaser. When the latter died, her home was found to be hung all round the beams and wainscoting with pitchers, eggs, and broken crockery.

ARMYTAGE, p. 146.

Filey. At the commencement of the [last] century the fishermen of this place were . . . exceeding superstitious. This was especially the case respecting ghosts, hobgoblings [*sic*], witches and wizards. I remember going some time ago to visit a sick girl, and on asking the mother the cause of her complaint, I was gravely assured that she was "wronged, poor thing." Not comprehending her at the moment, I enquired what that was, and a neighbour replied with a frightened look, "Bewitched, sir!" While I was trying to show them the folly of entertaining such notions, the poor child exclaimed "you're right, Sir, I am sure nobody has wronged me unless my mother has, for she wont pray for me, though I have asked her again and again."—SHAW, pp. 7, 8.

Weaverthorpe. Old Nanny Rowley of Weaverthorpe was greatly feared as a witch. A man against whom she had a spite, was passing her house, driving a horse with a heavy load, but, when opposite her door, there it stood stationary, in spite of all the efforts of the horse. He was sure she had bewitched it, and, thinking that affairs had now reached a crisis, he rushed into the house, and struck her on the cheek, causing the blood to flow. This put an end to her power, and the horse was able to proceed with the load.

NICHOLSON (2), p. 95.

See also SECTION i. p. 24; SECTION xv. pp. 207, 209, 210.

THE EVIL EYE.

Eeavil-ee.—N. and W. the evil eye cast by witches on persons or animals they desire to bewitch; the belief in which still lingers in Holderness.—Hold. Gloss. p. 56.

Barmby Moor. Greenlands farm was supposed to be much troubled by witches; the cattle were constantly dying off or falling lame; "there was no luck about the spot." At the suggestion of a friend, the tenant sent for Mr. Wales the Barmby wise man.[1] When he arrived he ordered all the farm hands out of sight and hearing; he then with the help of the tenant dug a pit in the gateway leading into the stock-yard, and in it they buried the latest victim, a young foal. Wales then repeated one of his incantations, and ordered horse shoes to be nailed over the stable doors, with the result that ill-fortune was changed to prosperity; at any rate, so runs the story. The "witch trees" [mountain ashes], which grow near the house, may have been planted at the same time by order of Mr. Wales.—Wood Rees, p. 59.

Bonwick. Poor old Nanny Thrusk, whose little thatched cottage was the last of the departed village of Bonwick, had the reputation of possessing an evil eye. She had done penance in Skipsea Church more than once, arrayed in a white sheet and holding a candle in her hand. On one occasion some mischievous lads were driving away her donkey, secretly and in fear, but Nanny came out, saw them, and transfixed them with the power of her eye, and there they stood helpless and immovable, until she released them.

Nicholson (2), p. 95.

[1 See *ante*, pp. 61, 62; *post*, pp. 68, 74.]

SECTION VI.

LEECHCRAFT.

CERTAIN complaints are cured by walking seven times round the church at midnight. The remedy is simple enough, but there seems some little doubt as to what particular ailment it is that is cured by these nocturnal perambulations. Ague fits, St. Vitus's dance—locally called *Shokkins*—consumption, "rheumatics," are variously given, whilst many agree in naming "king's evil" as the disease most susceptible to churchyard influences.—F.R.H.S. p. 62.

In his [George Wales' (see SECTION v. p. 61)] book of "cures" we find the following:

"For Colick, if a live duck be applyed to the body it takes away pain and herself dies.

"If you take the heart newly taken out of the animall and whilst it is yet warm hang it upon one that hath a feavor it drives it away.

"If any one swallow the heart of a lapwing, or a swallow, or a weasel, or a mole, whilst it is yet warm with natural heat it shall help him for remembering, understanding, and foretelling."

Wales was a diligent student of Henry Cornelius Agrippa's *Occult Philosophy*, from which he seems to have copied many other cures.—WOOD REES, p. 62.

Asthma.—Live slugs for asthma . . . swallowed like oysters.
NICHOLSON (2), p. 142.

Baldness.—Goose-dung is a common remedy.
NICHOLSON (2), p. 140.

Bleeding.—[Stopped by puff-ball powder, tobacco, salt. If from the nose by a cold door key down the patient's back, cold wet cloth to nape], or as a last resource, a little roll of white paper is kept under the tongue.

NICHOLSON (2), p. 140.

"*Botches,*" see *sub Eyes.*

Cattle-plague.—The distemper among the horned cattle continued, tho' not violent, in other parts of Europe, particularly at Brandenburgh to March, 1764, when a safe and easy cure for it was discovered by hanging four or five onions about the neck of the distempered beast as soon as possible after it is taken ill, and will not eat, and next day four more onions, and so on ; the onions when they are removed to be buried in a deep hole when taken off the beast's neck and will be much swelled, and will in a few days thus applied make the beast run at the nose which will carry off the distemper. It is proper also to hang some onions up in the stable where the beast is.—Memorandum in " Patrington Church Register."

MADDOCK, pp. 32, 33.

Complexion, For.—May-dew gathered at sunrise.

NICHOLSON (2), p. 142.

Consumption.—Snails as food are taken to cure consumption.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 142.

Cramp.—Cramp-steean, a certain kind of pebble carried in the pocket as a preservative against cramp.

HOLD. GLOSS. p. 46.

Croup.—A roasted mouse for croup.

NICHOLSON (2), p. 142.

Deafness.—To cure Deafness.—The suit or marrow of an oxe mingled with goose grease and powdered into the eares, helpeth deafnes.—BEST, p. 164.

Erysipelas.—Sheep's dung is applied in poultices.

NICHOLSON (2), p. 140.

Eyes.—A poultice made of rotten apples is often used for weak eyes, and for " botches " (small boils).

NICHOLSON (2), p. 140.

Farcy.—A Drinke for the Fayrsy.—Take a quarte of old ale, the juce of a handfull of rue, and boyle them together; and when it hath boyled well, take it of, and after it be but looke warme, give the horse it to drinke; and then put a little aquavitæ, and a little of the juce of rue into the horse eares with a little wooll, and twitch them up; sure.

BEST, p. 164.

Fistula.—A Powder to cure a Fistula in a Horse, or any other old Ulcer.—Sulphur, mirhe, masticke, francansence, cloves vitrioala rueana, of each a like quantity and beate them to powder, and throw a little of it once in 2 or 3 dayes on the sore.—BEST, p. 164.

Gall-stones.—[Sheep's dung], boiled with new milk until fully dissolved, is taken internally for the removal and prevention of gall-stones.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 140.

Hands.—To make ones Hands White.—The hands washed in oxes gall and water is mad white howe black soever they were before tymes.—BEST, p. 164.

Human urine is commonly used for chapped hands.

NICHOLSON (2), p. 140.

Nettle stings.—Docken or Dockin is the name given to the common dockweed which is used as an antidote. . . . Children rub the part, saying,

"Nettle oot,
Dockin in."

NICHOLSON (2), p. 125.

Pimples.—To cure the Pimple on the Face or Body.—Gesner.—Take the lether of a shoe that hath beene worne beinge of an oxe hide and burne it, and apply it to the pimples of the body or face, and it will cure them.—BEST, p. 164.

Rheumatism.—[Cured] by carrying a potato in the pocket.

NICHOLSON (2), p. 142.

Sores, Scalds, Swellings, etc.—Among natural poultices, cow's dung holds a foremost place. It is a sovereign remedy, especially if fresh, for scalds, burns, bad breasts, and all kinds of sores. [A boy had a bunion; a neighbour] said, "Oh! get some coo clap (cow dung), mix it wi fish oil (whale oil),

put it on, and let is stop on all neet." He did so, but never slept all the night for pain. Neither next day, nor since has he had any trouble with it, and " that's sixty year sin." . . . A man whose right hand and fore-arm were covered with sores used to attend at the Hull shambles on " killing days," and when an animal was slaughtered, the butcher cut a slit in the stomach. . . . Into this the man thrust his hand and arm, and kept it there until the contents of the stomach cooled down. A few applications healed the part. Infants have thus been inserted when largely covered with sores.

The milt of a fish is used for " gathered " fingers.

The following sickening remedy for a swollen knee has been recently used in veterinary practice, but it was considered efficacious, and used with effect, on the human frame. Kill a cat, split the body length-wise, and apply it while warm . . . let it stay until the cure is complete.

NICHOLSON (2), pp. 139, 140.

Stomach, etc., Pain in.—For the Payne in the Stommake and Harte.—Take a pynte of Buduxe viniger, qr lb of white suger candy, a pennyworth of licorice and aniseedes, and put the licorice and aniseedes in a lawne cloth, and boyle them in the viniger till half be wasted ; and then strayne it out into the viniger, and put the suger candy into the viniger, and licke as a sirrop.—BEST, p. 164.

Thrush.—Catch a frog, place it in a muslin bag, and give it to the infant to suck.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 141.

Warts.—[Cured by sympathetic withering on a thorn of slug which has touched them or by rubbing the excrescences with garden soil under the new moon. Washing in water that eggs have been boiled in supposed to be provocative of warts.]—See MORRIS, pp. 248, 249.

[The patient] takes a piece of raw beef—pork or mutton won't do, mind—and rubs it on the wart. The beef is then buried in the ground for nine days, at the end of which time the wart will have gone.—F.R.H.S. p. 59.

A grey snail is necessary. Rub [it] on the warts and afterwards impale [it] on a thorn.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 141.

Steal a piece of meat, rub your warts with it, then hide the meat, and as it decays so will your warts; or rub them with a "bean swad," then throw the pod away, and as it decays so will your wart.

Nictillis Nictollis, N. & Q. vol. vi. p. 312.

Warts can be . . . charmed away. The writer once had a row of warts thirteen in number. He was told . . . to take thirteen bad peas and throw them over his left shoulder never heeding where they went, all the while repeating some incantation, which has been forgotten. [A young man had his warts cured by a charmer who left one which the bearer had wished to retain as a proof of the charmer's power over the rest.]—NICHOLSON (2), p. 88.

Whooping Cough, etc. [**Hull**].—Children who cannot retain their water may be cured by eating three roasted mice. The same dish is also a cure for the hooping cough. I have known them given several times for both complaints by respectable people.—Nictillis Nictollis, N. & Q. vol. vi. p. 311.

A hairy worm, *i.e.* the hairy caterpillar of certain butterflies, [should be hung] in a flannel bag round the neck of the sufferer.

NICHOLSON (2), p. 140; Rat pie, p. 142.

[Patient to cough over a frog in a jug of water, and then the frog will take the complaint and practise it. Or the sufferer may be passed nine times round the body of a donkey.]

See MORRIS, p. 247.

Additional efficacy is secured by giving the child to eat two or three hairs of the donkey between two slices of bread and butter.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 141.

Worms.—To lay to a yong Childs navel to cure the Wormes. —Wormewood, rue, bulls gall and hogs grease all fryed together, and layd to the childs navell; and anoynt the stomach with the same.—BEST, p. 164.

To cure the Chest Wormes.—Take mares milk and give it the child to drinke fastinge, and it will make him cast them upp at his mouth.—BEST, p. 164.

SECTION VII.

MAGIC AND DIVINATION.

SELLERS of dream-books must formerly have driven a fair trade in Holderness, and even now a dream or fortune "interpreter" is often to be found amongst the literary valuables of the cottage. Every dream is carefully and anxiously studied in connection with this book. Have you dreamt of gold—of silver—of fire—of water—of anything at all in fact, go the first thing in the morning to your dream-book, look out gold, etc., in the index, and turn out the appropriate paragraph. Know your fate as soon as possible.

F.R.H.S. p. 63.

DIVINERS.

Hull. Some days ago, this history of a well-known fortune-teller who lives at Hull, was related to me by a maid-servant who had visited her: "She can tell what will happen to anybody with a pack of cards or a glass egg she has, though the egg is the best and most expensive," said the narrator; "but it is only on Good Friday she can see things that are going to come to herself. She has had three husbands, the first of them is dead, the second ran away, and the third he is filling with water (*i.e.* suffering from dropsy), and every Good Friday she can look into the egg and see just what is to happen to the two that are living, where the husband who took off and left her is, what he is doing and all she wants to know about. It shows as clear as anything in the egg." This glass egg is, of course, a magic crystal; but how comes

it that the soothsayer can use it for her own benefit on Good Friday alone ?

T.R.E.N.T., N. & Q. 8th S. vol. iv. p. 328.

Hull. About twenty years ago, there dwelt in Little Queen Street, Hull, a little man, deaf and dumb, who was known as a "planet ruler," to whom business men resorted frequently for advice.—NICHOLSON (2), pp. 93, 94.

Barmby Moor. See SECTION v. pp. 61, 62, 67.

Bridlington. Rebecca Hird used to tell fortunes . . . women of most respectable position used to consult her.

NICHOLSON (2), p. 95.

Driffield. S. G. . . . fortune teller [see SECTION v. p. 65].

NICHOLSON (2), pp. 92, 93.

Fulford. [A] man living in the village distinguished himself as an astrologist and astronomer. . . . He told fortunes, ruled planets and prescribed for diseases.—CAMIDGE, p. 252.

MAKING FOR MATRIMONY.

When a four-leaved clover is found, it ought to be placed in the heel of your left boot, then, the first person you meet of the opposite sex is to be your partner. I am told this is infallible.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 124.

A young woman will endeavour to peel an apple without breaking the peel and then throwing it over her left shoulder, will observe what letter is formed when it has fallen to the ground ; such letter being the initial letter of her future husband's name.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 122.

[A] girl "took a live frog, stuck it all over with pins, put it in a box, kept it shut up for a week, after which she looked in and found that the frog was dead. She kept it until it was consumed away to bones. Then she took out of the frog a small key-shaped bone, got into the company of the

young man she wanted, fastened the bone to his coat, and said:

I do not want to hurt this frog
But my true lover's heart to turn,
Wishing that he no rest may find
Till he come to me and speak his mind.

After this he had a week's torture, as the frog had, and then he went to her and said he had had a queer sensation for a week, but he did not know what it meant. 'However,' he said, 'I will marry thee, but I know we shall never be happy.' They were married and lived very uncomfortably together."

ADDY, p. 79.

When any fruit having stones such as cherry, plum, etc., is eaten, the stones are used in peeping into the future with respect to marriage; the following formula being used:

This year,	Sometime,
Next year,	Never.

One stone for each line, and the time which falls to the last stone is the destined time.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 48.

If a woman's sweetheart is cold to her, or does not visit her when he ought to come, she should take the shoulder-blade of a lamb, and, as she goes upstairs, say these lines—

It's not the bone I wish to stick,
But my true lover's heart I mean to prick;
Wishing him neither rest nor sleep
Until he comes to me to speak.

When she has reached her bedroom she should stick a penknife into the shoulder-blade. In the East Riding the same charm is practised by striking a fork into an uncooked shoulder of mutton for three nights.—ADDY, pp. 73, 74.

A charm was practised in the East Riding by an egg and shovel put on the floor of a room at midnight, but I have not been able to get particulars. A girl who practised this charm one night is said to have been so much scared by the appearance of the Devil that "she became converted and a member of the Wesleyan community."—ADDY, p. 88.

Wedding Divination.—Being lately present on the occasion of a wedding at a town in the East Riding of Yorkshire, I was

witness to the following custom, which seems to rank as a genuine scrap of folk-lore. On the bride alighting from her carriage at her father's door, a plate covered with morsels of bride's cake was flung from a window of the second story upon the heads of the crowd congregated in the street below; and the divination, I was told, consists in observing the fate which attends its downfall. If it reach the ground in safety without being broken, the omen is a most *un*favourable one. If, on the other hand, the plate be shattered to pieces (and the more the better), the auspices are looked upon as most happy.—Oxoniensis, N. & Q. vol. vii. p. 545.

See also SECTION xi. p. 129.

WEATHER FORECASTS.

Children say

> Rain, rain, go away,
> Come again another day;
> Rain, rain, come down and pour,
> Then you'll only last an hour.
>
> ADDY, p. 118

Rainbows are keenly watched in the East Riding.
ADDY, p. 118.

They say that if women frisk and run about it is a sure sign of rain.—ADDY, p. 118.

Walking home from shooting one evening lately in Yorkshire, East Riding, I heard one gamekeeper observe to another, "To-morrow will be fine; all the money in my pocket has turned up tails."—Scot, N. & Q. 6th S. vol. vi. p. 389.

Noah's Ark clouds forming a sort of ellipse, pointed at the ends like the prow of a boat, supposed to betoken rain.
HOLD. GLOSS. p. 101.

Buck.—On the 21st September the common saying relative to the weather is, "If the buck rises with a dry horn we shall have a Michaelmas summer" (p. 135).

Cats.—See under *Horses*.

Cuckoo.—Its frequent calling is a sign of rain (p. 135).

Horses.—When horses stand with their backs to the hedge, or the cat sits with her back to the fire a storm may be expected (p. 135).

Land-rail.—The frequent calling of this bird is said to be indicative of rain (p. 130).

Peacock.—

" When the peacock loudly calls
Then look out for rain and squalls " (p. 132).

Pigeons.—If pigeons congregate on the ridge of a house roof, it foretells a storm of wind or rain (p. 130).

Robin.—Should the bird go about the hedge chirping mournfully, though the day be bright and the sky cloudless, it will rain ere long; and when you see him singing cheerfully, on some topmost twig, it will soon be fine, though the rain be pouring down (p. 130).

NICHOLSON (2), pp. 130, 131, 132, 135.

A sudden period of very fine weather, if unseasonable, is looked upon with distrust, as being too good to last long; and is known as a " weather-breeder," *i.e.* a forerunner of bad weather.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 45.

See also SECTION i. p. 26; SECTION x. p. 96.

DEATH PORTENTS.

This year [1551] was taken, at *Hassel* Cliff, a prodigious Fish, 20 Yards in Length; which was look'd upon as an unhappy Omen. But I will not, nay, I cannot say, of the young innocent King's Death; tho' it was not very long after this, that his precious Soul departed from the World, into the Hands of the Almighty.—GENT, p. 119.

Coffins an Posses [purses], cinders which fly out of the fire, elongated and hollow, or bag-shaped: if the former they are supposed to foretell the death of a relative; if the latter a windfall of fortune. In E. the prediction is given forth not

by shape but sound; if when struck on a hard substance, the cinder emits a faint tinkling sound, money is forthcoming; if no sound is heard—death.—HOLD. GLOSS. p. 44.

When a cinder jumps out of the fire its shape must be carefully examined; coffin-shaped ones being prognostications of death, whilst purse-shaped ones betoken good luck and are called "posses." A stalactite-shaped piece of tallow —popularly called a *winding-sheet*—also surely foretells the death of one of the family.—F.R.H.S. p. 60.

See also SECTION ii. p. 30; SECTION iii. pp. 36, 37, 38; SECTION x. p. 90.

SECTION VIII.

GENERAL.

Hull. *To discover the Body of a Drowned Person.*—I have twice seen the following means used to recover the body of a drowned person. A penny roll, with a quantity of quick-silver in a hole in the centre, was allowed to float on the water, in the firm belief that it would stand still over the place where the body lay. In neither case did it succeed.

Nictillis Nictollis, N. & Q. vol. vi. p. 311.

To discover a Murderer.—Thomas Fisher. For Murder.—July 24, 1669. *William Warde, of Beverley, ale-house-keeper,* saith, that Thomas Fisher, labourer, and others, being att his house and discoursing concerning the murther of Elizabeth Wright, and that the said Fisher was suspected to have murthered her, and likewise that itt was beleived hee would be forcd to touch her body; the said Fisher said, if hee were forcd to goe to touch her body hee would have other two or three persons to doe the like.—DEPOSITIONS, p. 172.

To dream of your Sweetheart.—Take the blade bone of a rabbit and stick nine pins in it, and then put it under your pillow, and you will be sure to see the object of your affections.—Nictillis Nictollis, N. & Q. vol. vi. p. 312.

Bed, Getting out of, with the left foot first renders you cross and unfortunate all the day.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 44.

Belemnites are called "thunderbolts" and are believed to have fallen from the clouds.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 45.

Boots Creaking.—The shoemaker is still unpaid.

NICHOLSON (2), p. 45.

Coins.—A crooked sixpence or a coin with a hole through it is sought after [as being lucky].—NICHOLSON (2), p. 45.

Ear-burning.—If your right ear burns, some person is speaking well of you; but if your left ear burns, they are slandering.—Nictillis Nictollis, N. & Q. vol. vi. p. 311.

Eyebrows.—Persons whose eyebrows meet are deemed specially fortunate, as being "lucky" in all their undertakings.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 45

Footings.—The custom of paying "footings," so common in other districts, seems to have flourished greatly in this. Not a boy could be apprenticed, not a farm lad could commence service, without the payment of "footing" money to his mates. The penalty for entering the church bell-chamber for the first time was always sixpence, or a quart of beer at the least. When a new tenant entered on a farm he was always supposed to entertain his neighbours at an early opportunity. Even yet house-warmings are far from uncommon. . . . Not even a poor prisoner was let off this penalty, the sum in which he was mulcted being called "garnish."

F.R.H.S. p. 80.

Friday [A farmer's wife] afraid of churning on Friday.

F.R.H.S. p. 56.

[1] "Friday hair, | You'll go to devil,
Sunday horn, | Afore Monday morn."

NICHOLSON (2), p. 141.

Gifts.—A white spot on a finger-nail supposed to indicate a coming gift.

A *gift* on the thumb is seer tĭ cum,
But yan (one) on the finger is seer tĭ linger.

Holderness Proverb.

In E. H. the word *gift* is confined to the spots on the thumb, those on the fingers being called respectively, "friend," "foe," "lover," "journey to go."—HOLD. GLOSS. p. 67.

Gift of Cutlery.—To give away a knife, a razor, or a pair of scissors to a friend, is to cut their acquaintance, for you

[1 Monition not to cut hair on Friday or nails on Sunday.]

are sure to fall out after; therefore you must take money for them, be it ever so little.

Nictillis Nictollis, N. & Q. vol. vi. p. 312.

Green.—The other day I heard a well-educated Hull lady say she had only had three green dresses during her lifetime, and in each instance she had had to put them aside to wear mourning for those dear to her. Never again, she said would she appear in green, which she linked so closely with death.

Royal Institution, Hull.

William Andrews, N. & Q. 9th S. vol. ix. p. 121.

Iron, Old.—Unlucky to bring it into the house.

Nicholson (2), p. 46.

Lether [letter].—E. and N. a bright speck in the flame of a candle, supposed to betoken a coming letter containing good news.—Hold. Gloss. p. 88.

Lover's Peril.—By putting cream in your tea before sugar [you may lose your sweetheart or cross your love].

Nicholson (2), p. 46.

Odd Numbers.—They are lucky, except the number 13, which is the most unlucky of numbers.

Nictillis Nictollis, N. & Q. vol. vi. p. 311.

Palm, etc., An Itching.—That if the palm of your hand itches, you will be sure to get some money either given or paid to you soon. Brutus said his friend had an itching palm, that is, he loved money.—Nictillis Nictollis, N. & Q. vol. vi. p. 311.

Should your nose itch you will soon be angry; if the right eye, a surprise awaits you; if the left, you will soon cry; if the right foot, a journey is before you. Itching of the palm of the right hand indicates the reception . . . of the left . . . the payment of money.—Nicholson (2), p. 44.

Schoolboy Notions.—If their hands be rubbed with an onion or green walnut shells, or, if they wrap a hair round the "bole" of the hand, the schoolmaster's cane [will not only] not be felt but will split . . . from top to bottom. . . .

They will also spit on their hands to avert the evil effects of a stroke just as they will spit when they meet a white horse to avoid the consequence of such an unlucky meeting. After which operation the following rhyme is said :

"Good luck to you, good luck to me,
Good luck for every white horse I see."

NICHOLSON (2), pp. 42, 43.

Shiver.—If you feel a sudden shiver, somebody is walking over your future grave.—F.R.H.S. p. 63 or 64.

Sneezing.—Bless us! an ejaculation uttered after sneezing, a custom which prevailed in ancient Greece.

HOLD. GLOSS. pp. 30, 31.

Spitting.—The first money taken in any undertaking is spit upon for luck.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 43.

Sweeping.—If men sweep dust out of the house ill-luck will follow ; women sweep dust up in the house for luck.

ADDY, p. 98.

"*Threes.*"—Mishaps follow each other in threes.

NICHOLSON (2), p. 47.

See also SECTION xi. p. 136.

Tooth-lore.—In the East Riding they eat sugar when a tooth is pulled out, and throw the tooth into the fire, saying,

Fire, fire, here's a bone,
Pray God send a tooth again.

ADDY, p. 91.

To dream of your teeth falling out is a bad sign, foretelling some fearful unknown thing.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 44.

See also SECTION ix. p. 84.

Tripping.—If you trip as you are going *up* stairs it is a sign of a wedding close at hand.—F.R.H.S. p. 63 or 64.

Unlucky Events.—It's unlucky to meet a funeral; to rob either a robin or a swallow's nest ; to cross your knife and fork, or to upset the saltcellar (if you do the latter you must throw a pinch over your left shoulder, and it renders the

unlucky deed of non-effect); to be first wished a merry Christmas or happy new year by a fair man.

Nictillis Nictollis, N. & Q. vol. vi. p. 312.

Among unlucky things may be mentioned thirteen sitting down to dinner . . . to turn back for some forgotten article; to go under a ladder; to enter a house with a tool of any kind on your shoulder; to depart from a house leaving "thruff-oppen deears" (doors open through the house), the back door must be closed before the front door is opened; the falling of a picture; the cracking of a looking-glass or drinking-glass; to have a black cat, though it is lucky to meet one, and unlucky to meet a coloured one, especially yellow . . . or to spill salt, for every grain spilt represents a tear you will shed. The offer to help to salt would be rejected:

"Help me to salt,
Help me to sorrow."

NICHOLSON (2), p. 43.

Wart or *Corn.*—If a wart bleeds it is believed that wherever the blood goes there will be more warts. A similar belief exists about corns. If you cut a corn and it bleeds, you will bleed to death.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 46.

Washing in the same Water.—If two persons wash in the same tub together, they will be sure to "fall out" before they go to bed.—Nictillis Nictollis, N. & Q. vol. vi. p. 311.

Unless the water be "crossed" by making the sign.

NICHOLSON (2), p. 45.

Will o' the Wisp.—A man who was crossing a moor in East Yorkshire saw the *ignis fatuus*. Taking out his knife, he planted it in the ground with the haft upwards. Next morning he found that the haft was quite eaten away.—ADDY, p. 87.

Wishing.—In the East Riding of Yorkshire they stand by the side of a brook, spit in it, and wish, taking care to tell nobody what the wish is.—ADDY, p. 59.

SECTION IX.

FUTURE LIFE.

THE souls of the unbaptized are supposed to wander through the air, and are never at rest.—WOOD REES, p. 65.

When a child's tooth comes out it must be dropped into the fire, and the following rhyme said, or the child will have to seek its tooth after death:

> 'Fire, fire, tak a beean,
> And send oor Johnny a good teeath ageean.'

NICHOLSON, p. 93.

SECTION X.

FESTIVALS OR DAYS OF MARK.

NEW YEAR.

GREAT importance is attached to the person who enters the house first in the New Year, and who is termed the "first foot, or lucky bird." The person must be dark and of the male sex. A story is told of a woman who went to her neighbours to borrow something on the morning of New Year's Day. She was the "first-foot," and could not be admitted until the husband of the house had gone out at the back door, and entered the house at the front door. A lady once told me that her sister came first to the door on New Year's morning, and that her mother was greatly troubled about it, and only admitted her daughter with great reluctance because of the wet inclement weather. The mother herself died in March of the same year, and that unlucky first foot was then looked upon as an omen of death.

NICHOLSON (2), p. 20.

[There are districts where fair men are preferred, and where "dark-looking" is synonymous with "queer-looking."]

See MORRIS, p. 219.

Barmby Moor. In this part it is considered very lucky for a dark man or boy to be the first to cross the threshold.

WOOD REES, p. 71.

Flamborough. The *First Foot* is that of the individual who first crosses a threshold on Christmas or New Year's day. If the visitor or *Lucky Bird* has dark hair this is supposed to bring good luck to the house; if fair hair, bad luck.

In some parts of Yorkshire the contrary of this is the case, fair hair bringing good, and dark hair bad luck. It is usual to reward the *Lucky Bird* with a trifling gift of money. Christmas day is set apart for male *Lucky Birds*, and New Year's day for females. If a female foot is the first to cross the threshold on Christmas day, it is considered a bad sign.

ARMYTAGE, pp. 144, 145.

As far as I can remember, Christmas was always represented by a fair man, and was the first person admitted into the house after midnight on the eve. Certain questions were put and answered before the guest was allowed to enter, and on coming in he was presented with bread, salt and a groat. The same, or almost the same occurred at the New Year, except that, I believe, the representative must on that day be dark. The contrary was supposed to bring ill-luck. I shall be glad of correction in the details.

W. S. H., N. & Q. 5th S. vol. ix. pp. 477, 488.

Holderness. When the family rise in the morning they must be careful to let in the first *boy* who comes round "New year's giftin'"—a begging process like that which was indulged in on Christmas Day. This boy is called the "lucky-bod," and receives a specially liberal gift. Instead of bringing in "summat green," he this time brings in a "clog," or "chump" of wood, and every "new year's gifter" does the same. This, at any rate, is a more useful arrangement for the master of the house, as he frequently accumulates a very fair stock of firewood. The writer has seen a good barrow-full lying on the floor of a cottage on this particular morning.—F.R.H.S. p. 69.

Hunmanby. On New Year's Eve girls (dark haired) are allowed to cross the threshold. On Christmas eve dark haired boys or men go round first footing.

Communicated by Mr. Blakeborough.

See also SECTION viii. p. 83.

Driffield. On New Year's day it is a custom at Driffield for the boys of the town to assemble in the main street, go

in disorderly rout to the shops of the chief tradesmen and standing in the road before each shop sing out :

> Here we are at oor toon end
> A shroldher o' mutton, an a croon ti spend,
> Hip ! hip ! hooray !

until some of the stock of the tradesman is thrown to them and scrambled for.—NICHOLSON, pp. 11, 12.

PLOUGH MONDAY.

Beverley. The pageant and dance, called *fool plough*, which is annually to be seen in the streets of Beverley, and many other towns in the north, seems to be a composition of gleanings of several obsolete ancient customs. The *fool* and the *bessy* are evidently fragments of the feast of fools.

POULSON, vol. ii. p. 661.

Holderness. Early in January we have the " Fond-pleeaf " or " Ploo-lads " round. This " fond pleeaf " is a plough from which the share has been removed. It is dragged by the " ploo-lads "—fantastically-dressed farming lads. The chief character is one dressed as a female and called " Besom Bet." Before each door a rude dance is performed, accompanied by music and seasoned with rustic jokes. The usual gifts to those mummers are cheesecakes and money, the first being collected by one of the party wearing a clean white apron and carrying a basket.—F.R.H.S. pp. 69, 70.

Hull (Trinity House). On Plough Monday (the first Monday after twelfth day) in Lincolnshire and the northern counties, it is usual for the country men to draw about a plough, dressed in antick dresses, and beg money from door to door. In the former there are regular companies consisting of a fool, a witch, four dancers, a fidler, and one to carry the wallet for the bread and meat that was given. There was a house lately held by the ceremony of drawing a plough through it on the day, where there were two doors made convenient for that purpose. This being a maritime society, it was celebrated by a procession adapted to that circumstance. At a time when the power of the clergy was so great and the

information so small we must not be surprised to find it converted to religious representations which no doubt conduced much to the benefit of the priesthood.

FROM THE EXPENCES ON PLOUGH-DAYS.

[A selection.]

[1485]	To the minstrils - - - -	0	0	6
	To Noah and his wife - - -	0	1	6
	To Robert Brown playing God - -	0	0	6
	To the ship child - - - -	0	0	1
	To a shipwright for clincking Noah's ship, one day - - - -	0	0	7
	22 kids for shoring Noah's ship -	0	0	2
	To a man clearing away the snow -	0	0	1
	Straw for Noah and his children -	0	0	2
	Mass bell-man, torches, minstrils, garland, etc. - - - - -	0	0	6
	For mending the ship - - -	0	0	2
	To Noah for playing - - - -	0	1	0
	To straw and grease for the wheels -	0	0	0¼
	To the waits for going about with the ship - - - - -	0	0	6
	To the carver mending the Trinity, making his crown, setting up and painting him, etc. - - -	0	8	0
[1494]	For three skins for Noah's coat, making it, and a rope to hang the ship in the kirk - - - - -	0	7	0

HADLEY, pp. 823, 824, 825.

Naburn. [At one time] Naburn (like other villages) . . . sent a united band of farm-servants into the city [of York] on or about Plough Monday, who amused the citizens with their peculiar dress and antics. First in the procession came the band which invariably consisted of from three to six performers, sometimes a clarionet . . . led the musical part of the entertainment—occasionally a brass instrument or two were pressed into the service of the show, whilst at times an accordeon or violin was the leading if not the only instrument of the band. A drum was ever considered absolutely necessary.

. . . Next to the band came two men-servants dressed as "King and Queen," and it was not an uncommon thing for "his Majesty" to be adorned in an old hussar suit, to carry an old sword and to wear on his head an old helmet; whilst "her Majesty," gay with female attire gathered from many homes and sporting many ribbons and laces, hung dependently on his royal highness's arm. It frequently happened that when two or three villages joined to form a company, each village sent a king and queen as a part of their contingent. After the representatives of Royalty followed three or four couple of men who wore outside their waistcoats white shirts profusely adorned with ribbons of every hue, whilst their hats bore rosettes, cockades and streamers. They generally carried a wooden sword each, and walked the streets in procession, but at every available spot they danced to the strains of their music, threading their swords in the dance with considerable skill, and going through a series of figures which could only have been perfected by considerable practice and care. Two or three more of their company were dressed up as clowns and begged money from the onlookers. One man was invariably dressed as a tawdrily [*sic*] woman, and carried a besom which he sometimes used with more freedom than discretion. Another had his face blacked and a third generally had his face coloured and sometimes wore large spectacles. Before coming into the city they had to secure the consent of the Lord Mayor.—CAMIDGE, pp. 484, 485.

VALENTINE DAY, Etc.

Hull. *Valentine Morn* (Feb. 14th).—You'll marry the man or the woman, as the case may be, that you meet the first on Valentine Morn.

Nictillis Nictollis, N. & Q. vol. vi. p. 312.

The first day of April being dedicated to All Fools, many attempts, often successful, are made to increase the ranks of the foolish All. A very common way is to send a guileless youth to the shoemaker's for some stirrup-oil, which is given him across his back; the said stirrup being the leather band used by shoemakers to hold their work firmly on their knee.

Once a boy was sent on this day, to a bookseller's shop in Bridlington, for "The Life of Adam's Grandfather," though a pennyworth of pigeon's milk from the chemist's is a favourite device.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 13.

St. Mark's Eve (April 24): see SECTION iv. p. 47; SECTION v. pp. 65, 66.

Bridlington. Old Peg Doo (Margaret Dove) used to watch . . . in the N. porch of the Priory Church . . . and saw all the forms of those who were to die during the year. [She prospered] . . . fearful ones were glad to pay for the pleasure of knowing they had to live another year and the fated ones had time to set their affairs in order.

NICHOLSON (2), pp. 84, 85.

"Caff riddling" . . . was thus practised on St. Mark's Eve. The barn doors were set wide open, and at midnight the prying ones were to commence riddling the chaff. Should the riddler be doomed to die within the year, two persons would pass the door carrying a coffin.

NICHOLSON (2), p. 85.

THROUGH AND ABOUT LENT.

Children in E. Holderness enumerate the days of the week thus: "Egg and collop Monday; Pancake Tuesday; Ash Wednesday; Bloody Thursday; Lang Friday 'll nivver be deean, and Heigh for Setthaday eftherneean."

HOLD. GLOSS. p. 31.

Collop-Munda, the Monday before Shrove Tuesday, so called because it was the last day of flesh-eating before Lent, when fresh meat was cut into collops and salted to hang till Lent was over. In many places the usual dish for dinner, on that day, consists still of eggs and bacon.—HOLD. GLOSS. p. 44.

Hornsea. Other customs that have prevailed more or less throughout the country . . . still linger here, but are more or less wearing out. Of these are, the eating of "eggs and collops" on Shrove-Monday—pancakes on Tuesday—and on Wednesday, a curious custom of playing at *Tut-ball* (elsewhere called hand-ball, or stool-ball). At present, this is only prac-

tised by children, but, within the memory of persons yet living, old as well as young turned out into the closes or on the Common for this play, and it was a saying that they who did not play at Tut-ball on Ash-Wednesday would be sick in harvest-time.—BEDELL, p. 89.

Hemingbrough. 1661-2, Feb. 11. Upon Fastens eaven last came with their cocks to the church and fought them in the church, namly, Tho. Midleton of Clife, John Coates, Ed. Wedhous and John Batley.—HEMINGBROUGH, p. 131.

Fassans-tuesdă, N. Shrove-Tuesday.—HOLD. GLOSS. p. 57.

Pankeeak-bell, a church bell, which is rung at eleven o'clock in the morning of Shrove-Tuesday to let the people know that it is time to commence making pancakes, at the sound of which the schools break up and make holiday for the rest of the day.—HOLD. GLOSS. p. 105.

Hedon. A custom has prevailed in this place from time immemorial on Shrove Tuesday, to ring what is called the pancake-bell. All the apprentices in the town, whose indentures terminate before the return of the above day, assemble in the belfry of the church at eleven o'clock, and in turn toll the tenor bell for an hour; at the sound of which all the housewives in the parish commence frying pancakes. The sexton, who is present, receives a small fee from each lad.

Hedon. H. B., N. & Q. 2nd S. vol. v. p. 391.

Hedon. A custom prevails here that on Shrove Tuesday the oldest apprentice rings the great bell from 11 to 12 at noon. It is called ringing the Pancake Bell.—YKS. CH. p. 22.

Hull. Just after I left a dame-school, and whilst still too young to be admitted to a commercial academy, I attended a school where I well remember listening for the pancake bell, which began to ring at eleven o'clock; when, being one hour before the time for leaving, the master[1] dismissed us with the words: "There's the pancake bell; now, boys, go home and help your mammas to make pancakes." This is a remnant of the Romish custom of ringing a bell to summon

[1] He was a sidesman at the Trinity Church, Hull.

the people to confession, or *shrift*—hence called *Shrove* Tuesday; being the day before the strict abstinence of Lent, which begins next day, Ash Wednesday. In my young Protestant mind, the pancakes of the one day were associated with *hashed* mutton the next; and I believe many still make a like *hash* of the matter, unaware that, not *mutton* but *ashes* were the order of the day as symbolic of repentance—*quasi* penance.

T. J. Buckton; N. & Q. 3rd S. vol. vi. pp. 404, 405.

A girl who could not turn a pancake on Shrove Tuesday was not considered eligible for marriage.—ADDY, p. 115.

Lent has certain observances of its own. "Pankeeak Tuesday" or Shrove Tuesday, is an important day to the children. At eleven in the morning the "Pankeeak Bell" is rung, at the sound of which all schools are supposed to break off work to allow the children to "gather sticks to fry pankeeaks with," and the rest of the day is spent as a holiday. In the northern portion of Holderness a custom called "egg-throwlin" is fast dying out. Hard-boiled eggs are dyed and "throwled"—rolled or bowled—in the fields, the day being hence called "Throwl-egg Day."—F.R.H.S. p. 70.

Keppen-day.—N. and W., Shrove-Tuesday. So called because part of the amusement of girls on that day consists of keppin [catching] balls.—HOLD. GLOSS. p. 82.

Ball Day.—In the East and West Ridings school-children call Shrove Tuesday "Ball Day." On this day every child has a halfpenny and a new ball, which is made of four pieces of coloured leather sewn together and filled with sawdust. Everybody catches one of these balls when it is thrown up, and it is said that if you do not "kep" or catch a ball before noon on this day you will be ill all through the harvest.

ADDY, pp. 116, 117.

The custom of playing "tut-ball" on Ash Wednesday, now only kept up by boys, but formerly by adults also, has been before alluded to, as well as the belief that unless they did so the men would fall sick in harvest.—F.R.H.S. p. 70.

Fritters.—In some parts Ash Wednesday was always known by the dinner of "fruttasses" or fritters; hence it was called "Fruttass Wednesday."—F.R.H.S. p. 71.

Lang-Fridah.—E. and N., the first Friday in Lent.
HOLD. GLOSS. p. 86.

Sundays in Lent.—In the same part of Holderness the Sundays in Lent were formerly called respectively Tid, Mid, Miseray, Carlin and Paum Sundays, whilst Easter Sunday itself was known as Good-feast Day. On "Tid," the second Sunday, the *Te Deum* was chanted. "Mid" is the middle Sunday; "Miseray," the fourth, was the day on which the *Miserere* was chanted. On Carlin Sunday "carlins" were, and still are, universally eaten. These "carlins" are dried peas, fried in butter, and eaten with pepper and salt. They are also called "brussled" peas, and every child has his pocket full, and eats at them incessantly through the day, little to the benefit, one would think, of his digestive organs. "Paum Sunday" witnesses a general gathering of "paums," or "palms," which are sprigs of willow covered with catkins. Houses are decorated with these "paums," and sprigs are carried in the hand. . . . Mid-Lent Sunday was more commonly known as "Motherin-Sunday," from the almost universal custom of children visiting their parents on that day. No greater hardship could be inflicted on a serving lad or lass than preventing him or her from visiting the "awd fooaks" on Motherin-Sunday.—F.R.H.S. pp. 70, 71.

Custom of children visiting their parents on that day, almost if not altogether obsolete.—HOLD. GLOSS. p. 96.

Mid-ray Sunday.—Mid-Lent Sunday; when the rays of the sun are vertical to the equator, or mid-way on the earth.
HOLD. GLOSS. p. 95.

Filey. On "Carling Sunday" pease, after having been steeped in water, were fried with butter and eaten with ham by the women and children at home, while the men assembled in the ale-houses, where they helped themselves to the "carlings" which were set before them.—SHAW, p. 9.

There are few remains of ancient superstitions to be found in the present day in Holderness ; a singular practice, however, prevails in some houses, *of eating grey peas which have been steeped in water and fried*, with various savory additions, on *Midlent* Sunday, formerly called Carle, and now *Carlin* Sunday. No reason is given, and perhaps none is known, why this custom is observed. It appears to be the remnant of a heathen superstition, which enjoined the giving away of beans (*fabæ*) at funerals, because beans were supposed to belong to the dead, and were used in sacrifices to the departed, owing to the mysterious properties ascribed to them. *Carlin* is derived from the German *Karr*, signifying a satisfaction made for punishment, or an atonement, and in the same language Karr Fryetag is Good Friday ; and in the Roman calendar part of the ceremony for that day is the distribution of pulse. In Holderness, and some other parts of England, peas have been substituted for beans, as more fit to be eaten at that season of the year. . . . It seems to have been a usual custom in Holderness for the superior yeomanry to bequeath pulse, beans, peas and rye to their poor neighbours when disposing of their worldly effects, which custom may have had its origin in some old deep-seated religious superstition.—Poulson (2), vol. ii. p. 28.

Newton Constable. In a number of wills and deeds belonging to a family of some antiquity in this place the bequest continually occurs.

10th July, 1565.—Wm. Raynes, of West Newton, yeoman, gives to evry poore house in Newton, that haith no corne, one pecke of peas. 1st May, 1583.—Lawrence Raynes, of West Newton, yeoman, gives to each poore house in Newton that hath no corne a growinge a pek of pees and rye. 8th Jan., 1588.—Robert Raines of West Newton, yeoman, gives to poore folks of Aldburgh town vi^{s} viiii^{d} to be distrybuted at the discretion of the collectors there, and to poore folks of this towne, on quarter of pease and barlye.

Poulson (2), vol. ii. p. 28.

[John Raynes, 12th April, 1613, gives] " to the rt. worshipp-full Sir Henrie Constable, my good mr. and landelorde twoe

qrs of beanes, desireing hym, even for God's cause, to be goode to my wyfe and chyldren."

POULSON (2), vol. ii. *note* 7, p. 46.

Hornsea. The fifth Sunday before Easter was called Carlin-Sunday, and almost everybody ate, and many continue to eat, *carlins*; that is grey peas softened in water, and fried with pepper, salt, and butter. On the next Sunday, Palm (pronounced Paum) Sunday, people carried willow-twigs with flowers on them, at that season called Palms.

BEDELL, pp. 89, 90; COLE, pp. 132, 135.

Palms, the catkins of the willow, carried in the hand, and used for the decoration of rooms on Palm Sunday.

HOLD. GLOSS. pp. 104, 105.

Filey. Figs are also eaten on this day, in memory probably of the Redeemer's cursing the barren fig-tree.—COLE, p. 135.

A hot-cross bun used to be kept from one Good Friday to the next, as it was reputed not to turn mouldy, and to protect the house from fire. Easter Sunday was called by some of the Roman Catholics "Rive-kite Sunday," kite meaning stomach. This arises from the indulgence given to the appetite on that day after the Lenten fasting. Veal is commonly considered the most appropriate dish. Eggs boiled hard and coloured with saffron and the like are still given to children, but I am not sure that they still retain their name of "pasche-eggs." Presents of eggs and buns are also made on Good Friday. Young folks go on Saturday to the nearest market-town to buy some small article of dress or personal ornament to wear for the first time on Easter Sunday, as otherwise they believe that birds—notably rooks or "crakes"—will spoil their clothes (cf. Brand, Bohn's edition, i. 154, 156, 165, 168). Maundy Thursday is sometimes called Bloody Thursday in this part of Yorkshire, doubtless from the "agony and bloody sweat." Note that some of these things are past.

Hull. W. C. B., N. & Q. 4th S. vol. v. p. 595.

[On Good Friday people avoid turning the soil.]

See MORRIS, p. 222.

EASTER.

Hornsea. Good-feast day, Easter Sunday. Formerly, if not still, in use about Hornsea.—HOLD. GLOSS. p. 69.

About Nunburnholme. [At one time it was believed that the sun danced on Easter Day. The gleam of its light was watched on a pail of water, and the day's weather predicted from its behaviour. That of the coming harvest was supposed to be foreshown by the example of Easter Day.]

See MORRIS, p. 224.

Children visited their parents on Easter Sunday, and the customary dinner was veal pie. In some parts Mid-Lent Sunday was called "Go-a-Mothering Sunday."—ADDY, p. 116.

See *ante*, p. 93.

Beverley. The following cutting from the *Leeds Mercury Weekly Supplement* of 5 April [1902] may interest your readers:

"Sunday's services at St. Mary's Church, Beverley, commenced with Holy Communion at 6.30 A.M. At the Minster the choir ascended the north-west tower and sang the Easter Hymn."

Newbourne Rectory, Woodbridge.

John Pickford, M.A., N. & Q. 9th S. vol. ix. p. 364.

Wearing New at Easter.—In my boyhood, more than fifty years ago, there was a common belief in East Yorkshire that it was unlucky not to wear some new article of dress on Easter Day; in particular, it was alleged that the rooks would mute upon you in case of omission. Shakespeare seems to have been familiar with this superstition for he makes Mercutio ask, "Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter?" *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 1.—W. C. B., N. & Q. 10th S. vol. ix. p. 305.

Hornsea. On Easter-Sunday everybody made a point of wearing something *new*, however trifling; and it was a common saying that the birds would mute on those who wore nothing new on that day.—BEDELL, p. 90.

See *ante*, p. 95; *post*, p. 102.

Barmby Moor. On Easter Monday, the children make Spanish wine or liquorice water. The day is called Spanish Wine Day.

The Vicarage, Barmby Moor, York.

W. D. Wood Rees, N. & Q. 10th S. vol. xii. p. 287.

In the East Riding children carried bottles on Easter Monday filled with clear water, into which Spanish juice was dropped.—ADDY, p. 116.

Filey. At Easter the young men seize the shoes of females, collecting as many as they can, and on the following day the girls retaliate by getting the men's hats, which are to be redeemed on a subsequent evening, when both parties assemble at one of the Inns, and partake of a rural repast.—COLE, p. 136.

Boys and girls try to catch each other by the ankles to trip one another up, or "leg them down" as they say. Hence Easter Monday is known as "Leggin Day"; but if you trip any one up at any time, you offer as excuse "It's Leggin Day ti-day."—NICHOLSON (2), p. 12.

MAY.

May-geslin, a May gosling.—On the first of May "May geslins" are made after the fashion of April fools.

HOLD. GLOSS. p. 94.

On both days it is not allowable to continue the practice after mid-day. If it were done, the retort would be:

"Twelve o'clock is past and gone
So you're a fool for making one."

NICHOLSON (2), p. 14.

Maypole. See SECTION ii. p. 27.

Royal Oak Day.—Patch, E. and N., to pelt with eggs especially on May 29th those who have not an oak-twig in their hats. "Let's patch him, he hesn't onny royal oak aboot him—he's a Papish."—HOLD. GLOSS. p. 105.

There is a disagreeable custom of "patching" on May 29th, or "Royal Oak Day." To "patch" is to pelt with eggs—

if the eggs are rotten so much the better—all who have not a sprig of oak about them. Accordingly, the boys of the district carry about with them twigs of " Royal oak " on the 29th of May. . . . Those who do not show the proper emblem are called " Papishes." . . . Formerly, school children demanded a holiday as a right on this day, saluting the master with :

> " Royal-oak day, twenty-ninth o' May ;
> If ya deean't give us halliday we'll all run away."

But this " patching " business is not necessarily confined to that particular day, though it is chiefly so.

F.R.H.S. pp. 79, 80.

No nesting is done after this day.

Nicholson (2), p. 14.

Papish, papist.—On " Royal-oak-day " (May 29th) it is usual for boys to put oak-twigs and oak-apples, sometimes gilt, in their hats. Others not displaying these emblems are hooted with the cry of " there goes a Papish," and pelted with the eggs of small birds. What connection the non-observance of this custom has with Popery it is difficult to discover.

Hold. Gloss. p. 105.

ROGATION AND ASCENSION-TIDE TO WHITSUNTIDE.

" *Cross days*, or *Cross week.*"—A set time at which the boundaries of the parish were perambulated by the authorities. This perambulation in old time was made in the form of a procession headed by priests and *crosses*—hence the name, *cross days*. The day on which it was and is still frequently made is Holy Thursday. " Payd the xxij. day (of Maii) to the prestis of Rickall for going in procession to Wedhall in Crosseweeike, as assis accustomed ijs " (Comp. Rad. Dalton, cler, operum for Howdenshire 36-37, Henry viii) . . .

These perambulations were prescribed by the ordinary, and if the parish authorities omitted to make them they were presented at the next Visitation.

" Perambulation to be used by the people for viewing the bounds of their parishes in the days of the Rogation, commonly called Cross-week or gang-days. That the minister use

none other ceremonies than to say the ciii and civ Psalms, and such sentences of Scripture as be appointed by the Queen's Injunctions with the Litany and Suffrages following the same and reading one Homily already decreed and set forth for that purpose; without wearing any surplice, carrying of banners or handbells, or staying at crosses or such like Popish ceremonies."—Archbishop Grindal's Injunctions to the Clergy of the Diocese of York, 1571: Strype's *Life of Grindal*, 168 (J. R.).

BEST, pp. 9, 10, *footnote.*

Perambulations were anciently made on one of the three days before Holy Thursday; these days were called cross days. To these perambulations were added rogations or litanies, for the good of the harvest, which gave the name of rogation week. In Bridge's *History of Northamptonshire* are recorded various instances of processions on Cross Monday. . . . [In] the roll of accounts for the year 1502, are proofs of its being a holyday in Beverley. *Parochial* perambulations in the town are still kept up upon Holy Thursday.

POULSON, vol. i. pp. 258, 259.

Rammalation-day.—W., Rogation Monday, when the parish boundaries are perambulated by the authorities, and halfpence are thrown to the boys, whose minds are thus impressed with a memory of the localities.—HOLD. GLOSS. p. 112.

On Rogation Monday, or "Rammalation-day," the old custom of "beating the boundaries" took place, nor has it yet gone out of use, the present writer having assisted at the ceremony on several occasions within the last twenty years. The parish authorities perambulated the boundaries accompanied by crowds of youngsters, who were made to remember important points by various devices, not a little rough horse-play being sometimes introduced. The writer is not likely to forget the exact spot where the boundary of a certain parish crosses the "beck," although it is a good number of years since he was pitched headlong and unexpectedly into the very place one Rammalation-day.

F.R.H.S. p. 72.

Hornsea. On Holy Thursday, the boundaries of the parish were perambulated by the minister and churchwardens, and

as many of the parishioners as chose to accompany them. Prayers were offered at various spots on the progress, and at the gate, on leaving the last field, white bread was given to women and children. The minister and churchwardens afterwards dined together.—BEDELL, p. 88.

Water Fulford. In connection with this hall [Water Fulford] and the immediate neighbourhood, a custom hoary with antiquity was observed down to the death of the late Rev. Thomas Richardson, vicar of St. Martin-cum-Gregory, Micklegate [York], but which has now been abandoned. On Holy Thursday of each year it was the universal practice of York and the neighbourhood to walk or beat or chalk the boundaries of every parish with all their outlying districts. . . . Water Fulford belonged to Mr. Richardson, and after the city boundaries had been beaten by the Vicar, churchwardens, officials and helpers, an adjournment of the clergyman and parish officers, with such boys of the city part of this parish as thought fit to go, was made to Water Fulford. Operations were commenced in the " Bottery busk," adjacent to Lincroft, and near the York and Escrick roads. At the boundary stone standing at this point refreshments were served to all comers. Then from amongst the poultry a male bird was selected and set to run off; a little while after it was set at liberty, the boys were allowed to chase it till it was caught. When secured, it was taken to a post permanently driven into the ground, and which marked the boundary of the parish. It was carefully deposited on the post, its head was chopped off by one of the boy followers, and pitchers of home-brewed ale were brought out and drunk. The boy who secured the bird received a gift of five shillings, which payment was obligatory on the owner of the land. A further adjournment was then made to the hall at Water Fulford, where another post stood indicating the boundary of the parish. Close by was a walnut tree, round which the throng stood, whilst buns and ham and beer were served out to everybody. The company then adjourned to the entrance hall, where the butler, holding on a long stick the pitcher or jug from which the ale had been drunk, allowed it to drop, and the boys sought to break it with their sticks in

its descent, or to catch it if it escaped their sticks. Any boy breaking it, or catching it and smashing it on the parish boundary post, received a money present as a reward for his dexterity, a payment which was considered obligatory on the owner of the hall.—CAMIDGE, pp. 262, 263.

Barmby Moor. The custom [of Beating the Bounds] has almost reached vanishing point. James Palmer tells me that he can remember when they walked the boundaries every seven years.—WOOD REES, p. 91.

Hornsea. Before the inclosure, Whitsun-week was a sort of rustic carnival. The pastures were "broken" (that is, cattle were turned into the fresh grass) on old May-day, but the gaieties took place at Whitsuntide. The customs at this period at Hornsea bear a strong family likeness to the "Whitsun Ale," as observed in Cornwall—as also to the festivities at that season at Kidlington in Oxfordshire, and to the May-day sports throughout the country.[1] On Whitsunday two young girls went round the town to collect flowers. In the evening these were made into a garland at the nowtherd's. Such of the milkmaids as chose it went after milking to the making of the garland, and had "cold posset" and "white cakes." Those who were so inclined took their cake away with them, and it was a common thing to take a piece of white cloth to wrap it up in. On Monday morning the milkmaid that got first into each pasture (Hornsea and Southorp) received a ribbon, and was called the *Lady* or Queen of that pasture for the rest of the year; and to be first on this occasion some of them would sit up all night, and be in the pasture perhaps by three in the morning. The same day the milkmaids had a dinner at the nowtherd's before which a fiddler with the two girls carrying the garland, and the *Ladies* of the pastures went round the town and called on each of the young women that was expected at the dinner. After dinner they had a dance till milking-time. On returning from Southorp pastures, it was usual to dance for a short time on the Common, near the spot where the cart-road over it entered Lelley-lane.

[1] See Ellis' *Brand's Popular Antiquities*, i. 226, 232 and 179. There is a description of ancient Whitsuntide customs, much like those at Hornsea, in the *Antiquarian Repertory*, 4, 189.

In the evening there was dancing again. On Wednesday, the married people had an entertainment—in modern times tea—and there was another dance. On Thursday, the jury had a supper. On Saturday, the gaieties were at the highest, and there was " a great dance," commonly kept up late into Sunday morning. The dances took place in a barn prepared for the occasion.—BEDELL, p. 89.

Bridlington. On the evening before Whitsuntide fair the lads and lasses assemble on the church green, each armed with a lump of chalk, with which they endeavour to chalk each other's back. The night in question is called " Chalk-back-neet."—F.R.H.S. p. 72.

Whit Sunday is the day on which people appear in new clothes.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 14.

MIDSUMMER EVE.

A survival of . . . Baal or Sun worship still exists, or did exist until recently in Holderness, the writer of these pages, when a boy, having often assisted in building up a " Beal-fire," which blazed up on Mid-summer eve when the sun reached the summer solstice. The same custom was prevalent all over the Wolds also in the earlier part of the present century, but has now fallen into general or entire disuse.—ROSS, p. 3.

A curious custom was once prevalent, viz. that of lighting a bonfire, called Beal-fire, on Midsummer-eve.

F.R.H.S. p. 60.

Hornsea. Only disused here for the last forty or fifty years—at Elsternwick, in Holderness, within the last six or eight years, as whins (furze) became scarce.

BEDELL, p. 92, *footnote*.

Hornsea. Races take place on the sands on the first Monday after the 17th July with a " ball " in the evening. But fairs, races, and ball, the observance of Easter and Whitsuntide as *gala* times, All Fools'-day, May-day, Royal-Oak-day, bonfires on Midsummer-eve, Harvest home, 5th November, white cakes and ale at Martinmas, Waits, Christmas carols, " vessel-cup," plough-boys and sword-dancers, etc., etc., are almost obsolete.—BEDELL, p. 92.

SHEEP SHEARING.

My Lord Finches Custome att Walton for Clippinge.—He hath usually fower severall keepinges shorne alltogether in the Hall-garth. . . . He hath had 49 clippers all at once and theire wage is to each man 12d. a day and when they have done beere and bread and cheese; the traylers have 6d a day. His tenants the graingers are tyed to come themselves and winde the woll, they have a fatte weather and a fatte lamb killed, and a dinner provided for their paines; there will bee usually three score or fower score poore folkes gatheringe up the lockes, to oversee whome standeth the steward and two or three of his friends or servants with each of them a rodde in his hande, there are two to carry away the woll and weigh the woll soe soone as it is weighed; and there is 6d allowed to a piper for playing to the clippers all the day; the shepheards have each of them his bell weathers fleece.—BEST, p. 97.

The country proverbe is

> The man that is aboute to clippe his sheepe
> Must pray for two faire dayes and one faire weeke;

for a faire day the day before hee clippe, that the wooll may bee dry; a faire day when hee clippes; and a weeke of faire weather after hee hath clipped, that the sheepe may bee hardened, and theire woll somethinge growne before a storme come.—BEST, p. 20.

Clippin-chiskeeaks, cheese-cakes made for sheep-shearing. HOLD. GLOSS. p. 42.

HARVEST AND AFTER.

In the old mowing days, when the standing corn was laid low by scythes, it was considered an eventful and honourable thing to give the finishing strokes. Any visitor who could handle a scythe was allowed to do it, the last falling straws being hailed with cheers, and probably the visitor paid his "footing."—NICHOLSON (2), pp. 14, 15.

It is the custom in East Yorkshire for girls to give a silver coin to the men working in a hay-field or harvest-field when

they first enter the field. Unless they do this the men are privileged to kiss them.—ADDY, p. 140.

The country people still firmly believe that, unless the shearer cuts himself the first time he handles the sickle, he will never be expert at that implement.

BEST, p. 43, *footnote.*

Driffield. *Harvest Bell.*—I have a note made in 1841. It has been the custom from time immemorial for the parish clerk of Driffield to ring what is called the "Harvest Bell." He rings the tenor bell a few minutes at five o'clock each morning, and at seven each evening, to warn the labourers in the harvest fields when to begin and cease their labour. The clerk is rewarded with a portion of corn from each crop, which like tithes, was often paid in kind, but is now received by an equivalent in money.

H. T. Ellacombe, N. & Q. 2nd S. vol. x. p. 356.

Still observed 1901, N. & Q. 9th S. vol. vii. p. 201.

Still observed 1906, *The Guardian*, Sep. 12, 1906.

In many of the eighteenth-century Inclosure Acts for the East Riding of Yorkshire there is a clause which secures to the sexton certain rights for ringing the harvest or barley bell.—W. C. B., N. & Q. 9th S. vol. viii. p. 308.

[Half a century ago when reaping was done the Mell sheaf, made of three large sheaves tied together, was run for by women.]—See MORRIS, p. 213.

It is usuall in most places after they gette all pease pulled or the last graine downe to invite all the worke-folkes and their wives (that helped them that harvest) to supper, and then have they puddinges, bacon or boyled beefe, flesh or apple pyes, and then creame brought in platters and every one a spoone; then after all they have hotte cakes and ale; for they bake cakes and send for ale against that time: some will cutte theire cake and putt it into the creame, and this feast is called the creame-potte or creame-kitte; for on the morninge that they gette all done the workefolkes will aske their dames if they have good store of creame, and say that they must have the creame kitte anon.—BEST, p. 93.

About **Bridlington.** *Burning the Witch.*—A custom was very prevalent in this part of Yorkshire about fifty years ago, and earlier, which has been gradually discontinuing, until it has become nearly extinct—called "burning the witch" in the harvest-field. On the evening of the day in which the last corn was cut belonging to a farmer, the reapers had a merrimaking [*sic*] which consisted of an extra allowance of drink, and burning of peas in the straw. The peas when cut from the ground are left to dry in small heaps named *pea-reaps*. Eight or ten of these *reaps* were collected into one and set fire to in the field, whilst the labourers ran and danced about, ate the "brustled peas," blacked each other's faces with the burned straw, and played other tricks; the lads generally aiming for the lasses and the lasses for the lads. Such of them as could add a little grease to the grime seldom failed to do so. Even the good dame herself has sometimes joined in the general sport, and consequently fallen in for her share of the face-blacking. The evening's entertainment consisted also of the *cream-pot*, which was a supper of cream and cakes, provided and eaten in the house prior to the commencement of the sport in the field. Cream-pot cakes were made rather thick, and sweet with currants and carraway seeds. They were crossed on the top by small squares, owing to the dough being slightly cut transversely immediately before baking. The practice of "burning the witch" probably had its origin in those days of superstition, when the belief in witchery so generally and, indeed, almost universally prevailed, and was considered necessary under an idea of its being available in preventing the overthrowing of the wains, the laming of the horses, and the injuring of the servants, and of securing general success in the removing, housing, or stacking of the produce of the farm.

P.S.—October, 1827.—One evening in the harvest of this year I was at North Burton, near Bridlington, and three distinct fires were then seen in the fields.

T. C., Bridlington; HONE, p. 705.

The custom called "Bonnin-awd-Witch," once common through northern and eastern Holderness, still survives in a few villages in the neighbourhood of Bridlington. On the last

day of harvest, a fire of stubble is made in the field, in which peas are parched. The peas are eaten with a good supply of ale, after which the lads and lasses have a romp about the fire, and endeavour to blacken each other's faces with burnt peas.—F.R.H.S. p. 72.

In the East Riding, a young girl decked with ribbons and ears of wheat rode home on the last load of wheat.

ADDY, p. 127.

Hockey, the last load in harvest, formerly in use about Hornsea, but not much used now. It was followed by the men and boys shouting at intervals :

'We hev her; we hev her;
A coo in a tether;
At oor toon end;
A yow an a lamb;
A pot an a pan;
May we get seeaf in
Wiv oor harvest yam;
Wiv a sup o' good yal,
An sum haupence tĭ spend'

which was followed by loud hurrahs, and, on arrival in the stackyard, by scrambling for apples. Although the word *hockey* is almost obsolete, the rhyme and the subsequent scrambling survive at the bringing home of the last load. Another version still prevalent is

'Here we cum at oor toon end
A pint o' yal and a croon tĭ spend;
Here we cum as tight as nip
An nivver flang ower, bud yance iv a grip.'

HOLD. GLOSS. pp. 76, 77.

In the East Riding of Yorkshire they sang :

We ivver, we ivver at oor toon end,
Hev a cup o' good yall, an' a croon to spend;
We've rent our cloos, we've tore oor skin,
To get oor maister's harvest in.

ADDY, p. 127.

Bilton. At Bilton, when the harvest is safely gathered in, the whole village gives itself up to merriment and festivity. A half holiday is given to all employees, and they, one and all, enter into sports and joyous holiday-making. But now

one scarcely ever hears the harvest-song that used to be sung when the last load entered the well-filled "stagga'th," and when the younger people "scram'led" for nuts and apples. Then, the master or foreman, entering the stack-garth at the horses' head, began:

He we are, as tite as nip,
We nivver flang ower bud yance iv a grip,
An then oor Jack gav her the slip
Hip! hip! hooray!

NICHOLSON, p. 12.

Another version—

Here we are as tite as nip,
We nivver flang ower bud yance iv a grip,
Grip was sa wahd, at we cudn't sthrahd
An seeah we cum yam wi looad ov a sahd.

Here follow two versions of the second verse:

We've rovven oor shets, we've torn wer skin
Ti get this merry hahvist in;
An no we've getten it tightly stackt,
We mun set to wahk, an hev it thackt.

Ah've rovven mi shet; an torn mi skin
Ti get mi maisther hahvest in,
Hahvest in an hahvest oot,
We've bet all fahmers roond aboot.

NICHOLSON, pp. 91, 92.

Of the many old customs having relation to harvest operations none were more interesting than those attending the last load. This last load was called "hockey"—the same as the Suffolk "horkey"—a word that has now dropped out of use, or nearly so. The "hockey" was followed by the men and boys, who shouted a rude rhyme, of which there are almost as many versions, or rather variations, as there are of the "stang" rhymes. One of the forms begins:

"We hev her, we hev her;
A coo in a tether, etc."

But the commonest one at the present time seems to be

"Here we cum at oor toon end,
A pint o' yal an a croon ti spend;
Here we cum, as tight as nip,
An nivver fell ower, bud yance in a grip.
Hip, hip, hurrah!"

A scrambling for apples followed the arrival in the stack-yard, and, of course, the harvest-home supper was forthcoming. Most of the ceremonies attendant on the securing of the last load have been allowed to drop in many parts of the district, though a few children still generally accompany the cart and shout.—F.R.H.S. pp. 80, 81.

Cherry Burton. The hilarity of an old English harvest home is . . . enjoyed by the inhabitants of Cherry Burton with primitive observances. . . . It is true some anti-christian practices have been introduced into this festival; which, however, are used with no other view than to inspire increased mirth, at a season when all sadness is prohibited. The straw figure, commonly called a harvest doll,[1] which is sometimes exhibited in these pageants, mounted in state on the horse nearest to the waggon, when the last load is taken from the harvest field, is undoubtedly a representation of Ceres, the goddess of husbandry. This figure is attended by groups of boys, generally elevated upon the load, who announce her approach by a continued shouting to attract the notice of the inhabitants. In the evening all is feasting and revelry; the master and the servant meet at the same table, and mutually congratulate each other on the happy termination of their labours.—OLIVER, pp. 449-501 with *footnote*.

[*Guisers*, masked or with blacked faces used to come to Mell Suppers. Generally they were welcomed, but occasionally they were barred out.]—See MORRIS, p. 213.

[Years ago there was a feast when autumn seed-sowing had ended. Then what was called "seed cake" was eaten, but it contained no seeds, and was of the ordinary plum variety.] See MORRIS, p. 214.

Hull. *Dog-whipping Day* in Hull.—There was sometime since the singular custom in Hull of whipping all the dogs that were found running about the streets on October 10; and some thirty years since, when I was a boy, so common was the practice that every little urchin considered it his duty to

[1 *The Mell Doll* was a sheaf made up into the likeness of a harvester and decked with flowers. See MORRIS, p. 213.]

prepare a whip for any unlucky dog that might be seen in the streets on this day. This custom is now obsolete [1853], those "putters down" of all boys' play in the streets—the new police—having effectually stopped this cruel pastime of the Hull boys. Perhaps some of your readers may be able to give a more correct origin of this singular custom than the one I now give from tradition: "Previous to the suppression of monasteries in Hull, it was the custom for the monks to provide liberally for the poor and the wayfarer who came to the fair, held annually on the 11th of October; and while busy in this necessary preparation the day before the fair, a dog strolled into the larder, snatched up a joint of meat, and decamped with it. The cooks gave the alarm; and when the dog got into the street, he was pursued by the expectants of the charity of the monks, who were waiting outside the gate, and made to give up the stolen joint. Whenever after this a dog showed his face, while this annual preparation was going on, he was instantly beaten off. Eventually this was taken up by the boys; and, until the introduction of the new police, was rigidly put in practice by them every 10th of October."

13 Savile Street, Hull.

John Richardson, N. & Q. vol. viii. p. 409.

See *County Folk-Lore*, vol. ii. p. 361.

Ottringham, etc. *Flapping and Babbling* [Nov. 4].—Until very lately a most singular custom was annually observed at Ottringham, a village of Middle Holderness, about seven miles from Hedon. This took place on the eve of November 5, and consisted in what was called Flapping the church; to do which each lad in the parish, having provided himself with a cord to which was attached a stout piece of leather about six inches long, proceeded to the church, headed by the parish clerk. Being all assembled in the church, which was lighted up for the occasion, the ringers commenced a peal, and then commenced the flapping. The clerk having shouted out "Now, boys, flap away," directly all the pews in the church were assailed, inside and out, by the flappers. Having thrashed the pews for some time (encouraged by the clerk's cry of "Boys, flap away"), the leathern missiles were generally

at the finish directed against each other; and the whole ceremony ended with a regular steeple chase throughout the sacred edifice. At Roos, in Middle Holderness, was a similar custom, but it was here called "Babbling." Also at Skirlough in North Holderness, this ceremony of flapping or babbling was yearly observed. I have talked to many who have been present at, and who have taken part in, these flappings, but can obtain no information as to their meaning or origin.

Hedon.

H. B., N. & Q. 2nd S. vol. v. p. 236.

Gunpowder Plot.—On the evening of this day, a custom termed *babbling* was at one time observed in South Holderness, chiefly at Otteringham and Keyingham. The boys of the village formed themselves into a band as evening fell, each armed with a bag containing a few stones. The apprentices of the shoemaker and blacksmith folded their leather aprons, putting the *babbles* therein, and by tying the leathern strings round, formed a bag which they could use without fearing its bursting. Using their weighted bags as weapons of offence, they beat the doors and window shutters of the houses, crying:

Fift' o' November
We'll mak' ye' remember.

They got more curses than halfpence; and thankful, indeed, might they be if they escaped the clutches of the irate rustics; but the risk added the necessary flavour to a more perfect enjoyment.

50 Berkeley Street, Hull.

J. Nicholson, N. & Q. 8th S. vol. v. p. 55.

The Fifth of November was an important day, and is so still in many places. On the eve of the day, that is on the eve[ning] of the fourth of the month, a very silly and offensive practice prevails in one or two villages of East Holderness, notably Ottringham. It may be known, of course, elsewhere. This night is called "Babblin-neet," a term which requires some little explanation. The word "babble" is used to signify a leathern bag with a string attached, the bag containing a stone; the whole forming a very ugly instrument. With these babbles the farm-lads and apprentices go round the village and "babble" the doors—in plain language,

strike blows at them. Should the master of the house look out, a little *contretemps* not unfrequently results. I have been asked what is the derivation of the word . . . *Bauble* has been suggested, so has *babel*, or confusion, but both may be wofully wide of the mark. The Fifth of November is called " Ringing-day." The church-bells are rung at intervals during the day in many parishes, and at night an entertainment to the ringers and their friends, called the " Ringin-supper," is provided, the cost being paid by the churchwardens, outsiders being generally admitted at a moderate payment per head. At Beverley a fair is held on that day, called " Ringin-day Fair."—F.R.H.S. p. 72.

Ringin-day, the 5th of November.—At Ottringham, and possibly other places, bells are rung at intervals during the day. At night follows the " ringin supper," the cost of which is defrayed by the churchwardens for the ringers. At Beverley a fair is held on that day called " Ringin-day Fair."

HOLD. GLOSS. p. 115.

[At Martinmas farm-servants change their places.]
See MORRIS, pp. 206, 207. Also SECTION xiii. pp. 158, 159.

The week following Martinmas Day is a holiday to the farm servants, who generally spend the time at their own homes. The Sunday in this week is known as " Rive-kite-Sunday," literally tear-stomach Sunday. . . . The good old mother prepares the very best dinner in her power for her lads and lasses, and such ample justice is done to the meal that the somewhat coarse but very expressive title *rive-kite* has been given to the day.—F.R.H.S. p. 73.

Martinmas Sunday dinner consisted of a roast goose.

ADDY, p. 16.

The good old Yorkshire custom of sending a present at pig-killing time to neighbours is in full life in Holderness. Holderness, however, differs somewhat from other parts of the country. In the neighbourhood of the city of York, for instance, it is always " pig-fry " which is sent—that is, a taste of liver, " leets " (or lungs), heart, etc., the whole neatly covered with a bit of the diaphragm. This part of the business

also obtains in Holderness, but here there is an *additional* present sent *later on*. This second present consists of cooked, or at any rate prepared, articles, and generally includes a mince pie, a link or two of sausage, a bit of black-pudding, a "standin' pie" (pork raised pie), with some times a bit of "chine." The whole stock of articles sent, prepared or unprepared, is spoken of as "pig-cheer." The liberality of the cottager on such occasions is very remarkable.

F.R.H.S. pp. 76, 77.

CHRISTMASTIDE.

Welton. In our younger days children used to go from house to house in Welton and its vicinity to beg Christmas boxes, carrying a show in a box, which was called a "Vessel Cup," a name we never could understand until we read of . . . "Wassail Cup" being sent round to friends by the old Scandinavians at Yuletide.—THOMPSON, p. 186.

Girls who were called "vessel-cups" came to the door at Martinmas time, or the end of November. They carried a deep box, in which were two dolls of different sizes, and sang the carol—

> God arest (*sic*) you merry Christians,
> Let nothing you dismay,
> Remember Christ our Saviour,
> Was born on Christmas Day.

In the East Riding carol singers were called "wakes."

ADDY, p. 110.

When boys go Christmas-boxing, they have a set form of words :

> Ah wish ya a Merry Chris'mas and a Happy New Year ;
> A pocket full o' munny an' a cellar full o' beer ;
> Two fat pigs, an' a new-coved coo ;
> Good maisther and misthress hoo di ya do.
> Please will ya gi' ma a Christmas box ?

Should the boy be unable to recite this rhyme, he would be told he "didn't knaw his nominy," and would be sent away empty-handed.—NICHOLSON, p. 8.

Goodin.—E., "Going a *goodin*" is going round to farm and other houses at Christmas time, begging money or eatables.

HOLD. GLOSS. p. 69.

Women went about on St. Thomas's Eve asking for gifts of wheat or money for their frummity on Christmas Eve. Church bells were rung at seven on that eve, and then the frummity was put on the fire.—ADDY, p. 110.

Filey. [The] approach [of Christmas] in this place is announced several weeks before its arrival, by the lower order of females carrying from door to door little square boxes of pasteboard, in which is placed a wax doll as an image of Christ, surrounded by evergreens with apples and oranges. The boxes are called *Vessel cups*. The women sing a carol, and are rewarded with a few halfpence: to send them away empty is to forfeit the luck of the whole year.—COLE, p. 136.

Holderness. Scarcely is Hull Fair over (Oct. 11) before the children come round singing "Vessel cups," and you must not on any account turn the first set away, or ill-luck will follow you. As a rule, one of the singers has a little box (such as Hudson's soap powder is packed in), and in it a little doll or picture surrounded by apples, silver stars, and crimped papers; sometimes the doll is missing, and there is nothing but papers, flowers, or apples. I have a vivid recollection of the lusty little urchins standing in the hall of my house, carolling at the top of their voices their good wishes to me and mine; and as their tunes are in the minor mode, the result was oftentimes indescribable, although I must confess that some of our little visitors sang sweetly and well. The favourite carols are "*God rest you, merry gentlemen*"; *The Seven Joys of Mary*, and the following:[1]

> "Here we comes a vesselling,
> Among the leaves so green;
> Here we comes a wandering,
> So fair as to be seen;
> For it is of Chrisemiss (or Chismis) time
> When we travel far and near
> God bless you and send you a happy new year.

[1] I extract the following from some valuable notes lent to me by Mr. Ross, a well-known authority on Holderness. "Wassail cup women were generally called Bezzlecup women. For a week or two before Christmas these women went about from house to house with two dolls in a box, both smartly attired to represent the Virgin and Child, and sang a carol, proclaiming 'tidings of gladness and joy' as was sung by the angelic choir to the shepherds over the

"We are not beggar children
That beg from door to door,
We are your neighbours' children
That you have seen before;
For it is of Chrisemiss time
When we travel far and near,
So God bless you, and send you a happy new year."

A most important piece of decoration in the house is the "mistletoe," which is a bunch of evergreens decked out with oranges, etc., and generally without a scrap of geniune mistletoe in it.

On Christmas Eve we used to have the yule log brought in and set on the hearthrug before the dining-room fire. Each one of us then sat upon it in solemn silence and wished three wishes, which were certain to be fulfilled if we did not reveal our secret wishes to any one, for then the spell would be broken. The log was then put upon the fire,[1] and we all gathered round and feasted on the favourite Holderness Christmas dish of frummety,[2] spice bread and cheese. This must be partaken of by each for luck's sake. These customs are in full swing, for I have taken my part in them within the last two years.

On Christmas Eve [3] at 12 P.M. all four-footed beasts kneel. One Holderness woman informed me she had seen the pigs

fields of Bethlehem at the same period of the year." During the week preceding Christmas, bands of minstrels, called waits, go about during the night, playing unearthly and discordant music, supposed to represent that listened to by the shepherds when watching their flocks by night, but which by its diabolic hideousness would seem rather to have come from the nether world, and finishing off with

"A merry Christmas and happy new year all,
And we hope you wont forget the waits when they call,"

laying particular emphasis on the second line.

[1] The yule log ought properly to be lighted by a piece of last year's log reserved for the purpose. It is also called the yule clog. Mr. Ross writes: "This is the only instance I believe in which *yule* is used in reference to Christmas." [Mr. Jones himself disproves that, in his paragraph about the candle.]

[2] Furmety, commonly called frummety, is a compound of creed wheat, milk, and spices.

[3] The oxen kneel on S. Stephen's Eve [that is on Christmas Day].—See MORRIS, p. 218.]

do so. An old friend told me that in his father's house on Christmas Eve the table was set with frummety, cheese, ginger cake, etc., ready for the family to assemble, and it was so arranged that everything that was required was to be found on the table, as no one was on any pretence to leave the table until all was over. Then a large candle was lighted, called the yule candle, which was not to be used for any other purpose, nor was any other candle to be lighted at it, and if possible it was to last till New Year's Eve. The loving cup, made of spiced ale, was then passed round, each member of the family partaking of it, the elders first and then the younger ones in turn.[1]

The first person to enter the house on a Christmas morning must be a male, and the first thing brought in must be green. Some folks used to lay a bunch of holly on the door-step on Christmas Eve, so as to be ready. Some say you must not admit a strange woman on Christmas Day; but I have heard of one old gentleman near York who would never permit any woman to enter his house on a Christmas Day, even going so far as to prevent a lady entering his house when she called; neither would he permit a light to be taken out of his house on any pretence between the new and old Christmas Days. An old nurse told me that one night during Christmas week she returned home and found the fire had gone out, and, as usual, she could not find the matches; and, in spite of it being real "cauld winter" outside, the neighbours would not allow her to take a light from their houses, for fear of ill befalling them.

It is very lucky to taste Christmas things, *i.e.* cakes, etc., belonging to other people, and especially such as are home-made. "So many mince pies as you eat before Christmas so many happy months in the new year" say the country folks, when they bring out their good cheer, and will take no denial. The day after Christmas Day old women used to go about "a gooden," *i.e.* ostensibly to beg wheat for frummety, but really getting tea, sugar, etc. This custom is also called "Good-tahmin."

[1] The last time I saw this done the ale was in a large silver tankard with two handles; a lady took hold of one and her partner the other, we then bowed to each other, took a sip—the lady first of course—and then passed it on.

On Christmas morning in Hull the children come in droves, pealing at your door-bell in order to wish you "a merry Christmas." The following is a favourite doggerel:

"I wish you a merry Christmas, and a happy new year,
A pocket full of money and a cellar full of beer,
A good fat pig and a new calved cow,
Please will you give me a Chrismiss box!"

Here is another from the country:

"Ah wish ya a merry Kessenmass an' a happy new year,
A poss full o' monney an' a cellar full o' beer,
An' a good fat pig, at'll sarve ya all year.
Maisther an' missis hoo d'ye do?"

Vide *Notes on Holderness*, p. 68.

There is another, one stanza of which may be quoted, on account of the wonderful word that is used for children:

"God bless the maysther of this hoose
The mistheress also,
An' all the lahtle *intepunks* (children)
That round the table go."

. . . At Christmas parties in the country the young men have the privilege of kissing *any* of the opposite sex they can get hold of. When Sir Roger de Coverley is danced, the chief guests are expected to dance with the cook and butler.

All peacock feathers must be thrown out before New Year's Day, or else you will have ill luck. [See also N. & Q. 6th S. vol. x. p. 402 *footnote*.] On New Year's Eve you must take pieces of money, bread, wood, coal and a little salt, tie them up in a bundle, and lay on the doorstep after twelve. Some one will then come, and you must ask his name. If he says "John Smith," he must not be admitted, because the initial letters of his name are curved; but, if he say "Edward Thompson," admit him at once, as his initial letters are made up of straight lines; but he must bring the bundle in with him that was laid on the step. He must then wish you a happy new year, and after receiving a gift pass out by the back door. Then, behold, good luck is yours for another year.[1]

On both Christmas and New Year's Eves, when the clock begins to strike twelve, the doors—especially the front and

[1] I know some one who used to do this two years ago, and I doubt not she does it still.

back—are opened, that the bad spirits may pass out and the good ones pass in, and immediately the clock has struck twelve the doors are shut, as it is said, "to keep the good spirits in."

The first person to enter the house on a New Year's morning must be a man. Many Holderness folks tell some little chap to be ready to come in so soon as the old year is dead, and so secure good luck to the household.

When the master enters his house for the first time in the new year, he must take something in which he did not take out. A Hull friend told me he always emptied his pockets before he left home on New Year's morning, and put in some money and bread, which he procured at his mother's, and so reached his home armed with the necessaries of life.

Some people place a sixpence on the door-step on New Year's Eve, and so soon as the clock strikes it is brought in. *N.B.*—This, I need hardly say, is done in the country! You must never go out on New Year's Day until some one has come in is the rule in some parts.[1]

The first new moon of the new year must not be seen through glass. I know many people who are most particular about this, as it is said to cause all manner of misfortune. This moon is a most interesting one, and some of my young relations take advantage of its power in the following way. So soon as the new moon is reported, silk handkerchiefs are placed so as to catch the reflection of the new moon, and then each one looks earnestly through her silk handkerchief into the mirror; and lo! the number of moons she sees foretells the number of years she must wait ere she is married. Some say any new moon will do. *Verb. sap.*

Whatever you are doing on New Year's Day you will be doing all the year. Several of my Yorkshire relatives always have a piece of work of some sort, which is solemnly completed on New Year's Day, in order that the new year may be happy and prosperous. A sequence of completion.

[1] In Hull so soon as the clock strikes twelve on the last midnight of the year a troop of lads drawn from all parts of the town, commence their rounds, and until 9 or 10 o'clock in the morning your door is besieged and your bell-handle well-nigh dislocated by those who are most earnest in the new year's wishes and equally earnest in the demands to be remembered. The same sort of thing begins on Christmas Day about 7 A.M.

It is most unlucky to keep evergreens up in your house after Twelfth Night; and, above all, never burn decorations, or woe betide you!

York House, Skirbeck Quarter, Boston.

W. Henry Jones, N. & Q. 6th S. vol. x. pp. 481-483.

A bunch of mistletoe [is hung] in some conspicuous place . . . under which a pleasant custom is indulged in. . . . When the mistletoe plant cannot be obtained, a hoop covered with evergreens and decorated with oranges and apples bears the same name and carries the same privileges.

NICHOLSON (2), pp. 19, 20.

Flamborough. Spiced or pepper cake (a kind of gingerbread) is made on Christmas Eve, and anyone entering the house is invited to partake of it. It has nothing to do with pepper, but is said to be derived from the Danish word *peberkage*. The custom of putting a tree, or failing this, a branch of one, in the window at Christmas time is very prevalent.

ARMYTAGE, p. 145.

Filey. An immense block of wood called a Yule clog is placed upon the fire, and the yule candle, a tall mould half a yard in length, is lighted. The candles are in general presented by the chandlers to their customers. It would be considered unlucky to light either before the time or to stir either during the supper: the candle must not be snuffed, and no one must move from the table till supper be ended. Sometimes a piece of the clog is saved and put below the bed, to remain till the following Christmas, when it is used to light the new clog: it is thought that it has the charm to secure the house from fire; nay, a fragment of it thrown into the fire is said to quell the raging storm! A piece of the candle is also preserved to secure good luck.

COLE, pp. 136, 137.

In the East Riding the yule cake, which was made in the evening a day or two before Christmas Day, was eaten on Christmas Eve. It was made of flour, barm, large cooking raisins, currants, lemon-peel, and nutmeg, and was about as large as a dinner-plate, and about three inches thick. It was

crossed by a network of pastry in small squares. Before the eating of the yule cake began, a yule log was put on all the fires in the house except the fires in the bedrooms. In some families a loving-cup went round, of which every person at table took about a wine-glass full. The assembled company drank at the same time standing on chairs. Then the health of the oldest member of the family was proposed. . . . The peasantry ate nuts on Christmas Eve, and if the moon was full they went out into the open air and said :

> Yull, yull, yull, my belly's full,
> Cracking nuts and crying yull, yull, yull . . .

The following custom was observed. At the dawn of Christmas Day the head of the family let in a boy, called the " lucky bird," who brought a sprig of evergreens. He was presented with a sixpence, something to eat, and something to drink ; the repast usually consisting of yule cake and cheese, with mead or sweet home-made wine. The boy was not always dark-haired, as in the West Riding. After the " lucky bird " had been, every member of the family went out of the house unwashed (not even the hands were allowed to be washed), and carried a sprig of evergreen into the house. Up to twelve o'clock at noon boys who sang carols were admitted. On this day no woman, not even the nearest relation, was allowed to enter the house, or it brought ill luck, and only men and boys received gifts. On New Year's Day the " lucky bird " came again and received the usual present. Then the boys of the family received presents, and after them the girls.—ADDY, pp. 104, 105, 106.

Flamborough. At Christmas-time the young men of the village are in the habit of disguising themselves, and going from house to house, to display their activity and skill in the " *Sword Dance,*" a very picturesque kind of pantomime something after the fashion of the old Morris dance. It also reminds me of similar performances I have seen at Indian festivals. The lads take considerable pains beforehand to rehearse the dance, and the first performance takes place on Christmas Eve.—ARMYTAGE, p. 145.

Exhibition by Yorkshire Fishermen in London.—Miss Mary Neal, of the Espérance Guild of Morris Dancers, who holds

that folk songs and folk music should not be learned from the book, but from the folk, during her lecture last night at Old Crosby Hall, Chelsea, gave an interesting demonstration of the way a traditional form of folk dance should be handed on.

Two of the traditional sword dancers from the Yorkshire fishing village of Flamborough took in hand a group of young London men, morris dancers belonging to the Espérance Guild, and taught their unique sword dance in a very short time. The Espérance boys had never seen the dance before, but the two fishermen soon transmitted to them almost perfect precision in what looked, to the audience, a rather complicated business. The dance has nothing in common with the Scotch sword dance. There were eight men last night, and their swords were wooden and silvered, and were used as though they were wands, to the quick step of "When I was young and had no sense," and very good fun it was. The fishermen told a "Morning Leader" visitor that, so far as they knew, the dance was peculiar to their village,[1] and that it had been danced there from time immemorial.—MORNING LEADER, Oct. 3rd, 1911.

Watton, etc. Like Cottingham and other villages in the neighbourhood, the church is decked with evergreens at Christmas; and at the same season the Morisco sports are practised. A number of young fellows dress themselves in fantastic habiliments, and wander from house to house, performing ludicrous ceremonies, and soliciting the benevolence of the inhabitants, that they may enjoy a feast at the commencement of the year. This pastime is a combination of the ancient *pageant* and the *morris-dance*, and maid Marian and the fool are considered as an indispensable appendage to the party. . . . Mr. Handel was of opinion that the morris-dance was peculiarly adapted to the genius of the English people.—*Archæol.* vol. i. p. 20.

OLIVER, p. 532, *footnote*.

[1 A sword-dance recorded by Mr. Cecil Sharp at Sleights in the North Riding, was illustrated in London at the Suffolk-street Galleries at a reception presided over by Lady Gomme, Feb. 27, 1912.—*Morning Post*, Feb. 28. *The Yorkshire Post* of May 6, 1912, states: "Within the confines of Yorkshire alone Mr. Sharp has found four different types of the sword-dance; at Grenoside, Kirkby Malzeard, Sleights and Flamborough, all done with different types of swords."]

Welton. In our younger days, the peasantry used at Christmas to parade the village, not merely as at present as "Plough-boys," but certain sets of them as "Sword Dancers," who danced intricate figures in the midst of drawn swords, contriving, however, never to cut themselves. . . . At the present day we never see a sword dance at all, although the plough-boys still often carry swords amongst them.

THOMPSON, p. 190.

On New Year's Eve the bells ring merrily until shortly before midnight, when a muffled peal is rung and then a pause, which seems all the quieter after the ringing of the bells. The silence is broken by the striking of the midnight hour.

NICHOLSON (2), p. 20.

SECTION XI.

CEREMONIAL.

BIRTH.

Hans in Kelder.—On the origin of the phrase ["Hans in Kelder" or "Jack in the Kitchen"] confer the following, cut from the column of "Echoes from the Continent" in *The Standard* of Nov. 20, 1867:

"Christenings recall to my memory a charming legend, that of a silver cup, which adorned the defunct Paris Exhibition under the number 178. Among the toasts drank in Holland at the private banquets during the last two centuries, the one called 'John in the Cellar' was seldom passed over. If there was among the company a lady nursing the sweet hope of soon becoming a mother, they drank the health of the invisible guest of John in the Cellar. A special cup was used for that toast. On the foot of the cup there is a small hemispherical raising pierced through at the sides, and shut on the top by a hinged lid. That raising contains a small child figure with a floater at the feet—a hollow ball or a piece of cork. When the cup is filled up, the wine enters the secret hole and raises up the child figure, which, having no other issue, lifts up at last the lid and shows itself entirely. Of course, the symbolical cup was always filled up with much cheering."—X. C., N. & Q. 3rd S. vol. xii. p. 478.

A silver cup of this kind is among the plate belonging to the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House, at Kingston-on Hull. Temple.

W. J. Bernhard Smith, N. & Q. 4th S. vol. i. p. 84.

See also *County Folk-Lore*, vol. ii. p. 284.

It is important that the exact time of birth be noted, so that when the wise man is consulted concerning the future of the infant, he may be able to correctly assign the influence of the planets which were in conjunction or in opposition at the time of birth. If the child be born with a caul this must be carefully preserved, for, by some subtle occult influence, it will notify the original owner's death, though he may be far away. A caul which had been large and dry for years, has been known to grow damp and shrivel up when its first owner died abroad.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 1.

At his very entrance into life the child is the subject of superstitious fancies and observances. On the very day of his birth his father must call in some friends and provide liquor for the party, with which they proceed to "wet bayn heead." They do not, however, in "wetting bayn heead" put any of the liquor on the head, or, indeed, on any other part of the little stranger; it all finds its way down the throats of the adults, which is, perhaps, supposed to answer the same purpose, that purpose being the ensuring of "luck" to the child. . . . From whatsoever house he enters for the first time the good woman of the house does not let him depart without presenting him with the following articles: an egg, a bit of salt in a paper, and a box of matches! To these some people add a penny, which seems more useful; but this is not by all considered orthodox. These presents are never omitted; if they were, it would be considered as an insult to the child of the deepest kind, and would be believed to be done for the evil purpose of bringing future ill-luck upon it. The egg may be eaten, and the matches used, but the salt must be religiously kept for a twelvemonth. Not a grain must be used or wasted before the expiration of the year, or otherwise the life of the child will be simply a series of mishaps and strokes of bad luck. Two things must be avoided, as you would avoid a serpent—don't let the child look into a mirror or looking-glass, neither may you *cut* his nails; *bite* them off if they grow too long. These things are to be avoided for the space of one year after the birth; if not, the child will certainly die within the twelvemonth. I have seen the grandmother of a child almost faint away when

I had—somewhat mischievously, I fear—held up her grandson to the glass, and she did not get over the shock all the day.

F.R.H.S. pp. 56-58.

Flamborough. "*Wetting t' bairn's heead*" is an old custom which is still kept up in Flamborough. After the birth of a child, gin or whisky is passed round to the mother and her friends. The custom is called "wetting t' bairn's heead," and is thought to bring good luck to the little stranger. Teetotallers substitute spiced or plum loaf for spirits. *Cake*, by the way, in Flamborough parlance signifies plain bread, without the addition of currants or raisins. What South country people call cake, is here spoken of as plum or spiced loaf.

ARMYTAGE, p. 145.

A. J. M. asks if the custom of presenting bread and salt to a baby continues in Yorkshire. It does in the East Riding, for I have frequently seen babies given not only bread, salt and money, but in addition, an egg and matches. I do not know the meaning of the various gifts, but imagine that the last, at least, must be a comparatively recent addition.

W. S. H., N. & Q. 5th S. vol. ix. p. 477.

See HENDERSON, p. 20.

Hull. If you wish well to your neighbour's child, when it first comes to your house you must give it a cake, a little salt, and an egg.

Hull.

Nictillis Nictollis, N. & Q. vol. vi. pp. 311, 312.

A special feature of the *menu* at a Holderness tea is the "both-day keeak." This birth-day cake is always present on state occasions, whether "both-days" or not. The "both-day keeak" is made of alternate layers of paste and fruit—currants, sugar, candied-peel, etc., each layer being so thin and deftly placed that the whole ten layers—for five layers of fruit and five of crust are considered the correct number—produce a cake not an inch in thickness. Of course, a ring and a button are hid in different parts of the cake, and lucky is the damsel who gets the former in her piece, and woe to the swain whose ill-fortune it is to get the latter, for the

first indicates that the recipient will be married before long, just as the latter shows that its finder is condemned to life-long single-blessedness.—F.R.H.S. pp. 75, 76.

[It is unlucky] to cut the baby's nails before the child is twelve months old, they must be bitten off, if need be; to allow baby to see himself in a mirror.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 43.

BAPTISM.

In Holderness, a woman being asked to stand as godmother, refused on the ground that she was about to become a mother, and if she stood while in that condition, the child for whom she stood would soon die. This is commonly believed in the East Riding of Yorkshire.

J. T. F., N. & Q. 6th S. vol. i. p. 392.

1640, June the 1st. Given out to be Washed . . . a christninge sheet with buttons.[1]

[1] 1608, 27 Aug. Lady Elizabeth Askwith, widow, late wife of Robert Askwith of the City of York, Alderman, leaves to Robert Myers, Alderman, and now Lord Mayor of York, her son-in-law, "a Christeninge sheete sued with blacke, two fyne lynnen sheetes belonging to my bed when as I layd in childe bed, the one of them is sued with a faire laid cut worke and the other playne white," etc.

BEST, p. 162 and *footnote*.

The infant must be dressed in white, like a bride. . . . [If it] make no noise when the cold water drops on its face, it is considered an unlucky omen.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 2.

In the East Riding they say that if a child screams at its christening it is resisting Satan.—ADDY, p. 120.

At a baptism or "Kessenin" there are nearly always two godfathers and two godmothers, whatever the sex of the child. The water placed by the clergyman on the infant's face must on no account be *wiped off*, but must be allowed to *dry in*.

F.R.H.S. p. 83.

Barmby Moor. "If you stand together, you'll not walk together," *i.e.* if an engaged couple stand God-parents to a child, something will happen to prevent their walking to the altar together.—WOOD REES, p. 68.

COURTSHIP.

Liver.—Formerly the liver was supposed to be the seat of the amorous passion. . . . And so it is still held in Holderness; a swain quite recently writing to his sweetheart says, "Thoo's stown mĭ liver oot o' mĭ belly, an Ah's despadly (desperately) ĭ love wĭ thă."—HOLD. GLOSS. p. 90.

In East Yorkshire it is said that a man must be able to keep the pot boiling on Sundays before he marries, by which is meant that he must be able to provide a home for his wife. The pot is a large iron cauldron, called "t'keeal pot," suspended by a "rackan hook" from a beam or bar, called the "galley balk," in which meat, vegetables, and flour dumplings, are boiled together, the broth being served in large basins for dinner. Sunday is known as "pot-day," Monday as "pudding-day," Tuesday as "pie-day," Wednesday as "pot-day," Thursday as "pudding-day," Friday as "pie-day"; on Saturday odds and ends of all sorts are eaten up.

ADDY, p. 133.

For Love-charms, see SECTION vii. pp. 74, 75, 76.

MARRIAGE.

Concerning our Fashions at our Country Weddinges.—Usually the younge mans father, or hee himselfe, writes to the father of the maid to knowe if hee shall be welcome to the howse, if hee shall have his furtherance if hee come in such a way, or howe hee liketh of the notion; then if hee pretend any excuse, onely thankinge him for his good will, then that is as good as a denyall. If the motion bee thought well of and imbraced, then the younge man goeth perhapps twice to see howe the mayd standeth affeckted; then if hee see that shee bee tractable, and that her inclination is towards him, then the third time that hee visiteth, he perhapps giveth her a ten shillinge peece of gold, or a ringe of that price; or perhapps a twenty shillinge peece, or a ringe of that price; then the next time, or next after that, a payre of gloves of 6s. 8d. or 10s. a payre; and after that, each other time, some

conceited toy or novelty of less value. They visite usually every three weekes or a moneth, and are usually halfe a yeare, or very neare, from the first goinge to the conclusion. Soe soone as the younge folkes are agreed and contracted, then the father of the mayd carryeth her over to the younge mans howse to see howe they like of all, and there doth the younge mans father meete them to treate of a dower, and likewise of a joynture or feoffment for the woman; and then doe they allsoe appointe and sette downe the day of marriage, which may perhapps be aboute a fortnight or three weekes after, and in that time doe they gette made the weddinge cloathes, and make provision against the weddinge dinner, which is usually at the mayds fathers. Theyre use is to buy gloves to give to each of their freinds a payre on that day; the man should bee att the cost for them; but sometimes the man gives gloves to the men, and the woman to the women, or else hee to her friends and shee to his; they give them that morninge when they are allmost ready to goe to church to be marryed. Then soe soone as the bride is tyred, and that they are ready to goe forth, the bridegroome comes and takes her by the hand and sayth "*Mistris, I hope you are willinge,*" or else kisseth her before them, and then followeth her father out of the doores; then one of the bridegroome his men ushereth the bride and goes foremost; and the rest of the younge men usher each of them a mayd to church. The bridegroome and the brides brothers or freinds tende att dinner; he perhapps fetcheth her hoame to his howse aboute a moneth after, and the portion is paide that morninge that she goes away. When the younge man comes to fetch away his bride, some of his best freinds and younge men his neighbours, come alonge with him, and others perhapps meete them in the way, and then is there the same jollity att his howse, for they perhapps have love (?)[1] wine ready to give to the company when they light, then a dinner, supper, and breakfast next day.—BEST, pp. 116, 117.

Hull. Be sure when you go to get married that you don't go in at one door and out at another, or you will always be unlucky.—Nictillis Nictollis, N. & Q. vol. vi. p. 311.

[1 This is the ? of the Surtees Society's editor.]

At a wedding it is still the custom for the bridegroom to kiss the bride on the altar steps at the conclusion of the ceremony, this being followed up by like salutations from the bridesmaids. Not long ago a clergyman new to the district, observing what seemed to him all this unseemly behaviour in a place of worship, animadverted strongly on the matter, to the great bewilderment of all those assembled, who hadn't the faintest notion what he was driving at.—F.R.H.S. p. 83.

Barmby Moor. Up to 1846 a very boisterous and sacrilegious custom prevailed, namely, as soon as the marriage ceremony was concluded the officiating priest had to make a rush for the vestry amid a shower of hassocks, prayer books, hymn books, and other convenient missiles.

WOOD REES, p. 65.

Largesse and Salutes.—[Sometimes coppers are thrown among the children who watch the happy couple and their friends returning from Church, and now and then guns charged with feathers are fired in honour of the occasion.]

See MORRIS, p. 228.

Green is an unlucky colour, so it finds no place in [the bride's] dress, and she ought not to see the bridegroom that morning, until they meet in church. After the ceremony, as they emerge from the sacred building, arm in arm, guns are fired . . . even the old women find some ancient flint-lock, horse-pistol or blunderbuss, which they discharge, with the muzzle resting on the window-sill. Near the house in which the bridal feast is spread, stand three or four men with guns crammed to the muzzle with feathers, and as the party passes them the guns are discharged, and the air is filled with falling feathers, thereby betokening a wish that nothing harder may ever fall upon the happy pair.

NICHOLSON (2), p. 3.

Flamborough. The *Ribbon Dance* is habitually indulged in at weddings. After the marriage ceremony, the young men race from the church door to the house of the bride's father to secure ribbon left by the bride. The fortunate winner has the privilege of kissing the newly-married lady.

ARMYTAGE, p. 146.

Hornsea. A custom yet prevails at weddings, after the return of the parties from church, to give a ribbon to be run for, the winner saluting the bride and wearing the ribbon in his hat for the rest of the day. . . . A custom of throwing old shoes towards the wedding-party "for luck" as they go to church is almost worn out.—BEDELL, pp. 90, 91.

[A scarf, or a handkerchief, now frequently represents the ribbon, which was usually white.]—See MORRIS, p. 227.

Flamborough. The custom still prevails of throwing cake, and [of] firing over newly-married persons.

E. S. N., N. & Q. 5th S. vol. iii. p. 204.

One will carry a chicken after the bridal party, and make it squeak until he has his reward.—See MORRIS, p. 227.

As soon as the bride re-enters her father's house, after the ceremony is concluded, there is a general scrambling on the part of the guests to get the first kiss of the bride, and it is believed that the person who does so will be extremely lucky. As the bridegroom, however, is nearest, he is generally the lucky individual.—F.R.H.S. p. 83.

In the East Riding, after the wedding is over and the bridal party are leaving the house, an attendant hands a plate of bride-cake to the bridegroom, who throws it over the bride's head, and the more pieces it is broken into the more good luck the bride and bridegroom will have.—ADDY, p. 122.

If the plate be not broken by the fall, some friend . . . immediately seizes it, and stamps on it, for good luck is proportional to the number of bits.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 3.[1]

See also SECTION vii. pp. 75, 76.

A correspondent of *The Athenæum* writes: "At a wedding in Holderness in Yorkshire, the other day, at which my granddaughter assisted, a ceremony was performed there which I had not observed before. . . . As soon as the bride and bridegroom had left the house, and had the usual number of old shoes thrown after them, the young folks rushed for-

[1 HENDERSON (p. 36) says that the plate of cake is thrown from an upper window.]

ward, each bearing a tea-kettle of boiling water, which they poured down the front door-steps, that other marriages might soon follow, or, as one said, 'flow on.'"

Cornub., N. & Q. 3rd S. vol. xii. p. 479.

The Bridal Bed and the Death Bed.—Whichever goes to sleep first on the marriage night will be sure to die first; this is as true as scripture, at least, they say so.

Nictillis Nictollis, N. & Q. vol. vi. p. 312.

Marrying and Burying.—Happy is the bride the sun shines on, and blessed is the corpse the rain falls on.

Nictillis Nictollis, N. & Q. vol. vi. p. 312.

SEQUELÆ.

Beverley. *Riding the Stange.*—This is another species of popular punishment which formerly prevailed at Beverley, but is now deservedly fallen into desuetude. The ceremony was performed when a husband had been guilty of beating his wife, or *vice versa*; and was as follows. A considerable number of dissolute young men, attended by shoals of children, assemble about eight o'clock in the evening, near the unfortunate person's door, to whose *honour* the performance is specially dedicated, with broken kettles and pans, cow's horns and whistles, and other noisy and discordant instruments, on which a perpetual drumming, blowing, and rattling forms the most hideous concert that can be conceived, accompanied, as it is, by the shouts and yells of the whole group. The most important personage in the assembly is "the rider," who, mounted astride across a ladder, which is carried on men's shoulders, repeats in the intervals of the vocal and instrumental performance some doggrel rhymes descriptive of the cause for which the revel rout is assembled. These rhymes run in the following strain:

> With a ran, dan, dan, at the sign of the old tin can,
> For neither your case, nor my case do I ride the stange.
> For Johnny —— has been beating his wife ——
> He beat her, he bang'd her, he bang'd her indeed,
> He bang'd her, poor creature, before she stood need, etc., etc., etc.

After the rehearsal of this doggrel by the *gentleman* of the stange, the yells and drummings and sounding of horns and

whistles strike up, and the whole party move in procession to another part of the town where the rhymes are repeated, and the same ceremony again takes place that the community at large may enjoy the full advantage of the performance. The "stange" is generally repeated for three nights, when the offender is left at liberty either to treat his wife with greater tenderness for the time to come, or, if he thinks proper, to renew the affront, in which latter case the castigation is sure to be again awarded to him with increased virulence. The custom is unchristian-like, and has been very properly suppressed.—OLIVER, pp. 428, 429.

The ancient custom of riding the "stang," so well known in the north of England, is managed in so many different ways that a short account of one as it was actually carried out in a Holderness village a year or two ago may not be altogether unacceptable. It is, of course, unnecessary to say that wife-beating is the only misdemeanour punished by the "stang." It was late in the autumn season, and when, about seven in the evening, the stangers made their appearance it was already dark. Opposite the door of the wife-beater one of the party of farm lads, apprentices, etc., was mounted on a ladder, the ladder being borne on the shoulders of seven or eight of the others. As soon as the occupant of the ladder was mounted he shouted, "Ah ride stang." "Wheea for?" was asked. "For awd ——." On this, the party started for the churchyard. The ladder and its rider were carried seven times round the church, the procession stopping at each round before the principal door, whilst the man on the ladder repeated the following doggerel:

> "With a ran dan dan at the sign of awd tin can,
> An much ageean his ease does —— ride stang;
> He walloped her; he bang'd her; he bang'd her indeed;
> He bang'd her, although she nivver stood i' need.
> He beat her wi naythe stick nor storr,
> But he up wiv his fist an doon'd her."

The third and fourth lines were shouted as a kind of refrain by all the mob. The procession then returned to the village, and, after shouting the whole set of doggerel in front of the offending husband's house, the party disbanded. The same

programme was carried out for seven successive nights, but on the last night a straw-stuffed effigy, to represent the wife-beater, was burnt in front of his door, amidst indescribable yelling and hooting, with threats that *he* would be served like the effigy the next time he so far forgot himself as to strike his wife. The ruffianly fellow was frightened almost out of his wits, and, indeed, took to his bed for some days after.—F.R.H.S. pp. 77, 78.

Filey. Riding the Stang is occasionally performed here and at the neighbouring villages. Its purport is to ridicule any boisterous quarrel between married parties, when several boys preside as judges, riding the Stang, which consists of a pole carried on the shoulders of the lads, and across it is mounted the chief speaker, beating a pan with a thick stick and repeating some doggrel rhymes.—COLE, p. 144.

Hedon. Jack Nelson has cruelly beaten his wife. . . . An effigy of Jack is tied on a stang (a long pole, though most frequently a ladder), and carried by two men through the village, accompanied by a motley crowd, with instruments more famed for sound than music. . . . On the grand procession sweeps, to halt before Jack's door, when at a given signal all instrumental music (?) is hushed while the vocalists have their turn. With voices loud and harsh they break out :

Here we cum, wiv a ran a dan dan ;
It's neeather fo' mah cause nor tha cause that Ah ride this stang
Bud it is fo' Jack Nelson, that Roman-nooased man.
Cum all you good people that live i' this raw,
Ah'd he' ya tak wahnin, fo' this is oor law ;
If onny o' you husbans your gud wives do bang
Let em cum to uz, an we'll ride em the stang.
He beat her, he bang'd her, he bang'd her indeed ;
He bang'd her afooar sha ivver stood need.
He bang'd her wi neeather stick, steean, iron, nor stower,
But he up wiv a three-legged stool an knockt her backwards ower.
Up stairs aback o' bed
Sike a racket there they led.
Doon stairs, aback o' door,
He buncht her whahl he meead her sweear.

Noo if this good man dizzant mend his manners,
The skin of his hide sal gan ti the tanner's;
An if the tanner dizzant tan it well,
He sal ride upon a gate spell;
An if the spell sud happen to crack,
He sal ride upon the devil's back;
An if the devil sud happen ti run,
We'll shut him wiv a wahld-goose gun;
An if the gun sud happen ti miss fire,
Ah'll bid ya good neet, for Ah's ommast tired.

The instrumentalists, jealous at their enforced silence, now burst in with an united blast; not a bad representation of musical chaos. And so with cheering and loud noise Jack's effigy is carried round the village for three successive nights, and finally burned in a huge bonfire on the village green. (Ridden in Hedon, 18th, 19th, and 20th February, 1889.)

NICHOLSON, pp. 8, 9.

Welton. When very young, we once saw a crowd of men and boys at Welton, bearing about a man sitting astride on a ladder and preceded by a band of lads beating tin kettles, etc., and shouting out or singing a sort of verse. We were told the man astride of the ladder represented "Bobby Ella, the Sweep," and was "Riding the Stang" for Bobby having beaten his wife. . . .—THOMPSON, p. 187.

WIFE-SELLING.

On the 4th of February, 1806, a man named George Gowthorpe of Patrington sold his wife in the Market-place of Hull for twenty guineas, and delivered her in a halter to a person named Houseman. The old newspaper from which we learn this fact observes, "From their frequency of late years, the common people have imbibed an opinion that the proceedings are strictly legal, and the bargain binding by law."

SHEAHAN, p. 175.

DEATH AND BURIAL.

In the East Riding people used to make their own shrouds, and this was often done many years before their deaths.

ADDY, p. 124.

Barmby Moor. It is a common belief here that people cannot die, or linger long, if pigeon feathers are put in the bed or pillow.

The Vicarage, Barmby Moor, York.

W. D. Wood Rees, N. & Q. 10th S. vol. xii. p. 287.

See MORRIS, p. 237.

Flamborough. The belief common in the north, that a person cannot die in a bed made of the feathers of pigeons or wild birds still exists, to some extent, in Flamborough. It is customary in such cases to remove anyone *in extremis* to a more or less comfortable place in order that they may "die easy."—ARMYTAGE, p. 148.

Death has been so hard that the poor creature has been lifted, in the sheet, off the bed on to the floor.

NICHOLSON (2), p. 5.

[It is thought that a moribund person may be kept alive for a time by the hopefulness of those about him.]

See MORRIS, p. 238.

Hull. *Tide-Time.*—A common belief is, that most deaths take place at tide-time, or turn of the tide.

Nictillis Nictollis, N. & Q. vol. vi. p. 311.

[Windows opened in death chamber, lest the flight of the spirit should be hindered.]—See MORRIS, p. 237.

One of the attendants carries the news to the sexton, who, for a small fee tolls the death-bell. At the conclusion of such tolling, after a short pause, he gives nine strokes for a child, thirteen for a woman, and fifteen for a man. These numbers vary in nearly every district. At **Patrington**, where the church has five bells, they are tolled once round (five strokes) for a child; twice round (ten strokes) for a woman; and thrice round (fifteen strokes) for a man. The bell is also tolled on the evening before the funeral, and at one o'clock on the day of the burial.—NICHOLSON (2), pp. 5, 6.

In East Yorkshire the women who prepare the corpse for burial say that if it is "lethwaite," or limp, there will soon be another death in the family.—ADDY, p. 102.

In the East Riding, they say that you will never be afraid of the dead if you kiss the corpse.—ADDY, p. 124.

After the corpse has been laid out it must be constantly watched till burial, and at night a light is kept burning in the room.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 6.

Bid.—N. and E., to invite to a funeral, two women being sent round to present the invitations.—HOLD. GLOSS. p. 29.

On the night before the funeral a few friends would assemble for a night wake (watch), and were expected to leave when the newly-lighted candle had burned into the socket . . . they all joined in singing the favourite hymns of the deceased, which hymns had been chosen only a few hours before death. . . . After . . . the elders stay awhile to smoke their long clay pipes and taste the home-brewed ale. . .

Before the coffin lid is screwed down, the class tickets, hymn book, or bible are placed with the corpse, and flowers strewn over all. Bearers of similar age and of the same sex as the deceased carry the body to the grave-yard, favourite hymns being sung the whole way. . . . Before leaving the house . . . the mourners have refreshment served to them. . . . On returning . . . a funeral feast is prepared, the like of which is only to be seen at these times.

NICHOLSON (2), pp. 6, 7, 8.

Flamborough. Women are carried to church by their own sex and men by theirs. The coffins of fishermen and sailors drowned at sea are carried shoulder high by their fellow-seamen. Those of landsfolk are carried, like those of the women, under-hand, and close to the level of the ground.

ARMYTAGE, p. 147.

If a dead body be carried across a field, that field will become barren, no matter how fruitful previously.

NICHOLSON (2), p. 44.

Evergreens carried to funerals.—See SECTION ii. p. 29.

At funerals in the East Riding fifty years ago the women wore black silk hoods with a long piece of silk hanging over

their shoulders. These could be hired from dressmakers. When a young girl died she was carried to her grave by young girls who were her friends. These girls wore black frocks, white silk shawls, white gloves, and white bonnets. A woman's wardrobe was not considered complete if it did not contain a white silk shawl.—ADDY, p. 126.

On the Sunday following the funeral, all friends and relatives meet at the church or other place of worship, dressed in mourning. . . . After this day, the black dress . . . is discarded by all save relations and the most intimate friends.

NICHOLSON (2), p. 8.

Easington. An antient custom prevailing in Holderness, but now exploded, has still left a relict in Easington church. From a pillar are suspended some pairs of white paper gloves, which have been here considerably more than a century, and were placed in their present position in memory of some of the brides or belles who had in early life paid the debt of nature.—POULSON (2), vol. ii. p. 377.

Filey. Greater respect is usually paid to the memory of *unmarried females* at their funerals, especially in the retired villages and dales of Yorkshire. . . . It is the encircling a ring or hoop (in some places two hoops crossing each other) with wreaths of white paper, which is hung up in the Church over the pew or seat of one who had been recently interred. A custom of this sort was formerly observed at Filey, and here and in some other places, the form of a hand, cut in white paper, is inserted in the middle of the hoop or hoops, upon which is fairly written the name of the deceased maiden with her age.—COLE, p. 140.

See also SECTION ii. p. 29.

Barmby Moor. *Funerals.*—"If there is one there is sure to be three." I find on looking over the Registers from 1813 to 1910 that this has happened often enough to give rise to the superstition. In 143 instances when a death has occurred two others have followed within the month. . . . Taking into consideration that the average number of deaths is seven per annum, we may, at any rate, look upon it as a strange coincidence.—WOOD REES, p. 67.

We have seen several doors walled up on the north side of churches in the East Riding, and heard such doors named "Dead door."—Y.F.L. vol. i. p. 236.

Withernsea. *A Gipsy's Funeral.*—A singular scene was witnessed at Withernsea on Saturday afternoon. On the previous Tuesday a party of gipsies encamped on a piece of ground near the promenade, and included amongst their number was John Young, better known as "Fiddler Jack," who was exceedingly ill, and who died on Thursday. There was much lamentation in the camp, and on Saturday the strange ceremony of burning his effects took place in connection with his funeral. The deceased was interred in the parish graveyard. . . . It is stated that some of the personal effects of the dead man were burnt on the night before the funeral, but the principal destruction of his property took place on Saturday afternoon near the camp, a short time after the return from the burial. The waggon that had belonged to Young, and which was said to have cost £40, was set on fire, and the clothes, bedding, and other effects of the deceased, including a set of china and a fiddle, were thrown into the flames and consumed. It was rumoured that the horse that had been owned by the deceased would be shot and cremated, but this was not done. This strange custom, which is of great antiquity, is said to have been originated in order to prevent quarrelling amongst the relatives, and also that the widow might not be wooed for the property she might possess. It is also stated that the widow will for a period of three months have to depend entirely on herself for sustenance, and in no way participate in any of the earnings of her relatives. The woman is said to be well known to the inhabitants of Withernsea.—NEWSPAPER CUTTING, n.d. [189–?] or title.

SECTION XII.

GAMES.

Barmby Moor. *Archery.*—One may venture to suppose that the men of Barmby went for [archery] practice on the land still known as Sherbutts field.—Wood Rees, p. 92.

Hull. *Badger-Baiting* was formerly in request amongst the common people, but is now altogether disused.

Oliver, p. 422.

Fimber. It was the constant practice with some of the villagers to bait a badger on the open green Sunday after Sunday to find out the only gratification of knowing which of the inhabitants was in possession of the best dog, and if a badger could not be got up for their Sunday sport, cricket playing was next resorted to. It appears from accounts that no school was established in the village until as late as 1814, to teach the young and rising progeny the moral lessons of virtue and industry. It appears from early accounts that few people in the world outstripped the former inhabitants of the village of Fimber for their spirited exertions in sports and amusements both as it regarded the Sunday and the week day, if a badger could be got up to bait or a match at the cricket, the plough might stop in the field, and the flail might lay in the barn, and all literary pursuits might wait their return from their darling sports.—Edmondson, p. 5.

Ball-play.—See Section x. pp. 90, 91, 92.

Beverley. *Bear-baiting.*—On the 29th April, 1520, part of the church of St. Mary's, Beverley, fell, and 55 persons were

killed. Sir Richard Rokeby, knight and Dame Jane, his wife, gave 200*l.* towards its reparation, for the which they were to be specially prayed for. Ralph Rokeby says, "I have heard that a bear-baiting and a mass being both at one time in Beverley, there was near a thousand people at the bear-baiting, and but only five and fifty at mass, who were all slain, and ever since they say there, '*It is better to be at the baiting of a bear, than the saying of a mass.*'"

LONGSTAFFE, pp. 125, 126.

Fulford. *Bell races at the Feast.*—A ring was formed . . . and a number of boys were blindfolded and turned into the ring. Another boy with a bell was then introduced, and he ran about ringing in the ears of those who were blindfold, and then dexterously slipping out of their way. Those who were blinded caught their fellows in darkness only to discover by the merriment of the crowd that they had caught the wrong person. If once any of the blindfolded pulled down his handkerchief from his eyes, he was disqualified from further contest, and as the number grew fewer the excitement grew greater. Any person catching the bell-boy got the prize, which was generally a common silk handkerchief or a few yards of ribbon.—CAMIDGE, p. 248.

The money for the prizes was collected by the publicans of the village, and the prizes were exhibited from their windows all the day—generally on long poles fastened in the upper room windows.—CAMIDGE, p. 248.

Buck is played by three boys. One stands upright against a wall, another bends down with his head against the stomach of the first, while the third leaps on to the back thus formed, and holding up so many fingers, speaks to the one on whose back he is,

"Buck, buck,
Hoo mony fingers div I hod up?"

"Buck" answers as many as he thinks, say four. If this were wrong it would be said

"Fower thou says,
An' three there is,
So buck, buck, etc."

until the correct number is guessed.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 149.

Beverley. *Bull-baiting.*—It was a prevalent custom at Beverley, in former times, for every chief magistrate, on being sworn into office, to present a bull to be baited for the amusement of the populace ; and the sport was usually performed in front of his own residence, for which purpose a ring was fixed in the pavement. This custom had obtained so much celebrity by constant usage, that many of the corporate body, though disapproving altogether of the practice, were obliged, in this instance, to comply with the wishes of the people. . . . If the bull were too tame, it was customary to pour hot spirits or beaten pepper into his nostrils ; and if this failed to rouse the poor animal to anger, it was not uncommon to flash gunpowder into those tender parts, or even to irritate him by lacerating the fleshy parts of his body with knives, and pouring aquafortis into the wounds, that the excruciating pain might drive him raging mad ; and this was called " showing spirit." At length Mr. Alderman Arden, and it will be ever remembered to his honour . . . positively refused to provide an animal for this brutal purpose. The disappointed mob complained loudly of the loss of their favourite diversion ; and a bull continued to be provided occasionally by the members of the borough. . . . But in 1820, George Lane Fox, esq. one of their representatives, had spirit enough to refuse compliance with this vicious custom. . . . Mr. Martin's act put a final period to bull baiting in Beverley. An attempt was made to revive the practice ; but it was met by the magistrates with a proper spirit ; for they levied the fine imposed by that statute on the ringleaders, and thus finally relieved the inhabitants from the annual recurrence of those feelings which naturally result from a reflection that useless torture has been wantonly inflicted on a dumb and helpless animal.—OLIVER, p. 422.

Hornsea. Bull-baiting was practised annually at the winter fair. A wide part at the west end of Market-place is yet known by the name of Bull Ring, and a strong stake with a ring for chaining the bull remained there until within the last 40 or 50 years. And another custom happily " honoured in the breach " is that of drinking bouts at a public house, lasting a week at a time.—BEDELL, p. 88.

Cobbin-match.—N., a school game in which two boys are held by the legs and arms and bumped against a tree; he who holds out the longest being the victor.

HOLD. GLOSS. p. 43.

Barmby Moor and **Pocklington.** *Cock-fighting.*—The name of one of the fields is not without significance, and tells us something of the rude amusements of our forefathers, namely, "The cock pits." I found the pit to be amphitheatre in shape; it had a small area in the middle composed of bricks, which were ploughed up when the field was brought into cultivation some years ago. Mr. Josiah Richardson and Mr. Thomas Taylor remember cock-fights taking place up to 1859. . . .

At the Grammar School, at Pocklington, there is a silver bell, which was given as a prize to encourage cock-fighting. This bell is 249 years old, 1 oz. in weight, nearly 2 inches in height, and 7½ inches in circumference; around the side, in curious engraving, we read:

"Johannes Clarke
Moderator, 1660, Scholæ Liberæ Grammaticalis de Pocklington."

"Thomas Ellison
Moderator, 1660, Scholæ Grammaticalis de Pocklington."

This bell is carefully guarded by the Head Masters, and handed down from time to time. . . . The bell had to be competed for in the following manner: A main (several) of cocks each held in the hands of their owners were selected to fight. The owner of the victorious cock held the bell until his bird was beaten, but for safe custody it was always placed with the moderator or master.—WOOD REES, pp. 57, 58.

Cock Fighting.—This barbarous diversion has been followed with great avidity at Beverley, but has declined in proportion with the moral improvement of the people.—OLIVER, p. 422.

Cockelty bread rhyme.—SECTION xvi. p. 217.

Cog-steean or *Cog-stan,* a boy's game.—HOLD. GLOSS. p. 44.

Conkers, small snail-shells. In the boy's game of conkers the apexes of two shells are pressed together until one is

broken, the owner of the other being the victor. In W. the game is more generally called " playin at sneel-shells."

HOLD. GLOSS. p. 45.

Counting-out rhymes.—SECTION xvi. p. 216.

Dab-an-thricker, a game in which the *dab* (a wooden ball) is caused to spring upwards by a blow on the *thricker* (trigger), and is struck by a flat bottle-shaped mallet fixed to the end of a flexible wand, the distance it goes counting so many for the striker. Elsewhere the game is called *Knur and Spell*.

HOLD. GLOSS. p. 49.

Welton, etc. *Dab and Trigger.*—The game is played by placing a ball, called the " Dab," upon a piece of slanting wood, called the " Trigger," which, being struck by the dab, occasions the ball to rise in the air so that it may be hit by the dab and sent a distance, and the greater the distance so much more does the stroke count for. The same game is sometimes called " Knur and Spell." . . . The Yorkshire game called Knur and Spell is played by placing a hard wooden ball, originally no doubt made from a hard knot (or knur) of wood, but now usually made of lignum vitæ, upon a splinter of wood cut so as to throw the ball into the air on the fore part of the spell being struck with a bat, with which afterwards the knur or ball is struck to as great a distance as possible. He who sends it the furthest wins the game.

THOMPSON, pp. 184, 185.

Eggs in a Bush, etc.—A boy takes a number of marbles and shakes them in his hands asking, " How many eggs in a bush ? " The one who guesses must pay the difference between the number he says and the actual number . . . but if he guess correctly all are his. A similar game is " odds and evens."—NICHOLSON (2), pp. 145, 146.

Beverley. *Football.*—It was formerly the practice to have a great game at football on Beverley Westwood the Sunday before the races. To this game the lads came from all the surrounding districts, many walking a great number of miles to be present. It is related that " about 50 years ago the magistrates determined to put down this desecration of the

Sabbath, and issued notices forbidding the sport, at the same time swearing in a large body of special constables. Nevertheless the footballers assembled as usual, only in greater numbers, and the ball was thrown on the turf, when a general fight took place between them and the constables, resulting eventually in the victory of the latter"; and since then the Sunday football playing has not been repeated.

F.R.H.S. pp. 81, 82.

Hornsea and about. Since the inclosure the sport of football, which was much practised up to that time, has necessarily been disused, and cannot be regretted as it was carried on so roughly that broken bones and other serious injuries were often occasioned—much drunkenness following. Matches were sometimes made between different villages, the play being from village to village, two or three miles apart. One great match, that an old man who took part in it used to describe, was between Sigglesthorne, with men from all the country round, and Hornsea. The ball was driven close to the front of the Old Hall at Wassand, and Mr. Constable (Marmaduke) being at home, the game was suspended while he gave the men ale. After this refreshment the play re-commenced, and the ball was carried triumphantly by the Hornsea men, along the south side of the mere, into Hornsea town-street. It was fifty years ago, but the narrator seemed to remember every close and field that the ball went into, and various feats of skill and activity, disasters and hurts that occurred.

BEDELL, p. 88.

Sancton. Fifty years ago many thousands of people from the surrounding towns and villages were wont to assemble annually on the 21st of March for the purpose of horse racing, football, cudgel playing, etc., which often ended in much fighting and bloodshed, each party contending for the honour of taking the ball home. The carnival was supposed to be of such ancient date that the law had no power to stop it, even if a person was killed, which, I am informed, had been the case. The carnival is now commemorated simply as a horse race. . . .

Fifty years ago a miniature imitation of the Amphitheatre might have been seen in the village of Sancton, where armed

gladiators from the neighbouring farm yards contested for life or death.—O.Y. vol. iii. pp. 11, 12.

Fox and Hen.—Girls play at [this]. One is chosen to be the fox, another to be the hen, and all the rest are the chickens. The chickens, in Indian file, take hold of each other's waists, the first one taking hold of the hen's waist. They then go for a walk and soon see the fox, when the following dialogue ensues :

Hen. "What are you doing"
Fox. "Picking up sticks."
H. "What for?"
F. "To make a fire."
H. "What's the fire for?"
F. "To boil some water."
H. "What's the water for?"
F. "To boil some chickens in."
H. "Where do you get them from?"
F. "From you."
H. "No! that you won't."

The fox then tries to get hold of the chickens, but the hen faces the enemy while her chickens form a line behind her to prevent being caught. Should the fox succeed in catching one, that one becomes the fox, and the fox takes the place of the hen, and so the game proceeds.—Nicholson (2), p. 147.

Guessing Animals.—When one of a party had gone into another room, a name of some animal, bird, fish, etc., was chosen by each one present. The absent one was then recalled, and having the others arranged semicircularly was asked :

"Of all the birds in the air,
And the fishes in the sea,
Find me a———"

(saying the name chosen by one of the players.) Each face was eagerly scanned, and the one betraying consciousness was sure to be selected. If the right one . . . that one became the guesser . . . if the wrong . . . guess after guess was made until success was secured.—Nicholson (2), pp. 148, 149.

Hed-o, a boy's out-door game, in which they alternately hide themselves, and have to be sought for by their companions.—Hold. Gloss. p. 74.

Hiry-hag.—E., a boy's game, in which several, joining hands, endeavour to catch another, who when caught is beaten with caps, the captors crying out :

> '*Hiry-Hiry-hag*
> Put him in a bag,' etc.

HOLD. GLOSS. p. 76.

Hockey, sometimes called *Shinup* . . . is played by means of a hooked stick and a ball.—THOMPSON, p. 184.

See *post*, p. 147.

Honey-pots.—E. and W., a girl's game, in which two carry a third as a pot of honey to market.—HOLD. GLOSS. p. 77.

Hopscotch, a boy's and girl's game, in which the pavement is chalked with numbered cross lines, and a pebble or, more generally, a piece of broken crockery is propelled onward by the foot, the performer hopping on one leg, the number reached on the chalk-line being scored to him or her.

HOLD. GLOSS. p. 78.

Jacks.—E., dice-shaped pieces of earthenware used in playing a game of the same name.—HOLD. GLOSS. p. 80.

Jack's Alive.—A piece of stick is thrust into the fire, until well alight, then withdrawn and the flame blown out. It is then whirled round quickly by the first player, who hands it to the next, saying, " Jack's alive ! " It is passed quickly from one to the other, for whoever holds it when the last spark dies out, has to pay a forfeit.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 148.

Keepins.—In the various games at marbles, if a boy wins his opponent's marbles and retains them, it is called *keepins*, but, if they play for honour only, each one retaining his own marbles, it is called *nowts*.—HOLD. GLOSS. p. 82.

Hull. The " *kissing ring* " at " *the Pottery*," Hull, at Easter 30 or 40 years ago was evidently a *variety* of *Barley-break.*

BEDELL, p. 90, *footnote.*

Lam-pie-sote-it, N., a boy's game of hide-and-seek.

HOLD. GLOSS. p. 85.

Long-back.—Sides are chosen, and lots having been cast to determine who shall "set the first back," the losers of the toss form one long back by joining end on. The other side then leap on, and if the long back be not strong enough to bear the weight, they must "set back" again. If they bear the pressure, then a change is made and the leapers become the back, and so on.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 149.

Merrils, a game played on a square board with 18 pegs, nine on each side. Called, in many parts, nine men's morris.
HOLD. GLOSS. p. 95.

Merrills or *Jack steean.*—NICHOLSON, p. 10.

On the Wolds of the East-Riding the boys employed to tend cattle, sheep, etc., amuse themselves by playing a game called "Morels," for which purpose a figure is cut out in the grass, much in form like the centre part of a "Fox and Goose" board, and the game is played by each party alternately moving small pebbles so as to endeavour to get three in a row, which the adversary tries to prevent.—THOMPSON, p. 185.

Poor Mary.—Girls form a ring with one of their number in the centre. As they circle round her they sing:

"Poor Mary sat a-weeping,
A-weeping, a-weeping!
Poor Mary sat a-weeping,
On a fine summer day.
On the carpet she shall kneel,
(*Centre one kneeling, and in attitude of weeping.*)
Till the grass grows in the field.

Stand up, stand up, upon your feet (*stands*)
And choose the one you love so sweet (*chooses one*),
And now you're married, I wish you joy.
(*Two standing arm in arm.*)
Every year a girl or a boy.
If one won't do, I wish you two,
So pray come cuddle and kiss together." (*Kiss.*)

The original Mary then joins the circle, leaving the one she has chosen to be Mary the second.
NICHOLSON (2), pp. 147, 148.

Kipling-cotes. *Racing.*—About two miles W. of South Dalton . . . is the Kipling-cotes race-course (said to be the earliest in England), on which stakes have been run for . . . since 1618. These races take place on the third Thursday in March, and a game of ball on horseback, precisely resembling the modern "polo," is always played on the same day.

MURRAY, p. 153.

Ringlins! Up!—Should a boy be detected in cheating [etc.], the discoverer would cry out "Ringlins! Up!" when all within hearing would rush up, and seizing the unfortunate culprit by the hair, lug (tug, pull) right merrily, until the leader cried "off." During . . . the punishment, each one must hum, and he who did not pull hard enough, or who did too much by not ceasing when the signal was given, was treated to the same.—NICHOLSON (2), pp. 146, 147.

Ring-taw, a boy's game, in which two boys place an equal number of marbles in the form of a circle, which are then shot at alternately, each boy pocketing the marbles he hits.

HOLD. GLOSS. p. 115.

Sooker, a boy's plaything, consisting of a piece of moist leather attached to a string, adhering by suction to a stone, which can thus be carried at the end of the string; *lit.* sucker.

HOLD. GLOSS. p. 133.

Fimber. *Shinnup* E. and W., *Chinup* N., a game at ball, played by two parties, who strive by means of hooked sticks to drive it in different directions towards fixed points. So called, probably, from the blows received on the shins. Elsewhere called Hockey, and in Scotland Shinti.

HOLD. GLOSS. p. 125.

Star-gazing.—I have been told that, while some of the inhabitants have been taking a hand at cards in one corner of a nook, another party would be diverting themselves underneath the wide chimney around the fire-side on a cold winter's night by betting odds which could see the most stars out of the top of the chimney without rising from their seats.

EDMONDSON, p. 6.

Switch-egg.—[In spring time boys take wild birds' eggs, put some on the ground a few inches apart and try to break them with a switch when blindfold.]—NICHOLSON (2), p. 149.

Throwl-egg, Throwl-bowl.—See SECTION x. p. 92.

Welton, etc. *Tig.*—Our Yorkshire game of "Tig" is most likely of Scandinavian origin, deriving its name from the old Norse "Tegia" to touch. It . . . consists in the player who is out, called "Tig," tigging (that is, touching) one of the other players, who is not at the moment touching wood, and who then has to become "Tig" until he tigs someone else.

THOMPSON, p. 184.

Holderness. *Tig.*—Here is a broad village green fringed with low thatched cottages, whose whitewashed walls gleam in the ruddy light of the declining sun. Five or six boys, just liberated from school, race noisily over the green until they reach the large hollow stump of an old elm tree in the middle. This tree used to be the pride of the village, but a storm demolished it; and its fall ruined the village stocks, which stood beneath it. The boys pause here, deposit their slates and books in the hollow of the tree, and unanimously declare they will "laik at tig" (play at touch). The tree stump is to be their meeting place or "home"; and one of their number having been chosen "tig" or toucher, the rest run away, singing:

"Tiggy, tiggy, touchwood,
You can't catch me!"

"Tig" pursues and endeavours to "tig" or touch one of the players, before he can return "home" where, touching wood, he is exempt from pursuit. Any player "tug" (touched before his return "home") becomes the toucher; and thus the game proceeds.

But see! this player has something to say, or some explanation to offer, and he comes forward crying out "Kings!" as he goes. Shielded by that magic word, no one offers to "tig" him, while he delivers what he had to say; after which, having been warned of the recommencement of the game, he can be pursued as before.

What is now a game was a stern reality many years ago, when the Northmen were supreme in Northern England.

They divided Yorkshire and Lincolnshire into ridings, and the ridings into smaller parts, called wapentakes. These last were so called because when a new chief magistrate was appointed, all freemen in his jurisdiction had to assemble at his installation. His spear was fixed upright in the earth, and all present had to "tig," or touch, its ashen handle with their spears as a token of allegiance to him. He who came not to "tig" the weapon was an enemy, and could be pursued and punished; but he who touched it was on friendly terms, and exempt from pursuit. The royal thanes or king's messengers, though present, would probably claim exemption from touching the spear, by saying they were in the king's service, and directly subject to him only. Hence the protection afforded in the game by the word "Kings." The boys, seeing their fathers perform this ceremony, would play at mimic installation, from which we got the game of "tig."

15 Leicester Street, Hull.

John Nicholson, N. & Q. 6th S. vol. x. p. 266.

There are several variations of this game, one . . . "lame-tig," in which the player must keep one hand on the place where he was touched; the object of the toucher being to touch in as awkward a place as possible. . . . "Neet-tig" (night-tig), in which each player tries to touch another last, when separating for the night, the victor shouting out "Ah tug yo' last!" "Cross-tig" is played without a "home," and so is "lame-tig," but in "cross-tig" the toucher must pursue the player who "crosses," that is, runs across the line of pursuit between him and his prey. Thus, the toucher is being baulked continually, and the pursued one constantly changing.—Nicholson (2), p. 145.

Tut-Ball.—See Section x. pp. 90, 91.

Barmby Moor. *Diversions.*—The games of to-day played by the school children are varied and numerous, *e.g.* The Grand Old Duke of York, Bull in the ring, London bridge is falling down, Block, Whip-top, Ding-dong, Peggy and stick, The last in the den, Rounders, Blind-man's buff, Honey pots, Hop-scotch, Skipping, Fox and geese, In and out of the window, Isabella, Jolly miller, Bobby Bingo, Marbles, etc., etc.—Wood Rees, p. 86.

SECTION XIII.

LOCAL CUSTOMS.

BELLS.

Buckthorpe. An old pre-reformation custom survives in this parish, having been maintained through the centuries, probably without any intermission, though unfortunately its survival is now limited to the season of Lent only, during which the Matin bell is rung daily at six in the morning, and the Angelus bell at six in the evening. After the falling of the bell, the number of the day of the month is tolled, but that is of comparatively modern date, and is merely an addition to the ancient custom which, of all the parishes in the county, is possibly confined to this one alone.—APPLEFORD, p. 19.

Burton Pidsea. The ancient custom prevailed here of the parish clerk ringing the great bell of the church every morning at four o'clock during summer, and at six o'clock during winter, and at night at eight o'clock the year through. About the year 1782 this custom was relinquished, by permission of the chief freeholders and other inhabitants, at the request of the clerk.—POULSON (2), vol. ii. p. 42.

Cottingham. The curfew bell is still rung at Cottingham. OVERTON, p. 14.

Driffield. See SECTION X. p. 104.

Hedon. See SECTION X. p. 91.

Hemingbrough. On 21st Dec., 1561, Mr. Salvin, then of Hemingbrough, was proceeded against by the Royal Commission for Ecclesiastical Causes at York for " procuringe and

helpinge to ring superstitiously (the church bells) upon All-hallowe day at night." He was fined 40s., and was ordered to make a declaration of his sorrow in the church. Four other ringers were brought up on the same charge. One was fined 13s. 6d., the other three were ordered to be put in the stocks on St. Stephen's day " from the latter end of the Communion to the beginning of the Evening Prayers." The practice of ringing upon All-Hallows' day and eve was far too common for the liking of the Queen's Commissioners.

HEMINGBROUGH, p. 297.

Holderness. In many Holderness villages it is customary to toll the church bell for a few seconds exactly an hour before service time. This is understood by the people as a dressing bell, indicating the time to begin to put on " Sunday things for church."—F.R.H.S. p. 82.

Hornsea. On the first Thursday night in every month, the parish officers and " principal inhabitants," summoned by church bell, met at one of the public-houses—each in its turn —for the discussion of town's business, poor-law matters, etc.

BEDELL, p. 88.

Hull. At St. James' Church, Hull, on the occurrence of a death in the parish, a bell is tolled quickly for about the space of ten minutes, and, before ceasing, nine knells given if the deceased be a man, six if a woman, and three if a child.

Clifton.

R. W. Elliot, N. & Q. vol. viii. p. 130.

See also SECTION x. pp. 91, 92, 121 and SECTION xi. p. 134.

Nunburnholme. [Until recently a bell, called " compline bell," was rung at 6.0 a.m. every day during Lent.]

See MORRIS, p. 219.

FAIRS AND FEASTS.

In a solemn convocation held in London [3 Hen. V. 1415] . . . it was decreed that the seventh day of May, the day of the death of Saint John of Beverley, should be annually kept holy throughout England, as a perpetual memorial of that

prelate's peculiar sanctity; and also the feast of his translation (25th October), on account of a popular belief that the victory of Agincourt, gained on that day, was owing to the merits and intercession of the saint; for Walsingham writes that in the year 1421, after the coronation of Catherine of France, the king and queen made a progress through England to York; and from thence they went to visit the church of Saint John at Beverley. There had been a current report, widely and confidently circulated throughout the kingdom, that the tomb of the saint had sweat blood all the day on which that battle was fought; and Henry, a zealous Roman Catholic prince, thought it his duty to make a pilgrimage to the church, and offer up his grateful devotions at the holy sanctuary.—OLIVER, p. 157.

Cherry Burton. The village feast is annually observed on the last Sunday in the month of July, being an unusual instance of deviation from the common practice of appropriating the anniversary of the consecration of the church as a popular festival.—OLIVER, p. 499.

South Cave. The yearly fair[1] was formerly much resorted to, but is now very little used except as a pleasure fair, when it is a custom to make extra provision for the accommodation of visitors, including a supply of the now famous "Cave Cheesecakes."—HALL, p. 7.

Little Driffield. Four annual fairs are held in a field at Little Driffield; on Easter Monday, Whit Monday, the 26th August and September 19th. That on Whit Monday being called the "Club Fair," when men with clubs come from Nafferton and Lowthorpe to maintain order. . . . On the Club Fairs the names of the Nafferton and Lowthorpe people are called in the horse fair.

There is a curious custom connected with these fairs. All the householders of Little Driffield enjoy a prescriptive right during their continuance of selling malt liquors without a license; the places of sale being indicated by the elsewhere obsolete custom of hanging a bush over the doorway.

ROSS, p. 94.

[1 Originally "on eve, on the day, and on the morrow of the Holy Trinity."]

Little Driffield Fair, which is certainly one of the oldest fairs in the kingdom, was opened on Wednesday with the usual ancient quaint ceremonial, handed down year by year from a long past time. Little Driffield was a flourishing place in Anglo-Saxon times, and there was situate one of the castles or residences of Alchfrid, King of Northumbria, who tradition says was mortally wounded in a battle with the Picts at the village of Ebberston, near Scarborough, in 705. He was removed to Little Driffield, where the Anglo-Saxon chronicle states he died, and there is a slab in Little Driffield Church, portions of which certainly date back to Anglo-Saxon times, stating that he was buried in the chancel of the church there. The slab is a modern one, replacing a more ancient one; yet it is doubtful that Alchfrid is buried in the church, for there is no record of any intermural burial at so early a date. The probability is that he was buried in some one of the many Anglo-Saxon burial mounds that are so common in the neighbourhood, and that someone, knowing that he died in their parish, "jumped" to the conclusion—two or three hundred years ago after intermural burial had become common—that he was buried in the church, and had a mural tablet placed there making such statement. Be that as it may, tradition says, and with great probability, that Alchfrid granted the charter for the fair. The parish was a Royal Manor at the time of the Domesday Survey in 1068. Four fairs are held annually, the earliest record of which is in the Quo Warrants Inquiry of Edward I., in 1293, when John Baliol, King of Scotland, was summoned, to answer how he claimed to have a market and fair "infanganthel" [infangenþeof?] and gallows in his manor of Driffield without the King's licence. John appeared by attorney, and furnished a charter of Henry III. (1241), which gave to William de Fortibus and Christianoe [Christiana] his wife the manor of Driffield with all its homages, liberties, and free customs, the said John Baliol being her heir. Another early record of these fairs dates back to 1405, when the men of Beverley claimed to be free of toll under a charter of Athelstan, beginning:—

"Als fre mak I the as hert may thynck or egh may see."

Baron Scrope, who was then Lord of the Manor, allowed

the claim, though, as owner of the tolls, his decision was to his own hurt.

The tolls at Little Driffield Fair still belong to the Lord of the Manor, the present holder of the Manor being Lord Downe. The fair was opened at ten o'clock on Wednesday, with the ancient ceremony, by Lord Downe's legal representative, who was accompanied by the bailiff. Why he should do so is unknown, but the latter carries a sixteenth century pole-axe, similar to those carried by the Yeoman of the Guard at the Tower of London, as a symbol of his office. Formerly he also wore a uniform, but this has been discarded many years. All trace of the gallows and its site is lost, but probably the pole axe carried by the bailiff is the attenuated relic of the ancient power and right of executing offenders on the gallows, to which John Baliol made good his claim. However, armed with the axe, a formidable weapon 7 ft. long, the bailiff comes out of the Downe Arms Inn, the property of Lord Downe, and in front of the inn, in the horse fair, and again in the sheep fair, saying after the legal representative makes the following proclamation :—

"Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! The Right Honourable Hugh Richard Viscount Downe, Lord of this Manor, and the fair now to be holden, by buying and selling all manner of cattle, goods, wares, and merchandise, hereby strictly charges and commands all persons coming to this fair that they behave themselves peacefully and quietly during the continuance thereof, and that such buyings and sellings be carried on in no secret places whatever, but in public and open places appointed for that purpose, and not after the sun setting of the present fair day. A court of Pie Poudre will be held at the Red Lion Inn, in Great Driffield, at 12 o'clock at noon, when all disputes and grievances arising within the limits of this fair will be heard and determined according to law. God save the King and the Lord of this Manor."

Though this court of Pie Poudre is provided, or perhaps would be provided, for many years past no disputants have appeared, "while the dust was still on their feet" to have their disputes arranged by this ancient court of summary jurisdiction. This court, in times past, when probably the gallows spoken of might be invoked to enforce its decisions,

would be of great importance. It would also probably have much to do, for up to about half a century ago all the householders of Little Driffield enjoyed[1] a prescriptive right of selling malt liquors without a licence. The places of sale were indicated by the hanging of a green bush over the door. These "Bush Houses," as they were called, were allowed to be open from midnight preceding the fair to midnight on the fair day. The last of these houses, kept by a man named John Kirk, was closed in the sixties. These houses, by reason of the large number of people attending the fair, were a necessity, but they led to a deal of drunkenness. The fair held on Wednesday was one of the two "Club" fairs. Writing in his *Farming Book*, in 1640, Henry Best, of Elmswell, an adjoining parish to Little Driffield, says: "The men of Nafferton and Lowthorpe come with clubbes to keep good order and rule the faire, and have a piper to play before them." The ale-houses and the men armed with "clubbes" and inspired by a piper, it may easily be imagined, would have no difficulty in providing plenty of work for the Court of Pie Poudre. We have progressed since then. On Wednesday there was no disorder or Court of Pie Poudre. In 1640, Henry Best wrote: "I have knowne 4 Lambs sold for 11d., and the seller gave the buyer a penny again." These twopence-halfpenny lambs of Best's time were selling at two guineas each at the fair on Wednesday.—Y.H. Sep. 22, 1906.

Filey. An old lady . . . said, when she was a child all the houses in Filey threw the doors wide open during the wake, and anybody might enter who chose. Cakes and tea were supplied to all comers.

Burslem.

B. D. Moseley, N. & Q. 9th S. vol. vii. p. 294.

Fulford. The village . . . has a feast on May-day of each year, but like all such institutions it is fast waning. . . . Gooseberry tart was the chief dish [in the homes, to mark the festival].—CAMIDGE, pp. 244, 245.

On the morning of the second day of the feast a company was formed for begging. It consisted of two men in white

[1 Ross says "enjoy."]

aprons. Each carried a butter-basket, and begged from door to door for money, cheesecakes and tarts; other men drew a cart through the village with a man seated in it, who repeated some doggrel, which declared him to be "The Lord Mayor of Fulford for a year and a day, and his wife a lady for ever and aye." When the begging was over the money collected as well as the tarts and cheesecakes were divided and the men adjourned to the public-houses.—CAMIDGE, pp. 248, 249.

Hedon. Maudlin-fair, E. and W., a fair held at Hedon, on the feast of St. Magdalen.—HOLD. GLOSS. p. 94.

Holme-upson Spalding Moor. The parish feast is held on the 29th of August, if that day fall on a Sunday, if not the Sunday after; and this being the festival[1] of St. John the Baptist some have imagined that the church is dedicated to that martyr.—WHITE, p. 224.

Kirkham. Fifty years ago, Kirkham Bird Fair used to be held on the bridge across the Derwent, connecting the East and North Ridings. Here, at two o'clock in the morning, on Trinity Monday, boys used to bring jackdaws, owls, rooks, starlings, etc., and "swap" (exchange or barter) or sell, the parapet of the bridge serving as a counter. The fair was over by daylight, and then drinking tents, booths, and stalls made their appearance as prelude to a pleasure fair; but the day often ended in fisticuffs between the rivals of Malton and Westow. There was an attempt to stop the Fair when a new squire bought the Priory estate, but the boys just moved to the North Riding end of the bridge, and so moved out of his jurisdiction. The Fair is supposed to have had its origin in monastic times, by persons offering to supply the Abbey with poultry, and was held for many years close to the old cross in front of the Abbey gateway.

NICHOLSON (2), pp. 21-22.

Lund. A pleasant village, in which stands the shaft of an ancient cross in an open space where markets used to be held every Thursday during Lent, and where a feast or folly fair is still held on the fourth Thursday.—WHITE, p. 212.

[1 Of the Decollation.]

Norton. Mr. Wilson [1] spoke with a feeling of regret that the Whitsuntide Fair was a thing of the past. "This," he said, "was the great pleasure fair of the year for the young people; and then the schoolboys used to have great fun on Shrove Tuesday, at what we called Crucalty Fair. At this fair there used to be a game and the men used to shout 'One in, who mak's two?' and the in man used to get his pockets filled with oranges."—Y.H., July 26th, 1911.

Stamford Bridge. I must not forget that the inhabitants of this village have a custom at an annual feast to make pies in the form of a *swill* or swine-tub, which tradition says was made use on [*sic*] by the man that struck the *Norwegian* under the bridge instead of a boat. This may be true, for the river being but lately made navigable up here on the *Derwent*, a boat was not easily to be had to perform the exploit in.

DRAKE, p. 84.

A nameless Northman kept for a time the wooden bridge over the Derwent against the whole English army . . . at last an Englishman crept under the bridge and pierced him through beneath his corselet. . . . The true position of this bridge is preserved by local tradition and by the evidence of the course of the roads converging towards it. . . . It is said that the famous exploit of the Englishman who killed the hero of the bridge is commemorated at Stamford Feast by certain pies made in the form of a tub or boat, like that which he may have used for getting under the bridge.

MURRAY, pp. 132, 133.

This incident is commemorated in the spear-pie feast until recently held in the village on the 25th September, when pies in the shape of a boat, or of the shape of a tub, according to Drake, were made and filled with pears, having a skewer sticking out of them to represent the spear. Strange as it may seem, this spear-pie feast . . . came to be called by the villagers from the fruit the pies contained and the similarity of the names, "pear-pie" feast.—Y.H. Sep. 26, 1902.

[1 A Norton nonagenarian.]

Walkington. The church is a neat edifice dedicated to All Saints. . . . The feast of dedication is celebrated annually in this village, and is usually denominated "The Tansey Feast."—OLIVER, p. 503 and *footnote.*

STATUTES.

Pocklington. In the East Riding, Pocklington Statute is well known. . . . At these "statutes" or statties ("Stattie Fairs," and "Sittings," or "Fest Sittings") servants "fest themselves," that is, hire themselves, to board from home.

F. W. T., N. & Q. vol. iv. 43.

Hedon and **Patrington.** It is customary once a year for men and women servants out of place to assemble in the market places of Hedon and Patrington, the two chief towns in Holderness, and there to await being hired. This very ancient custom is called Hedon *Sittings* or *Statutes.* . . . A small sum of money given to each servant hired, is supposed to legalise the contract, and is called the *Fest.*

F. R. R., N. & Q. vol. iii. p. 328.

Fest, hiring or earnest-money, given to make *fast* or ratify an engagement.—HOLD. GLOSS. p. 58.

The amount varies from one shilling to one pound, according to the wages of the receiver.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 28.

Hornsea. The "statutes," pronounced *stattays,* or "sittings," for the hiring of men and women servants about Martinmas-time are still used in Holderness. The principal hiring for this part of the district is at Brandsburton; but there are Hornsea sittings held the first Monday after Martinmas-day. At the various sittings the young men and women to be hired stand in an open space in the usual part of the town, and the farmers and others make their selection. It is a kind of festive-day among the young people.

BEDELL, pp. 91, 92.

Beverley. Like old traditions, old customs die hard in Yorkshire. A few years ago when the law was altered, which

made a verbal hiring of farm servants, if made beyond twelve months, illegal, an attempt was made to abolish the old sittings or hirings day at Beverley, which from time immemorial had been held on November 6th, to some day in Martinmas Week, so that the engagement should be binding. Farm servants, however, were not to be done out of their usual holiday. They had always had their sittings day, and believed they were entitled to leave their work for that day, whether their masters or mistresses liked it or not. Accordingly, ever since the notice was promulgated making the change, the old sitting day has been as well patronised as ever. In their own interest masters decline to hire, but the lads have their day. Instead of business it is all pleasure, and caterers for amusements lay themselves out for the occasion. The carnival this week at Beverley was the busiest that has been known for some years.—Y.H. Nov. 9, 1901.

PUNISHMENTS.

Beverley. The road from the North Bar to Westwood gate was formerly called *Cockstul-pit Lane*, or *Ducking Stool Lane* from the Ducking Stool which stood at North Bar Dyke at the end of that lane.—SHEAHAN, p. 65, *footnote.*

South Cave. The Parish stocks formerly stood in the Market Place, but were removed some years ago.

HALL, p. 67.

Dunnington. In the centre [of the place] is . . . the "village terror," the stocks.—ALLEN, vol. ii. p. 348.

North Frodingham. Near the cross a post was erected some nine years since, with hand-stocks for unruly women; at the north end of Cross lane stands also those for the legs of the men. The best comment that can be made upon them is, that the former have never been used, and the latter are useless.—POULSON (2), vol. i. p. 306.

Hornsea. The "stocks," an instrument of punishment not yet forgotten, were decaying near the cross at Hornsea, and removed three or four years ago.—BEDELL, p. 51, *footnote.*

A gibbet formerly stood on Hornsea common, on which had been suspended the body of a notorious pirate and smuggler, named Pennel, who had murdered his captain, and sunk the vessel near Hornsea. He was tried in London, and the body sent down from thence in a case marked glass. It was prepared for the disgusting exhibition by being bound round with iron hoops, and in 1770 hung upon the north cliff, which with its *ornament*, is now swept away.

POULSON (2), vol. i. p. 337 and *footnote.*

Hull. A ducking-stool was provided for Hull so lately as 1731. In a rare plan of the town—Hilbett's of 1737— . . . there is a ducking-stool most distinctly shown at the South-end.—WILDRIDGE, p. 154, *footnote.*

Sancton. "Some vestiges of ecclesiastical discipline still lingered in the village. Two examples of public penance I remember to have witnessed. A farmer's son, the father of an illegitimate child, came into the church at the time of Divine service on the Lord's day, covered with a sheet, having a white wand in his hand; he walked barefoot up the aisle, stood over against the desk where the prayers were read, and there repeated a confession at the dictation of the clergyman; after which he walked out of the church. The other was that of a young woman,

'Who bore unhusbanded a mother's name.'

She also came into the church barefoot, covered with a sheet, bearing a white wand, and went through the same ceremony. She had one advantage which the young man had not, her long hair so completely covered her face, that not one feature could be seen. . . . These appear to have been the last cases of the kind that occurred at Sancton. The sin was perpetuated, but the penalty ceased; my father [who died in 1829] observed that rich offenders evaded the law, and then the authorities could not for shame continue to inflict its penalty on the labouring classes."—Quoted from Jackson's *Recollections of My Own Life and Times.*—HALL, p. 133.

See also SECTION xi. pp. 130, 131, 132, 133.

TENURES AND PRIVILEGES.

Atwick. Hawise, the prioress of the convent of Swine, granted to Robert, the clerk of Brandsburton, two oxgangs of land here, at the rent of a pound of pepper yearly. . . . Robert de Burton, clerk, granted to William de Oyry, in marriage with Helewise, his daughter, two oxgangs of land here, at the rent of one pound of pepper, or eightpence, payable in Whitsun week.—POULSON (2), vol. i. p. 178.

Beeford. A custom prevails in this parish called *priesthold*, which is paying small rents to the rector yearly, according to the ancient rental, viz. for twelve cottages lying in the town of Beeford held of the rector, at the several rents of 4s. per annum for six of them ; 6s. 8d. for one, 3s. 4d. for two, 1s. 8d. for one, 3s. 3d. for another, and 10d. for another. A year's rent is paid as a fine to the change of occupier or rector ; to the latter, the rent-days are on the feasts of St. Mark and St. Luke.—POULSON (2), vol. i. p. 256.

In an ancient book in the Lord's [Lord of the Manor's] possession . . . is an account of free rents and hens due to the lord from sundry estates within the manor ; the origin of this last singular custom is not known.[1]

[1] Hened penny, a customary payment of money instead of hens at Christmas. Du Fresne thinks henpenny to be a composition for eggs.

POULSON (2), vol. i. p. 257.

Beverley. "The inhabitants of Beverley pay no toll or custom in any city town or port in England." Quoted from the Memorials of Ray (Ray Society).

Eniviri, N. & Q. vol. vii. p. 181.

The Fridstool is hewn out of a solid stone, with a hollow back ; it has been broken, but repaired with iron cramps. When Leland saw this chair he states it to have borne the following inscription :

"Hæc Sedes lapidea Freedstool dicitur, *i.e.* Pacis Cathedra, ad quem reus fugiendo perveniens omnimodam habit securitatem."

No such inscription, however, is now visible, which has occasioned a considerable discrepancy of opinion upon the claims which it has to be considered as the original "Fridstol." It is to be supposed, that as the criminal, who fled for sanctuary to Beverley as soon as he had seated himself in the chair, could claim the privileges of the leuga or circuit, it would be preserved with the most scrupulous attention; and there seems no reason for thinking, that after the dissolution, when the privilege of sanctuary was abolished, the original chair, if destroyed, should be replaced by another. It may therefore be presumed that either the soldiers during the civil wars, or the puritans who made such havoc of the original beautiful screen, broke and defaced it; and that the mason who repaired it conceived that by chisselling [*sic*] away the irregularities he gave it a clean appearance, although at the same time he destroyed the inscription; such kind of repairs being by no means uncommon.

POULSON, vol. ii. p. 687.

Brotherton. Not far from the church of Brotherton in Norfolk [*sic*: should read, Yorkshire] is a place of twenty acres, surrounded by a trench and wall, where, as tradition says, stood the house in which the Queen of Edward I. was delivered of a son (Thomas Earl of Norfolk). The tenants are still bound to keep it surrounded by a wall of stone.

BLOUNT, p. 324.

Everingham. The manor was anciently held by the Everinghams of the Archbishops of York, by the service of performing the office of butler on the day of their enthronization.

WHITE, p. 221.

Filey. *A Relic of Feudalism.*—Yesterday, the lord of the manor of Hunmanby and Filey exercised his manorial right of having a net drawn round the full sweep of Filey Bay, from the White Rocks to Filey Brigg, a distance of five miles. The net was drawn by two horses and extended a bow-shot from the shore. It is some years since the right was enforced.

Y.H. Sep. 23, 1911.

Hull. See SECTION x. p. 87.

Hull. [Edward 1st] returning from [Scotland] attended by several of his martial Nobility, and coming thro' *Holderness*, he was pleased to stay some Days at *Baynard-Castle*, at *Cottingham* (a few miles from *Wyke*) which was then the seat of the Lord WAKE ; who receiv'd and entertain'd him, and his noble Retinue, with the greatest Magnificence. One Morning, the Monarch and his Retinue rode a Coursing, and started a Hare. The Creature led them along the pleasant Banks of the River *Hull*, and ran amongst the Cattle and Shepherds at Wyke for Safety. Here the King, being struck with the Advantageousness of the Situation, an Object far more delightful to his Eye than the Sport, quickly conceiv'd a glorious Thought ; which was, to contrive a fortify'd Town, and a safe commodious Harbour. Whilst his Attendants were otherwise employ'd, he rode to the Shepherds, and ask'd, *How deep was the River, to what Height the Tydes flowed, and who was the Owner of the Soil ?* In all which, being fully satisfy'd, the King liberally rewarded those Men and return'd exceedingly pleas'd to the Castle ; from whence he immediately sent to the Monastery of *Meaux* for the Lord Abbot, and gave him equivalent, or rather more Lands in *Lincolnshire* in Exchange for the Ground so necessary for the Splendour, as well as Defence of his Kingdom, and with which he was so much in Admiration. . . . The Agreement with the Abbot being thus happily concluded, Proclamation was issued forth, in two Months Time, *That whoever pleas'd to build, and inhabit there, should have great Freedoms, Priviledges and Immunities.* To confirm the King's great Desire towards a general Encouragement, he order'd a Manor-Hall to be erected for his own Use, at the same time commanding the Place to be call'd Kingston-upon-Hull.—GENT, pp. 9, 10, 11.

OFFICIAL.

Beverley. [The King of Fools and the Boy Bishop were both honoured here in early times.

In the statutes of Archbishop Arundel, in the 14th century, it is ordered that the provost of the Church of Beverley] abolish the corrupt and ancient custom of the King of Fools both within the church and without.—POULSON, vol. ii. p. 572.

[A later entry led Poulson to the conclusion that the festival was revived, but it is possible the passage only means that some fund available for it was to be distributed to the poor.]

The ancient customs of the church of Beverley called *Les Fulles*, and of servants burning wax in the refectory from the eve of Christmas-day to the feast of the purification of the blessed Mary inclusive; also the collections accustomed to be made every day in Bedern by obtaining of alms which on the said days and also at each of the seasons of the four greater feasts of the year, shall be distributed to the poor in Bedern.—POULSON, vol. ii. pp. 572, 573.

Boy Bishop.

Reprise in Pensionibus
Corod episcopi puer 16*s.*

POULSON, vol. ii. p. 642.

The payment made to the boy bishop in the account of Robert Flee, clerk to the receiver general, as well as the following entry in the Northumberland Houshold Book, shows the custom to have existed in Beverley but a short time before its abolition in the reign of Henry VIII.

Item—My lord usith and accustomyth yerely when his lordship is at home to yef unto the barne-bishop of Beverlay when he comith to my lord in Christmas hally dayes when my lord kepith his hous at Lekynfeld [1] xxs.

[1] *Northumberland Household Book*, edition 1827, p. 340.

POULSON, vol. ii. pp. 658, 659.

Hull. [Before the Municipal Reform Act] it appears that at Hull when the borough chamberlains were chosen, those who were properly nominated were called "lights." What may have been the origin or meaning of "lights" used in this sense I do not know. . . . There was during the stormy days of the great Reform agitation a disturbed meeting at an election of chamberlain for Hull where these "lights" became prominent: "The Mayor announced that the *lights* put out for the office of Chamberlain were Messrs. Henry Cooper, Marmaduke Thomas Prickett, Watts Hall, and

William Thomas from whom the burgesses had to choose two." Afterwards the mayor stated that "he should proceed with the election and take the votes for those gentlemen who were in the usual and legal way put out as lights." And further on it is recorded that "the votes for the lights were registered in the usual way." I gather that this form of election was contested.[1] A Mr. Thistleton and a Mr. Acland were also candidates. Their nomination, as it appears was irregular, but many votes were recorded in their favour.—See the *Boston, Lincoln, Louth, and Spalding Herald*, 9 Oct. 1832, p. 2, col. 4.

Edward Peacock, N. & Q. 9th S. vol. i. p. 65.

There was formerly, in addition to the clerk and sexton, an official called the "dog-knawper" . . . from one of his duties, which was that of driving stray dogs out of the church during service.—F.R.H.S. p. 82.

[1] *Lights.* Cf. list of candidates for the office of "Deacone of the craft of the Wobsteris" of Peebles, nominated 2nd Oct. 1647. "'The counsell acceptis of these leittis for this electioun.' . . . [From the leet the council elected William Wilsone deacon by 7 votes.]" (Robert Renwick, *The Burgh of Peebles: Gleanings from its Records* (Peebles, 1912), pp. 332, 333.) The word *leet*, meaning a list of candidates for an appointment, is still in use in and about Peebles. C. S. B.

SECTION XIV.

TALES AND BALLADS.

Sugar and Salt.

Once upon a time there was a father who had two daughters. Calling them to him one day, he said to them, " What is the sweetest thing in the world ? "

" Sugar," said the elder daughter.

" Salt," said the younger.

The father was angry at this last answer. But his daughter stuck to it, and so her father said to her, " I won't keep a daughter in my house who believes that salt is the sweetest thing in the world. You must leave me and seek another home."

So the younger daughter left her father's house and wandered here and there, suffering much hunger and cold, until at last she was befriended by the fairies. As she walked through a wood one day listening to the songs of the birds, a prince came hunting for deer, and when he saw her he fell in love with her at once. She agreed to marry him, and a great banquet was prepared at the prince's house. To this banquet the bride's father was bidden ; but he did not know that the bride was his own daughter.

Now at the wish of the bride, all the dishes were prepared without salt. So when the guests began to eat they found that the food was tasteless. At last one of them said, " There is no salt in the meat." And then all the guests said, " There is no salt in the meat ! " And the bride's father spoke the loudest of all. " Truly, salt is the sweetest thing in the world," he said, " though for saying so, I sent my own daughter

away from my house, and shall never see her face again." Then the bride made herself known to her father, and fell on his neck and kissed him.—ADDY, pp. 48, 49.

Fimber Village Tales.

It appears from this extraordinary tale that before the inclosure of Fimber fields and the adjacent wolds, that the roads were not very direct for the stranger or traveller to pass on without stopping to make inquiry. It has been conjectured by some that one of the old Roman roads came very near to the village of Fimber, leading to York and Flamborough Head; but it appears from the following circumstances that this road was not much known or pointed out by the village inhabitants to strangers. A gentleman riding through Fimber happened to meet with three of the inhabitants taking a repose on the grass, in the open green, the gentleman stopped his horse and with all the polite civility in the world, he asked:—"Gentlemen, will one of you three be kind enough to direct me the nearest road to York?" None of the three feeling disposed to disturb themselves from their groundly repose, one of them politely raised his head and nodded in the direction the gentleman was to proceed. Not reading this guide post very well, the gentleman urged a second request. "Will one of you three be so kind as to direct me the nearest road to York?" when one of the parties raised his feet and pointed in the direction the gentleman was to proceed. The stranger was so amused with the apathy of his guides that he rejoined—"I will give one of you three half-a-crown if you will tell me which is the laziest of the three?" "Sir," said the first, "I will not thank you for your half crown unless you throw it within my reach." "Sir," said the second, "I will not thank you for your half crown unless you alight from your horse and put it into my hand." "Sir," said the third, "I will not thank you for it unless you put it into my pocket." So it is for the reader to guess which was heir to the half crown.

A respectable inhabitant of Fimber went to pay a tradesman a bill to the amount of fifteen shillings: "and now Billy" [he]

said, "here my lad, I've come to pay thee thy bill. Look'st thee Billy here's a handful of monies, and look at it Billy as I count it down." "Yes Sir," said Billy, casting his eye to the white cash, when the last shilling was put down, he replied, "its the amount of my bill to a tack, and feels myself much obliged to you Sir, but out of this I owe you a sum of three shillings," and Billy accordingly took three shillings from the sum he had received and handed it over to his customer, when his customer replied, "Od sort and death, Billy, thou's boon to mack a sad raffle on't, if thou gies me three shillings out of that money I shall owe thee the money still"; "no Sir," said Billy, "its the amount of my bill; you have paid it over to me, and if you take up that three shillings we shall be straight Sir." "Od sort Billy again," said the customer, "thou's going to mack a sad raffle on't, prithee Billy let me reckon it. Now Billy, my lad, thou must tak that money, and count it all over and see that it is good, put it into thy pocket and then give me three shillings of thy own money and we shall be strait." Billy, not wishing to tease his customer any longer, put his hand into his pocket and gave him the three shillings as he was requested to do, and thus settled the two accounts. "Now Billy," said the customer, "thou framest something like, and ah thinks a'st better scholar of t'two." Here the reckoning between the men of commerce ended, and the customer proceeded homewards, not a little pleased that he had proved himself a cleverer arithmetician than Billy.

EDMONDSON, pp. 16, 17.

The Distressed Child in the WOOD: Or, the CRUEL UNKLE BEING A true and dismal Relation of one Esq: *Solmes* of *Beverly* in Yorkshire; who dying left an only Infant Daughter of the Age of two Years to the care of his own Brother; who with many Oaths, Vows and Protestations promised to be Loving to her; but the Father was no sooner Dead, but out of a wicked Covetousness of the Child's Estate of three hundred Pounds a Year carry'd it into a Wood, and there put it into a Hallow Tree to Starve it to Death: Where a Gentleman and his Man being a Hunting two Days after, found it half Famish'd, having gnawed its own Flesh and Fingers end in a dreadful manner.

With an Account how the Cruel Unkle to hide his Villany had caused the Childs Effigies to be buried in Wax and made a great Funeral, as if it had been really Dead: With the manner of the whole discovery by a Dream, and taking the Wax Child out of the Grave; with the Unkles Apprehension, Examination, Confession before Justice *Stubbs* and his Commitment to Goal, in order to be Try'd the next Assizes, for that Barbarous Action. To which is added his Tryal, Examination and Sentence before Judge *Powis* at *York* Assizes the 4th of March 1706.

Woodcut.

London, Printed by *J. Read*, behind the *Green-dragon Tavern* in *Fleet-Street*

The Inhumane Brother, etc.

In the Town of *Beverly* in *Yorkshire*, about two years ago there lived one Squire *Somes*, a very honest Gentleman of about three hundred *per Ann.* his Wife dying, by whom he had one little Daughter about Two years of age, he continued some months a sorrowful Widower, he cou'd not well enjoy himself after the loss of his dear spouse: And it so happened, that partly out of grief, partly from a violent Fever, he was brought to his Bed of Sickness, where he continued not long, for he died within a Fortnight after he was taken by that Fever. He expressed a great concern for his little Girl; and therefore call'd his Brother a Gentleman that liv'd about 14 miles from him, and beg'd him to take the care of his Daughter upon him. Brother, said he, I leave with you the dearest thing that I have in the World, my little Daughter, and with her to you I intrust my Estate; manage it for her use, and take care of her Education in Vertue and Religion; use her as if she your own, and for my sake see her married to an honest Country Gentleman. All which was faithfully promis'd by the Brother: Thus when all things were settled, the Gentleman dies, and the Brother takes Home the Child to his

House, and for some time us'd her kindly. But at the last the *D—l* of *Covetousness* posses'd him; nothing run in his mind so much as making away with the Child, and so possess the Estate. After many ways, he at last concluded to take her with him, and hide her in a hollow Tree: which one Morning he effected, and left the poor Infant with her mouth stop'd that she might not cry; For he had so much Grace, not actually to Murder her, therefore he left her alive in the hollow of the Tree; and the better to hide the Matter, gave out that the Child was Dead; and therefore caus'd an Effigie of Wax to be made, laid it in a Coffin, and a Shrow'd, and made a great Funeral for the Child. Thus the Effigie was Buried, and no Notice at all taken of the Matter. At the same time, a Neighbouring Gentleman dream'd, That that Day he shou'd see something that wou'd sufficiently astonish him: He told it to his Lady, who diswaded him from going a Hunting that Day; but he was resolved, not giving any credit to Dreams, and so takes Horse in the Morning: as he was a Hunting, he happen'd to be in the Wood where the Child was. And as he was Riding by the Tree his Horse gave a great start, so that he had lik'd to have fallen down; and turning about to see what was the matter he saw some thing stir in a Hole; and being inquisitive to know the Cause, his Dream presently came in his Head. And therefore he calls his Man, and bids him examine what was in the Hole: who having search'd the Tree, discovers the Child in the Tree. He took it out and his Master carried it to his Lady almost Dead; he told her his Dream was out, declaring how he found the Child, and beg'd her to take Care of it. The Child was reviv'd, and in a little time brought to its self again; but they cou'd not imagine whose it was; till at last it happen'd that some Women came to the Gentleman's House a Singing at *Christmas*; and seeing the Child knew it, and declared whose it was, and that it was suppos'd to be dead and buried. The Gentleman goes and prevails with the Minister of the Parish to have the Grave open'd, and found the Waxen-Effigie of the Child in the Grave. He went to the Justice of the peace, to whom he declared the matter; who sent his Warrant for the Child's Trustee: who being convicted of the matter was not able to deny it, but confess'd

all the Business. But seeing the Child was alive, 'tis suppos'd he will not be tried for his Life; but 'tis thought a severe Punishment will be inflicted on him; and the Justice appointed the Gentleman that found the Child to be its Trustee [till ?] the Assizes. The Child is now at the Gentleman's House, who loves it as if it was his own; for he has no Children himself, and is a Man of good Estate, and is likely to augment very much the Child's Fortune.

The Assizes being held on *Munday* last being the 4th of this instant *March*, by the honourable Justice *Powell*, and Baron *Prise*; he was brought on his Tryal, the Indictment against him being *For most inhumanely, barbarously and maliciously using his Niece* Mary Solmes *an Infant, by wickedly putting it into a hollow Tree with an intent to destroy it, whereby he might be Possessor of the Child's Estate, and to colour his wicked Crime, had notoriously cheated the World by insinuating it was Dead, and causing solemn Rites to be perform'd on that which was never animated.*

The first Witness against him depos'd that Mr. *Solmes* had often gave out that the Child was ill, and that one day enquiring how it did, he the said *Solmes* reply'd it was Dying; but happening to go to his House that Afternoon to borrow a Fowling Piece, he then saw the Child sitting with Play things before it on a low Stool. The second Witness who was a Maid Servant of Mr. *Solmes*, depos'd that her Master was Cross to the Child ever since he had it home, grudging it every Bit and Drop it had and was so harsh to the Infant that it always Trembled and cry'd at the very Sight of him. A third Evidence (who was a poor Tenant of *Solmes*) depos'd that Mr. *Solmes* took him to an Ale-house, where pretending a great deal of kindness to him, he spoke to him about making way with his Niece, for which he would let him for Life live Rent-free in the House he was in; but detesting his offer, the said Mr. Solmes told him he should ever love him the better for not Acting an ill thing for Profit, and that what he had propos'd to him was only to try his Honesty under the pressure of his Poverty. Another Evidence deposed that he had often heard Mr. Holmes wish the Child dead, and asking him the Reason of it, he reply'd, because it was always Sick, and had better be out of its Pain and Misery; In fine the

Witnesses were many against him, and he in his own defence alledged he was always very tender and loving to the Child and that it was by spight stole from him by some Neighbour who ow'd him a grudge for former Animosities, and put there without his Privity or Knowledge: but being then askt what made him to make a sham Funeral for the Child, instead of making (as he ought) an Enquiry after it, his frivilous excuse was, that fearing, in case he could not have found it, the Neighbourhood would have arbour'd ill thoughts of him, imagining he had murther'd it upon the account of its Estate, and so put him to a great deal of trouble, he thereupon counterfeited its natural Death. However the matter of fact being very plain against him, he after a long tryal was cast, and thereupon the Court proceeded to give Judgment against him as follows.

First that *Thomas Solmes*, Gent. should stand Fined 800 Marks. Secondly, that he should remain in Prison till Payment thereof. Thirdly, that he should suffer Two Years Imprisonment, in case he does not Pay the Fine, without Bail or mainprize. And Lastly to stand Three several Market-Days in the Pillory; once at *Beverley* where the Child was Born, once in the Town he Lives in himself, and once in *York* City: as an Example to all Unkles for ever committing such inhumane Actions on the Innocent agen. And that the Gentleman that found the Child be its Trustee till it comes to Age.

Note—This Relation will be Attested at the *Three Nuns* and *Rummer*-Tavern without *Aldgate*.

Licensed according to Order.

CHAP-BOOK.

The Child in the Wood; or, the Cruel Unkle.

Tune "Forgive me if your looks I thought."

A wealthy squire in the north
Who left an infant daughter
All his estate of mighty worth;
But mark what followed after.

As he lay on his dying bed,
He called his brother to him,
And unto him these words he said:
"I from this world am going;

"Therefore, dear brother, take my child,
Which is both young and tender
And for my sake be kind and mild,
And faithfully defend her.
Three hundred pounds a year I leave
To bring her up in fashion;
I hope you will not her deceive,
But use her with compassion."

To which the brother then replied,
"I'll sooner suffer torture
Than e'er become a wicked guide,
Or wrong your only daughter."
The father then did seem content,
And like a lamb expired,
As thinking nothing could prevent
What he had thus desir'd.

The father being dead and gone,
The unkle then contrived
To make the child's estate his own,
And of its life deprive it.
A wicked thought came in his head,
And thus concludes to serve it;
He takes it up out of the bed
And then resolves to starve it.

With wicked mind, into a wood
He then the infant carries;
And tho' he would not shed her blood,
Yet there alive he buries
Within a hollow oaken tree;
He stop'd the mouth from crying
That none might hear and come to see
How the poor child was dying.

Then gave out that the child was dead
And did pretend some sorrow,
And caus'd the shape in wax be made
To bury on the morrow ;
Some mourning, too, he bought beside,
All to avoid suspicion
But yet alas ! this would not hide
The guilt of his commission.

For happy fate and providence
Did keep the child from dying
Whose chiefest guard was innocence,
On which is best relying ;
For when the breath was almost spent,
A gentleman did spy her,
As he and's man a hunting went
And so approach'd nigh her.

He took the wrong'd infant home
And to his lady gave it ;
Quoth he " This child from fatal doom
I happily did save it ;
Therefore I'll keep it as my own
Since I have none beside it ;
Tho' such a thing is seldom known,
I will support and guide it."

But as the lady and her spouse
Did to the neighbours show it,
A woman came into the house
That presently did know it.
And soon discovered all the cheat
The unkle had intended,
To get the poor young child's estate
Who promis'd to defend it.

The wicked unkle being seized,
And charged with his transgression,
His mind and conscience were so teazed,
He made a full confession.

The justice sent him to the jail,
Where he is closely guarded,
And next assizes will not fail
Of being well rewarded.

INGLEDEW, pp. 142-145; HALLIWELL, pp. 318-322, who adds:

Note—This relation will be attested at the Three Nuns and Rummer Tavern, without Aldgate.

Licensed according to order.

The Merchant's Son and the Beggar-Wench of Hull.

You gallants all, I pray draw near,
And you a pleasant jest shall hear,
How a beggar wench of Hull
A merchant's son of York did gull.
Fa, la, etc.

One morning on a certain day,
He cloth'd himself in rich array,
And took with him as it is told,
The summ of sixty pounds in gold.
Fa, la, etc.

So mounting on a prancing steed,
He towards Hull did ride with speed,
Where, in his way, he chanc'd to see
A beggar wench of mean degree.

She asked him for some relief,
And said with tears of seeming grief,
That she had neither house nor home,
But for her living was forc'd to roam.

He seemed to lament her case,
And said, thou hast a pretty face.
If thou wilt lodge with me he cry'd,
With gold thou shalt be satisfy'd.

Her silence seem'd to give consent,
So to a little house they went ;
The landlord laugh'd to see him kiss
The beggar wench, a ragged miss.

He needs must have a dinner drest,
And call'd for liquor of the best,
And there they toss'd of bumpers free,
The jolly beggar wench and he.

A dose she gave him as 'tis thought,
Which by the landlady was brought ;
For all the night he lay in bed,
Secure as if he had been dead.

Then she put on all his cloathes,
His coat, his breeches, and his hose ;
His hat, his perriwig likewise,
And seis'd upon the golden prize.

Her greasy petticoat and gown,
In which she rambled up and down,
She left the merchant's son in lieu,
Her bag of bread and bottle too.

Down stairs like any spark she goes,
Five guineas to the host she throws,
And smiling then she went away,
And ne'er was heard of to this day.

When he had took his long repose,
He look'd about and mist his cloaths,
And saw her rags lie in the room,
How he did storm, nay fret and fume !

Yet wanting cloaths and friends in town,
Her greasy petticoat and gown
He did put on, and mounted strait,
Bemoaning his unhappy fate.

You would have laugh'd to see the dress
Which he was in, yet ne'ertheless
He homewards rode and often swore,
He'd never kiss a beggar more.

Printed and Sold in Aldermary Church Yard, Bow Lane, London.

HALLIWELL, pp. 254-256.

The Bonny Scotch Lad and his Bonnet so Blue.

At Kingston upon Hull, a town in Yorkshire [1]
I lived in splendour, and free from love's care
I roll'd in riches and had sweethearts not a few,
I'm wounded by a bonny lad, and his bonnet so blue.

There came a troop of soldiers, and soon you shall hear,
From Scotland to Woolwich, abroad for to steer;
There is one among them I wish I'd ne'er knew;
He's a bonny Scotch lad, and his bonnet so blue.

His cheeks are like the roses, his eyes like the sloes,
He is handsome and proper, and kills where he goes,
He is handsome and proper, and comely for to view,
He's a bonny Scotch lad, and his bonnet so blue.

When I go to my bed I can find no rest,
The thoughts of my true love still runs in my breast;
The thoughts of my true love still runs in my view,
He's a bonny Scotch lad, and his bonnet so blue.

Early in the morning when I rose from my bed,
I called upon Sally, that is my waiting maid,
To dress me as fine as her two hands could do;
I'll away and see the lad, and his bonnet so blue!

[1] Mr. Halliwell's copy reads "Kingston upon Woolwich a town in Yorkshire." The above copy is from Mr. Hailstone's collection, and reads throughout more correctly. INGLEDEW.

She was instantly dressed and parade did attend,
Where she stood impatient to hear her love nam'd
Charles Stuart they do call him, my love did renew,
Once a prince of that name wore a bonnet so blue.

My love he pass'd by me with his gun in his hand,
I strove to speak to him, but all was in vain ;
I strove to speak to him, but away quite he flew,
My heart it went with him and his bonnet so blue.

She says, " My dear laddie, I'll buy your discharge,
I'll free you from the soldiers and set you at large ;
I'll free you from the soldiers, if your heart be true,
And you'll ne'er wear a stain on that bonnet so blue."

He says, " My dear lady, you'll buy my discharge,
You'll free me from the soldiers and set me at large ;
For your kind offer I'm obliged to you,
And I'll ne'er wear a stain on that bonnet so blue.

" I have a dear lass in my own country,
I'll ne'er forsake her for her poverty ;
To the girl that I love I will always prove true,
And I'll ne'er wear a stain on that bonnet so blue."

I'll send for a limner from London to Hull,
To draw my love's picture out in the full,
Set it in my chamber, keep it close in my view,
And I'll think on the lad, for his heart it is true.

INGLEDEW, pp. 138, 139 ; HALLIWELL, pp. 294-296.

The Sledmere Poachers.[1]

Come, all you gallant poaching lads, and gan alang with me,
And let's away to Sledmere woods, some game for to see ;
It's far and near, and what they say it's more to feel than see,
So come my gallant poaching lads, and gan alang with me.

Chorus.

We are all brave poaching lads, our names we dare not tell,
And if we meet the keeper, boys, we'll make his head to swell.

[1] From a broadside in the possession of Mr. Hailstone.

On the fifth of November last, it being a star-light night,
The time it was appointed, boys, that we were all to meet,
When at twelve o'clock at midnight, boys, we all did fire a gun,
And soon my lads, it's we did hear, old hares begin to run.

We have a dog, they call him Sharp, he Sledmere woods did stray,
The keeper he fell in with him and fain would him betray ;
He fired two barrels at the dog, intending him to kill,
But by his strength and speed of foot he tript across the hill.

All on one side and both his thighs he wounded him full sore,
Before we reached home that night with blood was covered o'er ;
On recovering of his strength again, revenged for evermore,
There's never a hare shall him escape that runs on Sledmere shore.

We have a lad, they call him Jim, he's lame on all one leg,
Soon as the gun is shoulder'd up, his leg begins to wag ;
When the gun presented fire, and the bird came tumbling down,
This lad he kick'd him with his club before he reached the ground.

So as we marched up Burlington road we loaded every gun,
Saying if we meet a keeper bold we'll make him for to run,
For we are all bright Sledmere lads, our names we will not tell,
But if we meet a keeper bold we'll make his head to swell.

We landed into Cherry woods ; we went straight up the walk ;
We peak'd the pheasants in the trees, so softly we did talk ;
We mark'd all out, what we did see, till we return'd again,
For we were going to Colleywoodbro' to fetch away the game.

Come, all you gallant poaching lads, if I must have my will,
Before we try to shoot this night lets try some hares to kill ;
For shooting as you very well know, it makes terrible sound,
So if we shoot before we hunt we shall disturb the ground.

We landed into Suddaby fields, to set we did begin,
Our dog he was so restless there, we scarce could keep him in ;
But when our dog we did let loose, 'tis true they call him Watch,
And before we left that ground that night he fifteen hares did catch.

So it's eight cock-pheasants and five hens, all these we marked right well.
We never fired gun that night but down a pheasant fell.
You gentlemen wanting pheasants, unto me you must apply,
Both hares and pheasants you shall have, and them right speedily.

So now my lads, it's we'll gan yam, we'll take the nearest way,
And if we meet a keeper bold his body we will bray ;
For we are all bright Sledmere lads, our names we will not tell,
And if we meet a keeper bold, his head we'll make to swell.

So come, you poaching lads, who love to hunt the game,
And let us fix a time when we will meet again ;
For at Colleywoodbro' there's plenty of game, but we'll gan no more.
The next port shall be Kirby Hill where hares do run by scores !

INGLEDEW, pp. 308-311.

The Jovial Sailor's Crew.

You merchant men in every part,
To Hull now repair,
You may recreate yourselves with sport
And view the ships most fair.
Our trading is most flourishing
As ever I did view,
And there is none can be compar'd.
To the Jovial Sailor's Crew.

So we merry noble sailors,
That ramble here and there,
When we are in the ale-house
We drink ale and beer.
We drink our liquor freely,
Our joys for to renew,
So there's none to be compar'd
To the Jovial Sailor's Crew.

We sailors are the best of hearts,
And excel all other trades,
We scorn to sneak to either side,
We're nobler brisk blades.
We drink our liquor freely,
Our joys for to renew ;
Then sure none can be compar'd
To the Jovial Sailor's Crew.

When peace it is concluded,
And war is at an end,
Then bonny lad, we'll all rejoice
When these bad times do mend.
True love will be in fashion,
Our joys will then renew ;
Drink to the prosperity of our trade,
And the Jovial Sailor's Crew.

Good success unto our ships
Going out and coming in ;
Navigation, it excels
All arts under the sun.
When our ships they are arriving,
Looks pleasant to our view,
Our bells they shall merrily ring
For the Jovial Sailor's Crew.

Come let us drink round, boys,
Unto the church and King,
And many that do oppose them,
May they in halters swing !

Likewise unto our merchants ;
Good sir, let me pledge you,
For there's none can be compared
To the Jovial Sailor's Crew.

And now for to conclude, boys,
Let's merrily drink round,
And stand fast to our ships, boys,
And ne'er seem to rebound.
So here's a health to all true hearts,
That ever will prove true,
Since there's none can be compar'd
To the Jovial Sailor's Crew.

And whilst we have our health, boys,
Let's ne'er conceit we're poor ;
For when that we have spent all,
We'll to the seas for more.
We'll drink a health to honest blades,
That ever will prove true,
Since there's none to be compar'd
To the Jovial Sailor's Crew.

HALLIWELL, pp. 257-259.

The Lady's Glove.

From the East Riding. It seems to be a corrupt fragment of a fine poem.[1]

A wealthy young squire from Tanswick he came
A courting a nobleman's daughter so fair ;
All for to marry her was his intent,
All friends and relations had given consent.

The time was appointed for their wedding-day,
A young farmer was chosen to give her away ;
No sooner did the lady the farmer espy
It enraged her heart : " O my heart," she did cry.

[1] [The compiler is informed, as the book is passing through the press, that there is a complete copy in J. H. DIXON's *Ballads and Songs of Peasantry of England*, Percy Society, vol. xvii.]

Instead of being married she took to her bed,
The thought of the farmer so ran in her head;
Coat, waistcoat, and breeches the fair maid put on,
And she went a-shooting with her dog and gun.

She oftentime firèd but nothing she killed,
Till at length the young farmer came into the field.
"I thought thou hadst been at the wedding," she cried,
"To wait on the squire and give him his bride."

"O, no," said the farmer, with his heart full of love,
"I ne'er could give her away, I love her too well!"
The lady was pleasèd to hear him so bold,
And gave him her glove all flowerèd with gold.

Returning home she made a vow only to marry the man who found her glove, and said:

* * * * * *

"The man that shall find it and bring it to me
The bride of that man and his wife will I be."

ADDY, pp. 146, 147.

The Seven Stars.

An old Dickering-Song.

When I was living in the East Riding, my attention was occasionally arrested by a curious old song I used to hear sung at rent dinners and other gatherings of a similar nature. This old song was popularly known by the name of "The Seven Stars." . . . Upon inquiry I found it to be traditional, and I was unable to trace it back for more than about a hundred years. It seemed to belong to a small portion of the Wapentake of Dickering, namely the district between Bridlington and Lowthorpe. I find no trace of it anywhere else.[1] . . . (P. 189.)

I sing the one oh! What is the one oh?
12's the twelve apostallers;

[1] Quite recently I have been informed that on one occasion, many years ago, "The Seven Stars" was sung in Hull.

11 eleven evangelists ;
10's the ten commandments ;
9's the cubit rangers, and
8 of them prov'd walkers ;
7 sev'n stars in the sky, and
6 of them bright shiners ;
5's the thimbles in a bowl, and
4's the gospel makers, and
3 three's the hero ;
2 two's the lily white bush
below the garden green oh !
And when the one is left alone
there's no one to be seen oh !

(Pp. 193, 194.)

When sung, a singer begins by singing

" I sing the one oh ! "

Another asks the question in the same tone :

" What is the one oh ? "

The first singer then sings the words referring to one. The process of question and answer is repeated for each number, the company joining in at the words of the previous number and singing the numbers back to one, similar to the repetition in " The House that Jack Built " (p. 192).

[Words and music are given, pp. 193-196.]

COLLIER, pp. 189, 192, 193, 194.

Howden Fair.

Upwards of five-and-thirty years ago I noted down the words of the following rude song from the lips of one who had learned it by hearing it sung by Lincolnshire farmers and horse-dealers, who were in the habit of visiting the great Yorkshire horse fair in the earlier years of the reign of George III. Early in the present century my father procured a manuscript copy from an old man called Amos Sharp of Messingham. That is now before me. The two texts are almost identical. I cannot ascertain that it has ever appeared in print. It

has certainly no literary merits to commend it to the attention of your readers, but it will not, on that account, be without interest for some Yorkshireman :—

Howden Fair.

(Tune, " Nancy Dawson.")

It's I have been to Howden Fair,
And, oh, what sights did I see there ;
To hear my tale would make you stare,
  And see the horses showing.
They come from east, they come from west,
They bring their worst, they bring their best,
And some they lead and drive the rest
  Unto the fair at Howden.
    Tal al al, All at the Fair at Howden.

There were blacks and bays and duns and grays,
And soreléd horses, aye, and mares,
And pyball'd too, I do declare
  And more than I do know on,
There were blind and lame and wind-gall'd too,
Crib-biters were there not a few,
And roarers more than one or two,
  All at the fair at Howden
    Tal al al, etc.

All ages too, as I'm alive,
From one to two to thirty-five
And some they scarce could lead or drive
  Or in the streets could show them.
There were broken-winded too, I saw,
And some for panting scarce could draw,
And there were clickers, too, I knaw,
  All at the fair at Howden.
    Tal al al, etc.

Now some upon the stones were shown,
And others found upon soft ground ;
And up the hills their heads were turn'd,
  And that's the way to show them.

They can gain or lose an inch or two,
By managing the hoof or shoe,
Oh, yes, they this and more can do
All at the fair at Howden.
Tal al al, etc.

Then the dealers through the streets do splash,
And swing around a long whip-lash,
And say " My lads come stand a swash,
And lets have room to show them.'
They crack their whips and curse and swear,
And cry " My lads, be of good cheer,
For this, my lads, is Howden fair.
How do you like the fair at Howden ? "

Bottesford Manor Brigg.
Edward Peacock, N. & Q. 7th S. vol. v. p. 345.

There is a variant, N. & Q. 11th S. vol. iv. p. 325.

See also SECTION xv. p. 209.
See SECTION ii. p. 28 for Naburn May Song.
See SECTION x. pp. 87, 106, 107, 112 *et seq.*, for Christmas, Harvest etc. Songs.

SECTION XV.

PLACE AND PERSONAL LEGENDS.

CHURCHES.

Barmston Church. The exterior wall towards the south-west end of the chancel contains a singular aperture which has baffled the ingenuity of the most learned in church architecture to define its origin and use. There is, however, a legend among the villagers which explains the object of the individual who caused the aperture to be made, and is in substance, though highly ridiculous, as follows: "That an eccentric old 'husbandman' (he would not be called a 'farmer') was so afraid that his body should be buried before his life was extinct, that he ordered an opening to be left from his grave to the external air, and consequently a cutting was made through the church wall, which, communicating with the coffin, afforded ample breathing space."

VARLEY, pp. 76, 77.

Beverley Minster. In the north aisle of the choir is a small colonnade of black marble pillars between which and the wall are a number of lateral stone steps ascending and descending, which communicated with some buildings which have entirely vanished before the ravages of time. . . . It is traditionally asserted that these steps communicated with the shrine of Saint John of Beverley, which was erected by archbishop Puttoc. . . . This conjecture can have no foundation in fact.—OLIVER, pp. 338, 339 and *footnote.*

In one of the buttresses of the north tower is observed a standing figure with flowing drapery. . . . It is said to be a

figure of some member of the Vavasour family who is supposed to have given the free use of his stone quarries at Tadcaster, towards the building of this part of the church.

OLIVER, p. 313.

The Two Sisters.—In the south aisle of the nave are the remains of a sepulchral monument, which is said to perpetuate the memory of two maiden ladies, who are feigned to have made a voluntary grant of a large extent of pasture ground in Beverley, as common right to the burgesses at large. It is even added that these benevolent females were members of the family of earl Puch or Puca, who resided at Bishop-Burton, and in whose household Saint John of Beverley is said to have effected a miraculous cure. This conjecture is not entitled to credit. . . . Indeed there is no truth whatever in this tale.—OLIVER, p. 320 and *footnote.*

Tradition has assigned it to two maiden sisters, who gave two of the common pastures to the town ; and as traditionary accounts of this nature are not to be disregarded it may be partly true. . . . The subject has not escaped the notice of the modern poet.—POULSON, vol. ii. p. 704.

[Verses which have been attributed to Alaric A. Watts embody a story possibly traditional, not impossibly original, that one Christmas Eve two sisters who were nuns at Beverley did not return to their cells after Mass, but stood silent in the cloisters and disappeared. Nothing was seen of them until the Eve of St. John in summer-time when they were found entranced upon the threshold with "lifted hands and heaven-ward eye." They were not at all conscious of the length of their absence : they had been in the kingdom of heaven and they would not tarry any more on earth. They asked the Abbess for her blessing, and, having received it, their spirits fled and their bodies were laid "side by side in the chapel fair."

"With their snowy brow, and their glossy hair,
They look not like the dead ;
Fifty summers have come and passed away
But their loveliness knoweth no decay
. . . . . .
And many a pilgrim bends the knee
At the shrine of the sisters of Beverley."

See INGLEDEW, pp. 119-122.]

Bridlington. Many years ago a number of workmen were busily engaged in repairing the roof of the grand old Priory Church, one of the oldest parish churches in the East Riding. For this purpose a long beam of timber was required, which had to be taken into the church in order to be hoisted up to the roof. It was hauled to the richly-ornamented western entrance, when its length was found to be greater than the width of the doorway. Here things were brought to a stand-still, and the perplexing question arose—"How are we to get the beam into the church?" They set their wits to work, and one suggested that they should saw the beam in two; another suggested that they should cut a few feet from each end; and a third proposed that they should knock a few stones out of each side of the doorway to make an opening sufficiently wide to admit it. . . .

While the workmen were busily suggesting their various schemes for getting the beam into the church, one of them looked up to [the] "Awd Steeple," and observed a jackdaw, which was building its nest there, fly into one of the crevices, with the end of a long straw in its mouth, which it dragged in. Observing this, he suddenly exclaimed, "Did ya see that, lads! That jackdaw tewk that sthraw in endways on. Let's see if this beeam'll gan in seeam way." His mates were struck with the inspiration. They turned the beam end-wise, and got it into the church without further difficulty. From that time to the present all natives of Bridlington have been facetiously called "Bolliton Jackdaws."

NICHOLSON (2), pp. 102-104.

Buckthorpe Churchyard. On the north the parishioners have an almost insuperable objection to any interment taking place. A late sexton once made a curious discovery when digging a grave. About four feet below the surface he found an entire skeleton without any trace of the body having been buried in a coffin. But the remarkable point is that it was laid *face* downwards and that the feet lay to the *west* instead of as usual to the *east*, the *head* being to the east, entirely reversing the common mode of burial. There was probably some ecclesiastical reason for its occupying this unusual

position, though what that reason was it is, of course, quite impossible to say.—APPLEFORD, pp. 18, 19.

Gt. Driffield. The parish Church . . . [is] said by tradition to have been built by one of the Hotham family, to absolve a vow made during a dangerous illness, to undertake a pilgrimage to the Holy Land; or as another version of the story has it, as the price of absolution for the sin of incontinence.—WHITE, p. 202.

Little Driffield Church . . . contains an inscription—quite modern—commemorating the burial there of Alfred, King of Northumberland, A.D. 705. Reader! forgive the countryman who believes that Alfred the Great reposes here.

PHILLIPS, p. 61.

Relying on the tradition of the burial of Ældfrid within the church, the two following inscriptions have been placed therein in modern times. "In the chancel of this church lie the remains of Alfred, King of Northumbria, who departed this life in the year 705." "Within this chancel lies interred the body of Alfred King of Northumberland, who departed this life January 19th A.D. 705, in the 20th year of his reign. *Statutum est omnibus semel mori.*" . . .

In the year 1785 the London newspapers contained an apochryphal [*sic*] account of a search alleged to have been made in the church for his remains . . . was accepted as a genuine and faithful narrative, and was reproduced in Cook's "Topography of Great Britain." It stated that "the Society of Antiquaries, having had undoubted information that the remains of King Alfred the Great, who died in the year 901, were deposited in the parish church of Driffield about twenty miles from Hull deputed two of that learned body (accompanied by other gentlemen) to take up and examine the same. Accordingly on Tuesday, 20th Sept. last, the above gentlemen, with proper assistants entered the church for that purpose to be directed to the identical spot by a secret history. After digging some time they found a stone coffin, and on opening the same, discovered the entire skeleton of that great and pious Prince together with most part of his steel armour, the remainder of which had probably been corroded

by dust and length of time. After satisfying their curiosity, the coffin was closed as well as the grave, that everything might remain in the state as when found. In the history above alluded to, it appears that King Alfred being wounded in the battle of Stamford Briggs, returned to Driffield, where he languished of his wounds 20 days and then expired, and was interred in the parish church thereof. During his sickness he chartered four fairs at that place which are now annually held."

The narrative displays on the part of the writer a lamentable ignorance of Anglo-Saxon history, etc., etc.

Ross, pp. 9, 10.

[See also *County Folk-lore*, vol. ii. pp. 398, 399, *footnote*.]

Easington Church. The [west ?] door-way is probably of the twelfth century and well merits religious care; nor is the tradition unlikely, that it was brought hither from Burstwick on the dissolution of that Priory.

Poulson (2), vol. ii. p. 376.

Eastrington Church. The Aysthorpe chapel is on the north side of the chancel, and has contained some fine brasses, but they are gone. Tradition says the spoliation was by Cromwell's soldiers when on their march from Hull to Howden and Wressle, and we met with something of this tradition whilst making a drawing of the tomb of Judge Portington. A little fellow came to us and gravely asserted that the head of the lady was shot off by one of Oliver Cromwell's big cannons, and on our not being willing to believe his account, he turned away very indignant at our infidelity.—Hall, p. 157.

Godmanham Church. According to tradition, the present church at Godmanham . . . a very ancient edifice, was built from the ruins of the Pagan temple [in which Coifi hurled his spear at the idol he had once served].

Walter White, p. 50.

The original font was sold, or given away by some Gothic churchwarden in the 16th century; and after being many generations in a farm yard, was purchased in 1805 by the

Rev. J. Stillingfleet, and placed in the rectory gardens at Hotham, where it still remains. This rude font is said to be the identical basin in which Coifi, the last pagan priest of " Godmondingham " was baptized.—WHITE, p. 222.

Holme-on-Spalding Moor. The church (All Saints) is a neat structure, with an elegant and well proportioned tower, and occupies a lofty situation, near the beacon, upon the summit of the hill, on the east side of the village. . . . It is probable that the church was erected on this eminence, to serve as a land mark to travellers in crossing the extensive morasses which formerly abounded in this neighbourhood, and tradition says that on the edge of the moor was a cell, founded by one of the Constables, or the Vavasours, for two monks, whose employment was to guide travellers over the dreary wastes. While one of them acted as conductor, the other implored by prayers the protection of heaven for those that were exposed to the dangers of the road; and these offices are said to have been performed alternately.

WHITE, p. 224.

Hemingbrough Church . . . was a collegiate establishment of fame, traditionally said to occupy the site of a Roman fort. In the construction of the church there are two kinds of stone used; that forming the west end and part of the north side of the fabric is said to have been worked by Roman masons and taken from the ruins of their stronghold.

WHEATER, vol. i. p. 311.

A tomb-stone of an uncommon kind lying in the chantry of the Balthorpe family, still bears witness to . . . destructive zeal. It is the figure of a man, almost attenuated to a skeleton, with the bones and ribs apparently protruding through the skin and drapery which cover it. The eyes are half closed, and it altogether presents a most singular object but whom it may represent or what extreme state of human wretchedness it may depict is beyond conjecture. Tradition, which has an answer for every question, assigns it to the effigy of a man who fell from the spire or tower during its construction, but that is clearly an idle rumour.

ANON., pp. 71, 72.

There is a tradition in the village, that at the time of the civil wars between Charles I. and the parliament there was an organ in the roodloft, and that some of the republican soldiers pulled it down and went through the streets blowing the pipes.—ALLEN, vol. ii. *footnote*, p. 353.

The organ of **Howden**, according to Gent, met with the same treatment.—HEMINGBROUGH, p. 20.

Hornsea Church. A tradition exists of this building being, when built, ten miles from the sea, and the following distich is quoted as having been inscribed on the steeple :

> Hornsea steeple when I built thee,
> Thou was 10 miles off Burlington,
> 10 miles off Beverley and 10 miles off sea.

If ever there was such an inscription, which is extremely questionable, persons were living in Mr. Dade's time who must have known it, but who neither saw nor heard of it.

POULSON (2), vol. i. p. 332.

The Crypt.—In 1732 it was made a place of concealment for smuggled goods ; and Mr. Whytehead has recorded that he had heard that, in the night of the 23rd December, 1732, the parish clerk was concealing goods there at the very time when a short and sudden hurricane unroofed the church. The clerk was suddenly afflicted with a paralytic stroke, which deprived him of the use of his speech. This was, of course, pronounced to be *a judgment*.—BEDELL, p. 107.

The following curious account is given in the words of the writer : The vault had been open time immemorial, and, I am sorry to tell you, has been used formerly as a place to conceal smuggled goods in. I have heard that the late parish clerk was concealing prohibited goods there in the night of the 23rd December, 1732, the very time when the violent hurricane came and unroofed the church, the door having been opened by the clerk for that bad design, George **** 's ship [he was a noted smuggler] was certainly near the beck that night, and was laid flat on her side during the time the tempest continued, which was only two minutes. The parish clerk was suddenly afflicted with a paralytic stroke, which deprived him of the use of his speech, and confined

him to his bed some months before his death. We are not fully authorized to declare the causes of God's judgments, but this hurricane, a few centuries ago, would have been deemed so. . . .

The remainder of the letter is worn away with mildew.

POULSON (2), vol. i. p. 332.

Howden Church. Here . . . tradition and history placed the tomb of Osara the sister of Osred, king of Northumbria, who lived at an era long antecedent to the Conquest. . . . Connected with this tomb is a singularly remarkable monkish fable given by an old historian. For reasons not now known Osara has found a place in the Roman Calendar under the name of Saint Hosana, and at her shrine were worked miracles of no ordinary character. . . . A concubine, he tells us, of a rector of the church of Howden . . . with shame be it spoken, seated her impure person upon this sacred tomb. When she thought to rise from it she found herself bound down to it by a miraculous spell which set at defiance the ingenuity and contrivance of mortal power to move her. Thus "fixis ligno natibus," as the historian without periphrasis has it, the wondering people ran, her garments were torn off, her naked person striped [*sic*], even to the shedding of much blood, till by prayers, repentance and supplication divinely winged she walked on her way.—ANON., pp. 146, 147.

Hunmanby Church. It is not many years since there were aged men still living who remembered a board in Hunmanby Church with the following inscription:

Gilbert de Gant do make the grant, of Hunmanby Moor, to feed the poor, that they may never want.

O.Y. vol. i. p. 37.

The bell in the clock at All Saint's Church, Hunmanby, is said to have been brought from St. Paul's Cathedral, and is inscribed

Campana Beate Marie Virginis J. H. C.

O.Y. vol. i. p. 82.

Kayingham. On the night following the nativity of St. John the Baptist (24th June, 1392, 16 R. II.) a terrible tempest of wind, thunder and lightning occurred on this coast

and struck the church of Kayingham. . . . In the south part of the church, near the tomb of Master Philip Ingleberd, formerly rector (viz. 1321) professor of sacred Theology, a stone was drawn out of the wall in so singular a manner as to appear as if no stone had been placed there. In the middle of the nave the wooden pix and the *tablata* shone with great splendour, but were scarcely injured; and although there was a quantity of wood about the tomb of the said Philip, it was scarcely touched. The villagers, who were aroused from their beds by this terrific storm, proceeded to the church and applied ladders to the walls, and with buckets attempted to stop the fire which had seized the building, in which it appears they were successful, and although a ladder fell with thirteen men on it, with such force as to break a heavy stone, yet no one was injured; and still stranger to relate, the tomb of Philip oozed out sweet scented oil on the occasion, which was esteemed miraculous.—(Meaux Chart.)

POULSON (2), vol. ii. p. 420.

Kirkham Priory, was founded for Augustinian Canons in 1121 by Walter l'Espec . . . and his wife Adeline. Their only son Walter is said to have been killed by the fall of his horse at Frithby or Firby, on the Derwent not far from Kirkham; and his father resolving . . . to devote the greater part of his wealth to God, founded three religious houses. . . . (It is remarkable that no reference whatever is made to the son of Walter l'Espec in any of the charters of foundation. The story of his death is told in a vol. of collections among the Cotton MSS. (Vitell. F. 4) whence it was copied into the "Mon. Angl." The local legend asserts that a wild boar, rushing across the road, startled the horse, which flung its rider against a stone that now forms part of a cross before the gatehouse at Kirkham, and then dragged him by the stirrup to the place where he was found, which was therefore chosen as the place of the high altar.)

MURRAY, pp. 166, 167.

A legend called the "Curse of Kirkham" tells the hapless fate of a family supposed to have benefited largely by the dissolution of this monastery.

MURRAY, p. 168.

Cp. *sub* **Howsham**, *post*, p. 204.

Preston Church. Above the [West] window is a pinnacled niche, with a bust having a beard (commonly called Bishop Lun [1]).

[1] It may refer to Sir Gerard de Lund, kt. of Preston, who witnesses a deed dated 4 Feby., 1388.

POULSON (2), vol. ii. p. 187 and *footnote*.

Withernsea and **Owthorpe Churches.** The old local tradition respecting the erection of the two original Churches at Withernsea and Owthorne, said to have been founded in the reign of John, is that these manors were owned by two sisters who desired to provide accommodation for public worship on their joint estates. Whilst, however, one Church was in course of erection the good ladies quarrelled as to whether it should have a tower or a spire; and because they could not agree on this point, each built a Church according to her own taste. That neither of the Churches, which are both still remembered as the "Sister Churches," has a spire is not to the purpose; since the tradition refers to earlier erections, and even adds that there was a third rich sister, who wished to achieve the good work of cutting a canal from the sea to the Humber, but was herself cut off by death before she accomplished it. The more sensible and plain solution of the term "Sister Churches" may be found in the fact of their being built near to each other and being similar in structure.—GATTY, pp. 5, 6.

SUBTERRANEAN PASSAGES.

Flamborough. The Kirk Hole [cavern is] said to extend from the north shore, directly under the church, and hence its derivation. . . . [The church] is at least three-quarters of a mile distant.—ALLEN, vol. ii. pp. 313, 314 and *footnote*.

Referred to also SECTION i. p. 1.

Hornsea. There is something like a nearly worn-out tradition that a monastic house once stood there [on a moat-enclosed site near the Old Hall], and that it communicated with the crypt under the church by a subterranean passage.

BEDELL, p. 118.

Hull. South Blockhouse west Bastion of Citadel (1681). There is a tradition of a subterraneous passage out of the fort which went under the river, and came out in the town somewhere near the Market Place, but no account of it can be relied on.—HARTLEY, p. 686.

Meaux or **Milsa Abbey.** The ground occupied by the church can yet be traced; near it is a subterranean passage which has been explored to a considerable extent, and is described as being executed in well finished stone work.

POULSON (2), vol. ii. p. 316.

Said to be connected with Beverley Minster by a subterranean passage. Once when the monks of the Abbey suffered much for want of food during a siege a lady of Burstwick volunteered to get supplies from Beverley by means of this passage. For three days she walked from the Minster to the Abbey laden with provisions until she died in the passage of exhaustion and fatigue, and her body was not recovered by the monks until some days after.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 57.

Watton Nunnery. Tradition says, that a subterranean passage existed in old times, which formed a communication between the convent and a holy well at Kilnwick dedicated to the blessed Virgin and called "The Lady's Well," and that the nuns performed many wonderful cures by the agency of this miraculous water.—OLIVER, p. 531.

Watton Abbey is believed to have an underground passage to Beverley Minster, or, as some say, to the Lady Well at Kilnwick, whose holy waters have been most powerful in working miraculous cures.—HOPE, p. 199.

BUILDINGS AND PLACES.

Aldborough.—The . . . sighing of the sea is sometimes called "Aubro Dol," and there is a tradition that the bells of the destroyed church . . . can still be heard ringing beneath the waves.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 52.

Beverley. [William I.] was hunting when he first heard of the Danish invasion [1070], and swore *by God's splendour*, his

usual oath, that he would destroy all the people of Northumbria. He spread his camps over the country, for the space of a hundred miles, and then the execution of his vow began. The lands of John of Beverley were, however, spared, from a circumstance which alarmed the superstitious fears of William. Alured of Beverley, a monkish writer of the twelfth century, who was treasurer of the collegiate church of St. John, and resided here, states "that the Conqueror destroyed men, women, and children, from York even to the Western sea, except those who fled to the church of the glorious confessor, the most blessed John, archbishop, at Beverley, as the only asylum. When it was known that the king's army had pitched their tents within seven miles of Beverley, all the people of the district fled thither for protection, and brought their valuables with them. Certain soldiers for the purposes of rapine entered the town, and not meeting with any resistance, had the temerity to advance to the church-yard: Thurstinus, their captain, on seeing a venerable man sumptuously clothed with golden bracelets on his arms, moving towards the church (to the astonishment of the people, who wondered what he could be doing outside the church) dashed after him, sword in hand, without the least respect to the place, rushing through the doors of the edifice, which he had scarcely entered before he became a corpse, falling from his horse with a broken neck, and his head turned towards his back, his feet and hands distorted like a misshapen monster. This was considered a miracle by all. The astonished and terrified companions of Thurstinus, throwing down their arms, humbly besought John to have mercy on them; then returning to the king, related the circumstances to him, who fearing similar revenge on the rest of his army, sent for the elders of the church, and whatever liberty had been conferred by former kings and princes to the church, he confirmed by his authority and seal. That he might not fall short of his predecessors in munificence, he decorated the church with valuable presents, and increased its possessions; and to prevent his army from disturbing its peace, he commanded them to remove to a greater distance, and there pitch their tents." Thus were the demesne lands of St. John surrounded as it were with a magic ring.—POULSON, vol. i. pp. 43-45.

Adjoining the Minster-yard, towards the south west, stands, the ancient manor-house for Beverley Water-towns called the Hall Garth, which is now converted into an inn, and distinguished by the sign of Admiral Duncan. An old tradition makes this the residence of Saint John of Beverley. . . . Here was the original gaol, which was usually situated within the manorial precincts. . . . It is said, but I cannot tell on what authority, that this prison is within the jurisdiction of Saint Peter at York. I am also informed that there is a low room, in the George and Dragon inn, divided by a beam in the ceiling, one half of which is in the same jurisdiction ; and that debtors have been known, within the memory of man, to take refuge here and bid defiance to their creditors.—OLIVER, p. 275 and *footnote.*

Grove-hill, anciently called Grovull or Groveale . . . is reputed to have been the landing place of the Romans, when they forced their vessels up the river Hull to penetrate into this part of the province of Deira. . . . As a confirmation of this tradition, some Roman coins and other antiquities have, at different times, been dug up at this place.

OLIVER, p. 297 and *footnote.*

Boynton Hall. Among other curiosities preserved here is the thigh bone of the famous outlaw " Little John," measuring 38 inches, taken out of his grave at Hathersage in Derbyshire, some 70 or 80 years ago.

SHEAHAN and WHELLAN, vol. ii. p. 443 ; ALLEN, vol. ii. p. 304.

Brough. *Castle Hill.*—It is not a little remarkable that Turpin the highway-man should have resided in an old house which stood on this spot, and that he was taken in this village previously to his last trial at York.—GUIDE, p. 50, *footnote.*

Burstwick. There is a tradition related of an occurrence which took place during one of the progresses of Henry VIII. —presumably that of 1541, when he is known to have lingered hereabouts. . . . In one of these Holderness mansions, if not Brustwick for certain, Henry had been " rooked " of his last copper, and as is usual among gamblers, when his funds

were all gone his *revenge* had to be obtained. But how should he find the wherewithal? . . . The church of Preston, a Brustwick manor, and hard by offered a ready solution of the difficulty. It possessed a valuable "ring of bells. . . ." On the last hand which was to give him his revenge Henry staked Preston bells—and lost! . . . The bells were taken down and shipped for conveyance hence; but then our "good father Humber" saw fit to intervene, and he would not permit the sacrilege to be carried to such monstrous gain and end. He rose in his wrath, and it is said swallowed up ship and bells and all besides, except the great Harry.

WHEATER, vol. ii. p. 75.

Cottingham. The manor house at Cottingham, called Baynard castle, exhibited a fine specimen of feudal magnificence and massive grandeur; but it was destined, from the rigid principles of honour which influenced the mind of its noble proprietor, to a premature and unnatural destruction. The distinguishing vice in the character of king Henry VIII. was an unlimited passion for the female sex. . . . Lord Wake had a beautiful wife, whom he loved with all the affection of a youthful bridegroom, and he lived a retired life at Baynard castle, out of the reach, as he supposed, of royal temptation; when one day his energies were suddenly roused and excited into action by a notice that the amorous monarch, who was at Hull, would the next day honour him with a visit. It was equally impracticable to decline or evade the intended honour; and the baron foresaw that if the charms of his lady should make an impression on the heart of his royal visitor, disgrace, and perhaps imprisonment, or even death, would be his certain lot. No time was to be lost in deliberation. Something must be done, and that instantly. He determined therefore to preserve his honour and the virtue of his wife, at the expense of his property. Should there be no house of reception on the morrow, it was impossible that the king could be entertained; he therefore sallied forth, at dead of night, with his blooming treasure on his arm, and gave orders to his confidential steward to fire the castle. His commands were obeyed so effectually that the flames penetrated through every part of the fabric, and in the morning

nothing remained of this hospitable mansion but a black pile of smouldering ruins. . . . The tidings were conveyed to Henry that Baynard castle had been consumed by *accidental* flames; and the king's generous nature incited him to tender as an unconditional present to lord Wake, the sum of £2000, towards the restoration of his patrimonial mansion. His lordship modestly declined the offer . . . and he prudently removed his establishment to a distant residence. . . . Thus sank this noble edifice into ruin; and nothing now remains but moats and ramparts, inclosing an area of about two acres, to mark the spot where this distinguished nobleman made so vast a sacrifice to preserve the honour of his family from violation.—OLIVER, pp. 464, 465; OVERTON, pp. 37, 38, 39.

Gt. Driffield, 3 miles N.E. of. There are numerous barrows in this neighbourhood; the most remarkable of which are those near the edge of the Wold about 3 miles N.E. of Driffield. There is a secluded spot of wooded ground, measuring four acres, covered with nearly 200 tumuli of slight elevation, so closely arranged as not to leave more than 3½ feet between any two of them. They are called Danes' Graves, and the valley near to this ancient cemetery is called Danes' Dale. They are supposed to be the graves of Danish invaders who fell in battle here, perhaps in combat with the troops of Harold; or the spot may have been the place of sepulture of a colony of Danes, residing at Danes' Dale. They are not recorded in history, and all that is known of them is their traditionary name. They have frequently been opened, and each mound is generally found to contain a skeleton, but weapons, ornaments, or other articles usually found in barrows have been rarely met with.

SHEAHAN and WHELLAN, vol. ii. p. 502.

Ebberston. Above the village is, or was, a small cave in a rock called *Ilfrid's* or *Alfrid's Hole.* Tradition (and one of long standing, since there was formerly an inscription over the cave recording it) asserts that Alfred of Northumbria was wounded in a battle within the entrenchments at Scamridge (long lines on the moors above Ebberston, which are, however, in all probability, British works), that he fled, took

shelter in this cave, and was on the following day taken to Driffield, where he died.—MURRAY, p. 177.

Easington. *Old Hall.*—There is a tradition generally prevalent in the village, that Charles I. slept one night here during the rebellion under the roof of Col. Overton; but it does not appear on record that Charles ever proceeded into Holderness during his persecutions, and probably the tradition, which had its origin in some now indistinctly remembered fact, may be referred to one of the earlier kings, who is well known to have landed on the coast of this neighbourhood.

POULSON (2), vol. ii. p. 377.

Filey. *Buck-Nab.*—A defile leading to the sea and three-quarters of a mile to the Spa is celebrated by a legend dating back a century or more. A tailor of Filey, seated on his board, was suddenly roused from his occupation by the sound of horns, the baying of hounds, and the cry of the huntsmen. The sight was not to be lost, and away ran the nimble little fellow after the chase; and as he approached the bow [brow ?] of the cliff he saw the stag leap clean over, followed by several of the hounds bounding wildly after. It was only his halloo of horror and fear that saved men's lives that day, for the huntsmen could only rein up when touching the brink.

O.Y. vol. i. p. 24; COLE, pp. 122, 123.

A middle-age tradition tells us that in one of the violent storms that visited Filey Bay, a hen-coop was washed on shore, and the natives not understanding what it was sent for the priest, a drunken old fellow. . . . He said he could not tell what it was, but he thought it would make a good organ for the church, and accordingly it was carried there.

NICHOLSON (2), p. 62.

See also SECTION i. p. 2 and SECTION xix. p. 233.

Flamborough. There is an old tradition that, in former times, money used to be thrown into the sea at the Head as a tribute to Denmark. This went by the name of *Dane Gelt.* I have made many enquiries, but I cannot gather much information about this interesting custom.

ARMYTAGE, p. 146.

Hanging Grimston. The Hamlet of Hanging Grimston, 2 miles N. of Kirby Underdale, now consists of three farm houses. . . . From the unevenness of the surface a large village is supposed to have stood here in former times.

SHEAHAN and WHELLAN, vol. ii. p. 646.

Halfield. Tradition says, that this village was at one period a place of more importance than at present, but there is no proof to be met with excepting, perhaps, the stone cross, which stands at the junction of three very narrow roads; it is of exquisite workmanship and particularly curious.

POULSON (2), vol. i. p. 444.

Hedon. The inhabitants have a tradition, that the Danes destroyed this town; and there is a close belonging to it called Danes-field to this day. The tradition does not refer to any particular period.—ALLEN, vol. ii. p. 418.

Hornsea. In the dearth of anything in the history of Hornsea connected with "the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," perhaps an obscure tradition, that a troop of Cromwell's soldiers once marched through that place on their way to Scarbro' Castle, halting for refreshment at a public-house in Southgate, the "post and pan" ruins whereof used to amuse strangers until the last three or four years, may pass muster. For greater convenience they had ale-casks brought into the street, and knocked the heads in. This is on the authority of an old man lately deceased, who had it from "old Willy Rotsey," who died at the age of 80, seventy years ago, and whose grandfather was landlord of the public-house at the time. After this event Hornsea seems to have enjoyed a long repose, which was broken by the noise, distinctly heard here, of Paul Jones' famous engagement off Flambro' Head, on the 22nd September, 1779; and *Paul Jones* was long a name of terror along the coast. The story at Hornsea was, that he fought in leaden boots, intending to leap overboard rather than be taken. The country was in constant expectation of his landing, and for some time several of the farmers kept their waggons and horses in readiness for starting with their wives and children and

neighbours, the moment this occurred. A company of soldiers was quartered at Hornsea; and several credible persons relate that one evening the manœuvres of some vessels (probably "beating to windward") appearing suspicious, the soldiers were marched down to the beach after nightfall, accompanied by such of the inhabitants as felt the requisite courage. No enemy appeared, but the captain, who had been summoned from his after-dinner wine, drew up his men with their front to the sea, and fired a volley. The policy of this proceeding was long a subject of discussion—some holding that it was unwise "to show their strength"—others that it was as well to try whether Paul Jones would take a hint.—BEDELL, pp. 83, 84.

Howsham. [The Bamburgh family] involved Howsham in the malison of St. Hilda. The earliest features of the mansion refer it to the latter years of Elizabeth, and the story goes that the then owner fetched the stone from the recently despoiled priory [Whitby ?]. This atrocity, of course, St. Hilda was bound to punish, and so she decided that the estates should be afflicted by a failure of heirs male.

WHEATER, vol. ii. p. 204.

Cp. *sub* **Kirkham Priory**, *ante*, p. 195.

Hull. It is a great contest in what Parish the old Manor was, and the present houses now are: to decide this they tell a story that *John* of the bowling-green (that was formerly within the Manor in King Henry the VIII.th's days) buried a dog that he had an exceeding great love for in the Churchyard of St. *Mary's* for which he was severely punished. Hence it was concluded the Manor was, and consequently the new buildings must have been, within that parish.

HADLEY, p. 701.

[Ray the naturalist saw at Hull among the Corporation plate a little mace] "called the bloodwipe, which they use in the parting of frays, and he that draws blood of another forfeits a noble to the Mayoress."—SHEAHAN, p. 181.

Nr. Kilham. Within a mile and a half of Kilham is a place called Danes' Graves near which it is supposed was fought a

great battle, in which infinite numbers fell, and so were laid in heaps and covered with chalky soil in little tumuli [numbering 197 and clustering over an area of four acres] of the quantity of two or three square yards.

Quoted from vol. 44 of the *Phil. Trans.* of the Royal Society.

Ross, p. 13.

[Mentioned also *sub* **Nafferton**, *post*, pp. 206, 207.]

Mappleton. William Brough Esq. . . . was marshall of the high court of admiralty. . . . The notorious pirate, Paul Jones, once the terror of these coasts, it appears entertained no very particular respect for the marshall, suspecting, perhaps, in event of his being captured, Mr. Brough would honour him with a conspicuous situation on board a British man-of-war. The pirate, therefore, when on this coast, seldom failed to pay him a compliment " en passant." It was his custom to treat the marshall with an eighteen-pound shot now and then ; his residence lying in an open space surrounded with lofty trees, was no bad landmark, being only half a mile from the sea. One of these shot, which fell near his house, is now at Rowlston Hall, in the possession of Mr. Haworth.

Poulson (2), vol. i. p. 366.

Meaux or **Melsa Abbey**. Among the monks of Fountains, in the middle of the twelfth century, there was a certain Adam de Fountains, skilled in the architecture of the period, and with a strong passion for . . . " bricks and mortar." William le Gros, Earl of Albemarle, employed him in the erection of Vaudrey Abbey, in Lincolnshire. This nobleman happened one day to remark to his architect that once he had vowed to make a pilgrimage to the Holy City, but his obesity, and his now increasing age, had prevented him from performing it. Adam promptly suggested that if he would build another Cistercian monastery it would do quite as well, for the fulfilment of his vow, as a tedious journey to Jerusalem. This the earl at once undertook to do.

The selection of the site upon his extensive estates was left to the monk. After journeying through them about four miles east of Beverley, and seven or eight miles north of Hull he came upon a delightful spot " embosomed in aged

woods, adorned by native pools and surrounded by fertile fields." In the midst of the charming landscape arose a mound, or hill, called Mount St. Mary. Here at the time of the Conquest had settled a Norman follower of that monarch [*sic*] named Gamel de Meaux, from his native place in France; and to this, his new home, the same name Meaux had been given. At this place, before the Mount St. Mary, the monk stopped, and fixing his staff in the earth he exclaimed: "This is the place that shall be called the vineyard of heaven and the gate of life! Have ye not heard, my brethren, what the prophet foretold concerning the building of the house of the Lord? 'In the last days, the mount of the Lord's house shall be prepared on the top of the hill.' These words I have been revolving all this day in my mind, and now I find that by the especial appointment of Providence a house of the Lord is to be erected on this very mount. . . ."

The spot was given for the monastery, and Adam revelled in the full scope given for his building talents, and on the 28th of December, 1150 A.D., twelve monks of Fountains, with Adam at their head, left that abbey to take possession of the new monastery of Meaux. To its original name he, its first abbot, added another, that of Melsa, saying that for the delights of religion which would be practised in it, or, according to another account, from sweetness and beauty of the spot itself, it might be compared unto heaven.

PARKINSON, pp. 37, 38, 39.

At the beginning of 1349 A.D. during Lent, six days before Easter Sunday, there occurred an earthquake throughout England so great that our monks of Melsa, while at vespers, on arriving at the verse in the evening canticle "He hath put down the mighty from their seats," were by this earthquake thrown so violently from their stalls that they all lay prostrate on the ground.

Quoted from the Chronicle of Meaux (Rolls Series).

PARKINSON, pp. 39, 40.

Nafferton. The principal feature of interest in the parish is to be found on a farm, called *Danesdale.* Here are a

number of tumuli; on which the popular voice has bestowed the name of the Danes' Graves.—WARD, p. 63.

See also *sub* **Nr. Kilham**, *ante*, p. 204.

The dignity of history informs us that [about the time of the battle of Crecy, 26 Aug. 1346] "a French peasant, Gobic Ajarre, promised to conduct Edward to a ford between Abbeville and the sea." The East Riding men, on their return from the campaign, told the monks of Melsa that their guide was a Nafferton man, who had lived in France about a dozen years, and when he heard the English speech and saw the banners of England flapping idly at the river's brink, he forgot every claim due to his adopted country and led the Englishmen over the ford. The name of the "French peasant" seems to be a thin disguise for Agar.

WHEATER, vol. ii. pp. 135, 136.

Newbald. In a grass field . . . there are distinct traces of a terrace which may have formed the front of a mansion, and a tradition exists that here was the site of the Manor House where Sir Philip Monkton "wrote his interesting memoir and other manuscripts."—HALL, p. 121.

Settrington. The poor have 15s. a year out of the manor of Settrington, called "the Lady's Dole," but the donor is unknown.—SHEAHAN and WHELLAN, vol. ii. p. 663.

Skipton Chapelry (Holme Beacon Division). Said to be the birth place of the renowned witch, Mother Shipton.

SHEAHAN and WHELLAN, vol. ii. p. 592.

Scampston. *Memorial Sacrifice.*—In connection with the coming of age of Miss St. Quintin, celebrated at Scampston on Tuesday, a curio in the possession of Mr. J. W. Rawlinson of Driffield becomes of special interest. The curio in question is a large piece of a china dinner dish, used at the coming of age of Miss St. Quintin's paternal grandfather at Lowthorpe near Driffield, some sixty or seventy years ago. The fragment, which in some places is as much as a quarter of an inch in thickness, measures nearly two feet across, and is apparently nearly the half of a round dish, or the round end

of an oval one. It is surrounded by a border of Oriental design in rich dark blue. The whole of the bottom of the dish is covered with exquisitely painted Chinese figures in very rich colours.

On the back of the fragment, on a label, is the following: "This piece of old china is part of the dinner service used at the coming of age of Colonel St. Quintin at Lowthorpe, and was brought to Driffield by Neddy Hall, the drummer. All the pieces belonging to the above dinner service were ordered to be smashed as soon as the repast was finished. Given to J. W. Rawlinson by Thomas Hodgson, 1870."

Thomas Hodgson was the son of Mrs. Charity Hodgson, who, for a great number of years, kept "The Queen's Head" Inn at Driffield. Not only was the china broken, but the drum end was broken also, and when the Driffield band of that day, who had been assisting at the celebration, turned up at "The Queen's Head," Neddy Hall, the drummer, was inside the drum with the piece of dish. It was exchanged with Mrs. Hodgson for a pint of ale. The fragment is going to be on view in the windows of Mr. Stabler, in the Market-place at Driffield. An entire service like the fragment would to-day represent a modest fortune.—Y.H. July 25, 1907.

Skipsea Brough. On the south-east bank or out-works of the castle are situated the bail wells or bail whelts, as they are more properly designated, from *bail*, a boundary or rampart, and *welt*, a rising ground. This place is celebrated as the scene of a famous duel, said to have been fought here during the civil wars. The event is so fixed in the memory of the villagers, from oral tradition, that the place where the combatants are said to have stationed themselves was so indented with their feet marks, that these marks have been kept open with a spade to the present day. The several names, and the various statements which are given in these traditions it would be useless to repeat; there does not appear to be any authentic document in existence by which those who claim to be descendants of the parties can be ascertained.

> "There too, where yon slow hill ascends on high,
> Slain by each others hands two brothers lie!
> Fiercely they fought their father's lands to gain
> The mad Läidæ of yon humble plain.

E'en yet the marks of their sad flight are found,
E'en yet their footsteps print th' unhallowed ground:
No grass e'er clothes it, and no plants adorn,
Save the keen thistle and the savage thorn."

POULSON (2), vol. i. p. 459.

See also SECTION iv. p. 52.

Spaldington. The burthen of an old song, generally sung in my younger days, still clings to my memory; and it was understood by us to relate to some eventful battle in which an owner of the Hall had borne a conspicuous part. . . . I often catch myself humming the chorus—

"And the drums they did beat and the trumpets did sound,
And the cannons did roar fit to tear up the ground,
And its oh, brave, gallant and brave
For the honour of England's crown!"

DUNHILL, pp. 8, 9.

Stamford Bridge. There is a legend at Stamford Bridge . . . about a man who lost his way when returning from a fair, and was saved by the sound of the bells. He left a guinea a year to the church for ever.—ADDY, p. 130.

It was from this place that Olave and his sorrowing Danes are supposed to have proceeded to the river, either by Kingrudding lane or what tradition still calls Olave's lane, a little to the north of it, for the purpose of embarking on board those vessels destined to reconvey them to their own country, there to report the overthrow of their king and the destruction of his people.—ANON. p. 79.

Swine. Part of the Roman encampment at Swine is known as the Giant's Grave. The mound [is] covered with ash trees.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 57.

Welton Dale. In Welton Dale there is an old twisted thorn tree, which goes by the name of Tinkler's Bush. The tree is separate from all others, and firmly fixed among its twisted roots and branches are some large stones. These are the very stones which caused the death of poor Deborah Tinkler, the wife of Gideon Tinkler, who was believed to have

bewitched her husband, and here suffered the dreadful penalty of being stoned to death.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 57.

Wressle Castle. [There was in the Dining-room at Wressle Castle] a bold carving of a stag with one horn coming out of a wood and a man bare-headed with his quiver and bugle horn hung round him, kneeling down with his hands in a supplicating posture, as if he was praying to the stag; on his right a man holding a horse, and on his left two greyhounds coupled; his cap is on the ground.

The inhabitants of Wressle have a tradition that the carving represents the Hotspur Percy in a hunting party, when a stag with one horn burst from a thicket, which, being unusual, he considered of an unlucky omen, and immediately fell on his knees to pray that the misfortune which he thought this event portended might be averted from him.—WRESSLE, p. 52 and *footnote*.

Wressle. The inhabitants of Wressle have a tradition that all the men capable of bearing arms in that parish were with the Earl of Northumberland at the battle of Chevy Chace, when most of them were slain.—WRESSLE, p. 82.

PERSONAL LEGENDS.

Bellasis.

"Bellasis! Bellasis! daft was thy knowl [head]
When thoo swap't Bellasis for Henknoll."

A popular saying relative to a foolish exchange of estates in the 15th century.—HOLD. GLOSS. p. 84.

See also SECTION xvi. p. 217.

Burythorpe. *Consit.*—Francis Consit died here in 1768, aged 150 years! and is said to have prolonged his life by taking great exercise and occasionally eating a raw new-laid egg.—WHITE, p. 344.

Dawnay.—Viscounts Downe, Lords of the Manor of Driffield . . . Sir William Kt., son of Haldenal went with Richard

Cœur de Lion to the Holy Land and proved to be a most redoubtable warrior, slaying in single combat a gigantic Saracen, and killing a fierce lion that attacked him when alone. He laid one of the huge paws of the lion at the feet of the King, who, for his valour, promoted him to a high command in the army, and granted him a crest—a demi-Saracen, with a lion's paw and a ring ; the latter being a ring he presented him with from his own finger, the original being still preserved by the family as one of their most precious heirlooms. A local tradition, however, gives an altogether different version of the origin of the crest, saying that it was granted to one of the family for killing, with a miller's pick, a great and terrible giant who infested the woods about Sessay, and was guilty of many enormities and crimes. [See *County Folk-lore*, vol. ii. pp. 412, 413.]—Ross, pp. 130, 131.

Aldbrough. *De Melsa.*—The principal . . . [monument] is one of Sir John de Melsa of Bewick. . . . It is of the altar form ; on the table is the full length effigy of a man in armour, with a conical basinet and surcoat, his feet resting on a lion. The tomb measures 8 ft. by 3 ft. 7 [inches] ; the figure itself 6 feet 6 inches, and nearly two feet across the shoulders. There is a tradition that he was a man of great stature and immense strength ; this has arisen, perhaps, from the size of the effigy.—Poulson (2), vol. ii. p. 12.

Skirlaw.—Walter Skirlaw, Bishop of Durham, a pious and humble prelate, whose name is transmitted to posterity only by his works of charity and munificence " was born at Skirlaugh of humble parents. It is said that his coat of arms (a cross *interlaced*) which is so frequently seen in the cathedral and cloisters at Durham, York Minster, University Coll., Oxford, and on the front of Hilton Castle, are in allusion to it, his father having been a sieve, riddle or basket maker."

Bedell, p. 82.

Howden (At), *Skirlaw.*

Bishop Skirlaw, indeed, was good to his people ;
He built them a school-house and heightened the steeple.

White, p. 309.

Beverley. *King Stephen.*—Dr. Lloyd says that king Stephen "came to Beverley and laid fines upon divers; what else he did there, I cannot find, save that he would have built a castle there, if St. John of Beverley had not deterred him in a vision.[1] Leland has the same account, and it is probable that the bishop of St. Asaph quotes from him from memory."[2]

[1] See *Hist. Coll. Soc.* . . . for Dr. Lloyd's letter to Mr. Price.

[2] Stephanus Rex ædificaturus erat castellum Beverlaei; revocatus est autem ne castrum ibi construeret, beati Joannis evidenti revelatione conterritus et comminatione.—*Lel. Coll.* Tom 2, p. 364.

POULSON, vol. i. p. 55 and *footnote.*

Cottingham. *De Stuteville.*—Johanna de Stuteville (1242) was the "inventress" of riding sideways on horseback—because she is so represented on her seal.—MURRAY, p. 155.

Spaldington Hall. *De Vesci.*—The old seat of the De La Hayes the Vescis and the Vavasours totters to its fall. I well remember a tradition in the village that one of the De Vescis was a competitor for the crown of Scotland, one of that family having married, if I remember rightly, a daughter of William, King of that Country.—DUNHILL, p. 8.

SECTION XVI.

JINGLES.

SEASONS.

Hornsea. The recollection of some sayings which have long been handed down from one generation to another perhaps mostly repeated by the old to the very young, is fast wearing out. . . . One couplet has a sort of rude reference to the Sundays in Lent "Tid, Mid, Mid-ray, Carlin, Paum and good Feast-day." . . . Another saying referred to some of the months :—January, freeze pot to fire ; February, fill-dyke ; March, muck (dry) it out ; April comes with axe and bill, and sets a flower on every hill ; The farmer went to see his wheat in May, and came weeping away ; He went to see it in June, and came back with a different tune—(alluding to the relative appearance, generally, of wheat in May and June) ; March winds and May sun, make clothes white and fair maids dun ; April showers make May flowers.

BEDELL, p. 91.

Fill-dyke, the month of February.

"February, *fill-dyke ;*
Fill with either black or white.
March muck it oot
With a besom and a clout."

HOLD. GLOSS. p. 59.

Hornsea. Some stormy weather was generally expected about Candlemas, and about the time the swallows come ; the first was called Candlemas-crack, the other the Swallow-storm. It was a saying, Candlemas-crack lays many a brave

sailor on his back; on Candlemas-day throw candle and candlestick away.—BEDELL, p. 91.

Hornsea. The remembrance of the cuckoo's visit was noted by a saying, Cuckoo in April, cuckoo in May, cuckoo in June, and then flies away.—BEDELL, p. 91.

See also SECTION iii. pp. 36, 37.

MARRIAGE RULES.

At the commencement of the register book for St. Mary's parish is the following:

Rules for Marriage, the Time, etc.

when Advent comes do thou refraine
till Hillary sett ye free againe
next Septuagessima saith the nay
but when Lowe Sunday comes thou may
yet at Rogation thou must tarrie
till Trinitie shall bid the mary.

Nov. 25th, 1641.

POULSON, vol. ii. p. 749.

Roos.

Conjugimar Adventus prohibet Hilarique remittet:
Septuagena vetat sed Paschæ Octava relaxat
Rogarmen vetitat, concedit Trina Potestas.

Advent doth forbid the banns
and Hillary sets thee free again
Septuagesima saith ye nay
8 days after Easter saith ye may
Rogation bids thee to contain
But Trinity sets thee free again.

MACHELL, p. 5.

HUSBANDRY.

A foure sheare ewe is in her prime ;
A five sheare ewe in lambinge time
As good ; sixe past, she will decline ;
Ere seaven come away with thine.
Yett many men (for profitt) keepe
In warme lowe grounds and pasture sweete
An eight, a nine, or tenne sheare sheepe.

BEST, pp. 2, 3.

Whiles the grasse groweth
Ewe dryeth, land dyeth.

BEST, p. 5.

They will depart from theire olde services any day in the weeke, but theire desire (hereaboutes) is to goe to theire newe masters eyther on a Tewsday, or on a Thursday ; for on a Sunday they will seldome remoove, and as for Munday they account it ominous, for they say :

Munday flitte
Never sitte :

but as for the other dayes in the weeke they make no greate matter.—BEST, pp. 135, 136.

I heard a servant asked what hee could doe, whoe made this answeare :

I can sowe,
I can mowe,
And I can stacke,
And I can doe,
My master too,
When my master turnes his backe.

BEST, p. 136.

RIDDLES.

The following is one of the most common riddles offered for solution by children in East Yorkshire. The cabalistic *Itum Paradisum* is the holly-tree which from its prickly defences

would seem to have suggested the idea of its resemblance to the cherubim guarding the *entrance of Paradise.*

" Itum Paradisum all clothed in green,
The king could not read it, no more could the queen
They sent for the wise men out of the East
Who said it had horns, but was not a beast."

H. Ozmond, N. & Q. 2nd S. vol. vi. p. 523.

A riddle common to the district of the villages therein mentioned runs as follows :

" Buckton, Bempton
Reighton, Specton
All begin(s) with A."

Nicholson (2), p. 101.

COUNTING OUT.

Mene or Meny, a family. Quite obsolete in common speech, but is still preserved in an old rhyme, used in stationing boys at the various " hods " preparatory to a game.

Nicholson, p. 73.

The boys say :

" Meeny, meeny, miny mo
I ax ya wheear mun this man go ?
Sum gans eeast, an' sum gans west,
An' sum gans ower high crake nest."

The girls chant the following :

" Eny, meeny, miny mo,
Catalina si-ne so,
Kay-o-way, Kitty-ca-lan,
Thou shalt be my soldier man,
To ride my horse, to beat my drum,
To tell me when my enemy come.
O.U.T. spells very fair,
Rottom, bottom, dish clout,
Out goes she."

Nicholson (2), pp. 153, 154.

GAME RHYME.

Mah awd granmother, she is dead,
She lane't me hoo ti mak cockelty breead ;
It's up wi yer heels an doon wi yer heead,
An that's oor way ti mak cockelty breead.

NICHOLSON, p. 90.

SUNDRY RHYMES.

The nurse places the infant on her knee face to face with herself, and touches with her forefinger the different parts of the child's face, mentioning the parts touched:

Forehead bimper,
Eye peeper,
Nose snuffer,
Cheek cherry,
Mouth merry,
Chin chopper.

Or the following may be said instead :

Broo branty,
Eye winky,
Nose noppy,
Mouth moppy,
Chin choppy, and
Kittly, kittly, kittly.

Ending by tickling the child under the chin.

NICHOLSON (2), pp. 151, 152.

The ensuing rhyme must be of considerable antiquity . . . pointing to the time when "good ale" was the common drink. The child's hand is opened, and circles traced with the forefinger on the outstretched palm, repeating :

Round about, round about, applety pie,
Baby loves good ale, and so do I,

Up mother up, and fill us a cup
And baby and me will sup her all up.

NICHOLSON (2), pp. 152, 153.

Pranky iddity ; pranky aye,
Baby hezn't been pranked ti-day,
But let ti-morra come ivver sa soon
Baby sall be pranked bi noon.

NICHOLSON, p. 15.

[Mr. Nicholson quotes other pleasant jingles which may be accounted national.]

Three or four years ago the Rev. Carus Collier sent me the following version from Bridlington in East Yorkshire :

One, two, come buckle my shoe ;
Three, four, knock him o'er ;
Five, six, chop sticks ;
Seven, eight, a pennyweight ;
Nine, ten, a good fat hen ;
Eleven, twelve, dig and delve ;
Thirteen, fourteen, here we've brought him ;
Fifteen, sixteen, here we fix him ;
Seventeen, eighteen, here we hoist him ;
Nineteen, twenty, we've done him plenty.

S. O. Addy, N. & Q. 9th S. v. p. 150.

We had a pie, meead o' rye,
An stinkin was all meeat ;
It was sa teeaf, we had aneeaf
An mare then we could eat.

NICHOLSON, p. 89.

As showing the effect of the Reformation, the old invocation to "Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John," to "bless the bed I lie upon," has been altered to

Matthew, Mark, Luke and John
Tak a stick and bray 'em on.

NICHOLSON (2), p. 154.

Diller, a schoolboy, dull and stupid at learning.

Diller a dollar
A ten o'clock scholar
What maks yĕ cum se soon ?
You us'd tĭ cum at ten o'clock,
But noo you cum at noon.

School-boy rhyme addressed to one who is late at school.
HOLD. GLOSS. p. 53.

Many will (after a geastinge manner) call the thatcher hang-strawe,[1] and say to him :

Theaker, theaker, theake a spanne
Come of your ladder and hang your man :

the man's answer :

When my maister hayth thatched all his strawe
Hee will then come downe and hange him that sayeth soe.
BEST, p. 147.

[The foregoing is] a nearly obsolete rhythm.
NICHOLSON, p. 13.

Squint-ee squinny,
Sell'd his ee for a guinea,
When he gat heeam, guinea was bad,
An seeah poor Squint-ee squinny ran mad.
NICHOLSON, p. 90.

Flamborough.

" Here we are at oor toon end,
A bottle o' gin and a croon to spend,
If ya h'aint a penny, a hawp'ny will do,
If ya h'aint a hawp'ny God bless you,
Hip ! Hip ! Hooray ! "

. . . As charabancs, wagonettes, flies, bicycles, pony-chaises and weary pedestrians . . . enter the Village of Flamborough, groups of bright-eyed, strong-featured, comely urchins meet the welcome visitors and pour forth, in not unmelodious chorus, the above refrain.—ARMYTAGE, p. 142.

See also SECTION X. pp. 87, 106, 107.

[1 Mr. Charles Best Robinson (Best's editor) notes that he has not met with this term in Yorkshire.]

The children have a saying, " Bells is ringing, cats is singing, an dogs is gannin ti chotch," which represents a departed custom. When the church bells were ringing for service, the cats were left at home, to bask before the fire, and sing " three-thrums " on the hearth-rug ; while the dogs went to church with their masters, and lay under the seat of the pew until the service was over. Though usually quiet, they were not always so, and an official was appointed to keep the tiresome ones in order. He was termed a dog-*noper*, and was armed with a stick, bearing a like name.—NICHOLSON, pp. 75, 76.

VARIA.

Apple-bloom.—See SECTION ii. p. 30.
Argam Well.—See SECTION i. p. 8.
Bat.—See SECTION iii. p. 33.
Bellasis.—See SECTION xv. p. 210.
Bird-scaring.—See SECTION iii. p. 34.
Bonfire.—See SECTION x. p. 102.
Christmas.—See SECTION x. pp. 112-121.
Cuckoo.—See SECTION iii. p. 36.
Derwent.—See SECTION i. p. 10.
Divination.—See SECTION vii. pp. 75-77.
Fools, April, etc.—See SECTION x. p. 97.
Ghost-rhyme.—See SECTION iv. p. 49.
"*Gifts.*"—See SECTION viii. p. 80.
Gunpowder Plot.—See SECTION x. p. 110.
Hair, Friday's.—See SECTION viii. p. 80.
Harvest.—See SECTION x. pp. 106, 107.
Hiry-hag (game).—See SECTION xii. p. 145.
Horn, Sunday's.—See SECTION viii. p. 80.
Hornsea Steeple.—See SECTION xv. p. 193.
Horse, White.—See SECTION viii. p. 82.
Keldgate.—See SECTION i. p. 10.
Lady-bird.—See SECTION iii. p. 37.
Magpie.—See SECTION iii. p. 38.
Mary, Poor (game).—See SECTION xii. p. 146.
May Day.—See SECTION ii. p. 28.
New Year.—See SECTION x. p. 87.

Rain.—See SECTION vii. p. 76.
Robin.—See SECTION iii. p. 38.
Rowan.—See SECTION ii. p. 32.
Royal Oak Day.—See SECTION x. p. 98.
Sheep-shearing.—See SECTION x. p. 103.
Skirlaw.—See SECTION xv. p. 211.
Snail.—See SECTION iii. p. 39.
Spider.—See SECTION iii. p. 39.
Stang.—See SECTION xi. pp. 130-133.
Sword-grass.—See SECTION ii. p. 32.
Tiggy.—See SECTION xii. p. 148.
Tooth.—See SECTION viii. p. 82; ix. p. 84.
See also SECTION xviii. pp. 226-235: *Nicknames, Gibes, Place-Rhymes, passim.*

SECTION XVII.

PROVERBS, ETC.

THE Apology for the poverty of this chapter will be found in the Preface to the volume. It may be well to repeat the information given in the same Section of our North Riding, York and Ainsty Collection (*County Folk-Lore*, vol. ii. p. 429), namely, that Chapter xiii. pp. 238-256 of Mr. Blakeborough's *Wit, Character, Folklore and Customs of the North Riding of Yorkshire* is devoted to "Similes, Proverbs and Sayings," many of which the East Riding might with equal justice call its own. Canon Atkinson quoted a few akin to these in *Forty Years in a Moorland Parish*, pp. 33-35, 136; and in *The Folk-Lore Record*, vol. iv. pp. 163-166 we have "A Collection of Significant and usefull Proverbs, some of which are appropriated to Yorkshire" which was taken from "The Praise of Yorkshire Ale." 3rd edition published in York in 1697.

From "Yorkshire Proverbs an' Speyks," collected by Abraham Holroyd of Shipley and printed in the *Yorkshire Folk-Lore Journal*, vol. i. pp. 217-225, any Riding may pick out its own wit and humour, though dispassionate observers will probably not allow the claim to remain undisputed.

Three articles devoted to Proverbs and the like appeared eight or ten years ago in the *Hull News*, but not even the obliging editor of that paper can now easily refer to them. Probably they were not more genuinely E.R. in their constituents than are the other chapters above referred to.

"As daft as Belasyse when he swapt Belasyse for Henknowl" (in 1380) an old Yorkshire simile.

See also SECTION XV. p. 210. HOLD. GLOSS. p. 49.

You have no more use for that than a dog has for a side-pocket, is known in the East Riding.

A. J. M., N. & Q. 6th S. vol. iii. p. 77.

All of a muck heeap, like Howden Fair;
All of an uproar, like Howden Fair.

NICHOLSON (2), p. 102.

See SECTION xiv. pp. 184-186.

As croose as a louse.—F.R.H.S. p. 49.

As thrang (busy) as Throp's wife.—HOLD. GLOSS. p. 147.

As breet as a bullacc.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 123.

He walks as brant as a pissimire (dandelion).—NICHOLSON (2), p. 124.

As soor as a crab.

As green as a yella cabbish (yellow cabbage).

As black as a sloe.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 126.

As sharp as a rezzil (weasel).—NICHOLSON (2), p. 133.

It stinks like a fummat (polecat).—NICHOLSON (2), p. 134.

Ah sweeats like a brock.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 136.

In the course of pastoral visitation, I recently heard the following from a poor old woman in Hull, who was complaining of a lady who had called on her and commiserated with her in her poverty, but had not opened her purse to her. It has all the air of a proverb, and I have not met with it in any of the collections: "Pity without help is like mustard without beef."

Hull. H. T. G., N. & Q. vol. x. p. 211.

A brassock [charlock] year, a tonnap [turnip] year.

NICHOLSON (2), p. 123.

Thoo gan ti Hummer (Humber) = Jericho.

NICHOLSON (2), p. 105.

He's a fool that's no melancholy yance a day.
Some folks never gets the cradle straws off their breech.
[Heard at **Routh**.] WALTER WHITE, p. 60.

In the East Riding of Yorkshire they say, " If you mind your own business, and let other people's business alone, you will get a mill at Howden." They also say that " What is to be will be, if mountains are in the way; if it is not to be, mole-hills will stop it."—ADDY, p. 143.

They say " If you sing in the morning you will cry before bed-time."—ADDY, p. 95.

When a woman whistles the Devil rattles his chains.
ADDY, p. 96.

In the East Riding they say, " A bletherin' coo soon forgets her calf," meaning that excessive grief does not last long.
ADDY, p. 142.

In the East Riding, when a man is vexed, he will say, " It is enough to vex a saint in a stone wall."—ADDY, p. 144.

Whah, that caps Leatherstarn, and Leatherstarn capped the divvel.—NICHOLSON, p. 94.

Carryin-Hatchet.—A humorous expression, made use of with reference to a very plain-looking man. The ugliest man in the village is said to " carry hatchet." Should he, however, meet with one still uglier than himself, he transfers the implement.—F.R.H.S. p. 48.

Near Howden, in Yorkshire, when a person cannot easily come at a place, without going a great way about; or for want of a proper term, is forced to make use of several synonimous [*sic*] words; or, in discourse, produces several arguments before he comes to the main point; it is a common saying, that he is going " Round about Revess." This adage is undoubtedly taken from the abbey of Revess (or Rivaulx, in Latin, Rievallis, *i.e.* the valley thro' which the river Rye passes) now adorned with an agreeable variety of woods and water, but anciently, *Locus horroris et vastæ solitudinis.* It is situate between Black Hamilton and Hemsley-Black-a-Moor, was founded by Walter Espec, in the year 1131, and is now in the possession of — Duncombe Esq. (Lord Faversham). The road to it is almost circular; first, down a very steep and

craggy mountain, where you must make several serpentine windings, before you reach the bottom and river, and then rising again, much in the same manner, on the opposite side, seeming sometimes to go directly to the place and anon directly from it; and to be sometimes on one side of it, and sometimes on another. This, sir, I presume is *ground* enough for the propriety of our proverb—P. W. (*Gent. Mag.* 1754, p. 426).

GENT. MAG. LIB. vol. ii. pp. 82, 83.

See also *County Folk-Lore*, vol. ii. pp. 437, 438.

SECTION XVIII.

NICKNAMES, GIBES, PLACE-RHYMES.

Bempton. *Bempton Hawny'ns.*[1]—NICHOLSON (2), p. 101. See also SECTION xvi. p. 216.

Beswick, nr. Beverley.

A thatched church, a wooden steeple
A drunken parson, and wicked people.

N. & Q. 5th S. vol. xii. p. 75.

Beverley. In p. 194 of Douce MS. 98 in the Bodleian Library is a very curious list of English towns and notable places, with an account of the particular object for which the locality is famed or scandalized. The MS. is of the close of the thirteenth century; but I believe that the list was drawn up a little after the middle of the century.

Regraterie de Evirwik.
Burnet de Beverle.[2]
Palefrey de Ripun.
Furnage de Gerwaus.
Teynus de Fonteynes.
Poyture de Ekecestre.
Marche de Punfreyt.
Chances de Tikehull.
Cengles de Doncastre.
Cake de Estamford [etc., etc.].

James E. Thorold Rogers, N. & Q. 6th S. vol. viii. pp. 223, 224.

[1 It is supposed that this may mean "Horny-hands."]

[2 This is the only East Riding place mentioned unless Estamford be Stamford Bridge and the cake a "spear pie." See SECTION xiii. p. 157. The list of places in N. & Q. is long: I have selected such as belong to Yks.]

Beverley Buffs is the name given to the soldiers at Beverley, because the facings of the Beverley Volunteer regimentals were buff.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 104.

He's got the *Beverley crop*. When any one has his hair cropped very short . . . because of the close cut the prisoners receive in Beverley Gaol, the prison for the Riding.

NICHOLSON (2), p. 104.

Bridlington. *Bolliton Jackdaws.*—See SECTION XV. p. 189.

The three Letters B.B.B. forming the Bridlington coat of arms,[1] are read as forming the initials of the phrase, Bad, Beggarly Bolliton, though the former adjective is applied to the Quay, in a schoolboy rhyme which says of Bridlington, "Bolliton bonny lass." Akin to the "Scarborough Warning" is to threaten to give anyone "Bolliton."

NICHOLSON (2), p. 104.

Buckton. *Buckton Hawny'ns.*—NICHOLSON (2), p. 101.

See also SECTION XVI. p. 216.

Cottingham. *Cottingham Tonnups.* [So the people are styled because] Cottingham largely produces vegetables to supply Hull market.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 102.

Cranswick. *Cranswick Bacon.* Owing to an extensive robbery of bacon by a Cranswick man, *Cranswick Bacon* became the bye-name for the people of this village; but so angrily is this resented that I have seen railway carriage windows broken by the natives, because some traveller uttered the offensive word of this place, it is said, there was only one honest man in Cranswick, and he stole a saddle.

NICHOLSON (2), p. 98.

Deighton.

When Deighton is pulled down
Hull shall become a great town.

Hull did not wait for the demolition of the small village which, I believe, still exists.—WILDRIDGE, p. 109.

[1 Per pale *sa.* and *arg.* three letters B counterchanged two and one.]

Mount Ferrand.

The fairest lady in this land
Was drowned at Mont Ferrand.

In Langdale's *Topographical History of Yorkshire*, 1882, Mont Ferrand is named as a farm-house in the parish of Birdsall, 4½ miles from Malton, North Riding, while Denham in his *Folklore* mentions it as near Beverley, and that foundations of an ancient castle still exist. No explanation of the distich is now obtainable.

FOLK-LORE RECORD, vol. i. p. 174.

Hedon Church. The King of Holderness.

NICHOLSON (2), p. 101.

Its noble church "the pride of Holderness."

WHITE, p. 21.

Hornsea. *Hornsea Pennells.*—The last man executed on Hornsea Gibbet bore the name of Pennell; so that name is given to the poaching, loafing set of vagabonds about the place. NICHOLSON (2), p. 98.

Howden. See SECTION xvii. pp. 223, 224.

Howsham is built [on one side of the road], so it has given rise to the proverb—"All of a side like Howsham."

NICHOLSON (2), p. 102.

Hull. *Hull Bulldogs.*—But this name is prevalent throughout the Riding.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 104.

Oxford for learning
London for wit
Hull for women
York for a tit.

Quoted from Hazlitt's *English Proverbs*, p, 326.

NICHOLSON (2), p. 105.

"*Hull Cheese,*" says Taylor, who visited Hull in 1622.

"There at mine inn, each night I took mine ease
And there I got a cantle of Hull cheese."

"Hull Cheese" was the good strong ale there brewed; to have eaten "Hull Cheese" was to be drunk. Hull owed

some of the favor it met during the Civil War to frequent presents of Hull Ale.—WILDRIDGE, p. 109.

[Hull was one] of the towns formerly held in wholesome dread by evil-doers when recommendation to mercy was seldom heard of, as is testified by the litany used by thieves in the olden time, thus irreverently phrased :

"From Hull, Hell and Halifax
Good Lord deliver us."

WALTER WHITE, p. 14.

Great Kelk is built on one side of the road, so of it, it is said :

"Great Kelk, where God never dwelt,
And honest men never rode through it."

Another saying is : "The devil cannot ride through Great Kelk." He can only ride past it.—NICHOLSON (2), p. 101.

Cf. **Howsham**, *ante*, p. 228.

Market Weighton. Robert Leighton in our next example was a noted farmer in the district.

Market Weighton
Robert Leighton
A brick church
And wooden steeple
A drunken priest
And a wicked people.

O.Y. vol. i. p. 267.

Meaux, etc.

If you go to Nunkilling,
You shall find your belly filling
Of whig or of whey ;
Go to Swine,
And come betime,
Or else you go empty away ;
But the Abbot of Meaux,
Doth keep a good hoose
By night and by day.

Quoted from Hazlitt's *English Proverbs*, p. 234.

NICHOLSON (2), p. 105.

The lines are preserved in one of the Dodsworth MSS. at the Bodleian.—NORTHALL, p. 90.

Nafferton. The place where it is said "They shoe pigs."
NICHOLSON (2), p. 102.

Ottringham. Otherin, slow witted. The village of Ottringham is often said by sarcastic neighbours to have got its name from its *otherin* inhabitants.—HOLD. GLOSS. p. 103.

Patrington Church is the Queen of Holderness . . . but, owing to so many of its vicars dying shortly after their appointment, it has acquired a bad name, "Patrington kill priest." The present [now alas! the late] popular vicar (Rev. H. E. Maddock, M.A.) told me that shortly after his arrival he enquired of his parishioners if they knew of such a saying, and they replied that it was well known, but that they had not told him for fear of disheartening him. The clock on this church came from Louth (Lincs), where its incorrect time-keeping gave rise to a proverb, "As false as Louth clock"; and even now, one of its two faces always shows the time one hour and five minutes before the other.
NICHOLSON (2), p. 101.

Paull.

High Paull, Low Paull and Paull Holme
There ne'er was a fair maid married in Paull Town.

Not because Holderness has no fair maids, but because the church is a quarter of a mile from Paull.
WILDRIDGE, p. 109.

Reighton. See SECTION xvi. p. 216.

Rudston. The Rudston monolith is called the grandmother of the church.—WOOD REES, p. 14.

Sancton. *Sancton Cockins.*—Sancton was a place famous for cock-fighting, the sport being under the special patronage of the clergyman, of whom it is related that . . . he fell asleep during the singing of a long psalm, and, on being awakened by the clerk, cried out, "All right, a guinea on the black cock! Black cock a guinea." Hence the Sancton people, especially the worse lot, are known as Sancton Cockins.
NICHOLSON (2), p. 98.

Full Sutton. York is better than Full Sutton.

NICHOLSON (2), p. 102.

Speeton. *Speeton Rangers.*—NICHOLSON (2), p. 101.

See also SECTION xvi. p. 216.

Yulla-belly, a slang name for natives of the Lincolnshire Fens, where yellow-bellied frogs abound.

HOLD. GLOSS, p. 161.

Town dwellers have nicknames for country dwellers, and the latter return the compliments with interest. Of this class are—bahn deear savidge (barn door savage); cunthry hawbuck; fahmer joskin; clod kicker; boily (from boiled milk being used for breakfast); off-cunthry chaps (men from a distance); coonther loupers (counter jumpers); etc.

NICHOLSON (2), p. 97.

SECTION XIX.

ETYMOLOGY.

Beverley. A narrow street runs from the Shambles into Walker-gate, called Silvester-lane, inhabited principally by persons in an inferior condition of life; it was sometimes denominated Silverless-lane; and by that name it is mentioned in the inquisition respecting St. Mary's property in the reign of king Charles I.—OLIVER, p. 291.

At the east end of this church [S. Mary's] was a lane formerly called Dead Lane, from the circumstance of its being the usual way of carrying a corpse to be interred.

OLIVER, p. 284, *footnote*.

Bridlington Quay. It is built on the shore of the bay, whence it obtains a name sufficiently descriptive of the inlet: for Brid or Burl, is traceable to the Norse *berlinger*, "smooth water." The two titles seem to have been indiscriminately applied to the spot for ages; but the latter is by far the most popular. It would probably have entirely superseded its rival by this time, had not the railway company adopted the other form and used it in their timetables and other official documents. Common report traces this spelling of the name to coaching days, and affirms that the place was called "the bridling town," from the fact that, being about mid distance between Hull and Scarborough, it was a convenient place at which to change horses. But as is often the case with popular derivations of names, this one will not "hold water." The town was christened long before stage coaches were "born or

thought about," indeed, the spelling referred to appears in official documents of the eleventh and twelfth centuries.

WARD, p. 3.

Flamborough. Local tradition ascribes [the name] to *fleamburg*, in reference to a supposed landing of Ida, a Saxon chief at the spot, or to the *flame* (light) anciently displayed near the site of the present lighthouse, to direct vessels in their course.—WARD, p. 38.

North Frodingham. Crow Garth in the parish at one time a cell of Meaux Abbey, obtained the first part of its name from the " act " of the " nativus " once resident there ; this consisted in " cutting down all the trees, and turning all the rooks out " in the words of the old song. The " nativus " complained to his abbot that the crows disturbed him at his devotions, and asked leave to get rid of them " by an act," but it does not appear that he specified the nature of the " act," till, permission being granted, he had performed it.

WARD, p. 56.

Haddock.—[When the Devil caught hold of the fish as he was building Filey Brig [see SECTION i. p. 2, he] exclaimed " Ah ! Dick ! " The fish has been named *haddock* ever since, and still retains the mark of the satanic grasp across the shoulders.]—NICHOLSON (2), p. 62.

Hornsea. Under the chancel of Hornsea church there is a vaulted crypt known as Awd Nanny Canker Hole, the old entrance to which was under the east window. [Probably this is a corruption of ancress-hole.]—NICHOLSON (2), p. 52.

Hull. None of the historians of Hull give any derivation of this singular name of the short street known as the Land of Green Ginger ; and the cause of the name generally received by the inhabitants is that it was a place for the sale of ginger in early times.—SHEAHAN, p. 409.

An inhabitant of Hull has informed me that this street was so named by a house-proprietor whose fortune had been made in the West Indies, and, I think, by the sweetmeat trade.

T. K. H., N. & Q. vol. viii. p. 160.

[Much further speculation is recorded. *Ib.* pp. 227, 303, 522, 606; vol. x. p. 174; 5th S. vol. xi. p. 388, and 9th S. vol. vi. p. 134. At the last reference it is asserted that the land was named after the crop it used to bear, *Artemisia vulgaris*, wormwood, which was, in obsolete folk-talk, green-ginger.]

Sculcoates, Hull. *Wincom-* or *Wincolmlee.*—This place takes its name from the following curious circumstance:

About seventy years ago lived there one Mrs. Reed, who kept an ale house, and in her cups would amuse such as frequented her house with incredible stories, winking at the same time to her intimates, who knew her faculty of dealing with the marvellous; hence she obtained the title of Wink-and-Lie, or Lee. Her house became so noted through the Town and County (where it was usual for persons on an evening to invite each other to spend the evening at Wink-and-Lee's and hear a good story) that in process of time it gave the name to all that part of the parish, which continued after her death, and which it still retains.

HADLEY, p. 847, *footnote.*

Humber. The bore or ager, as it is called, . . . rushes up the stream with so loud a *hum*, the popular mind seeks no other derivation for Humber.—WALTER WHITE, p. 12.

Hunmanby. Of the name of this place, and also from that of Barkerdale or Bartondale, a derivation has been suggested from the ancient existence of wolves in the vicinity, as if the houndsman or huntsman had resided at Hundemanby, and the hounds kept for their extirpation had been kenneled in Barkerdale. . . .—ALLEN, vol. ii. p. 318.

Skerne. Bell Flour Mills, popularly said, but without authentic evidence, to derive the name from the discovery there of a bell belonging to a Preceptory of the Knights Templar that stood on this site.—ROSS, p. 117.

About **Atwick** and **Skirlington.** *Strickland.*—[A villager] told me that the Stricklands, a well-known family in Holder-

ness, derived their name from Strikeland, that is, they were the first to *strike the land* when they came over.—WALTER WHITE, p. 75.

Thixendale. Corruptly, no doubt, from sixteen dales; which the place is remarkable for.—DRAKE, p. 355, *footnote.*

Warter. From the excellence of the water, the place is supposed by some to have derived its name.
SHEAHAN and WHELLAN, vol. ii. p. 570.

Wych Elm = Witch Elm. See SECTION v. p. 63.

GLASGOW: PRINTED AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS BY ROBERT MACLEHOSE AND CO. LTD.