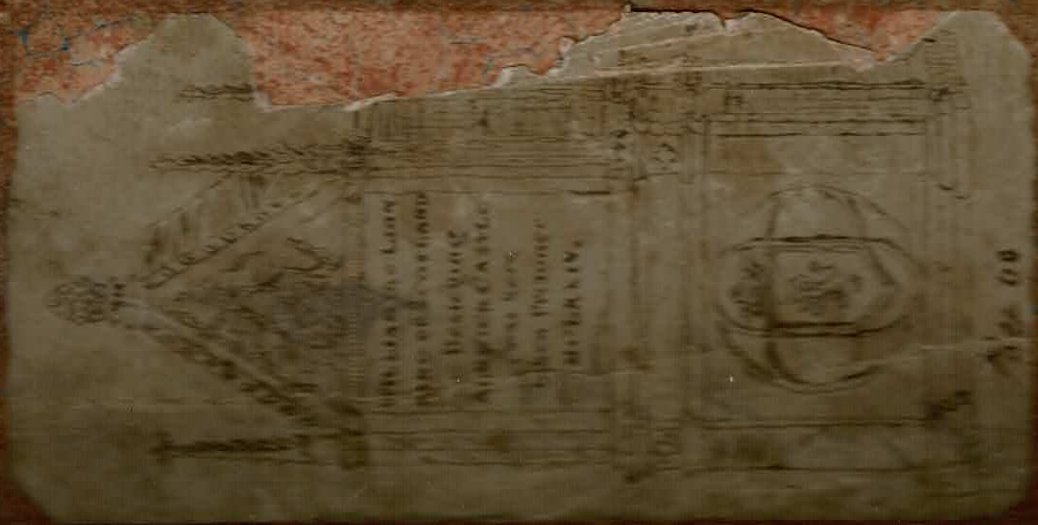






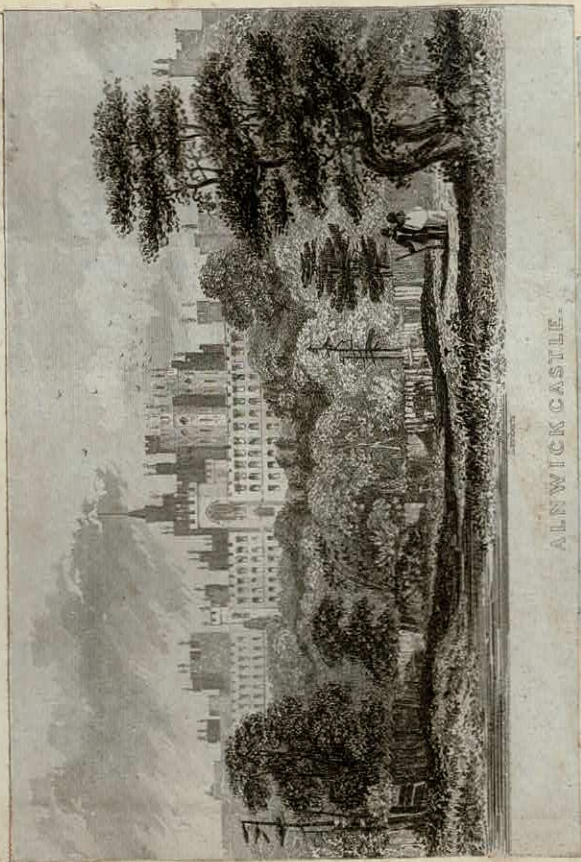


ALNWICK CASTLE.

The Seat of the Duke of Northumberland.

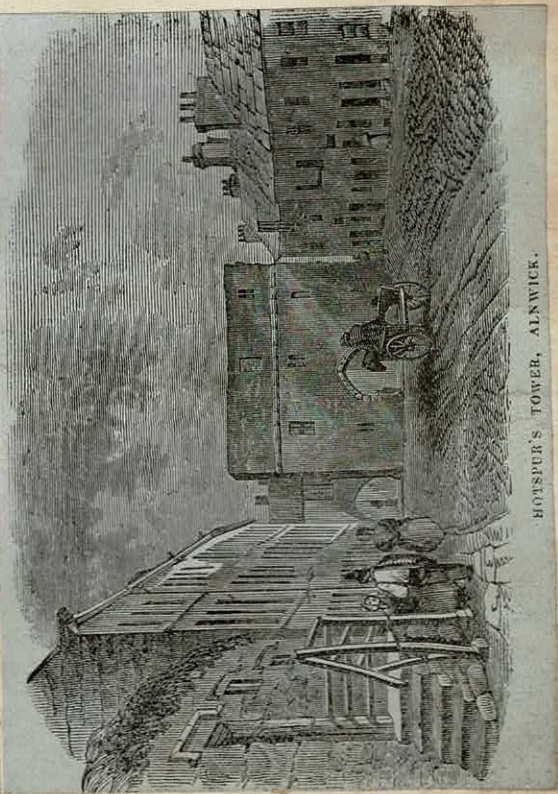
From the North-west.

Page 9



ALNWICK CASTLE.

From the North.



HOTSPUR'S TOWER, ALNWICK.

From the West.

Page 24

Glance  
at  
Alnwick.  
PART 1<sup>st</sup>.  
"What I have written, I have written."  
1848.



To

Mother Lingwood,

this work is inscribed,

as a token of love,

by

Her brother.

March 1<sup>st</sup> September 1848.



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## Imprimis.

Lincoln the county town of Northumberland is partly embosomed in a valley on the south side of the river Aln. It is surrounded on every side except to the south-east by steep hills, some of which are crowned with noble trees, & can lay claim to a considerable share of beauty. It lies in latitude  $55^{\circ}24'$  north, & longitude,  $1^{\circ}20'$  west from Greenwich. It is 300 miles NW from London, 84 miles SE. from Edinburgh, & about 5 miles from the German sea.

Lincoln is famed for its Castle, the grand palace of the Percies, which stands on an elevation between the town & the river. It is one of the grandest monuments of the feudal times existing, & a fit representative of the iron age, from whence it sprung. But in order to make ourselves thoroughly acquainted with the history of places like these we must go back to the time of the noble Roman, when Rome was mistress of the world: ere the Goths & the Vandals issued from the dark woods of the north, & the ruthless sea-kings bore their fierce Norsemen set foot on Ulster.

## Origin

### of Lincoln and its Castle

When the Romans invaded Great Britain & obtained a footing upon its soil, they built strongholds to secure it & render permanent their conquest. Around these fortresses they subdued & peaceful portion of the inhabitants would naturally settle, preferring their more civilized manners to the savage ferocity of their own intractable countrymen. This appears to have been one of the principle means of the foundation of most of our cities & towns that can lay claim to a great antiquity.

After the Romans retired from our shores, the Saxons took possession, being invited over by the now enfeebled Britons to protect them from the incursions of the warlike Picts; & it is natural to suppose that they would occupy the sites which were previously fixed upon by the military knowledge of the Romans — would rebuild the strongholds which in the course of intestine broils had become dilapidated; & as they rebuilt they in most cases obliterated its Latin name by substituting a Saxon one, expressive perhaps of the local features of the place, or, if the spot was on the banks of a river, they engrafted a term of their own to the original name of the water; for it is a remarkable fact that though the old British names of places were lost, those of the rivers still existed & are perpetuated down to the present time.

The Saxons grew in power, from being allies they became masters & confirmed their authority throughout the Kingdom.



8 They extirpated the ancient British race, & their language became predominant: - The story of the Danes was too brief & the affinity of their tongue prevented its serious corruption: & at the invasion of the Normans it was too confirmed to be shaken or affected by their bastard French.

It is acknowledged therefore, that the majority of our old towns & Castles are of Roman foundation, retaining in a more or less modified form their Anglo Saxon appellatives.

If we enumerate but a few names of our towns & villages we cannot fail to be astonished at the number bearing either as a prefix or an affix the terms burgh or borough, & wick or wick; these can be clearly traced to their origin. Under the Saxon dynasty for mutual protection & good order, the population was divided into communities of ten families each, over which, were placed eldersmen who bore the responsibility of their respective charges: to these the term burgh or township was applied, signifying in its most literal sense, a tything, or company of ten families of freemen. The Saxons also gave the term to fortifications & places of refuge, & when accompanied by the words of high authority, they were constituted royal burghs. Wick or wick is genuine Saxon, implying in that tongue a village or place of defence & on a great number of such places it was conferred, qualified by distinguishing terms taken from hills, rivers, or other local features.

From these general observations, & also from the fact of old foundations existing in Alnwick Castle, the stones of which are faced with Roman mouldings; we may, I presume correctly infer that it is of Roman origin - rebuilt by the Saxons, & the name of the town derived from a compound formed by the word Alen or Alain, an ancient British term signifying a bright stream, & the Saxon wick, which when combined, literally & poetically implies a castle or village on the shining river.

## 9 Description of the Castle

The body of the Castle is formed by a cluster of semicircular & angular towers, enclosing in the centre a spacious courtyard. This edifice is surrounded at some distance by a high outer wall surmounted with battlements, & at intervals flanked by strong towers, sixteen in number; the whole forming an area containing a space of five acres. The entrance from the town is by an old, gloomy looking tower that was grey with age long ere the feudal power began to totter, a few paces inside lead to another tower of similar character. These constitute the "Inner Ward" & usher the visitor into the spacious interior, when he will be filled with wonder & admiration at the grand spectacle before him. The "glorious old pile" standing on an elevation in the midst of a verdant lawn; - the bold outline of the circular bastions, each crowned with a light & graceful turret; - the lofty flag-tower surmounted by a tapering mast, whose top seems to pierce the sky: & then the wide-stretching outer wall embracing all this fair scene - the foot-way along its battlements where warriors brave "hath trod" forming a line of communication from one old tower to another, each in itself a perfect fortress: & lastly, though perhaps the first in attracting his attention, is the stone statues perched aloft on turret & on tower, some represent mailed savages wielding enormous clubs, these perhaps, are illustrative of the ancient Britons, - pacified warriors are also there in the attitude of throwing the javelin, whilst one on the battlement of the outer gate, has uplifted above his head a



10 / Massive block of stone, ready to cast down & crush the bender for his temerity. A few are dropped in flowing robes, like to the cour-tiers of the Golden Age: - others are donned in doublet & jerkin & appear as if they were musing upon the pleasures of the chase, or glows war.

But to proceed. The road passes over the lawn to the "Middle Ward" which is a gateway connecting some offices on the inner wall to the waiting hall of the Castle. From this the road emerges into another lawn of larger dimensions than the first: over this it proceeds by a circular sweep to the "Inner Ward" which forms the grand entrance to the great court of the castle. Having now entered into the very core of this stronghold, - the visitor might well take a retrospective glance at the "romances" when this feudal edifice was in its hey-day of importance & martial splendor. The shouts of steel-clad warriors & the neighing of their prancing steeds, are for ever hushed; - bold hearts that swelled to the shrill clangor of the trumpet, alike eager for border fray or stout rebellion, have ceased to beat: the old walls echo no more to the notes of soul stirring music, - the minstrel has forgotten to recount o'er the exploits of his lord: - be they of worthy Saracen on the walls of the "Holy City", or of knightly yorest & kingly tournament - his much prized harp has gone to decay - its well-tuned strings are broken & their echoing numbers, be they low & smooth with the soft song of love, or soaring aloft, glowing with the fierce tide of impetuous war - all alike are forgotten. They nerve the soul no more. - "Ladsye faire", gallant knight, & trusty squire, with their dreams of love, honor & ambition, - all have gone & mingled with the dust, & this, - this proud palace is their monument. -

The entrance to the interior is by a folding glass door, which

11 / opens to a much adorned staircase, its celebrity consists in the costly material of which it is composed, & its singular construction; being in the form of a fan. While above, the gorgeous cornice of the ceiling displays a hundred & twenty escutcheons of the quarters of the Percies. At the foot of the staircase stands a small group of Marble Statuary, representing Samson playing the Philistines with the jaw-bone of an ass.

The Saloon is a spacious & elegant gothic apartment, on the walls are suspended the family portraits, which I believe are chiefly copies. This castle is singularly deficient in the possession of the works of the ancient masters. The gems & chef-d'oeuvres of that divine art, which is the study & the pride of every gentleman of taste & ability - to enrich & adorn the walls of his mansion are here wanting.

The drawing Room is of an oval form, & has a circular projection on one side, according to the tower by which it is flanked. Adjoining is the great Dining Room which is ornamented in the gothic style. Its present tasteful & elegant appearance, the aged order & solitary silence reigning here, contrasts strangely with the wild doings of the "Golden Time" - the rude revelry & boisterous mirth of iron men in iron mail, have given place to the cold politeness & fulsome complaisance of pantaloon & slipper.

The Breakfast Room is another beautiful gothic apartment, situated directly above the "Inner Ward", & abuts on two octagon towers, which contain the clock & Paping through this room, the spacious library with its large & various assortment of books is presented to the view of the visitor. This apartment is the largest in the castle, being 62 feet long, 23 feet wide & 16 feet high.

The Chapel is next in order, but first in dignity & splendour. The character of the gothic order are, here lavished on its several parts with no niggard hand. The pattern of the ceiling is taken from that of Kings College, Cambridge, & the great church at Milan furnished the designs of the mouldings & stucco-work. The east window is copied from the most beautiful in York Minster. A Sarcophagus is here erected in honor of England's first Duke of Northumberland.

On the south-west side of the castle are the two great State-



Bed-rooms, with their sleeping-rooms & other appurtenances. These according to report, are furnished in a truly magnificent manner, & worthy the inspection of the curious stranger.

The names of the towers situated on the large outer wall, are as follows.

- 1 Outer Ward.
- 2 Corner or Bowers tower.
- 3 The Water tower.
- 4 The Caterers tower.
- 5 Middle Ward.
- 6 Auditors' tower.
- 7 Guard House.
- 8 The East Garret.
- 9 The Records tower.
- 10 ~~Marine tower~~ or Hotspur's chamber.
- 11 Constables' tower.
- 12 Postern tower or Sally Port.
- 13 Armourers' tower.
- 14 Falconers' tower.
- 15 Abbots' tower.
- 16 The West Garret.

All these are so called from the various uses which were formerly assigned them: at present, many of them are used for the different offices requisite to so great an establishment. In the Constables tower are deposited arms for 1500 men. They were used by the King's tenants, a fine body of Scotsmen, commanded by the late Duke during the panic caused by Napoleon's projected invasion. A small museum occupies a portion of this tower, it consists chiefly of curiosities brought from abroad by different members of the family. Great quantities of ancient armour & arms are also shown in the Armourers tower.

Of the old prisons, there is but one remaining. It is buried in the dark recesses of the Inner Ward, & as if to multiply horror & despair, beneath this prison is the dungeon in all its tomb-like originality. A small iron grate in the floor conducted the haggard captive down to this black abode of infernal invention, where

"Hope comes not, that comes to all"

It is most aptly a faithful memento: bequeathed to us from the "good old times" when "Night was Right". We should fail to picture

to ourselves the exquisite tortures that were inflicted on the hapless inmates of this charnel house. The salt meat proffered to his ravenous appetite, of a three days fast, — how greedily he devoured it: — he wishes for water, hurp away & he rages with thirst. At last the long wished for pitcher slowly descends from the darkened grate — he clutches it eagerly & with swiftlings applies it to his lips — but alas! — 'tis empty.

## Lords of the Castle, Lineage of the Percy family.

Towards the latter period of the ninth century, Hasting, one of the petty Kings of Norway, being actuated by a spirit of enterprise & ambition, sent forth a summons to all his faithful warriors: calling & commanding them, to aid & assist him in subjugating & reducing to his power, all the other petty Kings & Princes of that place. In this he succeeded so far, as to become King of all Norway.

Now there were some who would not be subdued, but betook themselves to other countries; & by the power of their own good swords obtained dominion over the inhabitants. Rollo, one of these indomitable heroes, penetrated as far as the western coast of France, & after many years of hard fighting made good his claim. The King of France finding himself unable to drive out these warlike intruders, followed the wise policy in satisfying by charter the conquest they had effected under their famous leader. This part of France then received the name of Normandy or the country of the Northmen.

About 160 years after the preceding events, William Duke of Normandy, a descendant of Rollo, laid claim to the throne of England, & assembling a large army, landed on our coast & gained the decisive battle of Hasting. Harold the English King, & last of the Saxon line, being



numbered with the slain. Another of those who fell in that battle, was Gilbert Tyson a Saxon lord of Murrick Castle; bravely giving up his life in the defence of Harold & his country. William a son & heir of Gilbert, was also slain in that memorable conflict; but he had espoused the banner of the Norman, & died in opposition to the king & his aged father.

William left an only daughter & heiress, called Alda. She was given in marriage to Ivo de Vesey, a chieftain who came over with the Conqueror.

In 200 years, the descendants of this union occupied, & were lords of the castle & barony of Murrick, & all the estates belonging thereto until the death of William Lord de Vesey, who, having no legitimate issue did, in consideration of his soul's salvation, & by the king's permission bequeath them for ever to Anthony Bec, Bishop of Durham. The pious Bishop well pleased at this sudden acquisition of temporal wealth - but knowing & fearing the avariciousness of earthly kings, resolved upon converting it into a more available form. Therefore, in the year 1309 & after 12 years of possession, he sold to Henry Lord Percy the barony, castle, manor & town of Murrick, with the villages, hamlets, advowsons of the churches & abbeys &c; also all the appurtenances & advantages, & all other liberties, free customs, & rights belonging to the barony.

Henry Lord Percy was a baron of Yorkshire, & a descendant of Manfred a great chieftain who retired from Norway on the assumption of power by Harafgre. His son Galfred followed the fortunes of Rollo, & received for his services the domain of Percy in Normandy & from which the family took its name. William de Percy was a naval commander in the fleet which brought the Conqueror to the shores of England. From the conqueror he received large possessions, the principle portion being in Yorkshire, where he possessed no less than eighty-six lordships.

From the time however, of the purchase of the barony & castle of Murrick, down to the present day, the Castle has been the chief residence of the Percy family in the North.

## The Percies

It is not my intention to inflict upon you, a long & tiresome genealogical history of this family, nor of the fierce quarrels & conflicts in which its members were engaged, either with their bold rivals the Langshires, or their own sovereigns. They were foremost in all the manifold disturbances which were presented between the sister Kingdoms prior to the union. Their pennons floated in the van of ambition & rebellion - their keen swords dealt havoc among the ranks of the "infidel" in the Holy Land, & avenged the fierce spirits of opposing knights at Poitiers, Crecy & Agincourt. Famous alike for daring valour & chivalrous generosity, they were honoured & respected by their most ardent enemies. Who has not heard of Hotspur - the martial Hotspur? - his memory is enshrined in the enduring page of England's greatest bard: - He fell - armed in the midst of rebellion, his aged father escaped for the time; but eventually lost his life at Bramham Moor. His head, while with the accumulation of years, was affixed to a pole on London bridge & his four quarters distributed to the principal cities of the empire. Other ears of this family have suffered on the scaffold, or died by foul play while confined in the Tower. Later still, the ninth earl, who was of a literary cast of mind; being suspected of treason, was sentenced to the Tower for life, which however was commuted to a fine of thirty thousand pounds. For fifteen years he endured confinement, having for his companion the famous Sir Walter Raleigh. Here with his noble fellow-prisoner & three learned gentlemen whom he had pensioned that they might afford him their intellectual companionship, the time passed agreeably. Their hours were devoted to study. Sir Walter assisted by congenial spirits of such note, produced his "History of the World". Thus we see two bastions of the age immured from the busy throng of courts & camps in which they



I had acted so important a part, calmly & philosophically adorns themselves to science & literature.

The direct male line of the Percies terminated in the year 1670, in the person of Joceline, seventh earl of Northumberland. He left one daughter, Elizabeth, who inherited all the splendid honors of the house. While yet a minor she was married three times. Her second husband was aspernated in Pall Mall, by the instigation of a German adventurer, Count Countsmarch, who proposed marrying the widow. Her last husband was Charles Duke of Somerset. Her eldest surviving son at her death was created earl of Northumberland. At his demise, his only son took possession. He dying unmarried, the whole of the estate & all the baronial honors descended to his only sister Elizabeth, in the year 1744. Thus in less than a century the sole representative of this illustrious house, was again a female.

Her Grace married Sir Hugh Smithson 1740. He was created Duke of Northumberland & Earl Percy, to him & his male, October 22nd 1766.

His Grace was a man of great munificence. He repaired the castle which had fallen into decay, modernized its interior, & laid the foundations of numerous & spirited improvements in & around Alnwick. He died 1786 & was succeeded by his eldest son Hugh Percy, second Duke of Northumberland.

This Duke in his earlier years devoted himself to the military profession, served in the "seven years war", & also in America. He was of a turbulent disposition, which would no doubt be greatly promoted in his intercourse with the spirits of his adoption.

Under his rule the magnificence of the different establishments was kept up in an unprecedented style. The majesty of Alnwick Castle, the elegance of Sirn House in Surrey, & the stateliness of Northumberland House in London, bore testimony to this splendor. During the time of Napoleon's projected invasion, his martial spirit induced him with his usual promptitude to form & equip 1500 of his northern tenants in the several branches of military service, namely; infantry, cavalry & artillery; over whom he placed his eldest son. Also at this time, Algernon his second son, was a naval officer in the Royal Navy.

Numerous anecdotes lending chiefly to the eccentric, are related of him by the old men of Alnwick. On one occasion an iron bridge had been constructed in the Park over the river Aln. An engineer of great skill was employed as manager & inspector of the work. A few days after its erection the Duke rode that way in his coach, & when upon the way, one of the dave he saw the bridge, altho' at a distance - that instant he burst forth with a volley of abusive words, swearing that he never would cross it, & that if it was not taken down in 24 hours time, he would blow it up with cannon. Great was the consternation, Smiths & Masons of every grade were sought from the town, & in the specified time, this elegant bridge was stowed away from sight as so much useless lumber. It was never erected again, until his eldest son, the late Duke, succeeded him. It now stands higher up the river than it did in its original situation, & whilst bringing on its light & graceful balustrade I first heard its story.

The following tale will place him in a better light, altho' it is plain, the impulse arose from the same source as the foregoing. During the last war, & when his youngest son, Algernon (the present Duke) was a mere stripling serving on board a man-of-war cruising off the West India Isles. A calamitous fire broke out in one of the towers, destroyed property to a vast amount & reduced a great number of the population to poverty. In consequence, a subscription was set a foot on board ship in their behalf. Young Algernon, when requested for his contribution, exclaimed, "Put my name down for a thousand pounds." His superiors demurred at so large a sum, stating the probability of his father's anger & refusal, "Oh" says he "The old boy will pay it for me". In due time the old Duke was awaited upon. The presenters of the demand approached him with fear & trembling, well knowing his hot & hasty temper. "Well & what do you want?" when upon they explained how his son had imprudently saddled him with such a large amount. "Clump!" the boy has spirit - he is worthy of the Percies. I would, it had been ten times the sum."

Another trait will suffice. When confined to his wheeled



18 / chair by that friend to the aristocracy - the gait, his footman wheels him from room to room, the caulk invariably shouldered as though it were a musket. During these peregrinations, if any unfortunate lamp or valuable china came in his way, the caulk was unceremoniously employed in its destruction. - Many a gorgeous chandelier & rich trophy of the potter's art, fell in this manner.

His Grace departed this life, the 10th July 1817, in the 73rd year of his age, & was succeeded by his eldest son Hugh Percy, Third Duke of Northumberland.

This Duke, who is but lately gathered to his fathers, was possessed of many honorable titles. - He filled at different periods, high offices in the State. He was chosen as ambassador to the French court on the accession of Charles the 10th & once held the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland. These places were not conferred upon him for superior ability; but in consequence of his immense wealth, & the munificent manner in which he employed it.

He was of high Tory principles - loved the church to a degree bordering upon dotage; & was flattered by its fawning priesthood with the Lord High Chancellorship of the university of Cambridge.

He was a man of unbounded liberality - gave largely to the poor - his charity extended to wherever the voice of want was heard. The pensions he conferred upon decayed gentlemen, indigent farmers, widows, & superannuated dependants, amounted annually to the large sum of £36,000.

His household establishment was conducted upon the most magnificent scale, superior to some of the continental powers: grandeur & pomp were secured, but its economy was extravagant; being left to the management of almost irresponsible persons. He was mulcted heavily, even from the head commissioner, down to the scullion of his kitchen.

In the Parks he employed large companies of keepers, woodmen & labourers. A body of quarry-men & stonemasons were also in his pay, continually building & rebuilding. He purchased farm upon farm

19 / tenement upon tenement & added acre after acre to his already enormous estate; the income thereof amounts to about £400,000 annually. His motive was that of an autocrat - Power in all things, from the throne to the cottage hearth! He was fully conscious of the wide gulph that separated him from those, by whom he was surrounded, & he taught them - severity. - Exclusive & narrow in his political & religious ideas: - the same was manifested in the economy of some thousands of acres of good land in the shape of Park & Forest. Existing upon this subject some three or four years ago, my thoughts were then, as follows. - One cannot deny that, even in this utilitarian age, there is something improving in the mere show & magnificence of this almost despotic seat of aristocracy. What feudal grandeur! what princely power concentrated in one individual! He steps into his splendid chariot & rolls for many miles through the greatest diversity of scenery. Deep old forest, shades, cultivated plains, rugged rocks, & cloud capped mountains, mouldering ruins, cottage scenes & model farms, the cascaded river & bounding ocean, all are beheld & passed by in rapid succession. It is almost a solitary region of his own creation - excluded from every curious eye, bolts are withdrawn & gates fly open in a mysterious manner - by the agency of no visible hand. Here might crop his path, save the whirling game-pole, timid hare or bounding deer. Perchance the tall form of keeper or forest watcher is desired for an instant: amidst the dense foliage, or a steady woodman resting upon his glittering axe as the equipage softly jingles by: - When the Castle is near, the old Porter who paces before its dark portal with all the stately & haughty bearing of a veteran soldier, performs his martial obsequies as they dash through - the massive gates are closed, & now - sought but a part of artillery can force admission. Such were the characteristics of an afternoon drive. I frequently saw him, before the gait confined him to the castle, departing on these excursions, accompanied by the Dukes. He was a tall well built man, (as indeed are all the Percy family) fair complexion & hair, & upon the whole, a noble physiognomy. His last public act, was the building & endowing a new church in Alnwick - not that it was wanted



But prompted there by a host of bishops & the yearnings of an holy ambition - how could he resist?

He died on the 11<sup>th</sup> of February 1847, aged 65 years. He was interred in Westminster Abbey. Having no issue, he was succeeded by his only brother Algernon, Lord Rusdell, the fourth & present Duke of Westminster.

Algernon is a man, as circumstances have already shown him to be, of a totally opposite disposition to his brother. Unlike him, he was brought up & educated in the rough & hardy school of the sea. He possesses a spirit more after his father's; but tempered with a larger share of wisdom.

In every sense a practical man - he relies upon his own exertions & from having been personally in the byways & highways of life, & accustomed to combat others & probing experience, gathered in all parts of the world - experience of the "genius homo" - picked up from among the everlasting snows of the polar region & the burning sands of the Arabian deserts; - he now comes to wield the dual power.

His motto plainly appears to be "every tub must stand on its own bottom" & he has stopped all the pensions, thereby creating a great panic. The books belonging to the heads of the different departments have undergone a rigid examination. Some were unable to bear the light of day, error & dishonour blotted every page. A complete overhaul has been effected, most of the late Duke's agents, commissaries, & bailiffs have either been deposed or suspended in their functions or curtailed in emperors. He has fulfilled his threat which he made when Lord Rusdell. Being at the castle on a visit, some complaint was made to him, by a groom, concerning the Master of the Horse. "Ah" said he "if any thing should happen to poor Hugh, there shall be only one Duke". He is everywhere, prying into all the most out-of-the-way places; examining all things & giving judgement. He has dispersed large numbers of workmen & changed day-labour to piece-work, in short, the proud establishment of the late Duke, is reduced to one half of its original extent. He has sold the dairy milch cows & several teams of horses, the pride of the country: & immolated on the shrine of Mammon

the Embroid department of the suches danager, wherein she formerly took peculiar interest, offered to the highest bidder, her pet-pancake, foreign ducks & graceful peacocks.

In return for these precious changes, the business which is necessarily acquired of the different trades, is placed upon a parer footing: Formerly certain tradesmen, favorites of the late Duke's "great men", were preferred to the exclusion of all others; but now, competition is invited, & all may share honestly for a share.

The Cottage Allotment system is also introduced, & was hailed with enthusiasm by the working classes of the town, who, for some time previous were agitated with rumours, concerning the advantages derived from the cultivation of the soil, as propounded by J. P. Connor. At present there are in different quarters of the town, three fields of about 8 acres each, divided into shares of one-tenth of an acre, & 30 yards by 14 for each allottee, & for which he pays annually the small sum of six shillings & threepence. This is exceedingly cheap, & the small plot if well attended to, will repay the industrious mechanic manifold.

His Grace is about 56 years of age, was married in 1842; but there is no likelihood of issue. At his death, therefore, the dukedom will pass into the hands of the Beverly family. He has, however, a large family of illegitimate children, & Rumors says, it is his policy to gather as much as possible from off the estate, as well comfortably provide them.



## The Tower of Alnwick.

In my earlier years, I had notions of Alnwick which I have since discovered to have been peculiarly my own. They were conceived in the wild subtrance of a warm imagination & wrought upon by the fervid lays of the bard, & the stirring narratives of the historian.

When seated beneath the now almost forgotten jasmine, with the wondrous page upon my knee, I drew romantic pictures of the far off castle, rising boldly from an abrupt & rocky precipice, with the stormy sea lashing itself into fury at its feet: whilst the town, surrounded by its grey walls, crouched down behind it seeking shelter. Huge mountains dim & hoary arose all round - their jagged crests piercing the dark & lowering sky, which, like the papions of the warrens beneath it, was in continual commotion. And these same warrens, what fearful giants were they! - Towering far beyond the ordinary stature of Suffolk men; & ready at a nod from the terrible Percy to rain down fire upon the unlucky Scots, & deluge their homes with blood.

This is a sample of my impressions before I had attained that important era - my teens: but as this manuscript is not a chronicle of the vagaries of my childhood - I desist.

Six years have elapsed since I first approached this ancient town. All nature was as bright & as cheerful as a glorious morning in the month of August could make it. To my right, & beyond large tracts of waving corn & massive patches of foliage, the white sails of numerous ships were glittering in the sun & moving majestically over the blue expanse of the German Ocean. On my left, in the far distance arose the gigantic Cheviots, their conical heads breaking with a bold relief the verge of the horizon: while before me to the North, appeared the tall columns & grey towers of Alnwick.

The road lay through a pleasing diversity of objects, now down a hillside crossed by a romantic brooklet, seeking its way to the ocean through deep warm channels in the rocky glen; & overhung with the weeping birch & graceful mountain ash. Now the road slopes over the brow of steep hills, clothed with the fir, the larch & other trees - the shady colonades all ringing with the song of blackbirds & thrushes & mingled with the plaintive cooing of the ring-dove.

Under such auspices, did I enter the place of my present sojourn.

Large nurseries & gardens on either hand, form a pleasing introduction to the southern suburbs of the town. On the left rises an elegant row of terraced houses, newly built. Nearer the town & on the right, is a noble column placed on a plot of rising ground. It is 83 feet high & stands on a basement of rose coloured granite. This basement is ascended by steps in four divisions, separated by huge pilasters, on which are placed colossal lions raised on bases of polished black marble. From this basement another elevation rises furnished with a gallery. This elevation has its angles ornamented by Etruscan pilasters, & the sides formed into square panels; that facing the east contains the following inscription in Roman capitals.

To  
High, Duke of Northumberland, K.G.

This column  
is erected, dedicated & inscribed,  
by grateful & united tenantry  
anno domini  
MDCCCXVI

In each of the four panels of the parapet of the gallery is engraven the armorial motto of the House of Percy - *Esperance en Dieu*.

But of this gallery the column rises, resting on a squared plinth. The capital of the column forms a light veranda, secured by elegant iron balustrades; & from this veranda a circular pedestal rises, supporting a lion passant, the crest of the House of Percy.

Paying on, the houses now form the appearance of a street, which is termed "Pondgate without". The buildings are of a modern date: though here & there are interspersed a few of an antique character. Over the doorway of one of the latter, & chiseled in stone, is the following



quaint advice to one of its former popes

That which your father  
Old hath purchased & left  
You to possess, do you dearly  
Hold to, show his worthings.

NW 1714.

The above is a faithful transcript, & shows the peculiar position of the system. Some hundred paces farther on, we come to the original boundary of the town, & the last remains of the defences which were once deemed requisite to the security of its inhabitants. It is an old tower, built by the son of the famous Attila, & under the arch of which is the only entrance to the town from the quarter. It is the first object belonging to the past ages that meets the eye of the traveller arriving from the south. When it first met my gaze, it strictly coincided with my preconceived ideas of what a border town should be. There it stood black, grim & dismal - like a giant choking the thoroughfare: Temple Bar uncivilized - or an unshaven, scowling, noisy porter taunting you from a nobleman's mansion. This old relic is commonly called *Bongate Tower*.

We have now entered "*Bongate within*," & also the principal thoroughfare. The street proceeds in a straight line until it reaches the centre of the town, it then divides into two great branches, diverging in the form of the letter Y. The right branch or limb, soon assumes the name of *Harrogate street*, & terminates in another at right angles, called *Bailiffgate St.* which, perhaps a square the south & east sides being occupied by the entrance towers & walls of the Castle courts. The north side opens to the great north road & conducts us down its steep declivity to the "*Lion bridge*" over the river *Ure*. *Bailiffgate* leads from the Castle westwards, terminating at the foot of "*Wotton Row*," throwing off at the junction near the "*Old Church*" a branch called *Canongate*. In *Bailiffgate* are many noble houses; while the broad towers of the Castle rise high in the air above, casting over all, the broad shadow of its prebeminence.

The other branch or left limb of letter Y, continues under the name of *Clayport street* in a direct line to the north & is then termed the *Wotton*, or *Wotton road*. In *Clayport* are many houses, chiefly inhabited by petty tradesmen, mechanics & labourers.

In the cleft or fork of the letter Y, is the *Market place*, whence runs *Green Gate*. At the back of the latter runs *Temple street*, intersecting & communicating with the two great branches just pointed out. It contains several large & elegant houses, & one of the principal inns.

*Bongate street* intersects the junction of *Bongate St.* & *Harrogate St.* & runs in a parallel with *Bailiffgate St.* It ascends a steep hill, which is crowned with a noble clock tower, erected on the site of the old gate.

On the south side of the town & parallel with *Bongate* & *Clayport*, is "*Green Port*" - formerly a large straggling suburb, but now, a great improvement has taken place: new streets have been formed, buildings of a superior character are erected, among which is the *Mechanics Institute*. And on a large open space, the new Church of *St Paul*, stands conspicuous.

This part of the town is almost cut off from the original position. It has no direct road for wheeled vehicles, except through *Bongate tower* & a narrow lane at the farthest extremity of *Clayport*. An improvement was projected by the late Duke, which was no other than cutting a wide street through a dense mass of old houses & court yards: thus throwing the new Church into a view from the *Market place*.

There are two other streets, but which contains very few inhabitants, these are *Dispensary street* & *Waltergate street*. The former runs north & south at the western extremity of the town, & forms its boundary on that side. The latter leads from the Lion bridge to *Canongate*, running east & west. Thus it will be seen that the town is enclosed on three sides - on the south by the *Green Port*, on the west by *Dispensary St.* & on the north by *Waltergate*.

*Canongate* is a street at the extremity of the town & leads to the north-west. It is inhabited by labourers & craftsmen, & has a government distinct from that of *Wharfedale*, its chief head being distinguished by the title of *Mayor*.





## Public Buildings.

The town of Muncie is built with freestone, brought from the neighboring quarries. It is in the latter period of a transition state. The low thatched houses are rapidly disappearing, & handsome structures rising in their stead. A mile may be elicited from the stranger when he sees the old dwellings of the past generation, with their straw roofs & unassuming chimneys, literally overgrown by their lofty & modern cornucopiers. Several handsome & commodious shops, glazed with large plate-glass windows, have within the last few years added their quota to the modernized appearance of Muncie.

The town is abundantly supplied with good water. Public fountains or "Pants" as they are termed, are erected in various parts. The most elegant & most useful stands near the market place. It is built in the ornamented gothic style & is surmounted with a stone figure of St. Michael, the tutelary saint of Muncie, in the act of slaying "that great adversary the dragon". The water is ejected from a lions mouth into a large cistern of masonry work, 10 feet square & 3 feet deep.

These ponds at evening are surrounded by a group of servant girls, who come for a supply of the pure element, & to catch a short respite from the ennui of the kitchen. It is astonishing with what lightness & ease they trip away with a large tub or steel full of water upon their heads.

The Assembly Room is a large massive stone building, standing on the south side of the market place. It is supported at the two sides by a row of small arches, under which are the phantoms. Under the east end which is circular & supported by stone pillars, is the once far famed fish market.

An ancient Cross stands in the north-east corner of the market place, & from whence the "Drill" proclaims Tans, statutes, &c. &c.

The Town Hall on the west side of the Market place. It has nothing of any note about it, save a square clock tower rising from its centre.

There are several Meeting Houses, belonging to the Dispensers of various denominations. The largest is that of Zion Chapel, were the Independents hold their worship. That of the Presbyterians is the most ancient & is well attended. The Unitarians have a small chapel. Their creed has but few

adherers, & is little understood. There are two small places belonging to the Methodistists, Wesleyan & Primitive.

A new chapel on Clayport belongs to the "United Secepsim" congregation, & at present, their pastor, the Rev. J. Kern is the most able preacher in town.

The Catholics have an elegant Chapel in Backstreet, & is I believe well supported.

The old church of St. Mary & St. Michael stands at the head of Canongate. It is yet complete & entire. The gear of its foundation is not known, but it is thought to have been erected in the reign of Edward the first. It has a square steeple, in which are three bells. Within the church are three aisles, & a large gallery supported on cast iron pillars. On the walls are many elegant tablets in memory of the departed. Near mural monuments are seen on each side of the chancel, & also the usual recumbent effigies of knights & their ladies. The chancel may be justly styled superb. The ceiling is of fine plaster work, most beautifully moulded: the middle aisle is of elegant gothic timber work: & the pews & the altar are covered with crimson velvet, richly edged with gold lace. On the front of the altar is a glory with the letters S.H.S. & the cross above, wrought with gold, & set with stones: which with a set of silver communion plate, were the gift of the first Duke of Northumberland. The walls are hung with hatchments, & banners & trophies of war!

The new church of St. Paul was consecrated on the 16th October 1846. It has been built & endowed at an estimated cost of £13,000 at the sole expense of the late Duke of Northumberland. The general style of architecture is that which prevailed during the reign of Edward the third. The roof is high pitched & open, stained in imitation of oak, & having its arches drooping upon beautifully headed corbels. The pillars which support the clerestory are light & graceful. The arches above are pointed, as are all the others, & chastely mounted.

The clerestory windows are five in number, they consist of two lights, & have heads fitted with rich tracery. The chancel is arched about 6 inches above the level of the nave, & paved with encaustic tiles. The pews have richly carved ends, terminated with guppy heads. The west end is adorned by a beautiful tower, rising to the height of 100 feet, & surmounted with a copper spire of the figure of a cock. The church is from a design by H. Salmon Esq. The builder Messrs. Newell & Co. of London.



## Schools.

The inhabitants of Murrick possess the advantages of having the means to secure to their children the blessings of a good education. Schools there are, both public & private, where the youth of both sexes are taught at a trifling expense.

The Borough or Freeman's schools were established for the education of the freemen's children. They are called the Grammar school & the English school. The first teaches what its name implies & also Latin & French. The latter which is of the most importance to the children of poor freemen, was established by the borough in the year 1790, for the purpose of teaching freemen's children the English language, writing, & the elements of mathematics. The children are admitted at six years of age, provided they know the alphabet.

The Girls school for teaching the daughters of freemen, reading, knitting & sewing was established by the borough in the year 1807.

There is a respectable school founded by the Wardens of the town, for educating their sons, & fitting them for a commercial life.

The Duchess's school in Canongate, was originally instituted by the second Duchess of Northumberland for the education of poor girls. The present establishment is for 50 girls, who are instructed in reading & needle work, & are dressed uniformly at her grace's the Duchess Dowager's expense.

The Jubilee School was founded by the second Duke of Northumberland, the school house is situated in the Green Past, near the church of St. Paul, & on its north side is the following inscription.

For the education of 200 poor boys,

This school was erected & founded  
By Hugh Duke of Northumberland  
On the 25<sup>th</sup> day of October 1810

In commemoration of our Sovereign  
George the Third  
Whom that day completed the  
50<sup>th</sup> year of his reign.

And opened 12<sup>th</sup> August 1811  
Being the birth day of His Royal Highness  
the Prince Regent.

## The "Corporation."

Murrick is the county town of Northumberland, but being possessed of a population of about 6500, enjoys none of the privileges of a municipal corporation. It is also an unrepresented borough, & it is probable from the Saxon characters engraven on the corporation seal, that it was incorporated about 900 years ago. Perhaps by Miffed the Great himself.

It is governed in the name of the "Chamberlains, common council, and freemen of Murrick". Eight persons of the common council (which consists of 24 freemen) are annually returned to the lords court, at or soon after Michaelmas & 4 of them appointed Chamberlains by the lords steward at the Michaelmas court leet. The chamberlains are sworn at the lords court leet, before the steward of the court, previous to their entering into office: at which court all officers of the manor & town are sworn.

The members for the northern division of the county, & the coroners are elected in Murrick. & the county courts are held every month in the ward. In other respects, Murrick enjoys none of the distinctions of a county town. The county gaol is at Morpeth, & the Assizes, probably for the convenience of the judges are held at Newcastle.

## Fairs.

The two principal fairs of Murrick are held, the first on the 12<sup>th</sup> of May, at which a large show of fat & lean cattle are in attendance. Also a "hiring" for farm servants & hands. The other is held on the last Monday of July & offers to the observer a rich and most perfect of its kind, preserved in England. On the evening previous to the fair, it is the custom of the surrounding townships & villages to send parties one to four men each, to Murrick, for the purpose of keeping guard on the piers of the old gates of the town, armed with the halberd or long pole ave. They are marshalled by the Duke's halibut & perambulate the town to proclaim the ensuing fair, & are then dismissed to their respective villages for the night. — It is curious from whence this custom arose. In the "old time" the border & Scottish in armed bands would come trooping down from the hills, in hopes to plunder the concentrated riches of the fair —



## The Working Class of Munich.

Some centuries ago, the ancestors of the majority of the families of this town were the armed followers of "the Percy", fought under his banner at the bloody conflict of Otterburn & played the fierce role of battle in the memorable field of Gladden. They were no mean adepts in the mighty fray, & could surpass the black cattle of a Scot even in his own enclosures & conducted them with a remarkable facility through dark glens & unfrequented mountain paths to their own homes. And if pursued & overtaken by the enraged foe, none could defend their ill-gotten gains with more courage, or hold them with greater tenacity.

But now, their degenerate descendants know not how to raise the glancing spear, draw the flaring bow, or wield the ponderous battle-axe; have never uttered the shouting war-whoop around the reeking dwelling of the Scot, or met him hand to hand excepting in the unity of friendship.

So it is & well. The great tide of civilization has swept away the rancorous animosity that boiled in the swelling veins of their fathers; mellowed the harshness of contention to the kindness of sympathy & brought common comforts & rational pleasures within the reach of all.

In consequence also, the distinctive peculiarities of the map are blunted or rapidly disappearing in the general features of nationality.

Let us now consider the social condition of the "working man" - his home - his family & his food. Let us seat ourselves by his fire-side & learn the order of his domestic economy.

One room twelve feet square, with perhaps the addition of a lighted closet, is the utmost extent of his territorial ambition. In this circumscribed domain his wife & family are immured all the day long, poor woman, when she takes a few minutes gossip in the next

domicile, & the children a few hours run in the streets. In the room at one corner stands a "four pile bed": on the side opposite the fire is a "kum-up" bed maintaining its "moss" during the day under the guise of a chest of drawers. That in the corner is the dormitory of the elders themselves & their youngest "bairn" - the latter is for the general "flock". In another corner stands a neat chest of drawers, surmounted by a few books, & beside which hangs a Dutch clock, alas "wag at the us". A looking-glass suspended near the window, & a table & three or four chairs complete the stock of furniture. If they possess no lighted closet, the kilt, pairts & ticks find a refuge under the table.

The towers of a washing day are multiplied tenfold. The unreluctant family & their father, can find no rest - no refuge from the reeking tub. The fire is monopolized by a huge iron pot, & the bed is occupied by baskets full of linen. - Evening comes - the room is stony from one end to the other with wet sheets & blankets, which impart to the "good man" a feeling of horror & desperation, & is the prime mover of that implaceable - uncomprehending hostility which he manifests to the "cold water case".

Think of those interesting occasions, when the "wife" adds another reality to the family. What awkward starts & dilemmas her lord & husband find themselves in? The prying curiosity of the curly headed ogres in the adjoining coach, & the confusion which is consequent on the want of room for the busy endeavours of the numerous "accoucheurs". Sickles visit the family. - There is the peaceful seclusion, necessary to the comfort & important to the recovery of the "stricken one"? There is no bar to the intrusion of the stranger. Sincerely he enters, & perhaps after giving the poor a good "bang", or what is as bad, leaving it open, finds himself standing by the sick-bed, totally ignorant of the presence of its occupant.

Death ensues - 'tis even in the midst of the active life around. No solitary chamber contains the cold corpse of the departed - The pale spectacle terrifies the young child, & meets the half averted gaze of the elder. Yes 'tis in their midst, still hurried to the tomb!



You will think that the "working man" is too confined in such small lodgings, & that he will rebel against his narrow prison. No, nothing is farther from his thoughts. He would not know how to fill a larger house & he is accustomed to the present order of things. He has "pound door" of his own, private to himself & sacred to his children. The room is often at the third story, which is a great inconvenience to all. Neither can they be healthy. The foul air which is generated by so many persons sleeping in a low ill-ventilated apartment is most injurious. I have slept in a room twelve feet square & seven feet high, containing nine other persons! What show room to inhale over & over again? And that room was seldom or never aired throughout the day; but served the family as sleeping, dressing, breakfast, & dining room; kitchen & store! I ask can health, decency & morality, exist under such circumstances?

The food of the "working class" is nearly allied to that of the Sotol. Batmeal is used, chiefly for breakfast & supper. There are two kinds, called Low-kim & High-kim. The former has had more fire & therefore it is dried to a greater degree than the latter. It is used for "crowdy," & the manner of preparing it is as follows. Provide a basin half full of the meal & arm yourself with a table spoon; on the meal pour as much boiling water as will cover it, & then commence stirring vigorously with the handle of the spoon. Till it assumes the required consistency. If it is intended for a "fat-crowdy," scoop a hollow in the centre for the reception of beef or mutton dripping, add to the dripping a little hot water, allow it to cool & then appease your appetite. Secale is sometimes used in lieu of dripping, or otherwise small-beer or milk alone. A "crowdy" is the staple morning meal of the peasantry. In the summer when in the country, I have seen in the early morn, an old patriarch rise from his bed & make an enormous sized one, & supped it with the greatest gusto, & in the strength of which, he laboured in the field till noon. It was his boast that he

could taste his breeches in one hand, & a crowdy in the other!

I have had sometimes, great difficulties in the disposing of a crowdy; but they never occur, only when working in the country. The kindness of the old land lady induces one to accept of a crowdy for supper. In one unlucky night she tempted me & I did eat" but was soon compelled to desist. It was so hard, a knife would have sliced it as a brown loaf! I knew not what to do: it was not to be eaten by me. I dared not leave it or an opponent would be constituted. So watching the movements of the old lady, I determined to convey the solid mass from the basin into my coat-pocket, & in the morning feast the pig. With these generous feelings, I drank the milk which was in a separate vessel & "bided my time."

High-kim affords a lighter repast, & is more commonly used in the town. It is converted into "porridge," which is the accustomed breakfast & supper of a large number of persons. The meal is dropped gradually into a pan of cold water, just placed on the fire, & is stirred continually until it boils. After ten minutes of boiling, it is poured into basins & plates & allowed to cool a little when it is supped with milk. Occasionally may be seen the breakfast of six or eight persons placed on the ledge of an half open window for the purpose of cooling.

I am partial to milk porridge & never saw any person, not even those, whose daily food it has been from childhood, that could despise it more expeditiously.

"Barley-dick" or "barley fadge" is an equal mixture of barley & pease-meal. It is kneaded into large circular cakes or "bannocks" an inch in thickness & baked on a "girdle," over the fire. It has a dark appearance & is eaten to flesh meat & broth. Thus used, I prefer it before white bread.

The good wives here, are famous in the art of making all kinds of short-cake, white-cake, & "ginger-bunnies". All of which are baked at home upon the useful girdle.

The girdle is a circular plate of cast iron, about 15 inches in diameter & three eighths thick - with or without a brass handle over the top.

Cakes may be had at nine shillings per hundred of 18 cust, crumage included. At the present month six shillings per hundred, or at the above in penny cakes of 1 cust each.



## Matrimony

In Scotland the marriage rites can be performed with far less time & trouble than in England. In consequence of this, & the vicinity of so important a privilege numerous are the flights of love across the border to procure at the altars of Hygeia. Here, in an elopement of this kind a pursuit is not always a necessary sequence; it is mostly among the working class & the attachment no secret, the result (marriage) is looked for, with as much certainty as a mathematical demonstration. Yet I believe these runaway matches are generally the offspring of sudden impulse. The amorous suitor has long avowed in what his unalterable affection inclined him to do on some never-to-be forgotten evening the fair maiden by the invincible aid of smiles & tears had made a deep impression on his quivering heart - her swimming eyes have plainly uttered "Why halt ye between two opinions?" then in all the furor of delicious passion he has been constrained to "pop the question" & an immediate journey to Lamberton agreed to. As to their habitation, he says "When we come back ye ken, woud auld folk hae be helps us set up the house"

Sometimes the matrimonial journey is undertaken on foot: the mode of travelling is very hazardous to the success of the enterprise; to wit, the uxoriousness has time to evaporate - no coach-fare to lose, & it is easy to walk home again & come another time. A female with whom I am personally acquainted, once undertook a pilgrimage of this kind. When so, as half the distance was measured, her companion - her robust accompaniment - the stinger vessel declared himself fatigued, or in other words "knocked up" & unable to proceed any farther on the road. There seated upon a heap of stones he resisted all attempts at progression:

In vain were the entreaties & blandishments of poor K. . . . she appeared to his love, his promises & vows - to his honour; but all were equally futile - they met with no response: she pictured to his mind the laughter & sarcasms of friends - the lying inventions of malicious enemies, & above every thing the bad he would have in going back unmarried. "No, this was the understood cut of all", but it failed to move him, & as it was useless for her to proceed alone, she with a heavy heart was also obliged to return. I have only to add that her second adventure with him was more successful, indeed it fully answered her most sanguine expectations.

Another method practiced, is when at some general holiday, the proprietors of Steamboats send forth huge water-bills; announcing to the public that, their first-rate, first-class, splendid-sailing, gorgeous-salooned, copper-sheltered, copper-fastened, steam-boilered, new-rigged, new-systemized & perfectly safe & economical so-many-horse-power Steamboat or Place-ship the Tank-fore will sail from such & such a place on a gala trip to the Farinlands-Berwick & Holy-Island & calling here & there & every where on the way back, &c.

Then is the fond couple attired in their gayest apparel; they trip lightly on board & when arrived on "Scotland's shore" trip lightly on again to see the country, & ere they return the poor one havelost her father's name - he on whose arm she hangs, has given her his own in stead.

In the south of England, there is a general ignorance prevailing as to the way in which these marriages are performed. In the print sellers windows are seen so called representations of a wedding at Greta Green. A lady & gentleman are standing beside an arvil in a blacksmith's shop; the smith all beset with party matter & with rusted arms, is holding out a large iron ring put forged for the occasion. Thus is credulity imposed upon. A blacksmith's shop for a temple, the forgerman for a priest & the arvil for an altar! Now, the marriage ceremony is performed with as much external decency as in a church. The only difference being that it is in a private house.

Greta Green is 10 miles north from Carlisle. Lamberton 3 miles north from Berwick at a toll-bar on the Edinburgh road.



## Festivals & Festivals.

In the North of England & in Scotland the observance of Christmas-day is not considered of much importance. In the latter country when at Aberdeen I discovered no difference in the course of business on that day to any other. But the advent of the New-Year gives rise to peculiar festivities. In Munich it is ushered in by the maps of the people with great demonstrations of joy. Bands of music parade the streets & every person supplies himself with a bottle of whisky to regale the first acquaintance that he may chance to meet. Also a singular practice called "first-foot" is permitted in. It is a desirable object to young people to be the first visitors at the houses of their friends, & consequently as soon as the town-clock strikes twelve they issue forth on their adventures which consist in making an entry, forcible or otherwise into their neighbours houses & proclaiming themselves individually first-foot. A person who attempts need not trouble himself in this matter, as that defect is considered unlucky. At that hour it is also held to be a fore-runner of misfortune if fire is allowed to go out of the house, & wit, a light for the pipe or candle: & is therefore carefully guarded against.

On Shrove-Tuesday, during the first three years of my sojourn here, the game of foot-ball was played between the single & married freemen in the pasture opposite the north front of the castle: the ball being expressly provided & supplied gratis by the date. & also from the same source £10. were allowed for a ball or dance held in the town hall in the evening. There were very old customs; but have since been discontinued in consequence of the "supplies" having been withdrawn.

The fifth Sunday in Lent is here called Carling Sunday. On that day the good folks indulge themselves with a dish of grey pease, fried in butter & seasoned with pepper & salt: & the public houses of the town are well provided therewith to feast their frequenters.

To observe old & cherished customs the Northumbrians residing in London on that day repair to their accustomed alehouse in Fleet-street, kept also by a Northumbrian. & there in spite of Cockney sarcasm, eat grey pease & glory in the memory of old times.

Carling is derived from Care or carling. Marshall in the Saxon Gospel calls it care-munday. Beans were eaten at the funerals of the ancient pagans to express sorrow, & the practice was adopted by the Christians to celebrate the death of Christ in the course of time they used pease.

At the Easter holidays a curious custom is observed. Eggs are boiled hard & dyed & gilded in a beautiful manner: these are called paste-eggs or pasche-eggs & are given to children, who roll them about on the grass. This custom is prevalent in Germany. On this subject a writer says the egg was used in the feast of the Pasover as a part of the furniture of the table with the paschal lamb. But it is still undetermined why painted eggs were peculiar to this day, when they formed no part of the day's repast. Perhaps the egg was thus decorated for a religious display after the days of abstinence were over, & festivity had taken place: & as an emblem of the renovation of life, employed to us by the resurrection from the grave.

The last Sunday in October is Martin's feast day, & it is equal to the festivities of Christmas. The greatest endeavours are made, even by the poorest to secure a good dinner on that day: friends are invited & long separated families meet again under one roof. The origin of this feast is the same as that of the Whits in the south of England, namely, the anniversary of the consecration of the parish church; but that is long since forgotten & it is no longer of a religious character.

At Christmas-time the loves of antiquity may witness one of the remains of the olden time in the sword or military dance. A party of coal-miners dressed in grotesque attire after the manner of the ancient mystics, perform clever feats, & go through wonderful evolutions with their swords. This custom is supposed to be a fragment of the Phrygian dance of the Greeks & Romans.

The Yule-lady is a small image made of candy & presented to children in commemoration of Christ's death. It bears an affinity to the Christ-child of Germany.



## The Moor

Deep moss & heather clothe the soil,  
And many a springlet plays,  
That welling from its secret source  
Down rugged dells is lost,  
Or spread through rushing fens its course,  
Silently lost.

The flocks & herds, that freely range  
These moorlands, turn a jealous eye,  
As if the form of man were strange,  
To watch one standing by:  
The herper stands aloof to gaze,  
The colt comes boldly on:-

I pause, - he shakes his forelock, neighs,  
Starts, & is gone.

J. Montgomery.

The Moor! the Moor! My friend, let us go to the moor & enjoy Nature in her wildest mood. Original Nature, as yet free & untrammelled by the constraining hand of man. Here untrammelled, we can wander over thousands of acres of land, which knows no roads nor plough. We will follow the rocky channel of the writhing brook, & trace it to its source. We will plant our feet on the summit of the waving fens, thread our way through the golden gorse, & recline our limbs upon a velvet carpet of purple heather. We will ascend to the topmost height of the moor, & stand upon the vast pinnacles of the "Cloudy Crags" & gaze on one of the rarest & most diversified prospects in England.

Behind us, the bewitching charms of land & sea unroll themselves

As we gradually climb the steep ascent: before us, all is an utter blank, but thence, when we shall gain the flag-staff on the summit, what a glorious world will burst upon us! Even now, the distant mountains loom up in all their mystic grandeur, & seem to beckon to the last, our enthusiastic souls. We have won the lofty eminence, & the grandeur of Nature's sublimest picture is spread before us. It embraces all that belts & girdles most dearly loved. The fertile vale of Whittingham looks from this new Parnassus as it were in verity the promised land - the land that flowed with milk & honey. See how its undulating plains stretch afar even to the feet of the hammer co-mates of the giant Cheviots. There, like a sheet of light winds the gentle Min, its banks dotted with clumps of foliage & the rustic cottages of the honest peasantry. This must be a happy valley! Located as it is, from the corroding wind, by its guardian mountains. - And these mountains, their lofty summits, they overlap & bend into each other - great behind great & ridge above ridge till far, far in the blue mist are the faint shadowings of Scotland's hills & the famous ground of Falden where the high-moled bag met death so gallantly. I love these mountains. I have stood on this spot when the elements strove together. Huge masses of blackest cloud rolled to & fro, around & below them, & arose thunder, shook their mighty foundations, & distant Jovial rumble. The fierce lightning leaped around their knaggy heads, & I saw them in their majesty, dignified - yet most terrible! I love these mountains! Hence the long flight of time to the remote period, when the convulsed earth groaned in her travail. Behold them emerge from the mighty wastes of the unmeasured deep" giving a home to monstrous beasts born of the waters! Then submerging - emerging - submerging & emerging again, & standing the lone tenants of a mighty solitude! Ages elapse - man returns to the brute seeks shelter beneath their shadow. Silently they stand. The painted savage - the Saxon - the Roman - the Pict - the Saxon - the Dane & the Norman behold them & passed away. And here are we, our diggy imaginations peering beneath the incalculable amount of ages.



And we too shall pass away, & they will abide, & even of a different race shall look upon them & pay to each other "We too shall pass away"; but their mountains are immutable. Yes, I love them for their associations - their connections with the wonderful past & the more wonderful future.

But to me picture. - Is you see that low looking mound in the extreme of the northern horizon? Is the huge rock of Bamburgh, crowned with the towers of King Ma. The flashing foam of the inexorable sea leaps in maddest fury at its base. But there it stands, unchangeable, ever breasting the cold pale north. A little farther to the right hand, you will observe a little speck in the waters. That is Holy Island: one time the abode of the pious St. Cuthbert. There, around the tomb of his living death, did the wild waves chaunt a ceaseless dirge: he saw them not. The narrow walls of his self-brought cell, opened to the heavens alone, where dwelt his God. Never still, stretching far into the sea, are the Farn Islands, the stormy homes of the screaming gull. Dangerous paths are there as mariners can testify. Grace Darling knew them! When the storm howled fiercely over the stricken ship, & man was helpless in the midst of death: then did she venture forth, even more courageously than her veteran peer, & plucked them from the gaping deep. She rests not far from hence. The old man, still trains the beacon lamp, murmuring for his daughter.

The eye now falls on the solitary ruins of Dunstanburgh castle. You can see but one old tower. The distance hides the tower walls. It possesses interest; being founded by the unfortunate Stafford, & dismantled by Cromwell. How unworldly it looks! Not far from it is the village of Embleton, the birth-place of Jussieu. I fancy that I can see the picture of his meagre countenance, just as when a child I beheld it in the Penny Magazine. He arrived (tradition says) to translate the gospels, fasting. He succeeded, but died at its completion. He had hoped to produce a version, clogged with night-eating.

Our swift night paper by the artificial ruin on Hatching crag - the small town & harbour of Alnmouth & glances for a moment at Little Planting. The highest point of land near the sea shore, & a famous

sea-mark for coasting vessels. Further inland are the towers of Hartburn castle. It conveys up the thoughts of bygone chivalry - of capture of Lord. Henry's hermit - his beads & prayers. There were in the days of its youthful vigour. Now it is decayed; but still possesses life. & as of old, its tall walls tower casts one eye on the sea, another, on the broad lands to the west, even to Cheviot's top. Beyond Hartburn, & about three miles from the shore is Coquet island. You can see its light-house, so white & pure-like in the rays of the sun, as though it were a marble column. Near it, are the tapering masts of the ships lying in the harbour. From this, you perceive the line of coast-ward, as far to the south; now forming bold sweeps & bays & putting headlands, till it is lost in the dim verge of the horizon. There in a clear day, can be observed with the aid of a telescope, the heights of Garshead Fell in the county of Durham, & the spire of St. Nicholas in Newcastle.

Thus have we ranged the horizon around us. A fair landscape lies within, studded with towns & villages. Old abbeys & feudal towers peep forth from woody part, & bright streams issue from the sombre shades of the forest.

Oh! Well thought of - I will show you the primeval forest of Chillingham. Is you see that long dark belt of foliage, extending from the hills, to the centre of the plain below, the west of Bamburgh. 'Tis the same. Great numbers of wild cattle inhabit it. They are of the ancient British breed, & have never been subdued by the hand of man. They are governed by the most terrible bull of the herd, who protects their rights & interests, & enacts laws similar to those which Lycurgus gave the Spartans. Their old companions the Quail are vanished. - Not wholly. A few disembodied spirits from the "Halls of Odin" are permitted to visit our earth at Yuletide: - for Yuletide or Christmas was once theirs. We have seen them assume the shape of their much loved ally & misplutee, & in that guise penetrate the sanctum sanctorum of another creed. Hark from its altars & receive homage from the people; who late them to their hearths & make them household gods. But to return.

Ever we descend from our high & rocky observatory: let us take another glance at Nature's magnificence. For as we gaze upon you hairy mountains,



These smiling plains & umbrageous woods & the second awful immensity; we feel that they expand the soul & lift our degraded natures from out the trickeries of towns, & heal the better mind, so long broken beneath the jagurtham wheel of an artificial society. Our sensitivities, our perceptions of the sublime & beautiful, so long borne down by the pressure of antagonistic circumstances; so grievously chafed by the leaden bonds of petty care; apace, their latent vigour - apace their proper empire, & when we again plunge amid the "busy hum of men", their elasticity brings up the springing heart & preserve our manhood.

## ECONOMICS.

You ask me concerning the regulations of this Moor. Alas! the policy which proceeds from your proud towers, lies like a curse upon its length & breadth. I said we were free - yes, our footsteps, not industry - not the shade. In times past, the burghers of the town had it under their control. They wrought the freestone quarries, & sunk pits for coal. They sold produce & enclosed those farms & homesteads which lie to the eastward, to the amount of nearly 800 acres. Leaving 2000 in the present unclaimed condition. There would have been done, had not the lion of the Fens put forth his paw & claimed a "lion's share". In 1762 the Earl of Northampton, by a chancery process, possessed himself of the soil, dunes & royalties; leaving to the disappointed freemen, the right of a limited pasturage: that is, for two cows, or a cow & horse, & ten sheep or goats. They may also cut ferns & furze, dig peat & clay - get limestone & freestone, take away sand & gravel, &c. &c. They are exempt from stallage in fair & market, & enjoy the privilege of a free education for their children at the Borough-school.

Now, do you not think that something more might be done with these square miles, if it were not for the tight grip of an aristocratic hand. Undoubtedly the land belongs to the people - then let them cultivate it. The Duke has been employed in dividing

two or three fields into allotments. Very generous! Oh how the poor mechanics & laborers wished to get a share - a grant to dig? They are even allowed back by "cloth coats". - Give them the Moor! Tomorrow the Duke perhaps, may get a chance to add it to "St. Luke Park", already to be. They lie side by side, 'tis very convenient - very!

I will illustrate the people's aptitude for that sublime science, husbandry. If in the latter end of April, or beginning of May, you take a walk in the vicinity of Alnwick, you will see them, women & children employed in the fields with an earnestness of purpose, mixed with joy & hilarity rarely beheld. The men are not peasants; but townsmen, mechanics, blacksmiths, joiners, shoemakers & tailors. The women are their wives & mothers of the children. You would be surprised at this promiscuous mixture of the land; an occupation so adverse to their previous habits. It may be so; but here they are, rejoicing in their labour, which is that of planting potatoes. The farmers, or most of them near Alnwick, accustom the custom of preparing annually, a field or two, for the reception of this root; & letting it in drill furrows, to the working class of the town: at the charge of 8 pence yards, which, is at the rate of £11 per acre - the townsmen find & set his own seed, & receive some small allowance from the farmer, who earths up the drills with a light plough. After which, it is left entirely to the care of the humble grower. And when, after much watching, the plants appear above the surface, he may be seen late in the evening, apologetically hoeing & weeding them from weeds & dirt.

Here, then, is a spot of ground for the artisan to indulge. For tillage of the earth is natural to man, he tills it for himself. The land of France belongs to fifteen or twenty millions of peasants, who cultivate it; the land of England to an aristocracy of thirty-two thousand who get it cultivated. Serious moral difference! Whether a possession be great or small it rejoices the heart. The man who would otherwise be without self-respect, respects & values himself on account of his little holding. In Alnwick, although the land is not the mechanics own, he feels a pride in it. Throughout



44 In the summer the potato plot is his fixed idea. How often he visits it; accompanied by his wife & family: he scrapes away the earth in search of the gradually swelling tubers, & with warm eloquence exhortates to his partner upon their size, progress & quality: & the heart of the good woman is made glad at the prospect of a good crop to help them through the winter.

In the evenings of Autumn, he hastens from his work, merrily & a hasty meal & arming himself with a grape sallows forth to the fields, which, ere he reaches, may be occupied by a friend or two, upon a similar errand. Here he upturns a supply sufficient for the week. The smell of the fresh earth invigorates him, his arm waves stronger as the glorious treasure is revealed to his longing sight; he feels a new pulsation of health, & he secretly rejoices for it is his harvest.

I say - let the right of cultivating the moor belong to such ones as these. Let it be divided & subdivided, & then with the fact we could exclaim

The reproach  
Of barrenness is past. The fruitful field  
Laughs with abundance; & the land, once lean,  
Is fertile only in its own disgrace,  
Exalts to see its Chastity curse repealed.

The freemen employ a herd to tend their stock. He brands the sheep & goats with the *parade mark* of their respective owners. *Washes*, & superintends their shearing. He has an eye over the brood mares & employs a boy or two, to herd the Dutch cows & to collect them morning & evening at the milking grounds. About thirty cows are daily milked downyonder at the north-west end of the town. These belong to what is called the *Low-moor*. On the High Moor, at the north-west end, about fifty are collected for the same purpose.

The cows are chiefly the property of the poorer class of freemen, who sell the milk in the town, at one penny per pint.

## The Moor on Fire!

45 In spring, to facilitate the grazing of the stock, the ferge, or whinn, as they are here called are burned. The time chosen for this purpose is, when the wind blows from the town. The stock is secured from the quarter intended to be fired, & the bellman gives notice to the inhabitants.

I well remember the night: when I first saw it put into practice. At that time I was ignorant of the nature of the procedure. It was about ten o'clock when I left a social party, & was intending to make the best of my way home; but chancing to look up at the sky, I was startled by its lurid & bloody appearance. I rubbed my eyes to expel the effect of the late gas-light, thinking in my innocence it was the cause. But no, it was there still, so gloriously lurid. Bright streaks of light now shot athwart the copper looking sky, & seemed to rend it in twain. I involuntarily ejaculated "O, some terrible visitation - signs in the air - Conflicting armies - Plague - Swords, handles uppermost - Destruction of Jerusalem." I then cast my eyes up & down the streets, hoping to discover in the people some visible signs of commotion; but all was quiet. I was not long, however, in ascertaining the cause, & hastened to witness the sight. Having gained a suitable eminence on the edge of the moor, I saw before me & extending for miles, vast columns of fire. Down in the hollows & high upon the hills the burning element prospered most fearfully: while the black masses of solid looking smoke rolled heavily to the west, forming to the eye an impenetrable wall of darkness. Demon-like figures were gambolling about as if, in the very midst of the flames - exulting in their seeming diabolic actions, & encouraging each other with shouts & screams. I thought of Rome, & the mirth of Nero - of Moscow, & the agony of Napoleon, & fancied that, in the maddening glare of burning ferge, I saw the blaze of mighty capitals.



## Freeman Well.

You must know that the peevish of the borough of Alnwick, is famed by parliament, or by serving an apprenticeship of seven years to a freeman. This is all very proper; but before the right is recognized, the most ridiculous ceremonies & observances are required & must be conformed with. Talk of freedom & freemen! They have to undergo a treatment which would degrade helots & slaves - all too, under the eye & especial direction of my lord's butler! - What is it? Why it is this. On the evening previous to St. Mark's day, the 25<sup>th</sup> of April, those who aspire to the high honors & privileges of freemanship, assemble in the Town Hall. Where, having paid faithfully established their claims & qualifications to the freedom of the borough, they take the customary oath of allegiance. "To the Powers that be" & pay the fees of admittance. After this, accompanied by the herd & groom-grievous & a fiddler, they parade the town, & give themselves up to jollity for the remainder of the night.

On the morning of the 25<sup>th</sup> a holly tree is planted before each of the houses of the candidates, as a signal of the coming event. At an early hour the herds of the day assemble in the market place, each on horse-back & carrying a drawn sword, which anciently, from the baronial state of this border country was deemed necessary.

Being marshalled in order by the Duties bailiff & headed by the chamberlains & mongers, they proceed to the "Freeman Well", which is situated at the foot of Freeman Hill, & about 4 miles westward.

Arrived there, they dismount & after sleeping themselves in white, plunge into the "Well", a dirty, stagnant pool of water, with its bottom traversed with edges of hard earth & shing with short straw spars. Having got out of this evil which often takes them over-head, they remount & ride the banks over, to the great risk of life & limb. But I will give the details in my adventure.

## The "Adventure."

Nightly were the notes of preparation a few days previous to the 25<sup>th</sup> of April 1847, at the house of a family with whom I am intimately acquainted. A young sixteen years of age, an only son & free-born was on that day to undergo the initiatory ordeal of immersion. Not more proud was the young Roman Patrician on the apurification of the toga virilis; than this youth of the approaching consummation of the culminating point of his ambition.

Nightly were the notes of preparation for this interesting occasion. The solid realities of life, in the shapes of suitors, shoulder & leg, accompanied by the sweet symphonies & solos of pudding, pies & tarts, were, in such prospective conditions as imparted a rich & agreeable hint to the mental perspective. Spirits of many hues & potent for good or evil; by golden agency were drawn from the "crusty deep" of a merchant's cellar to grace & guide the momentous events of that day. Garments of fine linen, white as driven snow, & a coronet of chaste design & ornament with the brightest garlands of the loom were in readiness. A holly tree all darkly green & prickly was secured, & an old, scarce glistened & sparkled through the gaping crevices of its sheath. And a fine decorated shade of Flying Childers, & of the immortal order Chiffney! A mettled horse was chosen worthy to win the boundaries. Presumptuous aspiration! Lastly a one horse chain, to convey the necessary clothing & refreshments, & six individuals, myself included, to the field of action.

The morning came; ushered in with showers of rain. The clouds rolled gloomily from the west & reduced very considerably our anticipations of the days pleasure. But these forebodings soon gave way, for in a short time the clouds rose higher & the air grew light & buoyant & all was cheerful. The dark holly waved before the several homes of the candidates; - strangely & lonely they appeared; but they spoke of fun & merry doings to the passer by.



Breakfast was soon dispatched, as we of the chaise were obliged to make an early start, in order to be at the Well in time for the young men's arrival. My companions were, the son of our hero, his sister & a female cousin, women given, a little girl, & a lad who acted as our Jehu. The mother of our anxious woman, stayed at home to prepare dinner, & nurse upon broom sticks & dislocated limbs.

Thway we went, & the wide moor soon lay before us. A strong breeze directly in our teeth; but never mind to us.

"The west wind regarding the bosom of the earth"  
And calling forth bud and flower at its bidding."

Having passed through the toll-bar, we diverged from the high road & pursued a path westerly direction, over wild tracts of uncultivated land, & rendered still more desolate to the imagination by the loud wailing of the lap-wing, whose domain we had invaded.

"Signs of coming events" now attracted our attention. From all parts of the compass, bands of idlers were cropping the heath: while on the road before us, boys were urging in doubly laden donkeys to a speed that was decidedly incompatible with the pedestrian powers of those who can be kind in expectation of their turn. On, on we battled in company with another chaise which had overtaken us. We had gained the enclosed part of the moor. St Margaret's & the Moor-house were passed by & Freeman Hill was at hand. On, on we rattled, our wheels sent forth mud & mire from the deep ruts of the farm road, bespattering the unfortunate pedestrians. When lo! the centre of attraction burst on our view, & we soon gained the far-famed spot. Motley groups were crouching from the boisterous wind, under the favour of dykes & hedges - some were studying the aspect of the Well. I was struck with the scene: there was a large number of persons, met, of course for some definite object, & that too, in a bleak & rugged part of the country.

A filthy pool of water, about one hundred feet long & from six to fifteen broad, seemed to form no part of that object - its features appeared so incidental to the scenery, that one could hardly believe that the green paddy matter resting on its surface concealed traps & pitfalls to obstruct the progress of a dozen fantastically attired human beings, who were hastening at that moment with the intent to pass through it: - the very idea of such a thing was absurd in the extreme.

Having selected a sheltered nook for the toilet of our protégé, & got the refreshments in readiness: we all awaited the appearance of the candidates who were momentarily expected to come galloping over the summit of the hill, in their eager endeavours to gain the honour of being first at the Well. In the meantime the old freemen who were present, recounted their adventures, when under similar circumstances - how well they rode - how much & such a one was nearly killed, & how so & so was nearly drowned. These topics are favorite subjects of conversation, on occasions like the present. Suddenly, a loud shout apprised us of the horsemen's vicinity. A small party soon appeared dashing along with reckless fury to the bottom of the hill, where, the foremost sprang from his horse & with a cry of triumph stood on the brink of the well.

Those who had arrived, were the most skilful & expert horsemen, therefore great merit was evinced when the timid & the awkward came lagging to the goal.

Now all was bustle & confusion - friends, male & female thronged to greet the arrival of their respective charges & to conduct them to the place of refuge, & assist in putting on their white apparel. All being pronounced in readiness, the chamberlains ranged them into order at the narrowest end of the well.

The Duke's bailiff then read the conditions of freemanship - the music poured forth a lively strain, & the word of command was given. Now the son of the oldest freeman has the privilege of leaping in first. That person on this occasion, was, a little fat, old man; but withal of a merry temperament.

One moment of hesitation followed the command, when in they plunged pell-mell; one loud & continued shout from the spectators urged them on.



the strong & the bold struggled fiercely for the mastery, while their weaker companions were thrown beneath the voracious flood. In the undistinguishable mass of floundering humanity I lost sight of the little man - he had disappeared! When suddenly, to the utter discomfiture of the females & the mirth of the crowd, he emerged from the centre of the pool: his bristling shoulders had fallen from their appropriate position & revealed a shirtless back, the want of which however, he had prior to his immersion concealed by the means of a skewed waistcoat. Most ruefully he scrambled out of the "muddy clay" displaying unconditionally the broad disc of nudity, & followed by delicate allusions from the throng.

The majority of the panting divers, were now adapted out. But oh the change! How polluted was the purity of the driven snow. The gay ribands no longer fluttered so jauntily in the breeze! "What a falling off was there!" A few minutes before, what a bold & gallant band; but now, with teeth all chattering, & limbs all trembling, each one runs to his rendezvous of hedge or cart & impatiently mutters "give me clothes." We had considerable difficulty in drying our half-drowned friend, & notwithstanding all our efforts, the shirt was put on outside in. After a liberal consumption of cakes & whisky, the refreshed aspirant's declared their ability to proceed the remainder of the boundaries.

Many were the dangers which they would be liable to incur, in consequence of their reckless dashing in galloping over marshy fen & rocky glen; & on that score, many were the cautions which they received from the faltering tongue of sister or of love-bound maid.

Our object was now to gain in the shortest way possible the termination of the boundary line, which lies westerly from the town at Kotten-row tower. For there the young freemen would contest the honour of winning the boundary & receive the plaudits of assembled thousands.

I took a measurement of the "well", & gave a last look to the now deserted scene & hastened to rejoin my companions, & whom I found comfortably seated in the chaise & urging the horse to drag it out of a rocky hole into which it had sunk. The animal was kicking & plunging about & refusing to draw. In fact it was impossible. I had much ado in making them come out & assist the horse, so unconscious were they of the danger.

Once more, seated away we came "right merrily." But I soon perceived some slight irregularities in our father's style of driving, & the voice of the "Sire" was in a more elevated key than usual. - "Whistly, whistly!" On we rushed, fast & furious - our former consort, the chaise was behind us, & homeward bound horses are always willing. A spirit of rivalry sprang up - shouts of defiance were interchanged, & gradually the speedy but merged into a gallop. When suddenly, we came upon a party of mounted gentlemen quietly returning from the bell. Before they were well aware of our approach, the two chaises dashed into their midst. The off-hand wheel of our follower severely lashed the leader of a valuable nag: the others with their riders were seeking safety in the deep ditches by the road-side. On, on we came, excitement grew apace, whilst the ad-vice I gave, was passed by, unheeded. We had now reached the high road, & were descending a steep hill: seeing the madness of galloping down such a place, I had just resolved upon taking the reins when, in an instant the billy-band snapt asunder - up flew the shafts. & down went the horse. Cries of alarm arose from the females who were, seated behind, the rear of the vival chaise had poked in his head between them. This impetive intruder being withdrawn, & apologized for: our more successful competitor whirled past & left us alone in our glory. Adversity often steps in & checks the triumphant career of the most sanguine - lays in in the dust our most brilliant prospects, & ruthlessly tears apart like a filmy web the rotten harpings of a hired hack. However, what with patience & a piece of plumb, we once more proceeded on our journey, & arrived without further mishap at Stoney-peth.

Stoney-peth is a steep hill on the moor, & near to Kotten-row tower, & from which the best view is taken of the young freemen's approach. Here were assembled a large multitude of both sexes, anxiously awaiting the appearance of the horsemen. This too, is the time when lawyers clerks, & sports of the town mount jaded bits of blood, & endeavour to excite admiration by their peculiar system of grasping the bridle, & graceful method of keeping the saddle when curveting about in the midst of the people.



Androsy were the eyes of the multitude directed to the distant hills of the Moor over which, the path of the newly-made freemen lay. Painful suspense was depicted in the strained gaze of their more immediate friends; for, dangers are likely shown in the continuous descent from your hills to the spot on which we then stood. There is no regular road & these young aspirants striving for fame ride madly on, over rocks, through bogs & fudge bushes, over the brinks of sandpits & quays, the person, a few years ago, plunged horse & all in one of the latter: he escaped with life, but the horse was killed.

In a short time, the airy forms of horsemen were described on the distant heights: their outline & motions being clearly defined against the deep blue of the horizon. They looked more like shadows or park-board figures, than real flesh & blood mortality which claimed a kindred with the excited crowd around me. Various opinions were mooted as to their identity, "Oh says one, 'tis only them what's taken the cut" alluding to the practice of the fearful & lep skilful men leaving the rest of their comrades & taking the shortest & easiest way to home. Such they proved to be, for, in about a quarter of an hour they came clattering up the steep in most admired disorder - trying to appear as if they had achieved the honors of the day. But no, the legitimate heroes were now contending with cock & hog alternately, & like true men were resolved not to bate on jot of danger, nor lose one inch of ground. Scarcely had the recreant batch passed from the jibes & taunts of the mob, when, like them, their more courageous friends were beheld on the far hills. Shots of wild excitement rent the air, the horses of the desperado aspirants pranced most fearfully - at least to their riders - wagers were laid at tremendous odds, our youths for their made bold & tempting offers, but found no takers.

Now was heard the sharp ringing of iron shod hoofs as they came rushing through the narrow & steep defile of Stoney-peth, and as they emerged from beneath us, we saw the smoke of heavy perspiration & heard the laboring breathings of hot-warren steeds. Their riders intent upon the goal, seemed not aware of the presence of the assembled throng - the cheering cries of friends & relatives passed unheeded; but each one knew that he could not

add one inch to the space between himself & his rival. For, the strength requisite to the struggle was well nigh spent were the black-cock sweeps & the more glib boys her young.

The crowd closed in behind, those who were mounted joined in the race, their spirited backs right glad to miss the lumbering of the wheels "could be hardly restrained. One ran full tilt against a curb-post & threw his rider, two others met in mid-career as in the tournaments of old, the traces of their masters sustained the shock & a broken leg was the result. It is wonderful that so few accidents occur, considering the obstacles to prevent in the boundary ride, & the utter want of common prudence in those whose but more spectators.

Having entered the town, the young freemen resumed their swords, & accompanied by music & a large multitude of "all sorts" they paraded the principal streets, rode round the corporation pumps & fountains, & then proceeded to the castle to enjoy a draught of his Graces "best"; & which was dispensed with equal liberality to the crowd who followed. After this, the cavalcade visited each holy tree in procession, around which they drank in wine & whisky to the health of <sup>the</sup> candidate it represented. When the virtues of all the trees were exhausted, they rode to the market place, where the public ceremonies of the day were concluded by the customary crowning ceremony of <sup>the</sup> freemen.

Such is "going through the belt", such is "Freeman Belt day". So has it been for ages past & so will it be for some time to come.

To me, it was a pleasant day. I saw old customs - customs which possess the same unimpaired vigour now as they did hundreds of years ago: customs which the youth & manhood of the present day enjoy with as much zest, as did their hardy forefathers of old. Rediculous as they are, what boots it? Enjoyment is produced. The sting is worn out from what I believe to have been one of the relentless gripings of feudal power. The obligation to pass through that muddy slough, was, but the practical expression of lordly contempt. What boots it? Harmless mirth & ludicrous adventure are now the concomitants of Saint Mark's day the 25<sup>th</sup> of April.



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Hulme Park lies on the north side of the moor, & occupies the remainder of the elevated range on which the latter is situated. It is about ten miles in circumference, & is surrounded by a high stone wall. There are several lodge-gates. The one at which visitors are admitted is a little distance up the moor, passing by Rotton Row tower.

This park is agreeably diversified by a continual change of scenery. We pass, on our entrance down one of the three roads & are soon in the midst of a narrow defile; the lofty rocks on either hand rising far above their savage grandeur peering boldly through the openings of the foliage which clothe their sides. At their feet & paralleled with our path, runs a streamlet stealing silently along & almost hidden beneath the worn base of the rocks, now it boldly rushes forth like an angry being & tumbles foaming down a waterfall. We follow its course till it reaches the river Aln. Here another scene awakes other emotions. The silvery Aln rolls over a magnificent artificial cascade, so constructed as to produce most beautiful jets d'eau. A few paces on our right hand is Canongate bridge.

On the opposite bank a water-mill borrows of the Aln a portion of its strength, & the revolving of its huge wheel detains the eye. In the same side & about a stone's throw from the mill, is the old gateway & tower of Murrick Abbey. It stands in the centre of a level sward of the softest & greenest verdure, & hills, clothed with dense masses of trees encircle it with their sublimity. Oh those monks! They had an eye to the picturesque & the beautiful. I have seen many, many ruins of their former habitations, & can declare that almost without an exception they have pitched upon the snuggest, coziest, & fattest spots on this fair land of ours. But listen. The monks who abode here, were called Remons - Statutarian Canons, from the Latin word Remonstration, that is,

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Because they lived in a place marked out by heaven! It was founded in the year 1147 by Eustace FitzGibbon who married the heiress of Lord de Bessey.

We now stroll onwards in a westerly direction, keeping by the bank of the river. The branches of the trees are interlocked, above our heads they meet in sylvan bowerance; our sight, in vain endeavours seek to penetrate the dark recesses of the embowering foliage, half unwilling to discover the sweet nymphs & dryads of the "elder forest". Suddenly we strike off the road into a narrow path that leads to a magnificent foot-bridge & near which, we find a pleasant bower fitted up with commodious seats & commanding a very singular view. The river flows past us, & down which we have an uninterrupted view for, perhaps a quarter of a mile; its banks are steep & covered with trees of various kinds peeping every tint & shade of green imaginable. At the farther end, this glorious hollow of wood & water is abruptly terminated by another mass of foliage, crowned with nothing less than the towers & turret of Murrick castle. The enormous bulk of the castle reposed in the distance, seems by some magical influence to rest on the summits of the intervening trees. It looks as if it were present with us, calmly surveying the sparkling waters. No other object enters into the composition of this unique picture. 'Tis a miniature of that set in the splendid framework of nature.

Crossing the foot-bridge & following the devious windings of the path, we enter a plantation of forest trees. We pass on - the river flows on our left; to the right, the rocks leave but room for a tolerable wide road. Here a pleasant fountain, called the Ladies Well refreshes our thirsting throats. From hence, we pursue our way under the leafy canopy of tangled boughs, secure from the hot face of a July's sun to Hulme Abbey. Here we see the noble remains of the first monastery of the Carmelite order of Friars in England. Its glory has departed. Henry wrote upon upon its walls "Shabod". It contained at one period seven churches & chapels for the different parts of worship. A strong square tower



was erected in 1400 to protect the monks from violence. It is still in good preservation, having undergone a thorough reparation by the first Duke. A square tablet in a wall, in good old English spelling informs us that. "In the year of Jesus 1400. This tower was built by Sir Henry Percy. The fourth earl of Northumberland of great honour & worth. That espoused Bawd, the good lady full of virtue & beauty daughter to Sir William Harbirt right noble & hardy earl of Pembroke, whose soul God save, & with his grace coarsed the builder of this tower."

The founder of this Abbey was Ralph Fresborn & under very singular circumstances, which, according to the ancient writers is as follows:

"Among the English barons who went to the Holy Wars in the reign of Henry the Third, were William de Vesey, Lord of Alwerick, & Richard Gray, two eminent chieftains in the christian army. Led by curiosity or devotion, they visited the monks of Mount Carmel, & there unexpectedly found a countryman of their own, named Ralph Fresborn, a Northumberland gentleman who had signalized himself in a former crusade, & in consequence of a vow had taken upon him the monastic profession in that solitude. When Vesey & Gray were about to return to England, they strongly importuned the superior of the Carmelites to permit their countryman to accompany them; which was at length granted, on condition that they would found a monastery for Carmelites in their own country. After they returned, Fresborn, mindful of their engagement, began to look out for a place for their convent; & after examining all the adjacent solitudes, he at length fixed upon this spot; indeed, it is said, by the great resemblance which the adjoining hills bore to Mount Carmel in Palestine." Fuller in his Church History confirms the above. for, he says "Carmelites were brought over into England by Ralph Fresborn, & placed at Alwerick in Northumberland in a wilderness (sic canibus catulos) most like unto Mount Carmel."

He says also that the Carmelites have preserved the successive

series of their provincials. Let them thank John Bale herein, one of them, (though they be pleased to pier him as passing it for the love of his dear Dorothy), who in his youth made the catalogue out of love to his order, & preserved it out of his general affection to antiquity. Then follow their names, birth place, length of rule, & burial place. I see that no less than nine belonged to Norfolk & Suffolk.

The head Park-keeper resides here. His wife acts as accouchee to the curious stranger & conducts him through the venerable ruins: & with well trained volubility, talks of refectory, dormitory, chapter-house, ovens & baths, once used by those to whom, the lines had fallen in pleasant places. An aviary occupies the site of one of the churches, where gold & silver pheasants are kept. & two noble eagles.

Leaving Hulse Abbey, we direct our steps to the wood-crowned height of Wiske Hill. The high tower on its summit rises majestically from the midst of "tall ancestral trees." We re-cross the river by means of the iron bridge (mentioned in a former page) & once more plunge into the delicious coolness of a leafy shade. How pleasantly in the quiet, calm retreat of dark forests may a person pass the mid-hours of a summer's day. Lying at his ease under a wide spreading oak, listening to the trickling of an unseen brooklet; counting the fibres of the fern that nod before him: - noting perchance the parasitic ivy binding the mighty limbs of the tree that over shadows him, - or, occasionally dipping into the pages of some well-loved book, drawing thence, sweet imaginings. The solemn gloom, unperturbed by the heat & glare without is like a bath to his mind, refreshing his soul with a passive serenity.

We are now arrived at Wiske tower, an elegant structure, possessing some of the appearance of a column, than what we usually attribute to a tower. It was erected in 1701 by the first Duke of Northumberland & is built in the most sumptuous style of architecture. We



enter beneath the small gothic arches to an open portico, & from thence to a circular inside staircase, which conducts us to the topmost balcony: where is kept a powerful telescope belonging to the Duke. On the outside of the balcony is placed a ladder, offering to the left limited the means of access to the iron grate or cup which crowns the structure. This tower is ninety feet high, & commands a most extensive prospect, which, I have attempted to describe from the heights of the adjacent "Cloudy Crag" (see the Note). On the tower balcony is a Latin inscription, & is thus rendered

Look about you.  
I have measured out all these things;

They are, my orders,

It is my planning;  
Many of these trees have been planted by my hand.

Descending from this noble edifice, our path leads to a natural cave, commonly called the "Nine-year-old-hole." For what reason I am ignorant. It is formed in the face of a precipitous rock. In the interior are seats of the same material, & in the darkest corner are placed the statues of two monks. These are objects of mingled curiosity & terror to the female portion of a Sunday party. From this our road, passing through an enclosure termed the deer-park, where numerous herds of deer are seen, & also a number of buffaloes, & now, in a short time we shall reach the lodge-gate by which we entered.

To the antiquarian - to the lover of the picturesque, we have traversed the most interesting portion of this park. But there are objects we have not noticed; but which are of the last importance to the scientific agriculturalist: - I mean the model farm. The well cultivated fields - the instruments of husbandry & the latest improvement - the cattle & the substantial building with its courts, its stalls & its granaries. All these are worthy the inspection even of the uninitiated.

## Barriside

Barriside is an extensive series of pleasure grounds attached to the Castle. Pursuant to a stately tree conducted us from that edifice to the gardens belonging to the Duke. Here we find them (as may be expected from the splendour of a so noble proprietor) laid out in the most princely style. Four large circular Conservatories with frame-work of wrought iron, besides several others of wood, occupy the north side.

The house is devoted exclusively to the propagation of the delicate exotics of an Eastern clime. Another for those that are natives of burning Africa, & the more temperate regions of the south sea. Here too is one fitted for plants that claim their origin in the sultry climes of South America.

There is also a capacious beehive-house & another for peaches. Large varieties are likewise in a flourishing condition. In the open air are all kinds of fruit-trees. Standards, walls & espaliers.

By means of a noble Water-tower & its numerous ramifications, ease & facility are given to an otherwise laborious occupation.

When the Duke is absent from the castle, the gardens are at stated periods open to the public. What a season of enjoyment is this to the young & ambitious florists of Munich! Here they can revel in their darling luxury - can gratify their senses either with the beauty of bloom or the fragrance of odours. What enthusiastic praises are lavished upon the gorgeous Camellia - the gracefully pendant Chilean Fuchsia! the exotic Cacti with their thick & massive leaf & splendid flower: - not forgetting the Jasmin, the Acacia, the Schottopium, the Papilion, the Calceolarius & a thousand others, without taking into account that aquatic tribe - the Thrifty Bulb.



## The River Aln. Angling.

The river Aln derives its source in the hills near the village of Alnham about 16 miles west from Alnwick & after flowing past the latter place, it debouches into the sea at Alnmouth a small sea-port 5 miles eastward.

It is a river that boasts not of commerce, of ships, or of any navigable advantages. But in its short career, it adds a charm to the beautified & romantic scenery it passes through, & its bright flashing waters ply the busy wheel of many a rustic mill. Winding amid valleys & having numerous feeders, it is subject during the heavy rains to great & violent swellings; often inundating large tracts of land, carrying away in its devastating fury the helpless sheep of the farmer & the labours of the terrified mower. The hay being caught by the overhanging branches of trees, presents at the subsidence of the flood, the singular spectacle of enormous areas & festoons high above our heads.

The Aln affords to the inhabitants of this town one of their principal amusements, namely angling. This gentle craft is pursued in to a great extent under two different systems, the fly & the bait. Of the ~~two~~ fly fishing is considered the most honorable, as it requires greater art, experience & tact. It is also more exciting & in the opinion of its legitimate votaries nothing is so exhilarating as when with rod in hand he is lashing the waters of his beloved Aln.

"Just in the dubious point, where with the pool  
I miss the trembling stream, or where it boils  
Around the stone, or from the hollow'd bank  
Reverted plays in undulating flow."

With what eagerness he watches the "delusive fly" dancing upon the

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ripples of the tiny wave, waving some hapless trout from its dark confinement of "covered bank" loose rocks, or wave worn slumps of aged trees. With what art he handles the rod so giving the artificial allurements the appearance of nature: then advancing or slipping a line, like a huge whip he whisks the pliant gut in circles far above his head, & gently & noiselessly the fly alights "like a thing of life" upon an untrod part of the stream. If he succeeds in hooking a trout, it immediately dashes off at great speed "indignant of the gale". He follows letting line run from a hols wheel or pern which is fastened upon the butt end of the rod, then keeping the fishes head adown the stream, he gently winds up the run out gut, which soon fatigues the trout, rendering it incapable of any more so use the term & an easy prey. It is now drawn flopping & flouncing to the shore & is deposited by its captor in a creel or basket; who, as he closes the lid upon the dying prisoner thinks a triumphant defiance to all his piscatorial rivals.

The Salmon at certain seasons infests the rivers here for the purpose of spawning. They haunt the mouths of the rivers & streams in the latter autumn & winter waiting till the waters are swelled by floods when they can with more facility ascend them, surmounting in an astonishing manner the rocks & dams they meet in their upward course. We have seen them leap a waterfall of 9 feet, showing with what determination they follow the instinct of Nature. With these the trout-fisher often comes in contact, & then the struggle is of a serious nature, in an instant the noble fish darts to the line's whole length, its human foe endeavoring to maintain his rod by speed of foot, no easy matter on the unequal banks of this river & to keep the line extended, for, if any slackness occur the fish obtains rest & the safety of the tackle is endangered by sudden jerkings.

The angler incurs great risk in the event of capturing this fish, being the property of the lord of the manor, or they are farmed of him by persons who supply the London Market. The law protects them also, nor are they legally molested from October to February. The rivers being shut as it is termed during that time.

This system, like the Game laws is the parent of many crimes. At



at night, bands of men armed with clubs, hooks & leisters or three-pronged spears, & carrying lanterns, wade the streams & rivers holding their weapons ready poised; while others with the gleaming light attract the curiosity of the fish. Thus are they destroyed in great numbers. Sometimes there are rumours of severe battles fought between these determined men & the wretches; both parties being the recipients of broken heads & dislocated limbs. Then follow Sepoys or Afghans, forwarding transportations, improvements & fines.

We have, on a Sabbath morn beheld the salmon leaping the cascades near the Castle, while persons in the water were grappling them with a large hook on the end of a long stick & when at last increased landed on the bank, & its captor laughing in the exuberance of joy was in the act of concealing it in the long grass; in that instant was himself a captive being forced upon by the myrmidons of law & conveyed to "distance vile."

The Alu also produces eels of a large size, & which are caught in several ways, one of which is by the night line. This is simply a string cord the rivers breadth in length; hooks are fastened on it at, about an interval of two feet & are baited with worms, & stone is secured at one end for the purpose of casting it into the water, after which, the other is tied to a bush or small stake. Thus armed & at dusk with "covert steps & stealing slow" the cunning Popofoor arrives at the water-side. All is silence & retirement; the trees wave not, for the winds are hushed; nor rippleth the water for it is deep - the stars above are looking at their images in the silent flood, & the early crescent moon is peering beyond the western hills: then is heard a sudden plunge - the stone is thrown followed by its train of "hemp & stick" embracing the channel's breadth. A dark shadowy figure may be seen stealing away, seemingly as innocent of eel or fishy thought, as of the beautiful scenery around him. But, he returns ere well the pun has won to secure his spoil, which may consist of three or four eels & perchance a trout.

One fine Summer's eve two of us were out fishing with bait, our rods fixed in the sand & ourselves standing near; when a great plunge in the water attracted our attention, nor could we divine the cause. In about ten minutes another plunge - twice - thrice, & there was a fine trout leaping high out of the water, it was hooked to & bringing up a night-line that was

tied to a bush a few paces distant. We drew it ashore, secured the trout & with it a large eel already dead - shrouded in its agonizing writhings.

The other mode of capturing eels is by "bobbing"; but is indulged in only by the robust & the fearless. A stick or cane is provided. On the end of the stick the barbed point of a long hook baited with worm is gently placed, the point end of the hook has a string attached which runs up the stick into the hands. Thus prepared the person folds up his trousers & his slaves, enters the stream & there strikes the end of the stick into the holes & figures of the rocks & stones & roots of trees. If he feels a nibble he draws the stick very gently away from the hole, which leaves the hook in the mouth of the eel, the string to which it is fastened being in his hand: he gives it a pull, the eel then coils itself up in its old & bitter-to imagined secure abode; but it will not do, out it must come, the string or hook must break & else. And when brought forth from its lair! what a terrible monster it is! what snailish folds - it clings to life with a bulldog tenacity! Scarcely fully lacerated would he the finger it ventured within those capacious jaws. But, however, the snape of its neck is cut as soon as possible & for some time after its string body performs in desperate curves.



## The Apiary.

There are many apiarists in this town, with whom the keeping & management of bees is both an object of pleasure & pecuniary gratification.

I have not discovered any, who could show a really scientific knowledge of the bee, & the internal economy of its hive. But, be that as it may, the hives are often very productive, & I know of no instance where the cruel method of burning or poisoning them have been practiced.

Straw ships are the most commonly used by the cottager, & when to prevent swarming an enlargement is made the reverse of the custom in the north where the hive is lifted up & a wooden box placed on the stool under it.

The greatest apiarists in the Kingdom prefer square wooden boxes in lieu of straw ships, being better adapted to receive the combs, than the circular form. This part of the country is more favorable to bees than the highly cultivated districts; in consequence of the extensive moors & woods which afford an abundant supply of heather, wild thyme & ling. The bees preferring this kind of food before any other.

In the early Autumn the possessors of hives convey them to Alnwick Moor, the western part being at this time a carpet of heather. Here, many miles in extent, where they are attended to by a peasant who lives on the spot & is paid at the rate of one shilling per hive for the season. And many a goodly range he has, each hive tickled with its owners name. Here if the season continues favorable, the average increase of weight to each hive is from eight to ten pounds & of the best quality. This fact is well known by the Bee-keeper in all parts of the North. The apiarists of Edinburgh send theirs to the shepherds on the Pentlands hills.



## Cognizances of The House of Northumberland.

There are two well known badges or signs of the Northumberland family. One is a lion passant or a lion standing still looking steadfastly before him, & with his tail rigidly fixed in a horizontal position. His figure stands on the top of Northumberland House near Charing Cross London: another at Green House. Every & also upon numerous monuments & bridges in Northumberland. The other familiar cognizance of the Percies is a crescent or half-moon. Travel Northumberland in whatever direction you please you meet this sign - from the fishing villages on the coast eastward, unto the peasants' hut on the mountains westward; through coal districts northward & agricultural districts northward - where it is painted on the doors of the cottages with their number in the centre: - even in farmsteads it is sometimes conspicuously placed on the extremity of the weather-vane. It is on all public buildings founded by the Percy family, such as bridges, fountains, churches & schools, where it meets the eye. And, either by paint on the cottage door, or sculpture in bold relief on noble edifices, it discovers the mighty influence & extensive proprietorship of the family.

## Historic Sites. & Antiquities.

A few paces from the great north road & about a mile distant from Alnwick stands a neat stone cross or monument. It informs us that, eight hundred years ago a king was slain there doing battle under the walls of Alnwick castle. The exact inscription runs thus

Malcolm III  
King of Scotland  
Besieging  
Alnwick Castle,  
was slain here  
Nov. XIII. An. MCM.

This simply relates the fact - let us enquire the occasion that brought him there, & the manner of his death.

It seems that Malcolm was related by marriage to the Saxon line of Kings, & that after their downfall at the conquest, he could not readily acquiesce in the altered state of affairs. In consequence he waged war in these parts upon the subjects of the Conqueror. But growing old & incapable of wielding the sword as he had some heretofore, he betought him to make peace, & for that purpose repaired to London. Unfortunatly he was ill received by William Rufus, for, his old antagonist Rufus' father was dead. In a great rage he returned to his own kingdom & levied an army & accompanied by his valiant son Edward led it to the very gates of Alnwick castle & besieged it so closely, that its garrison was sorely pressed by famine. Long did the pent up soldiers bear the pangs of hunger & knew not where to look for succour: when one Hammond, a bold trooper of the castle in his own mind resolved a scheme to deliver his furnished comrades & their wives & children from Malcolm & his army.



So it was agreed that he should attempt the bold adventure, he being resolved to succeed or perish in the attempt. Therefore he mounted a strong steed & rode over to Maledun's camp with the keys of the castle pendant on the end of his spear as a token of surrender. The old king overjoyed at the supposed submission came forth to receive them & was wounded to the death by the treacherous lance. At that instant the garrison sallied out of the castle, & so sudden & terrible was their onslaught that the Scots army was totally routed & young Edward son of the slain Maledun died of his wounds a few days after. And the place where the heroic champion crossed the river to effect his enterprise is, to this day called *Hammond's ford*.

Another monument equal in historical celebrity to the preceding is situated nearly in the centre of the avenue of *Nottingham*. It bears the following inscription

William the Lion  
King of Scotland  
Besieging  
Munick Castle  
was here  
taken Prisoner  
MCLXXIV.

On this occasion, William was abetting the rebellion of the son of Henry the second & had, previously been into Cumberland ravaging the country there. But being aware of the approach of a stronger force, had secretly retired northward & besieged this castle on his way. He divided his army into three divisions, one part stayed before this place, while the other two laid waste the country. Now in Newcastle at this time was a number of gallant knights & among them the lord of *Munick* castle. After some deliberation they determined to go to *Munick* in quest of some chivalric adventure that would redound to their honour. Proupled with these thoughts, four hundred well armed men galloped off, & soon arrived near to the castle; but by reason of a thick fog were so confounded, that they had resolved to return. Suddenly the fog cleared away & in their immediate vicinity they beheld King William with

only sixty followers. William at first mistook them for his own men; but was soon undeceived. Dismaying to fly although before so superior a force, he bravely offered them battle, & was instantly overpowered & taken prisoner.

His captors carried him with all expedition to Newcastle, & from thence he was delivered up to the English monarch; who demanded an enormous ransom & that he should do homage & become his vassal.

We will now introduce some account of the antiquities found in & near this town. They are the tangible hints which connect us with the past & who can look upon them without a pleasing though melancholy interest: 'Momentos of a former age!' they bid us reflect on the mutability of time, & startle us with a view of the minute speck we possess in this world. The crumbling ruin tells us that it was the handy-work of man & has existed while generation after generation have passed to the dust & the little remnant of mortality - the mouldering skeleton, as it lies in its rude sepulchre of stone, says to the spectator "as I am now so shalt thou, even so."

In *Munick Moor* there are the remains of two Danish camps, one of an irregular form, & has on its south side a double ditch. The other is of a square figure. It was here the Danes entrenched themselves previous to their dreadful overthrow near *Whittingham* by the Saxons.

In the year 1726 a person discovered in *Harle park*, at not more than a foot & a half below the surface of the earth, twenty brass sword blades, & sixteen spear heads of the same material; & at a short distance from these he found forty-two brass wedges or chisels. There is reason to suppose that the latter were used by the ancient Britons for the purpose of cutting stone. Each one has a ring on its thick end near the point; from which we may believe that the workman suspended them to a girdle round his middle & that he required but one handle for them all.

Nearly a century later, in 1823 at *North Charlton* six miles from *Munick* an ancient barrow or mound consisting of 500 cart loads of stones being removed two sepulchres were found; the first consisted of four stones set on edge, four feet long by two feet broad; these were covered by one large stone,



In this was found a quantity of small bones. The other grave was larger being seven feet long by four feet broad but formed in the same manner. The were cemented with blue clay. At the west end of this tomb was a stone placed as a pillow, on which rested a human skull, measuring nine inches long, & seven inches across the temples; three teeth in the under jaw were quite fresh, the leg & feet bones were in their proper places. In this grave was also found a brass spear with very sharp edges & point; it had a bone haft, but which soon crumbled to dust. I have cited this discovery out of its chronological order, in consequence of the relation it bears to the preceding one, by its possessing a brass spear, which confirms the opinion that such instruments are of old British origin, the two tombs are such evidently. Another proof of it is, that they have been found in various parts of Britain, as in the county of Durham: York-shire, & in the British barrows on Salisbury plain. Sibbald gives an account & so does Gordon of their being discovered in Scotland. It is truly astonishing that brass could be made to possess such hardness & fineness of temper requisite for such purposes. The Egyptians had the art of giving to brass a keen & durable edge. Bruce the traveller says "We have no instrument that could do it, no composition that could make tools of temper sufficient to cut bas reliefs in granite or porphyry so readily; & our ignorance in this is more completely shown, in that we have all the reasons to believe the cutting instruments with which they did these surprising feats were composed of brass; a metal of which, after a thousand experiments no tool has ever been made that would serve the purpose of a common knife, though we are at the same time certain it was of brass. The ancients made their razors."

On the 29<sup>th</sup> of December, 1816, on repairing the north aisle of the old church the clerk discovered two stone slabs, about two feet below the surface. They are of exquisite workmanship & of great antiquity. The larger one represents a king, & is painted in a scarlet gown & crimson robe, lined with ermine. There is an ermine tippet over the shoulders, & is bound about the middle with a gilt strap. On the left side is a purse, &

On the right something resembling a string of beads. In the left hand is a globe, in the right a sceptre, & at the feet are the royal arms. The other is supposed to be the representation of a martyr, & by some thought to be St. Sebastian. It is in a naked state, excepting a piece of drapery about the middle. The legs, thighs & body, are transpierced with nine arrows, & the hands & feet are bound in fetters. They are placed below the helpy at the west end of the church.

In the summer of 1845 some labourers when draining a field on the north road about half a mile from the town, struck their spade upon a massive foundation. Their curiosity being excited they bored the earth in various places & succeeded in bringing to light a small well, four feet deep & three feet in diameter, neatly faced with stone. At a short distance from this, they also discovered a stone coffin containing the skeleton of a human being six feet three inches in length & wanting the bone of the left arm. The coffin had no lid, & had evidently been so made for the original corpse, as the skull rested upon its upper edge & the cramped position of the broad shoulders gave testimony of the straits of their cold tomb. This was the site of an hospital dedicated to St. Leonard, & founded by the Brevies & appended to Muriak Abbey in the 50<sup>th</sup> year of the 3<sup>rd</sup> Edward's reign.



## Minstrelsy.

Ends of late years the House of Northumberland possessed its minstrels, for by it had three, who wore the badge of the family, a silver crescent on their right arms. The last one was discharged a few years ago for misconduct. Household pipes are still the musical appendages of the Scottish Gales.

The minstrels who were retainers of the Percies, performed on the small or Northumberland pipes. These pipes are different from those of the Scots or Highland bag-pipe, which in my opinion emits a very harsh unmusical sound, so much that they are blown with a small pair of bellows instead of the mouth. Recently the minstrels occupied a high position; they were the bards & historians of communities & nations. They preserved to us the knowledge of remote ages: they sang of gods, of the achievements of heroes, of war & of love. Homer was one of these & the chords of his harp made sweet music, for he sang of Ilium. So the Scalds or bards of the north we are indebted for what we know of the manners & customs of our Saxon forefathers when they dwelt in the dark woods of northern Germany. The spirit of the Nibelungen-lic & the Helden-lic breaths in the tales of our childhood, & always the thought & character of our nationality.

In the days of old, the person of a minstrel was deemed sacred, he could pass unquestioned & unharmed through the ranks of an hostile army. In the third century Coline a Saxon prince was closely besieged in the city of York by the king of the Britons. Baldolph his brother communicated with him from without in the guise of a harper. Alfred the Great was himself a minstrel. It is well known how he harped in the camp of his Danish foes & thus poisoned himself of their secrets.

They also went forth to battle with as great a bravery as those, whose deeds of valour it was their office to record. I will for the minstrel of William the Conqueror advancing in the van of the invading army at Hastings, sing the praises of the great Roland, then boldly rushing into the hottest fight; there lost his life.

They were faithful to their masters; have we not read of the good Blondell wandering in search of his lost king, how he traversed many lands harping by the way & ceased not until he had found him.

In those times, minstrels were the friends & companions of kings & nobles; they composed & sang the achievements of their respective lords, & thus incited them, when on the field of battle to deeds of honour & glory. Their lyrics commended the fair sex to the protection of the gallant knight & incited in their cause a devotion to the death. Other effusions held up to scorn & contempt the brutal oppressor of the defenceless innocent. Thus did they soften & ameliorate the harsh asperities of a feudal state & refine the tastes & feelings of a rude & uncultivated nobility. No knowledge, commerce & literature increased, the power of their masters waned - other sources of amusement & instruction arose, & the vocation of the true minstrel, the chivalric troubadour passed away.

The successors of this extinct order were without the spirit of poetry. The flowery & fantastic essence of romance had disappeared - the rich legends & lofty rhapsodies of the heroic age were to them devoid of interest. They possessed a mechanical skill in the musical art & could perform the compositions of others after a marvellous fashion. No high places at the tables of the nobles were reserved for them; but they were content to serve as a glittering appendage of the festive board & rank in the capacity of menials.



## Local Poetry

"The first instance of 'poetry divine' which I have been enabled to discover as the 'buna fide' emanation of the 'genius' of Alnwick, is the production of an old woman named Helen Jameson, & presented to the Duke of Cumberland who died at the Castle, when on his way to suppress the rebellion in the North, Jan. 28, 1746. As it has been honored with the perusal of so important a personage, its insertion here will be excused. - I beg leave to remark that I have a secret misgiving she employed the model of the illustrious Turenne, Major Stenhold & Hopkins.

To his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland

Come on, Great Prince,  
I welcome to this place,  
A true-born Briton,  
Of a Noble Race.  
"I  
William the Great,  
The Noble, Wise, and brave;  
Few men like thee,  
In Britain now we have.

III  
Whose Name when present  
Fights the daring foe;  
But in thy absence  
They imperious grow.

IV  
They boldly say,  
"They fear no arms but thine;  
Go, Arthur like,  
A Branch of George's line.  
Gird on thy sword,  
Thou shalt not daunt in vain;  
Nor Sampson-like,  
Shalt lie among the slain

V  
Daniel now says,  
"Who in a Lions Den;  
So shalt thou be  
Among those savage Men.

VII  
Thy many Eyes do watch  
Thy overthrow,  
One Eye's enough  
To guard thee from the foe.

VIII  
Fear not to face them,  
Who in a gloomy Glen;  
Thy sword shall make them fall  
They are but Men.

IX  
March on, Great Prince;  
I have no more to say;  
All I can do for thee  
Is to wish and pray  
For thy Success,  
And Banners to display.

The following graphic description of the death of King Malcolm & the deliverance of Alnwick Castle, is from the pen of an eminent scientific & literary gentleman resident in this town, & was contributed by him to the Newcastle Magazine 1822. He has, however, committed a great anachronism in ascribing Percy as 'chieftain' at the castle. It was then in the possession of Earl Mowbray. The Percy family had no connexion with Northumberland for more than 200 years after.

## The Death of Malcolm

Past was all the din of battle,  
Night its dusky mantle throws;  
Round the Castle's flowering towers  
Malcolm & his powers repose.

But to gentle rest a stranger  
All uncertain of his fate.  
Percy calls his few brave warriors  
"Future dangers to debate."

"Vain alas!" he cries, my soldiers  
"All your bravest tails ye spend -  
"Courage cannot longer succour,  
"Valour soon must have an end.

"Foes more fell than threatening Scotland  
"Hiver round these leagued walls -  
"Famine sink each manly bosom,  
"Hunger each brave heart appals.

"Pensive on the lonely turret,  
"Pale & weak the warrior stands;  
"Scarcely does the powerless might  
"Linger from his feeble hands.

"Let us then my gallant comrades,  
"Shun an ignominious grave -  
"Rise! & amongst you daring famen,  
"Life or bravely yield or save.

"Though the monarch now exulting,  
"Downs no victims all his own  
"Fate may give this arm to reach him,  
"And our woes with glory crown.

Lonely rang the general plaudits,  
All with generous ardour glow;  
"Lead" they cry to death or glory -  
"Lead us - lead us to the foe!"

"Yet suspend your bold resolving,  
"Gallant Hammond, rising, cried,  
"Hear me - hear me, noble chieftain  
"Courage shall with art be tried.

"Faintless ale is frantic valour  
"When to wild despair allied -  
"In the hour of pressing danger  
"Let discretion be your guide.

"With the keys are humble suppliant  
"Forth to Malcolm's tent I'll lie;  
"Unsuspecting he advancing  
"Pone beneath my spear shall die

"Then while terror & amazement  
"Though the camp confusion send,  
"With your few brave powers advancing,  
"Charge the foe & save your friend.



Soon as morning's eastern blushes  
Gave the promise of a day,  
Hammond, on his prancing courser  
Sought the tent where Malcolm lay.

From his spear the keys suspended—  
"Percy these submissive send."  
Glad to seize the noble booty  
Malcolm's ready arm extends.

Furious flew the vengeful weapon—  
None the hapless monarch hes—  
Swiftly round the bold apartment  
Wheels his steel & rapid flies.

Percy saw—his ready falchion  
Flashed the signal to his powers—  
"Now" he cried "my brave associates,  
Death or deathless fame be ours."

Force as falls the forked lightning  
When the knotted oak it rends,  
Percy's sword with furious havoc  
On the foremost foe descends.

Like their chief the brave Northumbrians  
Dashing forward in the fight,  
Glow with all the rage of battle  
Scour the field & spread the flight.

Clustering on the castle's turret  
Furnished crowds the battle craved,  
Trembling saw in wild confusion,  
All pursuing or pursued:

Saw the tug of furious combat  
Reel in conflict to & fro,  
Heard the mingling shouts of clamor  
Now from friend & now from foe.

Saw the rush of daring onset,  
Heard the brazen helmets ring;  
Heard the fatal flight of arrows  
Hissing from the bowman's string

O! what hopes & fears alternate  
Through the groups of matrons fly;  
Screaming babes cling to their mothers,  
Scarcely knowing what or why.

Wildly frantic agitations  
Every fearful bosom fight  
Husbands-fathers, - food, - existence,  
All were in the doubtful fight.

But when far along the horizon,  
Percy's nodding plumes were spied,  
And the foe in wild confusion,  
Flying, scattered far & wide,

Sudden from the furnished gazers,  
Cheering shouts in rapture flew,  
"See how flies the Scottish standard!"  
"See how brave our friends pursue!"

"See, before the gallant hero,  
"How the banner foemen flee  
"Percy triumphs! - dangers vanish  
"All is saved, & we are free!"

John Barry

The verses below were extracted from a small volume of poems written by a young lady of Munick & published in 1818. In this volume are pieces that possess great beauty & power, & they gave promise of something still greater; but the writer was soon after removed by death.

## Wisdom

The stream had worn its channel down  
A bank, steep & irregular, & broken  
Into craggy apertures, through which  
The twisted roots of interlacing shrubs  
To many an insect world gave shelter,  
And pleased full well the curious eye to view  
The underground designs of nature, start  
From their concealment.  
And on the margin of this little brook  
The primrose nestled in its cradle green,  
All heedless of the eddying wave  
That circled round its pettily banner,  
In spray in tiny mist that washed its  
leaf. The scene was beautiful! for  
Through the tender fringe, arch-entwined,  
The river shid along, full, deep, & clear,  
In beautiful serenity; where many a  
Sunbeam viewed its glancing form,  
Well pleased in conscious brightness;  
And many a tree reflected from the bank  
Stood to embrace its image in the  
Crystal mirror, smit with its own beauty.  
This little stream, said I, that murmurs  
Over its bed, & forms & swells in fairy gauds,  
Selling to all around how very shallow  
Are its waters, is this world's vanity—  
Empty & sounding; whose very music  
Of true happiness so little breathes of  
What the soul desires, that to a nobler  
Source it turning hastens! & that fair  
River typical may seem of what is not  
There twinkling; wisdom is noiseless  
As the unbroken wave that sweeps along  
In majesty of silence! And when I thought  
Of this world's misery - its little power  
Of outstripping an aching, an immortal soul



I turn'd my eye above, (but move my heart);  
 And ask'd for that full wave from distant  
 Forest fount, which overflow'd & gurgled  
 Up those streams that ruffle o'er the heart,  
 And have their source below!

Miss Hindmarsh.

The author of the four following pieces is a young mechanic a native of this town.  
 He is considered as the poet laureate of Warwick. He has also acquired by the dint  
 of an untiring assiduity a knowledge of the Greek, Latin & French languages &  
 the rudiments of many others.

## The Stream of Mm.

Behold the stream of Mm, how calm,  
 How softly sleep its waters there!  
 Around its banks there breathes a balm,  
 And all the flowers it sees are fair.  
 Soft is the sighing of the air,  
 Peace is the spirit of the place,  
 She glances with no pompous glare,  
 But every action tells of grace.

Proud forties of the Pines' race,  
 Whose lofty grandeur I behold,  
 Thy birrets, seen from this fair place,  
 Recall to me the times of old.  
 What tales of warfare have been told!  
 What deeds of glory thou hast seen  
 When the deep drum its thunder rolled,  
 And pike & falchion shed their sheen!

What glorious actions have thy walls  
 Beheld in ancient times! No more  
 The trumpet shrill at midnight calls  
 To order warriors drenched in gore!  
 Thy feats of warfare all are o'er,  
 Thy walls rejoice in peace; & Spring  
 When she returns, now brings a store  
 Of flowers upon her radiant wing.

It was not thus in olden time—  
 Spring brought forth portents in her train,  
 And Summer, in his fruitful prime,  
 Spread his bright flowers around in vain.  
 For then arose the trumpet strain,  
 And hope & bloodshed stained the land,  
 The mountain, heath, & verdant plain,  
 From ruthless Buttle's iron hand.

The flowers of Spring are heathens now—  
 The pansy, rose, smiles in gentle bloom,  
 The daisy's diamonds brightly glow,  
 And violet makes the air perfume,  
 While smiling in surrounding gloom  
 Is Celandine on shady ground.  
 With golden crown when Spring has come  
 Silver when Summer smiles around.

When Morning mounts the golden sky  
 And wanders up the woods with song,  
 Then on a mossy bank to lie,  
 To trace the river-path along,  
 To rest the ivy-leaves among,  
 Or brush the dew as on we walk  
 O'er fresh leaves in meadow strong,  
 From many a flower's verdant stalk;

But not the scenes alone are dear,  
 Nor although Spring brings charms anew,  
 So joy mine own, for, lingering here,  
 Through memory's vistas oft I view  
 The scenes of childhood: Fancy, true  
 To early youth recalls the hours  
 When I rejoiced to see the blue  
 Stream winding round your rocky towers.

A trace of melancholy stays  
 And shades my happiest hours—I see  
 Departed friends of olden days  
 In visions seem to come to me:  
 They rise before me in my gleam,  
 And wave their spectral hands again;  
 Then for awhile my pleasures flee,  
 And I have left a load of pain.

Rouse up thy spirit, P! my soul!  
 And strike thy arrows to the ground;  
 Long hours of rapture round me roll,  
 And dreams of deep delight are found.  
 Celestial hopes come smiling round,  
 And discontent, loud screaming flies,  
 With bliss my every sense is bound,  
 And melancholy groans & dies!

John Lamb. Lichfield.

Oh! this is sweet & healthy air,  
 Where'er our footsteps may be led,—  
 The sight of Morning's crystal dew  
 By Evening's endels fountain fed,  
 That sparkles clearer where we tread,  
 And rises as we pace along,  
 With rapture, fills the heart & head,  
 While Nature chants her heavenly song!

And if 'tis sweet thus wandering forth  
 Where'er our path may chance to be,  
 How doubly sweet my native North!  
 What rapture it imparts to me!  
 The flowers appear in greater gleam,  
 The golden river smiles the while,  
 The fragrant breeze & every tree  
 Is mantled with a verdant smile!

Dear stream of Mm I love thee well;  
 Thy native woods, my native place—  
 P! that my humble pen could tell  
 Thy glories, or my pencil trace  
 The charms that all thy borders grace,  
 When Spring & Summer laugh to thee,  
 With heavenly beauty in their face,  
 And Nature's chorists chanting free!

Q



# An Epitaph

Written on the site of St. Leonard's Hospital, Warwick, 1845.

It is not now as it hath been of yore!

Leicester.

'Tis sunset, June, & o'er the peaceful air  
Sweet odours sail, & Nature smiles serene;  
The West has softened down his golden glare,  
And gentle twilight hovers o'er the scene.

Such were the night's ten hundred years ago—  
Such they will be ten hundred years to come—  
The varying seasons take their wonted flow,  
And gather nations to the silent tomb.

So! in this ruined place a hideous form  
Of bones in its sarcophagus old,  
All that is left by the devouring worm—  
The rest is hid—who shall the rest unfold?

Who shall withdraw the curtain of the Past,  
Dense with whose shade eternal secrets lie?  
Aid of the midnight storm & wandering blast,  
Thine only answer is a long-drawn sigh.

Where are the lofty fumes that used to stand  
Abound in heart's own up—the shrines of God?  
There is none left—man's devastating hand  
Has razed the temples where his fathers stood.

And pitying Nature loves to hide the wreck,  
And has a veil obvious round it hung—  
Her verdant leaves the sacred grounds bedeck—  
Now herbage rankly grows where vestiges ring!

Relic of other times, & what wert thou  
Who comest again before the light of day?  
What was thy name? Where are thy hours now,  
If thou wert famed?—so seems thy tomb to say.

Alas for fame! alas for wealth & power!  
How poor they are, how vain beside the grave!  
And night—the plaguing of a restless hour—  
All-merciful death, thy stroke disarms the brave.

Wert thou beloved, great form? I ask in vain;  
No mark is left whereby thy state to know—  
Though fancy brings a sad & silent train  
Of retrospections where thou lingerest lone.

Yes! thou hadst friends—who has not friendship known?  
And thou wert loved—who is not loved by some?  
Thou wert lamented—that sepulchral stone  
Tells of regret & tears above thy tomb.

Who does not grieve at death's resistless hand?  
Is man to see how quickly time is past?  
Who can the smiting of the heart withstand?  
To think how short or long or love can last?

And thou, dark thing, who after unknown years  
Comest from the earth in death's own form arrayed,  
If thou wert mighty—might of might appears,  
Which—here is thy poverty displayed!

Secure from change, in an immortal home,  
Life & its varying scenes are closed to thee;  
Thou hast no record left except the tomb,  
Nor more shall countless thousands yet to be!

I mourn, but not for death alone I mourn,  
Who comes in tears dropped at midnight hour;  
The dead into a better world return—  
With them grief, pain, & misery have no power.

I grieve for times mutations. Ages roll,  
And all things changing in their course behold;  
A soft-eyed pathos wanders through my soul;  
—How dear to me the memories of old!

Lo, the full moon! Pale Moon, thou art the same  
As long ago thou wast, & long shalt be,  
Smiling at the on-misery & on-fame,  
Beholding nations rise & kingdoms flee!

How often has that Being gazed on thee,  
Thou filled with Hope's fond dreams, & now all dead;  
Look in that ancient sepulchre, & see  
Those eyes are closed to wake on earth no more!

'Tis gloomy now—the mountain tops are bending  
Their purple heads before the dark-brained night;  
And the long shades of lofty trees are bending  
Their mingled forms beneath the pale moon-light.

Forewell, these sacred Ruins—Daughter of Night,  
Triumphant Worm, o'er the barren woodland pour  
Thy full fair stream of melancholy light,  
And glance upon this Temple as of yore!

John Lamb Luckley.



Extracts

from

## "The Treasures of Sight."

But fast some years since, had the misfortune to lose his hearing; he is now totally deaf. He laments his lost faculty; but rejoices in the riches of Nature as they are unfolded to him through the eye. Hear him—

The songs of birds are unto me no more,  
The sea to me all silent beats the shore,  
Music hath charms — but they are not for me —  
The Harp is hushed, & mute the Psaltery!  
The old Church-bells are chiming yet for prayer,  
And waft sweet music o'er the morning air;  
The streams are murmuring as they used of yore  
Over smooth pebbles. Woods & mountains roar  
Forth their universal songs to God,  
And sanctify the paths our parents trod;  
I know them not — sound has for ever fled  
From me, & Nature's cheerful voice is dead!  
— But I can see — were I deprived of sight —  
What would remain? Would I have one delight?  
Yea is it vain to sing the charms I see?  
All nature seems Elysium unto me!

If blind, Day vainly might awake the lark,  
And golden noon were desolate & dark,  
No flower would smile, no herbage greet my way,  
No primrose bloom for me in purplish May,  
Earth with her sights & sounds were blank indeed,  
And one dull waste were mountain, stream & mead!

Look forth. I look, I see the glittering trees  
Wave their long branches in the lingering breeze.  
How beautiful they are! O! how I love,  
To watch the waving boughs in yonder grove;  
Ashed by sweet Zephyrs into gentle rest,  
Even as a child upon its mother's breast.

While, if the morning, dew-drops cluster round,  
And pleasing scents & balmy gales abound,  
Bright are the light-green leaflets as we pass,  
Bright gleams the sun upon the dew-lung grass,  
Bright is the rolling stream, & bright the corn,  
And bright the banks that bank beside the burn,  
Bright is the sky, the sea, the fields, — all things  
Are smiling as Aurora upward springs,  
And tears of pleasure from the budding rose  
And modest daisy greet her as she goes.

When Spring arises on my wandering way  
Then I delight to seek the new-clothed grove  
The winding stream with tangled shrubs above  
The mountain top with varying views around  
And rocky shore where curious plants abound.

John Lamb-Luckley



## A Faithful Wife

*Elle m'ajuge son mari; elle parait n'être faite que pour lui plaire; elle gagne sa confiance, et le charme moins par sa beauté que par sa vertu; le vrai charme de leur société dure autant que leur vie.*

*Sélemagne, liv. 8.*

— Love is the balm of human life, & happiness below:  
The gift of a confiding wife the greatest man can know:  
Calmed by her conversation kind when cares his bosom wound,  
A store of pleasure for his mind, a Paradise is found.

She keeps her household neat & clean, her children pleased & obey,  
No marks of idleness are seen within her cottage way,  
No waste nor want she makes, but all in careful order keeps,  
And when the shades of evening fall, clear in her conscience sleeps.

Soon as the lark has left his nest, & peals his morning strain,  
She rises from her prothing rest to her loved work again;  
She hastens out, & from the spring she draws forth water bright,  
And makes a banquet that might bring even to a king delight.

And as the pleasing moments roll she starts to other tasks,  
A smile of confidence the sole reward she ever asks;  
And she obtains her wish, & he, who loves with constant love,  
Receives a bliss as well as she, equal to joy above.

For mutual love is heaven below — all other love is nought —  
Blessed is the man who such can know, this happiness unbought!  
His days & years flow calmly on, celestially bright,  
And care is hardly ever known to shadow his delight.

*John Lamb Duckley.*

These lines are from the famous Northumbrian ballad the "Hermit of Warkworth"; which was composed in the last century by a member of the Percy family, the celebrated Sir Percy, Bishop of Eborac. My principal reason for introducing them is, that they will illustrate what has been advanced in a preceding page. The subject I shall style

## The Revelry.

Lord Percy made a solemn feast  
In Maurice's princely hall;  
And there came lords, & there came knights  
The chiefs & barons all.

With wispail, mirth, & revelry,  
The castle rung around;  
Lord Percy call'd for song & harp,  
And pipes of martial sound.

The minstrels of thy noble house,  
All clad in robes of blue,  
With silver crescents on their arms  
Attend in order due.

The great achievements of thy race  
They sing, their high command;  
How valiant Maudfred o'er the seas  
First led his northern band.

"Brave Galfrid next to Normandy  
"With venturous flots came;  
"And from his Norman castles won  
"Assumed the Percy name.

"They sing how in the conqueror's fleet  
"Lord William shipped his powers,  
"And gain'd a fair young Saxon bride  
"With all her lands & towers.

"Then journeying to the Holy land  
"There bravely fought & died;  
"But first the Silver Crescent won,  
"Some Pagan Soldan's pride.

"They sing how Agnes, heartless heir,  
"The queen's own brother wed  
"Lord Isceline, sprung from Charlemagne  
"In princely Brabant bred.

"Now see the Percy name revived,  
"And how his noble line  
"Still foremost in their country's cause,  
"With godlike ardour shine."

*Q*



## Northumbrian Dialect.

By John Lamb Liddle.

The chief characteristic of the dialect of Northumberland is that of its being founded on the almost unalloyed remains of the Danish & Saxon tongue. Some words indeed, are, undoubtedly of French origin which, may be accounted for, by the great intercourse, & the many alliances the neighbouring country (Scotland) contracted with France before the union of the two Kingdoms.

The words of this, as well as all the Northern dialects are remarkable for their primitive vigour & simplicity — those expressing the affections & the various terms of endearment are, superior in heart moving pathos, & simple beauty, to the refined phrases of a more classic language.

The most singular peculiarity belonging the pronunciation, is well known & is called the "Northumbrian Burr". It is this, the letter R has a most unaccountable aversion to proceed in its usual course from out the throat of a native; in consequence thereof, it takes refuge somewhere in the larynx & utters a most dolorous sound. To pacify & overcome this obstinacy in some words it is transposed, thus, *gun*, (*gun*) *has-mop*, (*Christmas*) also *scart*, (*scratch*) here it receives but little stress; & the more the being necessarily wide open at the time of articulation, it avails itself of the proffered advantage & makes a favorable exit. In the words where two R's occur & both require an accurate pronunciation, as in *Brewery* or *Erasmus*, the effort is truly ludicrous. No native is ever thoroughly free from this guttural defect.

Another great feature of this dialect is the division of many monosyllabic words into two & changing the vowels, as in *her-er*, (*here*) *sta-en* (*stone*). The diphthongs in some instances are wholly destroyed as in *te-ad*, (*tead*) *few-it*, (*fool*). The exact sound cannot be represented as a sample of the whole, for,

in the different towns the pronunciation of the vowels vary. In this good town of Alnwick the e & the a, are hardly distinguished from each other, & when they are in conjunction with the letter g, as in *yeance*, (*once*) & *yack*, (*oak*) they form a sound pleasant & agreeable to the ear.

In the writings of old Chaucer, Gower & others, are many words now considered to be obsolete; but let those who think so, visit the small towns & villages of Northumberland; — its high hills & wide spreading desert moors, & they will hear them yet in all their native Saxon strength — living words — employed emphatically in the peasants' household. Learned commentators have been at fault when elucidating the familiar dialogues in the tragedies & comedies of Shakespeare, haunted the meaning of a simple Sam from look to look & after all their diligent researches have left to posterity monuments of their ignorance: Had they but condescended to learn from the lips of herdsmen & boors what was so eagerly sought for in ponderous tomes — they had better understood & appreciated the Great Master."



## A Glossary of the words commonly used in Ulster.

In this vocabulary no term has been marked, but was spoken in my presence & in the common course of conversation. If ignorant of its signification I at a fitting opportunity made cautious inquiry concerning it. - Cautious, for otherwise, the speaker denning of no mystery in the word, would think that my object was criticism, & on that supposition be insulted. To some words that are not greatly altered in their form & meaning, is affixed the ancient root from whence they were derived. - The following list is by John Lamb Esq. Londonderry.

G.I.

Al, all - pronounced arr.

Above, above.

Actron, acorn; seed of the oak or oak.

Alane, alone; sometimes abbreviated as, "I'm a' my lane." (I'm all alone)

Amast, almost.

Amunder, below, beneath.

Among, among.

April-gork, April fool. Saxon gork, a cuckoo a fool.

Arles, the money that binds a bargain. Gaelic, earlus.

Asp, ashes. Saxon asce.

Asp-midden, ash-heap or hole.

Aud or ald, old; Saxon alda.

Awe lang syne, a long time since.

Aud-parant, old-fashioned; an aud-parant barn, a child previously endowed. Danish, arfaeren.

Aufu, awesome, awful.

Bauk, a crop beam; a perch for birds or fowls to roost upon.

Baver, a child; Saxon bearn.

Ballant, a ballad or song.

Bane, a bone, Saxon ban.

Bany, honey, large boned.

Bessie, diminutive of beast; applied to small animals.

Beik, a book.

Bicker, a wooden bowl, Saxon biker, a cup.

Bleoge, blaze.

Bolk, a two bushel corn measure.

Bonny, beautiful; handsome; a word greatly used. Perhaps it is derived from the French bon, good.

Bowk, to belch; vomit.

Brattle, clatter; a clasp of thunder is called a brattle.

Braw, very fine; superlatively grand; a brave gentleman.

Breaghm, a horses collar.

Brock, a badger. Saxon, broc.

Buggom, a becom or birch broom.

Byke, a hiding hole; place of concealment; also Bee-byke or blappa.

Byre, a Cow-house. In the Irish tongue beir means oven, they may over the same root.

Ca', to call out; to communicate.

Caa, to turn the handle of a grindstone or wheel, caa the wheelbarrow.

Cachy, to void excrement. In Suffolk its equivalent is poop, in Latin cacare. - Saxon cac.



Cadge, to beg alms; also to hawk fish or any cheap commodity.  
Cadger, a beggar; a costermonger.

Canny, gentle; good; unexceptionable. This is a word of compromise power & extensive application; it is said to express the general idea of all comfort, happiness, rationality & forbearance. Thus, a man enjoying a competence or a piece of land, or a good situation is canny. If he has a canny berth. An agreeable person is canny; any one who is for liquor is canny - a good workman is a canny hand - an eloquent & sensible orator is a canny speaker - a dunhead or rude person is cautioned to be canny - & a father chastising his child, is by the mother implored to be canny. & thus without end.

Canty, proud; merry.

Carl, a stout fellow.

Chap, to strike, applied to the striking of the clock; as, "the clock is chapping".

Child, almost synonymous with card. Unusually the same as child.  
Saxon, child.

Clag, to adhere; to cling to; to stick.

Claggum, taffy; boiled bridle.

Claes, clothes.

Clait, cloth.

Clarts, mud; filth

Clart, to daub with dirt

Clarty, dirty; clarty weather; foul weather.

Clash, to strike; shut down ~~voluntarily~~; a large quantity.

Collie, a byke or shepherd's dog.

Combie, a term of endearment "O my sweet combie" "Ye Irish form is, 'Pih! an it's my swate jewel that ye are'."

Crack, conversation, When two friends meet to "What's the best o' your crack"

Cruel, a wicker basket for fish or poultry.

Crowdy, a mixture of oatmeal & water, good either for man, dog, or pig.  
Cuddle, to cuddle.

Cuddle, a close embrace; a hug.

Cuddy, a name here given to that useful animal, the ass.

Cutty, short; little; a cutty pipe; cutty stool.

"Weed done cutty park"

Dead, a blow; to strike - "Oh dad your lugs!" -

Dee, to do.

Deft, foolish; rattle brained.

Darg, a deep work in the coal-pits - Saxon darg, day

Daytalmán, a man who works by the day. The term is derived from the custom formerly of having a tally or notched stick, whereon to tell the number of days.

Dee, to die.

Deave to deafen with noise.

Deftly to do an act skillfully.

Demented, insane. "He's purely demented"

Dimma, don't, also don't. "I din't ken", I don't know.

Dimma, does not.

Donart, stupid; to be confused in the ideas.

Dottle, the remains of a half-smoked pipe of tobacco.

Draokit, to be well soaked with moisture; drenched.



Drunken, drunken; tipsey. Danish drunken.  
 Drunty, thick; muddy.  
 Duds, vags. } Gaelic dud.  
 Duddy, vagged. }  
 Ec, eye.  
 Een, eyes.  
 Efter, after. Saxon efter.  
 Ecce, frightful; lonesome.  
 Elokken, a shoemaker's awl. German aelken.  
 Ette, to attempt, "I ette whiles to ping" I attempt sometimes to ping.  
 Fa, fall.  
 Fae, fae.  
 Fash, trouble; care; vexation. French facher, to vex.  
 Feckless, silly; helpless.  
 Fettle, verbafter, to put in order.  
 Fettle, order; condition. "You in capital fettle"  
 Fogg, grasp after the hay is mown, used for autumnal pasture.  
 Fore-elder, a good old Saxon word for ancestor. Saxon forealdum.  
 Fother, a cart load of coals, wood, or hay. Saxon fother.  
 Fon, drunk; full of liquor.  
 Fuddle, to tipple, "Bill is on the fuddle"  
 Gad, a fishing-rod. Saxon gad, a goad or long stick.  
 Gar, to make, force; compulsion.  
 Gan, go; Scottish gang, Saxon gan.

Gae, to give.  
 Gaim, to grin.  
 Gadle, a circular iron plate for baking cakes over the fire.  
 Gliff, a fright.  
 Gliffy, eccentric; odd actions & contortions of the body are called gliffy ways.  
 Graip, a three pronged muck fork.  
 Greet, to weep.  
 Grozer, a gooseberry, French groseille.  
 Hu', a gentleman's house or hall.  
 Hae, to have.  
 Hain, to pave; take care of, "Hain your Sunday's coat"  
 Haem or Hame, home, Saxon ham, German heim, a house.  
 Het, hot.  
 Himy, a term of endearment, the Irish say honey.  
 Houlet, an owl.  
 Hagenway, Christmas-box.  
 Income, a white-mulling; a profuse gathering.  
 Ingleside, the fireside.  
 Jaunis, the jaundice. French jaunisse. from jaune, yellow.  
 Jardy-bag, the stomach of a pig.  
 Jernick, honest, "That man is not jernick."  
 Kail, broth; cabbage.  
 Kern, a harvest reaper.  
 kirk, a church. Saxon cype.



Kist, a chest or locker.  
 Kittle, to tickle, "to kittle the fancy".  
 Kittle, uncertain; to a nicety, "as kittle as a match".  
 Kye, cows.  
 Laid, a bog.  
 Laidra, to be foundered in a bog, or muddy place.  
 Laird, a small proprietor of land; a country squire.  
 Laidy, bog.  
 Languyne, longance.  
 Lave, the remainder; the leavings; the residue.  
 Lib, qui castat.  
 Limmers, the shafts of a cart.  
 Love, to burn with a flame.  
 Lunt, a light, "to take hunt," to catch fire.  
 Maer, more, Saxon man.  
 Maist, most, Saxon most.  
 Maister, master, Saxon maester, or, one who has the most.  
 Marrow, an equal; one of a pair is a marrow.  
 Maun, must, "I maun gan" I must go.  
 Mend, good manners.  
 Mersful, thrifty.  
 Meprit, a mongrel dog.  
 Mind, to recollect or remember. as, "I mindadhis father many ganga."  
 Moor, a heath or common. Saxon moor.  
 Muckle, much; large, Saxon muel.  
 Me, no, Saxon me.

Nave, none.  
 Natty, ill natured; unpolish.  
 Nieve, the fist.  
 Nouse, nothing.  
 Nuome, a shower of rain or fall of snow. "I think there'll be an oume"  
 Nuise, anything.  
 Nussel, ourselves.  
 Nuten, the armpit.  
 Paddock, a frog.  
 Paddock-stail, the road-stool.  
 Pant, a pump or fountain, from the Saxon paid, or, pond.  
 Party, pauce in the matter of food; not to know when one is well off.  
 Pouter, powder.  
 Pin, a pin.  
 Pond, pound.  
 Pund-fad, a pinfold.  
 Pucan, a lap.  
 Quier, cunning; clever; rather "quimny"  
 Quols, coats.  
 Rattan, a rat.  
 Reek, smoke, Saxon reean.  
 Se, so.  
 Sair, sore.  
 Sanded, short-sighted.



Sang, a song.

Sark, a shirt or shift, Saxon pyre.

Shore, to frighten off; to drive away.

Sile, a milk pinner; to strain a liquid through a fine sieve.

Siller, silver; money.

Sipe, to ooze through; to trickle. Saxon sipan, a small draught.

Skeel, a wooden tub for carrying water or milk on the head.

Skeel, sparrow, as, "We had ne skeel out", thought little of it.

Skeip, to slap, as, "M' skip your face".

Spaen, to wear.

Spave, to shut, Saxon sparran, to close.

Studdy, a blacksmith's anvil, Saxon studeu, a post.

Souay, good tempered & good looking.

Stoor, dust.

Se, the one, as I took it with the te hand & put it in the other.

Se-fa, a beam, pent house.

Shack, hatch, Saxon thac.

Shrap, to argue positively; to talk incessantly about one thing,  
Saxon threpsian.

Sine, to lose.

Soom, empty; a loom purse.

Sue, to fatigue, "I had sair ties" great difficulty.

Sue, a cedar lead pencil.

Wadden, full of activity & vigour, "He's a wadden child"

Wairsh, tasteless; insipid.

Wame, the belly. Saxon want, from whence, womb.

Warse, worse.

Wee, small; little; "a wee bairnie" a little child.

Whing, a shoe lace.

Whins, fudge or gorse, Welsh curgen.

Winosome, engaging; pretty; cheerful.

Yeb-lins, perhaps, Scottish aib-lins.

Yeance, once.

Yearth, earth

Yule tide, Christmas-time.

Yule-clog, the Christmas log.

Yule, Christmas. Danish & Saxon Jule.



## Synopsis of Feudalism.

The allusions have often been made in the course of this work to feudalism & its effects, I think it not improper here to offer a few remarks concerning it.

At one period Rome governed the world, her fleets & armies were in all parts of the known globe, & exacting tribute from the subdued nations. In the course of time luxury weakened the strong arms of her rulers, effeminated her hardy soldiers, & corrupted her courts of law. From these causes arose events that hastened the ultimate downfall of her empire.

In the northernmost parts of Europe were immense hordes of fierce barbarians over whom the power of Rome had never fallen. These attracted by the hopes of conquest & plunder, came out from their dark fastnesses & overran the subject provinces, spreading ruin & desolation in their track. Emboldened by success, the Goths the Vandals & the Huns penetrated even to the walls of the imperial city; & after a varied series of conflicts with its more voluptuous & enervated defenders, finally triumphed, sacked the marble palaces & destroyed the monuments of a braver age. The Roman empire was utterly annihilated: the inherent vigour, physical superiority, & ferocious courage <sup>of the Romans</sup> were all down before them. Italy, Spain, Portugal, France, Germany & England succumbed to their prowess, & at the present day the inhabitants of those countries are their descendants.

When these savage swarms gained a footing in, & subverted the provinces of the Roman empire, a sense of public safety induced them

to combine together against any hostile demonstration on the part of those whom they had subdued, & also, the aggressions of any of their own brethren who were settled in contiguous countries. From this originated the feudal system, & the germ of society as at present constituted.

At the division of the spoil each one according to his degree looked forward to his reward; & as the chieftain had many who were almost equal with him in power & did not recognize a subordinate command, but paid a deference to him only because, he possessed a majority of warriors; these naturally, when the land was parcelled out expected a share by right & not by gift, hence they were called allodial possors from the term allotted an allotment or share. Those who received their, as a gift from the chieftain, retained it upon certain imposed conditions, namely, that he must do homage to his lord or king, & swear inviolable fidelity, & to procure a certain number of men completely armed & provisioned for the same at his own expense for sixty days, whenever his superior may require them: thus he became a feudatory or vassal. The king or chief in return swore to protect him from every aggressor. The holders of these fiefs or fiefs (the term is from two words "foe" land & "fee" wages, or wages paid in land) having often large possessions subfeudated them to their followers on payment of military service, fidelity & devotion. These followers were in constant attendance upon their lords or barons, were companions in the chase, trusty in battle & from banquets at the table; by them, agriculture was pursued as slavery, & fit occupation for serfs. Their whole delight was in the glitter of arms - the bracing steel & the clang of war. The serfs were the original possors of the soil, but now, under the feudal tenure were part & parcel of it: their imperious



lords gave them no wages & even held their lives in his hand, they could not marry without his consent & in some parts a most disgraceful law existed that of "mediam stiger"; which did not deem a knight's wife no child to be sold; Malcolm in abolishing it in Scotland on payment of a quitrent. It extended over the greater part of Europe.

The villeins were liberated serfs, who had attained their freedom either through purchase, or a grant from their masters & allowed to hold a small patch of ground or a cottage. This tenure was written in the *strenuous* book from whom they received a copy & from whence the term of copyholder is derived. The freemen were a body who possessed a small property under the protection of some lord, & every year received a part of charter confirming their rights & from whence arose our little of the *lord's*.

As to the allodial possessors & their fate, they stood alone without any tie to the sovereign; they could not claim protection from mortals, as they were independent, but too weak to avenge them; therefore the larger gave their possessions back to the king & received them again as royal feudatories, while the smaller & more insignificant gave & received them from the neighbouring barons on the condition of passage.

Now the country being divided among so many nobles would prevent the appearance of so many small states or kingdoms — such in fact they were; the king had but little power over them: each noble held council in his own castle, administered justice & inflicted punishment as he wished — his tenants were his subjects & followed him in good or evil. Ignorance was universal, for the arts & sciences had fled away; & as war was the sole, & professed occupation.

of the haughty lords, it was likely to continue. The ecclesiastics had but a faint glimmering of learning, some did not understand their language, nor the language of the common people. A barbarous Latin was the only one they knew, & that but imperfectly. The people were but one remove from the brutes, oppressed & enslaved by their superiors, their spirit was broken & justice was far from them.

In the government of the country the people had no voice. The king at stated periods assembled the great barons & ecclesiastics for the purpose of considering the general affairs of the nation, & perhaps to demand a subsidy of men for a foreign war. The judicial courts of law were conducted by the nobles. Brud up to the possession of arms their courts prevented the appearance of a martial gathering. If the "case" was too complex for their obtuse comprehension to unravel, it was decided by the sword: single combat being considered as the only fair mode of proving the truth, when all others have failed; as God was then the judge & would give the victory to the rightful champion. After a time, the king, supported by the wishes of the people, gradually deprived the barons of their privilege, which to them had been a source of large emolument & gave them a sovereign dignity in the eyes of the commonality. This was one of the first steps that led to the decay of the feudal power.

Kings sought to strengthen themselves against the domineering spirit of the nobles & for this purpose granted the royal freedom to towns & cities, thus making them independent of the nobles jurisdiction. By these means another power awakened into existence, for when freed from the jealousy of the feudal lords, the boroughs soon endeavoured to gain a voice in the government. They received an onward impulse, commenced



sprang up, & education began to be thought of by the higher classes of the community.

Time wore on, when, on a sudden all Europe was aroused to arms by the voice of a fanatical priest, Peter the Hermit. The Holy Land was in the hands of the Infidel & mighty armaments were formed for the purpose of its rescue. The nobles were foremost in the enterprise; they sold a great part of their lands to buy arms & accoutrements, gave freedom to the towns that were under their control & with an enthusiastic valour embarked against the Saracens.

The results of the crusades were, that they opened up new channels of trade, brought the nobles into contact with a people more polished than themselves, & consolidated in their absence, the rising power of the people at home. Municipalities arose & corporate privileges were extended that placed the community in a position to successfully oppose the fundamental principle of feudality.

During the crusades the inefficiency of the feudal troops became apparent, for, as they were not compelled to keep the field beyond the period of sixty days, great numbers wished to return home; & nothing but the fear of divine displeasure & the hopes of booty restrained them.

In the national wars that afterwards occurred between France & England, the French King deemed it expedient to hold the crown vassals after their quota of service was expired at, a remunerative rate of pay. These soldiers by being kept constantly in the field were greatly superior in discipline to those who served under the feudal tenure, & also belonged to the King they increased his power over the nobles. This system was the origin of our modern standing armies.

Wharton the historian says, "From the time that gunpowder was invented, & the use of cannon in the field became general, horsemen ceased in complete armour but all the advantages which gave them pre-eminence over other soldiers. The helmet, the shield, & the breastplate, which resisted the arrow or the spear, no longer afforded them security against these new instruments of destruction. The service of infantry rose into esteem, & victories were gained, & conquests made, chiefly by their efforts. The nobles & their military tenants, though sometimes summoned to the field, according to ancient forms, were considered as an incumbrance upon the troops with which they acted, & were viewed with contempt by soldiers accustomed to the vigorous & steady operations of regular service. Thus the regulation of Charles VII., by establishing the first standing army known in Europe, occasioned an important revolution in its affairs & policy. By taking from the nobles the sole direction of the national military force, which had raised them to such high authority & importance, a deep wound was given to the feudal aristocracy in that part where its power seemed to be most complete."

From these circumstances the feudal power was rapidly declining, the nobles had lost their paramount influence, their estates were no longer as independent kingdoms; the towns were governed by their own magistrates, & commerce was raising up an order of merchants that soon proved to be most formidable antagonists. Still they were wealthy & had brought from the Holy Land a love of external pomp that dazzled the eyes of the common people & commanded their reverence, & also from



their conflicts with the haughty Saracen a more chivalric bearing was elicited, a keener sense of honour & a refinement of feeling hitherto unknown. Chivalry in its proper meaning signifies a frank & generous bearing to an enemy, a strict observance of the rules of honour or a contempt of all concealed causes that would give undue advantage in single combat. A writer on this subject says, that chivalry came under the empire of two influences, religion & imagination, for, when the ceremony of induction took place, the young man put off his clothes & entered a bath, as a symbol of purification; he then put on a white garment, as a symbol of purity; next a red one, as a symbol of the blood which he was ready to shed in the service of his lord or sovereign; & lastly a black one, as a symbol of the death which he was prepared to expect & to meet. He then went through a rigorous fast for twenty hours, & passed the ensuing night in a church or chapel, engaged in prayer either by himself, or with priests. On the morrow, being the great day of the ceremony, he confessed, then received the sacrament from a priest, then aspired at mass, & then listened to a sermon on the duties of chevaliers to their superior & to each other. He then approached the altar & knelt down; the priest blessed the sword; & the lord of the castle, after a few words of introduction, invested the young man with the sword. Then the other chevaliers, & sometimes the ladies of the castle, assisted in putting on the various pieces of armour consistent with the martial usages of the time. The lord then gave the 'accolade', or three blows with the flat of the sword on the shoulder of the young chevalier, saying at the same time, 'In the name of God, of St. Michael, & of St. George, I dub thee chevalier'; adding sometimes, 'Be virtuous & loyal'. The che-

valier then mounted a horse (which he endeavoured to do by a single spring without the aid of stirrups), & acceded to & for before those assembled, brandishing his sword & lance, & going through sundry evolutions. He then went to the court-yard of the castle, & exhibited himself to all the inferior vassals & retainers.

Now whatever may in the present day be thought of such a ceremony, it is plain that the church must have exerted a good deal of influence on the character of the young soldier, & that romance & imagination must have greatly influenced the thoughts of one who felt himself suddenly called on to be the defender of others.

M. Guizot in his *History of civilization in France*, says, 'If we cast our eyes over the general history of feudalism, from the tenth to the thirteenth century, it is impossible to doubt that it exercised a great & salutary influence on the personal development of man, on the development of his sentiments, his character, his ideas. We cannot open any part of the history of those times, without being struck by the noble sentiments, the great actions, the splendid developments of humanity, which evidently proceeded from the genius of feudal manners. Chivalry bore no actual resemblance to the feudal system, yet it was its legitimate offspring. From feudalism emanated that idea of noble, generous & loyal sentiments, which bears witness in favour of its progenitor.'

On the other hand, Guizot thinks that the social condition was not greatly advanced, he says, 'If we consult history on the social influence of feudalism, we shall find that the feudal system was equally opposed to general order, & the extension of individual liberty. Under whatever aspect you consider the progress of society, the feudal system



will always appear an obstacle to advancement. Therefore from the commencement of feudal society, the two powers, which govern the development of order & liberty — on the one hand the monarchical, & on the other the popular power — have constantly fought against it."

And now in our own time we see an aristocracy born of the old feudal system, possessing an enormous amount of wealth & endeavoring to occupy all the avenues to power. There is still a conflict going on with this order & the great mass of advancing mind on the part of the people. In the "Age of great cities" Vaughan remarks that "the world has never been so covered with cities as at present, & society generally has never been so leavened with the spirit natural to cities. In Europe, this fact has spawned its present magnitude by slow degrees. In the meantime, the old state of things, which the progress of commercial enterprise, & its attendant civilization, have done much to disturb, has profited by the change, & has become stronger, in some respects, by means of the great social revolution which has seemed to threaten it with extinction. If the baron be not so military as formerly, he is more opulent. If his lands are not often so extended, they are more cultivated, & more valuable. If the form of his power has changed, its positive amount has never been so great as at present. But he is no longer alone as the possessor of power. The power which has changed the form of his own power, & from which he has derived his great wealth & splendour, has become a rival. But not unwilling that his social position should be improved by such means, he is by no means willing that any portion of his old pretensions should become subject to new questionings. He seizes on all the

advantages of change, & would evade its disadvantages. He former he challenges as his right, the latter he repudiates as injustice. Greater positive power, is not regarded as a sufficient compensation for subjection to a state of relative weakness. To be more powerful than ever, affords small gratification, if new elements have grown up in society which are more powerful still. Better reign in comparative ruddiness, & reign alone, than reign in splendour, & be exposed to rivalry."

Thus have we attempted to give an idea of what the feudal power really was, from whence, & under what circumstances it arose — its prosperity — & its fall. Yet there was, as we have before hinted it, a mighty & a splendid ruin left; from the component parts of which, the present aristocracy is formed. Its members are as haughty & imperious as those of old, & the nation is at present asking — How long will they stand in the path of the people? How much longer will they suppress the yearnings for freedom that agitate the bosoms of millions? How much longer will they shut up, or adulterate the fountains of pure knowledge, that the minds of many may be held in subjection? How much longer will they roll in fatality & over the bodies of the starving? How much longer will they hold millions of acres of good land from the spade of the hungry tiller? How much longer will they foster game & such like vermin on the soil of the poor farmer? How much longer will they expect a harlot church, & her bully the army, to be paid for by the poor? How much longer will they make that baffle the throne to be deemed a necessary thing? &c. &c. These are questions we cannot answer; but we think we hear the distant thunder of a mighty mass of gathering minds, that will come, & sweep all such away.



## Conclusion.

In glancing over the preceding pages, I perceive the omission of two subjects which I cannot well close this book without noticing, namely, the climate & the railway.

The great & well known faults of the climate of Great Britain is its fickleness. Northumberland & especially Alnwick is no exception to this admitted charge. Situated as the latter is between the sea & the Cheviots it is subject to a great variability of temperature. The breezes from off the sea are direct from the vast steppes of Russia & Siberia & are in consequence very cold & searching. The hills to westward are powerful attractors of moisture, they being but rarely free from superincumbent clouds that pour down their floods upon the plains below. From its proximity to the sea Alnwick & the country around is not subject to any great continuance of frost or snow, although, on the Cheviots I have seen the latter lying till near the month of July.

Compared with the south of England the Spring is generally six weeks later, & the progress of vegetation very slow. The foliage of the oak & the ash tree is not fully developed until the middle of July; mowing hay begins in the same month. The harvest commences at the latter end of August & beginning of September & concludes by the middle of October. If the Summer has been singular, it is sometimes November before all the corn is garnered. Once indeed after a very wet

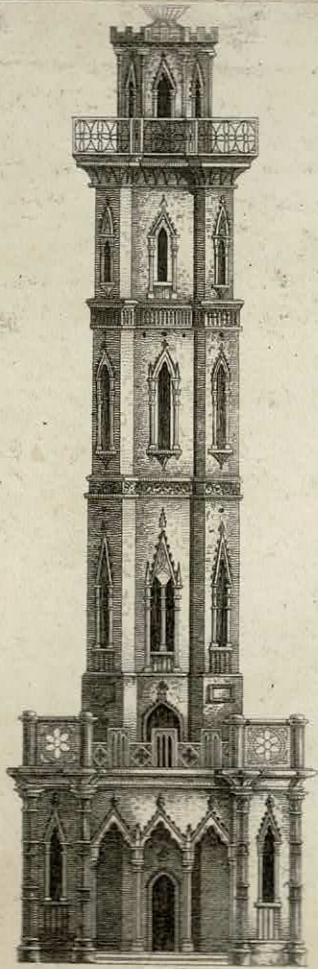
season, oats were being cut in the month of December & January.

That part of the direct London & Edinburgh railway called the Newcastle & Berwick line is three miles to the east of Alnwick. The station is at Lesbury on the Alnmouth road & near a splendid bridge which passes over the river Aln at a height of more than seventy feet. A branch line to connect Alnwick with the main trunk is now in progress.

The aristocratic & conservative feeling of the "castle" prevented the main line from approaching nearer to the town.

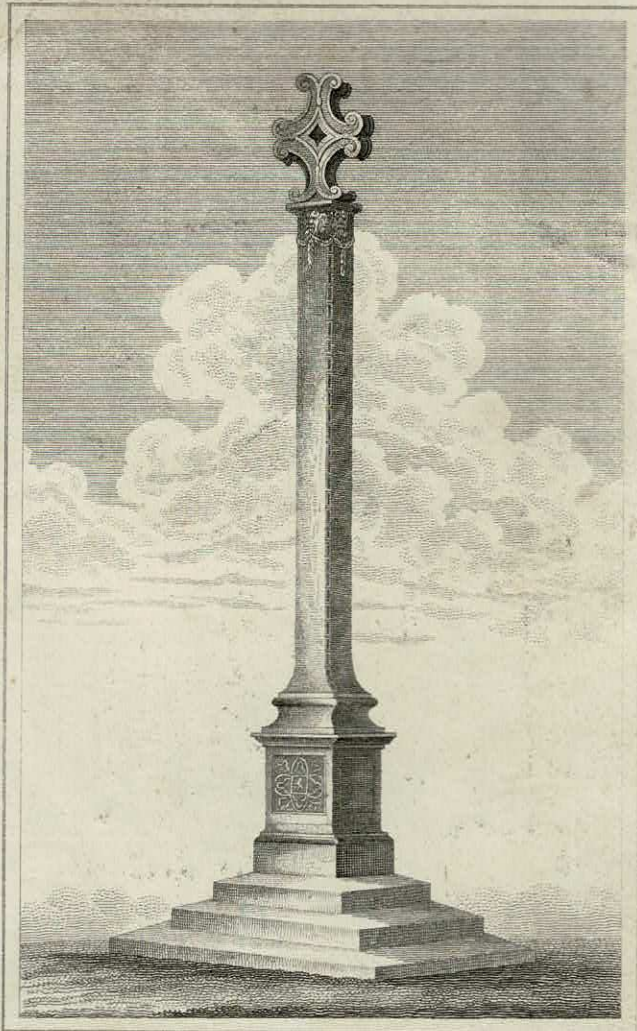
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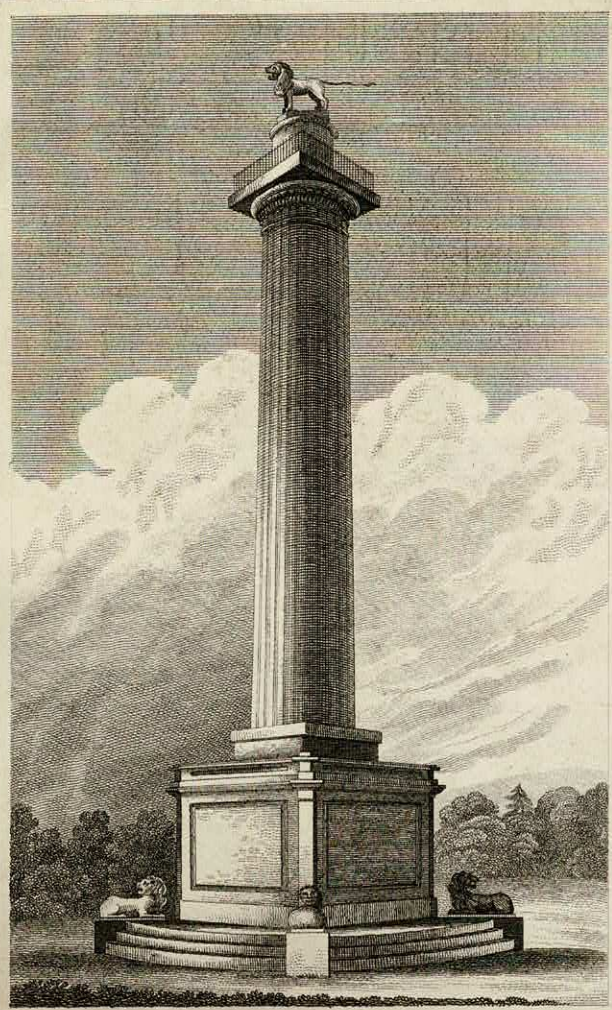
BRISLEE TOWER.

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MALCOLM'S CROSS.

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TENANTRY COLUMN.

*Page 23*



ALNWICK ABBEY.

From the East

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