The deadline for contributions to the next Bulletin and the Spring issue of *Lincolnshire Past & Present* is Saturday 12 February 1994. Material should be sent to the Joint Editors at Jews' Court, Lincoln LN2 1LS (0502 521337). It will help the Editors greatly if articles are sent typed, double spaced and with a good margin. A note of the number of words is of great value. More detailed 'notes for contributors' are available from Jews' Court (please enclose s.a.e.).

EDITORIAL

On 4 September a group of forty S.L.H.A. members braved the elements to meet at Alvingham (see account p.23) and this issue of *Lincolnshire Past & Present* to some extent acts as a pendant to that day. We take the opportunity to reprint W.M. Childs's attractive memoir of his childhood there in the 1870s; Childs was an influence on the young Frank Stenton, whose *Anglo Saxon England* (1943) we also celebrate; Stenton edited some of the charters of the Gilbertine priory at Alvingham; and we also manage to commemorate St Gilbert of Sempringham.

Our Notes and Queries section continues to reflect interest in the Battle of Winceby prompted by Winston Kime's letter published in our Spring 1993 issue. Readers will be pleased to learn that a monument in the grounds of Winceby House, the battle site, was unveiled on Sunday 10 October. It is inscribed: 'The Battle of Winceby in the English Civil War was fought here and won by Parliament, 11 October 1643.' Over three hundred people met for the ceremony and then walked the line of the rout.

Your Editors and the Publications Sub-Committee are considering whether *Lincolnshire Past & Present* should be issued as a volume in four parts and numbered consecutively, beginning with the Spring 1994 number (to coincide with the Society's financial year). We would welcome your comments on this proposal — as well as receiving articles, notes and other items for possible publication, which will continue to ensure the success of this, your magazine.

Christopher Sturman, December 1993.

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THE FIRST LINCOLNSHIRE RIFLE VOLUNTEERS TAKING A MARCH DOWN THE RIVER WITHAM ON SKATES

The extraordinary network of drainage existing in the central and southern portion of the county of Lincoln is probably known only to those of our readers who have actually been in the fen country. We this week engrave (from the pencil of one of the volunteers present) an incident which shows a novel use for these numerous drains and rivers — viz., that of conveying our rifle volunteers by a speedy and inexpensive route from the different towns of Lincolnshire to the coast; and when it is remembered that Lincoln, Spilsby, Spalding, Sleaford, Horncastle, Folkingham, Donington and Swineshead are all connected with Boston by large drains or navigable rivers, the idea of concentrating on an emergency the different rifle corps of Lincolnshire at the latter place by means of the ice is not by any means so chimerical.

The following order was posted up recently at the head-quarters of the 1st Lincolnshire Rifles:

1st Lincolnshire Volunteer Rifles

Head quarters, Lincoln. December 28, 1860

The members of the above corps will parade in skates on the Witham, below the Stamp End Lock, on Saturday, the 29th inst., at two p.m.

A. TROLLOPE, Captain Commandant.

Accordingly, at the hour named the three companies composing the 1st Lincolnshire Rifles drew up in line on the Witham, in the presence of an immense crowd of spectators assembled, despite the piercing cold, to view the novel sight. After the companies had been duly told off (and proved) by their commanders, the word "Four Right!" was given and the whole, led by their respective covering-sergeants, and flanked by their officers, started at a good steady pace, and proceeded several miles down the river, the inequalities of the ice requiring, as in a road march, the different evolutions of diminishing and increasing front, either by forming subdivisions and sections, or by proceeding in file or single rank as the exigencies of the case required. The whole were very creditably performed. When some miles down the river, and where the increasing width permitted, the corps was wheeled, formed into line, etc. After being several hours on the ice, attaining an average speed of fourteen miles an hour, they were dismissed, invigorated, delighted with the novelty of their drill.

In Sweden and the northern countries troops are practised to march across the numerous large lakes on skates, going long distances with great speed; so, likewise in this country rifle corps could meet at certain points free of cost, either for drill or athletic games, during a hard frost.

REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST
Sixty Years Ago in a Lincolnshire Village
W.M. Childs

[This attractive reminiscence of Alvingham in the 1870s was first published in the Hibbert Journal XXX, 1 (October 1933), pp. 81-93 - it was subsequently reprinted in the Lincolnshire Magazine, 1 (1933-34), pp. 337-41 and 382-85. William MacBrude Childs (1869-1939) was born at Carrington near Boston where his father was then incumbent - he became perpetual curate of Alvingham in 1872, moving to Portsea in 1879. Childs was educated at Portsmouth Grammar School and Keble College, Oxford. In 1892 he went to Reading as lecturer in history at the university extension college (it became University College, Reading in 1902). On the resignation of the first principal of the college, H.J. Mackinder (another Lincolnshire man), in 1908, Childs succeeded him; in 1926 he was appointed the first vice-chancellor of the new university of Reading, retiring in 1929. Childs's article was no doubt prompted by the publicity surrounding the restoration of Alvingham St Adelwold, which was re-opened in April 1933. CS.]

Some three miles east of the market-town of Louth in Lincolnshire, within sight of its noble spire, and a little further from the heaped dunes and 'table shore,' where the 'slow-arching wave'

Drops flat, and after the great waters break
Whitening for half a league, and thin themselves,
Far over sands marbled with moon and cloud,
From less and less to nothing,

there lies upon the edge of the 'waste enormous marsh' an ancient graveyard. Secluded even today, it is yet well known to the curious. For here the common pattern of things runs not, and instead there offers itself a riddle. Where a single church should await us, two stand close together, their square towers keeping watch and ward over the seaward marshes. Years ago the larger and older of the pair, the church of St. Adelwold, which belongs to the parish of Alvingham, fell into decay. Recently it has been restored and brought again into use, after re-consecration by the Bishop of Lincoln. For a few hours publicity beated about a place so little used to it. Many came from near and far to share their joy over the happy repair of fellowship between these venerable partners. Local journalists made much of an event which stirred the feelings of the countryside. A paragraph about it even found its way into The Times. Then the exulting voices, the crash of bells, and the tramp of feet, died away, leaving the little churches in their companionship of peace.

In these celebrations was sincerity. The flux of modern life is blamed for a loosening of the ties of home and neighbourhood. It is not always so, and it was not so here. That which was done was the outcome of converging devotions. The cost of restoring the failing church was borne by Mrs. R.A. Yerburgh, who thus commemorated her late husband, a man honourably known in public life, and the long association of his family with Alvingham. Her action lifted a burden beyond the strength of a small village with no resident squire and no inhabitants of wealth. The villagers by themselves could not redeem the desolation which had overtaken their ancient church and its rare thirteenth-century tower. They grieved over the silence of its bells. Bereft of their place of worship, they had become dependent upon the hospitality of the adjoining church of St. Mary, North Cockerington. Yet the hope that some day their own might be theirs again lived on; and in proof of it they opened the church doors daily to the living air, and kept fresh flowers upon the forlorn altar. Their children dropped pence into boxes dedicated to that vision of recovery. Then came a vicar with the heart and wits to plan and lead. When the villagers and their friends heard of Mrs. Yerburgh's generous intention, they responded worthily, making provision for the embellishment of the fabric. Here was that fusion of purposes and feelings which, even upon a village stage, can bring the finest things to pass. The memory of an admirable man was commemorated; and a precious heritage from of old was rescued from the slow injuries of time.

Sixty years have passed since I first knew these churches and the scenes around them. From 1872 to 1879 my father was the incumbent of the adjoining parishes of Alvingham and North Cockerington. Those seven years stamped themselves upon the tenacious memory of childhood. When once or twice in the long interval since then I have revisited that early home, I have been aware that, even in a place of little change, change pursues its course; but I still see it as I saw it first. This, too, I see: that the way of life, which to a child seemed so full and satisfying, has passed away, not to return. Whether we are the happier for the transformation which has befallen us, who shall say? A glimpse or two of that vanished life may at least remind us how far and how fast since than our world has spun down its ringing grooves.

When I first read in Adam Bede how Marty and Tommy Poyser were shepherd by their father and mother to church on a fine Sunday in summer, I read with the relish of experience. I, too, had loitered behind preoccupied seniors on such occasions, and I, too, had been entranced by the
'perpetual drama of the hedgerows.' The vicarage was reckoned a mile from the churches by the nearest way. That way led by devious and rutted roads, by an ancient and narrow 'church causeway' between hedges, and across a low-lying meadow. Familiar figures moved sedately along it: old Dennis, the cottager, in white smock and black hat; his great stature now bowed; burly Mr. Patinson, who worked the threshing engine, and made miraculous windmills with little ships careering round; Mr. Cocking, the black-whiskered schoolmaster, with his daughters, and Mrs. Ayscough, the stout old lady who kept the village shop, conspicuous in a shawl of many hues. All the way could be heard the bells of St. Adelwold, calling 'come-to-church' with melodious pertinacity, but the climax of this journey was its close. From the meadow one climbed the embankment of the little river Ludd, in summer a playmate running softly among forget-me-nots and waving grasses, but in winter a turbid and savage torrent, terrifying to my imagination. From its footbridge, one saw close at hand the two old churches, echeloned upon a slope encircled with trees, the foreground ruled in green and silver by the long tranquil vistas of the Louth canal, now, alas no more. The sails of the trim barges which then used it, showing far across the wide marshland, accorded well with the whirling arms of the tall windmills. Once I boarded one of these barges, moored in the dripping and awesome lock at Lucas's farm beyond the churches; and the skipper took me into his tiny cabin and gave me a ship's biscuit. Thenceforth, I felt that nothing in the mariner's life was hidden from me. Another time, sitting in our pew in St. Mary's, my attention was rapt from my father's discourse in the top storey of the three-decker above my head, because noiselessly, and very slowly, there stole across the clear panes of the window before me the vision of a huge bellying sail. The canal was crossed by a swing footbridge, rocking very agreeably to a youthful tread. There was still a dyke to cross upon a plank, and then one was upon the grassy path straying among the tombstones of the porch of St. Adelwold. Here, Sunday after Sunday, would be standing a knot of men and lads, exchanging the week's news before going into church, and greeting arrivals with slow stairs. For how many ages had that been the custom?

Twice a Sunday, throughout the year, my father, who had no curate, made this pilgrimage on foot in all weathers. Before morning service there was Sunday school in St. Adelwold's chancel, and on Sunday evenings in winter there was a third service in the schoolroom by the vicarage. The arrangement of the services in the two churches varied with the season. The Times, following local journalists, who should have been better informed, spoke of Alvingham church as having been desolate for a century, whereas it was certainly in regular use and decent repair until the end of 1879, and probably for some years afterwards. The custom in summer was to hold morning service in Alvingham church for Alvingham people, and afternoon service in Cockerington church for Cockerington people; or vice versa. In winter, however, this could not be; for Cockerington church had no stove. All services, therefore, were held in St. Adelwold's. Nevertheless, the congregations remained distinct. Scanty as they were - for there were six chapels in these two small villages - the idea that they should mingle, even in divine worship, was not thought of. Was there a trace here of old tribal aloofness?

The history of these two churches seems to lack complete elucidation, though the main facts are not in doubt. Between 1148 and 1154 was founded the priory of St. Mary, Alvingham. It belonged to the order to St. Gilbert of Sempringham (Lines.), the only monastic order of English origin, which consisted of monks and nuns, with lay brothers and sisters, the sexes being kept strictly apart. The site of this priory was a little to the west of the existing churches, and is still marked by green mounds and moats. The legend which was current in my youth, and perhaps is current still, connected the riddle of the two churches with the priory in this way. It was said that once upon a time North Cockerington had a church in its own village. Long ago this church had fallen into ruin, though the field where it was supposed to have stood was pointed out, and I still could find it. Cockerington then got leave to use the abandoned chapel of the priory - i.e. St. Mary's - as its parish church. Previously, it was said, the dilapidated building had been used as a shelter for cattle, and much restoration had been necessary. This story seems to be merely legend. The historical facts are that within seventy years of its foundation, the priory had acquired lands in both parishes and the advowsons of both churches, which to suit convenience of the religious were built in one churchyard, immediately outside the priory precincts. At some date, possibly not until the eighteenth century, the church of St. Mary must have been reconstructed in its present tame and imitative style. Why this was necessary, and what was its original character, do not appear. We may, however, accept with confidence the conclusion that the two parish churches have stood together in the same yard for more than seven hundred years.
'Adelwold,' the name of the saint to whom Alvingham church is dedicated, is a variant of 'Ethelwold,' the great ecclesiastical figure of the tenth century: the friend of Dunstan of Glastonbury, the rebuild of Abingdon abbey, the Bishop of Winchester and a cathedral builder there, and as a monastic reformer and disciplinarian terrible as a lion.'

In these two churches, architectural distinction belonged to St. Adelwold's tower alone, and both had a plainness within suggestive of reconstruction or penurious 'restoration' in some uninspired period. Plaster and limewash had been liberally used. Both churches had three-deckers of painted deal, and high narrow pews. St. Mary's had also a few square boxes. There was no stained glass, or only a few fragments. There were casements which opened, and once during sermon in St. Mary's a horse in the field outside quietly put his head in and turned his mild gaze upon the preacher.

There were a hatchment or two and a few tablets and texts upon the walls, and in a corner of St. Mary's a broken and nameless effigy of stone. The services were of a bygone simplicity. Ritualistic innovations might startle a neighbouring parish, but not ours: there were no early celebrations, and the parson's was the only surplice. There was no intoning. Collections were gathered on a plate. The schoolmaster, a man of parts and peculiarities, was supposed to lead the singing. Responses and psalms were read. We sang hymns to the accompaniment of a hard-worked harmonium which was dragged on a trolley from one church to the other.

Second only to the parson in the upper storeys of the three-decker was the parish clerk at his desk below. This was Robert Clark, named as becomingly as his successor, Graves. I still have Clark's lucid signature in an old birthday book. He was born on May 20th, 1787; so that, when I knew him he must have been more than eighty. I have reason to remember him, because once, fearless of my father's presence, he rebuked me sternly for having unwittingly, omitted to remove my cap on entering the church. In each church there lay behind the clerk's seat a whip with a long lash to be used against intruding dogs. It was the clerk's business to lead the responses, and this he did with a rasping gusto, which in the litany dropped into rhythmic jerks. Responses, and the pace of them, were individual rather than congregational. John Hodgson (born, 1816), the prosperous Cockerington farmer, known for his racy humour and his bright bay mare, was one of those regular churchgoers whose main idea of worship seemed to be to get it over. His high-pitched voice had done with a psalm-verse long before the rumbling murmurs of the congregation had subsided.

![Alvingham churchyard from the Louth Navigation Canal, c.1900; North Cockerington. St. Mary's left, Alvingham St. Adelwold, right. Note structure of swing bridge in foreground](image-url)
Delicious were those summer mornings before there 'past away a glory from the earth.' In that quiet old England, as George Eliot says, you could tell a summer Sunday by the feel of it. Week-day bustle ceased, and even a child was tempted to consider the fairness of the earth. Away there, against the blue haze of the wolds, that untravelled region of romance and incredible hills, uprose the slender shaft of Louth spire. nearer at hand was the dome of Mr. Hodgson's spinney, with the rooks - 'crows' we used to call them - winging to and from it. Rambler roses climbed about the vicarage windows, and a thicket of Scotch roses gave sweetness to the lawn. The lawn, innocent as yet of all games except ceremonious croquet, was parted from the kitchen garden by a thick and tall yew hedge, affording good cover to small boys; and all around it was the correct and admired border of scarlet geraniums, blue lobelias, yellow calceolarias, and Prince of Wales' feathers. Red admirals slid and flashed above the potato flowers. The air was cheerful with the songs of birds. Few were the tree-tops, sleek and odorous, especially poplars and sycamores, in that loved garden which were not climbed, and few were the nests which were not found. But not on Sundays. Sunday was a day apart; not, in my recollection, the less happy on that account. Sunday was the day of best clothes, collects, catechism, church-going, story-books, quiet diversion, and fare less plain than usual. Much of the talk about the tyranny of Victorian Sundays, especially in parsons' houses, is rubbish. There was no tyranny in this house: and if sometimes Sunday suits irked, and if the eye sometimes strayed from the text of collects to the garden windows, there was always the long walk to church to compensate. And that might be an adventure to remember, as on the Sunday when an agitated cow chased us out of the meadow.

Pleasant enough in summer, this trudging to and fro must often have been a trial to my elders in the winter season, though I myself have no memory of hardship. No small boy could see the waters standing in familiar fields, or the ground white with snow and betraying the unsuspected tracks of wild creatures, or the roads coated with delightedly treacherous ice, without a lift of spirit. The first time I ever heard the ringing hum of steel upon black ice was one Christmas day when our canal was crowded with Louth skaters. No doubt the decorating of the unwarmed churches for Christmas must have been chilly work. The custom was to carry down masses of holly and laurel, and to fasten numberless little twigs to large wooden frames, which were then hung upon the walls. This was a labour; but these geometrical masterpieces were much admired. Cold, too, it must have been in early spring, when the east winds pounced upon those bleak marshes. My own grievance was not the rigour of the climate but my liability to have an overcoat imposed upon me; for, as I pointed out in vain, this garment was incompatible with the activities necessary to my content. At last, however, there would come a day when, from roadside banks, which, if not destroyed, I could still find, there would be wafted the scent of incomparable violets.

Let me say this of my father - that he cared for his flock. A townsmen bred, he had lived long in rural parts, and his simple humanity made him understanding. Dissent was rampant and a concern to him, but it did not seem to impair goodwill. Country people rate their parson as a man as well as a preacher or a priest. Small boys make little of sermons, for their thoughts are usually far away; but pastoral care could not escape me, for often I was my father's companion when he went forth to visit the sick and aged. Sometimes I followed him into the farm houses or little white cottages of wattle and daub and thatch, and sometimes I was left to my diversions outside. I have the memory of kind and friendly greetings, and of garrulities gently borne with; so that in after years these occasions have come back to me when reading Izaak Walton's words in his life of George Herbert, that 'it is some relief to a poor body to be but heard with patience.' Then there would be a reading from the Bible and perhaps a prayer. I have the names of two of these old cottagers, written in trembling characters in my book: Matthew Lingard, born in 1786, who lived to be ninety-four, and his wife Ann, born in 1793. What changes had passed in the great world, and how harmlessly, over the heads of that aged couple, quietly ending their days in their spotless and tiny cottage. Sometimes our walks took us farther afield. There were one or two secluded old homesteads surrounded by grassy moats, about which, to a childish imagination, romance seemed to linger. In one of these the infirm grandmother lived in her four poster in the homely kitchen, where she could enjoy the warmth and the daily bustle. I think that the father's visits were welcome, and if so I find the reason in another saying, that 'genuine simplicity of heart is an healing and cementing principle.'
In these early years I became aware that my father’s daily reading, apart from divinity, was chiefly in Latin and Greek classics, and especially Virgil and Horace. I noticed too, that when he was reading Virgil with my elder sister the tones of his voice were unusual. In church his manner of reading was of grave and tranquil simplicity; but these hexameters came from him with sonorous and rhetorical fervour. At the time I thought little of this, it was just my father’s way, the way, I supposed, one had to read if one knew Latin. But later I thought of it much, and of this life-long devotion to the classics. It seemed something of a mystery. My father had no pretensions to scholarship in any strict sense of the term. He had been educated at a small grammar school of a type not totally extinct, and at Oxford he had taken only a pass degree. Yet the classics had become part of his life, a source of daily refreshment. His younger brother, after a shorter period at the same school, had gone into business. Though a man of wide reading, I do not think he made any special effort to keep up his Greek and Latin. Yet, on one occasion, when as a sixth form boy I failed to make anything of a passage set for translation, he took the book from me, and after a short pause gave me the rendering. He was then upwards of sixty. What was this secret which enabled obscure teachers a hundred years ago to give this lasting grip, and sometimes a lasting bent, not to exceptional pupils only but to others also? Flogging was not the secret; for these boys were not flogged. Was it that when the subjects of study were fewer, teaching could be more thorough? It cannot be said that education has been in vain when it has planted in the mind capacities and sustaining interests which last as long as life. It is more likely to happen under a curriculum which sacrifices depth and concentration to width and variety, or under a curriculum which, though deplorably incomplete, digs deep into the soil? Or, again, were these old teachers able to bring their pupils under the spell of classical literature because they taught it in wholes and not merely in bits? My father’s school Virgil was a dumpy little leather bound volume containing the whole of the Aeneid. In the eighteen-thirties the day was still far distant when, under the pressure of ‘local’ examinations, grammar schools would become familiar with mean little editions of detached books, messy with notes and regardless of the story which preceded and followed them.

We lived in a seclusion not easy now to conceive. Our post office was a mile away. Telegrams were brought by foot messengers from Louth, and cost 6s. for delivery. Perhaps it was in 1878 that my father returned from London with two objects resembling large pill-boxes without lids. These were connected by a long string, and his dutiful family (my mother excepted) assured him that, by means of this apparatus, whispers, alleged to be otherwise inaudible, could be transmitted from one end of a long passage to the other: and this was our nearest approach to the telephone. For light we had oil lamps, candles, and firelight: my mother knew how to make rushlights, but we did not use them. The nearest doctor was at Louth; and at Louth nearly all purchases had to be made. Hawkers came to the kitchen door: not only the glib fellows with baskets of needles and cotton and gaudy prints, but a local tribe also who sold samphire (for pickling), eels from the marsh dykes, and cockles from the sea-shore.

There were no village dances, no concerts, no play-actings, no women’s institutes, no scouts or guides, and no entertainments that I remember except an occasional missionary meeting with a magic lantern, or a visit from a travelling conjurer or ventriloquist. I also remember listening to wait on their rounds singing carols in our kitchen one snowy Christmas night. In summer there was the Sunday school feast. Tables were set out on the vicarage lawn, and after tea we played ‘nuts and may,’ and kiss in the ring. Once or twice the children were packed into decorated farm waggons and carried at walking pace to Mablethorpe. Few of us till then had ever seen the sea, though it was only six miles away; and the night before the first of these excursions I was sleepless for the first time. Some of us bathed, and the experience was disenchanting. We were boxed up in a dank and dark ‘machine,’ dragged by a horse an alarming distance out to sea, and were then seized by a brawny bathing-woman, robed in blue serge, and forcibly ‘ducked.’ Afterwards we consumed beefsteak pie liberally girtled with the sand of the dunes.

Our farmers were kindly and hospitable. In pig-killing time, a season which announced itself audibly, they showered gifts; and I remain persuaded that the best sausages and pork pies in England are made (or used to be) in Lincolnshire farmhouses. Of social intercourse there was little, and perhaps this is why I remember an expedition through dark and miry lanes to drink tea and play patience at an outlying farmhouse. My father’s nearest neighbours and equals were his brother parsons in the villages around, and with some of these and their families friendships grew up. I think, too, that the parsons of the neighbourhood met occasionally to read the Greek testament, and for conference.
This quietude of life was imposed partly by the shortcomings of locomotion and partly by want of means. Railways had robbed long journeys of their terrors, but long journeys were very rare, and the little journeys of locality relied, as of old, upon the muscle of man or beast. Moreover, in those years of agricultural disaster few were the parsonages which were not haunted by the spectre of poverty. We began by keeping a pony and phaeton, and a man to look after them; but this was too lavish to last. We must then either walk, or hope for a lift now and then to Louth in a friendly gig upon market-day or hire the carrier's cart. The walk to Louth, six miles there and back, was pleasant enough in fine weather, across fields, or by the sequestered 'green lane' along the Ludd; less pleasant in rain or heat, if there were parcels to be carried. The carrier's cart had a till, two enormous wheels, seats with the austerity of misericoards, and a well, bedded with straw. There was a sinister distinction about this equipage, since one of the hindlegs of the horse which drew it was much thicker than the other. This deformity, however, was compensated for by exceptional intelligence; for the creature stopped abruptly, without being told, and indeed in defiance of blows and entreaties, at every public-house between the vicarage and Louth. The pace and motion of this vehicle ranged from a funeral deliberateness to a succession of shattering crashes when the animal trotted. A ride in it was, in my opinion, the height of felicity.

There came a day when a branch line was opened between Louth and Mablethorpe. I saw the first passenger train, its engine gaily decorated, steam through Grimoldby station. We could now shorten the walk to Louth by taking train at Grimoldby. About the same time, there flitted across our life an uncouth portent of revolutions to come, little as we guessed it. This was a 'velocipede,' bought secondhand for 20s. The cost was deemed extravagant, but that 'bone-shaker,' as it was justly called, would now sell for much more as an antique. I was too small to ride it, but not too small to grasp its wonders. Its simplicity was, indeed, candid. Two wooden wheels, ironbound and painted vermilion, were connected by a flat iron back-bone upon which was a saddle; and two wooden pedals, innocent of gears, and resembling small dumb-bells, were attached to cranks on the front wheel. With this machine, it was possible (apart from stoppages and delays owing to shying horses) to speed over flat and primitive roads as fast, perhaps, as four or five miles an hour, or perhaps a little faster with a following gale. The course steered recalled the yachtsman's gibe about his rival's wake—that it put him in mind of a tape-worm. Later, a majestic 'ordinary' bicycle (or 'penny-farting'), rich in a compound odour of red rubber, painted iron, leather, and oil, stayed with us for a time. This masterpiece excited fear as well as admiration; for women working in the fields complained of the alarming apparition of a human head, gliding swiftly and silently above the tops of the hedges.

William Cobbett, who could say true things as well as things absurd, and both kinds with refreshing violence, tells us that he derived the rudiments of his education from his early practice of rolling down a sandhill near Farnham with his brothers to the accompaniment of 'monstrous spells of laughter.' He was very sure that if he had not received such an education, or something very much like it, he must have grown up 'as great a fool, as inefficient a mortal, as any of those frivolous idiots' that proceed from 'those dens of dunces called colleges and universities.' This prescription against the infection of frivolous idiocy is little likely to win the applause of professors of pedagogy or the conventionally cultured, notwithstanding the complacent hardihood of its announcement. Yet perhaps it reaches back to that substratum of sense and sentiment which was Cobbett's real endowment. There were times when in less boisterous mood he could touch a chord sure of a response in many hearts.

Born and bred up in the sweet air...when I was a very little boy, I was, in the barley-sewing season, going along by the side of a field near Waverley Abbey, the primroses and bluebells bespeckling the banks on both sides of me: a thousand linnets singing in a spreading oak over my head; while the jingle of the trances and the whistling of the ploughboys saluted my ear from over the hedge.

Then the hunt went by in full cry after the hare. 'I was not more than eight years old; but this particular scene has presented itself to my mind many times every year from that day to this.' That, too, is authentic Cobbett, convincing this time because quiet and sincere. He touches truth. The question why we are what we are admits of a thousand answers, but it is likely that the one which commands most suffrages is the answer which confesses to the unconscious influences of childhood. Those are fortunate who, like Cobbett, drew their first impressions from the freedoms of the countryside, and find in their recollection of them an enduring source of happiness.

1 I have seen a parson working like a common labourer in the fields, and I knew a parson's son who had neither enough to eat nor enough clothes to keep him warm.
ANGLO SAXON ENGLAND
Dorothy Owen

My husband and I were recently privileged to take part in a colloquium which had been organised at the University of Reading, by the department of history and the graduate centre for medieval studies, to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of Sir Frank Stenton’s *Anglo-Saxon England*. This volume has been enduringly popular, but the last fifty years have seen the appearance of so much new work on the period, largely inspired by Stenton and his pupils, that some revision and rewriting was called for. The occasion for the symposium was, in fact, the announcement by the Oxford University Press that it had commissioned an entirely new volume to replace Stenton’s and to take account of all the new work. Two leading scholars in the period, Nicholas Brooks of the University of Birmingham, and Simon Keynes of Trinity College, Cambridge, are to prepare the new volume and they were invited to Reading to review the old volume and forecast the shape of their own work. In the event Professor Brooks was unable to come and his place was taken by James Campbell, of Worcester College, Oxford, who looked with great perspicacity, and an agreeably light touch on the course of the first volume and its very favourable reception, as reflected in the archives of the Press, and from his own experience, Simon Keynes talked informally, but with great clarity and wisdom, about the problems he would face in the second half of the new volume, not least in meeting the deadline of 1 January 2000.

These two lectures shed much light on Stenton’s methods of work and his integrity as a historian, but the more significant and important sections of the colloquium seemed to us to lie in Kenneth Cameron’s discussion of Stenton’s use of place-name study, which of course largely concerned Lincolnshire, and in Mark Blackburn’s account of the post-war revolution, largely to be attributed to Stenton and his friend Christopher Blunt, in the study of the Anglo-Saxon coinage. In each of these fields Stenton’s real contribution was as an organiser of projects, and almost as a catalyst.

The lectures were each in their way satisfying, not only for their content but also for the incidental light cast by the comments on them from the audience. Not only Stenton’s own personality, his effortless mastery in the historical world of his day, and the enduring quality of his work, but also his endearing foibles were brought before us. The audience included some of Stenton’s own students who contributed interesting details on such matters as his stammer, which accounted for his slow and deliberate mode of speech. Those of us who had known Stenton personally were perhaps most moved by the playing by Mark Blackburn of a tape-recording of a lecture Stenton delivered to a numismatic society, in which his speech and his thought were excellently caught.

The University of Reading library contains a large collection of Stenton’s papers and correspondence and Professor Donald Matthew had copied from it and exhibited to the colloquium a series of enthusiastic letters from leading medieval scholars of the nineteen forties on the appearance of *Anglo-Saxon England*. It was agreeable to recognise the hands of Kathleen Major, Dorothy Whitelock, David Knowles and Christopher Cheney and to notice that Frank Hill’s letter included a mention of plans for the new county record office.

Lincolnshire has particular reason for gratitude to Stenton’s contribution to the study of its history. His editions of such fundamental texts as Domesday, the Gilbertine charters and Danelaw charters are certainly important, but so is his role, as one of Canon Foster’s executors, in the establishment of the Foster Library. The Lincoln Record Society and the Lincolnshire Archives Office were objects of concern to him as long as he lived and attracted him to visit Lincoln at least once each year. It is agreeable to remember that we probably owe this to the decision of his mother to send him to Reading, and to the fact that the principal influence on him there was W.M. Childs of Alvingham.
How many Lincolnshire people could find their way to Sempringham today? All that is left of this deserted medieval village, down a narrow farm lane off the B1177 between Billingborough and Pointon, is a pretty little church. It stands alone in its own walled churchyard, surrounded by nothing but fields.

Yet from the twelfth to the sixteenth centuries Sempringham was known throughout Europe. It was a place of pilgrimage, where St Gilbert had been born, and where in 1131 he had built the mother house of his uniquely English monastic order. His priory church was of cathedral proportions, and his monastery (the first of many) was to accommodate both women and men, with over two hundred cloistered nuns and active lay sisters, and about one hundred canons and lay brothers.

Gilbert, who modestly described himself as physically handicapped and no scholar, was the child of a Norman knight and his Saxon wife. After studying in France, he came home to be a teacher, and later a priest. It was while he was the Rector of Sempringham, that he founded the ‘Order of Sempringham’, whose members became known as ‘Gilbertines’. He was revered as a saint long before he died on 4 February 1189, and only thirteen years later, in 1202, he was formally canonised by Pope Innocent III.

For the next three centuries countless pilgrims made their way to Sempringham to kneel at his shrine. The Reformation did away with all that, and the monastery with its great Priory Church, and later even the houses of the village disappeared almost without trace. Sempringham and St Gilbert were all but forgotten.

In 1989, the 800th anniversary of Gilbert’s death, a group of enthusiasts led by Eric Iredale and the Rev. Hugh Theodosius, vicar of Sempringham, determined that something had to be done. The obvious thing was to create a memorial at the church to commemorate the man and his place in Lincolnshire’s history. Supported by members of the Society for Lincolnshire History and Archaeology, Heritage Lincolnshire, the Lincoln Archaeology Unit, Lincolnshire and Humberside
Arts, Lincoln Cathedral (where Gilbert served and was ordained), the Oblates of St Gilbert, the Community of the Glorious Ascension, the Cistercian monks of Mount St Bernard Abbey, and many others, they managed to raise sufficient money to commission and erect a fitting memorial.

The memorial was designed in the form of two sculptured reliefs, showing St Gilbert and one of his nuns, with an inscription setting out the basic details of his life and achievements. These were mounted on the outside wall of the church to welcome visitors as they approached. At the foot of the wall a York stone platform has been constructed, with a plan of the area indicating where the monastery once stood. This can also be used for a guide or speaker to stand upon. The sculptures were designed and created by Sue Morrison, who until recently was based in Lincoln.

On Sunday 18 July 1993 this simple but fitting memorial was dedicated by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Nottingham and the Anglican Bishop of Lincoln in a dedication ceremony based on the medieval Gilbertine office. Also present were the Abbot of Mount St. Bernard's Abbey, a number of other religious, and representatives of the various bodies that had given their support.

Estimates of the number of ‘pilgrims’ attending the ceremony vary between 500 and 800, far too many to squeeze into the little church where children from the local school enacted a play illustrating the life of St Gilbert. There were flowers, good food, good music, a great deal of merriment, and even archaeological tours of the area for those who wanted to make a day of it.

All in all the experience was a very poignant one. Two things particularly impressed themselves on my mind. The first was the strikingly ‘ecumenical’ flavour of the event. People attended for all sorts of reasons; as Christians, as historians, as archaeologists, as Yellowbellys, as locals, out of inquisitiveness, or even just for the experience. The second was the moving reading by Hugh Theodosius of St Gilbert’s last letter to his communities. Perhaps this occasion should mark the beginning of an annual ‘Sempringham Event’; a regular feature in Lincolnshire’s future calendar?

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HONEST JOHN
Jean Howard

Recently an approach was made to Tathwell Parochial Church Council by a gentleman asking if he might clean the gravestone of his forebear and namesake in the churchyard.

Proceeding with their blessing and advice from a Lincoln Cathedral mason, the slab now reveals the following inscription:

Here / lie the remains of / JOHN MAXEY / who departed this Life / on the 13th day of Jan’1835 / in the 78.\(^{th}\) Year of his Age. / One of the noblest works of God / AN HONEST MAN; / of which he gave ample proof / during the lengthened service / of nearly 54 Years, as Gardener / to the late Cha’/ Chaplin, Esq.’ / and since his death, / in the same capacity, to his Son / Geo/ Chaplin Esq., who places this stone over him, in / respectful remembrance of / his fidelity, and excellence / as a servant, worthy the / example of all others. /

ABLEWHITE / LOUTH

The memorial is fairly substantial, taking the form of a large ‘chest tomb’ raised on 8 courses of red brick with the inscription on a horizontal stone slab. I would be interested to know of other examples of individuals in service to county families lauded in this way.
SHIP-WRECKED ON THE LINCOLNSHIRE COAST
Eileen Elder

The following is an extract from the memoirs of Robert Wetherell who was born in 1764 (no date
of death is given). These memoirs were written in the form of letters addressed to 'A Friend'.

In Letter 4, after an opening preamble, Wetherell explained his social and family background. He
was born in Great Yarmouth, of a line of sea-going people, the son of a merchant sea-man who
was destined to die when his vessel foundered and all hands perished. Wetherell then outlined the
beginnings of his own seafaring days: 'At nine years of age it pleased Heaven to take away my
father, and my mother's poverty soon obliged me to shift for myself.' At the age of eleven Robert
became a cabin boy on board a small vessel in the coasting trade, soon graduating to become cook,
and for 'near six years...was alternatively kicked and beaten according to the capricious humours
of the crew or the lordly domineering of a supercilious mate, and not infrequently honoured and
encouraged with the epithets of thick-head, num-skull, useless thrash [sic] etc. etc.'

In the following passage Wetherell gives a telling description of his experiences one November
night when his ship was blown by a gale onto the coast of Lincolnshire.

While yet very young the vessel I belonged to had the misfortune in a gale of wind to be cast on the coast
of Lincolnshire; it was, as I well remember, a most dismal night in the gloomy month of November; so
dark that we could not possibly discover our situation, or whether the ship was upon the beach or a sand
bank; no land, although it was at a small distance, being discernable through the murky atmosphere. In sad
suspense we remained on board for about two hours, by which time, our vessel being small, the water had
swelled low enough to admit our wading out of her; still, however, we dared not venture till a trusty hand
had undertaken to explore our situation; soon he returned with the welcome tidings of our being upon the
beach, and not upon a sand, as our fears had suggested; but it afterwards appeared that the object of our
dread lay but at a small distance to windward of us, and by breaking of the swell of the sea was the
instrument of our preservation. It was the work of but few moments to collect together a few of our most
valuable articles and abandon the vessel to the fury of the storm, believing that the returning tide would
infallibly demolish her. "With trembling steps and slow," we waded through the half spent waves, and
reached the firm land; in safety it is true, but we were still dismally situated; we had escaped the danger
of the sea, but we were wet, weary, and cold; it rained incessantly, and we could find no shelter from the
driving storm. It was about midnight when we reached the dreary, though welcome shore, and as no object
could be distinguished, I record it to the praise of divine Providence as little less than a Miracle, that some
of the company, after escaping death by the wild waves of the sea did not perish in some of the numerous
pits and ditches with which these marshes abound.

For three hours we wandered unknowing in what direction, and stumbling at almost every step; till at
length an unaccountable noise invaded our ears, and damped the small remains of our spirits, already
exhausted by three days and nights incessant fatigue. It seemed to be Water continually and violently
agitated, but we were fro with a quick vibatory motion, far unlike a running, or falling stream [sic], or
the action of wind upon its surface; a noise too well known to sailors to be easily mistaken. As it seemed
to be near us, we feared arrest our steps; it was too dark to develop the cause, and the demon of superstition
began to work; fear conjured up hobgoblins and sprites, while reason and philosophy (if we had any) slept.

Turning from the spot we directed our steps another way, and soon after one of our shipmates revived our
spirits with the joyous cry of a house! a house! It proved to be nothing better than a miserable deserted
sheep-cote, but the joyful cry of a house did afford some shelter from the blast, and we gladly reposéd our wearied limbs upon the
remains of rotten litter, sheep-dung &c., &c., while the keen wind and beating rain howled around our
"cobweb tenement" and whistled through the numerous crannies of its [sic] wretched walls. Miserable and
shiftless as we were we soon found our lodgings untenable, the careful farmer had long since penned his
flock in a warmer habitation, and left this to the undisturbed possession of the owls and bats. we therefore
sallied out and renewed our wanderings, with greater advantage than before, as the moon now afforded a
fa nt light.

"Shorn of her Beams"

About an hour before day we had the good fortune to discover a farm-house, and upon rousing the family
were hospitably received. A fire to warm our benumbed limbs and dry our dripping garments was soon
lighted, and the officers of our vessel with the farmer and his wife refreshed themselves with tea and toast,
while the crew, with the sons and daughters, and household servants, had each a most capacious bowl of
milk set before him, with plenty of excellent butter, and shoves from a rye loaf as big as a Winchester
bushel.

Our alarming adventure, which much resembled that of the Knight of the Rueful-countenance*, being
related to the farmer, he after a hearty laugh at our expense, explained the cause of our alarm as follows.
The beach in these parts is so very flat, that in some places the distance between high and low water marks
is more than a mile, the inhabitants of these villages take advantage of this circumstance, and drive into
the soil at, or near, low water mark large stakes, with a short line and stout hook suspended from each;
these hooks being carefully baited every low water with small fish, on the following ebb they fail not to
find on them a number of large Scates; these they take, and picking out their eyes fasten one end of a cord

*alluding to the fulling Mills

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through the holes, and the other to the brink of a pond that is replenished with salt water by the tide: and in this state they are sometimes kept for twenty days, and at [sic] last sent to the market of Lincoln, or Boston. Now, I'll warrant continued the farmer that the cause of your alarm was neither more nor less than the flapping of a great number of those blind miserable captives on the surface of some large pond.

Robert Wetherell later became a merchant captain, before settling in his place of birth, Great Yarmouth. He married Hannah Swift in 1790. Their son John Swift Wetherell also became a merchant captain, settling in the State of New York. It was on one of his voyages while moored in the port of London that a daughter, Lucy, was born. Her parents, considering it unwise for her to hazard the Atlantic crossing, sent her to live with her aunt, Mrs Ousby, wife of the curate-in-charge of Kirton Lindsey. In 1833 Lucy married Edward Peacock of Bottesford. The transcription of the 'Wetherell Papers', from which this extract is taken, was made by Mabel Peacock, a great grand daughter of the writer.

THE L'OSTE FAMILY OF LOUTH IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY
Pauline Franklin

In a recent article I told something of the lives of the Rev. Charles L'Oste, vicar of Louth from 1711 to 1730, his cousin, the Rev. Joseph L'Oste, vicar of South Cockerington and Alvingham, who lived in Louth from 1723 to 1781 and Frederick, second son of the vicar of Louth, who was born in 1723 (LP&P, 11/12, 1992-93, pp. 16-19).

By the beginning of the nineteenth century there were the following L'ostes living in Louth: Frederick, who had reached the age of 77, his second wife, Naomi, who was only 29 and George and Mary, his children by his first wife, Elizabeth Hill. George was unmarried but Mary was the husband of the Rev. Robert Leeke of Tetney. She and her husband and their six children lived in Louth as there was no accommodation for them in his parish. George L'Oste, as told in my previous article, went to fight in the Napoleonic Wars and was a prisoner of war for nine years, dying shortly after his return to Louth in 1814.

Frederick L'Oste passed away in 1807 and shortly afterwards his widow, Naomi, agreed to have her step grandson, Charles Alfred L'Oste, to stay with her, to enable him to attend Louth Grammar School for two years before going on to Cambridge University. Charles was born in London in 1790 and his family were living in Hackney when he left for Louth. His father must have thought well of Louth Grammar School as he could have chosen to send his son to the one in Hackney.

Another L'Oste arrived in Louth in 1813, Charles Nettleton, grandson of Frederick's elder brother Charles, who was born in Horncastle in 1784. He was curate at St James's church, Louth for two years and during that time was also Chairman of the Louth Literary Society. No doubt he was pleased to be serving at the church where his great grandfather, the first Charles, had been vicar a hundred years before. Charles Nettleton returned to Horncastle when he was appointed stipendiary curate of Marcham Le Fen. He later became rector of Moorby and Claxby Pluckacre, also minister of Revesby.

He had four brothers and one sister and all of them, except one, left Horncastle to live in Louth when they reached adulthood. The exception was Frederick Alphonso who became an army cadet at the age of 18 and was sent to Madras where he was killed three years later. His brother Henry and sister Susanne, neither of whom married, set up home together in Louth during the 1820s and, in the 1841 census, they were shown to be living in Chequergate. They were not included in the 1851 census as Susanne died in 1846 and her brother a year later. Their brother Edward, the youngest of the family, also came to Louth in the 1820s, after graduating at Edinburgh University. His leaving certificate, which was written in Latin, translates to read:

I, Andrew Duncan, Jnr. M.D. S.R.S. Edin.... by these letters do bear witness that Edward L'Oste, an Englishman, a young man of honourable character is written in the University Register as a pupil of the University. As a member of the Library he has applied himself to the study of these Arts and Sciences under the Professors in this University, namely. in 1817 Anatomy, Surgery, Chemistry, Practical Medicines, Medical or Curative Medicine material, in 1819 Botany and also Anatomy, Surgery, Practical Medicines, that he frequented the Royal (? Informary and was present at clinical lectures. I gave this at the premises of the College 14th March 1820. Signed Andreas Duncan Jnr. M.D.
Edward resided in Eastgate and by 1830 had become a magistrate for the town. He was influential in the setting up of a 'Society for the Promotion of General Knowledge' in Louth. The following notice was published early in 1832:

A meeting held pursuant to the circular regarding several individuals being desirous to establish in this town a Society for the Promotion of General Knowledge, with a Scientific Library and a Museum, a Public Meeting will be held in the Mansion House on Feb 6th 1832 at 7 in the evening to carry into effect these objectives. It was resolved that it is most desirable that a Society be formed in this town for the Promotion of General Knowledge, that the following form a Committee: Mr Wing, Mr Overton, Mr Floyer, Mr W.G. Allison, Dr Banks, Dr L'Oste and Mr H.R. Allenby.

After the meeting was held a list of subscribers was published and Dr L'Oste was described as a 'first class subscriber'. By 1833 he had become Chairman of the Society.

He is mentioned in the book by William Dixon The History of Freemasonry in Lincolnshire (1894) where he is described as the Junior Warden of the Lindsey (Old) Lodge in 1835. He probably have become the Senior Warden the following year, finally becoming Master, as was the custom, but sadly he died suddenly in the August of 1835. He had chaired a meeting of the Society for the Promotion of General Knowledge only a few days before so evidently he did not have a long illness. He had married Ann Lumley in 1834 and she gave birth to a son three months after Edward passed away. He was baptised Charles Edward but he only lived a few days. Ann herself did not survive much longer, dying in January 1836. Their tragic deaths are recorded on their tombstone in St Mary's Churchyard at Louth:

Edward L'Oste Esq M.D. who died August 4th 1835 aged 40 years and his wife Ann, who died January 13th 1836, also Charles Edward L'Oste, their infant son, buried 19th November 1835.

Shortly before his death Edward had given a painting to Louth Museum which is listed as '1835, Dr L'Oste, (Louth) Oil Painting by Richardson Horncastle'. It would be interesting to know if the picture still survives.

Edward's brother, John Bernard, was the only member of the family who had children to carry on the name of L'Oste. He became a druggist in Lincoln and in 1828 married Sarah Porter, daughter of Alderman William Porter of that city. In 1829 they had a son whom they baptised Charles Frederick and the following year another son was born to them, John William Henry. In 1835 they went to live in Louth where they had two more children, a boy, Edward Alphonsus and a girl Sarah Susanne Catherine. The two eldest boys started at Louth Grammar School in 1838.

The Louth Census for 1841 shows the family living in Lee Street with two servants, Sophie Thompson and Charlotte Jackson, both only 15 years of age. In 1850 the family moved to London and for the first time since 1711 there were no L'Oste's living in Louth, Mary Leeke (née L'Oste) having died in 1839 and Naomi L'Oste (née King) in 1847.

![Fig.1 Charles Frederick L'Oste on his hundredth birthday (1829-1929)](image-url)
John and his family had only been living in London a few months when he passed away and Sarah and the children returned to Lincolnshire and lived with one of John’s cousins in the Louth area. In 1861 the whole family emigrated to Australia where the two eldest sons, Charles Frederick and John William became clergymen – having studied at Cambridge University whilst living in England.

Charles Frederick (Fig.1) made history by living until the age of 106 and, shortly before his hundredth birthday, Louth historian, Richard Goulding, sent the following letter to Tasmania where Charles was then living:

14th November 1928

Dear Sir,

I hope you will forgive me for writing to you but I am, as you are, an old Louth Grammar School boy, though much your junior. I have recently heard that you will be celebrating your centenary if you live (as I hope you will do) until January 9th. All my life I have been interested in families connected with my native town of Louth, and I have particulars of a number of your ancestors, beginning with your great great grandfather Charles L’Oste who was Vicar of Louth from 1711 until his death in 1730. I may say that I am putting together notes about Old Louth Grammar School Boys and I am enclosing part III as you may like to revive your memories of old days by reading the account of John Waite which you will find on page 61. In a succeeding part I shall give accounts of yourself and your brother and I shall be extremely obliged if you would kindly look at the enclosed sheet of questions and give me any information you can. I believe you are the oldest living Louth School Boy and I am not aware that any other pupil of the school has attained the age of 100 years. Will you please allow me to wish you a very happy Christmas, to be followed by a happy one hundredth birthday, Yours very truly, Richard W. Goulding

In his reply Charles included the following:

Under his [Waite’s] instructions I had to commit the 4th and 6th Aeneid to memory, two books of the Odes of Horace and considerable portions of the Satires and Epistles. It is to this that I attribute the fact that I have been able to retain my knowledge of the classics. When I recall Mr Waite I still ‘rejoice with trembling’ for he was apt to be, not only ‘fortiter in se’ but also ‘fortiter in modo’. However, my recollections are full of gratitude for the great help he gave me.

Charles Frederick remained a bachelor and was the last to bear the name of L’Oste when he died in 1935. His brother, John William, had married but none of his children had survived. The last L’Oste in England was the Rev. Charles Alfred, rector of St. Mary’s, Colchester who passed away in 1870. He had married Catherine Atkinson but they had no children. Catherine’s nieces, Harriet and Catherine West, married two of the Tennyson brothers. Harriet married Arthur in 1860 and her sister Catherine married Horatio in 1870.

The L’Oste and Tennyson families knew each other well, which is not surprising since they were both clerical families. The Rev. George Clayton Tennyson, father of Arthur and Horatio and, of course, of the famous poet Alfred, Lord Tennyson, married Elizabeth Fytche of Louth and when he was appointed to the living of Somersby in 1806 he was only two miles from Greetham where the Rev Charles L’Oste, grandson of the late vicar of Louth, was the incumbent. The two clergymen must have been well acquainted.

Despite the fact that the surname of L’Oste died out with Charles Frederick L’Oste it has been perpetuated as part of a double-barrelled surname by several distaff lines of the family. Joseph John Alphonsus Brown, great grandson of the above-mentioned vicar of Louth was the eldest son of Joseph Brown of Hackney who had married Amy L’Oste. He became a doctor and in 1843 set up a practice in Grantham. He had recently married Ann Burton Bradley and they had lived at Grantham House in Castlegate. They had seven children altogether, two sons and five daughters. The boys, Joseph and Harry were given the extra name of L’Oste to be used as part of their surname, to perpetuate the memory of their Huguenot ancestors and to preserve the name for posterity. At the present day there are L’Oste-Browns in England, Canada and Australia.

Dr Brown was also a magistrate and Quilter in his book *Mid-Victorian Grantham* (1895) produces an extract from the Grantham Journal which gives us a glimpse of the doctor in his role as a magistrate:
A TEST OF DRUNKENNESS. Magistrates of today, especially when dealing with a motor car offence may be glad to learn a simple test of drunkenness. We have heard of Dr Brown in connection with Grantham House. He was sitting on the Bench when a publican was charged with allowing drunkenness.

"When" asked Dr Brown "may a man be said to be drunk? Would a landlord ever say so? I suppose when a man lies on his back and takes hold of the carpet to steady himself he may be said to be drunk but there are many graduations of drunkenness".

Both Joseph and his wife died in June 1884, within a week of each other, and the following notice appeared in the Grantham Journal of 21 June 1884:

SALE BY AUCTION
GRANTHAM HOUSE

Henry Escritt has been honoured with directions from the Executors of the late J.L.A. Brown Esq M.D. Grantham House, Grantham, to sell by Auction on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, July 15th, 16th and 17th, the contents of Drawing, Dining and Breakfast Rooms, several sleeping rooms, library, also the fine old glass and china, rare engraving, books, linen blankets etc of which Catalogue will be issued on Saturday next price 3d of the Auctioneer.

The house itself belonged to the Cust family and was rented to Dr Brown and his family. By this time the eldest son, Joseph, my grandfather, had also become a doctor and had a practice in Shifnal in Shropshire (Fig.2). His younger brother, Harry had emigrated to Australia in 1870. Three of their sisters had married, the first to wed being Josephine who became the wife of Lewin Norris-Elye of Utterby Manor which is about four miles from Louth. They had two children but Josephine died young and Lewin married her sister Katherine, although, in those days, it was illegal to marry your sister or brother-in-law. Despite this it was a very common practice.

Amy Brown married the artist W. Cubley and they made their home in Newark, Nottinghamshire. The two unmarried sisters were Harriet and Beatrice. It is believed that Harriet went to live at Utterby Manor with her sister Katherine and husband after the death of her parents in 1884 but Beatrice remained in Grantham all her life, living at 2, Church Street until her death in 1938.

Fig.2 Dr. Joseph L'Oste-Brown (1849-1923)

For the Record is a new quarterly newsletter produced by Lincolnshire Archives. Issue No. 2 (September 1993) includes brief accounts of 'Search Room Security', the Foster Library, some recent accessions, Sir John Franklin, etc. Further particulars from Lincolnshire Archives, St Rumbold St., Lincoln, LN2 5AB.
JOHN TWIGG OF TOTHBY

John Ketteringham

John Twigg, one of Lincolnshire's most notable characters, was born on his father's farm at Maltby-le-Marsh in 1887. He was educated at Alford Grammar School and the family moved to Tothby Manor near Alford in 1915. When his father died in 1921 John took over the tenancy of the farm. Later that year he married Mary (Mollie) Waterfield of Boston and they remained at Tothby until John retired in 1940 to live in East Street, Alford.

The first recorded incident in a long string of practical jokes which John perpetrated concerned two residents at Maltby who were conducting a long-standing feud. An open grave appeared in a green lane near the village and John arranged for the two antagonists to meet at the spot. John always said that the grave had been dug by gypsies and what took place when the two astonished men saw it is not recorded. One of the antagonists became a close friend of John's when they both lived as next door neighbours in Alford but even so he blamed the whole incident on John!

At the turn of the century at five o'clock one June morning the inhabitants of Maltby were woken up by the brass band striking up 'Abide with me'. The story goes that an old man with a long white beard, who had been a bugle boy at the Battle of Trafalgar, stuck his head out of the window and asked 'What's going on?', and he was informed by the bandmaster that 'John Twigg is going to shoot himself.' Understandably this message spread quickly throughout the village and soon a large crowd gathered including the parson and the undertaker.

John placed a U-shaped tube to his chest and fired a pistol into the other end. He, of course, survived, much to the disappointment of the people of Maltby and the undertaker complained that he had wasted his time!

On one occasion John's father William and the electors of Maltby decided to boost the church-going of the Maltby people. They decided to invite the villagers to a supper at Maltby Manor but William did not send an invitation to John as he was afraid of him getting up to mischief. So John sent an invitation to an old tramp by forging William's signature. Of course, though shocked, William had to admit the hungry tramp!

John did not get on very well with the parson, so he forged a letter to the local blacksmith, who was well-known as an atheist, to the parson and another from the parson to the blacksmith. Not surprisingly there was quite a set-to between the parson and blacksmith and in the end the blacksmith put a notice on his shop apologising for something he hadn't done!

John began to get rather carried away and instead of playing tricks on one person at a time he decided to involve several at the same time. In the mid-1930s there was a walking race from Skegness to Horncastle. John hired and paid an old drover and promised him a supper of sausage and mash and a couple of pints of beer. He then dressed the old man in a jersey with red and white rings and football shorts and took him by car to a point a couple of miles east of Horncastle. When John saw through his binoculars the leading walkers coming over the hill he told the old drover he had to win the walking race! As a result the genuine winner just caught up with him at the finishing post. The crowd cheered the old man who had equalled those half his age but the old drover was most upset when the organisers became suspicious and wouldn't award him the cup!

There was no malice in John, he was really simply bubbling over with a love of life. However, on one occasion when he received his Rates Demand he was so disgusted that he went to the bank and obtained the sum due in silver three-penny bits which he took across the road to the poor clerk in the Council Offices!

John once said that his recreations were shooting ash off cigarettes whilst they were still in the smoker's mouth with a target pistol and standing on his head on house ridges and chimney tops. He might have added 'debunking the pompous and making the most of opportunities'.

John and his wife Molly had five sons and soon after the youngest, David, was born, John was seen walking along Tothby Lane to Alford pushing a pram. John was asked to display the new arrival; when the pram cover was pulled back a piglet appeared!
The boys kept pet mice and these soon began to multiply at a prodigious rate. John advertised in the local press, 'TWIGG'S MOUSE FARM - any quantity supplied' (Fig.1) and was surprised to receive an order from Billy Butlin to supply 3000 mice to the Holiday Camp at Ingoldmells. John's son Tom remembers travelling with his brothers in the car to Butlin's with sample boxes of mice on their knees! Another order came from America but it is not recorded what the result of this was.

John was somewhat infamous for his pets - the most notorious being a wolf! This usually vicious animal was devoted to him and he would take it for walks. On one notable Market Day he took the wolf to the Windmill Bar at Alford. The customers didn't appreciate this and it was surprising how many suddenly found urgent business elsewhere! If one was in John's company in the Windmill Bar you could expect to be asked to take snuff and the uninitiated would be asked to feel in his poacher's pocket. Usually the victim would withdraw his hand rather quickly having been bitten by a polecat or nipped by a mongoose and even, on one occasion, a rat!

The wolf died in the early 1930s and is buried in the shrubbery at Tothby Manor with a tombstone on which is inscribed:

Here lies Sally pet wolf
A better creature than you or I

He took with him to Alford his pet jackdaw which he had taught to speak. The bird would perch in the trees fronting the house in East Street and many a late night walker has been scared by the jackdaw suddenly talking to them!

Even in his seventies John continued with his hobby of standing on his head on any conceivable or inconceivable occasion. When a building was being demolished in the South Market Place at Alford which is across the road from the Windmill a slightly inebriated customer, on leaving the bar, was amazed to see John standing on his hands on the ridge. The poor man swore not to touch another drop!

One fine summer in the mid thirties the neighbouring farmers had cut their hay but John left the hay in one of the Park Lane meadows. When asked about it, he said he couldn't cut it until the following week. When the *Lincolnshire Standard* appeared at the week-end there was an advertisement which read, 'John Twigg of Tothby apologises to the courting couples of Alford. He cannot delay cutting the hay any longer.'

John became internationally famous in 1934 when he dropped an egg from an aircraft. At that time a trip by air was a novelty and John decided that he ought to try the experience and took advantage of a five bob round the town trip starting in a field near Miles Cross Hill. The pilot obligingly flew low over Alford. John just happened to have a bad egg wrapped in newspaper in his pocket and this landed on the roof of the Police House which was adjacent to the Police Station. He was summoned to appear at Alford Magistrate's Court charged with 'dropping a certain object from an aircraft flying' and this was the first such case ever brought under the Air Navigation Act. At the hearing John asserted that he was aiming at the Saturday afternoon shoppers in the Market Place or at the Bowling Green which are by air, only a few seconds from the Police Station which was then in Park Lane and it could be that an inexperienced bomb aimer
could mistake his target! S.B. Carnley for the defence asked the magistrates to ignore 'fantastic statements which had appeared in certain sections of the press alleging that a dangerous missile had been dropped'. Major Rawnley, Chairman of the Bench, remarked on the danger and the foolishness of John's escapade before fining him two pounds with fifteen shillings costs!

In later life he took to dressing up and at one parliamentary election he turned up to vote as a highwayman. Only a short time before his death he entered the Polling Station dressed as a tramp and demanded his vote. The poor clerk who, surprisingly, didn't know him, spent some time trying to get him to disclose his name! At an Alford Urban District Council election in May 1954, to stimulate interest, he toured the town in a four-wheeled horse drawn cab dressed in top hat, tails and red-spotted waistcoat. John was accompanied by George Rawlings similarly dressed and blowing a post horn. No doubt there was a record poll that year - especially as John also carried a blunderbuss! After dark the candles on the cab were lit and Mrs Myers, dressed in cloak and bonnet, acted as his companion.

On 9 August 1958 the following three 'charges' were brought against him:

1. Harbouring on his person certain wild animals and reptiles of a ferocious nature with intent to surreptitiously release the same amongst the inhabitants for the purpose of creating 'breeze' and panic.

2. Writing and exhibiting certain prose and verse to the detriment of the users of the highway adjoining his premises.

3. Throwing eggs of uncertain age or vintage at the abode of the constable of the parish.

A plaque recording these charges was placed in the Council Chamber at Alford and this also records that, 'Being found guilty he was forcibly and unceremoniously confined to the stocks until his fealty was respite' (Fig.2). This confirms the affection with which John was held even by those whom he must have plagued at times. How John Twigg managed to survive apparently without accident is a mystery but he died in May 1960 at the age of 73 and thus passed one who was probably Alford's most notable and likeable characters.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS
I acknowledge the assistance given me in compiling this article by John's sons Tom and John. Several others wrote to me after a broadcast by Radio Lincolnshire.

Fig.2. John Twigg in the stocks, 1958

Buildings at risk in Lincolnshire is a detailed and fully-illustrated information pack on the county's threatened architectural heritage produced by Heritage Lincolnshire (many of the buildings described are for sale). It is available for the price of postage (£1.50) from Heritage Trust of Lincolnshire, 28 Boston Road, Sleaford NG34 7ET.
THE REBUILDING OF STALLINGBOROUGH CHURCH

Geoff Bryant

J.E. Swaby's interesting article on Briefs (LP&P 13, p.11-14) included reference to the rebuilding of Stallingborough church and further information about this might be of interest to readers.

The 1709 Visitation Return for Stallingborough church recorded the building as 'in good repair and well leaded and glazed', so it is perhaps surprising to find, on 29 April 1742, some fifty Stallingborough 'Inhabitants, freeholders, tenants and Occupiers of the Lands,' signing an application to the Justices of the Peace in session at Caistor for a Brief to aid the rebuilding of their church. The petitioners reported that their 'Parish Church and Steeple' was old and decayed and as a result had 'fallen down to the Ground'. They could not afford to rebuild it (estimated cost £1737) because of the expenses they had to bear in 'Supporting a Sea Bank against the River Humber' and in relief to 'a great Number of Poor'. An attached plan showed that the proposed church was to have a three-bayed nave with north and south aisles, a chancel of one bay and a western tower. The brief would appear to have been granted but no record of the amount of money collected can be found and the rebuilding was not undertaken at once.

Rebuilding does not seem to have commenced until 1779 upon which matter John Henry Loft commented in 1827 (Lincolnshire Archives Office Dixon Papers 19 / 1 / 2, fols. 183-85. He noted that 'The Church was rebuilt about 1780 by Briefs. The Money collected under them was kept 20 Yrs. by Ayscough Boucheret Esqr. & the Interest (I must see Mr. Grantham upon it) sold the Bells Lead & everyThing' (fol. 183r). Boucheret, in fact, might well have kept the money for 33 years! Work on the new church apparently began in 1779 (I am grateful to Dinah Tyzka for what follows here) for in the General register (L.A.O. Stallingborough Parish 1 / 2) no baptisms are recorded after 25 November 1779 and no burials after 19 December 1779. These sacraments recommence at Stallingborough in 1781 (L.A.O. Stallingborough Par. 1 / 4). In the marriage Register (L.A.O. Stallingborough Par. 1 / 3) which runs from 1754 to 1811 entry No. 74 recorded 'Banns of marriage between Edward Parker of the Parish and Elizabeth Walker of the Parish of Immingham were published in the Parish Church of Great Coates the 21st, 28th February and 7th March 1779 this Parish Church being down by me John Robinson, Vicar of Stallingborough and Curate of Great Coates.' The next, unnumbered entry records banns read in April 1779 in Great Coates Church, 'this [i.e. Stallingborough] church being taken down'. So it would appear that work began in early 1779 but that baptisms and burials could still take place until late in the year. The new building was ready for use in 1781 for entry No. 75 in the Marriage Register recorded the marriage of John

Fig 1 Stallingborough Church by J.C. Nettes, 1795, from the Local Studies Collection, Lincoln City Library by courtesy of Lincolnshire County Council, Recreational Services
Anderson and Catherine Moody at Stallingborough on 1 June 1781. It was in some ways a more modest structure than that envisaged in the 1742 plan - no aisles were built and the nave was some three feet narrower. However, the proposed church had only three windows to north and south whereas the one built has four openings though those to the north seem to have been blocked from the outset. (Fig 1)

CHRISTMAS REMEMBERED
A Lincolnshire Dialect Story by Fred Dobson

It was Christmas, 1923. At our school, we'd got over them old exams as 'ed cast a shadder between us an' the comin' jollifications; that, absolute tip-top crownin' part of the year. We'd maade paaper cheeans, scrounged 'olly an' bits o' fir-tree, to decorate the schoolrooms; an' all the time, that feelin' o' mystery an' excitement was buildin'-up; that Christmas feelin' as ivvybody 'ooapcs as ivvybody else is sharin'.

Down in the village, we knew what was on show in ivvy bairn-dazzlin' shop winder. The boots an' toys all displayed at Mister Reynolds'; Mister Cooper's caakes an' paastries, mouth-watterin' to little bairns moore accustomed to bread an' drippin' an' a slice o' corran' bread. Miss 'Arrison's chocolates, nuts an' crackers; Mister Charles's pig's eead, wi' an erringe in its gob, an' lovely sausages, 'eaps o' mince-pies, pork-pies an' taislets. That great cotton-wool snow-man at Mrs Singleton's, wi' sweepin' brush, black top 'at an' red buttons. Even 'Jubby's shinin' saucepans an' buckets blended together wi' 'is fruit an' green-groceracy stuff to meek a brisk, cheerful show.

The cooalmen, an'all, althooa 'evvin' maybe the awkardest stuff of all to meek a show on (wi-out ackshally settin' light to it!) maade-up wil smilin', jooakin' an' 'Merry Chris'masskin' ivvybody they seed.

Hey! An' back at school, fosst-off ivvy mornin' o' the last few o' term, i'steead o' the daailong an' tedious Scripsher lesson, all the classes got together to sing Carol's, oh! 'uns an' new 'uns an' all. 'Fosst No-el', 'Good King Wencesl's Las', 'Once in Bethlem o' Judah'; an', o' course, the general favourite, that whimsical "Ush, ush, ere comes old Santa Claws!" Enjoyed allus, whether we sung the proper words, or, as sooa offens, our oowan raather dubious 'Revised Version'!

By gom, we did enjoy them carol-singin' mornin's! Even us as 'ed to stand up fer the whoole hour, sooa ivvybody could git into the 'Big Room' An' we mooan't lob ageesnst the painted wall aback on us, on account wi' condensation watter.

Another custom we 'ed; fer the last week or sooa, Mister Foord from the Saxilby Pooast Office ewsed to lend the School a real, proper old G.P.O. letterbox, old an' 'pensioned-off', now. This would stand theer i' the Big Room, all decorated up, sooa all the bairns could poost theer's letters in it fer their best mates; the box bein' happenned on the very last daay; wi' great excitement, as yar might well imagine!

Mc fosst Christmas at Saxilby school, Ah well remember. Them daays, Ah 'ed just one penny a week pocket-money, an' wasn't ohd enou to addle any money me-sen. Us bairns o' the family even 'sawed' that, to git some tiny token present fer Mem an' Dad. Sooa, at School, 1923, Ah naayther sent nooa cards, expected none, nor got none; except what Ah thocht was marvellous, i' the shaape of a neaat little card from the Ticeacher, wi' a Robin on it: me fosst Christmas Card ivver, 'wi' best wishes from M.E. Priestly!

Hey; an' now, ommust sixty-four year later, that young lad's kind thought is still theer, still neaat an' pretty, still deeply appreciated, up theer on that little card as ligs amongst an ohd scribbler's treasures in me little 'office': still wishin' me A Merry Christmas the same as ivver, the same as Ah'm wishin' yar, even now, whinsoever Christmas shall come round ageean!

[We regret to record the death of Fred Dobson, aged 80, on 15 November 1993.]
SANDTOFT CHURCH

J.E. Swaby

The drainage of Hatfield Level brought many Dutchmen into the Isle of Axholme and the engineer Vermuyden was allowed, if the bishop permitted, to build chapels for the newcomers. The building of a church was, however, made difficult by the inhabitants, who resented the loss of their commons, and there were fourteen attacks made on the newcomers between 1628 and 1634. By the latter date many Frenchmen had entered in on the newly drained lands and Vermuyden had sold his share of them. The leadership fell on Philberto Vernatti, a naturalised Englishman, and in 1634 he and others agreed to find £70 or £80 a year for a minister. Pierre Bontemps became the first pastor ‘ecclesiae Gallo-Belgicæ’ and took services in Vernatti’s grange at Sandtoft in the parish of Belton and on the border between Lincolnshire and Yorkshire.

The possibility of a permanent church being built so near to his diocese alarmed Neile, the Archbiskop of York, and he may have been the more annoyed because Williams, Bishop of Lincoln, had given his verbal permission for such an undertaking. Neile complained to the King that the Sandtoft church was French in form and discipline and urged that a French translation of the Book of Common Prayer should be used. When Bontemps departed in 1637 it seemed that Neile and Laud had a perfect instrument for their purposes in Stephen de Cursa, a renegade Roman Catholic. He would use the Book of Common Prayer in the house of wood, but administer the sacraments in Belton and Epworth churches. But Laud’s day was soon over, and Williams was appointed to York. The settlers drove out de Cursa, made arrangements to finance the building of a church and acquired the services of Jean Despagne.

There are a few references to the Sandtoft church in the Visitation by the Archdeacon of Stow in 1640. Despagne is described as curate of Sandtoft, but a question is raised about his authority. It would appear that the settlers paid half the usual church assessment to the churchwardens of the parish in which they lived and retained the other half for Sandtoft church.

The disorders that accompanied civil war gave the Islanders a chance to settle the score with the newcomers, and in 1654 the latter complained to the House of Lords about the destruction of their crops, the breaking of the seats and windows in their church and the stripping away of its lead. Between the autumn of 1650 and the early part of 1652 the inhabitants of Epworth and Belton loosed their cattle in the Frenchmen’s corn, pulled down a windmill, defaced the church and pulled down eighty houses. John Liburne, the Leveller, who had interested himself in the dispute, and Daniel Noddell, a local solicitor, interrupted Sunday worship and drove the people out of church. Liburne put a servant in the minister’s partly destroyed house, and used the church as stable, cock house, slaughter house and barn. The broken pieces of windows, pulpit and doors were made into a bonfire. In 1656 Major General Whalley was sent to enforce order, but the lawlessness did not altogether cease.

By the time of the Restoration many of the Frenchmen had given up the struggle and left the Isle. So had the Dutch. There was a rapid succession of ministers, and in 1684 the last one asked leave to go to a place where he could be paid. In the words of de Schickler ‘L’eglise de Sandtoft avait vecu.’

The fact that the incomers were Protestants made no difference to the Islanders, who regarded them as foreigners who threatened their livelihood.

NOTES

The above account is taken almost word for word from part of the writer’s unpublished Ph.D thesis ‘Ecclesiastical and Religious Life in Lincolnshire, 1640-1660’ (University of Leicester, 1982).

GRIMSBY: DOUGHTY CENTRE LOCAL HISTORY GROUP

Grimsby and Cleethorpes Glossary

The Doughty Centre Local History Group in Grimsby consists of a group of retired people who are currently compiling a glossary of local words and expressions used in Grimsby, Cleethorpes and district. The compilation is essentially an exercise in oral history because its aim is to collect words and expressions which are either still used or which contributors recall their parents, etc., using. The work is being done because it is felt that, although there are several published and unpublished compilations of Lincolnshire words, there are many words which are particularly distinctive in the modern history of the Grimsby and Cleethorpes area. These could relate to particular areas of the town, e.g. 'Little Russia', 'Pneumonia Jetty', 'The Gollies'; particular types of people, e.g. 'A Meggie', 'An Outener', 'A College Bulldog'; particular customs, e.g. being given 'A Wesley', taking part in the weekly 'Monkey Parade on Freemo'; and so on. As the towns and social conditions alter, such expressions are tending to fall out of common use.

The group would be pleased to hear from anyone who wishes to join in the work, either as a contributor or a collector. The group co-ordinator, Alan Dowling, can be contacted on Cleethorpes 690655 (home) or Grimsby 360621 (The Doughty Centre). The Doughty Centre Local History Group meets at 10.00 a.m. on the first Wednesday of the month at the Doughty Centre, Town Hall Square, Grimsby.

A DAY AT ALVINGHAM

John Kettridgeham

It was the habit many years ago for the Society and its predecessors to hold summer schools and meetings in various parts of the county. This idea was revived on Saturday, 4 September 1993 with a visit to Alvingham near Louth.

A rather cold morning started with coffee in the village hall - a splendid centre - followed by a guided tour of the village led by Jean Howard. We stopped to hear about a number of houses on the way to the water mill. The owner of the mill, Mrs Davis, related the history of it and then set the wheel and stones in motion.

The next call was to the famous two churches in one churchyard, St Mary's and St Athelwold's. The first was given in 1155 for use by the Gilbertine Priory and at the Dissolution became the parish church for North Cocketingdon. The other serves as the parish church for Alvingham.

Moving on to the footbridge over the Louth canal Jean gave us a résumé of the canal's history. It was surveyed by John Grundy in 1756 but the scheme did not progress until 1763 after John Smecaton had given it his blessing. The first five miles from the mouth of the Humber was opened in 1767 and the Canal finally reached Louth in 1770. The total cost was £28,000. After visiting Alvingham Lock we returned to the village hall for lunch, pausing at the pottery on the way. The Industrial Archaeology Committee had provided a map and description of the Canal written as a car tour to use at a later date [copies are still available from Jews' Court].

For the majority of members the afternoon was in two parts, a visit to the forge and a talk on watermills. Another Alvingham enthusiast, Bob Oakes, described the forge and its work and then, in his own inimitable manner, demonstrated his craft by making a ram's head poker. Charles Pinchbeck explained the workings of watermills and then brought us right up to date with Lincolnshire examples. The local historians and industrial archaeologists among us were well satisfied with the programme we followed. The archaeologists, Dave Start and Ian George, led a small team to survey the humps and bumps in the very large field next to the village hall. It was a cold and damp task, though, nothing daunted, they kept working to the bitter end - no doubt they felt it was! The day finished with all enjoying a cup of tea. It is rare, apart from the AGM, for all sections of the Society to meet together for a whole day. This was one of the most enjoyable occasions for the Society for some time. Members showed gratitude to those of the Society responsible for the day and to the people of Alvingham who made us so very welcome. There is no doubt those present will be looking anxiously at future programmes to note the date of the next such event.

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NOTES AND QUERIES

Contributions for this feature should be sent direct to the Joint Editors, c/o Jews' Court, Lincoln LN2 1LS.

14.1 This photograph, which is printed on a post card backing, bears the inscription in a neat hand ‘Sheepwash Farm 1912’ and may originate from the Witham area. It shows a group of well-dressed men and women, apparently on an outing in Summer. Presumably they have disembarked from a train, charabanc, or traps. The men are dressed as if for some outdoor activity but carry nothing to indicate what. Some wear round bages on lapels or on their caps, apparently bearing a broad gothic cross; one or two seem to wear a ribbon in their lapel. Most are below middle age, but none seems young. All are well dressed, and there is a certain lack of formality in manner as much as dress. The figure to the extreme left appears to be a clergyman. Although the photograph need not originate in Lincolnshire there is some likelihood that it does; it comes from a collection broken up in Lincoln. Can the location or the group be identified? (Nick Lyons).

14.2 BATTLE OF WINCEBY (LP&P 12, p.2) David Ives notes: I refer to the letter from Winston Kime. He is correct to stress the paucity of coverage of this important engagement, but there is quite a full account in Alfred Burne and Peter Young, The Great Civil War: A Military History of the First Civil War 1642-1646 (1959), pp.111-18. Mr Ives has kindly sent a photocopy of this account which will be lodged in the library at Jews Court; another copy will be sent to the County Library.

An account of the 'bloody skirmish' at Winceby, with a site plan superimposed on the first edition Ordnance Survey Map of the 1820s is to be found in David Robinson, The Book of Horncastle (1983), pp.83-87. There is a brief mention with footnotes in A.A. Garner, Boston and the Great Civil War (History of Boston Project, 1972) p.14. The mistaken identity of Alford - in reality a Scottish Alford - as the location of the 'Alford Fight', described, as Mr Kime mentions, in William Andrews' Bygone Lincolnshire, has been thoroughly explored in the article by Ian Haythorne (LP&P Nos. 6 & 7). Eds.

David Mordaunt also writes:

Although Winston Kime may have found neither topographical details of the battle of Winceby nor details of the actual fighting in Lincolnshire accounts, he might have more success by investigating the sources employed by writers interested specifically in battles. Disappointingly, The Ordnance Survey's Complete Guide to the Battlefields of Britain by David Smurthwaite (Webb and Bower, 1984) mentions the battle only in passing in dealing with 'The War in the North': 'Although the Battle of Winceby probably destroyed any notions Newcastle possessed of invading the south, Parliament trembled at the prospect of a joint advance on London with the King' (p.156).
But Philip Warner’s *Fontana British Battlefields: The North* (Osprey, 1972) devotes seven-and-a-half pages (of which nearly five pages is general background) and a map-cum-diagram to the battle. His account centres the battle quite clearly around the junction of the B195 Horncastle-Spilsby road (which Warner refers to as the A115) and the road going south from Winceby to Hameringham. The Royalist force approached along the B195 from the A158 Horncastle-Skegness road with its left and right wings (necessarily out on the fields) some way ahead of the centre. The Parliamentary force seems to have kept more to the B195, turning onto it 800 yards to the east from the road coming up from Old Bolingbroke; it was organised in three divisions one behind the other, commanded respectively by Cromwell, Sir Thomas Fairfax and the Earl of Manchester.

The Royalist right, commanded by Savile, attacked vigorously probably intending to outflank and envelop the Parliamentarians but in so doing it not only outpaced the other Royalists but also blundered into Slash Hollow. Cromwell’s horse had been shot from under him but Fairfax wheeled about, used the advantage of the momentum of descending from higher ground and crashed his division into Savile’s men. When Cromwell’s division and some of Manchester’s followed, Savile’s wing was overwhelmed and the other Royalists withdrew. Warner comments, ‘Winceby was a small, strange, but important battle. It enhanced Cromwell’s reputation but Fairfax was really the architect of victory; it showed the Royalists that the opposition cavalry were as good as, if not better than, their own; and it contributed in no small measure to the ultimate Parliamentary victory’ (p.86).

John Kinross in *Walking and Exploring the Battlefields of Britain* (David and Charles, 1988) describes it as follows: ‘Savile’s men were trapped in a field with high hedges and a gate which opened the wrong way. He was captured and many of his troopers killed. In Slash Hollow a large stone by the road is where the battle took place’ (p.121). Does he mean the boulder he shows in photograph and on a sketch-map? This is certainly there, but is on the northern side of the road away from Slash Hollow. Kinross also remarks about the battlefield today: ‘There is little change to spoil the scene today. In spite of there being a Nature Reserve nearby there is no obvious battlefield walk’ (p.121).

14.3 MYSTERY MOVIE (*LP&P, 13.2*) Mike Turland, of Sleaford comments:
A North Lincolnshire town? I think not! The place is undoubtedly Sleaford; the meet that of The Blankney which traditionally assembles on Sleaford Market Place on 26 December. All of the buildings mentioned still stand - Sleaford is a Conservation Area. The Church is St Denys’s. None of the businesses survive. Smeaton (not Sweetons) was a major local firm, still going in the 1980s and including furniture, removals, funerals. Eric Smeaton was a major player in local politics before the Urban District Council vanished in 1974. In 1950 the film should show the Corn Exchange and the Bristol Arms Hotel, both on the south side of the Market Place. The ‘Tudor’ is of course mock. North of the church, a vicarage of fifteenth-century origin. Probably Sleafordians could put names to people on the film?

14.4 THE BISHOP ON THE BRIDGE (*LP&P, 13.6*) Alan J. Wilkinson of Osmondby writes:
The two (supposedly) medieval stone plinths at Kingerby Hall do indeed still survive, at what was once in the 1920s the private pathway across to the Church. The gate was removed some years ago when the iron fencing was replaced. On one side is a stone Pineapple and on the other a very crude cross on a stone base, this was reputed the original ornamentation from the bridge at Bishop Bridge, but doubt is cast on this because the cross is clearly made out of a stone lintel from a building.
The present owner of the Hall recently started to clean out the moat around the south side of the hall and so far a number of skeletons have been unearthed as well as other items. The Lincolnshire museum is in attendance.
BOOK NOTES

Due to limitations of space in this issue it is impossible to include our regular short notices of recent publications. The following titles have been noted and several will be reviewed at greater length in the Spring 1994 number of Lincolnshire Past & Present:

C.L. ANDERSON, Lincolnshire Convicts to Australia, Bermuda and Gibraltar. A Study of Two Thousand Convicts. Lacce Books, 1993. £9.00 + £1.00 p&p from 3 Merleswen, Dunholme, Lincoln LN2 3SN.


MILDRED BENTON, ed., Fire, Flood and Fenland Folk. The Story of Billingham and its People. Wilcom Books, 1993. ISBN 0 9521800 0 6. £5.95 + £1 p&p from Bridge Farm, Billingham LN4 4HW.


[PAM PALING], The Gosberton Area. A glimpse into the past. 87pp. illus. ISBN 0 9520276 0 7. £4.95.


Settlement Examinations from the Kesteven Quarter Sessions 1700-1847 (5 microfiches). Lincolnshire Family History Society. £4.00 & 30p p&p from Mrs J.M. Denison, Darceys Yard, High Street, Wellingore, Lincoln LN5 0HW.

Copies of most of these titles can be obtained through the Lincolnshire Heritage Bookshop at Jews’ Court (postage extra).

LINCOLNSHIRE PLACES - SOURCE MATERIAL

Part Twenty Five

We are indebted to Eleanor Nannestad, Local History Librarian, Central Reference Library, Free School Lane, Lincoln, for compiling the material. Please write in if you know of an article which has been omitted. Please note that no references to articles from Lincolnshire Life are given; your local library will have copies of the Indexes to the earlier numbers, some of which contain quite useful items. The volumes of Lines. Inclusion Acts referred to are kept in the Lincolnshire Local Studies Reference Library; they are not publications as such. U.P. (unbound pamphlet) references also apply to the Local Studies Library.

As the move from Free School Lane to Lincoln Castle will restrict access to material in the Local Studies Collection, this series may have to be suspended for the time being. (Further particulars on the move are given after the bibliography.)

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THOMPSON, R.D., History of Education in Donington [typescript] (n.d.).

DONINGTON-ON-BAIN
ROSS Manuscripts, Vol. IX. Gartree Wapentake.
LOCAL STUDIES LIBRARY

On 20 November the Free School Lane library closed to the public for 3 years, while a new library is built on the same site.

From 10 January the lending and reference departments will operate from Greyfriars (the former City and County Museum), and the Local Studies Collection will be situated at Lincoln Castle.

In order that those visiting the castle solely to use the library are not charged the entrance fee, they will need a special pass. There is no charge for this and they can be obtained by filling in the green leaflet sent out with the Autumn 1993 issue of Lincolnshire Past & Present, or by sending their name and address to Area Administrative Office (Peeses), Library Administration, The Castle, Lincoln LN1 3AA. Please note that the pass is only to allow you into the library, and you will need to purchase an admission ticket if you also wish to enjoy the Castle's tourist facilities.

As there will be less library space and less storage space for local studies material in the Castle it would be helpful if you could telephone at least one working day beforehand to tell staff what you would like to use. They will be able to advise you of availability and if necessary, have material ready for you.

The amended opening times will be:

- Monday-Friday: 10.00 a.m. - 12.30 p.m. 1.30 p.m. - 5.00 p.m.
- Saturday: 10.00 a.m. - 12.30 p.m.

The new telephone number is (0522) 523019 - please do not telephone before 10.00 a.m. or between 12.30-13.00 p.m., as there will be no-one to take your call.

For those with correspondence enquiries the new address is Local Studies Library, The Castle, Lincoln LN1 3AA.

Library staff apologise for any inconvenience caused by the move, and hope they will continue to see all their readers up at the Castle.

The Tennyson Research Centre is also being temporarily relocated at the Castle, and can be consulted by appointment only. Please contact Miss Susan Gates, Recreational Services, Lincolnshire County Council, County Offices, Newland Lincoln LN1 1YL.

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SOCIETY FOR LINCOLNSHIRE HISTORY AND ARCHAEOLOGY

OFFICERS 1993 - 94

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