# Contents

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Section</th>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Editorial</td>
<td></td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Medieval Stained Glass of Lincolnshire</td>
<td>Penny Hebgin-Barnes</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Stephenson: A Powerful Man: Part II</td>
<td>Betty Kirkham</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The County Illustrations Index</td>
<td>Rosalind Boyce</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Soldier, Sailor, Beggarmen, Thief: Recruiting Docks Police at Immingham, 1916</td>
<td>John Wilson</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>'The Butcher, The Baker, The Candlestick Maker...'</td>
<td>Rose Clark</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Study of Occupations in Spalding in 1642</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Happy Days at No. 4</td>
<td>Joyce Midworth</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tales Told to Me</td>
<td>J. E. Swaby</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scheme for Skeggy</td>
<td>Fred Dobson</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Notes and Queries</td>
<td></td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Faces and Places</td>
<td></td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Book Notes</td>
<td></td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The deadline for contributions to the next Bulletin and the Spring issue of Lincolnshire Past & Present is 17 February 1996. Material should be sent to the Joint Editors at Jews' Court, Lincoln LN2 1LS (01522 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

The change of printer has, I believe, been judged a success by the readers of *Lincolnshire Past & Present*: illustrations, in particular, have reproduced clearly - and this is vital for the first article in the current issue, a specially commissioned account of Dr Penny Hebgin-Barnes's work on the county's medieval stained glass, due to be published early in 1996.

At present, your Joint Editors have a number of articles in hand, which is a good position - though we apologise to those contributors who are still waiting to see their work in print. Times of plenty can rapidly change, so please do continue to send us material: the success of *Lincolnshire Past & Present* depends on your continuing support!

Christopher Sturman, November 1995.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

SOCIETY FOR LINCOLNSHIRE HISTORY AND ARCHAEOLOGY
OFFICERS 1995-96

All communications should be addressed to the Office at Jews' Court
(address and telephone number on back cover)

**Chairman:** Miss Pearl Wheatley
**Vice-Chairman:** Dr Alan Vince, Mr Neville Birch
**Clerk:** Mrs S. Smith
**Hon Treasurer:** Rev. R. Loxley
**Hon Secretary:** Mrs Maureen Birch

**Chairmen of Committees:**
History of Lincolnshire - Professor J.V. Beckett
Industrial Archaeology - Mr C. Lester
Local History - Mr J. English
Archaeology - Dr A. Vince

**Hon Journal Editor:** Mr C. Sturman
**Hon Editors, Lincolnshire Past & Present:** Mr C. Sturman & Miss H. Healey
**Hon Bulletin Editor:** Miss H. Healey
**Hon Marketing Editors:** Mrs A. Asling & Mr D. Dowson

If you are writing with queries that do not seem to be covered by the four existing committees please address your enquiry direct to the Chairman.
THE MEDIEVAL STAINED GLASS OF LINCOLNSHIRE

Penny Hebgin-Barnes

The spring of 1996 will see the publication of the first comprehensive study of the medieval stained glass of the ancient county of Lincolnshire, including what is now South Humberside but excluding Lincoln Cathedral. Based on research undertaken over the last decade, it will describe the glass at each of the 142 sites where medieval panels or fragments remain, provide photographs of all important pieces, discuss aspects such as the history, donors, style, subject matter and present condition and supply a bibliography for Lincolnshire medieval glass in general and for each individual site.1

Many readers will be aware of the church notes compiled by the antiquarian Gervase Holles during the period 1634-1642,2 which provide an invaluable description of the county’s churches prior to the Civil War and show what an enormous amount of stained glass has been lost. Compared to the riches listed by Holles, what remains is in many ways disappointingly meagre. With the exception of the thirteenth-century windows of the cathedral and the late fifteenth-century glazing schemes of Tattershall church and Browne’s Hospital in Stamford, Lincolnshire can boast few showpieces of medieval glazing. It retains virtually no complete windows and the most of the glass is in a poor and fragmentary state after suffering centuries of neglect. It would however be a mistake to dismiss what survives as lacking in interest, for there are noteworthy remains to be seen throughout the county. Most of these are to be found in parish churches but a few secular buildings also house interesting pieces.

A large amount of fourteenth-century glass survives in Heydour church, including two reasonably complete windows dating from c.1360. The living of Heydour was held by Geoffrey Scrope (d.1383), Prebendary of Heydour-cum-Walton and a younger son of the prominent Scrope family of Masham (Yorkls.). Geoffrey and his sister Beatrice, wife of Sir Andrew Luttrell of Irnham, donated a window in the north aisle depicting the three deacon saints Vincent, Lawrence and Stephen and the Annunciation. The subject matter was appropriate for Geoffrey, who was ordained a deacon in 1345 but never became a priest. The adjacent window was donated by his elder brother Henry Lord Scrope (1312-1392), who served Edward III as a distinguished warrior and diplomat. This window is fittingly patriotic as it shows the English royal saints Edward the Confessor and Edmund of East Anglia flanking St George, a patron saint of England and of the Order of the Garter, together with the arms of Henry himself and those of his brother Sir William (d.1367) and his eldest son (the latter shield is now lost). Most unusually, the two English kings who were revered throughout the Middle Ages for their peaceful natures are depicted here as fully armed warriors. This window is thus a unique testament to English pride and confidence during that period of the Hundred Years’ War when the country was experiencing such military success and national prosperity from plunder and prisoners’ ransoms that it must have seemed to Henry Lord Scrope and his contemporaries that God himself was an Englishman.

More conventional representations of St Edward and St Edmund survive at Wragle, where they appear in royal regalia, with St Edmund carrying a large arrow, the instrument of his martyrdom (Fig. 1). The early fifteenth-century glass surviving in several windows here includes figures of prophets and saints, two virtually complete panels depicting Christ’s Resurrection and the Assumption of the Virgin and the lower parts of large figures of the Virgin and the Archangel Gabriel from an Annunciation. However, a panel depicting the Nativity now in the same window as these scenes dates from the mid-fourteenth century and is all that survives of a window given by Thomas Wolmerty, a native of Wragle who became Abbot of Waltham (Essex) in 1345.

At Gedney, the east window of the north aisle contains a Tree of Jesse, displaying the genealogy of Christ and the prophets who foretold His coming. This was a very popular theme in medieval art. Black and white photographs fail to do justice to this richly-coloured window in which the figures of King Solomon and the prophets Jacob, Haggai, Isaiah, Zephaniah, Balaam, Esdras, Ezekiel and Micah, identifiable by the scrolls which they hold, survive in various stages of preservation. The fact that all but three of them have lost their heads demonstrates the Protestant fervour of the English Reformation and Civil War when effigies of sacred figures were considered blasphemous. This led to many
windows of fine quality from which the image came. He certainly glazed the east window of the church of Old Bolingbroke, where his son (the future Henry IV) was born, but where hardly any medieval glass now remains.

Another wealthy figure of national importance who financed important glazing in Lincolnshire was Ralph Lord Cromwell (d.1456), Lord Treasurer of England. His emblem of the Treasurer’s purse set on sprays of gromwell weed, a punning reference to his name, appeared repeatedly in the windows of both the church and the castle at Tattershall. Fragments of glass depicting this badge recovered from the moat are now displayed in the castle’s museum, while several examples are found in the east window of the church along with many other fine pieces, including scenes from windows devoted to the Seven Sacraments and the Seven Works of Mercy (Cover photograph).

One of the workshops which provided stained glass for Tattershall church was also responsible for glazing Browne’s Hospital in Stamford, an almshouse now

such images being destroyed, but the impracticality of smashing entire windows with the resulting necessity of reglazing meant that unless the local minister or congregation were particularly fanatical, holy figures in stained glass were more likely suffer token mutilation.

By contrast, the destruction of memorial images was prohibited and it is likely that this is the reason for the survival of three saints at St Peter’s, Barton-on-Humber and Long Sutton. In the former case, the figures of St George and St James were identified by local tradition as Henry and William Beaumont. Henry Lord Beaumont (d.1340), who held extensive possessions in Lincolnshire including the manor of Barton-upon-Humber, partly rebuilt and glazed St Peter’s church and was almost certainly the donor of the window in which the two figures appeared. Unfortunately, the glass cannot be seen at present as it has been in storage for several years while the church has been restored. There is no such problem at St Mary’s, Long Sutton, where many small figures but only one large one survive in the windows. This represents St George (Fig. 2), but for centuries it has been identified locally as John of Gaunt (d.1399), lord of the manor of Long Sutton and given his great wealth a very likely donor of the costly series of

Fig. 1: St Edmund and St Edward: St Mary’s & St Nicholas’ church, Wrangie (David O’Connor, 1987)

Fig. 2: St George: St Mary’s church, Long Sutton (David O’Connor, 1987)
partly open to the public. Its windows illustrate that richness and quality depended on how much the patron wished to pay. Thus the saints depicted in the Chapel (Fig. 3) are sumptuous figures set on ornate backgrounds within elaborate canopies, while the kings and prophets in the Audit Room are set on plainer grounds without canopies and the window of the Entrance Passage contains only shields and badges.

The aforementioned examples of medieval glazing remain in the buildings for which they were made, but much interesting glass is to be found in collections. Messingham church contains a variety of pieces installed in 1820 by the then incumbent, Henry Bayley. Although some of this glass came from Manchester Cathedral and Malvern Priory (Worcs.), the majority is of Lincolnshire origin. The most notable pieces comprise shields and a Virgin and Child from Scotton and small scenes including Doubting Thomas, the Harrowing of Hell and musicians (Fig. 4) from Kettlethorpe. Another avid collector was James Arundel who in 1921 purchased Locksley Hall in North Somercotes and proceeded to fill most of its windows with an enormous quantity of glass of medieval and later date from both English and Continental sources. A panel now in the staircase window containing heads and other fragments of various dates and provenances is typical of the diversity of this collection. Locksley Hall is privately owned but in Ayscoughfee Hall in Spalding, now the Museum of South Holland, a smaller but similarly disparate array of pieces are on public display, including a panel containing two grimacing torturers, Christ in benediction and the head of St John the Evangelist (Fig. 5).

As regards the subject matter of windows, much of which is recorded by antiquarians such as Gervase Holles, it might be supposed that a county which during the medieval period produced a respectable crop of saints and persons who were similarly venerated although never officially canonized would have sought to commemorate them in the windows of its churches, but this rarely seems to have been the case. The only figure of a local saint to survive is that of St Botolph of Boston in St John’s, Stamford, while St Hugh of Lincoln (d.1200) was the subject of a window in Lincoln Cathedral. There were formerly two windows depicting St Guthlac of Crowland in Tattershall church and another dedicated to him in the church of Market Deeping, where no medieval glass remains. But we have no record of any depictions of St Haimd or St Gilbert of Sempringham, nor of ‘Little St Hugh’ (the child supposedly murdered by Jews) or the two greatly revered Bishops of Lincoln Robert Grosseteste (d.1253) and John Daldry (d.1320). However, two examples of modern attempts to remedy these omissions are worth noting. In a window of Lea church there is a much-restored bishop labelled ‘Rob[ertus] Grossete + Lincoln’ and at Linwood the figure of a bishop dating from around 1300 purports to be ‘Bishop Lyndewode’, a famous canonist who was born in the village. Both inscriptions are modern and there is no basis for either attribution. Indeed, the latter is an impossibility since William Lyndwood was born c.1375!

The real joy of Lincolnshire’s medieval glass lies in the discovery of what is hidden. I will never forget my first visit to Brocklesby church, tucked away on what appeared to be a private road on the Earl of Yarborough’s estate, where I was confronted with the wonderfully vigourous range of creatures in some of the chancel windows: hooded grotesques with human heads, furred bodies and oakleaf tails; several hares, each one an individual, their expressions ranging from woebegone.

Fig. 3: St James Major and St John the Baptist: Browne’s Hospital, Stamford (RCHME Crown Copyright, 1973).
Fig. 4: The Harrowing of Hell and musicians: All Saints church, Messingham (David O'Connell, 1980).

Fig. 5: Christ in benediction, torturers and head of St John the Evangelist: Ayscoughfee Hall, Spalding (Gordon Plumb, 1992)
to vicious; a fledgling, its head pulled back into its puffed up body, beak slightly ajar (Fig. 6). These are not the sons of a master glass-painter but the observation and imagination they display give them an extraordinarily lively appeal. In a similar vein are the pair of crudely-drawn jousting peasants mounted on donkeys in the isolated church of Kelstern, which must be approached across a pasture, and the cloaked hare playing a shawm and seated astride a baying hound in the chancel at Great Gonerby. In many cases only the tiniest portions of medieval glass remain. It would be easy to miss the censing angel high in the south window of the chancel at Bicker, the three small apostles’ heads at Folkingham or the shield of the Earl of Lancaster at Fleet. In some cases, restorers have incorporated medieval glass into modern arrangements. Thus it takes a keen eye to spot the pair of censing angels at Cranwell, the two saints in the east window at Hundleby and the tiny female saint high in a west window at Sleaford. On occasion, attempts have even been made to provide figures of medieval appearance where no original examples survive, as evidenced by the two archangels at Carlton-le-Moorland and the saints in the clerestory at Mothering. Such efforts contrast sadly with the neglected condition of genuine medieval remains at too many churches, such as the censing angel at Kelby so broken and decayed that it can barely be recognized at all, or the mailed leg and sword scarcely held in place by decayed ledes at Ropsley and comprising the miserable remnants of the figure of Sir John Welby, which was complete in 1809 when William Fowler of Winterton published an engraving of it. It seems inevitable that this glass such as this will soon be lost forever.

The aim of my book is to lead to a greater appreciation of a hitherto neglected area of Lincolnshire’s medieval heritage and I hope that it will be a useful guide for readers interested in the county’s history who wish to seek out its ancient stained glass for themselves.

Acknowledgements

The author wishes to thank David O’Connor of Manchester University, the Reverend Gordon Plumb of Harrowby and the Royal Commission on the Historical Monuments of England for the use of their photographs.

Notes:

JOHN STEPHENSON: A POWERFUL MAN: PART II

Betty Kirkham

The poem "The Metropolis of the Marsh" was written because of John's disagreement with the Reverend Samuel Cavan. It had been the habit of John and his friends to watch from the top of the church tower the horse racing taking place on common land to the south of the church. On one occasion they had taken up a crate of beer to add to their enjoyment. In view of this the following letter was written to John by Samuel Cavan:

Mr Cavan writes to inform Mr J. Stephenson that he considers he has acted in an improper and dis-honourable manner by having illegally procured a key or the church door. As Mr Cavan does not intend anyone to possess a key of any door in the church but himself, he hereby requests that John Stephenson will at once send him the key now in his possession. Mr Cavan is very much annoyed that his church tower should have been used to view races from.

Reference in the poem to the pink and blue refer to the colours associated with the respective political parties at that time, pink being conservative and blue being liberal and labour being yellow. Samuel Cavan died in 1875. I can find no reference to a Tom Sayers in any Hogsthorpe records. Was he perhaps a famous boxer of the day?

In the third poem 'An account of the Hogsthorpe Polling for Parish Churchwarden 1870' one of the main contestants for the position, was Richard Bradshaw, lay improvisor and Lloyd's Agent living at Rectory house. One of the roads in the parish is named Bradshaws Lane. The other contestant was Henry Sargisson who was a tailor, draper and hatter and dealt in gold and silver plate. The reference to snips in the poem refers to his tailoring trade. This poem stands with the others as an example of the popularity of poetry in the Victorian age and as a memorial to John Stephenson who died on 6 July 1895.

Hogsthorpe the Metropolis of the Marsh 1870

The following verses are dedicated to the inhabitants
Town versus gown

A village there is in the Lincolnshire marsh
Two miles from the broad German ocean
Where Satan now dwelleth, don't deem this too harsh
Tis the scene of strife and commotion

A casual observer might think we were wrong
For approaching this place on the north
You behold a grey church whose sweet bells have long
Sent glad tidings of old Xmas forth

On the South the Ranter's have fixed their abode
And the west have the Methodists chosen
A Gothic like school on the eastern road
And of shops there are one or two dozen

But with all these advantages sad tis to say
That confusion and scandal run riot
And some are determined to get the full sway
At the expence of peace and quiet

Two blacksmiths, two tailors, two butchers I ween
Two sons of St Crispin as well
Two millers, two hosts at the inns may be seen
And one Driggast a potion to sell

Two builders, two bakers, two brewers in truth
A rival in each trade is found
Two Doctors, two valuers, well known forsooth
Through all the fair county around

Two of each trade or profession we said
But in this we must own we're amiss
There is only one Parson to bury the dead
And induce man to sweet wedded bliss

Why only one Parson you ask with amaze
For surely there's work here for ten
Good natured rivalry's not out of place
Amongst a few right minded men

Quite correct, your conclusions they are true, but alas
That Parsons for better for worse
Hop into good livings but it oft comes to pass
They are less of a blessing than curse

What with changes both inside the Church and without
Reformation in every form
The Church will soon lose some who have without doubt
Stood by her in sunshine and storm

In these days of freedom men will not be bound
To agree with each new-fangled spell
Though some base born cringers are yet to be found
Who play follow my leader full well
So fierce Civil War rages hot in the place
For the mastery each party contends
Blue rails against pink, tis a dire disgrace
To throw overboard good old friends

Who whatever their faults were those of the head
They stood to the Church and their creed
The naked they clothed, and the hungry they fed
And succoured the poor in their need

Then hurrah for the pink, God prosper their cause
And forbid mother Church should lose those
Who have ever defended their tenets and laws
Against the most renocers foes

The Doctors and farmers and trades-people all
Shake hands and be friendly for aye
On builders and bakers and brewers we call
To follow as they lead the way

Let Parsons fight their own battles alone
Since they cannot distinguish a friend
And soon you'll all be constrained to own
That confusion and strife's at an end.

Then an opposition meeting was summoned for to learn,
The principles of Sargisson and secure his safe return.
To serve as Parish Churchwarden he was voted to the chair,
And he called on Captain Brassey his motives to declare,
For he himself was no adept at speech-making he said,
So Captain Brassey would enlighten them instead.
So he begged their kind attention while the Captain did unfold,
His motives and his principles, in language true and bold.

Up rose brave Captain Brassey and in tones severe and loud,
Told of Sargisson's great doings and said they were all proud,
That such a man in Hogsthorphe should even design to dwell,
His safe return as Churchwarden he surely could foretell,
For were they not the allied host. And loud and deafening cheers,
From all parts of the room saluted Captain Brassey's ears.

Aye that they were for Turks and Methodists and Jews,
Evangvelicals and Heretics, not one did they refuse.
And all the varying creeds and men would without doubt enhance,
The safe return of Sargisson he could not see a chance,
Of the other party winning, but comrades if you do,
Then take a Veterans advice and e'en put on the screw.
Our Allied Armies never must to Bradshaw give full sway,
He is too strict a Churchman, he'll dearly make you pay.

Then give three cheers for Sargisson and three more hips,
And be your watchword from today the noble one of Snips.

Down sat the Gallant Brassey midst murmers of applause,
For all agreed that such a man was a credit to their cause.

Then order was at length restored up rose Blackman the strong,
To read the articles of war. And cheers both loud and long,
Greeted his rising for we all knew that both with heart and soul,
Blackman would enter the strife and lead us up to Goal.
All undecided voters who neither know nor cared,
Which party won or lost the day if only well they fared.
The articles of war were these that all was fair and right,
If they could not coerce their neighbours, then they must use their might.

An Account of the Hogsthorphe Polling for Parish Churchwarden 1870

Now harken all ye people that dwell both far and near
And to the tale that I'll relate, I hope you'll incline an ear.
Tis of the Hogsthorphe Polling day my muse would raise her strain,
When Bradshaw and when Sargisson did contend with might and main,
Each for to test the strength and truth of their respective Party,
And each received encouragement to be both strong and hearty.
For Hogsthorphe men would follow where they choose to lead the van,
And face each other at the Poll and return man for man.
Then out spoke noble Bradshaw some few days before the Poll,
My good friends, I think I have no need to ask you to enroll.
Your vote for me as Churchwarden I only wish to see,
How many Hogsthorphe voters put their confidence in me.
Then from this party contest I will retire,
For I could not comfortably serve as I know you would desire.
You know my breed and principles I therefore need not say,
Much more to you at present but remember Polling day.
At any cost they must return the man of their own
choice,
And let the other party see that they meant to have a
voice,
In the Government of Hogsthorpe in the ruling of the
Church.
And the Parson he was with them, leaving the others in
the lurch.
He was a liberal minded man and he did not refuse,
To receive into Church fellowship Turks, Methodists
and Jews.
When Blackman finished his discourse, the Chairman
next did call,
Levit, quick to second it, he rose and bowed to all.
But his eloquence was nearly lost, those only who were
near,
Could catch his rapid accents, “My mother knows I’m
here,
And I’m here to fight for Sargisson and put bold
Bradshaw down,
I will, I will, won’t you my friends, you will I’ll bet a
crown,
You will return for Churchwarden, Sargisson and not
the other,
You will, you will, and that to please my mother.”
The Chairman rose and cleared his throat, “My friends
you’ve had indeed,
Three gallant representatives of their respective creed,
Turks, Jews and Evangelicals and now the next you’ll
see,
Will speak up for the Methodists, you’ll find they trust
in me,
To keep down Church expenses to give the Clerk poor
pay,
To drive out of Church fellowship all who will not
obey,
The expressed orders and command of our good
reverend.
I therefore next will call upon the well known Widow’s
Friend.”
With elongated face and sanctimonious air,
Widow’s Friend did answer, “My good Brother in the
chair,
I thank the Lord that he has spared me, his unworthy
dust,
To bear my humble testimony to your own worth I
trust,
You will overcome proud Bradshaw and I humbly
would suggest,
That Polling districts must be formed and we must do
our best,
To ensure you may win the day I would humbly add,
your brothers,
You all must pray, must pray.
We Methodists will help you on with might and main
to win,
Will form ourselves a committee for it would be a sin,
To see you beaten in the strife, for you to us have stood,
Indeed you have: Our congregation have never been so
good,
Thanks to your liberal clergyman, may God preserve
his life,
And may he see his enemies all worsted in the strife.”
With all these charitable wishes from depths of his
great heart,
After bidding them all good evening did the Widow’s
Friend depart.
“My friends”, said Mr Chairman, “The speeches which
you’ve heard,
From these separate representatives must your large
hearts have stirred.
Spare no pains to make me first on the forthcoming
Polling Day,
I’ll do my duty best I can and serve you if I may,
I’ve two or three more valiant friends but the time is
going late.
I therefore will not call on them, their separate views to
state,
We are all agreed at any cost to put Old Bradshaw
down,
Now three cheers for the allied host to be heard through
all the Town.”
Three cheers so loud you’d think they’d raise the roof
off every house,
And then three cheers for Mother Church because that
she allows,
Sorcery varying creeds to find good shelter in her pale.
Then Sargisson’s success and weal was drunk in nut
brown ale,
Then the meeting was disbanded and all felt great
delight,
With the eloquences displayed by the orators that
night.
And the managers determined to cover the expense.
By taxing all their saleable goods by a few extra pence.
Of the bustle that succeeded I can no description give,
It will ever be remembered for each representative,
Then to return their votes they went, the chairman he
did frown,
To see so many Hogsthorpe men from all parts of the
town,
Return their votes against the host which owned him as
their friend.
But he would not be faint hearted until he knew the end.
And all day long the chaise and pair rattled about the
street,
Bringing slack members to the poll who would not use
their feet.
And now behold brave Sargisson believer in woman’s
charm,
Leading two ladies up the path, one hung on either arm.
One young and fair, you’d wonder how she’d come to
have a vote.
The other aged and infirm, you could not help the
thought,
That both would have done best at home, had it been
the allies will.
While Sargisson seemed as though he said, "How very
proud I feel."
Thus passed the first day of the poll and few could ever
learn,
How the two varying parties stood and which they
would return.
Suffice to say some beardless boys who’d never owned
a field,
Were entered as ratepayers that they might duly yield,
Their votes unto the allied host, that they might win the
day.
So these true descendents of the host must enter in the
fray,
And fight and win and earn the fame of putting Bradshaw
down.
He stands no chance to conquer against Hogsthorpe
town.
The second morning of the poll these raw recruits were
led,
To enter names upon the list as though they had paid.
But the allies trembled in their shoes, things were
looking dark.
They’d sent to Willoughby and Well, to Sloothby and
Claxby Park,
To enlist voters on their side, Commissioners also,
Who’d surely vote against Bradshaw for a time ago,
Suddenly did recollect that the poorest man might vote.
So the fashionable region of Finsbury was sought,
And one was promised this and that should be
another’s,
But the poorest had no faith in all the allied brothers,
For Bradshaw had stood to them they never had a whim,
In running down their wages and now they’d stand to
him.
The polling day at last did come, all Hogsthorpe was
alive,
And quite early in the morning a post chaise did arrive.
A post chaise and postillion in scarlet coat was he,
Hired by the allied army to bring up the company.
To their headquarters—where spread a bounteous feast
for those,
Who voted for the allied chief and confusion to their
foes.
Twas thus brave Brassey murmured, "I’m glad to see
you’ve come,
Feast yourselves at the allies expense and pray make
yourselves at home."
And Brassey’s dame in silk and lace was flitting here
and there,
With smirks and smiles her face lit up her glossy raven
hair,
Smooth as the plumage of a bird, no host felt e’er such
pride,
In a fair hostess as that day did Brassey in his bride.
The allies feasted well their friends, they must have
learned by note,
The way to some of their large hearts was surely down
their throat.
Refreshments finished, each good man was lead across
the way,
To give his vote for Sargisson, he’d surely win the day,
Now Bradshaw’s voters were regaled with good old
English fare,
His door wide open he did throw that all might enter
there,
And receive a hearty welcome, a hand outstretched to
all,
Without the aid of allied host or Evangelical.
He’d thwarted their plans on the coast. He’d been the
poor man’s friend,
And bade them not give up their right, but struggle to
the end.
But just at the eleventh hour did some partisans come in,
And staunch friends returned their votes and did not see
the sin.
Of interfering with the Church to please the allied host.
Their wish was to put Bradshaw down and that at any
cost.
At length the poll was closed, the news spread over the
town,
The allied host had won the day, Bradshaw was now
put down.
Thanks to the beardless Hogsthorpe boys who did not
the victory mar,
Hurrah, hurrah for Hogsthorpe youths who turned the
tide of war.
The bells rang out that all the marsh might know who’d
won the day,
The allies were quite wild with joy, some sang and
some did pray,
And thanked the Lord that they had lived to share in
such a fight,
And some did swear and some did rant and all showed
great delight.
The Gypsy’s king, the Ranter’s friend, the captain of
the ring,
Sought Brassey’s hospitable home with the thought of
drowning,
Their joy at the allies expense, but there was no more
cheer,
Their friendship now would not be bought, at least not
until next year.
And how did Bradshaw bear the news that he was not
returned,
As Hogsthorpe’s parish Churchwarden when he the
tidings learned.

"My good and trusted friends" said he, "Pray do not be dismayed,
We've only lost by five, I see no cause to be afraid.
We've had to fight against allied host composed of
Methodists,
Turks, Jews and Evangelicals had all entered the lists.
So cheer up friends, console yourselves, thanks for your fidelity,
For what we lacked in numbers we won in respectability.
We had no captain in our band we all were of one mind.
You've done your best, I'm proud to say, I am not far behind,
The allies candidate for place. Now all take my advice,
And let all party spirit cease, don't let ill feelings rise,
I know they will be hard to check but Christians must forgive.
So now my friends with these few words, I wish to take my leave.
Three cheers & then three more were given for Bradshaw good and true,
Who'd ever proved the poor man's friend as very few would do.
Thus ended Hogsthorpe Polling Day but not the sad effects,
Of so much party bigotry. We fear in some respects,
The feelings roused in the affair will pass from sire to
son,
Till Hogsthorpe's name throughout the marsh will be no envied one.
Ye men of Hogsthorpe count the cost, the penalty you pay,
By taking part against your friends and joining in the fray,
To please a few whom you well know have neither wit nor brains.
But yet continue to stir up strife, that they might reap the gains.
Then rid yourselves of such base friends, they are not worth the name.
Show them you will not be catspaws and that you feel the shame.
That Hogsthorpe town should have become the residence of those,
Who stir up strife, come between friends and turn them into foes.
Let Hogsthorpe's name no more be known a scorn and a byword,
Throughout the length of all the marsh. Soon may the news be heard,
That no more civil discord comes between one and another
But be the flag of peace unfurled and brother love his brother.

THE COUNTY ILLUSTRATIONS INDEX

Rosaland Boyce

The Society's Bulletins 19 and 20 included brief paragraphs about the County Illustrations Index which provided some much-needed publicity. I am now endeavouring to write a personal note about this Index which has been a major part of my life for the past six years.

In 1989 it was decided to compile a computer index of all the photographic holdings in the county's museums, libraries, archives etc. in order to make them more readily accessible, and in the July of that year my colleague, Angela Child and I started work on this massive project, initially for two years. Angela had previously conducted a survey of the holdings and found that there were about 150,000 items. We are both librarians by profession. From 1987 to 1989 I had catalogued the stock of the Local Studies Library on to the library computer system, a task which led very nicely into the Illustrations Index. The programme is called HEADFAST and was bought as a package and adapted for our use. People sometimes bemoan the fact that it cannot produce images but in 1989 this process was very much in its infancy. However, the entries are very detailed and quite entertaining too.

There are now 29,000 entries, which means that we must have dealt with about three times this number of items, as we match up prints and negatives, enter several views of the same subject on to one entry etc. And there is still no end in sight. Now that there are so many entries on the database, the Index has become a useful tool in the preparation of exhibitions, books, general information etc. It is a wealth of information and can be used to answer all kinds of queries, such as the dates of buildings and events. It has really come into its own in recent months with the VE and VJ Day
commemorations. All the photographs lent to the Museum of Lincolnshire Life for the VE Day exhibition and subsequent book have been copied and are being indexed on the computer for future reference. Among the other queries we have answered during the year are the Red Cross for its 125th anniversary, harvesting and other aspects of farming, the Lincoln typhoid epidemic, the Lincolnshire Regiment, ‘hats’ (for an exhibition), World War I trench warfare for the Museum display, wood growing in Lincolnshire, costume, schoolchildren, towns and villages for the Museum Roadshows, and so on.

People sometimes ask me which are my favourite pictures. What a question - there are so many favourites, particularly those which give tantalizing glimpses of a world gone by - the Lincolnshire Regiment albums at the Museum of Lincolnshire Life, the milling archive, the work of the Gainsborough photographers Ernest Carter and George Brookhurst, Frank Parkinson of Spalding, and Walter Lee of Grantham, all of the early twentieth century. I have been most affected by the personal album of a Captain George Devaliant MC of the Lincolnshire Regiment which gives a moving description in faded snapshots and brief captions of the aftermath of World War I in France and Belgium.

My everyday life has become that much more interesting. I now find myself observing things I would never previously have noticed - datestones, tumbled gables for example, I think about things I would never previously have considered - ‘when do cars become traffic?’; did the Americans bring nissen huts with them during the War, or were they here already? (Does anyone know the answer to this?)

And what of my least favourites? That’s easy: ‘22 views of the allotments’ and ‘four snapshots of a swarm of locusts’.

If you would like to see the Index, whether or not you have a specific query, please contact me, Rosalind Boyce (Monday-Wednesday at the Museum of Lincolnshire Life, 01522-528448) or Angela Child (Tuesday-Thursday at the Castle, 01522-549150). There are also ‘read only’ machines at Gainsborough and Grantham libraries and at the Reference Library at Greyfriars. If you have a query, please be as specific as you can, but if you are not quite sure, the system is very flexible and finds anything as long as it is there. Having found your required picture, it is possible to buy copies, subject to copyright, and charges are available on request. We can provide computer printouts free of charge if required.
SOLDIER, SAILOR, BEGGARMEN, THIEF:
RECRUITING DOCKS POLICE AT IMMINGHAM, 1916

John Wilson

At the beginning of this century Immingham was a small village about a mile from the Humber. Its creek was famous only as the place from which the Pilgrim Fathers left the country. Across the estuary was Hull, and a few miles to the south lay the port of Grimsby, famous for fishing and noted for its timber trade.

However, Grimsby was not a deep water port. Immingham, by contrast, lay on a deep channel which swept close to the coast. The Great Central Railway bought land there from the Earl of Yarborough and started to develop a railway docks which would link with their existing line at Ulceby and with the docks at Grimsby. At one time 3,000 men were employed in excavating the dock, which was opened by King George V in 1912.

The docks covered an impressive 1,000 acres and contained 700 miles of railway sidings. The dock water extended over 45 acres including one dock 840 feet long with a minimum depth at its sill of 28 feet. Vessels up to 56 feet broad could be brought into dry dock at any state of the tide.

The Humber Graving Dock and Engineering Company was established at Immingham in 1909 to undertake ship repair. During the First World War the yard was very busy on Admiralty work, and employed up to a thousand men. It was at this time that the need for a 'dock police' was recognised. Among the records now held by the South Humberside Area Archive Office in Grimsby Town Hall is a file concerning the recruitment of a private force in 1916.

On 28 October the Manager, Eric Brotherton, who had been at the yard since 1914, wrote from Immingham to the Company Secretary of the Great Central Railway at Marylebone Station in London. The yard now employed more than a thousand men and needed yard policemen 'to aid the staff in preventing loafing, pilfering and other abuses'. Brotherton believed 'the right sort' could be recruited either from serving Great Central railway police, or from returning disabled soldiers.

Duties would be twenty-four hour and six men would be needed to cover three shifts. The Company Secretary made proposals on pay, notice and uniform. Brotherton considered the suggested wage of 35 shillings weekly 'very high' but agreed to impose no upper age limit for recruits (as the 'best man' at present was an ex-Metropolitan Police gate watchman who was fifty-six), one week's notice (or instant dismissal for flagrant misconduct), and a uniform similar to the watchman's.

Brotherton intended to make the fifty-six year old a sergeant-in-charge. The Central Ship Repairers' Committee at Immingham approved all these suggestions: indeed, a police system was considered indispensable at any yard employing even half the number of men.

The job description was vague even for 1916. When a man was discovered loafing the yard police were to 'take his number, paying special attention to the times before and immediately after meal hours...'. Bonuses were proposed for the detection of pilfering, which was difficult to detect, wrote Brotherton, 'owing to the enormous dinner-tins the men carry', which might hold 10 or 15 shillings' worth of scrap metal at a time. On personal qualities he added, 'You will understand the quiet, reticent friend-of-no-man type we require'.

The company now turned to the Incorporated Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society of south-west London for recruits. On 7 November three men - Richardson, Roberts and Norton - were sent; however, only Norton actually succeeded in catching his train. On 9 November two more - White and Dare - were despatched. Dare had no left hand but Brotherton's contact at Marylebone remarked cheerily, 'I do not think that this will prevent him from satisfactorily performing his duties'. Meanwhile, Richardson had surfaced in Barking stating that he had got on the wrong train and declining the job in Immingham.

On 10 November a stroke of luck came the way of the beleaguered Brotherton. Three fitters were detected in booking hours they had not worked. Solicitors were instructed: a firm line, noted Brotherton, would 'greatly
assist the new yard policemen’. Three more recruits - Walton, Nash and MacCarthy - were sent up from London on 20 November. The following day the three already on duty complained of the cold, for their uniforms were not yet ready.

Worse, however, came on 25 November. Four of the recruits were discharged soldiers and one was a former sailor. They applied to the Grimsby War Pension Local Committee for overcoats and boots. This prompted an acid enquiry from the Town Hill as to why the company was recruiting in London when Grimsby had lots of unfit men looking for work? Brotherton replied that ‘to employ local men for the peculiar duties required was not advisable’. He also said that the company would provide uniforms including overcoats for the men, and that their applications for aid were not to be entertained.

Further trouble arose on the 29th when Nash, ‘an old Navy man’, was found to be boarding ships and there receiving alcohol. Brotherton commented, ‘The other men are very much in evidence when not required and cannot be found when they are required’. He cancelled the order for uniforms.

In Marylebone Company Secretary Campbell seemed surprised that all the recruits were unsatisfactory and that the sergeant couldn’t keep order. Brotherton pointed out that the police’s duties took in not only the 1,000 acre dock estate but also distant railway premises such as the County Hotel in Inningham, the White House Inn in Killingholme, and the Great Central’s refreshment rooms. It was therefore impossible to supervise if the men were inclined to shirk. The Admiralty couldn’t stop sailors dealing with alcohol even in war-time, and neither could his men.

Dare was now dismissed after being found asleep on duty. He later wrote to claim expenses, but got nothing except a denunciation from Brotherton as an ‘absolute waster’. His uniform was passed to another recruit who was ‘almost the same size’. Nash deserted next but he took his uniform (perhaps it fitted) and paused only to approach the Pensions Committee in Grimsby for help on his way south. His landlady was the only one sorry to see him go: he owed her rent.

Confronted with this catalogue of disasters Major Grey of the Incorporated Soldiers’ and Sailors’ Help Society took refuge in statistics. He pointed out that he was very experienced and that the Society had helped place 11,886 men in employment.

While Brotherton wrestled with the problems of workers who smuggled scrap and drank alcohol when they should have been heating rivets, and with yard police too idle to catch them, other forces had more success. In September 1917 Brotherton himself and five other managers were arrested for conspiring to defraud the Government over shipyard contracts. Brotherton and his Assistant Manager, James Walker, were eventually convicted. On that unhappy note this first experiment in establishing a docks police at the Humber Graving Dock seems to have come to an abrupt end.

Notes:

1 South Humberside Area Archive Office 456/23/259. Following receivership in 1990 further company records including minutes, agendas and ledgers, 1509-40, were also deposited.
tered the oaths, witnessed by the minister Robert Ram, the churchwardens William Lambe, John and Thomas Makernes and William Slator and the constables Robert Clifford, Thomas Gibson and John Plomer. Some men did not take the oath but were named with the hopeful remark, 'these would have taken it if they had been at home'.

This list of names is referred to as the Protestant Returns for Spalding parish, and provides a fair record of the townsmen in 1642. Beside some names on the list an 'Esq' or 'g' denoted gentry status but there was no indication of status or occupation for the other townsmen. However, a search through the parish registers of St Mary and St Nicholas revealed the occupations for 375 of the 443 men named in the returns, thus providing a basis for this study.

The top strata of society was represented by a group of twenty-three gentlemen whose names were recorded on the Protestant Returns. The term 'gentleman' applied to men whose status and possessions varied considerably. They were the elite of the town, they held most of the land in the area and were the wealthiest, most influential group in the community. Sir John Harrington and Dymock Walpole were probably the highest in rank among the named gentry. Other important families were the Oldfields, Hobsons, Willesbys and Johnsons. According to local historian, E. H. Good, Sir John Harrington, head of the family owned at Wykeham Grange, while Sir John Oldfield inherited his father Anthony's estate and mansion called Westlode Side, built on former monastic land using materials from Spalding Priory. The Hobsons lived at Gayton House, a branch of the Willesbys at Berbery House and Dymock Walpole lived in Ayscoughfee Hall from 1641 to his death in August 1642.

Besides owning lands some of these families were crown tenants, renting lands owned by Charles I and his queen, Henrietta Maria, who in 1642 held the manor of Spalding. Some gentlemen acquired this status through success in the professions or trade, men like Robert Vigrous, apothecary, Edward Wakelyn, physician, or John Dayle, mercer. With their profits they were able to purchase or rent lands.

However, all were men of importance in the community, all held lands and were the chief employers of labour in the area. Some were officials of the crown or court, many were local administrators, like Sir John Harrington, Sir John Oldfield, Robert Vigrous and Philip Jolly, who were all Justices of the Peace. Philip Jolly desired extra time to consider the Protestant before taking his oath witnessed by his fellow JP, Sir John Oldfield. Unfortunately, we do not know why, but the need for consideration suggests that he needed to reconcile his own opinions with the demands of the Protestant. Interestingly, many of the gentlemen supported Parliament in the Civil War, for a variety of reasons; some like Walter Johnson and John Harrington led troops to join the parliamentary armies. John Oldfield, however, led troops to fight for the king. Few suffered for their beliefs as much as Spalding's minister Robert Ram and Sir John Harrington when in 1643 they were captured and held prisoners by the Crowland royalists.

There were twenty-four husbandmen recorded in the Protestant Returns. Husbandmen or tenant farmers rented land from local landlords such as Sir John Harrington, or absentee landlords like King's College, Cambridge. Their wealth and status in the community varied according to the amount of land they rented and the terms of their tenancy. Some, like Leonard Snell, were from well established tenant families; others such as John Almon and John Williamson were recorded as labourers in earlier parish registers. It appears that some husbandmen had other skills; George Knitch was a musician, while Peter Denison was recorded in the parish register of 1649 as a mole catcher.

Another group of landholders, the yeomen, numbered nine only. Perhaps this reflected the pattern of landholding in the area where the crown and other large landowners preferred to rent out land rather than sell it. Yeomen owned land; it may have been only a small acreage, and often they rented land as well. They were farmers not gentlemen; nevertheless, some were important men in the town and could be appointed as Justices of the Peace. John Greaves, a yeoman, was a wealthy man for his death in 1644 he left assets of £314 2s. 6d., and among the items on the inventory of his goods were six silver spoons, a silver cup and a silver jug.

As one might expect, labourers formed the largest group, with ninety-four recorded, or 25% of the total. No doubt the majority were agricultural workers, but some may have been general labourers. Most labourers were poorly paid, at a time when prices were rising and their wages were falling behind. In general the labourers' standard of living was very low; some lived in abject poverty. Among the labourers on the returns
were John Ashby, John Everitt, William Horner, Robert Jackson, George Swan and Edward Webb. These were men skilled in all aspects of farming. However, some labourers had other skills; for example Thomas Beech was recorded as being a carpenter in 1648, as was Thomas Braisby in 1658, whilst John Parratt and William Helcock were described in the parish registers as fishermen. From this one may surmise that they were hired as labourers on a seasonal or daily basis. Some labourers moved up the social ladder, since in later parish registers they were called husbandmen; such were Thomas Oxley, William Merchant, Thomas Watson, William Elvidge and Christopher Newton. It is unfortunate that there are few records that give information about labourers’ lives.

Within Spalding in 1642 there existed a wide variety of trades and crafts catering for the necessities of life. There were twenty-one bakers providing bread and other baked foods for those whose houses did not have ovens, perhaps. Among them were Robert and Thomas Cocke, possibly running a family business; some of the others were Ferdinando Bleakely, Henry Tunnard, Bartholomew Shorthose and Thomas Wheatstraw. Most of the flour used by the bakers would have been milled from local grain. Only two millers were named, though there must have been more; they were Richard Basse and William Lee.

Butchers numbered twelve, including Richard and Robert Thorpe, and John and Edward Oliver, probably family butchers. Often butchers were graziers too, with pasture land on which to graze animals. One of the butchers, John Wood, was a feoffee of the town, a position of trust and responsibility, so showing his importance in the community. He was one of a group of feoffees of the town who administered the bequests and income used for the relief of the poor.

General provisions were retailed by seven victuallers, among whom were Anthony Crowder and Peter Dales. There was one grocer, Thomas Thorpe, who probably sold goods such as salt, sugar, dried fruits and flour. They would have lived behind their shops, close to the centre of Spalding.

There is no evidence of a brewer in the town in 1641, but mention is made of one, Richard Wallet, in 1649. Many households – both large and small – brewed their own ale, as it was drunk by most men and women; even children drank ‘small ale’ or diluted ale. Sometimes ale was sold illegally from unlicensed premises, or houses, and so would not be recorded in the parish registers. However, there was one innkeeper named in the Protestation Returns who was Thomas Makermes, a churchwarden in 1642. Unfortunately his inn was not named. Gooch asserts that there were five licensed inns in Spalding in 1621: the Old White Hart, the Cross Keys, the New White Hart, the Spread Eagle and the Black Bull. No doubt many a townsman was arrested for drunken and disorderly behaviour and found himself in the House of Correction under the watchful eye of Michael Blake, master of the house.

An important commodity for most households was tallow for candle making. Some households made their rush dips from fat run off from roasting meat but tallow, animal fat, could be purchased from the tallow chandlers Robert Lockitt and Samuel Leacock. Candles could be purchased, too, from the chandlers John Pell and William Wragg. Tallow candles burned with much smoke and smell, but beeswax candles were expensive and were used only by wealthy households or in church.

There were twenty tailors traced in Spalding in 1642. This is quite a large number, but since all sewing was done by hand their productivity must have been low. Among the tailors named were Roger and Robert Kitchyn, and Davy and John Atkinson, who were probably running family businesses. Some others were Robert Booth, Theophilus Loadman, Joel Shred and Thomas Wilsforth. In 1643 tailor Edward Horne, a sergeant in the militia, was to share with the minister Robert Ram and Sir John Harrington the dangers and discomforts of imprisonment by the Crowland royalists.

Most likely the five mercers, who were recorded in the returns, supplied some of the materials used by the tailors, as well as the town’s households, for most housewives sewed such things as shirts, gowns, underclothes and household linen themselves. Walter Pegg, mercer, must have been an important member of the community since he was a town feoffee. So too was William Sneath senior, who, with his son William, ran a woolen drapery business, which supplied materials to the Alms Houses, according to the records of the Spalding Town Husbands.

There were sixteen shoemakers who took the oath in 1642. Most were men of modest means such as Luke Norton, whose total assets in 1644 were valued at £31 18s. 2d. Among the others were William Gusse, Symen.
Oldgate, Anthony Withers and William Littleton who was also a weaver. Moreover, six cordwainers were named, including Christopher and Thomas Wethered. Cordwainers made fine leather goods including footwear. They all made boots, shoes and pattens for the townspeople, probably using some locally produced leathers. Luke Norton’s inventory of 1644 shows in his shop, ‘6 payuer of pattens and 8 payuer of shoes’ worth £2 13s. 4d.⁸

Gloves were made by six glovers, among whom were Robert Codd and Henry Usher. Bryan Downham was known as a wet glover. According to a dictionary published in 1745⁹ a wet glover dressed skins of lambs, sheep and goats to make fine, supple leathers; presumably these were then used for gloves. Sometimes gloves were given as special gifts, at other times they were bequeathed in wills, for they were an expensive item. Bryan Downham was out of town on 2 March when the oaths were taken, which suggests that he travelled in his trade.

Hats were worn by most men and women. Large brimmed, high crowned hats were popular at this time. Most of them were made of felt but some were of beaver, with trimmings of ribbon, leather or feather. The Mawre family were hatters in Spalding in 1642; Ambrose and William were named on the returns.

At this time Spalding supported a comprehensive group of textile trades, which produced goods for sale locally, or possibly for markets further afield. In 1642 eleven weavers worked in the town, probably weaving hardwearing broadcloth from local wool and maybe a finer woollen cloth from wool produced elsewhere. According to Dr Joan Thirk, the locally reared sheep were Lustre Long Wool, which grew a heavy coarse fleece, and were suited to fenland pastures.¹⁰ Locally grown hemp and flax was woven into linen for household use and for ‘body garments’. The inventory of John Greaves’ possessions in 1644 recorded a store of ‘30 stone and a half of pilled walteret hemp’, worth £6 5s. Among the weavers were James Parker and Thomas and John Smith junr. Both James Parker and Thomas Smith held land, for in some parish registers they are entered as husbandman and yeoman respectively. John Carter and John Parratt were silk weavers, a highly skilled craft catering for a limited market, since the finished fabric would be expensive.

There were two clothworkers who took the oath, William Lambert and William Lambe, who may have been weavers or may have organized a cottage industry. However, the only lister (dyer) in town appeared to be Percevall Rooth. He would, of course, use natural dyeing agents such as woad, elderberry, goose, bramble and hazel. Fulling of cloth was carried on by William Lambert snr and Leonard Townsend, probably in a fulling mill by the river. Hemp dressing or teat dressing, the preparation of hemp for spinning, was the work of John Sturton and Robert Walker. There were no spinners named, so this would have been a domestic craft carried on by women spinners. Zachariah Spur was the only felt maker named on the returns. No doubt he supplied the Mawres with felt for their hats.

It is apparent that the textile trades were an important part of Spalding’s economy in 1642. According to the Provincial Literary Repository hemp and flax were bought and sold at the yearly fair held on 27 April in the Hemp Market or Hall place.¹¹ Buying and selling hemp was the trade of Thomas Mott and Robert Swann, hemp chapmen.

In the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries there was an upsurge of building activity in England. Spalding followed the trend and several large houses were built in the late sixteenth century, but only Anthony Oldfield’s mansion Westlode Side appears to have been built in the early seventeenth century. However, there would have been building activity because many older houses needed repairing or replacing with houses built to a higher standard of comfort. In the Protestant Returns there were thirty-four men whose occupations were connected with building. Richard Betisson, Mathew Peach and John Wallis were all masons but John Rowlidge was described as a free mason, that is a superior mason; perhaps he was skilled in carving stone. There were six bricklayers, five of whom at times were referred to as masons in the parish registers; perhaps they had aspirations of social advancement.

Only one brickmaker is included in this group, one James Flower. Bricks were handmade of local materials and fired in kilns, often near to the building site. However, many houses, especially smaller ones, were constructed with a timber frame, mud and mud walls and a thatched roof. All these materials were easily available.

There was employment for four joiners and twelve carpenters in the area, including Anthony Hutchins and
his son Anthony, John Wright and his son John, Nicholas and Thomas Hudson and Christopher and Robert Scott. Their skills were needed in building and furnishing houses, as well as making carts and other agricultural equipment.

Roofs were usually thatched with local materials such as sedge, reed or straw; there was plenty of work for the five thatchers, Peter Bull, Nicholas and Christopher Smith, William Trench and John Wilcocke. Larger houses were often tiled but no tiler was named on the returns. The houses of poor people usually had shutters to the windows, but the gentry and up-and-coming tradesmen had glass in the windows of their houses, put there, probably, by Richard Guy and Will Foster, glaziers.

An important factor in Spalding’s economy was the river Welland and perhaps the Westlode drain. By the seventeenth century the Welland suffered from deposition of silt which at times made it un navigable. However, we do know that the Deeping Adventurers agreed to deepen and widen the river channel and this was completed by 1642. We can assume that in 1642 there was work for those men whose occupations depended on the Welland and the port of Spalding.

The boat yard of Mathew, Robert and William Hakeman would be bustling with activity as new boats were built and old ones repaired. There would be fishing (including in the Wash) for Robert Claxby, John Ward and Thomas Watson, and the part time fishermen, while William Ashwell, Richard Devill, John Johnson and at least five other watermen were employed in transporting goods. At quays along the river boats were tied up while porters such as Leonard Goulding and Steven Sutton loaded or unloaded them. Cargoes of coal, lime, sand, stone, turves, grain and so on were carried on these river craft.

Sheds, workshops and houses clustered around the quays; perhaps the chandlers John Pell and William Wragg had their premises here, where they could provision the boats. Some of the ropes used on the craft and along the quays may have been made by Francis Skellington in his rope walk, probably situated on the west side of the river Welland. Maybe John and William Kitchin, leapersmackers, made eel baskets and weirs for the fishermen in one of the workshops by the river. Eels and fish formed an important part of the diet of the people of the town. In the inventory of the goods of Robert Hunt, 1646, was the item ‘15 salt fishes... 7s 6d’. Metal crafts were also represented in the 1642 Protestantation Returns. The largest group consisted of eight blacksmiths, whose skills were indispensable to the community. Not only did they shoe horses, but they made plough shares and many other tools needed by the farmers, craftsmen and townspeople. One blacksmith, Thomas Bladsmith, was sometimes referred to as a locksmith, an indication of another aspect of their work. Among the others were John Clarke, William Earle and William Thorpe. Samuel Tompsoon was recorded in the parish registers as being an ironmonger, so perhaps he sold iron goods not readily available from the craftsmen.

Edward Marlay and Richard Marlow were braziers, or craftsmen in brass, making items for domestic use like pans, measures, warming pans and candlesticks. An entry in John Bistle’s inventory of 1644 reads ‘Item, two brass pots, five brass posset pans, two brass skimmers, a brass chaffendish... 20s’.”

Perhaps John Hary, a furbisher, worked for other craftsmen by polishing the metal goods they made. No town was without its tinker to mend the pots and pans; in Spalding he was Ralph Wright. But there were travelling tinkers families in the area as well, as can be seen from entries in the parish registers.

Another important group of craftsmen worked in wood, leather and willow or sedge. There were three coopers, Robert Lawson, Mathew Lilly and Robert Meadows. They may have used locally available wood, such as alder, elder, oak, elm or willow, to make barrels, tubs and measures to hold all manner of wet and dry goods. Meanwhile William Massy, a wheelwright, would have been fully occupied in making and repairing cart wheels and carriage wheels. It is possible that Robert Massy, too, was a wheelwright in the family business which had been handed down from a previous generation.

Local materials were used by Will Everitt and Joseph Rollett, saddlers, in making saddles, collars and harnesses of all kinds. Working with them was John Crosse, saddletree maker, who skillfully constructed the saddle frames using beech. Saddlers were highly skilled craftsmen; consequently the equipment they made was expensive, hence the first item on the inventory of Robert Hunt’s assets of 1646 was ‘his horse brydell and saddell his cloathes and money... £4’. All the crafts-
men in leather needed the skills of Anthony Scarborough, currier, who probably dressed local skins, preparing them for use.

Osiers or willow were (and still are) native to the area, growing in hedges, by ponds and waterways. However, there is evidence that willows were also cultivated in South Holland. Thomas and Roger Cook were named in a law suit, at Westminster in 1640, for illegally planting willows on waste land belonging to Spalding manor, then the property of Queen Henrietta Maria.¹⁵ Obviously, there was a demand for osiers and profit to be made. Osiers were used to make baskets for use in the home, on farms, in fishing; for paupers used to carry lime, bricks, earth on building sites; for hurdles used in farming; for making items of furniture, even cradles. Will Godfrey was the only basket maker named on the Protestation Returns, though there were the leapmen named. As mentioned earlier, these were craftsmen unique to the fens since they made eel baskets and fish weirs.

A small group of professional medical men, who served the local community, swore the oath on 2 March 1641. At this time most women had nursing skills and made potions, ointments, cough cures and other remedies to their own recipes, usually using herbs or plants from their gardens or the countryside. However, there were times when professional help was needed. Physicians were highly educated men, usually having some knowledge of Greek, Arabic, Geometry, Logic and Astronomy; they were at the top of the medical profession. Edward Wakelyn was a physician living in the town in 1642; no doubt he charged high fees for a consultation. Apothecaries, ranking next in the profession, sold herbs, purges, potions and ointments in their shops, but also they diagnosed disease and treated patients at home. Such were Robert Vigrouse and Jacob Wragg, gentlemen and men of importance in the community; both were feoffees of the town. Later Jacob Wragg became Captain Wragg when he fought in the Civil War. In the lowest rank of the medical profession were the barbers or surgeons. There were four barbers in town in 1641, Abell and Henry Drewry, John Cutle and John Skinner. They cut hair, trimmed beards and shaved customers; sometimes they extracted teeth and performed minor operations, such as removing musket shot from wounds. One other practitioner, Robert Purvice, was known as a barber surgeon. All would work under the customary shop sign of the barbers' pole, which symbolised flowing blood and bandages!

The town’s people must have enjoyed some forms of relaxation, such as singing and dancing on special occasions, perhaps to celebrate a wedding or the end of the harvest. In 1642 there were four musicians in the town, but three had other occupations too, according to the parish registers. John Palmer was a victualler, and George Knitch was an husbandman, as was Robert Hunt. Even Will Perry may have supplemented his income, but there is no evidence of this. Musicians may have been employed in wealthy households to teach members of the family to play an instrument, such as a lute, viol or harpsichord. In some churches musicians played sacred music for services, but there is no evidence to suggest their use in St Mary and St Nicolas at this time; moreover the minister Robert Ram would have regarded church music as a popish practice.

In 1642 the Reverend Robert Ram was minister of the church of St Mary and St Nicolas, an appointment made in 1625. On 2 March 1642 he took the Protestation oath with his parishioners. Robert Ram was known to be a puritan; accordingly, he placed more emphasis on preaching God’s word and on praying than on ceremonial in the church services. Perhaps his Sunday services lasted as long as John Cotton’s in Boston’s St Botolph’s, which were often five hours long. Robert Ram was a gentleman, a member of the town’s elite and a feoffee of the town; obviously he was a man of great importance in the community. But it was as minister and preacher that he exercised most influence upon the members of his congregation, since he could use the pulpit to expound his views, religious and political. As a puritan, no doubt, he welcomed the religious reforms introduced by the Long Parliament. He certainly favoured Parliament in the Civil War; in fact, according to Gooch he was indicted for treason in 1643, along with others, for opposing the king, Charles I.¹⁶

Unfortunately, Spalding in the time of Robert Ram and his parishioners is poorly documented, so it has proved impossible to trace the occupations of all those men who met together on 2 March 1642 to swear the Protestation oath. In this respect the survey is incomplete.

Nevertheless, of the ordinary men, the majority of Ram’s parishioners, there are tantalising glimpses, as they pass like shadows across the scene, men without flesh and voices. Men who lived and worked, sometimes in harsh conditions in the huddle of buildings at the heart of the town, around the market place, by the
river Welland and near by High Bridge.

One can see present in Spalding in 1642 a wide range of occupations, many of which used local resources. The overall view is of a busy, small market town and port with a broadly based economy. A town with a closely knit, interdependent community which was dominated by the gentry and had at its base a large group of labourers, whilst in the middle were the merchants and craftsmen. It was an hierarchical society typical of seventeenth century England.

Acknowledgement

I wish to acknowledge my indebtedness to Mr N. Leverett, the Curator of the Gentlemen’s Society Museum, for allowing me to use documents and books belonging to the society, and for his advice.

Notes

1. Protestation Returns, House of Lords Record Office. The document is dated 2 March 1641 according to the old calendar, and should properly be referred to as 1641/42. The names used in the text have been transcribed but not modernised.
3. L.A.O. Inv. 15395.

HAPPY DAYS AT NO. 4
Joyce Midworth

For many years, up to my retirement, I worked for the Lincoln Education Authority, whose offices were in No. 4 Lincham Road, a large converted house, near the Usher Gallery.

No. 4 is a Listed Building, a beautiful house built in 1888 as a fine town mansion for Mr Sharples Bainbridge. On the newel post of the magnificent main staircase his initials are entwined round the date, 1888. Mr Bainbridge owned a high-class drapery emporium in High Street, now the shop called ‘Pound Stretcher’. My grandmother had an account with Mr Bainbridge and, as she stood talking with him on 22 January 1901, a telegram was handed to him. Mr Bainbridge opened it, turned to my grandmother, and said ‘The Queen is dead’.

When first I worked at No. 4 the original stables belonging to the house were opposite the back entrance in Danesgate and Bainbridges’ shop kept their vans there. These out-buildings were demolished when the DSS was built.

We had solid fuel central heating and the entrance hall and principal rooms had coal fires in their very grand, ornate fire places. Our fuel deliveries were shot down gratings in Danesgate. Sometimes the coalman made a tiresome mistake and we got the coal intended for poor Miss Garvey, a teacher at St Hugh’s RC School, who lived at No. 4 Danesgate, higher up the road.

Some of the rooms have oak panelling and one has very old panelling which Mr Bainbridge bought from another house in Lincoln.

There used to be a big conservatory on one side of the house, filled with gorgeous exotic house plants. These were used in banks up the main staircase, on landings, in principal rooms and in the front glass porch. I remember the Passion Flower and begging a bloom.

Hanging in the hall was the mounted head of a wild boar. He was the office mascot and came to all our celebrations. When a tusk was dislodged by someone putting an orange in his jaw, he was taken to the School...
Dentist!

I remember a portrait of Mr R. C. Minton, Lincoln’s first Director of Education. Upon retirement he became an Anglican priest.

The house had a little ghost, probably a maid servant. She ran with light steps along the passages and up and down the servants’ back staircase. She tapped on doors. Sometimes when I was working late, alone in the house, I heard her footsteps, but she never came to my door. She was known to favour the men!

One year, essential repairs to the drains involved digging up the front lawn and - lo and behold - there was a chunk of Roman wall of the Lower Roman City. On that same lawn a platform was put up so that we might cheer HM the Queen and Prince Philip on their way to open Pelham Bridge. What an awful wet day - 27 June 1958 - but we cheered lustily and got a Royal wave.

There was at one time a gnarled old mulberry tree growing in the back yard and its squishy dark red fruit fell all over the place, and on us too. School children fetched its leaves for their silkworms. It has gone, but the tall holly tree is still there. It had a mass of scarlet berries every winter but too high for us to reach.

No. 4 has seen changes since my working days, but it still remains a wonderful old house. My memories are of happy times and good friends. It is now the Registry Office, and it gives me pleasure to know that weddings now take place there and so the happiness, laughter and affection continue as they did all those years ago.

---

**TALES TOLD TO ME**

*J. E. Swaby*

Here are some of the stories told to me over the years.

My mother came from Ashby which is now in the borough of Scunthorpe. She told of an Ashby man elated to discover that in some competition he had won a horse and trap. He went with a friend to Scunthorpe station to collect his prize. It consisted of a clothes horse and mouse trap.

My father came from Scampton near Lincoln. He and his brother had been bird nesting. Seeing the Rector approach they put the eggs under their cloth caps. A space at the front might have been made for such a purpose. The Rector talked to the boys. Before he left them he gave each of them an encouraging pat on the head. I do not know whether the boys’ faces were red or yellow.

Most of my early life was spent in Wainfleet. Walking home from St Mary’s church one evening a local man and I were passed by a motor cycle and side car. It came from a lonely cottage deep in the Marsh. My companion told me about the passenger. He had never been far from home until he as called up in the first World War. In a new world he was bewildered. The battalion was soon moved to France for intensive training and Tommy grew even more confused. He was put on a defaulter’s parade. A mounted officer arrived and said that he would put the men through their paces. This consisted of chasing the men round and round the square. One by one they fell down exhausted with the exception of Tommy. He was used to horses, and he persisted in going at the pace of a man following a plough. The rider and the horse grew tired first. Tommy was then put in the cookhouse, and finally sent home under escort. He may not have been bright but in his own little world he could be useful.

In Louth I heard about the curate and the eccentric spinster. She came of a family of local squires and expected to have her own way in all things. She was a trial to one of the curates of St James’s church. She would turn up at his lodgings with gifts. The sherry was welcome. She was not. One day when she called he told his landlady to say that he was out. ‘I’ll come in and wait’, said the visitor. All the curate could do was get under the table, which fortunately had a cloth with a great overhang. He crouched and she sat for what seemed like eternity. Then the church five minute bell started ringing for weekday Evensong. The curate was on duty. He came out from cover and fled. As the lady was a regular attendant at that service, one wonders if she went to church that evening.
Scunthorpe church, where I became vicar, was built in 1891. On the outside of one of the west windows is a carving of the head of Billy Hilbert, whose house was just across the road. He would stand at his door watching the workmen, but when he discovered that they were carving him he refused to come out until the men went to lunch. They put a canvas sheet across the platform where they worked and left a man behind at lunchtime, but Billy had counted the number that came down and was not tricked. Then one day they smuggled a boy up in the course of the morning. At lunchtime he came down in a workman's overalls. This made the number correct. When Billy came out to stand at his door the remaining workman studied and memorised Billy's face through a slit in the canvas. This story was told to me by an elderly man who had been the boy of the incident.

On Saturday nights people would come in from the nearby villages. A man from Flixborough came in for a weekly shave and a lengthy visit to a public house. As he reached the edge of the town on his homeward walk he heard following footsteps; he walked more quickly; the footsteps came on more quickly; he ran and so did the footsteps. At last he could run no more: he turned round and shouted into the darkness, 'Satan, you can't hurt me. I sing in Flixborough Church Choir twice every Sunday.' The answer was 'hee-haw': a Scunthorpe donkey had escaped.

From Scunthorpe I moved into the Marsh. Two of the tales garnered there are very brief. A man went into Mablethorpe and asked 'How are things?'. The answer was 'They've been hard, but thank God, we've had a wreck'. Great heroism could be shown in rescuing seamen, but a wreck was still a godsend. A vicar of Alford told me that one of his forebears had been curate in a seaside parish. He had to leave because he had made a rescuer return the watch stolen from a shipwrecked man.

The story told me by an old lady of ninety who had lived in Withern is longer. A Withern farmer drove his horse and trap to Alford market. It didn't seem to matter if he got drunk as the horse knew the way home. But one night the wife grew tired of waiting. She had left a large pancheon of dough before the kitchen fire. The farmer mistook the pancheon for his favourite chair and sank into the dough. 'Hi, Missus, help me out?' he called. 'You can stay there 'til the morning' was the reply. There was a Marsh incumbent who was a 'character'. It was said that he could lecture on any subject whether he knew much about it or not. He rode a tricycle around his small parishes. One night he rode into a deep ditch: he called for help. 'Who's there?'; shouted a passing labourer. 'The Vicar of A and B and C', said the cleric naming his several parishes. 'If there are so many of you, help each other out', said the labourer.

For me Ted Badley of Theddlethorpe was the marshman at his best. Ted was the Marsh. The Marsh was Ted. He never married, but I still see the twinkle on his eye as he said 'I once proposed to a girl. She said "I can't be badly all my life"'.

My last story comes from Uffington. The Earl of Lindsey was young when he succeeded his old father. He was not bright and his stepfather and others tried to have him declared incapable of managing affairs. A specialist was called in. 'How many legs has a lamb?', he asked. 'Two', said the earl. That seemed to prove the earl's incapacity. 'How do you make that out?'. 'Two legs and two shoulders', said the earl.

---

**SCHEME FOR SKEGGY!**

A Lincolnshire Dialect Story by the late Fred Dobson

It's quite likely as Ah've telled yar, some time or other, about one o' me forelders as eewsd to live at Mareham-le-Fen; Nehemiah Tobias Kirk. 'E was allust aagait o' mendin' summates, mekkin' summates, or otherwise wockin' on some new invention. Some of 'is weird ideas wocked-out, an' some didn't: wivver, Toobay was allust keen to try o'ght out, an' 'is missis, Caroline Blanny-as-was, who foost come to Mareham as school-missis, tho'ght the world on 'im, althooh nevver quite sartin what any daay might bring!

Well, me knewin' Ah was comin' 'ere tonight, Ah thought yar might like to 'ear Toobay's ideas about Skegness; an' what 'e might ha' done at yar town if 'e
'ed come 'ere to live, back in' them old Victorian times!

'Like Ah sez, it lack's eight!' sez Tooby Kirk, talkin' to 'is-sen.

'What is that, dear?' sez 'is 'missis, Caroline.

'Aw, Skeggy! Skegness! -'scn't got noo 'eight. Nooa cliffs, nooa 'ills, nooa 'igh towers; not even a greaat spire, like Newark, Grantham or Lowlath! Flat as an old cow-pancake! If Ah was onlly on the Skeggy Town Council—!' 'But why a pyramid, Toby? Tuppenny camel-rides around the base: or are you having yourself stuffed and buried under it?'

'Nooa, missis, nooa! Inside the pyramid, as would 'ev nooas end o' winder an' 'ot-watter pipes, there'd be rooms fer all sorts o' dog-'adgin's, sooaas fookas could come to Skeggy an' 'ev a nice winter 'oliday, waarm an' pleasant, wi' plenty to do. A greaat 'all, wi' sand an' sea-watter fer the bairns; theeaters fer operas, ballets, all sorts o' big bands plaayin' music; comical variety shows. Rest-yar-ants, mebbys a Casino, as fookas is off to be a lotslacker in their ideas i' time to come; an' there up i' the top point o' this pyramid, like, there could be a thusk'm greaat observatory, five times the size of Grennidge, fer them little blokes wi' beears an' telescopes to watch all the stars an' planets thruff Lincs's clear sky; wi' outnoo 'ills, towers, chimneys or smooke gittin' i' the rooad!'

'Coorse, they would 'ev to move the Grinmidge line o' longitude a mile or two, maybye; but the saailors all ovver the world would soon git ewsed to navigatin' East or West o' Skeggy, i' stead. Very like prefer it, i' fact!'

'Hey, an' in time, when me or somebody else 'es invented a 'see-things-miles-away' machine, (an' it's bound to come) they'll be able to send out all them electric 'tickles' from thee all ovver the world.

'Aw by gorn, now! Ah've just remembered; Alf Slaade warnns me to reightle 'is cess-pit pump round; sooa Ah'd better git me ohd much-spreadin' clooas on! Hey, fossit things foest; that's the way it 'es to be!

Caroline smiles, an' shacks er 'ead i' wonderment, as Tooby bustles off. 'Skegness wouldn't be flattered by Toby's order of priorities, however they might receive his suggestions!' she murmured to 'er-sen!

NOTES AND QUERIES

22.1. BONE FLOORS AND COCKPITS (Lincolnshire Past & Present, 17, p.21, 20, p.17 and 21, p.20). I am now reconciled to the fact that these appear more likely to belong to garden structures than to cockpits. On the latter subject, however, John Pepperdine has sent a copy of an interesting leaflet on the only surviving cockpit in Wales, at Welspool, which contains some useful history of cockfighting. (Hilary Healey).

One celebrated Lincolnshire example of animal bone floors which seems to have escaped notice so far in the correspondence was at Louth. Here, in the late eight-
eighth century, Wolley Jolland built his famous Hermitage; the floor of the 'Cloister' was 'paved with flints, pebbles and sheep's bones, arranged in quatrefoils, &c.; that of the 'Chapel' was of 'horses' teeth beautifully polished'. (My 'A Lincolnshire Hermit: Wolley Jolland (1745-1831)', Georgian Group Report and Journal (1987) pp. 62-76, draws on a number of contemporary accounts.)

Some mention also must be made to eighteenth-century pattern books which popularised the use of animal bone floors, and in particular, William Wrighte’s, Grotesque Architecture or Rural Amusement, consisting of Plans, Elevations and Sections for Huts, Retreats, Summer and Winter Hermitages, Terminaries, Chinese, Gothic and Natural Grotous, Cascades, Mosques, Moresque Pavilions, Grotesque and Rustic Seats, Greenhouses, etc., many of which may be executed with Flints, Irregular Stones, Rude Branches and Roots of Trees (1767; 2nd edn. 1790). (Christopher Sisman).

22.2. HOLY WELLS - MORE NEWS. There has been a good response to the two-part article on Lincolnshire’s Holy Wells (Lincolnshire Past & Present, nos. 19 and 20). There is not space to enter contributions in full, but here are the places mentioned and comments that have been sent in. I should explain that I was never intending to carry out research on wells myself, but decided to draw up a list with basic details as the result of a query from Mrs. Gladys Hallett. So initially I went to one or two obvious sources, but also missed some, as pointed out by Dr R. J. Firman of Beeston, Notts. Dr Firman, a geologist, was surprised that I had not consulted the Geological Survey Memoirs and Woodward’s Memoir on the water supply of Lincolnshire (1904). He kindly sent a xerox of part of the latter, which gives essential background to the study of natural springs in Lincolnshire (pp.1-20) as well as a useful bibliography. Several of the more notable springs are mentioned by name, although this is not a publication where there will be reference to alleged curative properties.

Mrs Pat Firman put me right about Leadenham. The ornate fountain head in the village centre is not St Anne’s Well (my assumption) but no doubt fed by a bore specially drilled for the purpose. The real location is a spring-fed pool south of the church, always known to her as St Anne’s Well, and surrounded by St Anne’s Plantation. The water flows under the road to feed former ornamental ponds at Leadenham House. Gladys Hallett herself has written in appreciation. She found The Legendary Lore of Holy Wells interesting, but, in her words ‘a red herring’. The Stainton there (p.201) is one in Yorkshire. She has made some progress in pursuit of information on Lud’s Well itself. However, since the site is on private land it may not be possible to publish any more details. This, of course, may be the case with many sites, and would-be researchers need to be thoughtful about this.

Collete Hall drew my attention to the fact that the well site at Holy Well Farm, on Fulbeck Heath, is still known, Sandra Sardeson (who carried out the documentary work that produced Burnwell), suggested that the very name of nearby Howell is almost certainly a corruption of Holy Well.

Edwin Rose of Norfolk Landscape Archaeology in response to a number of our queries (see Notes & Queries section, Lincolnshire Past & Present, 21) suggests that Cuddiewell has similar origins to Caules springs in the parish of Great Carbrooke, and assumed that it was a contraction of ‘Cold Well’. This could be, and though I am not keen on ‘Cold Well’ Well, it may be that the second ‘well’ was only added after the name had been shortened to ‘Cuddle’. I thought of Cowdale because there are a lot of such names about, though not noticeably in the Doddington area. Mr Rose also notes that in Scotland and Ireland a ‘dropping well’ is a cliff or cave where water drips from an impervious strata. This is not impossible at the North Rauceby site, since it is in a location where good limestone is quite near the surface, but the site is now hidden by a reservoir. I still like the idea of people dropping items in for so-called petrifying, or simply dropping offerings, as was done at other sites.

Adrian Gray notes that Terence Leach suggested this topic as one worthy of research some years ago. He also mentions that the ‘Green’s Village Life’ articles (at the Local Studies Library, Lincoln) are worth trawling for further references from the beginning of the century. Mr Gray adds the Kell Well at Alkborough (still extant) to those supposed to keep its drinkers in the village for ever. Finally he asks about St Aneil’s well, Burton upon Stather, who was St Aneil? (Hilary Healey).
FACES AND PLACES

HERITAGE LINCOLNSHIRE have taken over management of two English Heritage properties, Tattershall College and Bolingbroke Castle. Both properties are still in the guardianship of English Heritage, but Heritage Lincolnshire now has direct responsibility for their upkeep and day to day running.

After four years of planning and organizing, Heritage Lincolnshire has completed its Building Preservation Project to renovate a listed 1730s house at 15-17 Bridge Street, Horncastle. What was crumbling rubbish which was falling into the adjacent river and suffering from dry rot, has been transformed into a building with a bright future, housing a suite of offices.

Heritage Lincolnshire is now looking for new projects, and for people and organisations who would be able to use some of the redundant buildings in Lincolnshire. A current example under threat is Grade II listed Moulton Mill, reputed to be the tallest windmill in the county. The mill is now for sale and offers an opportunity to acquire a working mill which could be used commercially or perhaps as a milling heritage centre. Being listed it would be eligible for English Heritage grants for repair work. For more information contact Collette Hall (01529 461499).

A MUSEUM FOR LINCOLN? 'It is remarkable to say the least, that Lincoln, where once was a strong Roman colony, a prominent Danish township, and where at various times events important and vital have made English history, has no museum that can receive the relics discovered from time to time. Particularly does this apply to the Roman period. We have relics in the city that the British and other museums would give much to possess, and yet we have no public storehouse wherein to place them for safety and public inspection. A number are described in this and the preceding article, and there are a number of private collections which it is, perhaps, not advisable to mention in detail. But there are Roman relics in private hands - some of them almost priceless, certainly unique - which the present owners would gladly present to a museum could one be established in Lincoln. A loan collection was exhibited in the city some time ago, and proved very successful. An agitation was worked up to secure a museum worthy of the ancient place we live in, but after seeming fairly on the road to realisation, the proposals fell through. Surely it is not too late for a museum to be established? Is it a question of finance? There are gentlemen, we dare assert, whose purse-strings would readily be loosened for such an object. Is it a matter of room? The Schools of Science and Art, the Church House, or the Castle could surely help there - the Cathedral is out of the question for the remaine now there, we are afraid, are perishing by exposure. Or is it a question of lassitude? We can make no reply to that, only regret it, if such be the case.'

The above extract from Herbert Green’s Forgotten Lincoln, 2nd edn. (1898), pp.60-61 was sent to us by Patricia Albone of Kirton-in-Lindsey. It seems that nothing really has changed almost a century later!

THE TAVERNER MEMORIAL. A memorial to sixteenth century composer John Taverner, commissioned by the Friends of Boston Parish Church, was unveiled at Boston Stump in October 1995. The composer was born in or near Boston, Lincolnshire in about 1490 and by 1524 had become a lay clerk at Tattershall College. Two years later he moved to Oxford, appointed by Cardinal Wolsey as Master of the choristers at the new College (later to be known as Christ Church). Much of his church music and choral work was composed at this time, some being published by Wynkyn de Worde in 1530. He returned to this county some time in the 1530s and by 1537 is thought to have been in charge of the music at Boston Parish Church. He also supervised the destruction of the rood screen there. He died in 1545, shortly after being elected as an alderman following the incorporation of the Borough. He is believed to be buried under the tower at Boston.

The anniversary of the Borough Charter has also been celebrated in the town during the year.

FRANCIS JOHNSON (1911-1995) whose architectural practice was carried out from Bridlington, died in September. Although most of Johnson’s work was carried out in Yorkshire, from the 1970s he produced a number of significant additions to Lincolnshire County houses as well as the Pavilion, built 1975-80 at Thorpe Tilney Hall for the Pavilion Opera Company. A number of these projects are summarized in the revised edition of Pevsner’s Lincolnshire (1989); it would be interesting to learn of other Lincolnshire work by this much admired exponent of the Classical tradition.
BOOK NOTES

Christopher Sturman

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


David Kaye’s *Lincolnshire*, first published in 1984, will be for many — whether resident or visitor — their first introduction to the county. It manages to compress much valuable information on Lincolnshire’s natural regions, on individual towns and villages, on churches and other buildings of interest, on local customs, etc., including a list of further reading and an index — into 128 pages! A pity that William Brown’s panorama of mid 1840s Louth is not mentioned — though no doubt it will when the book is next revised!


David Kaye’s *Lincolnshire* contains six pages on famous people; all of these, besides many less familiar names, feature in John Kettingham’s ‘brief lives’ of a hundred or so county ‘worthies’. The well-known — Banks, Flinders, Franklin, Tennyson, and the Wesley brothers — rub shoulders with the more obscure — George Boole, Barnabe Googe and Alfred Piocave; the living — Margaret Thatcher and Geoff Capse — are found alongside those whose association with the county was relatively brief — William Booth, Billy Butlin, Guy Gibson, Percy Grainger and Tom Paine. Although *Lincolnshire People* contains at least one serious error — E.J. Willson, the architect and antiquarian, is misspelt ‘Wilson’ — and on occasions one might have appreciated more searching probing of particular characters — for example, Does Basil Boothroyd’s county background feature in any of his non-autobiographical writings? — the book is an enjoyable ‘read’ and will no doubt be snapped up as an ideal Christmas present. Dr Kettingham is at his best when describing little known ‘characters’, such as Edward Makins (‘Torsey Ned’) and John Twigg of Alford. Clearly there is room for at least another volume in the series, and one which would focus more on these ‘lesser lights’. If there is to be such a volume, readers would appreciate more guidance on additional reading (lists of biographies, etc., when supplied, are rather thin), whilst those interested in the subject might value an introduction which places the compiling of such lists in its historical context — neither Henry Winn’s newspaper articles and manuscript writings nor Medcalf’s *Lincolnshire in History and Lincolnshire Worthies* (1903) — to mention a few obvious sources — are not mentioned.

GRIMSBY’S WAR WORK. South Humberside Area Archive Office, 1994. ISBN 0 9515240 6 2. £1.75 + p&p (cheques payable to ‘Humberside County Council’) from S.H.A.A.O., Town Hall Square, Grimsby DN31 1HX.

OWEN T. NORTHWOOD, ed., *Call Back Yesterday*. People of Lincolnshire Remember the War. Lincolnshire Books, 1995. ISBN 1 872375 20 0. £2.95 + £1.00 p&p from Lincolnshire County Council Recreational Services Department, Newland, Lincoln LN1 1YL.

*Grimsby’s War Work* reprints in facsimile a booklet first published in 1919, consisting of short narratives on the ‘Grimsby Chums’ (10th Lincoln), the National Shell Factory, Prisoners of War, etc.; also included is a newly published index of Grimsby servicemen killed in the 1914-18 War.

*Call Back Yesterday* is a finely produced and illustrated anthology of brief (by and large recently written) personal memories, both civilian and military, of the 1939-45 War by Lincolnshire folk (there are just under a hundred contributors). It is divided into sections recollecting the onset of war, the evacuees, the war in the skies, service overseas, the Home Guard, rationing, entertainments, women’s work, and VE and VJ Days. All the material is of considerable (historical) value — I found that on women’s work on the land, in factories, and elsewhere most interesting — and it is to be hoped that Owen Northwood has kept the files of original material. It is also pleasing to note contributions by several S.L.H.A. members!


HELEN GRAY AND NEIL WILKYN, The Manor of Barrow, The Copyhold Tenants of the Royal Manor. The authors, 1995. ISBN 1 899864 00 8. £3.50 + £0.70 p&p from Neil R. Wilkyn (to whom cheques should be made payable), 48 Railway Street, Barnby-le-Wold, South Humberside DN36 6DQ.

These books represent various and contrasting approaches to the publication of local history. *South Kyme* (the work of a village project group) is an attractive historical survey of a fen-edge village from earliest times to the present century. For many not associated with the village, its chief attraction will be its full exploration of farming and other rural activities in the region; of particular interest is William Hall (1748-1823) who published a number of pamphlets (though their dates are not given) describing, in verse, late-eighteenth and early-nineteenth century life — including work on the duck decoys. The judicious use of archival material — from inven-
stories to the school log-book - as well as a number of well reproduced photographs make this (finely printed) book a good example of what a group of enthusiasts can produce by way of a general village history. Tarryville Talk also focuses on a small village, though here the emphasis is different: it is a dialect glossary (compiled over many years) for the village of Kirton. An attractive and unusual publication - do you know the meaning of 'duck-frost', 'hairiff', 'skilsh', and 'Wesleyan Hammer'?

The Manor of Barrow is somewhat more ambitious in its aim. Using various manuscript manorial surveys, Helen Gray and Neil Wilkyne, have produced a summary listing of each of the copyhold tenants mainly from the early to mid eighteenth century (though the authors have on occasions managed to establish the 'descent' from the sixteenth century) to the 1850s. Each entry in the calendar is preceded by a photograph of the plot and a summary architectural description of the buildings on it. There is also a useful surname index to the copyhold tenants. An imaginative and enterprising piece of local research.

**RUTH TINLEY**, *Dusty Almonds*. The author, 1995. ISBN 0 9521336 1 X. £2.50 + £1.00 p&p from 16 Lincoln Road, North Hykeham, Lincoln LN6 8HB (cheques payable to 'R. Tinley').

**PAULINE FRANKLIN**, *The L'Oste Family of Lincolnshire*. The author, 1994. ISBN 0 9525917 0 7. £15.00 + £1.50 p&p from Flat 21, Chiswick House, Bell Barn Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham B15 2AA.

Ruth Tinley's *Dusty Almonds* is a short history of the Almond family of Morton, Rippingale and Heckington, many of whom were millers, beginning with William of Morton (d. 1682). Those who know Ruth Tinley's other published work (such as the admirable *Treadgold Tracery*) will appreciate that the genealogical research will be carried out painstakingly and thoroughly - it is good to discover material quarried from local newspapers and the Quarter Sessions files as well as from parish registers, wills, etc.

Readers of *Lincolnshire Past & Present* will be familiar with Pauline Franklin's interest in the family of the Huguenot Charles L'Oste, who in 1710 became a naturalised Englishman and was appointed to the living of Louth. In these articles (not mentioned in this book - which is a pity) Pauline Franklin was only able to hint at the rich family story she has unearthed, and her book presents a fascinating account of the family as it moved from Louth to Grantham, London, Essex and Shropshire - the account of the centenarian, Charles L'Oste, rector of St Helen's, Tasmania, is particularly engaging. The volume contains a useful index, excellent family trees and a lengthy listing principally of secondary printed material - it is a pity that this does not include the many articles, newspaper accounts and manuscript sources mentioned in the text. The *L'Oste Family of Lincolnshire* deserves to be widely read and enjoyed - though, to return to an issue I have frequently raised in these columns, it does contain a number of minor slips and errors which perhaps ought to have been picked up before the book was printed.


The *Personal and Professional Recollections of Sir George Gilbert Scott* (1811-1878) the principal architect of the Gothic Revival, published in 1879 has long remained virtually unobtainable. Gavin Stamp's new edition reprints the original text, but it also restores much of the material omitted because it was either too personal or too libellous to publish at the time. Scott's work in Lincolnshire does not feature in his autobiography to any degree, but the book remains of interest because of his family connections with the county: his grandfather, the biblical commentator Thomas Scott was born at Bratoft; moreover, both Gilbert and his brother Thomas married their second cousins, respectively Caroline and Fanny Oldrid of Boston. There is a particularly attractive reminiscence of Skegness (p. 252): 'I shall never forget our enjoyment of this plain, unfrequented coast. I used to take my walk with me, and often, there and elsewhere, have I marked out my designs on the sand in a large scale, repeating them, perhaps, on paper in the evenings.' Gavin Stamp's scholarly edition (another successful major reprint from Paul Watkins) will no doubt be snapped up by Victorian specialists and enthusiasts, but it is also of more than passing interest to students of Lincolnshire history.


Attractively produced introduction to the subject with several helpful appendices. Lincolnshire is a major county for village 'desertion' and a number of sites are mentioned - though it is to be regretted that both text and index have 'Uncoby' instead of 'Ucleby'. Neither of Guy Beresford's accounts of Goltbo (mentioned on several occasions) are included in the suggestions for further reading, which also perhaps should have mentioned the R.C.H.M.E.'s published version of Paul Everson's fieldwork in West Lindsey (*Change and Continuity: Rural Settlement in North-West Lindsey*, 1991). Perhaps a further edition will rectify these blemishes - and consider giving dates for the aerial photographs.

Also noticed (for future review):

**Promise Fulfilled? An Account of the Changes in Education in the Scunthorpe Area from 1800-1970 with Particular Reference to Those in the 1960's which Brought About Comprehensive Secondary Education**, Labour History Group of the Scunthorpe and South West Humberside Workers' Educational Association, 1995. £2.50 + £1.50 p&p from School House, 96 Rowland Road, Scunthorpe DN16 1ST (cheques payable to 'Labour History Group').

**Lincoln City Valuation 1828** [2 microfiches], £1.00 + £0.30 p&p; **Loft Papers** [3 microfiches] £2.00 + £0.30 p&p. Available from T. A. Lamyman, 6 Godber Drive, Bracebridge Heath, Lincoln LN4 2LW (cheques payable to 'Lincolnshire Family History Society').