



## P R E F A C E .

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IN issuing the fifth and last volume of *Old Yorkshire*, the Editor desires to impress on his contributors and subscribers the fact that it is from no lack of support, either in the shape of contributions or subscriptions, that he is compelled to abandon the work. Circumstances over which he had no control have arisen, which will not admit of his devoting that time and attention to the work which alone can ensure for it the maintenance in the future of that high position in the estimation of its readers which in the past it so happily attained.

In bidding "good-bye" to the many literary friends whose contributions have graced its pages, the Editor would again express his great indebtedness, as well as his sincere thanks, for the unvarying kindness with which they have assisted him in his labours; and to those gentlemen who have, during the progress of the work, volunteered communications, which, for various reasons (principally want of space), have been declined, he begs to acknowledge his obligations, and to express his sincere regret that it was not in his power to gratify their wishes. More especially in connection with the present volume has the unpleasant task of writing "declined with thanks," in regard to offered contributions, fallen to his lot, and he has never so written without a pang of regret.

Numerous as are the subjects which have found a place in the five volumes of *Old Yorkshire*, there are many more to which attention has not hitherto been given, and there would be no difficulty in extending the series to fifty in lieu of five volumes; and the Editor indulges the hope that some zealous antiquary may be induced to take up the work, and continue, year by year, to unfold, by means of text and illustration, the manifold, and indeed, inexhaustible subjects of interest appertaining to the county.

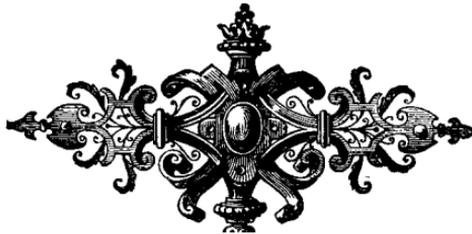
In relinquishing a work which has been, in the truest sense of the word, a "labour of love," the Editor would also desire to record his deep sense of the great kindness shewn by the contributors of illustrations, which have added materially to the attractions of *Old Yorkshire*, and have assisted him in his aim of publishing the work at a price that should place it within the reach of all classes of readers.

In conclusion, the Editor assures his readers he has neither desired nor aimed at reaping any pecuniary benefit from the publication. His sole reward has been the approval of his subscribers and the reviewers, and he feels himself thereby amply repaid for his labours.

His main object has been to awaken and foster a love for antiquarian and topographical research; and he indulges the hope that his modest efforts in this direction have not been without some measure of success.

*Osborne House, Morley, near Leeds,*  
*August 1st, 1884.*

W. S.





## ANTIQUARIANISM.

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NOR until I began to prepare this paper was I quite aware how difficult a task I had undertaken. Any one who writes on a topic should be able to convey to his readers a clear definition of it; but in writing on Antiquarianism, I find a subject of delightful vagueness and most admired confusion. Shall we try what can be done with definitions or descriptions? Shall we say that Antiquarianism is the occupation of Antiquaries, and the study of Antiquities? But who are Antiquaries, and what are Antiquities?

1.—We owe the name of Antiquary to the post-Augustan Latin word *Antiquarius*, applied to writers or speakers that affected obsolete words and archaic forms of expression.

2.—In the middle ages *Antiquarii* were residents in monasteries whose occupation was to make new copies of old books, to whose care and skill later times are indebted for manuscript copies of the classical writers of Greece and Rome, of the Christian Fathers, and of the Sacred Writings themselves.

3.—More recently the antiquary was the keeper of royal cabinets of antiquities and curiosities gathered from other lands. Henry VIII. of England called John Leland his "Antiquary."

4.—In the year 1572, in Queen Elizabeth's reign, a society was formed by Bishop Parker, Sir Robert Cotton, William Camden, and others, for examining and preserving antiquities (papers discussed by them are still to be found among the Cottonian MSS. and books in British Museum), but "the wisest fool in Christendom," King James I. put a stop to their meetings, lest they should include politics in their

studies, and "lead to the Disestablishment of the Church," as Hearne says. In Queen Anne's time, in 1707, a new society was formed. It included the famous names of Gale, Stukeley, and Rymer. Reconstituted in 1717, it obtained a royal charter from George II. in 1750, and was incorporated as "the Society of Antiquaries in London." George III., in 1780, gave the society a "local habitation" in Somerset House. Members of this Society were called "Antiquarians," and presently I shall have something to say about them.

5.—But there are Antiquaries who are not fellows of that society nor of any other. They are, it must be owned, an undefined and almost indescribable set of people who are supposed to concern themselves about Antiquities. So now we must ask, "What are Antiquities?"

Widely, and in the first instance correctly, the term is applied to all the remains of ancient times. Whatever has survived the past, whatever has escaped the ravages of time and the fleeting generations of men, belongs to the Antiquities. Starting backwards from any point which may be supposed to separate the new from the old, the present from the past, we meet everywhere with scattered remains of antiquity, with footprints on the sands of olden times, with waifs and strays from the sea of former ages, and so everything that the march of time and the progress of the ages have left behind is included in Antiquities.

But if this definition of Antiquarianism is correct, what then is left for the *Historian* to do? What difference is there between History and Antiquities? So gradually the meaning of the term "Antiquities" has been narrowed, and a distinction made between Antiquarianism and History, though the distinction is not very sharply drawn. Perhaps it may be thus stated: the *Historian* and the *Antiquary* both study the past, but the one studies the past for its bearing on the present, and the other studies the past for itself alone. The *Historian* records the lives, characters, and deeds of the past, the *Antiquary* is content to examine what they have left behind, as the visible results of their activities. The *Historian* deals with the political relations of men as nations, with the successive events and vicissitudes of their existence, with their principles, motives and achievements in their relations as causes and effects. It is his object to describe the origin and growth of political institutions and social conditions. He traces the progress of civilization, of religion, of arts

and science, and manufactures and commerce, of national life and manners. He tells of wars, and conquests, and treaties between nation and nation. He brings the past down to the present, and shows how the present springs out of and proceeds from the past. The Antiquary is content with the separate, isolated, and individual products of the past that the present offers to his notice. Architectural remains, ruined abbeys and grand cathedrals, sculptured monuments and ivy-clad castles, missals and manuscripts and first editions, old parchments, and coins and seals, any object that is *old*; whatever he can see, and handle, and scrape, and test, and label. He deals with real tangible *things*, not with theories, not with narratives.

But for a long space of time, in England at least, the study of antiquities meant only Greek and Roman antiquities. The attention of Antiquarians was confined, all but exclusively, to the antiquities of the classical peoples of Greece and Rome, or if there were any exception, it was the study of Jewish antiquities. As yet the ancient remains of our own country had received little attention, and our insular position shut out from us much acquaintance with other countries.

Then, as we learn from books like Adam's Roman and Potter's Greek Antiquities, painfully known in our youthful days, the range of antiquities included such knowledge of the internal condition of those countries and peoples as could be obtained from all sources of information. Adam and Potter draw no fine distinction between History and Antiquities. They describe the civil governments, the duties and rights of various classes of society, their courts of justice, laws, trials, and punishments, the religion of the people, their gods, temples, priests and sacrifices, their oracles and games; their wars, their weapons, apparel and pay; the social habits of the people, their funerals, marriages, and tombs, with innumerable details and particulars of the manners and customs of those great nations.

But in our days the range of antiquarian study has been widely extended and vastly deepened. The necessities of commerce and the activities of colonization have made us acquainted with many nations, and their antiquities have become interesting to us. The countries of the world have been explored, and the wonderful remains of Egypt, Assyria, Persia, India, China and Japan, have spread a large book in many volumes before the attentive study of the Antiquary.

But even this wide range is not enough. The Antiquary finds everywhere fragments of the past which carry him beyond the limits covered by authentic history. The objects of his careful study lead him back to periods of time and conditions of human life of which there are no written records. Then he finds himself compelled to make inquiry into the origin of man himself, and into the very structure of the earth on which he lives. He becomes bewildered with the enormous mass of his antiquarian accumulations, and finds it absolutely necessary to divide and subdivide his immense task of investigating and classifying the materials he has to study. Gradually he finds that a change has taken place in the very nature of his work. He has been obliged to call science to his aid, and so Antiquarianism becomes Archæology, Palæontology, Ethnology, Numismatics, Sociology, etc., etc.; and he finds that Antiquarianism is still attaching itself to every known art and science as its basis and its support.

Still there is a distinction between the Antiquary and the Archæologist. The one collects the materials, the other arranges, classifies, and explains them. The one picks up flint weapons and arrow heads, bronze swords and iron daggers: the other speaks of the three great stages in the progress of human invention, and describes the *stone*, the *bronze*, and the *iron periods* of mankind's early life. The one is practical, the other is theoretical. Antiquarianism is an art, Archæology is the science. Where the Antiquary sees only curious remains of which the Historian is absolutely silent, the Archæologist reproduces forms of life, and conditions and habits of society long since left behind, and introduces us, if not to primeval man, to man just emerging from some lower form of animal life, and shows us how he first learnt to chip flints for knives and spear heads before he discovered the use of articulate speech, or found the comfort of clothes, and dwellings, and cooked food.

For all ordinary purposes, then, there is still a real difference between Antiquarianism and Archæology. The Antiquary is a homelier and more modest person. He likes to pick up odds and ends. He loves to poke among ruins and church yards. You see him haunting old curiosity shops and old book stalls. If the streets are up for a deep drainage, or the foundations of an old house are dug out, he is there. At home he has a room called his studio, or his den, or his museum, full of queer things, overflowing into other rooms of the house, sorely trying to the housewife's sense of neatness and order.

He loves to talk with tottering old men, and crones hard of hearing, of the former days and of the better ways. He loves to hear a good old Saxon or Danish word that the "forebears" used, or that lingers only in hamlets where our "rude forefathers" lived. Genealogies, brass rubbings, copies of odd epitaphs, rusty blades, coins green and worn with age, and such-like things fill him with joy and satisfaction. Yes, we still know what we mean when we speak of an Antiquary, although we express no surprise when, now and then, we find that our Antiquary is an Archæologist too, a man of wider research and more scientific spirit, even if he does not insist upon the late tertiary or quaternary period of geology, within which are found the remains of primeval man and his earliest arts, nor dogmatise on "natural selection," and "the survival of the fittest."

So long as the Antiquary was satisfied with hunting up scattered remains and examining curious relics, Antiquarianism could not be called a science. It was a study, a recreation, an amusement, perhaps a hobby. But even thus it had its uses and its pleasures. It prepared the way for science. It gathered materials for history. It became the parent of many sciences; of which it is still the nursing mother. At the same time it inspired wholesome interest in all that concerns man and his modes of life, in our ancestors and their ways and works. It was itself an improving, humanising study. It filled up many vacant moments with pleasant occupation. It diverted many anxious thoughts, and solaced many sad feelings. It may be truly said that no genuine Antiquary could ever be a brute or a churl.

Sometimes, perhaps, the Antiquary is a simple, harmless, credulous man. He thinks he has made a wonderful discovery, he has lit upon a precious treasure, he has some grand secret, until he receives the rude shock of better knowledge. Like Sir Walter Scott's fine old Antiquary, Jonathan Oldbuck, of Monkbarrow, who had found the spot on which took place the final conflict between the Roman Agricola and the Caledonians, to be no other than the Kairn of Kinprunes, on his own estate. He had bought the worthless bit of ground for acre by acre of his best cornland. "But then it was a national concern!" And was he not well repaid when he found a sculptured stone which bore a sacrificing vessel and the letters A.D.L.L., which could mean nothing less than Agricola, Dicavit, Libens, Lubens. And were there not distinct traces all around that Kaim of Kinprunes must be "Castra Pruinis?" "Is not here the Decuman Gate? Here are *porta*

*sinistra* and *porta dextra* well-nigh entire, and there is the very Prætorium." Are you not sorry for Monkbarons when that horrid voice of Edie Ochiltree croaks out "Prætorian here! Prætorian there! I mind the bigging o't. And the stone has four letters on it, that's A.D.L.L., Aiken Drum's Lang Ladle."

Who does not call to mind "that immortal discovery of Mr. Pickwick, which has been the pride and boast of his friends, and the envy of every antiquarian in this or any other country." How that distinguished man discovered a stone with a "strange and curious inscription of unquestionable antiquity." How he lectured upon the discovery at a general meeting of the learned society. How a skilful artist had made a faithful picture of the curiosity, and presented copies to the learned societies. How Mr. Pickwick wrote a pamphlet containing ninety six pages of very small print, and twenty seven different readings of the inscription, and was in consequence elected an honorary member of seventeen native and foreign societies. How that none of the seventeen could make anything of it, though all agreed that it was "very extraordinary." How that heart-burnings and jealousies without number were created by rival controversies which were penned upon the subject. And how that wretched Mr. Blotton "with a mean desire to tarnish the lustre of the immortal name of Pickwick," found the man from whom the stone was purchased, who did indeed assert that the *stone* was ancient, but as for the *inscription*, he had himself rudely carved it, as so many other idle seekers after immortality do, with his own name, as witness BILL STUMPS, HIS MARK.

No end of fun has been poked at "the Antiquaries" from the very first. The London Society, as we have already said, was formed in 1717. In 1728 the Society began to hold its meetings at the Mitre Tavern, in Fleet Street, on Thursday evenings, when the meetings of the Royal Society had closed. We have a graphic account of one of their meetings, written by a Rotherham man, and this is a bit of local history which seems to have escaped the notice of Mr. Eastwood, in his account of Ivanhoe, and of Mr. Guest, in his records and relics of Rotherham; nor has it yet found a place in the volumes of *Old Yorkshire*. A boy, named James Cawthorn, born in 1721, received his education in part at Rotherham, at the Old Grammar School, I suppose, took his M.A. degree, and became Master of Tunbridge School. He

was killed by a fall from his horse in 1761, in his 40th year, and was buried at Tunbridge Wells.

He has a good natured fling at the Antiquarians—

“ Some Antiquarians, grave and loyal,  
 Incorporate by Charter Royal,  
 Last Winter, on a Thursday night, were  
 Met in full senate at the *Mitre*.  
 The President, like Mr. Mayor,  
 Majestic took the elbow chair,  
 And gravely sat, in due decorum,  
 With a fine gilded mace before him.  
 Upon the table were displayed  
 A British knife without a blade,  
 A comb of Anglo-Saxon steel,  
 A patent with King Alfred’s seal,  
 Two rusted, mutilated prongs,  
 Supposed to be St. Dunstan’s tongs,  
 With which he, as the story goes,  
 Once took the Devil by the nose.”

They proceed to business and discuss grave matters.

“ At length a Dean, who understood  
 All that had passed before the flood,”

Reminds his learned brethren of his great talents and wide experience ;

“ ‘ For I, like you, through every clime,  
 Have traced the steps of hoary time,  
 And gathered up his sacred spoils  
 With more than half a cent’ry’s toils.  
 Whatever virtue, deed, or name,  
 Antiquity has left to fame,  
 In every age, and every zone,  
 In copper, marble, wood, or stone,  
 In vases, flow’r pots, lamps, and sconces,  
 Intaglios, cameos, gems, and bronzes,  
 These eyes have read through many a crust  
 Of lacker, varnish, grease, and dust.’ ”

With such a title to their attention, he announces his discovery of a rare treasure :—

“ ‘ I here exhibit to your view  
 A medal fairly worth Peru ;  
 Found, as tradition says, at Rome,  
 Near the Quirinal Catacomb.’  
 He said, and from a purse of satin,  
 Wrapped in a leaf of monkish Latin,  
 . . . . .  
 Drew out a dirty copper coin.”

The effect was sublime :—

“ Still as pale moonlight, when she throws  
 On heaven and earth a deep repose,  
 Lost in a trance too big to speak,  
 The synod eyed the fine antique.  
 Examined every point and part,  
 With all the critic skill of art ;  
 Rung it alternate on the ground,  
 In hopes to know it by the sound ;  
 Applied the tongue’s acuter sense  
 To taste its genuine excellence.  
 . . . . .  
 Nor yet content with what the eye  
 By its own sunbeams could descry,  
 To every corner of the brass  
 They clapped a microscopic glass,  
 And viewed in raptures o’er and o’er  
 The ruins of the learned ore.”

And then they give their opinions, grow angry in debate, scoff and scorn, and sneer and storm. Whilst the tempest rages,—

“ Tom, a pert waiter, smart and clever,  
 . . . . .  
 Curious to see what caused this rout,  
 And what the doctors were about,  
 Slightly stepp’d in to snuff the candles,  
 And ask whate’er they pleased to want else.  
 Soon as the synod he came near,  
 Loud dissonance assailed his ear,  
 Strange mingled sounds, in pompous style,  
 Of Isis, Ibis, Lotus, Nile.”

As soon as he sees “the coin, the cause of all their noise,” he bursts—

“ ‘ And is this group of learning  
 So short of sense and plain discerning,  
 That a mere halfpenny can be  
 To them a curiosity ?  
 If this is your best proof of science,  
 With Wisdom Tom claims no alliance ;  
 Content with nature’s artless knowledge,  
 He scorns alike both school and college.’ ”

A terrible storm is rising, but—

“ The tempest eye’d, Tom speeds his flight,  
 And, sneering, bids them all ‘ Good night ;’  
 Convinc’d that pedantry’s allies  
 May be too learned to be wise.”

The essayists of the 18th century are nearly all of Tom's opinion. The *Spectator*, the *Rambler*, the *Connoisseur*, the *Tatler*, the *Idler*, and the *World* either deride the Antiquarians or treat them with faint praise. Dr. Johnson, in the *Rambler* of Dec. 29, 1750, the year of the Society's incorporation, gives a very absurd account of a virtuoso who collected, at ruinous cost, an odd mass of rubbish. In his collection were bottles containing what once were "an icicle on the crags of Caucasus," "snow from the top of Atlas," "dew brushed from a banana in the gardens of Ispahan," and "brine that once rolled in the Pacific Ocean."

A few days later, Jan. 1, 1751, the *Rambler* writes more seriously. There is a sentence quite prophetic. "It is impossible," he says, "to determine the limits of enquiry, or to foresee what consequences a new discovery may produce." Even Johnson himself would be surprised if he could now see what "consequences" have followed from antiquarian research in the hundred and thirty years that have passed since he wrote the words. Still he ranks the Antiquary low on the rolls of learned men. "The virtuoso," he says (Nov. 26, 1751) patronisingly, "cannot be said to be wholly useless. The collections he makes may be of service to the learned. But to dig the quarry, or to search the field requires not much of any quality beyond dogged perseverance." He pities the waste of *life*, but thinks there is not much waste of *talent*, or perhaps none of the assembly was capable of any nobler employment. "It is better to do little than to do nothing, and he who is never idle will not often be vicious."

Those times have long since passed away, and in England, in Germany, in France, and in America also, Antiquarianism has survived ridicule and won respect. The desultory pursuit of fragmentary antiquities grew into an important science, or rather spread itself into a group of sciences, which even now, on account of their common origin and kinship, cannot be sharply distinguished. The unscientific Antiquarian is the parent of them all. He has rendered eminent service to the student of nature and of man. All branches of knowledge have been enriched by his labours. His contributions to science form, if not their most valuable, still a very considerable part of all their worth. History has been remodelled by Archæology. The very conception of what the history of a country should be has been changed by it. At the present day what a revolution has taken place in our ideas respecting the great eastern empires of antiquity. The histories

of Egypt, Assyria, and Persia have to be re-written, or written for the first time, in consequence of recent explorations and discoveries, which at first seemed to be only curious remains, unintelligible and undecyphered, dug up by Layard, and Botta, and Smith, and Rassam on the banks of the Tigris, the Euphrates, and the Chebar; but now explained by the still more wonderful decyphering of the Hieroglyphics of Egypt, and the cuneiform inscriptions of Assyria, certainly one of the grandest triumphs of modern learning, sagacity, and perseverance. Nor do these discoveries affect only our knowledge of those old world empires. They have a living interest, to all Christendom at least, inasmuch as they throw, strangely fresh light on the Hebrew language, and help to determine the meaning of many an obscure biblical word, and still more to establish the historical accuracy of Old Testament history; to put light and life into names and places which, to the Bible student, have hitherto been names and nothing more.

Another example of like character is afforded by the beautiful and precious collection of antique objects made in Cyprus by General di Cesnola, which the British nation was too poor to buy, but was purchased for the Metropolitan Museum of New York; a collection, gratifying the love of beauty by the sight of gems, and gold and silver work, statues and vases, even apart from archæological interest; helping also to clear up the history of Greek art by showing how much it owed in its progress and development to Assyrian and Egyptian influences passing through the Phœnicians to the Greeks, and throwing new light on Philological studies, from the Greek, Phœnician, and Cypriote inscriptions likewise dug up by General di Cesnola.

In like manner also, but as yet to an unknown extent, is the early history of Greece and Asia Minor indebted to the surprising labours of Dr. Schliemann at Mykenæ, and on the site of Homer's Troy.

Still more interesting and important are the results of the Palestine Exploration Society, and the Surveys of Western and Eastern Palestine. One of the latest and most remarkable discoveries is that of an inscription in the tunnel through which flowed the water to supply the Pool of Siloam. An inscription first discovered by accident, then copied roughly by a German investigator; better done afterwards by Prof. Sayce, of Oxford, and still more accurately by Mr. Guthe. Prof. Sayce gives a curious account of the inscription in his small book "Fresh light from the ancient monuments," and he shows that the tunnel was excavated exactly as Mont Cenis and Mont St. Gothard

tunnels were, by workmen beginning at both ends and meeting in the centre ; a curious confirmation of an old saying, that " There is nothing new under the sun."

But Archæology or scientific Antiquarianism does not stop within the line of historic ages and nations. It steps boldly into the regions of the dark untrodden past. It asks questions respecting the pre-historic life of man, and it makes researches into the stages of his progress, and strives to retrace every step until it discovers his very beginning ; and even beyond the first appearance of man it searches for the first forms of animal and vegetable life, and seeks to know how this great globe itself was formed out of original elements. The books of the Archæologist are the strata of the earth's crust, and the fossils which it contains. Geology and Palæontology are but branches of his study. He finds the earliest traces of man and of his works in that portion of the earth which geologists call the tertiary period, when, after a long age of tropical heat, followed by another long age of ice, there came the gradual thaw of the diluvial epoch. Then leaving the first traces of man far behind, he turns over the strata of the earth as the leaves of a mighty book, until there are no more chapters to read, and so the earth itself becomes to him only a small portion of that mightier Book, whose words are worlds, and whose sentences are systems.

Into this vast and limitless domain the mere Antiquary does not venture. He is content to be the Historian's quarryman. He aims no higher than to be the Archæologist's sapper and miner. And yet what splendid scope, and what endless variety of interest are left for him. He need not again become a mere virtuoso, or dilettante, the scoff of poets and essayists of the 19th century. Even for a stay-at-home Englishman, is there not ample work, with rich instruction and rare amusement ? Nor need Antiquarianism become a profession or the business of life. Mr. Guest, of Rotherham, has showed us how it may become the solace and recreation of age, for at the green old age of 80, he prepared and passed through the press that fine topographical and antiquarian work, " Historic Notices of Rotherham."

How many of us might find in Antiquarianism a change of occupation, healthy alike to body and to mind ? What new life might it not give to Mechanics' Institutes and Literary Societies if each member would contribute his researches to the common stock. If the more conspicuous and remarkable monuments of antiquity are

exhausted, are there not still old village churches, and manors, and farms, ballads and legends, the folk-lore of the peasantry, half obliterated traces of old habits and customs, fragments of olden language and olden opinions and theories, relics of art and manufacture, inscriptions on buildings and tombs and monuments, old books, old MSS., old deeds; heraldry, with seals, and brasses, and stained windows, and family genealogies; costumes, as seen in old engravings, and pictures, and illuminations; coins, rings, and amulets. All these things and many more might afford pleasure, cultivate taste, extend the bounds of our knowledge, fill up pleasantly what otherwise were listless or unhappy or illspent hours.

How full of instruction and amusement, and how full of materials for the future Topographer and Historian of the greatest county of England are the volumes of *Old Yorkshire* already in the hands of our readers, to which we venture to hope this volume will be a worthy companion.

F. J. F.

