

the fold wall and counting the sheep, whilst the women were milking. In a note Vigfusson says: "This exactly describes a scene that takes place every evening of the season in Iceland. The sheep are driven into the fold to be milked by the women who are waiting there for them, and as they all huddle up side by side along the broad turf wall of the fold, the shepherd stretches himself lazily full length on the top of it, and counts the sheep, or chatters with the milkmaids. It is the exact painting of such idyllic incidents as this which makes this little story so charming." (Vigfusson and Powell, *Icelandic Prose Reader*, 1879, p. 369). As most of the first inhabitants of Iceland were emigrants from the British Isles, we may be pretty sure that a similar custom existed in them, as well as in the Scandinavian countries.

In Archbishop Alfric's Colloquy, written in Latin in the tenth century, with an Anglo-Saxon gloss, the shepherd says: "In the early morning I drive my sheep to pasture, and stand over them, in heat and in cold, with dogs, lest wolves devour them, and I bring them back to the fold, and milk them twice a day, and besides I move the fold, and make cheese and butter" (*Wright-Wülcker Vocabularies*, p. 91). The Colloquy says nothing about milkmaids, but the saga supplies that deficiency. Nor is anything said about cows, or their milk.

S. O. Addy.

## XVIII.

BARBARA ALLEN.

In 1603 Barbara Allen, widow, is mentioned in a Derbyshire Subsidy Roll as paying on two oxgangs at Youlgrave (*Journal*, xliv. 87) and is there called Mistress because she was of gentle birth, or the widow of a gentleman. In 1817 Lysons tells us that "Thomas Allen, yeoman, who died in 1574, was seised of a moiety of the

manor of Stanton-hall [in Youlgrave] and the manor of Stanton Ley. This estate now belongs to the Duke of Rutland, who has fitted up an old mansion on it, called Stanton Woodhouse (formerly the residence of the Allens) as an occasional resort during the shooting season. Jeayes, in his *Derbyshire Charters*, mentions a number of documents relating to this family. The arms of Allen of Stanton in Youlgrave, confirmed by Flower 16 June, 1586, were *or a fess gules between three oak leaves vert* (*Journal*, xli. 10).

The same Subsidy Roll mentions a Mistress Anne Cockayne at Youlgrave—the richest land owner in the village. She may have been identical with the Anne Cockaine, formerly Stanhope, who was the mother of Sir Aston Cockaine the poet.

In the *Yorkshire Archaeological Journal* (xxvii. 302), Mr. Lawrance has published the following epitaph in the chancel of Great Givendale church:—

Stemmata quid faciunt.

Hic dormit in Christo Georgivs Iacsonivs  
vir vere ingenvvs vrbans innocvo sale  
facetvs pater optimvs fortis prvdens  
patriæ idonevs cvm vxore sva  
charissima Barbera Allana formosa  
casta numerosa prole beata. 1641.

We may translate:—

“What is the good of pedigrees?”

Here sleeps in Christ George Jackson, a man truly noble, of polished manners, merry with harmless wit, the best of fathers, brave, wise, meet for his country, with his dearest wife Barbera Allan, lovely, spotless, the happy mother of many children. 1641.”

The writer of the epitaph was a scholar who knew his Juvenal, for he begins by quoting the first words of the Eighth Satire. Juvenal affected to despise genealogies and, after declaiming against them, says:—

Tota licet veteres exornent undique cerae  
Atria, nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus.

“Though you deck your hall from end to end with ancient  
waxen images, virtue is the one and only true nobility.”

Compare Tennyson:—

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,  
'Tis only noble to be good,  
Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith than Norman blood.

Though the writer of the epitaph is very terse, and  
despises pedigrees, he does not forget to tell us the wife's  
maiden name—the one thing which genealogists prize  
most.

We may be thankful to him for that, and for telling us  
that this Barbera Allan was lovely, for so was Barbara  
Allen of the famous ballad. The theme is the cruelty of  
Barbara, who rejected Jemmy Grove—

All in the merry month of May,  
When green buds they were swellin';  
Young Jemmy Grove on his death bed lay,  
For love of Barbara Allen.

We cannot hope to discover the authorship of the ballad.  
If either Thomas Bancroft or Sir Aston Cokaine, contem-  
porary Derbyshire poets, had written it, he would not have  
avowed it. Barbara Allen of the ballad may have been a  
real person, and so may Jemmy Grove, and it may have  
flattered Barbara's vanity to be told that Jemmy had  
died for her love, as of course he did not. Barbara Allen  
of Youlgrave may have been her mother, or a near  
relation, and a younger Barbara may have married the  
George Jackson of the epitaph. People of gentle birth  
seldom married outside their own rank, and there cannot  
have been many lovely Barbara Allens of this rank and  
period.

S.O.A.