

Above the arch are three other coats which must have been on the divisional wall between nave and chancel, viz.

1. Same coat and supporters as the last.
2. (Apex). Same coat, with crest and mantling, no supporters.
3. Same coat. Supporters, two roebucks.

On the north transept is the same coat with crest and mantling, without supporters. On the south transept the same arms are accompanied by the roebucks, of different drawing to those on the west front, and in the cornice above is the nebulee badge of the Hyltons which appeared in their standard and above their crest in drawings of the Tudor period.

The chapel was in ruins in Buck's time, and, after two vain restorations, is now in ruins again. As soon as their nonsenses went out of fashion, so much as was left of original truthful work on which they operated, reasserted sole claims to consideration, and "then they fell, so perish all"—restorations.

W. HYLTON DYER L.

LEGENDS CONNECTED WITH HYLTON CASTLE.

HAVING, in other papers,¹⁰ attempted to trace the true beginnings of the Hyltons, their castle, and their title of Baron, and having found that, after all, their myths have as much interest, or more, than the truth, I propose to say something on the beginnings of the legends also, and to collect some details respecting them.

It is somewhat remarkable that no story has been invented to account for the extraordinary crest of the house, Moses' Head. The first legendary evidence seems to be composed of the two gigantic groups of warriors and fiery dragons on the battlements of the west front of Hylton, erected in the fifteenth century. These doubtless have some reference to the tradition attaching to the Worm Hill in the estate of North Biddick, which had been acquired by the Hyltons. The story is now known as that of the Lambton Worm.

The estate of Hylton was of ancient feoffment, and therefore created before the death of Henry I., and the ascent in blood of its barons reaches to Romanus de Helton, who was living in the time of Henry II. The fictitious pedigrees which ignore this ancient gentleman were at least in progress before 1625. In 1526 and 1558, some strange

¹⁰ See p. 143, and the references in the note there.

entails had been made by two barons of Hylton, whereby, after exhausting their most immediate relatives, they call in the Hyltons of Usworth, Wellome in Yorkshire, London, Parke in Lancashire, and Hilton and Burton in Westmerland, whose relationship to the baronial stock is rather problematical. Whether the barons were influenced by tradition, or a false pedigree, or by mere coincidence of name, thus to pass over heaps of nearer relatives through females, certain it is that in a collection of pedigrees by Robert Hegge, dated 1625, the germ of the later genealogies is found. The stem given there mentions a younger son, a Richard Hilton, as marrying the daughter and heir of John Parke, Esq., and it multiplies generations and supplies mythic wives, throwing back the marriage of the heiress of Tyson with William de Helton from the twelfth century to the eleventh, making her husband, with whom the pedigree begins, exist at the time of the Conquest.

The next edition before me, copied by Randal into a book of pedigrees in my possession, bears internal evidence of being of the date 1642, and carries up some ill-contrived descents from the Conquest to the reign of Athelstan or earlier. It contains an absurd statement that in the reign of that king, one Adam Hilton gave a crucifix engraved with his arms to the monastery of Hartlepool. Richard who is said to have married the heiress of Parke, is stated to have "had issue, and was called Hilton of Parke, in Lancashire."

In the reign of Charles II. we have other copies, which make the husband of Bona Tyson have a brother Robert, who marries the daughter and heir of Richard Bacon of Westmerland, and "so it took the name of Hilton Bacon." Just before the making of the pedigree the Baron's daughter had married Robert Hilton of Hilton Beacon, near Appleby.

It is quite true that one Robert de Hilton heads the pedigree of the Westmerland Hiltons, at a date correspondent to what he ought to have if he were a brother of the Durham Hilton who married Tyson. But the marriage with Bacon was later. The pedigree of the Hultons or Hiltons of Park, in Lancashire, runs in an independent stream still higher, and gives no loophole for the supposed heiress.

Lancelot was a favourite name of the members of one branch of the Hilton Beacon family, which came to what had probably at the outset been the true cradle of their race, Hilton near Staindrop. But I cannot trace to them the next addition to the marvellous history, which appears in the edition of Guillim's Heraldry, 1724, although the name "Lancelot" occurs in it. It states that the Hilton of Athelstan's time was called *Robert*, that Malmsbury mentions William de Hilton-Castle, as being called "with the other great lords" to "Pizzeazemoz, *i.e.* their Wittenagemott." Then comes the following fable. "In the reign of

King William the Conqueror, Henry de Hilton was one of the four lords that treated with him for the Northern Counties. This Henry, (as the family report) received of his gift, *a stag lodged and chained* for a cognizance or crest, which his valiant son *Lancelot* declined for that of his family; but, however, caused it to be placed on the backside of his castle, as a memorandum to posterity.—This family unfortunately lost their peerage in the reign of King Edward I., nor had William de Hilton and his son, who lived about the time of Edward II. and Edward III., whose dispositions were too turbulent, any summons to Parliament. But yet the Bishops of Durham, while they had power to nominate barons, gave them that title; and neighbours, in courtesy, still call them so.”

The story, being without marks of quotation, ought to be “peculiar to this edition” of Guillim, but it was evidently written before 1722, when Baron Richard died. He is described as living, and, amusingly enough, as “great-grandson” of the melancholy Baron Henry who in his will had called God and man to witness that he had no child living. Some Hiltons of Rea-Hall are prominently noticed as of the same family, and an erroneous descent is given.

In a similar account preserved by Randal and Allan, as “of one of the family’s writing,” which also mentions the Rea-Hall folks, the Hiltons are said to have lost the greatest part of their estate with their peerage, in the reign of Henry VI. by means of De la Pole, the royal favourite.

This idea, probably for the delectation of the Hiltons of Feversham, in Kent, was worked up in the final edition of the romance, as it appears in a letter addressed from somebody at Chelsea, who professed to have papers relating to the family, to the last Baron, in 1740. The substance of this popular account may be sufficiently seen in the History of Durham by Hutchinson, who pithily remarks that “some principal errors will appear in the comparison of the records.” “A certain inscription at Hartlepool” is quoted for the existence of the family in Athelstan’s time. “Upon the coming over of William the Conqueror, Lancelot de Hylton, with his two sons Henry and Robert, espoused his cause and joined him, but that Lancelot soon after was slain at Feversham, in Kent.” Then his son Henry obtains from the King a tract of land on the Wear, builds Hylton Castle in 1072, treats with him concerning the four northern counties. John Hylton is made Baron by Edward III. William the seventh Baron talks against Queen Margaret and Delapole, forfeits his estate, and is thought to have died a violent death. The Crown grants the estate to the informing Bishop of Durham, who after some time gives part of it to another Lancelot, the grandson of Lord William, “under this hard condition, that he and his heirs for ever should hold the moiety that was given them

under certain rents and services to the see of Durham, and have the title of barons, but barons to the Bishoprick only, annexed to their inheritance. Then comes an account of 24 Hyltons dying in divers battles, which probably gave the cue for the strange statement, that Lord Craven's armour of blue burnished Milan steel at the Eglinton Tournament was that which had been worn by Baron Hylton at the Battle of Cressy.

The letter only professes to be an abstract. The name of the writer does not appear in my copies, and probably it is only by one of the pseudo-heralds of the day who expected that the Baron would pay for more of such stuff.

The claims of various pretenders to the heirship and estates of the Hyltons are mythical enough, but we need not trouble ourselves with them in connection with the baronial stock. The owners, very sensibly, seem to have treated them as owners of the present day treat claimants supported by Newcastle newspapers.

We have now to consider traditionary legends, such as are found in conjunction with many families whose rise is lost in the clouds of antiquity.

On these subjects we have scarcely any early observations. To Hutchinson they plainly were distasteful. He is obliged indeed to notice the Worm Hill, and its name compels him to notice the legend attached to it. And in this fashion he despatches it. "Near [Fatfield Staiths] is an eminence called the Worm Hill, which tradition says was once possessed by an enormous serpent, that wound its horrid body round the base; that it destroyed much provision, and used to infest the Lambton estate, till some hero of that family engaged it, cased in armour set with razors, and when it would have crushed the combatant by enfolding him, sustaining a thousand wounds, fell at last by his falchion. We thought to have found entrenchments round this mount, and that the fable had reference to some Danish troop who kept the place as a station, from whence they could commit depredations on the country, and that the story of the hero imported some chief personage's victory over a public enemy. But there is not the least trace of any such matter, and the whole miraculous tale has no other evidence than the memories of old women. Our map makers have figured the place very significantly."

When the Lambton Worm is thus treated, we need not expect any notice of the Cauld Lad of Hilton.

He first appears, I think, in the improper guise of a spirit of a departed Hylton himself, in a letter of 1809 from Surtees to Sir Walter Scott:

"Hilton Castle, the ancient baronial residence of that family, is haunted by a being called "the Cold Lad of Hilton," supposed to be the spectre of one of the family who killed himself. This being inhabits

a small room under the staircase where, I suppose, the deed was committed. He had full possession of the house several years after the death of the last Baron Hilton, but has been lately exorcised by the hospitality of the present occupant, Simon Temple, Esq., who came in the fortunate crisis to prevent the demolition of this fine structure, which was already condemned to be taken down for the materials. The death of the last Baron (a title the family have held from immemorial custom, not as peers of Parliament, but barons of the Bishoprick, or, possibly, as descendants of very ancient territorial lords,) was predicted by a greyhound with a collar of gold (inscribed with magical characters, illegible to all but the Baron,) which rushed into the dining-room without being previously seen, and, neglecting the rest of the company, fawned upon the Baron, who, to the great surprise of all present, declared that his father, who had been dead 25 years, sent the dog to him, &c. &c. *et veritatem comprobavit eventus*. The dog disappeared before morning, as unaccountably as it came,"¹¹

We are treading on perilous ground. Before quoting Sir Cuthbert Sharp's *Hartlepool*, a well-intentioned and, as to the Knight's work, an honest book, let me put in a reminder that some of the notes were composed by Mr. Surtees, and that touching these, "some amusing anecdotes could be told." One of them *is* told by Dr. Raine (*Life of Surtees*, 372). To Robert Chambers (see the *Book of Days*), such things are *not* amusing.

I now quote from Sharp. After mentioning the *Hartlepool* crucifix, he proceeds: "A legendary tale resting solely on oral tradition, states that a raven flew from the north, and perching on the turrets of a tower seated on the Wear, received the embraces of a Saxon lady, whom her father, a powerful *abthane*, had there confined to protect her from the approaches of a Danish nobleman, by which may possibly be adumbrated the origin of the family, springing from a mixture of Danish and Saxon blood. The author, who wishes to adhere to facts, instead of presenting to the reader a fanciful pedigree, is glad to glean the isolated fragments which have survived the wreck of ages, and though the above tales are given, yet it is unnecessary to add any caution respecting their authenticity, although they may envelope some allusion which is now hid in the obscurity of fabulous legend."

In another page (79) he speaks of the portrait of the last Baron "still preserved at Hilton, let into a pannel above the fire-place, in the great dining-room.—There were in the same house, a considerable number of other family portraits, all bearing a striking resemblance to each other.

¹¹ Raine's *Additions to Life of Surtees*, p. 350. Is not the dog story an invention of somebody who was puzzled with the dog which bears company with the fountain in the gardens at Hilton. It has a collar with an inscription. The inscription is by no means very legible. But, after a little investigation, it reads I WILL NOT BVN AWAY.

One in particular represents a lady, young and handsome, of whom, strange to say, there is presented another portrait exhibiting her in a state of mental derangement."

Sharp printed in 1816. Garbutt's *Sunderland*, in 1819, gives us no further information. Neither of them speak of the Cauld Lad, unless his history is merged in that of the mad lady.

In 1820, appeared the 2nd volume of Surtees's *History*. The Hilton portion had been in type at least as early as May, 1818. I have not myself been able to trace to the people the story of the raven and the *abthane's* daughter, but it might exist at that time. "One proof perhaps (says Surtees), of the high antiquity of the Hiltons is the number of popular traditions which, in various ways, account for their origin. There is no improbability (though it is not matter proven) in supposing that the local establishment of the family extended above the Norman æra.—Romanus, the Knight of Hilton—might be Saxon, Dane, or Norman, or, according to a wild legend alluded to in Sharp's *Hartlepool*, he might with equal ease spring from a Northern Rover, who wooed and won 'a fair young Saxon dame with all her lands and towers,' under the disguise of one of Odin's Ravens. The account given below is certainly not offered as any portion of the *Hiltons' evidence*." And thereupon followeth Surtees's beautiful poem :

"His fetters of ice the broad Baltic is breaking."

On this subject I have nothing more to say.

As to the portraits, Surtees says that "a series of short, round, companionable-looking faces, on canvas, at Hilton, do not belie the family character. The last Baron, in a suit of blue and gold, still occupies the pannel above the fire-place in the deserted dining-room." Not a word about the lady sane and insane. Not a word about the greyhound mentioned in 1809.

As to the Cauld Lad, I transcribe the whole passage, premising that John Brough Taylor's manuscripts are geological, genealogical, and grave.

"For the whole evidence of the Lad of Hilton, I am indebted to the indefatigable zeal of my worthy friend I. B. Taylor, (*et est mihi sæpe vocandus*,) who collected and collated all the floating oral evidence which all the seniors of Hilton and Wearmouth could afford.

"Every castle, tower, or manor-house, has its visionary inhabitants. *The Cauld Lad of Hilton* belongs to a very common and numerous class, the *Brownie* or domestic spirit, and seems to have possessed no very distinctive attributes. He was seldom seen, but was heard nightly by the servants who slept in the great hall. If the kitchen had been left in

perfect order, they heard him amusing himself by breaking plates and dishes, hurling the pewter in all directions, and throwing everything into confusion. If, on the contrary, the apartment had been left in disarray (a practice which the servants found it most prudent to adopt), the indefatigable goblin arranged everything with the greatest precision. This poor *esprit folet*, whose pranks were at all times perfectly harmless, was at length banished from his haunts by the usual expedient of presenting him with a suit of clothes. A green cloak and hood were laid before the kitchen fire, and the domestics sat up watching at a prudent distance. At twelve o'clock the sprite glided gently in, stood by the glowing embers, and surveyed the garments provided for him very attentively, tried them on, and seemed delighted with his appearance, frisking about for some time, and cutting several summersets and gambados, till, on hearing the first cock, he twitched his mantle tight about him, and disappeared with the *usual* valediction.

"Here's a cloak and here's a hood
The cauld lad o' Hilton will do no more good."

"This account of the Cauld Lad's very indecorous behaviour, on receiving his new livery, seems apochryphal. The genuine Brownie always received the present which was to banish him from his long-loved haunts with tokens of deep regret.—The genuine Brownie, however, is supposed to be, *ab origine*, an unembodied spirit; but the boy of Hilton has, with an admixture of English superstition, been identified with the apparition of an unfortunate domestic, whom one of the old chiefs of Hilton slew at some very distant period, in a moment of wrath or intemperance. The Baron had, it seems, on an important occasion, ordered his horse, which was not brought out so soon as he expected; he went to the stable, found the boy loitering, and seizing a hayfork, struck him, though not intentionally, a mortal blow. The story adds, that he covered his victim with straw till night, and then threw him into the pond, where the skeleton of a boy was (in confirmation of the tale) discovered in the last Baron's time.—Amongst other baronial appendages, Mr. Hilton was one of the latest gentlemen in England who kept a domestic fool. The Baron, on one occasion, on his return from London, quitted his carriage at the ferry, and amused himself with a homeward saunter through his own woods and meadows; at Hilton foot bridge he encountered his faithful fool, who, staring on the gaudy laced suit of his patron, made by some false suthron tailor, exclaimed, *Wha's fule now ?*"

Something of the same style of story is related of a Lambton fool. Jacky was very deferential to the Lambton ladies, in opening of gates

and other attentions. One day, Squire Lambton, inclined to a joke, passed through a gate first and as often as Jacky attempted to open it, pushed it back with his foot. The fool bore this pursuit of courtesy under difficulties for a time patiently enough, but at last burst out angrily;—"Why, I really think Mr. Lambton's a greater fool than Jacky!"

These anecdotes are in fact only exemplars of a very numerous class. It will be remembered that Charles I.'s wise fool Archie Armstrong was degraded from the king's service and had his coat pulled over his head, 'for certain scandalous words of high nature spoken against the Archbishop of Canterbury his face.' The fool had heard of the introduction of the prayer-book proclaimed in Scotland, and sideling towards Laud as he was passing to the council table, said "*Whea's feule now ? doth not your grace hear the news from Striveling about the liturgy ?*"¹²

I have already stated that Surtees's account of the Hiltons was in type in 1818. In that year he writes to Brough Taylor as follows: "I sent you a message through Sir Cuthbert which I trust you will take in good part, to be careful how you indulge the Newcastleites with any view of the Hiltons. A Mr. Philipson, of whom I know nothing but that he writes like a gentleman, tells me that he intends to publish a detailed genealogical account of all the Hiltons, with anecdotes, &c., &c. I shall be ready to give him any assistance compatible with my own work, but I really cannot suffer my elaborate pedigree of Hilton, nor still more my narrative and anecdotes, &c., to be anticipated, and I must therefore beg, if applied to, that you will keep the Hiltons close in your desk, and refer Mr. P. to me, and he shall be very genteelly used."

Now this Nicholas John Philipson, the useful editor of the Durham Visitation of 1575, fortunately applied to Spearman of Eachwick. In December, 1818, that gallant receptacle of local lore wrote his reply, which by the kindness of Philipson's brother, our Town-Clerk, I have seen. He gives quite a different account of the spirit, and thus he gives it: "Now for a story to match Mr. Surtees's apparition huntsman. Some of the Barons of Hylton maintained an orphan boy as a scullion; from his activity he was useful, and regarded by the whole family. He went by the name of *Cowed Lad* from his short cut hair; at last he sickened and died, but in death forgot not his old occupation, but, as when living, was often seen sleeping before the kitchen fire, by such servants as were early up. As soon as any one appeared, he stalked away."

Spearman also mentions that "the last Baron John, as his ancestors had done, kept a fool.—A pitman, on the opposite bank of Wear had a

¹² Rushworth.

handsome wife. When it was high, her husband, good soul! carried her on his back to a summer-house. A song was made:

“Drive Hawky, car’ Hawky, drive Hawky thro’ the water,
Hawky’s but a little cow, she’s sometimes flaid to wade the water,
Take her up; and set her through, car’ Hawky thro’ the water.”

“Mr. Hylton hearing the fool sing this song, asked ‘*who taught him!*’ ‘*What wad you?*’ answered he, so no further enquiry, as after he answered ‘What wad you?’ no threats or beating could gain any further answer.” The rhyme is an alteration of a well known Scotch song about a cow whose pet name, a common one for her species, was Hawkey.

I will now show that in the popular mind this fool and the Cauld Lad were sometimes identified. Mrs. Booth of Monkwearmouth, who died upwards of 40 years ago, aged about 70,¹³ used to say that the Cauld Lad was living in her great-grandmother’s time, [*i.e.* about the time of the last Baron] and that he was a sort of idiot servant, and continually pestering the household with fooleries. He had an odd fancy for throwing away his clothes, and as a remedy he was provided with a jacket which was buttoned behind. Meeting a greyhound with its bones standing up along its back, he dolefully said: “*Times are sair altered with thou and me, poor beast, since we were both buttoned up behind.*”

Now the same story is briefly told by Spearman for the fool. “From over-gorging himself, his waistcoat was buttoned down the back. Stroking a greyhound, he said, ‘*Poor thing, thou’rt buttoned down the back as well as me.*’ I heard the tale in much the same fashion from Mrs. Storey, an aunt of the late Mr. Kell, whose father lived at High Eighton, and had told it to her. She added that the fool’s jacket was of leather.

Another of Mrs. Storey’s tales was this. The fool, dressed in livery, one morning was pacing the banks of the Wear at the ford. The river was unusually high, and a gentleman by invitation was to breakfast with the Baron that day. The guest, arriving on horseback at the opposite side of the stream, and seeing the boy in the Baron’s colours, shouted to know if he could pass the ford in safety. The lad answered that “he might come across well enough.” The gentleman plunged into the river, and was in the greatest danger of his life. Some of the servants, however, rendered assistance, and safe but soaked he arrived at the castle. The Baron expressed his vexation and surprise at his coming through the ford while it was in such a state. “I was deceived by your servant, sir!”—“By mine?”—“Yes, sir, by *yours!*”—“In

¹³ Inf. M. E. Taylor.

my livery?"—"Yes."—The servants were one by one called in. None answered the gentleman's remembrance.—"Why these are all the servants that I have," said the Baron, "but" (an idea striking him) "just call . . ." The fool, whose name is forgotten, was called in.—That's the man."—"How," said his master, "durst you tell this gentleman that he could pass the ford such a morning as this?"—"Why, sir, I saw our ducks come across well enough just before, and the gentleman's horse had much longer legs than our ducks, and I thought, dear me, if they could come over, he would do so a long way better than them."

This story I have heard more than once, and from persons who did not profess to have any literary turn of mind. Now it also was by Mrs. Booth attributed to the Cauld Lad while in the flesh. But in her version three gentlemen were the victims, and before venturing into the water they asked if any thing had passed over it that morning. He answered *yes*; and the Baron, on hearing the misadventure, said at once, "Oh, I know who it has been!"

Mrs. Storey's account of the Cauld Lad himself was, that he used to be sadly in the way of the cook by hanging about the fire. One day she pushed him aside, and, taking up her iron ladle, banged him on the head with it. What with the blow, and what with the heat of the ladle and its contents, the lad died, but he continued to annoy the cook by his spiritual appearance. For he came in his old shape, but with a *scalded head*! This notion approaches Spearman's, and a Northumbrian, will say when he sees you with your hair cut shamefully short: "Why, how they've cowed ye." Yet, in favour of the form *cauld*, I have a note on the authority of E. A. from a very old woman [it is well that Hutchinson the historian is not here] that the spirit's approach on the landings and passages of the castle was known by a *cold* damp wind—a murky mist preceding before him. All was *cold* and blasty near him. His long fair hair hung down his shoulders, his face was *cold* and deadly white, and his eyes glistened unnaturally.

The next evidence in this most grave and veracious history is a series of stanzas, with notes, called "The Kow'd Lad of Hylton," "by the writer of the 'Lambton Worm,'" Gateshead, 1831. This tract has been reproduced by Ross of the Arcade as a favourite chap-book. It contains a woodcut representing the Kow'd Lad as a gentleman without other clothes than breeches and shoes, minus his head, which, however, streaming with blood, he carries in his right hand.

The plot of the verses is that the Hyltons, whose "ancient lands, from south of Wear, reached forty miles around," and "northward reached to where the Tyne leaves Gateshead's sandy shore," had waxed lewd and lavish. One heiress married a Jew, who, contrary to what

we might conceive would have been the result, "hasted the fortunes through"; and another fell in love with the butler, whom her father sent away as a soldier. She scorns to know another love. Her father close confines her. "Her food, by hand unseen, each day, was sent her through the wall." She dies of delirium, and the stranger is shown her likeness in every stage of love. The Baron dies. "His heir a groom did luckless slay, full wroth," forfeits his lands and flees. The murdered groom appears the same night, and oft is seen:

"The head suspended by its hair,
He holds in either hand,
And carries, as a lantern good,
To guide him o'er the land."

The notes are the only parts of the book worth notice. As to the lady: "paintings, seven in number, represent her love from beginning to end, from her being a beautiful girl of sixteen or seventeen, to where she dies of delirium. The room is shown also in which she died, with a square hole above the door, through which her victuals were passed and in the room is a very high window, with a sloping bottom inside. This was to prevent her taking hold of anything to further her escape." As to the Cauld Lad, we are informed that "lately his visits have not been frequent. One of the servants observing that his poll was rather bald, took the liberty of placing a green cloak and hood for the spirit. In the morning both cloak and hood were missing; and on the table were found, written with chalk, the following regular couplet:

"Here's a cloak, and there's a hood,
And the Kow'd Lad o' Hylton will do no more good."

"Cauld or cold is the orthography of the word; but the ear being more familiar with the word kow'd, I have adopted it accordingly." "The ferry boat seems to have been his hobby-horse; many are the freaks he has been known to play upon the water, much to the terror and annoyance of the passengers. He would often get into the boat and row over half-way, then of a sudden disappear, and leave the women and children to shift for themselves; then again he would make his appearance, and after rowing them up and down the river a mile or two, land them on the same side they started from." Some other tricks are mentioned in the verses. At the end is this note: "Others have the Kow'd Lad, originally an orphan boy, presenting himself at the castle begging. But that he was stable lad or groom in the family is the current tradition. A gentleman near Sunderland has favoured me with a well written song of his." Then follows a ditty about a wandering boy being fed and

employed at the castle, and struck down by the Baron on his return from the chase, in which the loss of a favourite hound had enraged him.

The tract seems to have attempted to continue genuine tradition, but in the year before, 1830, one John Fawcett¹⁴ had published at Sunderland "a legendary tale" called "Hilton Castle in the Olden Day." This is in the style of fiction which must have Mowbray or some such name for that of the hero. The Baron returns to his castle with a wounded chieftain who had saved him on the Border, and gives him to the charge of his charming daughter Ella. He was called De Mowbray, was of noble kin, and, *mirabile dictu*, had led 'the Lumley's force.' It appears that he was Lumley's nephew! He falls in love, of course, and is promised Ella, if he returns crowned with glory. On his departure a wealthy Ranulph comes, and obtains the Baron's good offices: she sends for Mowbray by a page, who, bribed by Ranulph, brings back an account of his inconstancy. She is about to marry Ranulph, when Mowbray turns up in guise of a palmer, discloses himself, fights Ranulph, gives him his life, which is forthwith lost by his own hand; and then the page drowns himself, and the ghosts of the two suicides walk and talk by the Wear, but they are not connected with the Cauld Lad.

There is little to say upon this production. A note upon a casual mention of "Hilton's clay-cold boy," informs us that the Cauld Lad o' Hilton had kept lords and peasants in terror by its nocturnal ramblings, until sealed to eternal rest by the all-powerful spell of an *exorcist*," and that "though generations had passed away since the wandering spirit received its mittimus," yet passengers by the castle feared its appearance.

This *laying* of the Cauld Lad henceforth forms an element in the story.

The notion of Surtees that the Cauld Lad's joyful conduct in receiving his clothes was indecorous and apochryphal doubtless arose from his being more acquainted with the Scottish Brownies than with the laughing English Portuni or Pixies. A valediction in a Pixie story is much like that of the Cauld Lad.

"Now the Pixies' work is done,
We take our clothes and off we run."

And I suspect that when Surtees uses the expression "usual" in describing the Cauld Lad's parting rhyme, he had in his mind something still more closely resembling, or which had *originated* it. His advice to Sharp in 1833 is noteworthy: "Let us have the old stuff first. Some

¹⁴ "The author was clerk in a mercantile establishment, but died some years ago in a state of mental derangement." G.G. 1854.

local traditions might be mentioned as notes to the metrical remains, but have we a single old line of poetry to hang the Lambton Worm or Cold Lad of Hilton on? To enter into any dissertation on Brownies, &c., would be exceeding the limits of a metrical collection; so tell the stories short and quaintly." Sir Cuthbert's Bishoprick Garland did not come out until the next year, 1834, after the Historian's death. The story of the Cauld Lad is merely copied from Surtees's History.

Two or three years afterwards, old Mrs. Fitzpatrick, the keeper of the castle, was collecting subscriptions for *laying the Cauld Lad*. It seemed that a priest once exorcised him for some years, and nailed as many nails in a door as the number of years was for which he had laid him. The last nail was about to drop, and the very ancient woman was alarmed for the consequences. In 1838, "Mr. Roxby's new local drama of the Cauld Lad of Hilton" was being performed at his theatres. It appeared, I think, a year or two before. The plot and names are founded on Fawcett's poem, but there are variations, and the words "Awful Appearance of the Cauld Lad of Hilton" figured in large letters about halfway down the "Progress of the Incidents."

In 1842 a very graphic account of the castle appeared in the 2nd series of William Howitt's Visits.

"Hilton Castle (he says) was one of the last places in which a brownie or hobthrussh flourished. There are various versions of this story, some of which seem to point to a more than hobthrussh origin." After detailing the Surteesian account, he thus proceeds. "The country people, however, seem to have another idea of the Cold Lad. The woman who showed me the house, on arriving at a certain chamber, pointed to a cupboard over the door, and said: 'That is the place where they used to put the Cold Lad.' I replied: 'To which he used to retreat you mean.' 'No, no,' reiterated she pertinaciously, 'where they used to put him.' In her story, it was a boy, that on some account had been treated cruelly, and kept in confinement in this cupboard, where no doubt, in the winter, he acquired the unenviable epithet of *the Cold Lad*. A third opinion—is—that the real name is—the *Cowed Lad*—that is the lad with his head cut off; or at least with his hair cut close.—It brings the story back to the notion of the boy being killed by his master, rather by the sword than by scythe or fork. The woman at the house also asserted that he had no head. Be the original fact which it may, or be it none of them, it has for many a long age given plenty of food for the fire-side gossip of this part of the country, and there are not wanting those who assert that the Cowed Lad may still be met there. They tell of servants who, one after another, deserted the service of the house from frights which he gave them long after the time that he was said to

receive his green clothes; and especially of a dairymaid who was very fond of helping herself to the richest milk and cream. One day as she had been sipping with a spoon from various pans, the Cowed Lad suddenly, but invisibly, over her shoulder, said: 'Ye taste, and ye taste, and ye taste, but ye never give the Cowed Lad a taste!' At the hearing of this voice she dropped the spoon on the floor in a fright; rushed out of the house, and never would enter it again."

When Sharp again turned his attention to the Hiltons, and compiled an article on them for Richardson's Table Book (vol iii., 1846), he had gained some extra poetry. The Cauld Lad "was frequently heard to exclaim in the dead of the night, in a melancholy strain:

'Wae's me, wae's me,
The acorn is not yet
Fallen from the tree
That's to grow the wood
That's to make the cradle
That's to rock the bairn
That's to grow to a man
That's to lay me!'"

These lines are termed by Sharp "consolatory," and as proceeding from the Lad in consequence of his having an inkling of the intention of the servants to banish him, he having become wearisome to them. "However, the goblin reckoned without his host." And then Sir Cuthbert gives the Surteesian account of his exit.

To me the tenor of the melancholy strain rather points to long disappointed expectation of being *laid*.

"Long after this (continues Sharp)—although he never returned to disarrange the pewter and set the house in order, yet his voice was heard at the dead hour of midnight, singing in melancholy melody,

'Here's a cloak, and here's a hood,
The Cauld Lad o' Hilton will do no more good.'

"There was a room in the castle long distinguished by the name of the *Cauld Lad's Room*, which was never occupied except when the castle was overflowing with company, and, within the last century, many persons worthy of credence had heard at midnight the unearthly wailings of the Cauld Lad of Hilton."

Shortly after this I saw the worthy knight, and he told me that among the fearsome tales of an old quondam inhabitant of the castle was the following: One night she *saw* the Cauld Lad—"aye—that was the night, sir"—*looking in* between some shutters which did not fit close.—"Well, and what was he like?"—"Why, sir, *he had'nt a head*."

About 1848, I paid much attention to the Legends of the County, and being on a visit to the widow of Mr. Taylor, and within walking distance of Hylton, I extracted from her and the neighbours some few additional details. One tale was, that the Cauld Lad, being colder than usual one night, *asked* the cook for the cloak and hood to keep him in decent temperature, and she laid them accordingly for him the next evening. The morning after that there was found written on the table

“ *I’ve taken your cloak, I’ve taken your hood,
The Cowed Lad of Hylton will do no more good.*”

Some thought that the title of the sprite meant the Cow-lad or Cow-herd Lad, i. e. the Baron’s cow keeper. I ventured to suggest that, after all, *cowed* was merely a dialectic synonym of *cold* or *cauld*, just as Boldon is pronounced Bowdon; and that *cold* being synonymous with *dead* (*cauld deed* is a common pleonasm in Northumberland), the *Cauld Lad* was the *Dead Lad*, agreeing with the tenor of the traditions, however the old Brownies or Pixies may be at the bottom of them.

Again, there was a marvellous narrative making one of the Miss Hyltons fall in love with the Cauld Lad himself when living. The Baron found the couple in the Cauld Lad’s room, locked her up in the closet above the door, fed her there on bread and water, and starved her to death. The Cauld Lad he slew there and then, as the indelible blood spots on the floor of the apartment most plainly attest. The two pictures mentioned by Sharp were stated to have represented the Cauld Lad’s lady love. Then there was the more prosaic notion that the Cauld Lad had been shut up in the closet when he became so tiresome that the establishment would not permit him to practise his pranks *ad libitum*: and that at last the Baron, coming in drunk, and incensed at him, threw a heavy bootjack at his head and killed him, leaving the stains aforesaid. All, I observed, gave a somewhat late date to the murder, they differed in the unimportant point as to whether it was effected by a hayfork, pitchfork, or bootjack. They agreed that the Cauld Lad, in his spiritual state, was minus his head. The latest story was that a poor fellow, in walking along the road past the castle, heard a melancholy sound of *Click him! Catch him!!* close to him. Away he ran. The quicker he went, the quicker was it repeated. He stopped, and so did it. At last he stuck by running, and, dashing into his house in mortal agony, discovered that his boot heel had given way, and had been flapping up and down with attendant horrors.

All this was hardly in keeping with the pursuits of a grave archæologist. So I inspected material evidences. From the castle all the portraits had disappeared. The cheerful stucco-work of the last Baron

was still to the fore, but miserably denuded of the accompaniments necessary to its effects. In the noble saloon, over the fireplace, was a vacant frame for a picture and a bust above, and opposite this was another vacant place, and a pretty bust above. This was pointed out as "the lady." I am ashamed of the continuation of my note of the information I received: "One of the servants who used sometimes to give her food." A fight between Baron John and his man-servant would be an ignoble conclusion to the history of "my beautiful lady."

In the "Cauld Lad's room," in the third story towards the south, there were near the window some large stains of blood or ink or other dye, and a hole above the door leading apparently into the roof or some other part of the south wing. For some reason, the south windows of the venerable centre were placed closer to one of its buttresses than the corresponding ones on the north, and the window of the Cauld Lad's room rather slanted through the wall and was very high up. But the window seat, though slanting with two stages of seats, hardly bore out the statement that its slope inside was to prevent the imprisoned girl taking hold of anything to further her escape. Nor did escape from such a height seem feasible. It was a remarkable coincidence, and nothing more, that at the exterior, immediately below the window in question, the lime had assumed a reddish hue.

Afterwards I inspected the portraits of the Hiltons which had been removed from the Castle to Streatlam. A beautiful lady, with open breast and dark blue eyes, arrayed in white, over which is loosely thrown some dress of blue turned up with amber, is pointed out as having cut her throat. Another lady, with an excrescence under the right eye, seems older. Another has golden ear-rings, and has brown eyes. Her dress is scarlet over white. Another, with brown eyes, also in scarlet and white, is different from the last, and has an air of insanity. Another, in black frame, is marked "Nat. Sept. Ao. 1622, Capt. Mense Maij 1662." There is an old pair of portraits apparently of a brother and sister. She has her hair dressed with scarlet, and an open piazza, ascended by steps, appears in her picture. Another lady seems evidently to be her sister. All the above have very light auburn hair. I have enumerated seven portraits, but two of them, as Sharp has it, are perhaps all that can be considered as belonging to one personage, sane or insane. There is one more picture of a lady, in chalks. She has light brown eyes, and strongly resembles the subject of one of the other portraits, I forget which, but my note is "not the insane one."

The last phase of the Cauld Lad's story is contained in the *Durham Chronicle*, a christmas or two ago: W. P. Shield is the narrator, and by way of traditionary introduction, he makes the Cauld Lad a sort of

Banshee, cheerfully warning the barons of their death, with the uncomfortable prophecy "I'se cauld, varra, varra cauld, and ye'll be sune cauld tee," and moaning at the birth of their heirs. The explanatory romance is of the Rose of Raby and Lily of Lumley school. The Lords of Hylton and Ludworth are at variance. The heir of Ludworth, under the guise of Ran' o' the Burn gains the affections of Baron Hilton's daughter. She attempts to escape with him, being threatened with a match with John the heir of Lambton. Lambton catches the couple, fights Ludworth, and allows the Baron time to appear and to put the disguised hero into a prison in Hilton, prior to his execution. The Hilton fool, Dicky Witless, is allowed access to him, is sent for a monk to shrive him, returns as the monk himself, and exchanges clothes. The cheated Baron pops the fool into a clammy subterraneous dungeon, and is alarmed at night with a voice that some one was cauld, varra cauld, and will die if not relieved. Then he chases a spirit, and in the hunt leaps off the battlements. In the morning, Ludworth and his father come *in propriis personis*, and find Baron dead and Cauld Lad dead too, the latter from the sad lack of sanitary dryness and ventilation in his dungeon. And so arises the legend. The tale needs no comment.

I hope that my chronological summary will not be unuseful in estimating the worth of traditionary lore, and of chronicles written little better than a century after the events they profess to record; for the last Baron Hilton died only about a century and a quarter ago.

I have not touched upon the facts which might have given rise to the tradition, because I think that the Brownie or Pixie was a relic of ancient heathendom and unconnected with any event; and because I cannot but come to the conclusion that the manslaughter or mischance or murder or suicide which has been tacked on to the superstition is of recent date. It is sufficient, in conclusion, to say that in 1609 Robert Hilton of Hilton, gent., in mowing hay, as moneyless younger brethren thought it right to do, slew Roger Skelton with his scythe by accident; that Baron William received a general pardon for all sorts of murders, manslaughters, &c., in 7 Fox; and, that in the reign of Edward III., 4 Hatfield, Alexander de Hilton had a pardon in the matter of the death of John de Farnacres, who was, I think, connected with Follonsby, an estate bordering the Baron's estate of Usworth, and which eventually was acquired by the Hiltons.

W. HYLTON DYER L.

POSTSCRIPT.—Since the above papers were written I have been enabled to accompany them with the following illustrations.

I. Ground plan of the Great Gatehouse before the recent removal of its internal walls. The "Hall" was a through passage with original

vaulting which was covered with the stucco work of the last Baron in plaster. The four apartments to the north and south of this passage, formed by the walls which ran at right angles to it, were also arched over. In the centre of this arching, at intervals, were square holes, as if for the annoyance of any enemy who had succeeded in gaining possession of the ground story of the fabric. Above the arches was solid grouting, and upon that was a covering of paving stones, which formed the floor of the 2nd story. In the subsequent alterations the north east room was found to have an opening to the north to the wing on that side: and the communication from the destroyed door of 1728 to the south east apartment also disclosed itself.

II. Plan of that 2nd story, which was rich in the peculiar stucco work introduced by the last Baron.

III.—Plan of the 3rd story. The room to the south with the slanting light is the "Cauld Lad's."

When the above plans were taken, a second newel staircase was unknown. It is in the same front as the one shown, and is opposite to it in the thick masonry on the northern side of the Hall.

IV. Plan of the 4th or Roof story. The old leads, given by Billings, had disappeared, and with them the ancient chimney alluded to in my text.

The above are from plans made in 1864 for the present owner, who has obligingly allowed the use of them. But it must not be understood that they sufficiently show the ancient state of the building above the ground floor. The indication of the old lights in the plates and remains of the fabric seems to support Hutchinson's statement that "the present centre of the building is five stories in height."

V. A view in 1854, taken by the camera lucida, showing the destroyed chimney and the north part of the Guard room.

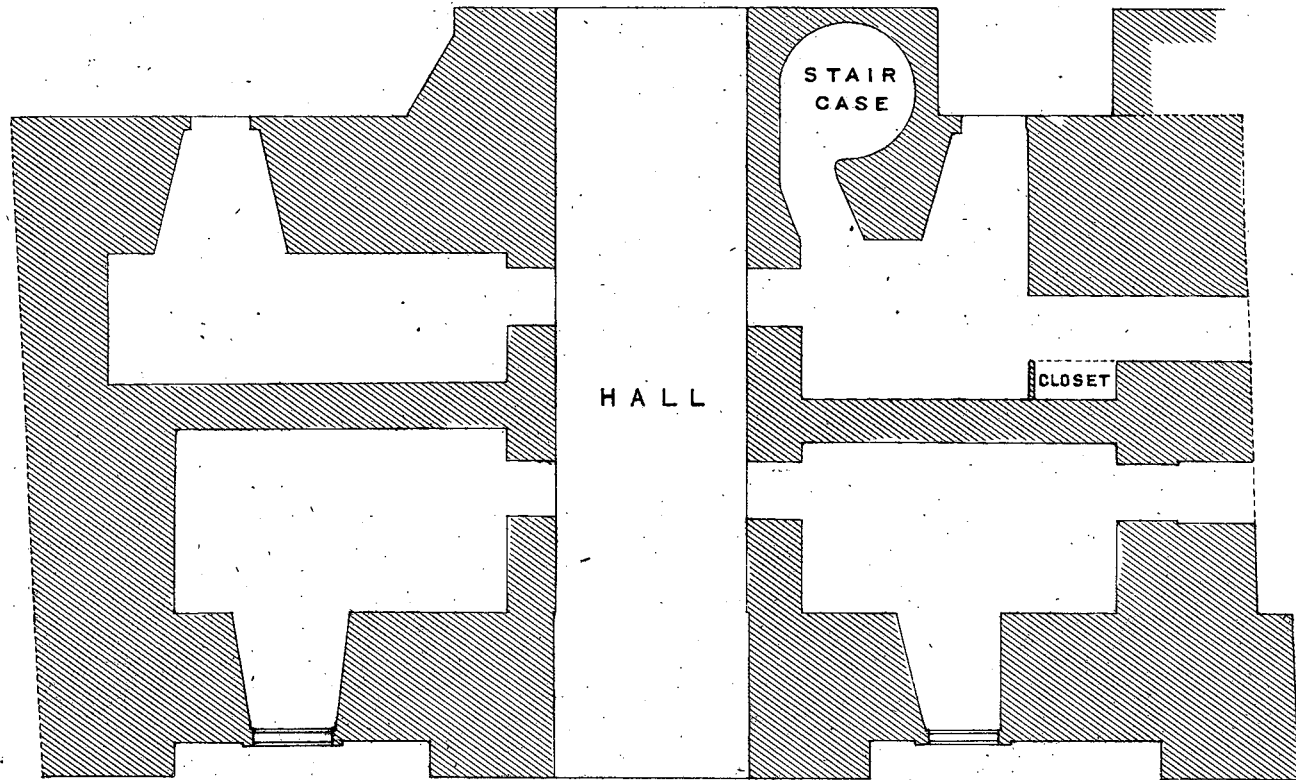
VI. Buck's view of the Chapel, showing the destroyed nave.

VII. Buck's view of the North Wing and the new Doorway.

VIII. His view of the ancient Tower. The drawing gives a transom across the window above the Banner of the Hiltons.

The three preceding illustrations are from impressions of the original plate of S. and N. Buck, 1728, of which our treasurer has allowed the use.

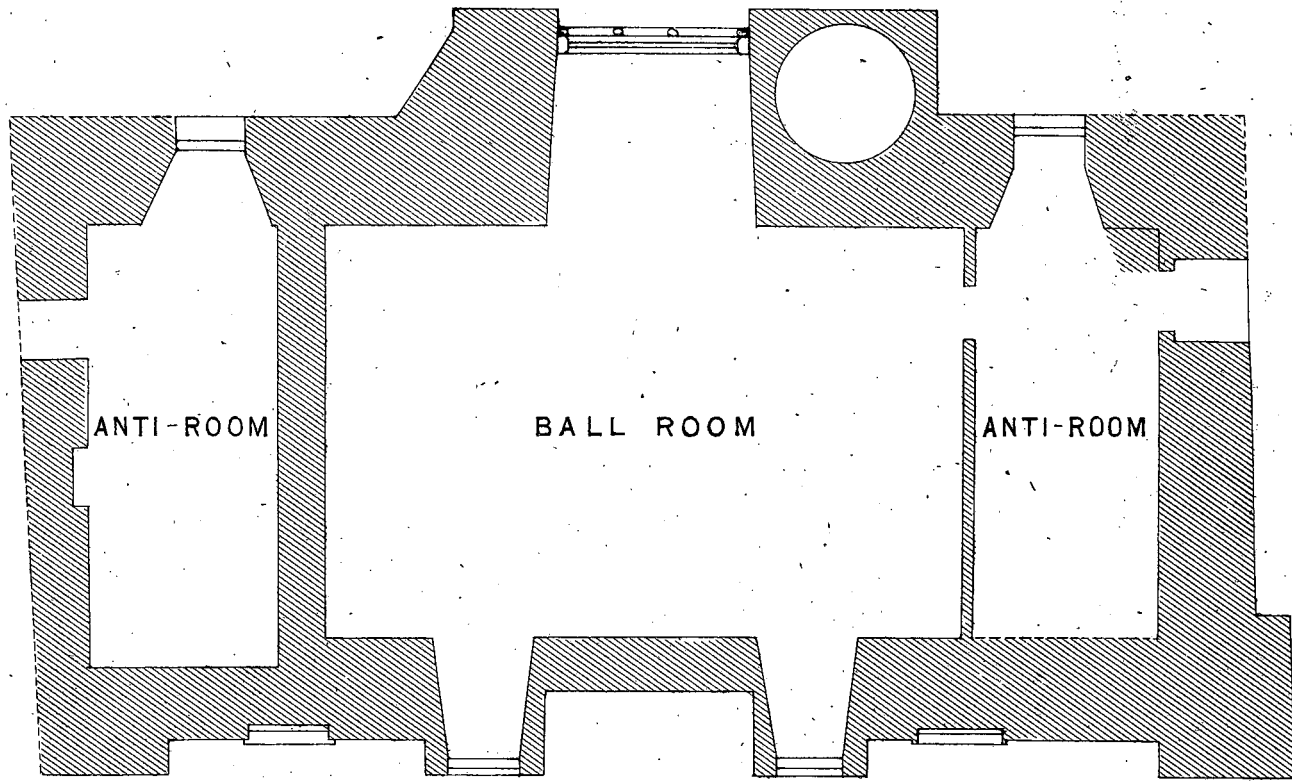
It is observable that while the nave of the Chapel was then unroofed, the transepts seem to have possessed both roofs and glass. It is possible that some of the rather elegant roofs of "Irish wood" which existed a few years ago were older than the last Baron. The ribs were thin, but with good quasi-Gothic mouldings, in *feeling* reminding one of the chancel roof at Brancepeth, and the portion above the altar had painted stars.



GROUND PLAN OF GREAT GATEHOUSE

HYLTON CASTLE.

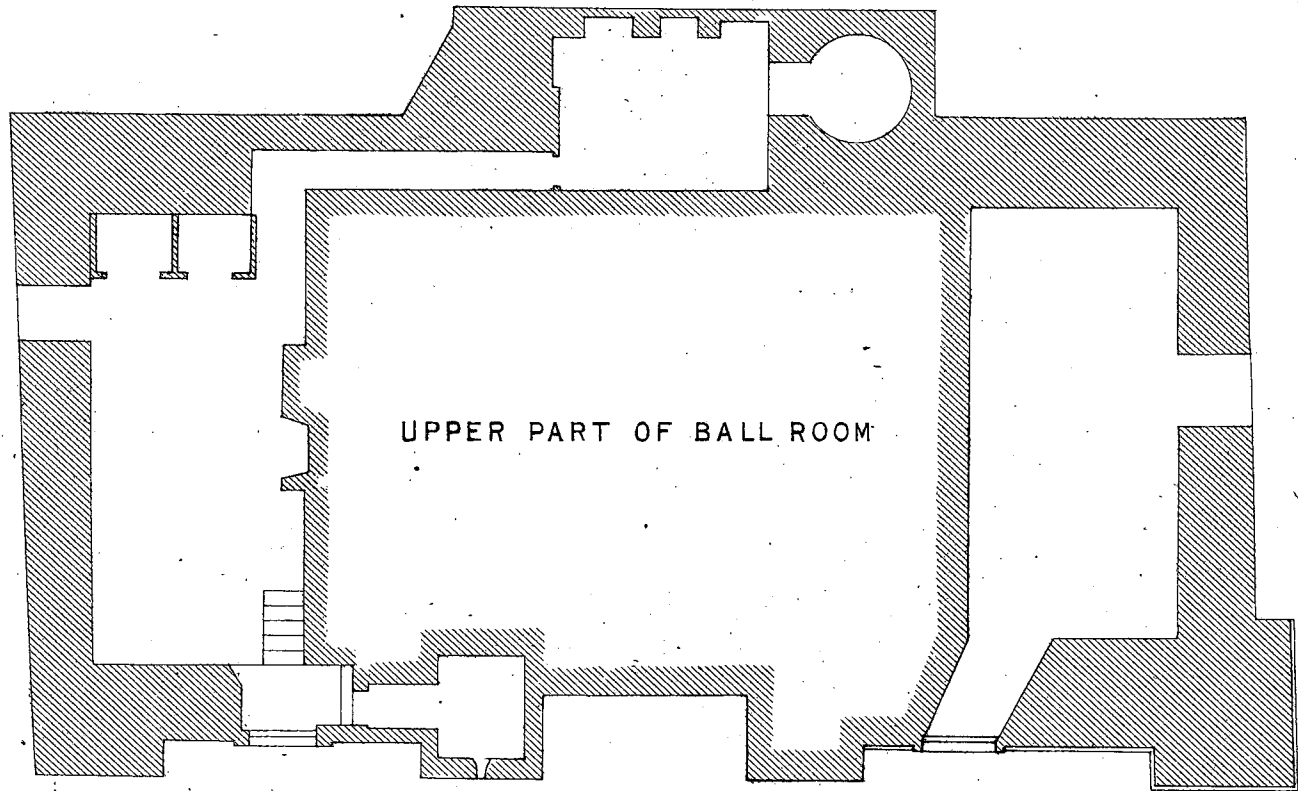




SECOND STORY OF GREAT GATEHOUSE.

HYLTON CASTLE.



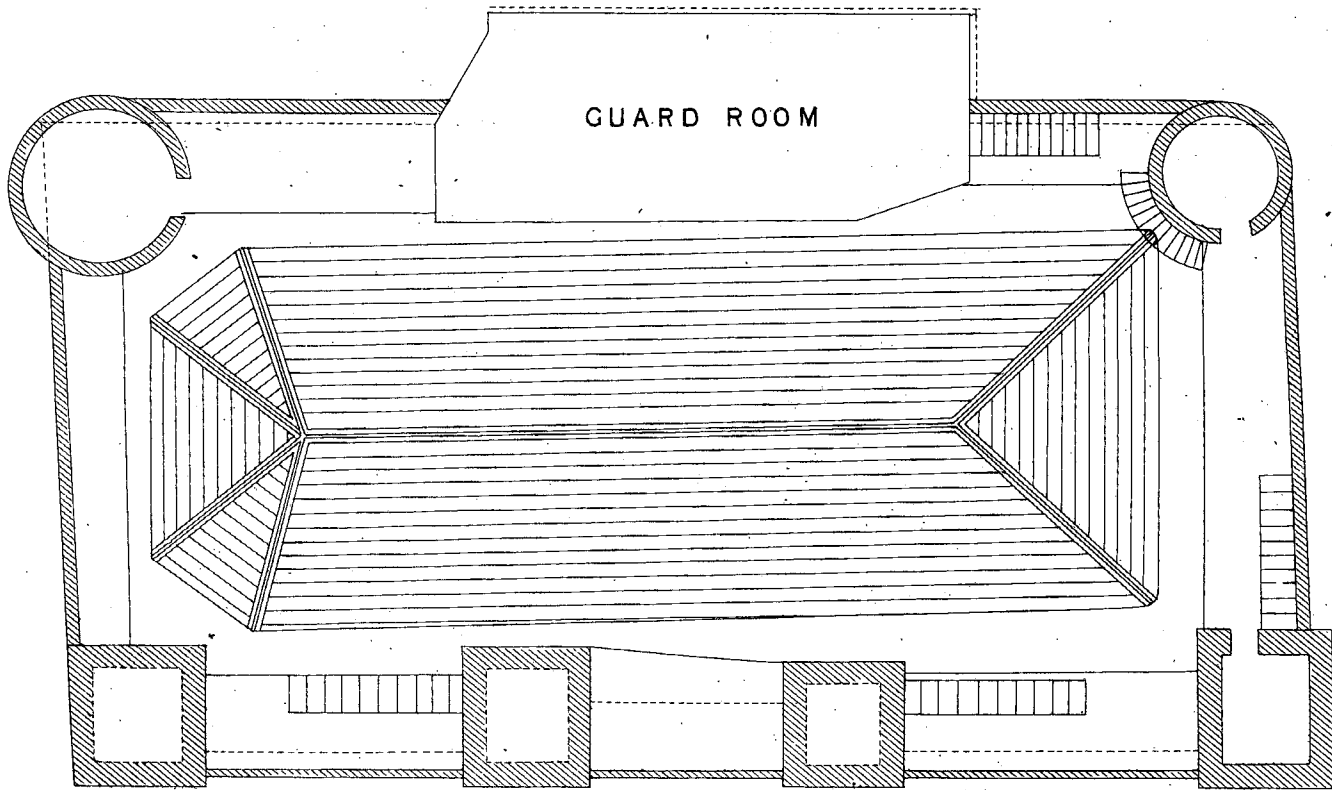


UPPER PART OF BALL ROOM

PLAN OF THIRD STORY

HYLTON CASTLE.



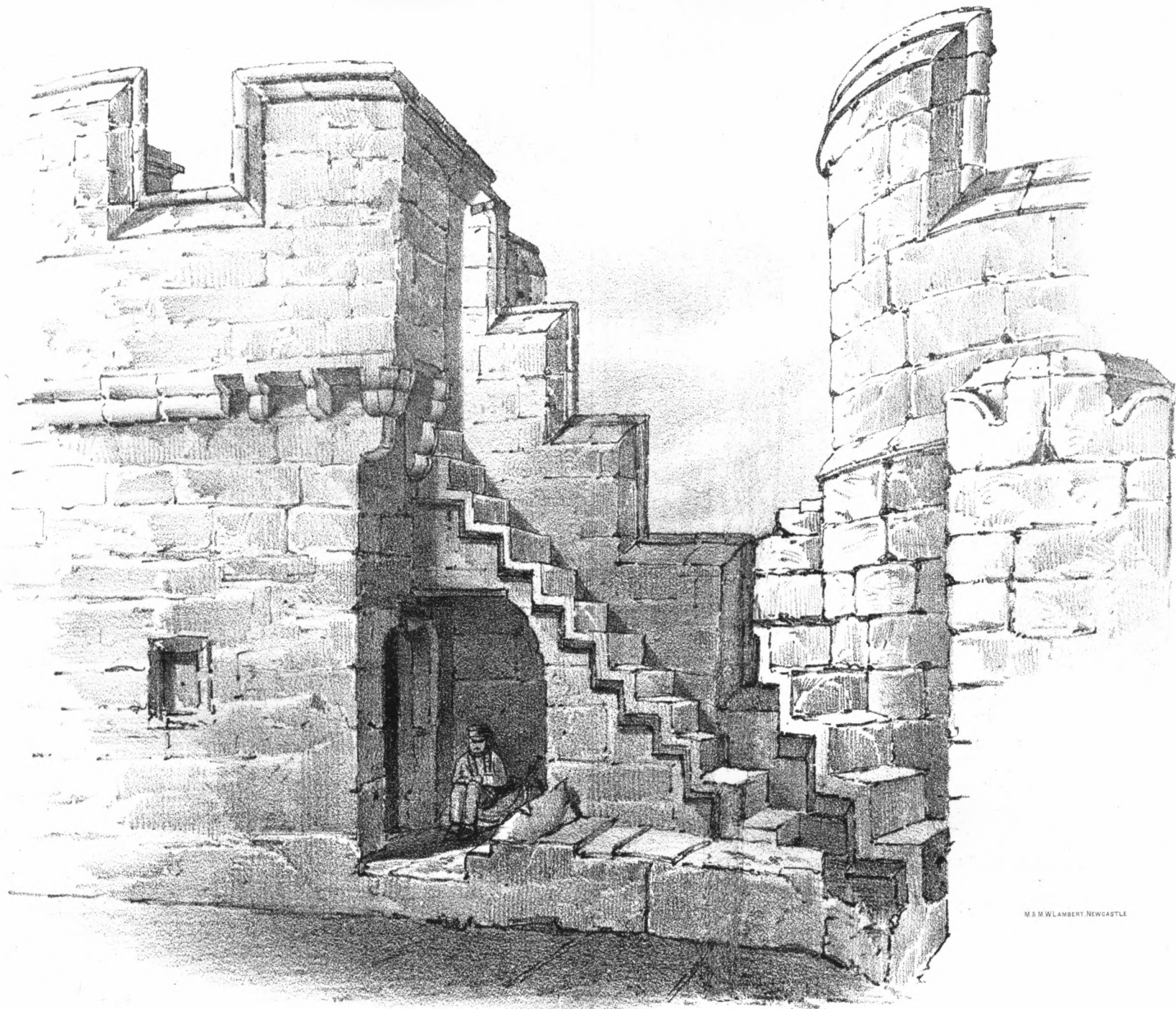


GUARD ROOM

ROOF PLAN

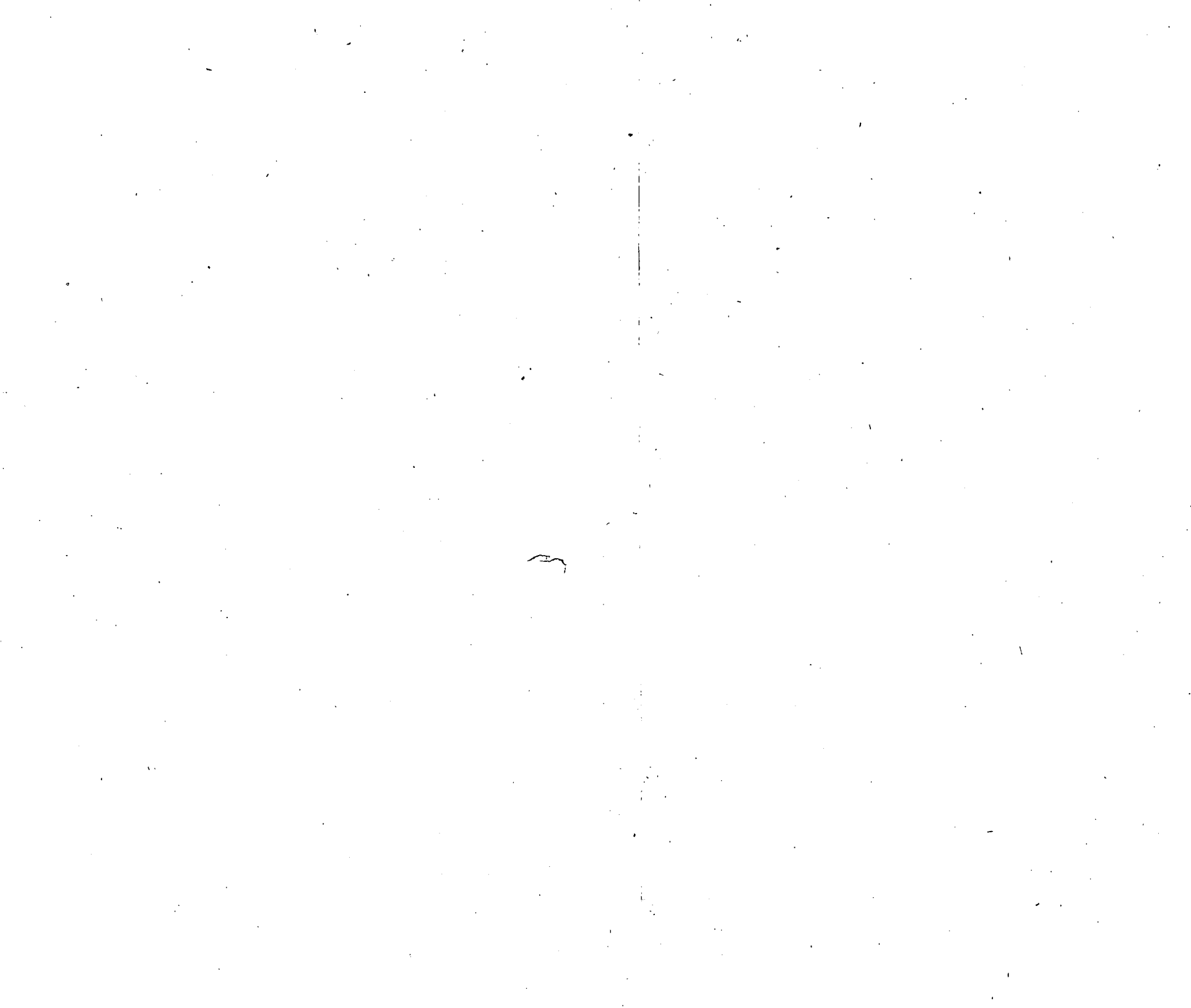
HYLTON CASTLE.

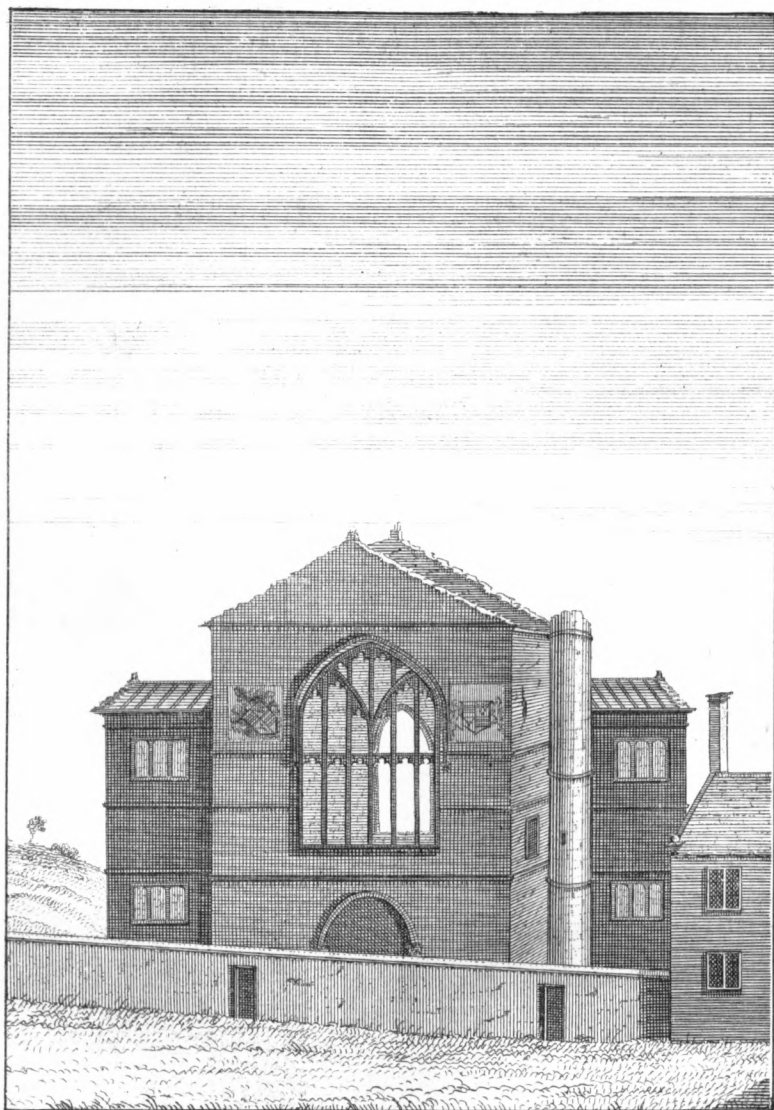




M. S. M. W. LAMBERT, NEWCASTLE

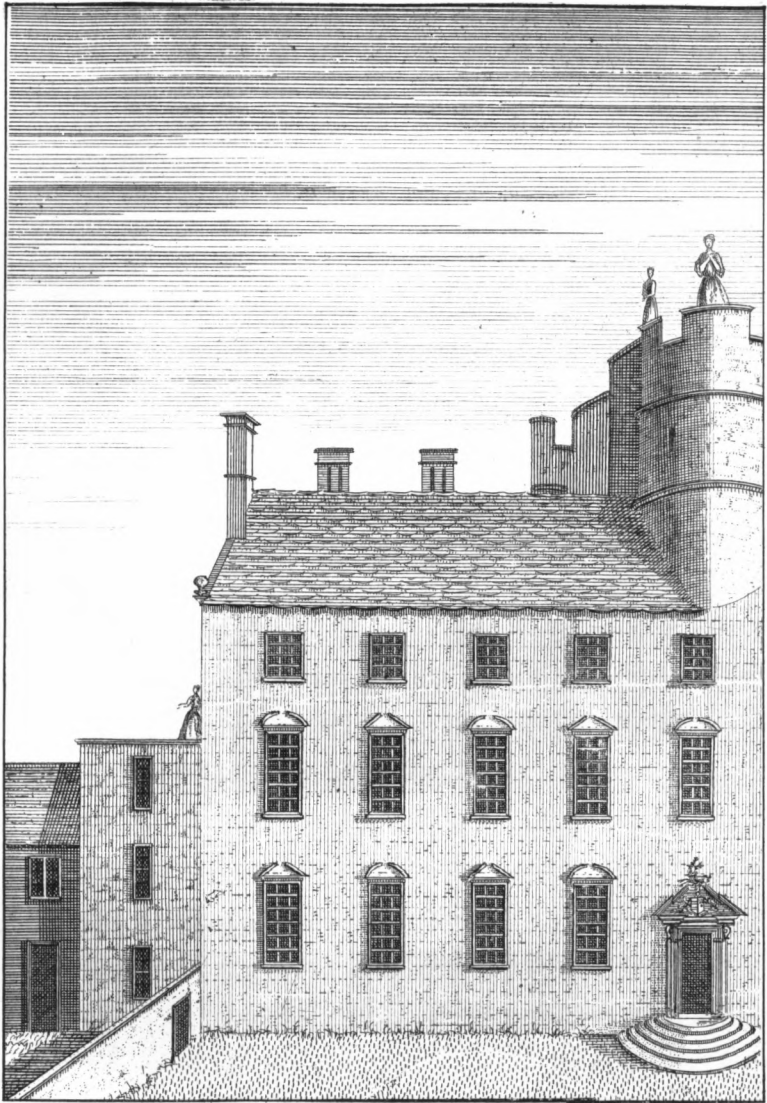
GUARD ROOM & HYLTON CASTLE.





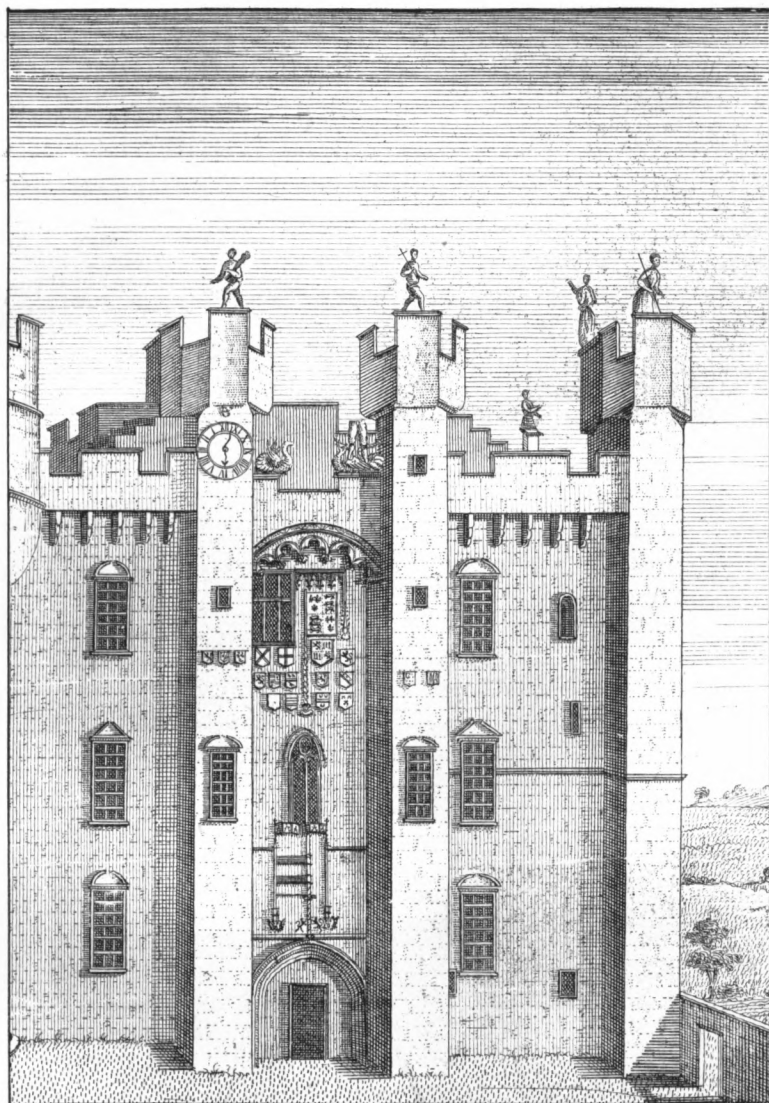
VI. HYLTON CHAPEL, 1728





VII. NORTH WING AT HYLTON, 1728.





VIII. TOWER OF HYLTON, 1728.

