

ARCHÆOLOGIA ÆLIANA.

I.—THE PAINTER HEUGH, NEWCASTLE; AND THE WIND-MILL.

BY JAMES CLEPHAN.

[Read on August 27th, 1884.]

“TIME,” says Sir Thomas Browne, “which perfects some things, imperfects also others;” brings them, perchance, to nought. Change is the world’s great constancy. Its mutability was exercising, in 1732, the moralising mind of a writer in the *Gentleman’s Magazine*. A recent fashionable reception had set his pen in motion, and he pictures one of the fair throng “in a velvet cap, with a flap let down to her shoulders, of the same make with one of our Newcastle carriers.” The Newcastle waggon, immortalised in literature and art, rumbled from stage to stage along the Great North Road through the eighteenth century. It was creeping out of our streets on a Saturday morning of 1782, pledged to its patrons to be in London “that day fourteen days;” while for less leisurely travellers there was in 1785 a stage coach that slept but two nights on the road. The Royal Mail, of which England was once so proud, had its advent on the Tyne in 1786; and in three-score years came its end. Ears yet living have heard in our town the cry of “Tar-barrel matches, a halfpenny a bunch;” yet where, now, is the tinder-box? Flint-and-steel and the brimstone match are numbered with the things that were. The crack of the friction-lucifer is heard the whole earth round. Mr. Moseley tells us, in his *Notes of a Naturalist on the Challenger* (1875), that in the Tonga Islands he had some difficulty in persuading one of the natives to get fire for him by friction of wood, matches being so common that they do not care to undergo the labour of the old process, except when driven to it by necessity; and no doubt, as he observes, the younger generation will

lose the knack of it altogether. At Banda, the metropolis of nutmegs, hearing the sound of music in the native quarter of the town, he made his way towards the house whence it came, in the hope of seeing a Malay dance, but found himself in the presence of a European waltz.

The whirl of the waltz and the explosion of the lucifer are as ubiquitous as the electric messenger. But where are the whirling wands that gave animation and a name to the hills of Gateshead; and where the Elizabethan mill of the Painter Heugh, in the parish of All Saints, Newcastle? In the earliest plan of the town wherein the Archæological Institute is now in congress, "described by William Matthew" in 1610, and vignettted by Speed in a corner of his map of Northumberland, an old stob-mill in Pandon looks over the mural defences of Newcastle; within which, for untold years, the mill of the Painter Heugh had been industriously adding to the fortunes of the Shaftoes. Would we measure the mutations of the centuries, we have but to turn to the *Wills and Inventories* that fill two of the volumes of the Surtees Society, edited by the Rev. Dr. Raine and Canon Greenwell, where is commemorated for our instruction the Painter Heugh in the time of the Tudors, with its flowers and fruit-trees blooming and blossoming in a succession of "little gardens," the pride and pleasure of the inhabitants; while in the neighbouring ravine, that gave place to Dean Street less than a hundred years ago, was heard the babbling song of the Lort Burn, on its eager downward way to the Tyne. Traversing the streets of modern Newcastle, few persons would imagine, remarked Mr. Bouchier Richardson in 1850, that far below their feet "there still flowed a rapid stream, which once upon a time ornamented the gardens of the Franciscan Friars, and was crossed by three ancient stone bridges." By the side of this stream, "James Fennye, grocer and potticcarrie," was on the closing day of October, in or about the year 1560, bequeathing his body to the mother church of Newcastle, "to be buried within the porch of Sancte Cuthbert," and parting his household gods and gear among kith and kin. Pleasant home and loving wife he must quit for the cypress and the yew; his orchards on the Tyne, his "ferme holde in Pencharde in the countie of Durham, with the corn there vppon now sowed;" his "neowe howse" in Newcastle, "lyeing in the Syde," with "a garden in the Paynter Hughe, and now in the occupation of me;" also "thre letell gardens lieinge

in the said town, in a place called the Paynter Hughe;" a name, as we are informed by Mr. Hodgson Hinde, occurring in 1373. (*Archæologia Æliana*, N.S., Vol. III., page 62.)

Oswald Chapman, the Mayor of 1558, also contributes, in his will of 1566, a glimpse of the heugh, stretching down from Pilgrim Street to the burn intersecting the town. His body is to lodge in its narrow house "before the revestri dore" of St. Nicholas's. His spacious mansion in the Close, with garden and orchard and rustic surroundings, passes, after the death of the testator's wife, to their son Henry, namesake of his maternal grandsire, Henry Anderson, oft-times Mayor. Well-left is the widow Marion, "connected, both by birth and marriage, with some of the wealthiest families of Newcastle." "To my son Mathewe," says her husband, "my house in Pilgrim Strete, at the heade of the Paynter Heuge, wherin Widow Collingwood dwelleth." Widow Collingwood had before her, from the head of the heugh, the prospect of a country town, besprinkled with gardens and orchards, and cut in twain by ravine and rivulet, the tributary waters flowing open to the sky, and spanned at intervals by viaducts, whose province it was, in concert with every variety of thoroughfare, to bring the few thousand inhabitants into one; a fair scene, the natural site of which, as it existed, riven and rugged, when man first came upon the ground with his rude building materials, the liveliest imagination might attempt to picture in vain.

The Painter Heugh, besides its native charms of flower-bed and hedge-row, and grateful verdure, had, in the same century, a mill profiting by its favouring breezes (I am assuming its alliance with the winds of heaven), whose wooden tower and energetic arms ministered to the means of its owners and the wants of the community. Mark Shafto, dwelling in the Side, who had been Sheriff and Mayor, and Governor of the Company of Merchant Adventurers, enjoying honours and accepting responsibilities that had fallen to the lot of his father before him, was settling his affairs on the 8th of November, 1592. After expressing his desire "to be buried in the parishe church of Sancte Nicholas, as neare as maye be to the sepulchre of his late father," he bestows personal and real estate among friends and relatives—moneys and goods, coals and keels, houses and lands. "To Mark Shafto, my nephewe, and the heires mailes of his bodie, all my

message, &c., scituate in a certaine streete called the Cloth Market, together with my mill, standing in a certaine place called the Painter Heughe." The historic keels, that flow to music in our popular local song, are all but extinct on the Tyne, floating away in the wake of Mark Shafto's mill; and the steam-boat, first launched on our navigable channel in 1814, becomes lord-paramount of the Tyne. The wind-mill, that went merrily round within the now vanished walls of Newcastle, has succumbed to the Roman poet's "devourer of all things;" and the regiment of wands in the neighbouring borough, whose rival revolutions would have been a bewildering challenge to Don Quixote, have fallen gradually away, tower after tower going down like ninepins before the assaults of time. When the machinery of Mark Shafto, the Mayor of 1578, was crushing corn into meal, the Millers' Company of Newcastle could boast of a score or more of brethren, with an ancient play of their own, founded on the Deliverance of the Children of Israel from the Thralldom, Bondage, and Servitude of King Pharaoh. They had their penalties for the preservation of law and order; to which, in a later day, they added an imposition of sixpence on every member of their society who should attend the burial of a brother in a black hat; one-half of their income from fines going, with commendable public spirit, to the maintenance of Old Tyne Bridge; that composite structure, street and viaduct combined, which was washed away, after five centuries of service, by a November flood in 1771. (Brand's *Newcastle*, II., 348.)

At what time the apothecary's gardens and Mark Shafto's mill took possession of the Painter Heugh, and when they disappeared, records inform us not. Legends hover round the heights, but history is silent when we are unreasonable enough to ask for dates—for entrances and exits. The Alderman's mill is cloud-capt on the heugh, like so many other relics of the past on which Edie Ochiltree and Monkbarns are not agreed. Its owner is less explicit than he might have been in describing his bequest. The Mayor of 1578, whose predecessor in 1335, Richard Acton, was commanded by Edward III. to have him horse-mills and wind-mills made, does not specify in his will of what kind was his mill in the Painter Heugh—corn-mill or fulling-mill, wind-mill or water mill. Time and circumstance seem to me to point to wind; but inferences are apt to be frail. Happily, however, it matters little

though I be mistaken. The mill of the Painter Heugh, which was and is not, has left rather a riddle than a rack behind; and should it turn out that I have erred in its solution, the argument of my paper, as to the rise and progress and decay of the wind-mill, would not be affected by the correction of my conjecture. When it was—in what year of the world—that to hand and horse and water power, wind was added for the reduction of grain to meal, on the banks of the Tyne, or elsewhere between the Tees and the Tweed, is an open question. There is no laying of salt on the first beginnings of inventions or improvements. There are no sharp lines of demarcation in social progress. The old and the new overlap. “On the estates of the monasteries, water-mills and wind-mills,” says Cosmo Innes, “were used for grinding corn in the thirteenth century, and previously; though the rude process of the hand-mill kept its ground, in some districts of Scotland, to a recent period.” (*Scotland in the Middle Ages*, page 146, 1860.) It was a Scotch millwright who, in the closing years of Bishop Bek (1283–1311), was playing his part in yoking wind to a mill of Norton, on the southern verge of the diocese of Durham. The roll of 25 Antony, under the head of “Refectione Molendinorum,” has the item, “In solutione facta Roberto de Tevydale carpentario pro meremio colpando ad unum molendinum ventriticum faciendum apud Norton, 20s.” (Appendix to *Boldon Buke*, page xxxvi., Vol. 25 of the Surtees Society, edited by Canon Greenwell.)

The *Boldon Buke* that carries us back to Pudsey’s Survey of 1183, reminds old schoolboys of the Bishopric of the tongue of their youth, persistently adhering to the language of bygone days; for in the time of Waterloo, youngsters still went to “skule;” they talked among themselves, if not in the face of the master, of their “bukcs;” and in holiday hours they flung their “hukes” into the tributary “becks” of the Tees.

The *Boldon Book* which may be pardoned, in archæological company, for prompting this digression, does not help us much as to whether wind-mills were in existence in the county palatine when the now rugged and sombre keep of Newcastle was “in its newest gloss;” but the sites of not a few of its mills suggest, not water, but wind, as the moving power; and in the pages introductory to the Register of Richarde de Kellawe (1311–16), Bec’s successor, edited by Sir Thomas

Duffus Hardy, we have the advantage of the fact that Bishop Antony and Prior Richard having got to loggerheads, among the charges made against the bishop was "the dismantling of the prior's wind-mill at Jarewe;" a piece of incidental history for which we cannot too sufficiently be grateful; for thus, in the reign of Bishop Bec, we have the wind-mill brought before us, over the broad palatinate, from the Tees to the Tyne.

Bishop and Prior could not dwell together in peace any more than England and Scotland. The mill at Jarrow had been assailed in 1305. In 1335, Edward III., at war with the Scots, was issuing his mandate to the Mayor and Bailiffs of Newcastle to make him two horse-mills and two wind-mills, and send them to Berwick, where the authorities on the Tweed were to put them in instant operation, that his warriors might be fed. It was no very formidable demand. Every burgess of Newcastle had at this time, as one of his privileges, the freedom to have on his land either hand, horse, water, or wind mill; and the Mayor and Bailiffs would have no difficulty in finding craftsmen to respond to the royal behest.

When Bishop Hatfield, who succeeded Bury in 1345, on the eve of the battle of Neville's Cross, had his Survey in hand, there were wind-mills in various parts of the Bishopric. Gateshead, with two water-mills, had one wind-mill; Sedgfield had wind-mill and water-mill; and there were wands waving at Easington, Hartlepool, and Humbleton; at Tunstall, Wearmouth, Whitburn-cum-Cleadon; and not improbably at other places where neither wind nor water is indicated as the motive power. In the next century, the one mill with wands in Gateshead is becoming legion. Mention occurs in 1437 of the now dismantled "Wind Mill Hill," which, in days not remote, formed a favourite subject of the pencil and graver of Bewick. (Welford's *Newcastle and Gateshead*, Vol. I., page 297.)

There was held in the church of Gateshead, in the month of November, 1501, an ecclesiastical visitation, at which miscellaneous matters were brought under review from a succession of parishes. From All Saints', Newcastle, there was a presentment that belongs to the subject of mills. The millers of the parish were said to frequently follow their vocation on festival days; and it was enjoined upon them to refrain, under pain of a fine of 10s., unless in case of necessity.

(Appendix to *Ecclesiastical Proceedings* of Bishop Barnes, Surtees Society, Vol. XXII., pp. 35, 36.)

The wind-mill, when or where soever it first began to lend life to our landscapes, was plentiful with us before the Wars of the Roses, which ended with the death of Richard III. on Bosworth Field, and the introduction of Henry VII. to the line of England's kings. The circling sails swept round when York and Lancaster were fighting for the crown, careless which of them won the prize, nor sobered by the shadows cast by "the whirligig of time" on the quern:—Time, whose tooth, grinding slow and sure, is ever devouring its offspring. From the hand-mill in the Museum of the Antiquarian Society of Newcastle, to the wind-mill now on its wane, all things have their term—their rise, their meridian, and their sunset hour. Stage-coach and mail-coach, tinder-box and brimstone-match, mystic Runes and Roman Wall, each in its turn becomes food for antiquaries. When first the British Association met at Newcastle, in the year 1838, the iron horse, though chafing for admission, had not yet found entrance to our streets; but it has now its Central Station where the Neville Tower of the town-wall had stood for centuries, and the railway-whistle screams exultant as the passenger train scours on its lofty arch over the Side, deigning no glance in the direction of the Painter Heugh; its gardens gone, and with them Mark Shafto's shadowy mill.

Six-score years ago, the pastoral poet, John Cunningham, was setting to song in Newcastle the successive stages of a summer's day—its Morning, Noon, and Eventide. He sang the experiences of some imaginary shepherd, Lubin or Damon, Colin or Corydon, sheltering in the sultry noontide hours "by the branching pines," when "not a leaf has leave to stir."

Echo, in her airy round,
O'er the river, rock, and hill,
Cannot catch a single sound,
Save the clack of yonder mill.

But where the poet "piped for the shepherds" of the early days of George III., in many a rustic retreat by the Tyne, vainly might Echo listen, now, to catch the "clack" of rejoicing wands. Steam wrestles with wind and water, and mill-stones have their rivals in the mill-rollers that fashion the corn of modern harvests into flour for our

bread. "There are in Newcastle and its vicinity," wrote Mackenzie in 1827, "49 wind-mills." After the flight of half a century, one single wind-mill remains within our borough, unfurling its sails at Chimney Mills, where the Town Moor and Leazes meet. With its light and graceful tower of trellis work, it had the famous Smeaton for its architect, who was called to the councils of the Corporation of Newcastle when the inundation of 1771 had overthrown Tyne Bridge, and who, dying in 1792, left behind him the Eddystone light-house as his characteristic monument.

While I write, I even hear of the survival, at Ryhope, near Sunderland, of an old stob-mill in hale longevity, exercising its limbs as lustily as we Midsummer lads saw them in motion, in long-gone school vacations, from Dobing's waggon, that made the overland journey from the Tees to the Wear at the deliberate pace of two miles an hour. What we call progress is not all gain. There was time, in those delightful holiday hours, to saunter a-head of the slow wain; pluck the wayside roses and woodbines, feast on the wild strawberries that were to be had for the gathering, and loiter along between the hedge-rows till the kindly waggoner picked us up on the road. "Ah, happy days," &c. The steed whose breath is steam carries not for wild fruit or flowers.

Ryhope and Burdon had their mill in 1183, rendering a mark to the revenues of Bishop Pudsey; and Ryhope mill remains in the days of Bishop Lightfoot. But not so the "stob" outside the walls of Newcastle, "described by William Matthew" in the days of James I.; nor either of the two stob-mills pictured by Charles Hutton in his map of 1771—one by pleasant Pandon Dene, the other in close neighbourhood at Stepney.

"Time, which perfects some things," took in hand the perfecting of the primitive mill-tower, that must be "set to the right quarter of the wind," like the weathercock in "Knickerbocker's New York." The wooden fort, that inflamed the ardour of the Knight of La Mancha, gave place, in reforming hands, to the stately erection, lofty and tapering, self-acting, automatic, independent; one of those evolutions of the human race, "seeking out many inventions," which lead the way to changes unforeseen, we know not what. Steam, evoked from coal, was summoned to the aid of wind and water by the ceaseless ingenuity

of man; and the allied power becomes the greater. Wind and water, however, cling tenaciously to their hold. It is now as in the centuries to which the Professor of History in Edinburgh was inviting our attention in 1860; the older powers do not depart on the appearance of the younger. Hand and horse kept their place in the presence of the mill-race and the mill-sail; and these abide when steam has come. "Time," says Bacon, "innovateth greatly, but quietly, and by degrees scarce to be perceived." It has made an end of Prior Richard de Hoton's mill at Jarrow. The Benedictine priory on one side of the entrance to the Tyne, and the Roman station on the other, at its silent bidding have sunk to reverend ruin; and it is now perfecting the great highway of human intercourse that rolls between. What scene is there, in this panoramic England of ours, that can surpass the pageant of the Tyne, with its appeals to the solemn and storied Past, the restless and progressive Present? To the meditative mind, how full of thought a procession by steam from the Piers to the Swing Bridge—from the Prior's Haven and the Lawe, past Jarrow and Wallsend, to the Castle and the wandless Windmill Hills! The swift steam-boat, that bears the thoughtful passenger over the tide, is conscious of its lineal descent from the adventurous craft that first plied between Newcastle and Shields seventy years ago; and how proudly it now introduces the stranger to the new world that has flowed from the funnel! Steam is in the ascendant. On land and sea flags are dipped to the reigning power. The steam-coach and steam-ship, donning the shoes of swiftness of the nursery tale, run the round world to a point. The steam-mill will toil, if need be, the whole circuit of the day, grinding with equal pace and even quality through every hour of the four-and-twenty; unlike Mark Shafto's mill of the sixteenth century, whose sails flung down their alternate shadows on the "little gardens" of the Heugh, slow or swift as the unstable wind was in the humour.

The quaint author with whose words my paper begins awakes "the drums and tramlings of three conquests" that had rolled and trodden over the sepulchral urns exhumed in Norfolk in 1658. But countless are the conquests of time that have marched over the ancient abode of men where the members of the Archæological Institute are now assembled, race after race and generation upon generation effacing the footprints of their forerunners; till the Painter Heugh, that type

of vicissitude and change, with its long-obliterated "lane" leading from the Dog Leap Stairs of the Castle Garth to the "Pencher Place" of the olden time, excels, in the eye of historic retrospect, the most ambitious unfoldings of the transformation scene of a pantomime. Interesting it is to trace the course of a country or a town through the ages, and pleasant to be cheered on the way by romance and tradition and song; but what romance can equal the prosaic facts of history? Here, in this "New Castle upon Tyne," whose story has been told by Mr. W. H. D. Longstaffe in the fourth volume of the *Archæologia Æliana*, N.S., was not the venerable Keep of Henry II., that numbers the years of the *Boldon Book*, offered by newspaper advertisement in 1782, in no vein of satiric humour, but with an air of business gravity that moves our admiration, to any successor of Shafto in want of a convenient opening for a wind-mill? And who can muse, and not marvel, over the thought that the scattered walls of the Castle of the Conqueror, that gives the town its name, have seen the mill with revolving sails commencing its career in our northern land, and yielding up its supremacy to the all-conquering Steam that is now having its day. Must it, too, surrender its sceptre? The appropriate homes of the antiquaries in Newcastle—the Keep and the Black Gate—are of older date, as far as we can know, than the earliest wind-mill in the counties of Northumberland and Durham; and it might be no proof of their presumption were they to indulge the dream of outliving, also, the empire of Steam; its throne founded on that great antiquity, Coal, whose stores, however vast, are disappearing from under our feet, year by year, to feed the myriad fires of the passing day.

