

William George Armstrong, the donor of the park, was, for his services to the State, knighted in 1858. In the Jubilee year, 1887, he was raised to the peerage as Baron Armstrong of Cragside. He died without issue on the 27th December, 1900. In 1889 his heir, William Henry Armstrong Fitzpatrick Watson, grandson of the late Baron Watson and of Ann his wife, only daughter of William Armstrong of Newcastle (sometime mayor of that city) and sister of William George Baron Armstrong of Cragside, took by licence the surname of Armstrong in addition to and after that of Watson. In the same year Mr. Watson Armstrong married Winifreda Adye, eldest daughter of General Sir John Adye, G.C.B., R.A., and in 1903 he also received a peerage and is now Lord Armstrong of Bamburgh and Cragside.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

It only remains to repeat, by way of summary, that this single square mile of land, once a country township in a remote county and now a small suburb of a provincial city, possesses, like many other neglected things lying in odd corners, more interest than most people would suppose.

Under its cold boulder clay and under the stone beneath it were deposited, at long ages apart, layer after layer of that luxurious vegetation with which our earth was clothed in the earliest stages of organic life.

Millions of years later, when its surface had obtained its present formation and had been covered with the verdure of plants more familiar to us, prehistoric men lived amidst its woods and glades, cultivated its fields, buried their dead carefully and reverently on the banks of its beautiful stream and left beside their dear ones, for their sustenance in the spirit-world, food in the earthen vessels which have been found in the township and have been preserved in the museum of our Society.

Thousands of years later, when the men of those neolithic times had been overwhelmed by the successive waves of Celtic immigration, the inhabitants of Jesmond were drawn from their ordinary employments to pile up the stones and fill in the concrete which formed the great barrier their conquerors, the Romans, were building a mile to the south of their dwellings.

Then came our own English forefathers, berthing their shallow keels in the mouth of the Ouseburn, fighting their way up its valley with fire and sword, dispossessing and enslaving the men they found there, giving their own names to the place and the stream, and cultivating or continuing to cultivate the land on that communal system of open-field husbandry, so much investigated in late years by Nasse and Seebohm, a system the traces of which existed in the township down to the second decade of the nineteenth century.

So far, the evidence is only that of material things by which we judge, but when the Normans in their turn came, they had learned from the Franks, who had learned from the Romans, the value of central government and recorded transactions; and so, within seventy years of their arrival, we get upon the more certain ground of written evidence and are able thenceforth to identify the owners of the soil to whom the cultivators rendered their yearly dues.

It is the prominence of this long line of Jesmond owners in the affairs of the nation and in the stirring scenes of north-country warfare which links the history of Jesmond with that of the world outside. We have seen how they took a leading part in the savage fanaticism of the Crusades; in the constitutional struggle of the Barons' War, and in that futile attempt to subjugate Scotland which desolated the country districts of Northumberland to an extent from which they have never completely recovered. We find them fighting before Calais and at Agincourt, in the Wars of the Roses, at Flodden Field, in the Rising of the North, and, in succeeding centuries, at Marston Moor and at Preston.

Mingled among those valiant knights in the ownership of the lordship of Jesmond were the peaceful and moneyed fathers of the

heiresses whom the warriors married; and it is worthy of note in this account (though it is still more noticeable in the records of the local incorporated companies) how, through the centuries, so many north-country families were founded in the first place by Newcastle merchants, who accumulated wealth in that commercial seaport and then joined the ranks of Northumbrian landowners. That was the case with the families of Carloli, Emeldon, Hodshon, Anderson, Coulson and Burdon, all of whom acquired land in Jesmond.

A striking testimony to the continuity of settled government in this island may be found in the facts that the title to the manor has been traced without a break in any of its branches from within a few years of the Norman Conquest, and that the Northumbrian line of the ancestors of the Duke of Portland (one of the present manorial owners) has been followed upwards for the same long period. The connection of Robert Bruce the Competitor with the township was but slight, he was but a life-lord of a third of the manor by virtue of his wife's title to dower thereout, and it would be far-fetched to recall the fact that his blood runs in the veins of the greatest sovereigns in Europe as having any connection with Jesmond. But of Richard Emeldon, lord of the entire manor in 1333, it may appositely be mentioned that, through his daughters who succeeded him, his descendants still exist, and may easily be traced not only in the person of our present president, the Duke of Northumberland, but in that of many a humbler individual resident in Jesmond to-day.³

And now the separate entity of Jesmond has been merged in the larger area of the city of Newcastle, the landmarks of the township have been defaced, and its paved and channelled streets and its lines of terraced houses are joined continuously with those of its greater neighbour. No longer will it have a separate history. As part of Newcastle it will share that expanding city's fortunes.

³ The late Earl of Ravensworth, past president of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries, and Lord Byron, the poet, were both descended from Agnes Graper, the eldest of Richard Emeldon's daughters.

The course of history shews us that expansion is in due time followed by contraction. May that period of retrogression with the evils that will attend it be far hence.

And when five hundred years were gone
 I came the same road as anon ;
 Then not a mark of the town I met.
 A shepherd on the flute did play,
 The cattle leaf and foliage ate.
 I asked : " How long is the town away ?"
 He spake and piped on as before,
 " One plant is green when the other's o'er,
 This is my pasture for evermore."

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And when five hundred years were gone
 I came the same way as anon ;
 But then I found a city, filled
 With markets' clamour shrill and gay.
 I asked : " How long is the city built,
 Where's wood and sea and shepherd's play ?"
 They pondered not my question o'er
 But cried : " So was it long before,
 And will go on for evermore."
 And when five hundred years are gone
 I'll go the same way as anon.

Rückert's CHIDDER.

