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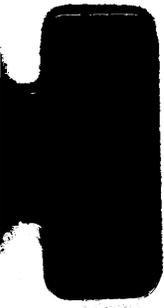
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THE  
WEDMORE CHRONICLE.

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No. I.

---

JANUARY.

---

1881.

---

ONE SHILLING.

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Wells:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED (BY J. M. ATKINS, "JOURNAL" OFFICE.

39

Rev. G. A. Somers



# WEDMORE CHURCH

WILL BE

## RE-OPENED

ON WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1, 1881.

---

Morning Service will be at 11.15, when the Sermon will be  
preached by the

BISHOP OF MANCHESTER

Evening Service will be at 7.15, when the Sermon  
will be preached by the

BISHOP OF BATH & WELLS

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*There will be a public DINNER in a tent at 1.15,  
and TEA at 4.45.*

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Tickets for the DINNER, 3s, and for the TEA 1s, may be had  
of Mr Pople, Stationer, or at the George Hotel, Wedmore.

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Clergy bringing their Surplices are requested to meet at the  
Vicarage before the Services.

SYDENHAM H. A. HERVEY, *Vicar.*

ARTHUR WALL  
HENRY TUCKER } *Churchwardens.*

CLASS

By last on hand



Greenley

Am -

The



Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord. *Hebrews* xii. 14.

## CARD FOR MOTHERS.

Kneel down and pray to God Morning and Evening.  
Read a few verses of the Bible daily, with Prayer and thought.  
Teach your children to pray to God Morning and Evening. Set them a good example. Make them truthful and obedient. Send them to School on Week-days and Sundays.

Do not let any wicked, or angry, or cross words be heard in your house. Speak gently.  
Have family Prayer. Try and come to Church as often as you can.

If you repent you truly of your sins, and desire with all your heart to love and follow the Lord Jesus Christ, come to the Holy Communion and feed on Him by faith, then will your soul be strengthened and refreshed. Jesus said, "Do this in remembrance of Me." It was His Dying Command.  
For all this you need the help of the Holy Spirit, therefore pray often and earnestly.

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. *St. Matt.* vii. 7.

### PRAYER, TO BE SAID DAILY.

**O** LORD, give me Thy Holy Spirit, that I may believe in Jesus, and love Him with all my heart. Wash my soul in His Precious Blood. Make me to hate sin, and to be holy in word and deed. Help me to be a loving wife, and a faithful mother; and teach me to train my children for Heaven; make my home a home of peace and love. Bless my dear husband and children, and may we so live on earth, that we may live with Thee for ever in heaven; for Jesus Christ's sake. AMEN.

**MID-DAY PRAYER.**—O LORD, give me Thy Holy Spirit for Jesus' sake. AMEN.

Little deeds of kindness, little words of love,  
Make our home an Eden, like the Home above.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
"Come unto Me and rest,  
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
Thy head upon My Breast."

I came to Jesus as I was,  
Weary, and worn, and sad;  
I found in Him a resting-place,  
And He has made me glad.

*Acts* xvi. 31.

Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.

Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. *Proverbs* xxxi. 28.

A woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.  
*Proverbs* xxxi. 30.

2-1-2

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WEDMORE CHRONICLE.

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## INTRODUCTION.

THE WEDMORE CHRONICLE will come out as near as possible at the beginning of every other month, beginning with the month of January, 1881. It will be divided into two parts. Part I. will be a chronicle of the present; Part II. will be a chronicle of the past. In Part I. will be found everything of public interest that has happened in the place during the previous two months; church services and meetings; deaths and marriages; entertainments in the Assembly Rooms; political meetings; cricket matches; &c.; &c. In Part II. will be found articles bearing on the past history of Wedmore and its former inhabitants. This present number contains a short account of the excavations at Mudgley: also the story of St. Christopher, whose gigantic stature has lately been made familiar to us. In future numbers, if the Chronicle has any future before it, will be found a complete account of the church, showing when the different parts of it were built; extracts from the churchwarden's and other parish books, which go back about 200

B

years ; lists of Vicars, Churchwardens, and Lords of the Manor, from the earliest times that they can be ascertained ; the names of fields, wells, and lanes in the parish, many of which are very old and have a tale to tell ; (see for instance the tale that Mudgley tells in Part II. of this number ;) old wills and documents connected with Wedmore ; a short life of King Alfred ; and a hundred other things which will turn up as time goes on. I should also very much like to print in these pages the parish registers of births, marriages, and deaths, from the year 1561, when they begin, to about 1760. It is interesting to see what names have died out, and what names still remain. Besides which the original writing is gradually fading away, and unless the names be printed they will be lost for ever.

Each number of the Chronicle will contain two or more illustrations. If the Chronicle is supported by those living in and interested in the place, I have no doubt of being able to make it both useful and interesting. If it is not supported, I am afraid it won't live through the summer. By supporting it, I don't mean borrowing a neighbour's copy and reading that, but going and buying a copy for oneself. The more support it receives, the more and the better will be the illustrations.

S.H.A.H.

Wedmore Vicarage, Weston-super-Mare, January, 1881.

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P.S.—This January number is rather behind its time, and the March number will be also late in consequence ; but I hope that the May and following numbers, however so many they may be, will set an example of punctuality.

## PART I.

As this is the first number, the Chronicle, instead of keeping to the events of the previous two months, will very shortly run through the year 1880.

### THE CHURCH.

THE restoration of the church was begun in June, 1880. The work is being carried out by Messrs. Merrick and Son, of Glastonbury, under the direction of Mr. E. B. Ferrey, architect. The Chancel, which belongs to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, is being restored at their cost by Messrs. Merrick, under the direction of Mr. Christian. It is very much to be regretted that the Commissioners do not intend putting a new ceiling. The next number (March) of the Chronicle will contain a full account of the church, and of what has been done in the way of restoration. I will only say now that the scraping off of the plaster has brought to light doorways and windows never seen nor heard of by the oldest inhabitant. It has also brought to light a painting of St. Christopher. The story of St. Christopher, as represented in that painting, is told in Part II. of this number of the Chronicle. Two new treble bells are being cast by Messrs. Taylor, of

Loughborough, the handsome gifts of two individuals. The weight of the two together will be about 17 cwt. Wedmore will thus possess a peal of eight bells. The Committee intend putting up a new clock and chimes. It is much to be hoped that funds enough will come in to enable them also to put in the chancel a stained-glass window as a memorial to King Alfred. Thereby two birds will be killed with one stone. The church will be greatly beautified, and Wedmore will contain a memorial of the greatest of English kings, who was once no stranger to her. Perhaps in putting up this memorial we shall not be unreasonable in looking for help from outsiders. The cost of the window will be not less than £300. It might represent a historical scene, the battle at Ethandune (Edington), and the baptism of Guthrum, and the peacemaking at Wedmore which followed.

Towards the Restoration Fund the following sums have been already paid or promised:—

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Phippen ... ..	300	0	0	Incorporated Church Building			
Mr. B. T. White ... ..	200	0	0	Society... ..	25	0	0
Mr. E. W. Edwards ... ..	100	0	0	Bishop of Bath and Wells ... ..	25	0	0
Mr. J. F. Bailey ... ..	100	0	0	Lady Arthur Hervey ... ..	25	0	0
Do. ... ..		2nd	bell.	Rev. S. H. A. Hervey ... ..	20	0	0
Mr. T. T. Knyfton ... ..	100	0	0	Mrs. George Green... ..	20	0	0
Mr. J. Wollen ... ..	100	0	0	Mrs. Churchill ... ..	15	0	0
Mr. John Green ... ..	100	0	0	Mr. Henry Banwell... ..	10	0	0
Mrs. Joseph Edwards ... ..	100	0	0	Rev. J. Coleman ... ..	10	0	0
Diocesan Church Building				Mr. Charles Hoare... ..	10	0	0
Society ... ..	100	0	0	Mrs. Palmer-Morewood ... ..	10	0	0
Mrs. R. P. Edwards ... ..	50	0	0	Mr. J. Nicholetts ... ..	10	0	0
Mrs. Collins ... ..	50	0	0	Mr. John Porter ... ..	10	0	0
Mrs. Lloyd ... ..	30	0	0	Mr. R. H. Paget, M.P.... ..	10	0	0
Miss Alice Bailey ... ..	30	0	0	Mr. W. S. Gore-Langton, M.P.	10	0	0
Mr. Palmer-Morewood ... ..	30	0	0	Mr. Jos. Ford... ..	10	0	0
Entertainments by the Church				Mrs. J. J. Spencer ... ..	10	0	0
Choir ... ..	30	0	0	Mr. Robert Hardwidge... ..	5	5	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. J. J. Spencer ... ..	5	0	0	Mr. John Tyley ... ..	5	0	0
Mr. Lot Baker ... ..	5	0	0	Mr. Fred. Tyley... ..	5	0	0
Mr. E. B. Brown ... ..	5	0	0	Mr. Wm. Tyley ... ..	5	0	0
Mr. Mark Cock ... ..	5	0	0	Mr. R. P. Tyley... ..	5	0	0
Mr. Geo. Foote ... ..	5	0	0	Mr. Arthur Wall ... ..	5	0	0
Rev. Wm. Glanville ... ..	5	0	0	Mr. Edwin Wall ... ..	5	0	0
Miss S. P. Hancock ... ..	5	0	0	Mr. Matthew Wall... ..	5	0	0
Mr. E. Henderson... ..	5	0	0	Mr. William Wall ... ..	5	0	0
Mr. Henry Hawkins... ..	5	0	0	Mrs. William Wall ... ..	5	0	0
Mr. John Hawkins ... ..	5	0	0	Mr. John Wall, Crickham ...	5	0	0
Mrs. Charles Hoare ... ..	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Hurd ... ..	4	0	0
Mr. Edmund Hole... ..	5	0	0	Mr. Ben. Tucker ... ..	3	0	0
Mr. Merrick ... ..	5	0	0	Mrs. Baskerville ... ..	2	2	0
Mr. Henry Millard ... ..	5	0	0	Mr. J. L. Green... ..	2	2	0
Mr. Robert Millard ... ..	5	0	0	Mr Charles Edwards ... ..	2	2	0
Rev. Henry Morgan ... ..	5	0	0	Mr. G. W. Millard ... ..	2	2	0
Mr. W. D. Parsons ... ..	5	0	0	Miss Banwell... ..	2	0	0
Mrs. Geo. Pople ... ..	5	0	0	Mrs. Knowles ... ..	2	0	0
Mr. R. L. Stott ... ..	5	0	0	Mr. Arthur Pain ... ..	1	2	0
Mrs. Taverner ... ..	5	0	0	Mr. H. B. Gibbs, Wells ... ..	1	1	0
Mr. Tonkin... ..	5	0	0	Mr. Michael Duckett ... ..	1	0	0
Mrs. Tonkin ... ..	5	0	0	Mr. John Dando ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. Henry Tucker ... ..	5	0	0	Mr. Arthur Hervey ... ..	1	0	0
Mrs. Henry Tucker ... ..	5	0	0	Mrs. Hannah Pople ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. Joseph Tucker ... ..	5	0	0	Mr. Wm. Millard ... ..	1	0	0
Mrs. George Tucker ... ..	5	0	0	Mr. T. Webber ... ..	1	0	0
Miss E. Tyley ... ..	5	0	0	Sums under £1 ... ..	5	8	0

Some of these sums have been given specially to the clock fund, some to the bell fund, and some to the Alfred Memorial window fund, but most of them to the general fund. I shall be glad to receive more subscriptions in time to acknowledge them in the March number of the Chronicle. The Committee hope to be able to raise about £2,600. The members of the Restoration Committee are the Vicar and

Churchwardens, the Rural Dean, and Messrs. J. F. Bailey, E. B. Brown, M. Cock, E. W. Edwards, H. Hawkins, R. Millard, and Jos. Tucker.

I have always printed a sheet every year showing the amount of the different collections made in the church. This year I will give a summary of them in these pages:—

	£	s.	d.
January 25. For Gas in Church (including legacy of £2 7s. 0d.)... ..	9	14	0
February 29. For the Diocesan Church Building Society ... ..	4	0	0
April 11. To make up deficiency in amount collected for church expenses ...	5	0	0
June 6. For Church Pastoral Aid Society (including subscriptions, &c.) ...	9	4	0
October 17. For use of Assembly Rooms on Sundays ... ..	4	12	0
November 14. For Church Missionary Society (including subscriptions, &c.)	17	17	6
December 19 and 26. For the Choir ... ..	8	3	0
The Offertory money during the year ... ..	6	16	0
Total ... ..	65	6	6

This, of course, does not include all the money got out of people in the course of the year, since funds for the church expenses, the coal club, the clothing club, and other objects, are got by different collectors by house to house visitation.

#### MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

THE number of marriages in Church during 1880 has been 18, a larger number than usual. The Register book of Marriages in any place shows to what extent the people of that place are educated. 18 marriages entail 72 people signing their names in the book. Of those 72 who were called upon to do so last year, 40 were able and 32 were unable to answer the call.

The number of persons buried in the Churchyard during 1880 has been 16, an unusually small number. Amongst those 16 were 5

infants under one year, and Mary Tyley, the oldest inhabitant of the parish, who had reached 93 years. In the Wedmore Baptist Burial ground there have been three burials ; in the Chrickham Chapel ground there have been two ; in the Wedmore Wesleyan Burial ground three. The united ages of these 24 persons amounted to 850 years, thus making the average age at the time of death 35 years.

#### POLITICAL.

ON May 7th the two members for Mid-Somerset, Major Paget and Mr. Gore-Langton, visited their constituents at Wedmore, and were well received. In honour of their visit the streets were decorated and the Church bells rung.

In the course of the year a branch of the Mid-Somerset Liberal Association has been formed in Wedmore. Probably the Association will now and then send a lecturer here, to give a political lecture. As a general rule political lectures, lectures delivered merely to increase the numbers of the one party or the other, are not good things. Their tendency is not to make people just, and reasonable, and liberal-minded, which after all is the first and great thing, but just the opposite. They rather have a tendency to make people mere unreasoning, self-satisfied, narrow-minded partizans.

Suppose Mr. A is a narrow-minded, self-satisfied, egotistical man, and he goes to a political lecture ; whether he be a Conservative going to a political lecture delivered by a Conservative lecturer, or whether he be a Liberal going to a political lecture delivered by a liberal lecturer ; I do not think there is much chance of his hearing at that lecture, anything to make him less narrow-minded, less self-satisfied, less egotistical, than he was. He will hear nothing but what he agrees with ; he will hear nothing but praise of himself and of those who are like-minded with him ; and so I think the chances are he will come out worse than he went in. He will come out from that lecture still

narrower-minded, still better satisfied with himself, still more egotistical, than he went in. He went in bad enough, perhaps; but he will come out worse. So I think for that reason lectures which are purely political, which are merely intended to gain votes for the one party or the other, are not good things. Even if they succeeded in making a Liberal, they would not make a liberal-minded man. And there may be all the difference in the world between the two. To be a Liberal without being liberal-minded is about the worst thing that anybody can be. But though political lectures, delivered by professional political lecturers, are not good things, yet there may be special circumstances which make them necessary. The state of the country, or the goings on of the Government, may make them necessary. Or there is another thing which may make them necessary; and that, I think, holds good here in Wedmore. It is this. At present, if the Liberal agent comes into Wedmore, he is liable to be insulted and assaulted. Liberal meetings cannot be held without fear of interruption. Now, till that ceases to be so; till a few people have learnt how to behave; till Liberals can hold their meetings with as little fear of insult or interruption as Conservatives can; till it is recognised that a man has as much right in Wedmore to be a Liberal and go to a Liberal meeting as he has to be a Conservative and go to a Conservative meeting; till the Liberal agent is allowed to do his work with as little fear of insult as the Conservative; till all that is so, it is almost the duty of the Liberals to hold constant meetings. And I hope they will do so. There was a time when political violence was universal and so excusable. There was a time when Tories and Liberals were only doing their duty in pelting each other with eggs, and giving each other black eyes. But that time is now gone by. It is very foolish to go on clinging to that sort of thing long after it is out of date.

## ATHLETICS AND SPORTS.

FIFTY years ago, under this heading, the Chronicle would have had to tell of the deeds of backsword and singlestick players. But they have now gone the way of all flesh, and their swords and their sticks have been turned into bats and stumps. No doubt backsword and singlestick playing were good things in their day. Certainly they were far better and more manly things than the modern pigeon-shooting, which is a wretched thing. If a man wants to shoot a bird, let him walk after it and shoot it; but to catch it first, and put it in a trap, and then stand and shoot it as it comes out, is a most wretched thing. But though the old singlestick playing was a good thing in its day, and a thousand times better than the modern pigeon shooting, yet I expect cricket is a better thing still for those whom it suits. And for this reason amongst others. It is carried on, not under the shadow of a public-house, but right away in a pleasant field, where anybody can go and sit and look on without seeing or hearing anything to offend. There are none who suffer from thirst so much as those who are always loafing under the shadow of the public-house. Cricket has its enemies; and no doubt it has its faults and its drawbacks; but no one can lay to its charge that it keeps people loafing about the public-house.

The Wedmore Cricket Club did not have a very successful season last summer. Nine matches were played, of which three were won, and six lost. The three matches won were two against Wells and one against the Tramps. The six matches lost were two against Wookey Hole, two against Burnham, one against Butleigh, and one against the Tramps.

The following table shows what was done with the bat last season by all those members of the Club who had not less than six innings.

But it must be remembered that handling the bat is not one half of what a cricketer has to do. Anybody who by active fielding and smart throwing in saves in the course of an innings ten runs from being got by the other side; or who, when he is batting, by looking alive and backing up well steals ten byes, is doing just as much good as though he added ten runs to his own individual score. So that, though it sounds impossible, yet practically it is possible for a man who gets 0 to score more than a man who gets 10. Cricket does not mean that eleven players are to play together on one side in order to see which of them can get the highest individual score; but that they are to play together to see how low they can keep the enemy's score, and how high they can raise their own aggregate total. The eleven have to pull together just as much as the eight who row in the same boat. At the same time, of course, if anybody can get a high score individually, so much the better. The average of twenty runs per innings made by Mr. Edwin Wall is very good. There is a slight falling off by the time you reach the end of the list.

NAME.	NO OF RUNS.	NO. OF INNINGS.	TIMES NOT OUT.	HIGHEST SCORE.	AVERAGE.
Edwin Wall ... ..	143	11	4	48*	20.3
Frank Tucker ... ..	128	12	1	30*	11.7
J. B. Wall ... ..	101	11	0	24	9.2
S. Hervey ... ..	97	13	0	23	7.6
Bert Wall ... ..	37	6	1	16	7.2
J. Singleton... ..	43	10	0	14	4.3
Geo. Morgan ... ..	34	11	2	10	3.7
Edward Wall ... ..	36	10	0	16	3.6
Arthur Wall ... ..	28	11	1	4	2.8
Edwin Wall... ..	6	8	1	3*	0.6

\*Not out.

#### ENTERTAINMENTS.

THE course of entertainments, given monthly during the winter

months by members of the church choir and a few friends, began this season with an entertainment in October last. There was a good attendance. Since then there have been three more entertainments, more or less well attended, including the annual concert on January 5th, 1881. The valuable help of Mr., Mrs., and Miss Skey has been freely given. It is to be hoped that the people of Wedmore will continue to patronise these entertainments. No one can complain that the charge for admission is too high. Last season, from November, 1879, to March, 1880, about £20 was cleared by them. This season, up to this month of January, about £18 has been cleared after paying all expenses. The cricket club, the new clock fund, and the church restoration fund, have all profited thereby. That wretched struggling institution, the Reading-room, which has been painfully toiling up hill for about two years, and now can scarcely put one foot before the other, has also been relieved out of the proceeds of the entertainments.

If fifteen good singers can give a good concert, thirty good singers must be able to give a better concert still. So it is to be hoped that another year all the musical talent in Wedmore will unite now and then to see what they can do. Perhaps it would be possible to start a musical association.

#### THE READING ROOM.

THE Reading Room was started about two years ago. It has been starving all the time, and now is calling out for bread most piteously. It was calculated at the time that if about forty members would join with an annual subscription of 10s., it would get on all right. And it was thought that forty members would be found. But not forty, not

thirty, not even twenty, can be found. We take in comic and illustrated and agricultural and scientific and local and Bristol and London and Liberal and Tory papers. One would have thought that these papers between them would have attracted the necessary forty. One would have thought that here in Wedmore many would have come from the uttermost parts of the parish, if it were but to be refreshed by the patriotism, the loyalty, the wisdom, and the sound politics of the *London Standard* and the *Bristol Times and Mirror*. But not so. Hardly any members join, and the Treasurer's hair is turning grey.

#### THE HYMN BOOK.

THE Hymn-book now used in Wedmore Church is "Church hymns with tunes" edited by Arthur Sullivan, and published by the S.P.C.K. As many good old tunes are not to be found in that book, the Choir, as often as not, have to turn to their manuscript book, or to some other hymn-book for the music. I hope some day to print a "Wedmore Tune Book," containing all the hymn tunes which for one reason or another are thought worth printing, and which are not to be found in the book edited by Arthur Sullivan. In the meantime, as there are many pianos scattered about Wedmore, I will print one or two of the omitted hymn tunes in each number of the Chronicle.

No 1, Manchester, sung slowly and with expression, is to my mind as fine a tune as can be. I don't see how anything can beat it. How anybody could compile a book of tunes, and deliberately and of a set purpose leave it out, passes my understanding altogether. It is just as if a man were to write a book of the lives of English generals, and

leave out the Duke of Wellington: or give an account of the great cities of England, and leave out London. The author, Dr. Wainwright, died in 1782. The tune is to be found in most of the old hymn-books; but for the modern books, such as "Ancient and Modern," and the one used by us, it is not good enough.

*No. I. Manchester—C.M.*



No. 1.—PSALM 90.

O Lord, the Saviour and defence  
 Of us Thy chosen race,  
 From age to age Thou still hast been  
 Our sure abiding-place.  
 Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust,  
 Of which he first was made;  
 And when Thou speak'st the word, 'Return,'  
 'Tis instantly obeyed.

For in Thy sight a thousand years  
 Are like a day that's past,  
 Or like a watch in dead of night,  
 Whose hours unminded waste.  
 So teach us, Lord, the uncertain sum  
 Of our short days to mind,  
 That to true wisdom all our hearts  
 May ever be inclined.

No. 2, University, is a tune familiar to most of us, and a good one, though not good enough for the modern books.

*No II. University—C.M.*



No. 2.

Lord, it belongs not to our care  
 Whether we die or live;  
 To love and serve Thee is our share,  
 And this Thy grace must give.  
 If life be long, oh, make us glad  
 The longer to obey;  
 If short, no labourer is sad  
 To end his toilsome day.  
 Christ leads us through no darker  
 rooms  
 Than he went through before;  
 He that unto God's kingdom comes,  
 Must enter by this door.

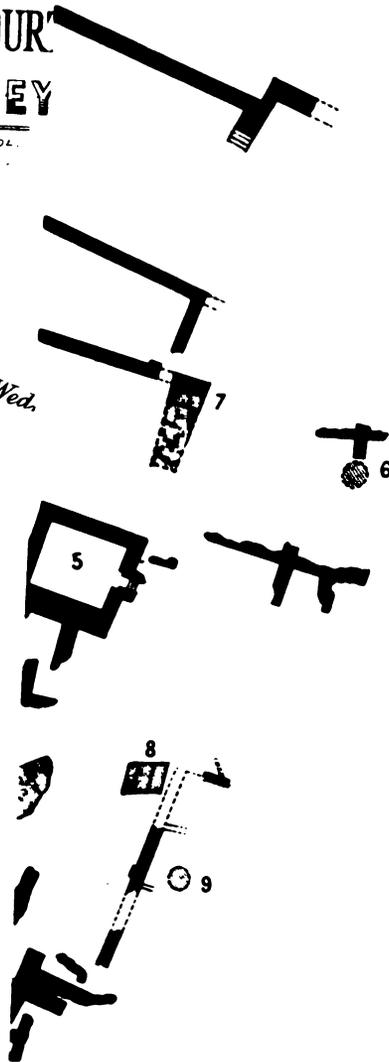
Come, Lord, when grace hath made us  
 meet  
 Thy blessed face to see;  
 For if Thy work on earth be sweet,  
 What will Thy glory be?  
 There shall we end our sad complaints,  
 Our weary sinful days,  
 And join with the triumphant saints,  
 That sing Jehovah's praise.  
 Our knowledge of that life is small,  
 The eye of Faith is dim;  
 Enough for us that God knows all,  
 And we shall be with Him.



# Plan of the EXCAVATIONS AT COURT MUDGLEY

LAVARS, BRISTOL.

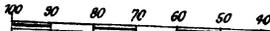
*From Wed.*



MUDGLEY HILL

*To Glastonbury.*

SCALE OF



## PART II.

### THE EXCAVATIONS IN COURT GARDEN, MUDGLEY.

MUDGLEY is a hamlet of Wedmore on the south side of the long hill, (or rather island rising out of the moor,) that stretches from Panborough to Badgworth, and that contains the parishes, or parts of the parishes, of Wedmore, Chapel Allerton, Badgworth, and Weare. Court Garden is the name of a grass field in that hamlet, about half way down the hill. Two other fields, called respectively Court Garden Orchard and Redard, were once one with it, but the road to Glastonbury made about fifty years ago now divides them. The adjoining field on the south side is called King's Close. The celebration in 1878 of the 1000th anniversary of the Peace of Wedmore brought Alfred and his connection with this place into men's thoughts; and finding that there was a tradition that his palace stood in the field now called Court Garden, I determined to see what secrets could be revealed by means of peck and spade and shovel. Having got leave of the owner of the field, Mr. E. U. Vidal, we began to excavate on October 24th, 1878. Before I go on to tell what was brought to light by peck and spade and shovel, I must notice one or two other things.

*I. The meaning of the name Mudgley.* Every place has a name and every name has a meaning. The name of a place, as well as the name of anything else, is not a mere accidental gathering together of a few letters, but it has a derivation, and a meaning : and if you can find out that meaning, it will very often help you to find out something about that place at the time when it first began to be a place. It will tell you the name of its first owner or builder, or of something which happened there many years ago. That is the reason why I want to get together and print in these pages the names of all the hamlets, fields, wells, and lanes in the parish. They will all help to throw light on the history of the parish. What then is the derivation and meaning of Mudgley? Now to find out the derivation of a word, the first thing is to find out its oldest form of spelling. Mudgley in its present form of spelling is a thing of yesterday. The G crept in about the day before yesterday, and has no business there at all. The old form, as it is written in documents of the 13th and 14th centuries, is Mudeslie and Modeslie. So we won't trouble ourselves about Mudgley, but will look at Modesley. What is Modesley? T is a letter that constantly gets changed into D. There are scores of names and words in our language in which T has gradually become D. Suppose that that has happened in this case, then Modesley will be a newer form of the original Motesley. So we have the 18th and 19th century Mudgley corrupted from the 12th and 13th century Modesley; and the 12th and 13th century Modesley corrupted from the Motesley of an earlier century still. And now we have gone back so far, we are getting near to the time of the godfathers and godmothers who gave the place its name.

What is Motesley? The last syllable ley, which you will find at the end of the names of hundreds of places, is from the Saxon word for meadow land. The first syllable is from the Saxon Mot, a court or moot.

So that Motesley (from whence comes Modesley, from whence comes Mudgley,) would mean the ley or field, wherein the mot or court was held. In the days when the Saxons were lords in England, any time between about A.D. 500 and 1000, England was divided into shires, and shires into hundreds, and hundreds into tythings. And besides those divisions, there was another kind of division called a Mark, which meant a tract of land belonging not to an individual but to a community. The Shire, the Hundred, and the Mark, each had its court, (something like our County Courts,) wherein disputes were settled, and justice done between man and man. But Court is a word that no Saxon tongue ever pronounced. No honest Saxon ever talked of going into Court. It is one of those words which have been brought into our language by the Norman who conquered England in 1066. The Saxon word for Court was Mot. So the Saxon name for Mudgley was not Courtley, but Motley, or Motesley.

I expect that something like this has happened. Somewhere in a field on that side of the hill, and any time between A.D. 500 and 1000, a Saxon Mot or Court was wont to be held, and the field was called therefrom Motley, or Motesley. As likely as not it was held in the open air. In course of time a hamlet grew up around that field, and took its name from the field. And then, perhaps, somewhere about the year 1100, after the Normans had got into England, and had brought Norman words and Norman ways with them, either the Bishop or the Dean of Wells built a house in that same field, and called it Court House, thereby keeping up the memory of the purpose for which the field had formerly been used, but translating the Saxon Mot into the Norman Court. So in that case the name of the hamlet, Mudgley, and the name of the field Court Garden, mean one and the same thing. The one is only a translation of the other into another language. The hamlet bears the old Saxon name, while the field wherein the great

D

house stood, bears the later Norman name. And that is just what one would have expected. They who dwelt in the cottages of the hamlet would be of Saxon blood, and would speak the Saxon tongue, and so would keep for their hamlet its old Saxon name; while he who dwelt in the great house would be of Norman blood, and would speak the Norman tongue, and so would give to his house a Norman name. The two races, the Saxon and the Norman, are now blended into one. But time was when they were distinctly two. And traces of a thing always remain long long after that thing has ceased to be. The name Mudgley bears traces of the Saxon, while Court Garden bears traces of the Norman.

Leaving the past, and looking for one moment at the future, I suppose that as in time past Motesley has changed from one form to another till it has become Mudgley, so it will go on changing from one form to another in time to come. Perhaps some day the D will slip out; and then, if there still be a poet in Wedmore, he will be able to make it rhyme with ugly.

*II. Owners of Mudgley.*—The next thing is to find out the owners of Mudgley. The will of King Alfred who died A.D. 901 has been preserved. He thereby gives to Edward, his eldest son, his land at Burnham, Wedmore, and elsewhere. I suppose Wedmore there includes Mudgley. This Edward succeeded his father on the throne, and died A.D. 924. I suppose also that during the 160 years that followed the death of Alfred, Wedmore continued to be the property of the Saxon kings; for I find that about the year 1060 Gisa, Bishop of Wells, obtained possession of Wedmore from another King Edward, Alfred's great great great grandson; and a very few years afterwards the same Bishop obtained from Queen Edith, Edward's widow, Mark and Mudgley. (As Burnham was a part of the possession of the

Saxon kings, it is probable that the hamlet of Edithmead in that parish takes its name from this Queen Edith.)

These two manors, Wedmore and Mudgley, remained in the possession of the Bishops of Wells up to the time of Bishop Robert, who was Bishop from 1136 to 1166, by whom they were handed over to the new Dean of Wells. They remained in the possession of the Deans of Wells till the reign of Henry VIII. In 1547, they were granted to the Duke of Somerset, but on his downfall and death in 1552 they reverted to the Crown. Since then they have constantly changed hands, but I have not yet been able to make out the succession.

I may mention here that amongst the things found in the course of excavation, was a piece of slate tile, with a few bars of music scratched on one side, and on the other side a dog's head, and the name Wolman. Wolman was Dean of Wells from 1529 to 1537, nearly the last Dean of Wells who possessed the Manor.

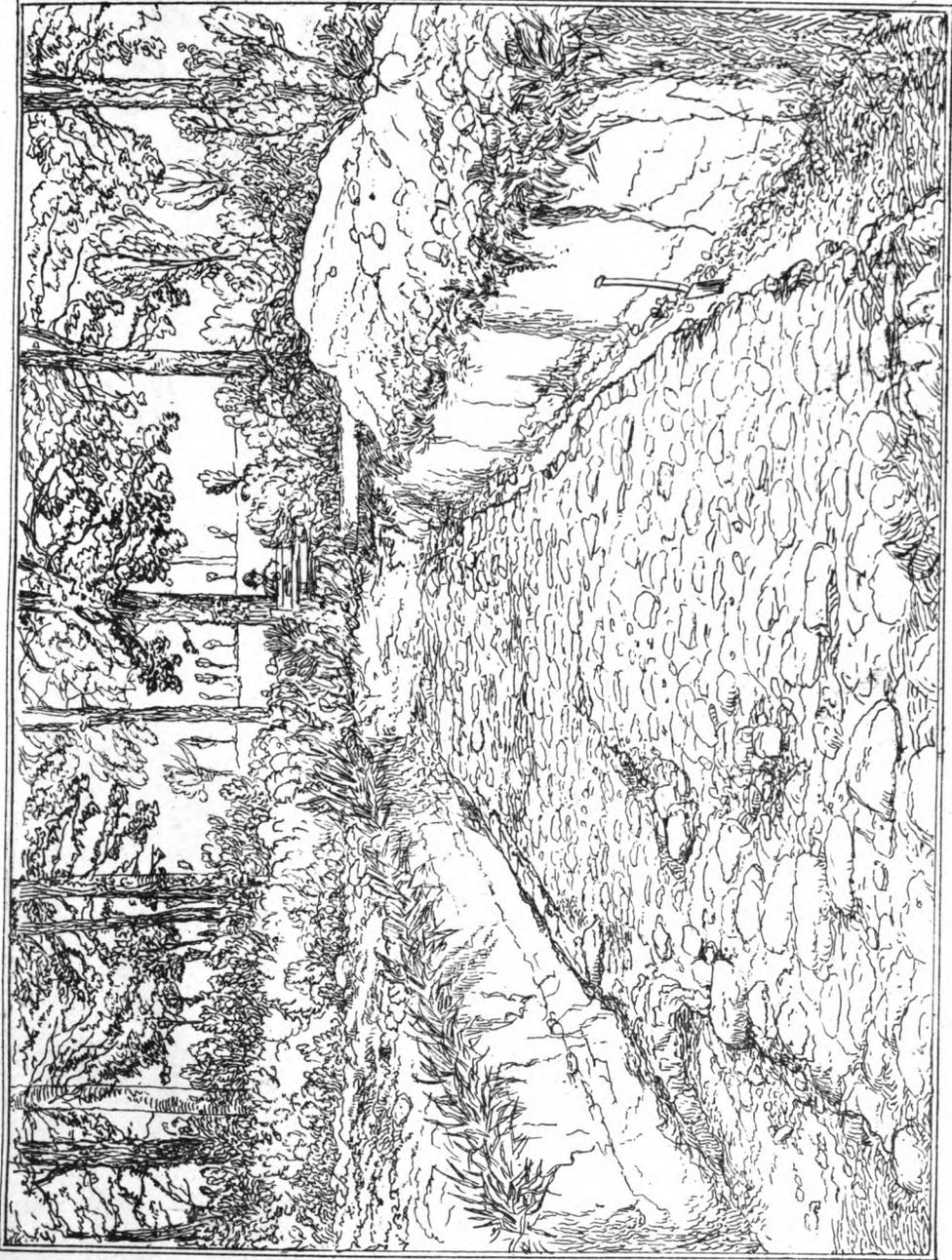
I may also mention here that an old man living in the Heath, came up to me one day, and told me that he had always heard that it was not a king that the great house belonged to, but one who was just as a king. The old man repeated several times "He was not a king but just like a king." It occurred to me afterwards that that was an exact description of the Duke of Somerset, to whom the place belonged for a few years. King Edward VI. at the time was a mere boy, so the Duke of Somerset was appointed Protector of England. He was not king, but he had all the power of a king, and was just like a king.

It would seem therefore as if Wedmore (including Mudgley), was Royal property from A.D. 900, (and, perhaps, much earlier,) to about 1060: Bishop of Wells' property from 1060 to about 1150: Dean of Wells' property from about 1150 to about 1547: and Duke of Somerset's property for about four years after that. The owners from that time till now, I have not yet made out, but no doubt shall be able to.

Now leaving books and documents, and such information as they afford, we may look and see what has been revealed by peck, and spade, and shovel.

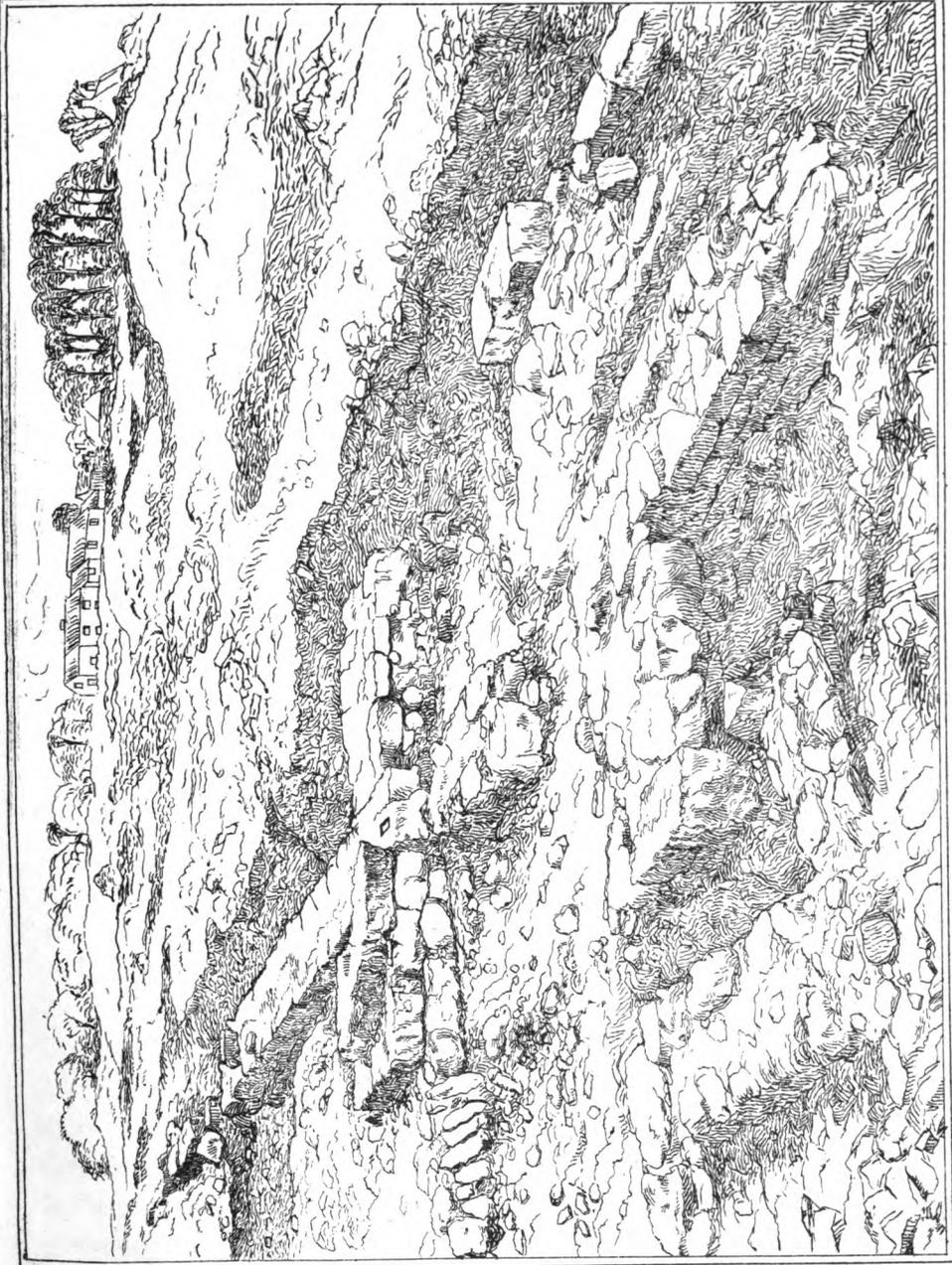
*III. The Foundations.* I shall not take up very much space on this point, because it is dry work to describe the twistings and turnings of walls, and also because the plan, for the drawing of which I am indebted to Mr. J. J. Spencer, will show how they go.

On first coming in at the North corner of the field from Wedmore, there is the road, marked 1, in the plan, and of which illustration No. 1 gives a pretty good idea. It is made of good-sized stones. When I first found it, I thought that it would be easy to follow it on into the field, and that it would lead me right up to the front door; and that then I should merely have to ring the bell, and ask if King Alfred were at home. But that was not so easy as it seemed. The great quantity of soil which had accumulated over it, about five feet in depth at the upper end, the difficulty of knowing where to put the soil, and lastly the want of time, prevented me from making it out as well as I should have liked to have done. It seemed gradually to cease being a road, and to expand and develop into a pitched court yard. Bits of that court yard were uncovered, (see *b* in the plan), and it seemed to extend over all that side of the field, right up to the hedge. To the left or East of the road is a long detached building, 95 feet by 39 feet, marked 2 in the plan. The shape thereof is as the shape of a barn. The foundations are from four to five feet wide. At the North end, and the North-east corner, they were of great depth, and quite different to the rest of the East side, and to the little bit at the South end. There was probably an entrance where the gap is at the South-west corner, as the road seems to expand in that direction. Two lines of single stones laid in edgeways ran across the middle. I can't even guess at their object. From there being no shingle, nor glazed,



COURT GARDEN, MUDGLEY, THE ROAD.





COURT GARDEN, MUDGLEY, FROM S.W.



nor Cornish tiles in the *debris* round it, I should imagine that it had had either a lead or thatched roof. Moving on into the field, we come to the point *a* in the plan, where a key was found lying on the set off of the foundations. Being close to where there is a gap in the foundations, I imagine that it is the key of a door that stood there.

Moving on again, we come to a long well-built wall, (or rather the foundations of a wall,) running from East to West, about 165 feet long and then at each end turning and running Southwards. The West wall of these three, runs about 120 feet, and then ends in a curious block of walls, wall built against wall, of which nobody could make head nor tail. I expect that we have there remains of two, if not three different buildings, which succeeded each other like the three St. Christophers in the Church. Illustration, No. 2, will give some idea of them. When we took up the stones of the West wall, I thought I should like to see whereabouts Old England was. But though we sank down some feet under the foundations, Old England was not to be found. The foundations of that wall rest on the debris, and debris is not Old England. Bones and black pottery were found right under the foundations of that wall; and bones and black pottery are not Old England. The same is to be said of the pitched way (10 in the plan) which leads up to where the style is now. This would seem to prove that the West wall, and some of the block at its South end, belong to a later building. I should put them down to be part of extensive alterations and additions, which I guess to have been made by a Dean of the 15th, or quite the early part of the 16th century. All that side of the field where there is a great depth of debris ought to have been thoroughly searched for traces of the older building, But want of time prevented it from being done. The great quantity of water also that there was, did not make it any easier.

9 is the well, about 20 feet deep and steyned round. It was filled up with rubbish, amongst which were some glazed ridge or crease tiles, which I am told probably belong to the 14th century. An old man who had known the field for 70 years told me that there was another well somewhere about ; but though we sought it, we could not find it. The diggers digged, and the dowers dowsed; but they digged and dowsed in vain. However for all that, it may be there. There was plenty of ground that the diggers had not time to dig ; and as for the dowers, they were but amateurs. If I was going to look for that well again, I should have more faith in the spade than in the hazel rods, even though handled by a professional dowsers.

8 is three steps, but I rather suspect that they, and likewise the pitched path which leads towards them, belonged to farm buildings which I guess succeeded the old house in the 17th and 18th centuries.

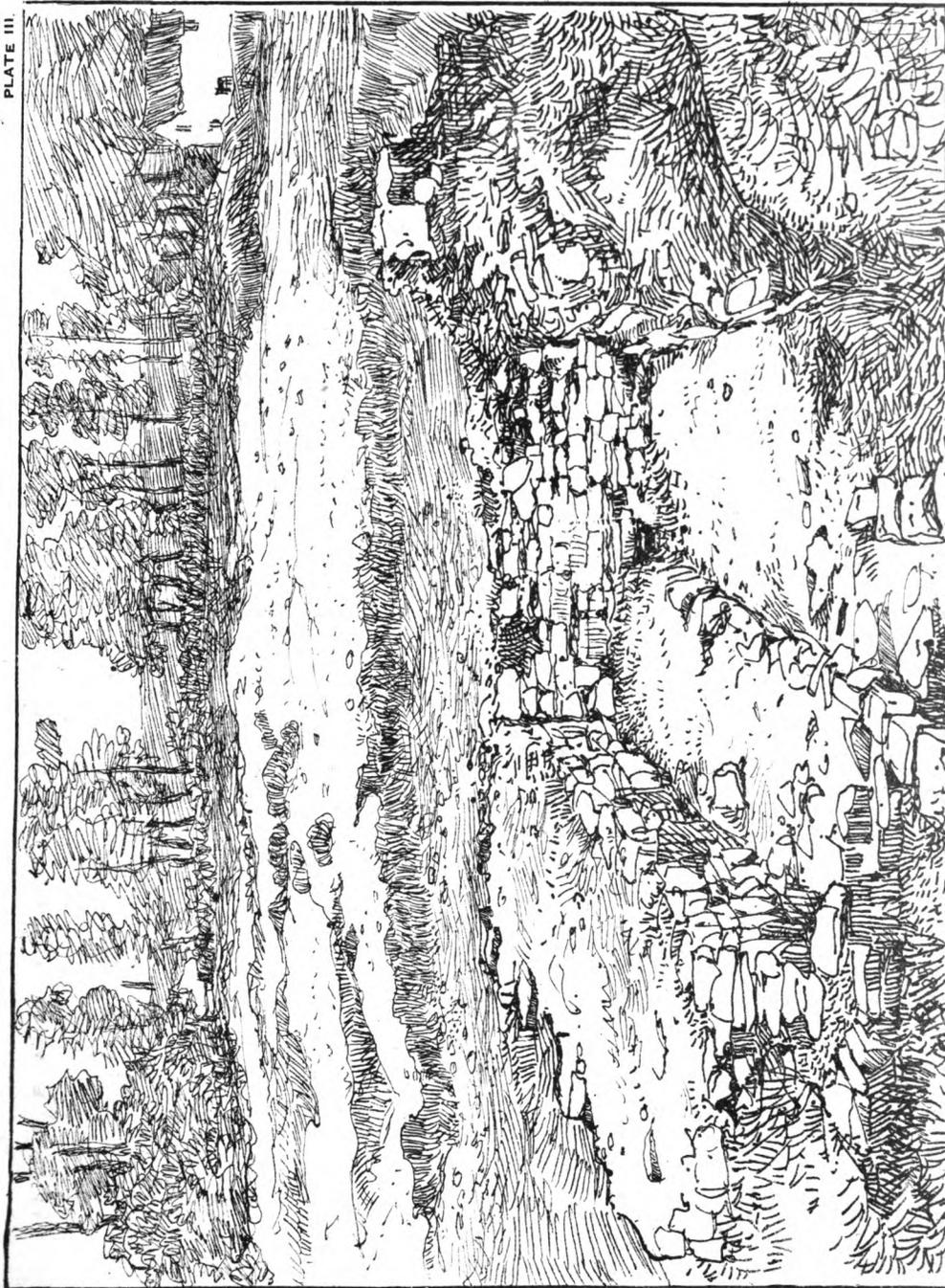
6 is a deep round hole.

7 is evidently the kitchen fire place, with a sort of paved way up to it. There were marks of fire : and not far off was a heap of bones, and oyster and cockle shells, such as one would expect to find near the kitchen.

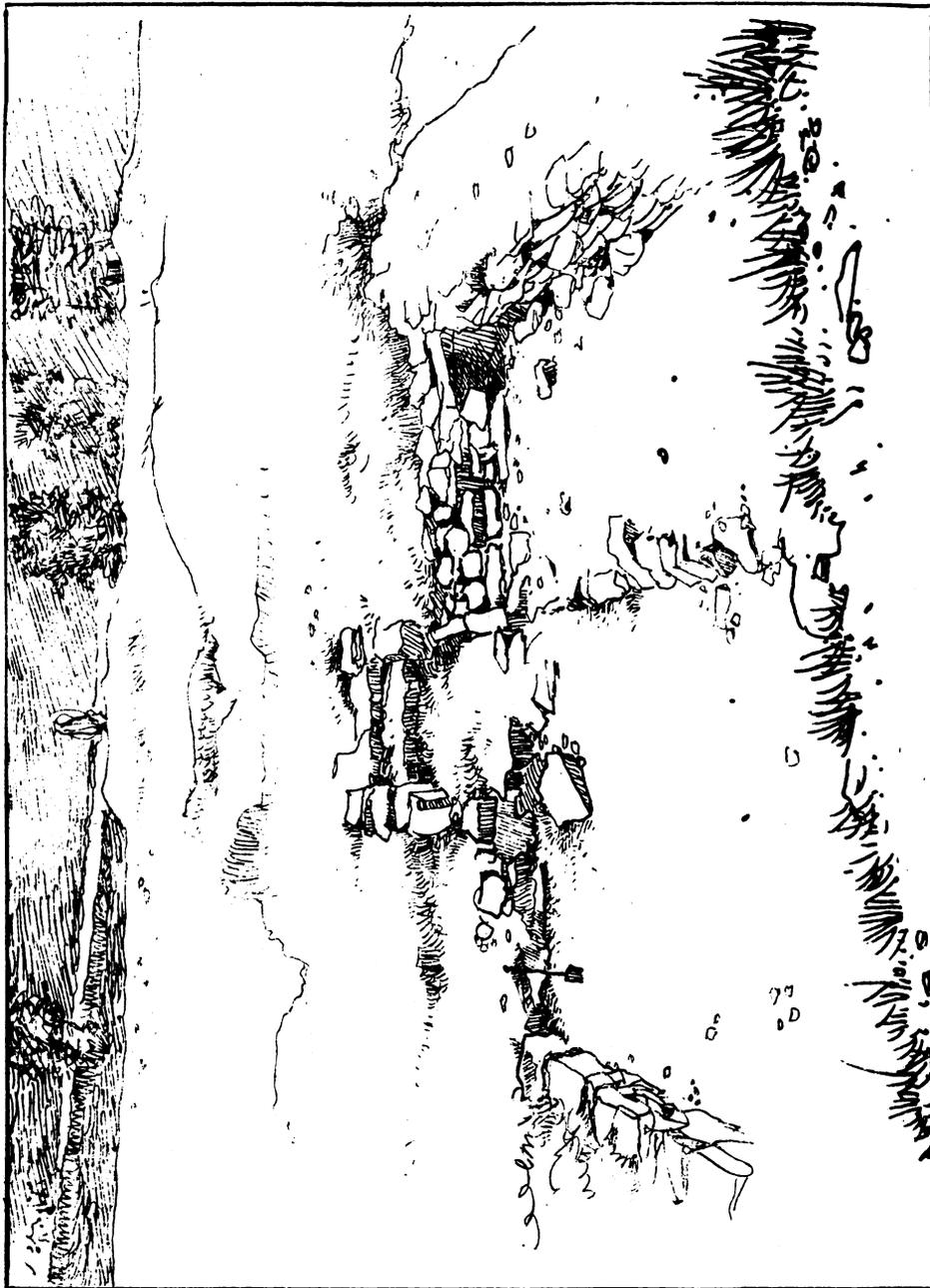
3 and 4 are two places about eight feet deep, and walled round. At the bottom of 3 was a great quantity of black and brown pottery, and some arrow heads.

The most curious thing of all is 5, an underground room 20 feet by 16 feet.

The two excellent illustrations in Anastatic ink, drawn from photographs by Miss M. A. Bernard, give a good idea of this room. Being an underground room, we have in this case not merely foundations of walls as everywhere else, but actual walls themselves. As will be seen from the illustrations, two of them and part of the third are standing from 4 feet to 7 feet high.







COURT GARDEN, MUDGLEY; UNDERGROUND ROOM FROM THE N.



The top of the North wall, which is 7 feet high, is 4 feet below the present surface.

Behind and above the top of that wall, Old England showed herself in the shape of solid clay, of a bluish yellowish sort of colour. I suppose she put on that colour in order to please everybody. She likewise showed herself behind and above that part of the East wall which was left: but there she was more stubborn, and not so conciliatory, being in the shape of rock. In fact that East wall was dovetailed into the native rock, which here almost came up to the present surface, and which must have been quarried in order to make the underground room. The West wall was of great thickness, being nearly 6 feet wide. Of the South wall, not much was left standing. Two steps on the South side leading up out of the room remained, at the bottom of which was found a key. The ground being naturally very much lower on the South than on the North side on account of the hill, these two steps would bring one to the old surface. The West wall, and that part of the East wall which remained were standing sufficiently high to show that the room must have had a vaulted roof. Some light spongy sort of stones, either Tufa, or very like Tufa, were found in the debris with which the room was filled up: and I am told that such stones were commonly used for vaulted ceilings on account of their lightness. The floor of this room was of stones laid in edgeways. This floor did not seem to extend over the whole room, but only over the Western half of it. A drain ran along one side, and out under the steps. Some pottery was found in the drain, just outside the West wall. In the space marked *b* in the plan, there were ashes and burnt earth, quite red, about six inches in depth, and a great quantity of small fragments of black pottery.

I think I have now described as much of the foundations, etc., as

anybody will have patience to read. In some cases these foundations come nearly up to the present surface of the field; in other cases not within 3 or 4 feet. In some cases, as I have already mentioned, these foundations are laid on Old England, as they called it, *i.e.*, on the solid ground which has never been moved by man; in other cases they are laid on the debris, and bones and pottery were found underneath them. Some of the foundations are laid well and suant, some are very rude and irregular. Except in the cases of the underground room, and of the little cells, there are strictly speaking no walls, but merely the foundations of walls, so that no date can be given to them.

The only pieces of masonry that a date can be given to, are a chimney top, and part of the tracery of a window, which belong to the latter part of the 15th century. The shape of the house can not be made out, because, I expect, the road to Glastonbury cut about 60 years ago, went right through the middle of it. I have been told that when that road was made, foundations were taken up. So that we have merely been rummaging over a part of the building.

These foundations have now been taken up and hauled away, one man reaping the fruit of another man's labours.

The underground room still remains pretty much the same as we found it, though, of course, filled in again, and covered over.

*IV. The Relics.* Now we may take a look at the pottery and other things found, and hear what tale they have to tell.

The ground in many places was full of fragments of pottery. A great deal of it was of coarse make, and black and brown in colour, and not glazed. Some of it was blackened inside, and is supposed to have been used for cooking purposes. I have shown

bits of it to several authorities. Some called it Romano-British, and some called it Saxon, in which cases it would be the pottery used in England any time between the 4th and the 11th centuries. The last opinion that I got was that of Mr. Franks, keeper of British and Mediæval antiquities at the British Museum. He calls it Norman, in which case it would be the pottery used in England in A.D. 1100 and thereabouts. (Please bear that date in mind, as I shall shortly refer to it again, and point out how it coincides with something else). I do not pretend myself to know one kind of pottery from another; but, judging merely from the position in which it was found, I should say that was a more likely date than the earlier one.

Besides the unglazed pottery, there was a quantity of fragments glazed—mostly of a greenish colour—spouts of jugs, etc. The authorities to whom I have shown them were more of one mind as to their age. They are of different ages, from the 13th to about the middle of the 16th or beginning of the 17th century. (Please bear that date in mind also.)

Besides the pottery, we found a few bits of encaustic tiles of the 13th century, and some glazed crease or ridge tiles of the 14th century.

Four keys were found, at least two of which seemed to have been lying just where the doors were which once they locked. They almost looked as if they were waiting for the doors to be set up again, that they might do their duty and lock them as of old. One of them was found at the foot of the two steps which lead down into the underground room. That there had been a door just above the second step is shown by a stone with the iron hinge let into it. Another was found at the point *a* in the plan. The gap in the foundations of the wall, as shown in the plan, was evidently where a doorway had been. The key was lying on the set off of the wall close to

E

the gap. A third key seems to have belonged to the barn-shaped room. The fourth was found near the well.

Two bits of slate tile with music scratched on them were found. The date of one, which I have already alluded to, is shown by the name "Wollmn Anno" scratched on one side of it, Wollman being Dean of Wells from 1529 to 1537, one of the last Deans who possessed the Manor. What follows "Anno" is unfortunately broken off. It would be satisfactory to see the actual figures, though we know pretty nearly what they must have been. There is also a dog's head scratched on it. It seems to be a woolly sort of dog, and may be meant to be a pun on the Dean's name. The music is on the other side. The notes are square. The other piece of music is I suppose of about the same date. The notes are diamond shaped. It is sacred music, the words Kyrie and Criste being visible. There are five lines to the stave in each tile. As these music-tiles are curious, if not unique, I hope to get them engraved for some future number of the Chronicle.

A spur, arrow heads, knife-blades, large carving-knife with bone handle, pair of compasses, and bits of iron and other metal, were also found. The coins found were a penny and a groat of Edward III. (1327—1377), a penny of Richard II. (1377—1399), and some jetons or tokens of about the same date or rather later. Deers' horns, boars' tusks, bones of horse, pig, deer, etc., oyster, mussel and cockle shells complete the list.

I should also add that besides the glazed roof-tiles, there were vast quantities of Cornish tiles and shingle. Some of the latter were of great thickness.

Now what is the tale that all these relics seem to tell? What evidence do they give as to when a house was set up and when a house ceased to be there? If we accept Mr. Franks' opinion, and

put down the unglazed pottery to be Norman, then the relics tell us of a house set up about the year 1100, and ceasing to be inhabited about 1600. We find pottery of about the date 1100, and nothing much earlier; we find pottery of about the date 1600, and nothing much later. So judging from the pottery found we should come to the conclusion that a house was set up about the year 1100, and ceased to be inhabited about 1600. Now see how that coincides and agrees with something else. The documents told us that not very far from 1100 the Queen gave the manor of Mudgley to the Bishop—who gave it about 60 years later to the Dean—and that not very far from 1600 the manor was taken away from the Dean, and after belonging to the Duke of Somerset for three or four years, went to I don't know whom. Since, then, we find nothing much earlier than the time of the Bishop who got it, and nothing much later than the time of the Dean who lost it, it would seem as if the Bishop built a house as soon as he obtained the property from the Queen about 1070, and that the house continued to be kept up for about 500 years; and that then, soon after it was taken away from its ancient owners, it gradually came down. Perhaps it was deserted and left without inhabitant.\* Or more likely it was bought by some yeoman or farmer in the place, who had not got the Dean's income, and so could not afford to keep it up; or, if he had the income, had no need for a chapel and for all the apartments which a wealthy Dean delighted to furnish; so he made use of them for his horses and oxen and cows and crops and ploughs.

*Facilis descensus Averni*, says the Latin poet. It is easy for a man to go downhill after he has once started, both literally and in other ways.

\* Mr. R. L. Stott tells me that Mudgley folks are, or used to be, called "Mudgley owls." And he thinks that the number of owls that there would have been at Mudgley at the time when the great house was standing deserted was probably the origin of the expression.

As with a man so with a house. The ancient owners of a house are dispossessed: a new owner comes in with different tastes and different habits, and different wants. "They break down the carved work thereof with axes and hammers." The best apartments are occupied by the ox that eateth hay. Then the place becomes a quarry, to which every one goes who is building a house within two miles: and then, when all the stones above ground have been hauled away, the grass grows over the foundations, and hides the heaps of rubbish, and nothing is to be seen but a green field with an uneven surface. That is what has happened in scores of places, and that, I expect, is what has happened here.

I should have mentioned before that Mr. Serel has shown me the will of Adam-at-the-Breche, dated 1340, and proved 1342 at the Dean's house, Modeslea, showing that there must have been a sort of Probate Office attached to the house at Mudgley. The Bishop of Bath and Wells has suggested that the Probate Office may have been a relic or survival, or in some way a consequence of the Saxon Mot. With Mr. Serel's kind permission, I will print the will in a future number of the Chronicle.

Also with regard to a Chapel being attached to the house, an old woman who knew the place 80 years ago, tells me she understood that there was one. The encaustic tiles, (very similar to some lately found in the Chancel of Wedmore Church), and the sacred music on the slate tiles, seem to bear her out.

V.—Now how about King Alfred? Is he to be turned out of his own palace at Mudgley by the Bishop and the Dean? And if he is to be turned out of Mudgley, where is he to go to?

That he had land at Wedmore is proved by his own will.

That he had a house at Wedmore is proved by the life of him written (or supposed to be written) by Asser, Bishop of Sherborne, who

was contemporary with him, and knew him well. Asser after describing the battle of Edington in 878, says, "After seven weeks, Gothrum, king of the pagans, with 30 men chosen from the army, came to Alfred at a place called Aller, near Athelney; and there King Alfred, receiving him as his son by adoption, raised him up from the holy laver of baptism on the eighth day, at a royal villa named Wedmore, where the holy chrism was poured upon him. After his baptism he remained twelve nights with the king, who, with all his nobles, gave him many fine houses." (Asser's *Life of Alfred*, edited by J. A. Giles, ed. 1875, p. 63).

The Saxon Chronicle, also by a contemporary writer, after describing the battle of Edington, says, "About three weeks after this King Gothrum came to him, with some 30 men who were of the most distinguished in the army, at Aller which is near Athelney: and the king was his god-father at baptism; and his chrism-losing was at Wedmore: and he was twelve days with the king; and he greatly honoured him and his companions with gifts." (The *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, edited by J. A. Giles, 1878, p. 356).

Other old Chroniclers say the same thing. So we may take it for certain that his connection with Wedmore is not a myth, but that he had land and a house here, wherein he entertained his Godson and late enemy, Guthrum the Dane.

Where was that house? Of course it MIGHT have been in the field since called Court Garden. The tradition which puts it there MAY be true. Bishop Gisa MAY have found it still standing when he came into possession of the Manor 160 years after Alfred's death, and MAY have pulled it down, and built a new house on its site, and partly on its foundations. One can't say that it was not so; one can only say that one has found nothing belonging to Alfred's

age. And that does not prove very much. The field was certainly occupied for 800 years after Alfred's death. And the successive houses which rose up during that time may have easily stamped out everything belonging to his age. And then again, though we have been rummaging over two acres, yet I fancy we have only been on the outskirts of the mediæval house. The peck and spade and shovel have not touched the field now called Court Garden Orchard, nor the ground all round Mudgley farm: and I am afraid that they are not very likely to. Till that ground has been searched, one cannot say for certain that nothing belonging to Alfred's age is to be found there. So that all one can say is that one has found nothing to support the tradition of Alfred's palace. One has found traces of the Bishop, and traces of the Dean, but no traces of the King, who, if ever there at all, was there before them. Till one has found traces of the King somewhere else, one cannot say that Court Garden, Mudgley, is not where he entertained his Godson.

At the same time I cannot help feeling a suspicion, which others have shared with me, that Alfred's palace is more likely to have been in Wedmore proper than right away at Mudgley. We may be sure that where Wedmore proper is now, there Wedmore proper was in the days of Alfred; because sites remain unchanged from age to age, unless there is some very strong reason for changing them, as in the case of Salisbury. Wedmore proper is now, and most likely was in the days of Alfred, where the church now stands, with the Manor House, and Vicarage, and Inn, and the Borough, and the Guildhall clustering round it. And somewhere there, I expect, is where Alfred's palace stood. Probably if the Lord of the Manor would burrow under the manor house, or dig trenches across his lawn, he would find traces of its Saxon owners.

The excavations have not yielded everything that was expected of

them. Several people expected that a gold coffin would be found. One man thought that very likely underground passages would be found leading goodness knows where. Another told me that he thought it very likely I should find some ancient books. But I found no gold coffin, no underground passages, nor no ancient books neither.

However, they have caused a certain amount of light to be thrown on the history of that part of the parish ; they found a certain amount of work to be done during two hard winters when work was scarce ; and they brought a certain number of people into the place who had never been brought into it before. And although they have shaken, or at any rate not strengthened the belief in the king's palace, yet, I suppose, for a while the tradition of the great king will linger on, and the white horse without a rider will still be seen by the light of the moon.

It only remains for me to acknowledge the help I received in many ways from many people, both in and out of the place.

The Somersetshire Archæological Society did what they could ; the Rev. H. M. Scarth, Vicar of Wrington, was constant in his efforts to bring the matter before the public : and I verily believe that if the Bishop's horses were put into the carriage to-morrow, and sent through the palace lodge without a driver, they would of their own accord go straight off to Court Garden. I received help in many ways from many others both in and out of the place. The plans made for me by Mr. J. J. Spencer were most useful.

## ST. CHRISTOPHER.

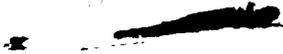
*The Painting of St. Christopher.*—When the plaster was removed last summer from the wall behind the pulpit, a painting of St. Christopher was brought to light. The painting was in a good state of preservation except where pieces had been chipped out to make the plaster stick. These chipped places have been carefully filled in with putty, and painted over by a workman sent down by Messrs. Lavers, Barrand and Westlake. When the painting was first discovered, St. Christopher was looking down in a north - westerly direction. But within a few days his head scaled off, and revealed to some sharp eyes the present head underneath looking in another direction. It appears that there have been at least three successive paintings of St. Christopher painted one upon another. Mr. Westlake thought that the date of the latest of the three was about 1520; and the date of the one before that about 1460. Of the 1460 painting there is now visible St. Christopher's head, the head of Christ on the right hand side as you face the painting, and some large flat fishes underneath. All the rest, viz., the figure of St. Christopher, the figure and head of Christ on the left, the hermit and the lantern, and the mermaid, and the ships, and the fisherman, and the smaller fishes which are so eagerly rushing up to the bait, belong to the 1520 painting. This will account for St. Christopher's head resting so painfully and uncomfortably on the back of his neck.

They don't really belong to each other. It is the 1460 head on the 1520 shoulders. The head that scaled off was quite comfortable. The present head, as also the head of Christ on the left, had to be touched up a little. The 1460 Christ, which is far superior, is left just as we found it. The inscription has not yet been all made out. It is a dialogue between Christ and Christopher. That part of it on the right as you face the painting is what Christopher says to Christ. That on the left is Christ's answer. The few words that have been made out show that it is the same in substance as the conversation between Christ and Christopher given in page 38. I shall hope to give an engraving of this painting in some future number of the Chronicle.

#### THE STORY OF SAINT CHRISTOPHER.

I give the story of St. Christopher pretty nearly word for word as I find it in Mrs. Jameson's *Sacred and Legendary Art*.

St. Christopher was of the land of Canaan, and the name by which he was there known was Offero. He was a man of great height and of a terrible aspect; and being proud of his size and strength, he determined that he would serve none other but the greatest and most powerful king that lived. So he travelled far and wide to find this greatest of kings. At last he came to the court of a king who was said to be greater than all the kings of the earth, and him he offered to serve; and the king received him gladly. Now it happened one day, as Christopher stood by the king in his court, there came a minstrel who sang before the king. And in his song he frequently mentioned the devil. And every time the king heard the devil's name, he crossed himself. Christopher asked him why he did so, but he would not tell him. Then said Christopher, If you will not tell me, I will leave you. Then the king told him



that he made the sign of the cross that he might be preserved from Satan, for he feared lest Satan should overcome him. Then said Christopher, If thou fearest Satan, thou art not the mightiest king in the world. I will go and seek Satan and serve him, for he is mightier than thou. So Christopher went and travelled far and wide; and as he was crossing a desert plain, he beheld a crowd of armed men, and at their head marched a terrible and frightful being; and he stopped Christopher, saying, Man, where goest thou? Christopher answered I go to seek Satan, for he is the mightiest king in the world, and him would I serve. Then answered Satan, I am he. Go no farther. So Christopher bowed before him, and entered his service, and they travelled on together. At last they came to a place where four roads met, and there was a cross by the wayside. And when Satan saw the cross, he trembled and turned back, and went round to avoid it. And Christopher asked him why he did so: and he would not answer. Then said Christopher, If thou wilt not tell me, straightway I will leave thee. Then answered Satan, Upon that cross died Jesus Christ, and when I behold it I tremble, for I fear him. Then said Christopher, If thou fearest Jesus Christ, he must be mightier than thou. I will go seek and serve him, for I will serve none other than the mightiest. So he left Satan, and travelled far and wide seeking Christ. At last he came to the cell of a hermit, and asked him to show him where Christ was. And the hermit told him saying, He whom thou seekest is indeed the mightiest king of heaven and earth: but if thou wouldest serve him, he will lay many and hard duties upon thee. Thou must fast often. Then said Christopher, I will not fast: for if I were to do so, my strength would leave me. And thou must pray, said the hermit. I know nothing about praying, said Christopher, and I will not be bound by such a service. Then said the hermit, Knowest

thou a certain river, wide and deep and dangerous, and oft times swollen by the rains, wherein many perish who try to pass over? I know it, said Christopher. Then said the hermit, Since thou wilt neither fast nor pray, go to that river, and use thy great strength to help and to save those who are in danger. It may be thy work will prove acceptable to Jesus Christ, and that he will show himself to thee. Then said Christopher, That will I do. It is a service that pleases me well. So he went and dwelt by the side of the river: and he rooted up a palm tree from the forest—so strong and tall was he—and used it as a staff to guide his steps: and he aided those who were about to sink, and the weak he carried on his shoulders across the stream: and day and night he was ready for his task, and was never weary of helping those who needed help. This that he did pleased our Lord, who looked down from heaven upon him, and said, Behold this strong man, who knoweth not the way to worship me, yet hath found out the way to serve me.

Now, after Christopher had spent many days in this work, one night, as he was resting in a hut he had built of boughs, he heard a voice calling to him from the bank: it was the voice of a child, and seemed to say, Christopher, come forth and carry me over. He arose and looked out, but saw nothing: so he laid him down again. But the voice called to him again a second and a third time; the third time he looked about with a lantern, and found a little child sitting on the bank, who besought him, saying, Christopher, carry me over this night. So Christopher lifted the child on his strong shoulders, and took his staff in his hand, and entered the stream. And the waters rose higher and higher, and the waves roared, and the winds blew: and the child on his shoulders became heavier and heavier, till it seemed to him that he must sink

under the weight. However he supported himself with his staff, and at length he reached the opposite bank. He laid the child down, safely and gently, and looked on it with astonishment, and said, "Who art thou, child, that hath placed me in such extreme peril? Had I carried the whole world on my shoulders, the burden could not have been heavier." And the child answered, "Wonder not, Christopher, for thou hast not only borne the world, but him who made the world, upon thy shoulders. Me wouldst thou serve in this thy work of charity; and, behold, I have accepted thy service: and in testimony that I have accepted thy service and thee, plant thy staff in the ground, and it shall put forth leaves and fruit." Christopher did so; and his staff flourished as a palm tree and was covered with fruit—but the child had vanished.

Such is the story of St. Christopher, which, as I have already said, I have taken almost word for word from a book called "*Sacred and Legendary Art.*" Mrs. Jameson adds that the mere sight of his form was thought sufficient to inspire with courage those who had to struggle with the evils of life, and to give vigour to those who were exhausted by the labours of husbandry: and it was believed that those who beheld it were safe for the day from all perils of earthquake, fire and flood. Hence it became a custom to place large-sized paintings of him in conspicuous places on the walls of churches and houses.



