



Memories
of an
Antiquary

by

CANON T. C. PORTEUS, B.D.

Vicar of St. George

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FOREWORD

By E. V. FAIRWEATHER, Editor of "The Chorley Guardian"

Canon Porteus has greatly enriched our knowledge of local history, and we are enabled to share one of his joys as an antiquary, that of helping others. At the same time we can share another of his joys as we read these memories, that of fellowship with a mind which has done much in the quest of truth' in our own district.

Among many discoveries made in his researches may be instanced those relating to the Audlem arms on the exterior of Chorley Parish Church, and also an interesting clue to the descent of Captain Myles Standish. These are described in the following pages.

The positions which he now holds, and has held for some years past, include the Presidency of the Lancashire and Cheshire Antiquarian Society, the Lancashire Authors Association, and the Chorley Branch of the Workers' Educational Association. Canon Porteus has a keen interest in literature as well as in history, and has lectured on many literary topics to the Dickens Society, Townswomen's Guilds, Rotary Clubs, and other organisations. He has also won prizes at Manchester University for English Verse and English Prose.

There may be mentioned also the gifts by Canon Porteus to libraries of transcriptions of ancient deeds. The task of transcribing several hundred Standish deeds fell to his lot. These were published by Wigan Library Committee, and the late Earl of Crawford and Balcarres in a Foreword to the book made this comment :—

"The Wigan Library Committee are fortunate in having enlisted the good offices of Mr. Porteus, for whose voluntary services cordial thanks are extended. His patience in deciphering faded and almost illegible script, and his skill in solving problems of abbreviation and variant spelling of names have been most valuable."

MEMORIES OF AN ANTIQUARY

By T. C. PORTEUS, Vicar of St. George, Chorley

First and foremost, I am a clergyman, and I have found in my lifework absorbing interest, varied adventure, and unfailing joy. It was my happy lot to share in the building of a new Church (St. John the Divine, Coppull), the gift of those princely benefactors James Darlington and Alfred Hewlett, and also, a new vicarage and a parish hall, and for 22 years to shape and strengthen a new parish. Since 1934 I have been vicar of St. George, Chorley, with the biggest Church and one of the busiest and most friendly parishes in the diocese of Blackburn.

One must be watchful to avoid the encroachment of any secondary interest upon one's chief vocation. Yet every man must have a hobby; and the study of old buildings, old customs, and old records, has been mine. I trust that I have never deserved the jest levelled by a former vicar of Leyland against his antiquarian curate, "Mr. Blank is more interested in the dead than in the living." Indeed, one might contend that few hobbies are more closely allied to the parson's job than the study of history. At any rate, bishops, archdeacons, and many parish clergy, have had such interests, and have been no less effective as administrators and pastors. To mention only one example, Canon F. R. Raines (1803-1878)—that prodigious antiquary, to whose MS collections, 44 volumes in the Chetham College Library, almost all Lancashire historians are indebted, was for 46 years vicar of Milnrow, Rochdale. He was a zealous parochial clergyman, appointed Honorary Canon of Manchester, and received the degree of M.A. from the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The Spell of Standish.

What first evoked my interest in such pursuits? It was Standish Church which brought me initiation and awakening.

Formerly, historic buildings, such as cathedral, castle, or guild-hall, aroused in me vague and romantic wonder, but evoked no spirit of inquiry. When, however, I joined the staff of Standish Parish Church in 1910, a new chapter in my life began. It is one thing to look round an old church as a casual visitor; quite another thing to belong to it, to feel that although one is only the junior curate the old church and yourself are joined together in such a union that thereafter, whatever changes come, whatever distance separates, no man can put us asunder. The building itself, spacious and stately, its memorials of priest and soldier, squire and merchant of long ago, all this was to me like Wordsworth's "Sounding Cataract," it haunted me like a passion. The very shadows fascinated, for there were nooks and corners unexplored. I found faces and shields and crests and initials in unlikely places, climbed into the parvise or priest's chamber, and there shook the dust from hatchments and pew brasses.

The Church had a long line of rectors, rectors who were bishops, rectors who were fighters, rectors who were scholars and antiquaries. The tithe books, sometimes dull, sometimes vocal, told of field names which were centuries old. The wardens' accounts were dotted with the names of victories for which bells were rung and bonfires blazed. These books recorded that when Prince Charlie's tattered army of highlanders came through in the '45, the Church plate was buried for safety. Tradition added that some part of it was never recovered, for the secret of its hiding-place was lost. Just previous to my coming to Standish an abortive attempt had been made to find the alleged lost treasures. Taking advantage of the Rector's absence on a visit to Canada, and of some repairs going on in the chancel, an excavation was made. Some gruesome relics were found; but no silver or gold was brought to light. Needless to say, I had no part in these proceedings; but they were current talk when I arrived in Standish.

But I found buried treasure of another kind. Strangely enough Standish Church (apart from writers of pamphlets) had no historian up to that time. From my first coming I felt that destiny called me to the task. As I lived, day by day, in the shadow of the Church; as

I took part in its worship; as I meditated amid its memorials, voices were calling me. They spoke to me from the silent dust or from the spirit-world, "We are forgotten of others, will you not remember us? If you listen, we will speak." I did listen; I started on a long quest; it gave me a lot of trouble, but brought me a great store of secret and inexpressible joy. Not only did I explore the Church but I visited every hall and farm in a wide parish. It meant holidays spent in research at Chester Diocesan Registry, the British Museum, the Record Office, various libraries, private muniment rooms, and such places; but the reward was in the doing.

The Old Rector.

While I was at Standish there was a very noticeable change in the Rector (the late Rev. C. W. N. Hutton). His attitude to my researches was at first somewhat discouraging. It may seem egotistical to suggest that I infected him with a little of my own enthusiasm; but his interest in the history of his own Church deepened. He gradually displayed more sympathy towards persistent and troublesome antiquarians; and in 1912 even nominated one of them, at that time his junior curate, to the new benefice (my first benefice) St. John's, Coppull.

Soon afterwards he decided to adorn the chancel of Standish Church with a series of armorial shields. He asked me to select the families represented, to write the blazon, and to put in the tinctures. The last-named task I delegated to a heraldist. Knowing my concern for Anglo-American friendship, he afterwards asked me to choose a motto for the Haydock memorial. I suggested the following lines from Whittier :—

"Joint heirs and kinsfolk, leagues and waves
Nor length of years can part us:
Your right is ours to shrine and grave—
The common freehold of the brave,
The gift of saints and martyrs."

This verse is now inscribed on the monument.

When my History of Standish was published in 1927, the Rector contributed the cost of all the illustrations concerning the Church, and formed the habit of

giving a copy of the book as a wedding present to couples whom he married. This practice was much appreciated by the author!

Standish Hall.

When I came to Standish in 1910 there was another building (since much altered and made into two houses) which had great charm and a fascinating history. This was Standish Hall in the midst of the Park, for long the residence of the Standish family, lords of the manor. It was a picturesque building of mellow red brick with an old part in black-and-white and a private chapel. The house contained some fine oak panelling and two mantels brought from Borwick Hall, the family having intermarried with Bindloss of Borwick. Several spout heads bore the initials of Ralph Standish, who was arrested at the surrender of Preston in 1715, while a stone on an adjoining barn still bears the initials of his father, William Standish, the Jacobite plotter. Tenants of the Hall were friends of mine during my stay at Standish, and I was entertained at times in the historic mansion-house. When the house fell vacant, I got permission to sketch the Hall, and made several pen-and-ink and also some water-colour drawings. The squire died in France in 1920, and two years afterwards the estates were sold. The Hall was dismantled and much interesting material removed; some of which, fortunately, including an heraldic overmantel, a clock-face and a gong, have been presented to Wigan Library.

Friends at Standish.

Residence at Standish brought me friends who fostered my love of antiquarian pursuits. One of these was Dr. Henry Brierley, Registrar of Wigan County Court. This witty, genial, and erudite founder of the Lancashire Parish Register Society, drew me into the ranks of subscribers and would-be transcribers. He gave me a copy of Wright's *Courthand*, and was the first to show me an example of a Final Concord, briefly known as a 'fine.' How I marvelled at the skill which enabled him to decipher that fearsome looking script, little dreaming that before long I should have the task of making intelligible many specimens of the kind. He lectured for me after-

wards at my new venture, the Chorley Historical Society, founded during the Great War; and never forgot to enliven a discourse on Parish Registers or Surnames with a fresh anecdote about the Wigan collier and his pigeons.

Mr. J. M. Ainscough, afterwards of Lindley, Mount, Parbold, was churchwarden at Standish when I became resident there. He was a man of sterling character, a generous benefactor to Standish, his native place, and noted also for his public service in Wigan (a most interesting biography of him has been written by his daughter Margaret). He and I had tastes in common; we were both musical, and both "keen on old ancient things," as a rustic once described us. The hours we spent together at his home, and on excursions to such places as Towneley Hall and Cockersand Abbey are delightful and enduring memories. Mr. Ainscough gave me great help and encouragement in writing the History of Standish. There came into his hands three vellum-bound books written by a former Rector of Standish, the Rev. Richard Perryn, a careful annalist, in fact a "recording angel."

How my friend found these books is worth relating. A local doctor on his rounds saw some children sitting on the floor of a kitchen scribbling on the blank pages of several books. Attracted by the antique writing in the volumes, the doctor examined them and found them of great interest. The parents of the youngsters gave the books to the doctor; he passed them on to Mr. Ainscough, and I had the use of them when writing my history. In one of these albums, Mr. Perryn had copied a complete survey of Standish and Langtree townships for the year 1760, or thereabouts, with the old names of farms and individual fields, and their acreage and annual value. When I mentioned this discovery to Dr. William Farrer, the collector of MSS, he said "Find me one like it for the township of Over Kellet where I live, and I will give a hundred pounds for it."

Antiquarian Holidays.

Perhaps the most interesting jaunt that my friend Mr. Ainscough and I undertook together was a visit to the Isle of Man in 1920. The will of Myles

Standish, who accompanied the Pilgrim Fathers in the *Mayflower* (1620) when they founded Plymouth Colony, mentioned the locality of certain lands of which he had been defrauded. Croston was named with other places, and also the Isle of Man. Some local historians had suggested that the last-named place was a farm in Croston, which bore the name because in time of flood it was surrounded by water. There were, however, records of a branch of the Standishes in the actual Island. So, in the hope of tracing the immediate parentage of the Colonist, we journeyed there. The Manx Church Registers were disappointing, because they were too late in date to help us. On subsequent visits one was more successful in consulting documents in the Manx Record Office, for certain reforms have been set on foot. In 1920, however, much current business was transacted in the office. The counter was divided into several compartments; and we had to stand at one of these while consulting an old document. Meanwhile applicants on either side were talking loudly on other matters. We were amused at being told that if half-a-dozen antiquaries like ourselves, were to arrive and occupy the several divisions of the counter, "the whole business of the Isle of Man would come to an end." We were very persistent. It is hardly too much to say that we went from glen to glen crying "Does anybody know anything about the Standishes?" Guided by the advice of Mr. W. Cubbon and other friends we found a few records of the Manx branch of the Standishes, and visited Ellanbane in Lezayre, the former home of a branch of the Standish family.

Harking back to my stay in Standish, while I was resident there the *Victoria County History of Lancashire* was in process of publication. A proof relating to Standish parish was passed on to me; local knowledge enabled me to make several corrections and additions, reference to which is made in the Preface to volume vi. This led to correspondence with the editors, Dr. Farrer and Mr. J. Brownbill, who both became generous helpers. I gave some transcripts of deeds to Dr. Farrer; and from time to time he sent me on loan parcels of those valuable MSS which have now come to the Manchester Reference Library. Moreover, I spent several holidays near Dr. Farrer's home, combining recreation

with research. Some people may imagine that an antiquary is forever poring over parchments, injuring his health and his eyesight. Of course there is this danger; but open-air quests are a pleasant change from the parchment business. Out on the moors there is a mound to be examined, or a fort or stone-circle to be visited; and there are farms with a good larder as well as a long history. For example, we have happy memories of a holiday in 1913, when my wife, my little boy, and I, stayed at Barker's Farm in Over Kellett. Dr. Farrer resided then at Hall Garth, nearby, and kindly allowed me to study among his muniments, and to carry off documents on loan to the farm if I wished. For a change we were invited to share in the life of the farm, to watch the dipping of the sheep, to bring the cows home for milking, and take them back to the pasture. In the evening we had music; altogether it was an ideal holiday for an antiquary.

Astley Hall, Chorley.

Speaking of the influence of buildings, I am reminded that in 1916 the Bishop of Whalley asked me to write a brief guidebook to Astley Hall, because in that year a Diocesan Missionary gathering was to be held in the grounds by permission of Mr. R. A. Tatton. This pamphlet was afterwards expanded into a short history of Astley Hall published in 1923. Mr. Tatton gave me a "permit" to visit the Hall, and most of my book was written in the morning room there on days off. My children were quite young; they came with me; we brought our lunch, and thoroughly enjoyed roaming over the old place or rambling in the Park. On many occasions one has had the privilege of guiding various groups or societies round the Hall, photographers, geographers, historians, teachers, scholars, and occasionally a visitor from abroad.

In Astley Hall, Chorley has a very precious asset, one calculated to deepen the historical sense both in young and old, and to awaken and foster the spirit of inquiry.

Captain Myles Standish.

Allusion has already been made to an estate in Lancashire claimed by Captain Myles Standish in his

will. The lands in question lay in the townships of Ormskirk, Burscough, Wrightington, Mawdesley, Newburgh, and Croston. The colonist said these lands had been given to him as right heir by lawful descent but 'surreptitiously detained' from him. As Captain Standish called his settlement in New England 'Duxbury,' evidently with reference to the home of the Standish family of Duxbury in Lancashire, many people rashly concluded that the stolen lands formed the estate of the Duxbury Standishes.

Accordingly an Association of the Captain's descendants in America was formed in 1846, to pursue a claim to the Duxbury estate. Their agent came to Chorley, and finding the page of the parish church register (page 39) partly illegible, gave rise to the story that the book had been wilfully defaced to defeat the right of Myles Standish or his descendants. The agent also quarrelled with the rector about search fees, and stated that he had been threatened with imprisonment.

The identification of the lost lands with the Duxbury estate was unhappily adopted by Longfellow, in his poem concerning the alleged 'Courtship' of the gallant Captain, and so given wide publicity. It is a pity that the locality of the detained lands mentioned in the will was not more carefully noted. For the Standishes of Duxbury did not hold estate in the places mentioned by the Captain; and, whatever his motive in giving the name of their manor-house (perhaps a compliment) to his settlement in New England, he cannot have been claiming their estate. The story of the defaced register, and the identification of the lands with Duxbury in Lancashire, became almost an international grievance. The fees asked by the Rector were exaggerated; the worn condition of the Chorley Register was exaggerated; the income from the Duxbury demesne was exaggerated; until, when a site for a monument to the Captain was dedicated in the New England Duxbury in 1871, General Sargent declared that "To defeat the title of his line to lands in England, the rent-roll of which is half a million per annum, the hand of fraud is supposed to have defaced the page that contained the parish record of birth."

The Chetham College Library in 1912 was the scene of an important discovery bearing upon this vexed question. Looking through a volume of the Piccope MSS there, in a search for something else, I came upon a rental of Margaret Standish, widow, dated 1529, and noted that the six places in Lancashire quoted in the rental were exactly the same as those given in the Captain's will. Further search revealed that there was a Standish family settled in Ormskirk who held these lands; and that some members of this branch migrated to the Isle of Man and settled there; and that the Manx branch had an interest in the Ormskirk estates. The conclusion was inevitable that Myles Standish laid claim to their lands, and not to the Lancashire Duxbury, and that his descent must have been from them, and not directly from the Duxbury Standishes. My researches were published in the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register* for October, 1914, and afterwards extended, and embodied in my book on Captain Myles Standish.

Several gentlemen bearing the name of Myles Standish, and claiming descent from him, were subscribers to my *History of Standish* in 1927. One of them, a well-known eye-doctor in Boston, at first criticised and rejected my conclusions as to the affiliation of the Colonist, but ultimately Dr. Standish acknowledged that he was convinced by the discoveries and their implications.

A Quaker Home Discovered.

When visiting my parishioners in Coppull, where I had removed in 1912, I noticed on the porch of a farm-house, Bogburn Hall, an inscribed stone bearing the initials R.A.H. and the date 1663. It occurred to me that this house had probably been the home of the Haydock family, a yeomanry stock, which in the 17th century had given a Rector to Standish and produced in his brother, Roger Haydock, a notable Quaker teacher. The surmise was verified by investigation. This discovery brought me a succession of visitors. One evening when I arrived home I was told that a tall grave-looking gentleman of very courteous bearing had called several times expecting to see me, and was coming again. Very

soon he was ushered in; and as he came towards me across the room in the evening twilight he said, "I am Robert Roger Haydock, a Quaker."

It seemed like a voice from the past. This was the beginning of my friendship with Mr. Haydock, of Milton, Massachusetts, a direct descendant of the Quaker teacher. On successive visits to England he came to see me; and he placed, both in Standish Church, and in St. John's Church, Coppull, memorials of the Haydock family. While inquiring into the tenure of Bogburn Hall, to ascertain whether it had been the possession of the Haydocks, I lost a rare book called "Christian Writings" containing certain works by Roger Haydock and a brief biography of him by his brother John. Wishing to consult some deeds relating to Bogburn Hall at a solicitor's office, I took the book with me to explain my errand, and at his request consented to leave the book with him on loan for a few weeks. When several months had past, I made repeated applications for it to be returned, but without result. At last I succeeded in interviewing the borrower, who, with many apologies, confessed that he had mislaid my book and that it was lost.

Time sped; and I gave up hope of recovering my treasure. Presently I became friendly, as stated, with a descendant of the Lancashire Quaker whose book I had lent and lost.

When Mr. Haydock presented a memorial of his family to St. John's Church, Coppull, in 1926, a dedication service was held there, and a simultaneous service was arranged at a Church in Milton, U.S.A. This attracted the attention of the press, both in England and America; and the event was mentioned in a radio broadcast.

Very soon Mr. Haydock wrote to tell me that he had been presented with a copy of "Christian Writings" by a lady living in Essex, as a token of Anglo-American friendship. She had seen an account of the dedication service in "*The Times*" and this led to her gracious action. I could not but connect this gift with my long-lost treasure; so I wrote to Mr. Haydock telling him the story of the missing book and described sundry marks and names of former owners on the fly-

leaves of my copy. By the next mail I received my book from Mr. Haydock. "It bears," he wrote, "all the earmarks you've named. That after its disappearance it should have turned up on this side of the Atlantic is indeed remarkable. I think your surmise is correct." My surmise was that somebody, either the solicitor who borrowed it from me, or the lady to whom he lent it, mistook a loan for a gift. I parted with the book in 1918; I got it back in 1926; it was absent for 8 years, in which period it travelled from Lancashire to London and thence to Liverpool and to Massachusetts, 400 miles by land, 6000 or more by sea. May all who lend and lose share my good luck; but may their good fortune mature more quickly!

A Jacobite Cypher.

As a rule, the Antiquary pursues his work silently and obscurely; but now and then something that one does or says obtains what is called "a good press." This happened to me when I discovered the key to the Jacobite cypher. Among the Standish documents which came to Wigan Library in 1923 was a bundle of papers, on which somebody had noted that they were found in taking down a wall at Standish in 1757. They had evidently been hidden there since the period of the Lancashire Plot, 1692-4. Some of them were in code, and were placed in a glazed showcase in Wigan Library. I studied them there; and noted some single letters and short words which yielded to me at last the clue to the code, a cypher based upon exchange of letters. Having found the key, I decoded the documents. They proved the existence of a Jacobite Plot in 1692. Several Lancashire gentlemen were collecting arms and enlisting soldiers to bring about the return of James II, and the deposition of William of Orange. This threw light on the notorious trial of alleged Jacobites at Manchester in 1694, showing that the plot was no fiction as supposed, but a real conspiracy, and that the accused who were then acquitted were not as innocent as they professed. This discovery was reported in newspapers far and wide, and evoked a great deal of interest. The Plot papers were fully transcribed, and printed in 1936 by the Lancashire and Cheshire Antiquarian Society.

The Value of Photostats.

Mr. R. R. Haydock called my attention to certain letters written by Roger Haydock, the Quaker, to Phineas Pemberton, a friend of his who had emigrated to Pennsylvania in 1682. These letters are in the library of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia; and we discussed the plan of publishing a life of Roger Haydock supplemented by a transcription of the letters. The project was delayed somewhat by the death of my friend, Mr. R. R. Haydock, in 1928, and by my removal to Chorley in 1934. It was found impossible to borrow the letters; but the Society permitted photostats to be made. The expense of doing this was kindly defrayed by Mr. Robert Haydock of New York, the son of my friend; and the brief biography of Roger Haydock and ten of his letters appeared in volume 52 of *The Lancashire and Cheshire Society's Transactions* in 1938.

This was the first time that I had made use of photostats, facsimile reproductions of documents, a most useful way of consulting writings, &c., which are too precious to be sent out on loan, and exposed to the dangers of travel. In this case the letters which I incorporated in my book were more than three thousand miles away. Similarly, when Wigan Library acquired photostats of the Lancashire portion of a roll of the King's Court (Coram Rege Roll, 254), I was able to continue my researches into the historical background of the Mab's Cross Legend. This roll records the legal proceedings which ensued when Edward the Second came to Wigan in 1323. As far back as 1923 "*The Wigan Observer*" published some discoveries I had made under the title "*New Light on Mab's Cross.*" The photostats just mentioned, however, enabled one to follow in more detail the career of Sir William de Bradshaigh, hero of the legend. To transcribe them at home was like having the Public Record Office brought to one's own doors; so that the original booklet has been amended and extended, and now published in vol. LV of the *Transactions of the Lancashire and Cheshire Antiquarian Society*.

The Joys of the Antiquary.

There are three Joys that belong to the Antiquary. One is the Joy of Discovery. He is often a sort of

detective, observing, exploring, and seeking for a solution; how pleased he is when a solution is found. For instance, the shields with the device of three boars' heads, roughly carved on buttresses at St. Lawrence's Church, Chorley, puzzled many observers. Several scholars made them out to be the arms of the Booth family, one of whom was Bishop of Lichfield, or the coat of the Whites. None of these families had any close connection with Chorley.

Looking through copies of some Chorley deeds in a Kuerden MS, I found a sketch of a seal exactly corresponding with the arms on the buttress. The seal was that of John de Audlem, a member of a Cheshire family. It transpired that the Audlems had a lease of Chorley manor from the Ferrers, and while they were lessees the Church tower must have been built. This helps us to date the tower about 1400 A.D.

My friend Mr. A. J. Hawkes, F.S.A., the Chief Librarian of Wigan, and I, have had some pleasant experiences when examining deeds. In 1923 we were invited to inspect the Standish Deeds in a Lawyer's office in London in the very house once occupied by Lord Bacon. As we pored over those precious parchments we saw them already in our mind's eye the prize of Wigan Library. So it fell out. Madame Standish, the friend of Queen Alexandra, graciously gave the whole collection to Wigan in token of her husband's close connection with the district. It was a real delight to transcribe them; and the charters were published in book form by Wigan Library in 1933, with a Foreword by the late Earl of Crawford and Balcarres.

On another occasion Mr. Hawkes and I visited that vast underground city of treasures, the Chancery Lane Safe Deposit, to look at some documents. As we walked through the labyrinthine corridors we were conscious that silver and gold, gems and plate, lay hid behind the steel doors that surrounded us.

Our boxes of deeds were brought into the corner of a Common Room, and all around us jewel merchants were counting, and weighing in minute scales their valuables. At the very table where we sat spreading out our parchments, swarthy foreigners gloated over their hoards, the little heaps of precious stones flashing

in the light as their owners picked them up with tiny pliers. If my friend and I had been offered the choice of all the diamonds on the table or all the deeds in the boxes, it would have been a difficult decision; but I think we should have chosen the deeds. The jewel merchants, however, took no chances, and always locked up their wealth before they left us in the room.

The second Joy of the Antiquary is the Joy of Helping Others. We have ourselves been generously helped. From books, teachers, and many sources we have freely received; it is our happiness freely to give, to the man writing a book, to the student planning an essay, or to correspondents who are pleased to regard us as a kind of Brains Trust in regard to our special subject. Letters have reached me, generally relating to Lancashire history and families, from pretty nearly the world over, France, Spain, Russia, Bombay, Rhodesia, Capetown, United States and Canada.

My W.E.A. pupils in classes at Chorley, Coppull and Standish, classes in which I added much to the keenness of members by mingling folk-lore and antiquities with history, have brought me in all sorts of exhibits, old books, axe-hammers, flints, cannel, fossils, and even Cromwellian pipes. Some of these exhibits have been passed on to museums or libraries; for they (the donors) and I have shared the happiness of service.

The third Joy of the Antiquary is the Joy of Fellowship. It comes to us wherever friends foregather to pool opinions and combine efforts in understanding the past. We may indeed dispute at times with our fellow-antiquaries, as Sir Arthur Wardour did with Monkbarns in Scott's immortal "Antiquary." There may be battles fierce and loud; but, as Scott has shown, the disputants are soon fast friends again. Our tempers cool, our voices become more kind, our swords are sheathed, because we are at heart one in a great cause, in the desire to preserve all that is precious or worth preserving, and in the quest of truth.

