

REVIEWS.

SUFFOLK SEA BORDERS.

By H. ALKER TRIPP ("Leigh Hoe")

Illustrated by the Author.

London: John Lane, The Bodley Head Limited. Price 8/6.

Suffolk Sea Borders gives us a view of Suffolk in profile as seen from the sea.

It is a pleasure to follow the Author's skilful handling of his smack-converted-yacht Irene, in which he not only skirts our Coast but penetrates up rivers and into inlets and broads, where to enjoy a trip, not only skill is required, but considerable judgment and knowledge of tides, winds, foreshore, and many inconsequent happenings is also necessary.

Our Coast is quite prepared to supply the occupants of small craft with every phase of emotion between the extremes of blissful enjoyment and abject misery.

The Author is singularly happy in escaping those many mishaps which fall to the lot of less skilful adventurers, for it is no uncommon experience to be caught by the ebb on a mud bank up a Creek, the boat badly careened and only one pair of Poits aboard to convey the crew ashore. The problem of transporting the goat, the cabbage and wolf is child's play in comparison.

No less happy and free from mishaps are the Authors' allusions to the history of our Coast, and in this respect he evidences a much more than superficial study of Suffolk's geographical and historical evolution, and Suffolk archæologists will find in this book much antiquarian lore that only a student of coastal matters could supply.

The book is remarkably comprehensive, for within its 254 pp. are contained 8 illustrations in monochrome, 100 in line, together with two sea charts of our Coast from Yarmouth to Harwich and the invaluable adjunct of an Index.

We sail pleasantly from page to page and follow each move on the chart, perceive it in the sketches and comprehend it from the letterpress. Whilst the atmosphere of the locale is conveyed to us through the style in which the scenes are presented—the smell of fish, cordage and rank mud, the soothing lap lapping of water against the keel, the morning chill and mist, the drag of the keel touching bottom, the alarm of swinging boom and the oppressive dread felt in a blanketing fog.

Being adventuresome and skilful the Author sails without running aground, into the troubled sea of the origin of certain Suffolk place-names—suggesting that Ipswich (Gypeswic) is so called after the river Gipping on which it stood; Woodbridge, D.B. Udebryge represents Woden's bury; Harwich is so named from the Orwell, originally Arwan and Arwell; Lothingland a tongue of land known in Elizabeth's day as the Ilse of Lovinge Land. True, for Loving often changes into Loathing.

The Author leaves it at the Loving stage but Love was probably a corruption of Lough, for Fritton 'Coy, the great Lake or Lough of the Hundred was the dominant feature and probable nominator of Lothing, Lowestoft and Lound—Lough ing (cf. Blyth ing), Lough toft and Lough end.

Nearly every place along our Coast that has a name receives some comment, usually informative. Sometimes places are spoken of which might puzzle a native to place, as for instance Goseford, Wadgate Haven and the Flemish Ocean but a good guess might be made at the rivers called Ipswich-water and Manningtree-water.

The last chapter—A Farewell—is very human and pathetic. The old boat is condemned as unseaworthy and the parting is a prose companion to the Arabs farewell to his steed. A parting as between dear friends when the Doctor has given up hope, for as a yacht, she was fast going out on the ebb, but the Owner finds consolation in the hope that by reconverting her into a smack she still may have useful years before her.

Old boats never die, they vanish away. Like old pets they are pensioned off, on the mud, where they lie in sun and shower year after year, until after some storm or flood they are not. Water, the mother of all, has called them into her bosom.

H.A.H.

May be obtained at the Ancient House, Ipswich.

UNKNOWN SUFFOLK

By DONALD MAXWELL.

Being a series of unmethodical Explorations of the County, illustrated in line and colour, by the Author.

London: John Lane, the Bodley Head Limited. Price 15/-

Under the title "Unknown Suffolk" Mr. Donald Maxwell presents us with an attractive and enigmatical book which appeals both to our senses and imagination.

With covers of dark blue and gold, blazoned with the Arms of Ipswich, clear type, and a dozen illustrations in colour and more than 110 in monochrome and line, it is a volume creditable to Author and publisher and attractive to the reader's eye.

Outwardly it is all that a book should be and inwardly it supplies that pleasing touch of fantasy which gives scope to the imagination and bids the reader close his eyes and amplify the scenes with colour from his own perceptivity.

An excellent illustration of this enticing phantasmagoria is found in the title of the book. The Author-artist draws a word-picture of Suffolk, painted and framed in the two words—"Unknown Suffolk:"

How do you read it? Has some Columbus arisen and placed our County on the map? or has the Author probed the hidden mysteries of darkest Suffolk and made known the unknown, or does Mr. Maxwell find her "unknown" and leave her unknown?

The answer is obvious, for the chief charm of Suffolk lies in her being unknown. She is a terra incognita abounding in possibilities tempting exploration and exploiting, bidding us delve, dive and fly towards the ever-never beckoning of the plus ultra.

No paradox is perpetrated by claiming for Suffolk that she is both known and unknown, for everyone who reads and thinks will agree that the more one knows the less he knows he knows and that the midnight oil precedes the dawn of ignorance confessed.

All this and much more an Artist can convey in the two words of a book title.

With equal succinctness the title is ratified by pictures from pen and pencil, in which the Author, true to himself, reveals castles in Ipswich, vanished pomps, phantom rivers, green children and demon wolves, correctly delegating them to unknown Suffolk.

It may be of interest to Members to recall an Excursion to Clare and District in 1924 at which Mr. Maxwell accompanied us, making some of the sketches and Notes that appear in this book.

Mr. Maxwell declares that he is not an Archæologist but this is a matter of definition and degree, for what Artist who is not also an Archæologist would dream of drawing the Burgh Castle of Roman days with only three walls—all Artists restore it with four walls complete.

In his artistic soul Mr. Maxwell feels a lack of balance and finish in a three-walled Castle, open and unprotected on the fourth side but archæology rectifies the view and adjusts the landscape by swelling the river to its ancient mighty proportions and higher

level, till it laps the base of the Castle, and then calling back the Roman Fleet and anchoring it off the Castle Quay, he builds a fourth wall visible to the archæologist but invisible to the artist.

Zest and skill in archæology is further shown in the search for the source of the Waveney and Little Ouse and in the ingenious discovery of Halesworth Harbour and many similar probings into the past.

Jupiter sometimes nods when the Author treads on debatable ground and we feel inclined to question, but this is forgiven and forgotten when we find that the book has an Index, because the Author, who is considerate enough to supply his book with an index, is almost perfect.

H.A.H.

"Unknown Suffolk" may be obtained at the Ancient House, Ipswich.

A CORNER OF SUFFOLK.

Notes concerning LOWESTOFT and the HUNDREDS of MUTFORD AND LOTHINGLAND.

Compiled by CHAS. G. CHAMBERS.

Lowestoft : Flood & Son, Ltd., The Borough Press. 1926. Price 2/6.

Mr. Chambers is to be complimented upon the accomplishment of a work which many begin and continue but usually fail to finish.

We come across odds and ends of floating legends, traditions, rhymes and Suffolk sayings of which we make a note, mentally or upon a scrap of paper, recognising that it is ephemeral and should be recorded, but alas, this is as far as most of us go, for the mental note is forgotten and the scrap of paper lost. Mr. Chambers wisely concentrates on a corner of Suffolk and thus avoids leading a forlorn hope against too wide a subject.

The first chapter, which is headed—Edmund Gillingwater, The Historian—is an interesting account of the historian and other members of the family, and contains a valuable confutation of an erroneous inscription in Lowestoft churchyard, on a tombstone: "In memory of Edmund Gillingwater, who died September 23, 1772, aged 79 years, the Historian of Lowestoft, also of Alice, his wife, who died February 17, 1784, aged 78 years. Also of Isaac Gillingwater their son, who died May 14, 1813, aged 81 years."

This inscription is shown to be inaccurate, as the Edmund referred to is not the Edmund Gillingwater whose name appears on the title page of the History.

Edmund Gillingwater's mother—Alice Frary—came of an old Lowestoft family and some account of this family, together with extracts from the Lowestoft Registers are given. We are informed also, that a narrow passage off the High Street, Lowestoft, was formerly known as Frary Lane now changed into Wesleyan Chapel Lane.

This Lane having been quoted by some writers as Friary Lane has led to the supposition that a Friary existed somewhere in the vicinity, whilst the author of Chapman's Handbook (1871) suggests that the name is a corruption of Fairy. Mr. Chambers is probably correct as to the origin of the name of the Lane, but the personal name Frary is possibly a Suffolk rendering of either Friary or Fairy, both of which were pronounced Frary—the first syllable of the former being just a trifle the harder. In some parts of Suffolk the interpolated R was very noticeable, running through a man's speech in the form of a lisping stutter. When out rattling or rabbiting you would hear the ferrets alluded to as Frerrets, a linguistic accomplishment, difficult but performed conscientiously.

The chapter dedicated to Community Rhymes and Local Sayings records jingles and pithy sayings with which some of us are familiar. The Author does not aim at novelty, his object being to gather together information concerning A Corner of Suffolk.

Oral tradition and floating rhymes vary considerably. In their passage from mouth to mouth year after year, they are unconsciously moulded by the passing of obsolescent phraseology into the nearest up to date equivalent. A process well illustrated by the incomprehensible nonsense to which many nursery rhymes are reduced.

It is only by the comparison of variants that an average meaning can be sensed.

In some of the nick-names mentioned we find examples of words passing and becoming meaningless. Lowestoft men were nick-named "Pea-bellies"; the reason given being that they were poor and lived chiefly on pea soup. This cannot be true of the most flourishing sea-port in Suffolk and it is more probable that they acquired the nick-name because they were flourishing and fashionable. They visited large towns in their fishing boats and copied the latest fashions and introduced into Lowestoft a striking novelty of the 16th century which was "The Thing" at the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign. It was a doublet having the lower part stiffly quilted and projecting, and those who wore it were called "Peasecod bellied."

To see the Lowestoft men strutting about in these Peacock waistcoats must have been gall and wormwood to less fashionable

attired visitors and it relieved their feelings to apply to the wearers the uncomplimentary name of the garment. The fashion was soon forgotten but the name remained. Folk knew that the name had something to do with the bird or vegetable pea. Peacocks were little known, the word Peasecod was obsolete and on the lines of least resistance the term "Pea belly" emerged.

Another nick-name, The roaring boys of Pakefield, needs little comment. Roaring being a general epithet for noisy and riotous persons of either sex. A pamphlet of 1611 being entitled "The Roaring Girl or Moll Cutpurse."

A circular moat at Carlton Colville is worthy of mention as it possesses the uncommon distinction of having acquired a name, being known as The Mardle, a name which means a pond rather than a moat. It may have been a pond before it was merged into a moat or vice versa? In this Mardle at Carlton Colville, hemp was retted. Hemp growing and converting it into yarn was an industry that formerly employed many thousands of men, women and children in Suffolk. The hemp was first sowed, and after some fourteen weeks, pulled and tied up into baits; it was then retted or steeped in ponds or pits, taken out and grassed, carted away and broken and afterwards heckled into long strikes, short strikes and pull tow.

This process is a lost industry in Suffolk and perhaps when you are assailed by the awful stench arising from the rotting hemp in the hemp pits of north Ireland, you will not regret it.

H.A.H.

May be obtained at the Ancient House, Ipswich.

BURES OF SUFFOLK, ENGLAND, AND BURR OF
MASSACHUSETTS BAY COLONY, NEW ENGLAND.

BY CHAUNCEY REA BURR, PH.B. (YALE), M.D. (HARVARD).

New York: Privately Printed. 1926.

Forty-four years ago Dr. Burr began an inquiry for his English ancestors. Instigated by the similarity of name and traditional place of origin he commenced his search in Eastern England and accumulated an exhaustive assemblage of all acquirable information connected with the de Bures and Bures. Tracing them back to Baldwin de Bures, in Suffolk, 1193, and publishing this Bures pedigree not because it is complete but because there seemed to be no more records left to search.

There is a certain charm in the working out of the pedigrees, because every step is taken in collaboration with the reader, the evidences are laid before him and although many conjectural steps are taken we feel that we make them ourselves and are perfectly justified in doing so.

These evidences, consisting mainly of extracts from wills, occupy the bulk of the book and are of service to other than genealogists, as it is the nature of wills to throw side-lights upon a testator's migrations, environment and friendships.

The book contains nine charts, or folding sheets of pedigrees, tracing the lineal descent of numerous members of the family, as correctly as can be ascertained. Some of these pedigrees are short and all have lost links that will require further research and disclosure before Dr. Burr can reach back into the past and grasp the hand of Baldwin de Bures as a blood relation.

Genealogy is an exact science now and rules out all tempting short cuts and auspicious probabilities. When Dr. Burr makes a guess he leaves a break in the line, nothing is taken for granted—the break is bridged but it is marked "unsafe." Synthetically he achieves his goal and is justified in claiming that from the Bures of Suffolk is probably descended Simon Burr of Hingham in the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, 1645, having testified with documentary and circumstantial evidence that a scion of the Suffolk Bures migrated to America in the person of Simon Burr.

Dr. Burr is unnecessarily concerned with the verbal alteration in the spelling of the name. This inconsistency is the rule rather than the exception, in the early writing of names. The Redgrave Registers supply a typical example, for the daughter of John Burre of Redgrave was baptized on August 13, 1606, as "Rebecca Bures filia Johanis Bur."

A brief account is given of the two men of this name who settled in the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, shortly after it was founded, together with four pedigree charts, postulating their family connection with the Author.

In addition to the nine pedigree charts the book contains two maps—one of Babergh Hundred, 1645, the other of Essex, 1845, and numerous illustrations of brasses and portraits.

Family histories are a tangled skein of coloured threads, winding in and out of town and village, and Dr. Burr does a useful work by disentangling even one thread, for by doing so he loosens all.

In tracing back his ancestry from America to England our genealogist crossed one troubled ocean only to enter the more troubled sea of nomenclature. Surnames were in a state of flux.

Sons did not always bear the same surname as their father. Surnames were descriptive and often changed when a man moved from one property to another.

Christian names were sacred and unchangeable, but a father would name two, sometimes three, of his infant sons with the same, generally his own, Christian name, so that probably one at least might live, grow up, marry and continue the Christian name. These fathers had no consideration for future genealogists.

Bearers of the same name and same Arms need not of necessity be related by blood. Unrelated retainers adopted the name and assumed the Arms or Badge of the Lord when they joined his Clan.

Dr. Burr was preparing his manuscript for the press when he died after undergoing a major surgical operation. He had completed his narrative and pedigrees in what he regarded as their final form and had arranged his evidences, and to preserve this labour of a life-time and to give it a permanent form in print, Mr. Henry W. Hardon, of New York, arranged, edited and issued the book.

H.A.H.