down work there seem to be more like ninety nicks. It is pretty hard walking, as there is no level and not much smooth ground, but the varied views, the fine air, and the absorbing quest of the Wall, keep one going strongly and enjoyably. At Muckle-bank, the highest of the nicks, a fine turret has been comparatively lately excavated, where the Wall makes a sharp southward turn, so that north and west sides of the turret are formed by the Wall.

At Walltown is a spring known as the King's Well, of ancient historical and legendary fame, whereat all good Wall pilgrims drink, and in the crevices of the rocks around wild chives grow abundantly, as they are said to have grown ever since Roman times.

Still continuing up and down the crags, along the very top of which the Wall unswervingly runs, we reach, at two and a half miles from Æsica, the site of Magna, now called Carvoran. It is not strictly a Wall station, as it stands 100 yards south of the vallum on the Stane or Carel gate, and was probably built before the Wall. The station contained $3\frac{1}{2}$ acres, but since the days of Stukely, the first half of the eighteenth century, who described the ruins as "stately," the plough has been so constantly at work on the site that very little remains to be seen. Magna, however, is remarkable for the number of valuable and interesting inscribed stones which have been found there, and this, coupled with the facts that two important roads—the Stane gate, running east and west, and the Maiden way, running north and south—came under its walls, and that, as commanding the Tipalt Valley, it was strategically important, would establish it as a station of more than ordinary value.

Here we bid farewell to the lone and mountainous portion of our journey; we descend to the fertile plains, and shall be more or less in touch with the life of to-day for the rest of the way. We pass by Thirlwall Castle, a dark, gloomy mass built of Wall stones, appropriately linked with at least one grim legend, of which the name undoubtedly is derived from the weakness of the Wall's position here. No less than five hill camps—at Glenwhelt Leazes, Chapelrig, Crooks, Thorp and Willowford—testify to the Roman appreciation of this weakness. We lose here for the first time all traces of Wall and vallum in the broad meadow between the castle and the railway, which we cross near Greenhead Station, but the latter re-appears when we reach the Poltross Burn—the border-line of Northumberland and Cumberland.

At the burn-side traces of the retaining walls of the vallum ditch where it crossed are visible, and the cutting through which the stane gate approached the stream, was found to have been lined with masonry. Of the bridge nothing is left, unless a stone in mid-stream is a pier. Above the burn, on the west side, a place locally known as "The King's Stables" probably is the site of the mile-castle which guarded the passage.

Guided by the vallum fosse, which is here very wide and deep, we cross the railway again, and get to the garden of Gilsland Vicarage, where we are courteously allowed to examine the fine length of Wall, with a 30-inch projecting course at its base, and many stones and other relics unearthed here.

(*To be concluded.*)

Some Antiquities of Tiree.

By W. G. Collingwood, M.A., F.S.A.

"THE Captain says, could he see you on the bridge." I left my breakfast and ran up. It was a brilliant morning of blue and white, such as one gets only at sea or on snow-peaks, and the foam was shooting in geysers from skerries and nesses all round us. Well had the Vikings called that harbour Skerry-ness, Scarinish.

"I can't put you ashore," said the Captain. "Oh, but you must," said I; for across the tumult of roller and rock yonder was the shrine of our pilgrimage, low green hills gleaming in the sun, and the ghosts of a thousand romantic years beckoning. For Tiree is an enchanted island. Strange tribes lived there before the dawn of history, and you can pick up their pots and tools in the sand. Unknown architects built fairy castles

on sea-crags and islands; Pictish farmers made the bleak soil into a "land of corn," Tir-heth, while the Saxons were still fighting for Britain; Irish monks found paradise here, *laborantes orantes;* Vikings brought the serpent on their prow and the saga in their wake, then settled as "jarls" and "holds," and bred the MacDonalds who defied King Hakon, and the MacLeans who defied King James. And so down to modern times Tiree has been a land apart, and still teems with the memorials of romance. Had we not read it all in the book of Mr. Erskine Beveridge? and must we return disappointed?

enough to see and sketch, and we could not go hunting for vague relics of sand-blown burials and kitchen-middens. If we could ever come again, there is Brown's hotel near the harbour for headquarters on a longer stay; a "temperance" inn—for it is a tee-total island, whence, some remarked, the tidy and prosperous look of the tarred cottages, so different from the forlorn huts of many West Highland and Hebridean crofters.

Past the Manse, standing rather cheerlessly alone on a wind-swept flat, we came to our first fort, Dun Gott (Fig. 1). This is just a rocky and grass-grown headland,

FIG. 1.—DUN GOTT, TIREE.
(From a sketch by W. G. C.)

This I explained to the Captain on the bridge, and wrested leave from him to go ashore if we could. We did, and never repented it. There was some rather nervous work in getting the ladies from the flooded gangway to the pitching boat, but our Highland padre caught them in stalwart arms as they jumped. At the end of the trip two kind ministers of Tiree were ready to give a hand up the slimy wharf. Wet clothes dried quickly in sun and wind, and we had a glorious day.

We wanted to sample the island; there was not time to explore it. There are fifteen or sixteen sites of ancient chapels, and twice as many of early forts. Three of each were

peninsular at high tide, and then rising but little above the waves. Its scale can be gathered from the fence wall running over it, which would be some 4 feet high. At first one sees nothing to justify the name of Dun, for any stones of its wall have fallen into the sea, or been used in building the fence. But in the hollow of its green cup there are four distinct hut-circles (not, I think, previously mentioned), and traces of more, and under the turf slight suggestion of rampart. Mr. Beveridge gives its size as "some 6 yards by 8."

To restore the fort as it was in pre-Columban days, one must imagine a high wall rising from the rock's edge, with a gate-

way to landward, and dome-shaped houses within. They might hold two dozen of people—hardly more as regular residents—pounding their corn with hammer-stones, cooking their broth in roughly-shaped and rudely-ornamented pots by throwing in the hot pebbles from the fire, chipping arrow-heads of flint, and dressing skins with flint scrapers. Outside would be their coracles on the beach, and on the open grassy plain

FIG. 2.—DUN BEG VAUL IN THE DISTANCE, FROM THE TOP OF DUN MOR VAUL, TIREE.
(From a sketch by W. G. C.)

their cornfields and cows. Such details we gather from the remains found in similar forts on the island.

But was it a place of regular residence? In stormy weather, with a wind from the east and a high tide, it would be spray-swept. Out of the small number of families it would hold, very few persons could be effective soldiers, though the ancient Gaelic women fought alongside of their men. So few could hardly garrison it against a boat-load of determined invaders, and yet the labour of its building must have been worth while. Long before the Viking Age there were pirates in these seas, as we gather from Adamnan's *Life of Columba;* it needed no distinction of race to set the ancient Celt against his neighbours, and these forts, fringing the coast, must have been necessary. But they would be most useful rather as refuges than as dwellings, like the peel-towers near the harbours and at the river-fords of Northern England. When strangers were sighted those of the natives who could run ran to the fort, and held it until the enemy retired with what plunder he could carry off, or was driven from the attack. Such raids were transitory, but farming was always a hardy perennial.

Two miles and a half north of Dun Gott, on the opposite side of the island, is a different type of fort, Dun Beg Vaul, and

near that a third type in Dun Mor Vaul. Both are close to the shore of Vaul Bay. Mr. Erskine Beveridge thinks that the name Vaul is evidently of Norse origin, like so many in the Hebrides, and suggests the Icelandic *vágr*, a bay, or *völlr*, a field. The word *vágr* means rather a long inlet, *voe*, than a bay, and hardly applies here. But he traces the old name Weill, Wyle, or Woill as possibly denoting a strip of flat land stretching across the island northward from the neighbourhood of Scarinish, like another called the Reef, more to the west. This flat land reaches Vaul Bay, and would be the *völl* of the Norse. The terminal *r* is merely the nominative case-ending, usually dropped in derivative place-names in Britain. So that I suggest for a translation of Dun Mor and Beg Vaul, Great and Little Fort of the Fields.

Dun Beg Vaul is a big truncated cone, looking from a distance exactly like a moot-hill. It was built up with many a ton of smallish stones and earth upon a core of rock, and at first approach suggests a huge broch gone to ruin. But on the top, towards the south-east, there is an inner circle of walling, 5 feet thick; and there seem also to have been walls round the bottom of the mound and round the cone half way up, and again round the edge of the summit, so that it must be classed with the more elaborate though minor stone-walled forts. On the flat summit, towards the north, are some small buildings—later, I think, than the ruin of the fort; and on the north side we noticed a rock basin, reminding us of one on Dun Domhnuill in Oransay, which was perhaps useful as a dew-pond or rain-tank. Mr. Erskine Beveridge records a little pottery, kitchen-midden shells and bones, and a few rude hammer-stones, giving as early a date as that of other forts in Tiree. A small hut-circle is on the flat ground to south of the fort, and there are traces of roadways approaching the Dun from the south-east and east.

This fort is near the still greater work of Dun Mor Vaul, and within full view of it, as the sketch shows (Fig. 2). Dun Mor Vaul is called by Mr. Erskine Beveridge a "semi-broch," and is one of a series which he has found in Tiree in four clearly-defined examples, while he can only suspect one in the many duns of the neighbouring island Coll, and can only suggest that some of the more ruined brochs of the Long Island may have been of this type. So very limited is the area of "semi-brochs" that they can hardly be said to exist outside Tiree; and yet they are of curious interest in the history of primitive architecture.

A broch, roughly speaking, is a big round tower, built without mortar, and having passages in the thickness of its walls all round the tower, and one over another, with windows looking inwards to the well of the tower, and stairs in the passages, winding round to the top. People could hardly have lived in those passages—they are too narrow, but through them the defenders could reach the "fighting-deck" on the top. As a matter of fact, in any broch where the remains are pretty complete there are hut-circles in a sort of outer bailey, and there, no doubt, people lived. A "semi-broch" is a one-story broch with no stairs. It seems like the transitional form between the round stone fort with guard-rooms in the thickness of the walls and the high broch. In the sketch the passage is seen, as excavated some years ago, with one roofing-slab still in place. It is built of bigger stones than Dun Beg Vaul, and this, together with its more complicated structure, suggests a somewhat later period of development, though the finds recorded (pottery, hammer-stones, pebbles, flints, etc.) give no hint of difference in the culture of the inhabitants, and the exterior ramparts, enclosing hut-circles and a well, are not unlike what we have observed already. In the sketch the smooth, rounded hill to the right, with a heap of stones on its side, is part of the great exterior rampart.

And yet why should these two forts be so close together if contemporary? Dun Mor may have superseded Dun Beg, as many a new mansion has superseded the old castle near it. The convenience of getting upon the "fighting-deck" at any point, by rising out of the passage without exposing oneself in the act, would be an improvement upon the old plan of standing up there as a target. At any rate, it gives us a high idea of the architectural inventiveness of the Picts, the traditional "fairy" masons of all the North

of Britain, to see them try one form after another of laborious and costly fortification. They had only rough stones to use, and how cleverly they handled their materials!

On our way back to Scarinish we revisited the three chapel sites at Kirkapoll, the Norse *Kirkju-bol*, "kirkstead." Of these one has lost its chapel except traces of foundations, and retains only the burying-ground, known as Claodh Mor or Claodh Odhrain (St. Oran's Graveyard). The larger and more recent of the two standing ruins is called from its graveyard Claodh Beg; the smaller and more ancient is believed to have been dedicated to St. Columba, for it seems to be mentioned in a Papal document (published by Munch) as the Church of St. Columba "de Kerepol Sodoriensis diocesis," and it is generally known as the Rock Chapel, because it stands perched on a rocky mound alone and unenclosed.

FIG. 3.—THE ROCK CHAPEL.
(From a sketch by Miss D. S. Collingwood.)

There are naturally no remains of the wattled churches and monasteries of the Columban period, of which four are recorded in Tiree; fire and water have swept them entirely away, as in Iona. But since the monasteries of the period were so very commonly fortified, we might expect the sites to be in or near Duns. One of these monasteries in Tiree was that known anciently as Artchain, founded by St. Findchan, and Ardkirknish is supposed to represent the place. This is close to Dun Balaphetrish, "the fort of the town of St. Patrick," a large flat space, strongly ramparted, like the fortified monasteries in Ireland, and like the site which I have elsewhere discussed as possibly representing Columba's Rath in Iona. But there is no fort at Soroby, usually identified with Columba's own foundation in Tiree at "campus navis, id est Mag-lunga"; nor can we yet say where the monasteries stood which St. Comgall (565) and St. Brendan (about the same time) founded here.

Our chapels are many centuries younger. The Rock Chapel has two lancet windows at the east end (not seen in the sketch, Fig. 3),

though the narrow door (seen in the sketch) is round-headed—no proof of twelfth-century building in the Hebrides, where round arches and grave crosses survived to a late period. At the west end, outside, is a little recess, apparently for an image. No engraving or photograph can suggest the curious blend of gold and grey which the lichen has given to both these ruins, making their colour gorgeously rich in the sunshine against the blue of the sea and sky.

case of the forts, why are these three churches so close together and so nearly of a date? At Bowes in North Yorkshire there are two fonts apparently of the twelfth century, one broken. It seems as though a Scottish raid smashed the fine original basin, and village art produced a ruder substitute. So here, in the wars of the clans, following the transfer of the Hebrides from Norway to Scotland, perhaps the site was more than once desecrated, and religious feeling required a new

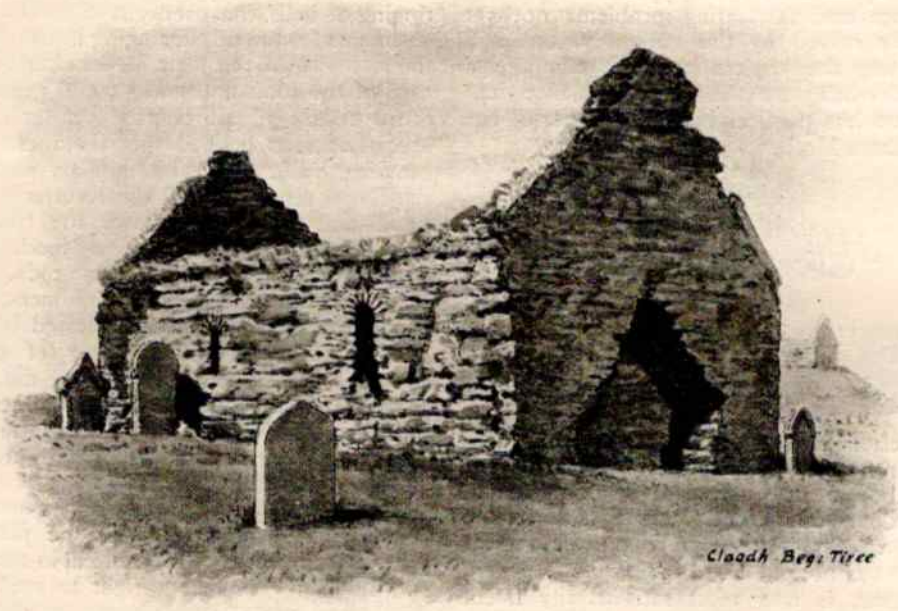

FIG. 4.—CLAODH BEG.
(From a sketch by Miss Hilde Hamburger.)

The chapel at Claodh Beg (the smaller graveyard, but the bigger chapel) is more recent, though Muir assigned the thirteenth century (Fig. 4). But its round arches are again no proof, and the West Highland grave-slabs in it are late of their style; one is dated 1495. These slabs, we were told, have been rubbed by Lady Victoria Campbell as models for a local carving-class—a capital example of using native subjects for native art. But, as we asked before, in the erection. Even in heathen times this was felt and done. We have the tenth-century example of the desecration of the temple on Thorsness in Iceland, and its rebuilding on a site at some little distance.

At Claodh Mor (Claodh Odhrain) traces of foundation have proved that there was a chapel, as might be inferred, and the presumption is that it was dedicated to St. Oran, who was, from the legend of his living burial, the tutelary of graveyards. Here there are

late mediæval and modern tombs, but one stone with a plain Latin cross incised appears to date back to an earlier age than any other remains at Kirkapoll. The dedication to St. Oran would suggest a possibly earlier date than either of the existing chapels, as at Iona, though by no means necessarily carrying us back to the Columban period.

The famous cross at Soroby is so well illustrated in Mr. Erskine Beveridge's *Coll and Tiree* that it needs no attempt to sketch and describe it. The other forts, though each has a character of its own, are more or less repetitions of the types here given—strange and fascinating problems not yet wholly solved by the antiquary, but still awaiting the exploration and comparison which shall turn their misty romance into the no less poetical twilight-glimmer of our Northern Mother Age.

"The Parish Clerk."*

THE parish clerk was once so important a figure in matters ecclesiastical—the mediæval clerk's duties were multifarious—his office is associated with so much in Church history and ritual that is of interest, and he himself has become the centre of such a mass of anecdote and tradition, that it is surprising that a complete monograph on him and his office was not published long ago. The gap, however, is now most satisfactorily filled. The story of the parish clerk could not have been placed in better hands than those of Mr. Ditchfield. In the handsome volume before us he has done full justice to the theme. The book is not only a most entertaining storehouse of anecdote, but it discusses fully and well the archæology—if we may use the word—of the clerk's office.

The clerkship in mediæval times seems often to have served as a kind of apprenticeship to the ministry, being accepted by poor scholars with a view to later service in the higher office. Mr. Ditchfield quotes the will of a rector in 1389, who bequeaths to "John Penne, my clerk, a missal of the New Use of Sarum, if he wishes to be a priest, otherwise I give him 20s."; in 1337 a Giles de Gadlesmere left "to William Ockam, clerk, two shillings, unless he be promoted before my death"; a canon of Newburgh asked for Sir William Plumpton's influence that his brother might have a clerkship, and "even the sons of kings and lords did not consider it beneath the dignity of their position to perform the duties of a clerk." These duties were varied; they often included the opening of the church, the ringing of bells, the oversight of books and vestments for the priest, singing in the choir, the sweeping of the floor of the church, the care of the roofs and gutters, and generally the oversight of all church furniture. At special seasons he had special duties. He provided palms for Palm Sunday, watched the Easter sepulchre "til the resurrecion be don," and then took down the "lenten clothys" from the altar and rood. For flagellation he provided discipline rods. He bore holy water to the parishioners, distributed portions of the loaf blessed by the priest, and performed a variety of other functions, which often varied in different parts of the country. He was sometimes, for instance, schoolmaster and choirmaster, as shown by extracts from Churchwardens' Accounts quoted by Mr. Ditchfield.

The clerk's most important duties were, of course, those connected with the part he took in the services of the church, in reading and singing. He had a right to read the epistle and one of the lessons; he chanted the opening words of the psalms when they were sung, and read psalms and responses when they were not sung. As the office sank in esteem, and was filled by men of little education, the part played by the clerk became restricted, until in days still within living memory he was little more than a survival.

Mr. Ditchfield, after discussing the antiquity and continuity of the office, and after treating fully of the mediæval clerk and his duties, deals in a succession of chapters, brightly written and abounding in illustration and anecdote, with the clerk in literature, in smuggling days, and in epitaph; with the

* *The Parish Clerk.* By P. H. Ditchfield, M.A., F.S.A. With 31 illustrations. London: Methuen and Co., 1907. Demy 8vo., pp. x, 340. Price 7s. 6d. net.