Studley Park. It was very heavy, and supposed to be worth about £32. The late Mr. Robert Harrison, of Lindrick, gave it to the late Mrs. Lawrence, and Lord de Grey exhibited it at a meeting of the Society of Antiquaries; but where it was now the present noble owner of Studley was not aware. Two very beautiful gold armlets had also been found in or near Swinton Park, but, sad to say, they had been stolen from the Hall. Their appearance, however, was preserved in an engraving, which will be found in Mr. Fisher's forthcoming work on Mashamshire.

The Chairman next called upon the Rev. J. C. Atkinson, of Danby in Cleveland, to read the second Paper—

**ON CERTAIN RESULTS FROM BARROW DIGGINGS IN CLEVELAND.**

The investigations, consequent on which are the results and inferences stated below, have all been made in one definite portion of the district usually known as Cleveland; the definite portion in question being limited to the moorland part of the several parishes of Danby, Guisborough, Skelton, and Westerdale,—an area comprising probably 35,000 to 40,000 acres. These investigations are by no means as yet complete, either as regards the existing traces of ancient occupation, or those of ancient interment. Perhaps all that can be said of them is that what has been done has been done carefully, and that at least something in the way of results has been obtained.

Before proceeding to describe such of these results as furnish the special subject-matter of this paper, it may not be inexpedient to notice, as briefly as possible, the more striking geographical features of the district which has furnished the objects of investigation. To this end, I must ask my readers to conceive a deep valley of no great width, whose general direction is from east to west, and which at
its easternmost limit branches out into two lesser terminal valleys, one directing itself towards the south-west, the other to the north-west. Conceive further that this valley on its south side throws off, so to speak, several smaller or sub-valleys, each with its own peculiar stream—or *beck*—running along its depth into the great receiving stream of the main valley, and with its own especial distinctive prefix to the general designation of *Dale*. The barriers which separate these minor valleys, each from the other, are narrow promontory-like ridges, with moorland surfaces, and a medium height of 1,200 to 1,300 feet. Ancient ramparts and entrenchments are found on all these ridges without any exception. What variation there is depends mainly on the different degrees of skill and care apparently employed in constructing the various defences in question, and partly, on their varying nature. Thus, the most westerly ridge has a regularly formed camp, with very extensive earthworks of uncertain intention, upon its extremity. This is Crown End in Westerdale. The next ridge, on the terminating spur of which the first Norman fortress in the district seems to have been reared, had probably before that furnished in the same place the site of a Celtic fastness, and is besides, in two several places much higher up and about three-quarters of a mile apart, crossed by a strong vallum and fosse. The next, that between Danby and Fryup Dales, has had, or has yet (besides many smaller walls, the object or purpose of which it is now hard to surmise), four separate entrenchments drawn across it, the most southerly consisting in part of a double vallum and intermediate trench, but its western half composed of three strong vallums with two intermediate trenches. The ridge next, to the east of this, again, has two walls, with—as I lately found good reason to conclude—the site of a Celtic settlement between. The next, again, was very strongly fortified, and, as I believe, with a system
of exterior defences, as well as barriers nearer home;—and so on.

Of the defences which lie to the north of what I must call our "sub-district," I do not purpose to say more than this,—that I have not yet had the opportunity of working them out so thoroughly as the others, but that while they appear, from the nature of the ground, less systematic as a whole (although equally, or perhaps more, extensive in at least one particular locality), yet their general character or dimensions are not such as, in any degree, to modify what I wish to remark concerning those on the south; which, indeed, have been mentioned here only that I may have the opportunity of making the remarks thus adverted to.

Two or three years since, having been invalided and sent away from home, I had the opportunity of looking at various earthworks, camps, and entrenchments, of, I suppose, undoubted British or Celtic origin, situate in Berkshire and Somersetshire. The contrast between these, and those I was so familiar with at home (and now under mention) was just this:—that the Cleveland bulwarks and strongholds might have been put bodily into the fosse of the South of England entrenchments, and not have done so very much towards filling it up as to have been any astonishing help to a storming party. Just so again, a friend whom I had taken to see some of these Cleveland remains, and who was familiar with ancient works of like purpose in other parts of the North of England, made a precisely similar remark touching the relative magnitude of the remains in question. Or again—the noted Scamridge dikes in the East Riding:—I believe all the ramparts and intrenchments in Cleveland put together would scarcely form an equivalent, in point of magnitude and development, to these lines alone.

My inference from these facts and comparisons is as follows. The Cleveland defences, as raised against assailants
at all, must have been raised against strangely less formidable assailants than the Northumberland, East Yorkshire, Berkshire, and Somersetshire entrenchments. But certainly not less formidable in respect of bodily strength, for many of the masses of rock or stone, moved and placed in the construction of the specified defences, are such in size and weight as fairly to task the strength of as many of the existing dwellers in the district as can lay to their hands to help, and even with the appliances of gavelock and pick. Less formidable, therefore, in point of numbers or equipment,—nay, rather in numbers and equipment,—and specially as regards the last, as it appears to me. For I fancy ten men of Robin Hood's band, with their steel-headed shafts shot to a hand's breadth at three or four score yards, would have been a sore over-match for ten times their number of flint-arrow armed Celts, so long as they could choose their own distance, which, as attacking intrenchments, would always be at their own discretion; while it would have been perilous indeed, in the face of such assailants, for the defenders to leave their cover and seek to decide the matter by a rush, and a hand-to-hand conflict.

I pass from this topic, for the present, to dwell a little in detail on the memorials of this ancient race of fastness-builders, which are preserved for us in their burial-places; many of them, indeed, equally specimens of building with the still remaining ramparts; all of them constructed on precisely the same principles, and out of precisely the same kind of materials, as the ramparts themselves—piles of stone-fragments consolidated and heaped over with earth.

I think that I may say I have a kind of personal acquaintance with from seventy to eighty large tumuli or barrows, and I suppose some hundreds of small ones; and with the interior of not a few of either kind. The local
name for them is hounes or hills: and as there is a peculiar appropriateness in the term houe—it is of northern or so-called Danish origin, and means a hill raised over the dead, a very common expression in the old Norse records being “And so and so was houned in such and such a place”—I shall, for the most part, use that word, or the word grave-hill, in preference to either tumulus or barrow.

The larger hounes vary in dimensions from two-and-a-half or three feet, to twelve or fourteen feet in height; and from thirty to ninety feet in diameter. One very large pile of the kind in my district can scarcely be less than one hundred and fifty to one hundred and eighty feet across. Perhaps, if an average measurement were desired, forty-five to fifty feet over, by four-and-a-half to six feet in height, might be given as such, at all events approximately. The smaller hounes are twelve to eighteen or twenty feet over, by one-and-a-half to two feet high. These latter are, without any exception, so far as my experience—and that of more than one fellow-labourer in the same field—goes, entirely barren of any remains certainly betokening an interment. Composed of stones roughly piled together, often by the side of, or above, a large rock slab that has been a fixture in the soil since the day it was dropped in its place by the hitherto suspending ice, and with the sand from the moor-surface heaped over them and interpenetrating the whole structure, it is only the presence of divers small fragments of charcoal which gives any hint beyond that furnished by the shape of the pile and by analogy, that they have been raised for sepulchral purposes. The only work of man’s hand that I have seen procured from one of them was a remarkably fine specimen of the so-called “thumb-flint.” Another barrow-digger, after opening a very considerable number, told me that he had only in one instance obtained anything from one of these small hounes, and that was a small and rude urn.
To go back to the larger grave-hills—all of them, with scarcely a single exception, have been at some time or other opened at the centre, and the excavation having been continued to the original moor-surface, in only far too many instances proofs are not wanting to shew that the central, and, doubtless, the original interment has been reached, and ruthlessly destroyed on the spot. Thus, to particularise one case—which may serve as an illustration of a vast number—in the course of April in last year, I was busy about opening a grave-hill of fully average size, situated on the moor near Waupley. Careful sinking on the north flank revealed a layer of fine sand, some inches thick, smoothly laid over a mass of stone fragments, placed together so as to make a level platform of some 30 feet or so in diameter. In the centre there had been, as it eventually appeared, a carefully constructed stone Cist, covered with one large, long flagstone. But the removal of the upper surface and the soil beneath it, in proximity to the centre, disclosed, long before the Cist was reached, the fact that two urns had been broken there at some not very recent period, and their sherds thrown confusedly amid a quantity of soil which was not now in the place it originally occupied. On reaching the Cist this circumstance was only too fully explained. Other fragments of the urns, and considerable quantities of calcined bones and charcoal were mixed up throughout the earthy matter now filling the Cist: while the covering stone was left standing upright at the west end, just as the former excavators had left it after raising it from its covering position, and obtaining access to the relics it had protected so long.

The fact that the urns and their contents had been treated thus regardlessly and ruthlessly shews conclusively enough that these former investigations to which our Cleveland Grave-hills have been subjected, were not made by the
antiquary, nor indeed by any one who had a sufficient amount of human sympathy or common knowledge either to care about, or be aware of, the interest and value attaching to such monuments of a departed age and race. The fact is, as there is scarcely any reason to doubt, that not mere ignorant curiosity even, but simply the expectation of meeting with buried treasure was the moving impulse which directed the tools of these investigators. Nor is the idea that these grave-hills do—at least, may—contain hoarded treasure, by any means extinct even yet among the dwellers in our far away, little-instructed country side. On one occasion last year, I only obtained permission to examine a houe on a lately enclosed portion of the moor, and now belonging to a neighbouring freeholder, on condition of turning over to him any and all the gold I might find within; and on other occasions I have been saluted in mid-labour with the question, "Was I laiting goud?" or, after its close, "Had I fun any goud?"

In some few instances, the gold-seeking examination seems to have been quite baffled—disappointed, it always would be, of course; but baffled—by the fact that the deposit in those cases had not been placed exactly in the centre. Thus, in two separate instances—both on the Skelton Moor—and in a third, on the Guisbro' Moor, the deposit happened to lie from three-and-a-half to five feet west of the centre; and thus, though the central opening had been sunk to within a short distance of the interments, they had escaped detection: and fortunately so; for two of the urns thus reserved to reward the labour of a later seeker, are, alike through their character and the circumstances attending their deposit, invested with a peculiar kind and degree of interest.

But though the Cleveland Grave-hills have thus suffered, what all archaeologists with one consent must term, wanton violation and plunder as regards their central portion and
deposit, still there is scarcely one of them of anything approaching medium size but has been the receptacle of later interments; not a few of such later interments being such as, either from the manner in which they have been made, or from their own peculiar character—possibly from both conjoined—to be of singular interest to the archaeologist; perhaps even, eventually, to the ethnologist also.

I will now try to give as succinctly as possible some of the results on which the statement just made is founded. And first, I will refer to the investigation of a very large house on the Skelton Moors, which cost me the labour of five days, with four men at work each day. The proofs of former opening at the centre were only too unmistakable, and although no sherds or fragments of calcined bone were discovered in any stage of the excavation, yet a very careful examination made over an area of several feet in diameter about the central part of the basis, left no reasonable ground of doubt that the original deposit, whatever it might have consisted of, was gone. However, at a point twenty feet to the south of the centre, there was found—what, if I may apply an architectural term, might be called—an inserted cairn, of about five feet in basal diameter, and three feet high, flanked all round by large flat slabs of stone, and capped with another. In the very centre of this I found a roughly fashioned incense-cup (so called), accompanying a considerable deposit of calcined bones, and the remains of some large flint implements, which had flown to pieces in the burning. Near the southernmost edge of the cairn, and enveloped in clay, I found a small urn, of red ware like the cup, accompanying another deposit of burnt bones, and with three jet beads embedded in the clay, but in actual contact with the urn. The natural inference was that the remains in the latter case were those of a female, and that, as covered by the same cairn, and so, “not divided in death,” this man and this woman
had been very nearly connected in life: probably husband and wife.

But further:—below the entire mass of this cairn there lay the debris of another, and of course, an earlier urn and its contents: and these were disposed, not so as simply to suggest the idea of accidental or unintentional damage; but were scattered as well as broken; and more, a long stone, about four inches thick by six or seven in width, was set up edgeways upon the strewn bones and pottery, so as to divide one portion from another.

Here then, there were three chronological steps:

1st. The original deposit over which this great hill was raised.

2nd. The interment which had been violated.

3rd. The construction of the inserted cairn: and besides this distinct chronological sequence, there were also the tokens of something more than mere careless indifference in the treatment of the second burial;—of what seemed to me actual despiteful usage.

Next, a little to the west of the inserted cairn, there was found an urn of really majestic dimensions—24 inches high, by $17\frac{1}{3}$ across the mouth—the space in which actually occupied by the contained bones was scarcely more than what "a feed of corn" might appropriate in a bushel measure.

In all, and inclusive of the finds already named, there were no less than nine secondary interments found in the southern flank of this house; two of them consisting of calcined bone with no accompaniment of urn or flint (one of them, however, very carefully protected by three successive overlying flag-stones of considerable dimensions); and one comprising three vases, all of the incense-cup type, all of them evidently deposited empty,—one, the largest, six inches in diameter, containing only a single calcined human tooth; and another—the second in size, and beautifully marked—carefully closed
by the apposition of a flat flake of charcoal to its mouth. Bones without urns, and urns without bones—rede it who may.

Again, in a comparatively small cairn, with a very slight covering of earth, at a point some six or seven feet south of the centre, I find, as soon as I reach the level of the moor, many fragments of an urn, accompanied by portions of calcined bone. Still there was no token of modern disturbance in this case. On the contrary, all such tokens were, in a marked manner, wanting. Whoever had broken that urn and spilled its contents had done so before the stones which covered the whole had been piled as they were before I commenced to remove them. Soon, on continuing the excavation, it was clear that these tokens of a former burial were not limited to the surface of the ancient moor; they continued to be found as inch by inch the search was prosecuted downwards; until, at last, on removing a small flat stone, set obliquely, the edge of a buried urn became apparent. Over this urn, below it, all round it, in its old, old resting place, the ashes of a former burial and the sherds of their containing vase were found, thrown in, as one could not but remark, in a kind of studious disarray. The buried urn, on being carefully disinterred, was found to be entire, excepting only a slight abrasion of part of the mouth; to be quite diverse in details of shape and markings from any hitherto found in the district; and to contain, besides a modicum of calcined bones, a small vase of barrel-shape, placed bottom upwards about mid-depth, and with one of its sides closing the mouth of an incense-cup laid sideways. Both these last-named vases were empty.

Yet again, in a house on the Skelton moors (the examination of which is yet incomplete),* and showing sad signs of

* The examination has been completed since this was written, and has yielded a total of ten urns, more or less complete, besides the fragments of at least six others.
mutilation about the centre and on one side, there was found, inserted in the open stonework which constituted at least all the southern half of the hill, a small urn, in very fair preservation, but encompassed above and on either side with the fragments of an earlier urn: the fragments being of such a size and in such connection that I was enabled to reproduce its original form and dimensions from them.

I pause here to submit that these instances are entirely distinct from the mere casual finding of detached pieces of broken pottery in the substance of a gravehill, or in the nearer vicinity of the deposit. Broken flints and broken pottery are, if not the usual accompaniments of hill-burial, yet at least by no means uncommon characteristics, and few houses in our district but give evidence to the prevalence of the custom of scattering either or both at some one stage or more of the process of raising the pile. But in the cases I have cited, there was much more than this. There was the urn of a former burial broken, and its contents—presumably the ashes of a former occupant of the hill-sepulchre—dispersed; and broken and dispersed systematically in connection with another inserted urn and interment. Would it be—could it be—that they were the remains of an ancestor; of a chieftain of the same tribe; of any noted man of the same tribe, though older by several generations; that were dealt with in this fashion? Nay, surely not. Assuming that time enough had elapsed to allow the actual place of deposit of any departed chief of bygone generations to have been forgotten, yet there is no analogy, no presumption to suggest, and many considerations of divers kinds to negative, the supposition that, if accidentally come upon in preparing a last resting-place for the remains of a newly departed worthy, those of his predecessor would be treated as common or without sanctity, much less pertinaciously dealt with as
only fit to be the contemned accompaniments of the more recent interment.

It seems to me an almost inevitable conclusion that the central urn must have been that of a conquering intruder, and the surrounding fragments those of a former chief of the conquered tribe, whose burial hill, consecrated by the use, and the pious regards, and possibly the superstitions of a series of generations, had been thus, by the right of the strong hand, appropriated, and its hitherto venerated contents made subservient as accessories to the, even in death, savage pride and insolent triumph of the conqueror.

Another interesting find was made on the East side of a house, of some thirty-five feet in diameter, and at a point about eight feet distant from the centre. It consisted of two large urns placed not simply side by side, but in actual contact with each other. The larger of the two, of a form occurring only infrequently in our Cleveland Grave-hills, and which I have no knowledge of as occurring anywhere else, contained only calcined bones, and fragments of a bone pin or two; but in the other, on removing the covering stone which protected the mouth, there was at once seen a small, but beautifully wrought battle-axe or war-hammer, of fine-grained granite, polished. Below this, and covered by a considerable quantity of ordinary soil from the moor, which must have been placed where it was found at the time of interment, was a small, rudely formed incense-cup, inverted and empty; and amid the calcined bones below that, portions of four bone pins, and a peculiar article or ornament, consisting of a cylindrical piece of bone \( \frac{3}{8} \) inch in diameter, and about \( 1\frac{3}{4} \) long, adorned with a spiral line running along its entire length, and perforated crosswise as well as lengthways.

I believe I am fully justified in speaking of this as a very interesting find; inasmuch as, independently of the number of articles found in the closest relative connection, the fact
that one of these articles was not only a polished stone implement, but actually contained in a cinerary urn, is a matter of no little significance. It is usual to assign polished stone implements to a late, at least comparatively late epoch: and two authorities in the archaeological world on hearing of the occurrence of this hammer, at once, without even the formality of calling a witness—so to speak—on the other side, pronounced that it decided the date of the interment to be late Celtic. I venture to differ with both, and have since had the satisfaction of hearing from one that he considers my reasons as not without force, and that in fact he is, by other considerations, very much shaken in his convictions on the entire subject.

But without any intention of discussing the question at length, I am brought by it to a brief notice of the probable age of the sepulchral memorials which it has been my lot to work among. And

1st. Let me observe, that no trace whatever of a metal implement or ornament has been found, either by myself or by a man who, without authority, opened ten or twelve grave-hills in the same division of Cleveland some six or eight years since.

2nd. That scarcely any interment has been found without proofs of the presence, at cremation, of stone or flint implements or weapons (or both).

3rd. That some of these implements or weapons were of the rudest possible description; one or two, indeed, taken with my own hands from the urn itself, so awkward, almost uncouthly mis-shapen, that, if met with accidentally, I should not have ventured to pronounce them objects of human use and application, much less the productions of human art.

4th. That the only utensil hitherto found in the district, and applicable to grinding or cognate purposes, is of the open dish form, of which two, or perhaps three specimens,
one or more of the appertaining rubbers, are preserved in the Dublin Museum, and are assigned by Mr. Wilde, in his admirable catalogue, to an age anterior to that in which Querns came into use. The one I have, when found, had the rubber or muller with it, which was described to me by the finder as like "a mason's mell:" but most unfortunately it was lost before I heard of it.

5th. That the remains of flint fabrics—and I have been remarkably fortunate in lighting upon two deposits of considerable extent, which can scarcely be regarded in any other light than as suggestive of a local manufactory—shew a very sufficiently rude state as connected with a supply of cutting or penetrating implements.

6th. That the still existing traces of human residence, sufficiently numerous and intensely interesting (though I fear I have no space to notice them otherwise than thus in passing), are, without any exception, such as to speak very intelligibly of a period when the constructive arts and appliances were of a remarkably low grade: the residences in question having been merely circular excavations in the ground; few of them with any pretence even of an inner or lining wall; presenting in most instances no sign of anything like symmetrical arrangement; the only proofs of the presence of the genius which culminates in the architect having been supplied, probably, by the presence of a low conical roof of rough poles overlaid with ling, rushes, and sods.

7th. And I must also here recall attention to what was advanced above concerning the entrenchments, camps, or other earthworks, which are met with so commonly throughout the district, and to the inferences furnished by them as to the equipment of those who made and manned them.

I am quite aware that there is a failure of strict logical or positive proof to connect the construction of the earth-
works in question with the builders of the grave-hills under notice. But while identity of construction, at least identity of principles and materials of construction, on the one side, may at least suggest a like date, and the same race of constructors, it would appear to be a rather captious style of criticism which, with nothing whatever even to suggest, and much less to support, a contrary theory, would seek to dispute that point. I therefore take it for granted: and I assume that, while the general tendency of all these facts and considerations conjointly is to assert for even the youngest or most recent of these interments,—proved to demonstration to have been successive, and in some instances, doubtless, not closely so in point of time,—a highly remote antiquity, this conclusion no less than that stated a moment since assigns the tumuli themselves to an even much more remote antiquity.

And this assumption in both its parts I believe to be fully borne out, speaking generally, by the character of the pottery found in them. It is certainly a singular circumstance that while, amongst the urns I have succeeded in collecting, two in particular commend themselves to the accustomed, almost to the simply observant, eye as presumably the most ancient in the number, alike on account of a peculiar but not easily describable character of the biscuit, their greater thickness, not to say clumsiness of fabric, and their obviously ruder look,—these are just those urns which were taken from the central parts of their respective hills; which, in other words, were doubtless the original deposits over which these houses were raised. And what is, perhaps, equally remarkable, is that the singularly rude stone relics just now adverted to were found covered by one of these two urns.

With respect to the other urns at large, one would feel no little difficulty in deciding which was the least old; or, at least, which of them shewed decided signs of any real increase of artistic skill employed in their manufacture.
There may be more elaborate patterns and devices on some than on others, but it is the same unimproved and unimproving genius which has in all cases prompted and executed them.

Taking the vases altogether, there seems to be no mode of characterising them more suitable than that adopted by the late Mr. Bateman, when speaking of the lot which were (as above noticed) surreptitiously obtained from certain houes on our moors, and which, after the death of the man who obtained them, passed into that eminent collector's hands. "I can assure you," he wrote, "that every object thus found is of præmæval, or, as commonly termed, Celtic date, and of a relatively early period in that indefinitely ancient age."

I am, therefore, more inclined to estimate the age of the war-hammer noticed above by the unvarying character of the pottery of the entire neighbourhood, and the other contemporaneous remains, than to assign an exceptional era to the containing pottery from the article which in this particular case was found enclosed: and I am inclined to believe that just as the Greek coins infinitely surpass the Roman in point of art and finish;—nay, even the later Greek are not equal to the earlier of the same group; and while it is no unusual circumstance to find early brasses, from about the fourteenth century which are fine and good, many of the latest, or those about 1580 to 1600 being relatively poor or even comparative scratches; so, when once the art of fabricating flint and stone weapons had passed out of its first and empirical stages, and the perfectly shaped and nicely adapted instrument was become producible at will, that the next stage was to polish and otherwise complete and beautify the result of the moulder's skill. Nor do I believe that such care and pains-taking in the formation of the implements of war and the chase would pass away before the accomplished introduction of infinitely more perfect cutting instruments, no longer fashioned with tedious toil out of so intractable a
material as stone, not simply superseded alike the old arts and the old implements, but rendered their continued use alike vain and absurd. I suppose that many, perhaps the more part, will dissent from these views. And for that reason principally I think it desirable to add that within the last few weeks I have seen an urn which was taken, late last autumn, from a barrow in Northumberland, and which singularly resembles that one of mine which contained the hammer; resembles it in general shape, ware, ornamentation, and appearance, differing mainly in respect of somewhat superior size; and which contained among other things not specially indicative of age, a small fragment of what once had been probably a bronze pin. Perhaps, also, it is only fair to add that the urn which I found in such intimate association with mine and, as noticed, of marked or peculiar form, would certainly be placed, as regards presumptive age, from its material, marking, and general appearance, high up among the entire collection of secondary urns.

I had purposed adding a series of remarks on the structure, exceedingly varied and in many respects extremely interesting, of the grave-hills themselves; as also upon several ascertained grave-rings, and some apparently quite barren grave-hills. But I am fully aware that I have already, if anything, exceeded the limits assigned me; and therefore, however reluctantly, I forbear.

On the whole, I conclude that while some of the phenomena adduced seem to hint not obscurely at a succession, once or more frequently repeated, of occupants of the district, the general bearing of the combined facts goes to shew that the most recent interment met with in this portion of Cleveland, dates back more than twenty-five centuries; while with respect to the earliest, they seem to me to pertain to an era so remote, that a century or two more or less makes no practical difference.