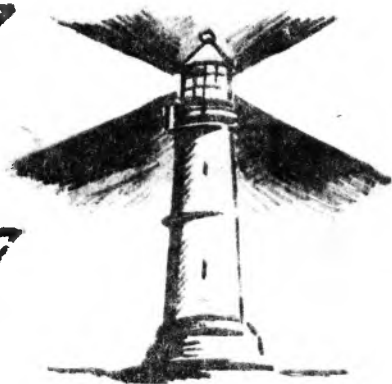


LUNDY REVIEW



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AUTUMN/WINTER 1959.

EDITORIAL.

This Lundy is a living thing:

"A lustie black-browed girl, with forehead broad and mie
That often hath bewitched the Sea-Gods with her eye;"

To those of us who love the open-air life, quietness, and unsurpassed coastal scenery, she offers much; there one discovers a way of life all too quickly disappearing elsewhere. Lundy relaxes one, entrances one, enslaves one. For her gifts one owes a debt; She needs help. She deserves help; let us then help her in all ways possible. Personal quarrels, dislikes and differences in policy - all should be discarded for her sake, if she is to remain a being apart.

When a true Lundyite looks at the Island, he sees not the work of man, but the basic work of nature, which remains much as it was in the days of the Mariscos. To me, Lundy begins north of "half-way wall", for it is there I feel most at home; possibly because it is the part least touched by human hand through the ages, and where nature has reclaimed most of what has been altered.

There are a number, small though they be, to whom the Island means everything, and who's appreciation is shown by their many efforts to improve her in many ways, prevented though they may be by circumstances from enjoying fully the life of the Island, but who from time to time, spend a brief happy hour on her soil. Amongst them I would place contributors to this Journal, who freely give precious time to promote interest in her welfare. In particular, I would like to mention John Dyke and his wife Joan, who between them shoulder the task of correcting, illustrating, and preparing this paper for publication.

"THE LUNDY ASSOCIATION" could be another useful link and asset to the Island. For its meeting, I offer the freedom of the "BLACKSMITHS". It is hoped that its formation will take place in the near future, and that details of it will appear in the next issue of the "REVIEW".

May I here remind those of our readers whose subscription has lapsed that if they wish to continue receiving the paper to let me hear from them as soon as possible. I regret that, owing to cost, no receipt will be issued unless requested.

TAILPIECE.

"I lay afloat in an idle boat,
A fisher lad held the oar,
On a Devon strand and watched the grand
Old waves rush up the shore.
Some leagues away old Lundy lay,
Guarding the middle sea;
The sun and mist his low brow kissed,
Yet rugged and cold looked he."

(From "THE COASTS OF DEVON AND LUNDY ISLAND". 1895.
by John Lloyd Warden Page.)

Stanley Smith

MAKE A NOTE OF THIS
DATE

A meeting of the
Lundy Association
will be held in the
Blacksmiths Arms
Bideford at 8 pm
on

MONDAY **JAN 4**
1960

dyke



SEA AND LAND

by Philip Henry Gosse. F.R.S.

P. H. Gosse, the English Naturalist, was born at Worcester on April 6th, 1810. He spent his boyhood at Poole, in Dorset. In 1827 he became a clerk in a Whalers' office at Carbonear, Newfoundland, where he beguiled the tedium of his life by investigations into natural history. After an unsuccessful interlude of farming in Canada, he travelled in the United States, teaching for a while in Alabama. He returned to England in 1839 and subsequently wrote and published many popular works on Zoology, including "The Birds of Jamaica" where he lived for a short time. He developed a considerable interest in Marine Biology, carrying out most of his research work at Ilfracombe and South Devon.

Gosse was elected F.R.S. in 1856, shortly before settling in Marychurch, Torquay, where he lived for the remainder of his life, dying on August 23rd, 1888.

In July, 1852, he stayed for a week on Lundy, and from this visit produced a manuscript which appeared in serial form in a periodical called "Home Friend". It was not until 1865 that his description of Lundy appeared in book form, when it was incorporated with other papers under the title of "Sea and Land".

I am indebted to John Mackenzie Wood Esq., director of James Nisbet and Company, Welwyn, for permission to publish these extracts from "Sea and Land".

(JOHN DYKE).

"THERE are many odd nooks and corners in England which are seldom visited by tourists, and of which topographical writers know next to nothing, which are yet well stored with objects of interest amply sufficient to repay the toil and ingenuity expended in searching them out. Such a spot is Lundy, that little rocky island with precipitous sides that stands in the midst of the waters of the Bristol Channel, like a sentinel, to guard this great sea-road into the heart of England. I had been prosecuting some researches among the microscopic zoophytes, and other objects of marine natural history, on the picturesque coast of North Devon, through early summer; and from the lofty downs and cliffs around Ilfracombe I had often gazed out upon Lundy, a long low wall of purple in the horizon, and wished to explore it. It can be seen only in the clearest weather: many a day I have looked for it in vain, and thus its appearance became associated with lovely mornings and clear golden sunsets; and what I had heard of some peculiarities in its zoology, and what I imagined an insular rock so situated might afford to the naturalist, determined me to take the earliest opportunity of a visit to its cliffs.

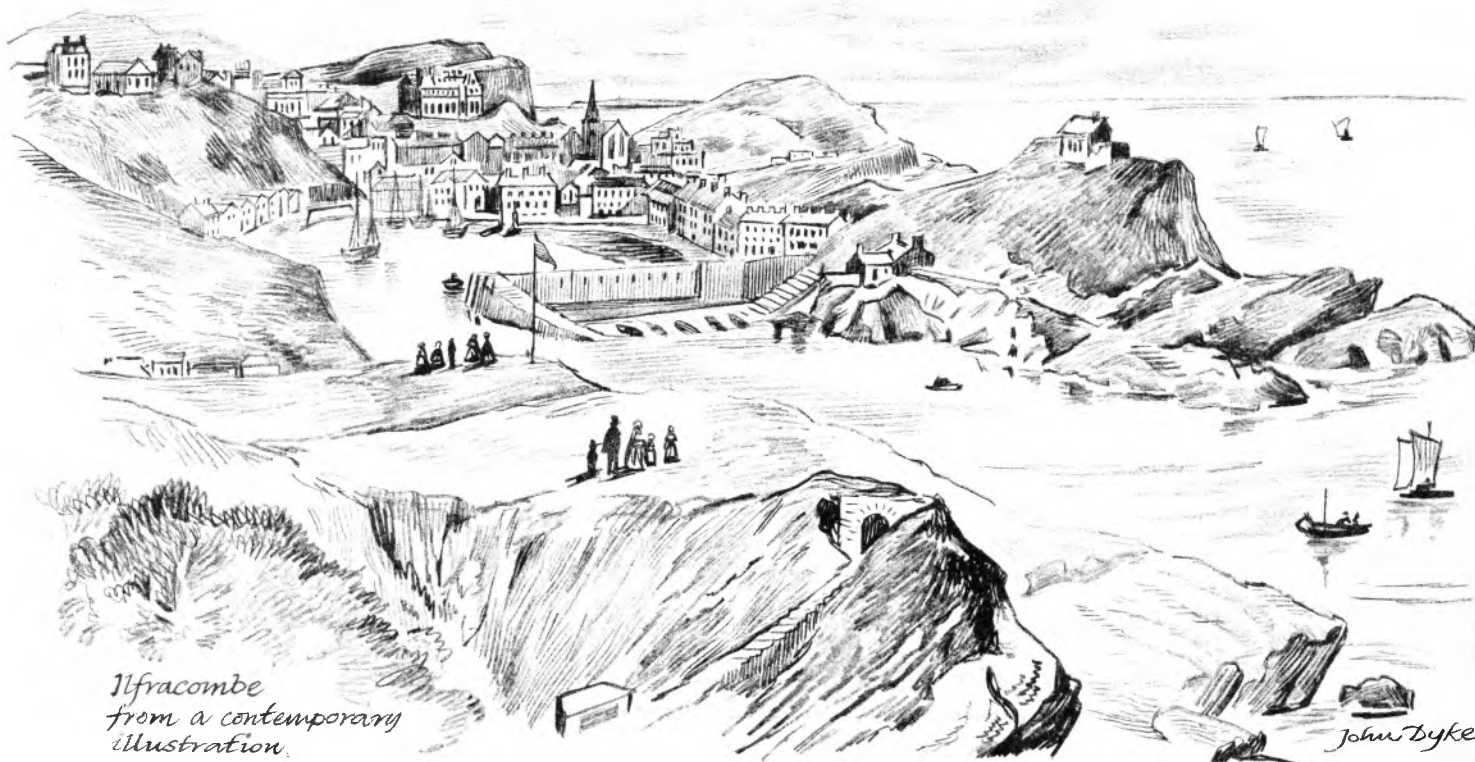
Sea and Land(cont).

Such an occasion was found through the courtesy of Hudson Heaven Esq., the eldest son of the proprietor of the island, who kindly invited myself and two companions to accompany him in his boat, about to sail. Accordingly, the break of day on the 1st of July saw us on the little quay at Ilfracombe, with portmanteaus and carpet-bags, collecting-basket, bottles and jars for zoophytes, and some packets of sandwiches and other comforts for the interior organisation. We had to wait at least an hour after the time appointed, before the tide served: it was rather a cold morning; the sky was leaden, and there was already a tough breeze from the westward, dead against our course, which seemed likely to freshen; the fishermen, moreover, that sauntered out from their hovels at that early hour, assured us, to keep up our already wavering courage, that there was a pretty heavy sea running outside. However, we were booked for the voyage, and were not going to retreat because it might have a dash of adventure: indeed, the heroism of one of the party was so strung up by the exiting prospect, that he boldly intimated his purpose of joining the search for Franklin, after this expedition.

So at length we stowed ourselves in the stern-sheets; the peak was hoisted, the jib was set, the mainsail trimmed; another pull upon the peak-halyards, the jib and main sheets tautened, and here we were with the red sails as flat as a pancake, facing the westerly breeze, and pitching and rolling in the wash of the sea, which is always more than ordinarily uproarious off the harbour's mouth just at the turn of the tide.

The little boat ploughed and dug through the green and foaming waves, quivering now and then as one struck her broadside in a way that rather put a damper upon our mirth. Before she had made one short tack, and before we were well abreast of the flag-staff that crowns Capstone Hill, an envious sea curled up its green head right over the quarter, and broke upon us, drenching us completely as if we had invaded its domain instead of its intruding into ours. A pretty pickle this to begin an eight hours' voyage with! and very comforting to the stomachs, already receiving awful warnings of what was about to be. We all grew as mute as mice in no time: the enthusiasm of science, no more than the pleasure of holiday-making, can bear up with dignity against the manifold inflictions of cold and wet, cramped limbs, and the perpetual eversion of that internal organisation I spoke of just now, which no sandwiches could soothe. But let that pass.

The approach to the Island was interesting; especially as our kind cicerone, Mr. Heaven, pointed out the different objects of interest, and gave us legendary and statistical information. Its form somewhat resembles that of an oak-leaf, being considerably sinuated in outline; and the narrow peninsular of Lametry, constituting its southern extremity, with Rat Island as its termination, we may call the footstalk of the leaf. This end of the island curves round to the eastward, partially enclosing a little bay with good anchorage, pretty well sheltered from all but easterly winds. About twenty vessels were lying here at anchor, of various nations and of all sizes, from the stately three-masted ship to the tiny fishing skiff. On our expressing surprise at seeing so many craft, Mr. Heaven assured us that often



*Ilfracombe
from a contemporary
illustration.*

there were many more. "I have known," said he, "three hundred vessels in sight at once. On one occasion the wind had hung long from the westward, and had kept in the outward-bound craft: it at last changed and allowed them to sail, but suddenly shifting again, and coming on to blow heavily from the oldquarter, a hundred and seventy vessels put back and anchored in our little roadstead, all vessels of size, not counting boats."

The only landing-place on the whole island is in this bay; and here the Trinity House have made a good carriage-road from the beach up the precipitous hill-side to the light-house, which occupies the highest point, and which I shall speak of more particularly presently. Up this zigzag road, which is substantially built with granite in the lower part, where it is exposed to the action of the sea in heavy gales, we climbed, eager to find the means of satisfying our quickened appetites, yet not indifferent to the charms with which nature had embellished this lonely place. The sides of the road were gay with flowers



The Landing Beach 1852

of many kinds. The common mallow, the milfoil, the weld or wild mignonette, looking like its pleasant namesake, but scentless; the flaring ox-eye daisy, the figwort, with its brown bead-like blossoms; the navew, loose and sprawling, but bright in hue; ragworts and sowthistles, and elder-bushes with snow-balls of bloom, the nearest approach to a tree which the island can boast; these, with minor weeds and grasses and ferns of several kinds, fringed the footpath. The perpendicular side of the road, where the shale had been scarped away, and the crevice of stones, where it had been faced with a rude wall, presented other and more attractive features. The kidney vetch, or lady's finger, displayed its heads of delicate flowers in profusion, pale yellow fading into cream colour; and the scarlet-tipped blossoms of the little bird's-foot lotus, that characteristic plant of our seaward downs and precipitous slopes, were not less abundant. From between the loose stones the navelwort shot out its singular spikes, each springing perpendicularly from a bed of succulent shield-like leaves, and fringed to its tall summit with little drooping bells of yellowish white. The situation seems particularly agreeable to this plant, for we found it in many parts of the island growing in great luxuriance, some of the spikes sixteen or twenty inches in height, and thickly covered with flowers. The herb Robert, the bitter vetch, and the purple sandwort, displayed their unobtrusive but pretty blossoms among the herbage; and the crimson bells of the common heath, already opened, were fringing the edges of the slope above our heads. The sheep's-bit scabious, a lovely flower, with globose heads of azure blue, was not wanting; and the surface of the rock was covered here and there with broad patches of the white stone-crop, whose white, or rather carnation-coloured, starry blossoms were conspicuously beautiful. But more prominent than all was that noblest of British flowers, the tall foxglove, flourishing in special luxuriance and beauty, while fragrance was diffused from scores of honeysuckles that climbed and sprawled on every side.

All these and other plants, some greeting us as old acquaintances, others possessing the charm of comparative novelty, were an agreeable contrast to the desolation and barrenness we had pictured to ourselves as reigning here. And as we proceeded we saw pleasant traces of feminine taste, for gentle hands had been busy sowing seeds of stocks, and wall-flowers, and nasturtiums in the nooks of the rock, which were now beginning to spread the beauty of their foliage over the ruggedness, and gave promise of additional beauty by and by.

(A further instalment from "Sea and Land" will appear in the next issue.)

-oOo-

**Tell your friends about the "LUNDY REVIEW,"
IT KEEPS YOU IN TOUCH ALL THE YEAR ROUND.**

I REMEMBER... *by A. J. Dennis*

I made my first contact with Lundy in 1917, when my father was appointed Manager by the late Augustus Christie.

At that time transportation to and from Lundy was even more difficult than it is today. We were at war with Germany, and the Bristol Channel area was infested with German U-Boats and Minelayers. Based at Milford Haven was a fleet of minesweepers and submarine chasers, and they were responsible for maintaining communications with the Island. Three vessels, usually converted drifters, would arrive at Ilfracombe, and off one would set, in the leading vessel, with an escort on both port and starboard bows. How important I used to feel at times!

When crossing in submarine chasers, we were always told that, while every endeavour would be made to deliver us safely, should contact be made with a German U-Boat, its destruction would be the primary objective. In fact, this happened on one occasion, and I am now the proud possessor of a brass shell case doing duty as a dinner gong.

My first landing was made below the South Light, one evening in the autumn of 1917 after a long and stormy crossing. There my Mother and I were met by some of the residents, and we had to make the ascent to the South Light and down the perilous path to the slip-way. For me, the last part of the journey was made on the back of Mr. Jukes, one of H.M. Coast Guards stationed on Lundy at the time. The tide was in and lapping the bottom steps, and I clearly remember waiting for the waves to recede, and then scampering up the slip-way to safety.

I can remember Tibbetts and the Coastguard Cottages occupied, and Mr. Jukes printing photographs (some of which are still in my possession) in his kitchen during the winter evenings.

I also recall the riotous evenings spent in the Manor House kitchen. The Tavern at that time was an oil store. The minesweepers regularly patrolling the Bristol Channel were still manned by their Scottish fishermen crews, and although strictly against orders, the call of Lundy could not be resisted, and occasionally the Skippers of perhaps a dozen vessels would come ashore. In exchange for butter, cream, and milk, they would give us baskets of first quality fish, so much in fact that whilst the mainlanders were virtually starving because of the U-Boat blockade, we were feeding prime plaice, turbot, and soles to the pigs. To obtain milk etc., was not the primary reason for coming ashore. They would bring whisky in one gallon jars, and seats for all would be found in our kitchen. Their leader was "Jock" - I never knew his surname - and when "Jock" was ready, drinking commenced. What evenings they were!

The Tavern could tell some tales, but I feel none of them would measure up to the events in the Manor House kitchen at that time. The greatest difficulty was in returning the visitors to their ships at daybreak.

Talk of ships reminds me of the wreck of the S.S. Enfield below the Quarries in 1918. At that time the Hotel wing and Tavern keeper's quarters were unoccupied, and here was accommodated the crew, consisting mainly of Lascars, while the officers under Capt. Evans, and Salvagemen stayed with us. The crew had a black cook, and one day they all succumbed to violent stomach pains and diarrhoea. They swore the cook had tried to poison them, and for five days he was kept in the cubby hole opening off the Hotel kitchen for his own safety!

What a Christmas we had of 1918. Salvage operations were continuing on S.S. Enfield, and Capt. Evans had given us his stock of sultanas, raisins, and other items unobtainable in rationed Ilfracombe. My Mother made puddings, cakes, and other good things - a Christmas tree was erected in the Dining Room, and everyone on the Island contributed to its decoration. Imagine my delight, when, as the only child on the Island, all the toys were given to me. Everyone, including the Lighthouse keepers and Coastguards during their off duty hours, spent Christmas Day in our home, and joined in the festivities. After tea, the Principal Keeper at North Light had to return to duty, but before he left was given a large slice of Christmas cake to take with him. The remains of the cake were left on the kitchen table, and everyone returned to the festivities. The P.K. did not properly close the back door, and when my Mother went to the kitchen to prepare supper all that remained of a large Christmas cake were a few crumbs. The next morning our sheep dog was found dead in the back yard - his tummy twice its normal size.

I remember the General Election in 1919. The late Judge Tudor Rees was one of the Candidates, and he visited Lundy during his election campaign. There was a Polling Booth in the extension to Marisco Castle, and Mr. W. Lee, the son of a well known Barnstaple Architect, was the Presiding Officer. My father had been sworn in as a Special Constable by the Bideford Magistrates, and was on duty at 8.0 a.m. when the Polling Station opened. By 8.10. the eight voters had all recorded their vote!

I remember Mr. Allday, and having tea with him in Quarter Wall Cottages. I remember the visit of the Bishop of Exeter, and sharing his strawberries for tea. I remember I think this is sufficient - it makes me feel too old.

-oOo-

FROM THE PAST by JOHN DYKE.

*Gleaned from the
Hartland Chronicle
and Bideford Gazette*

Seventy-five years ago.

July 29th, 1884. - The Dangers of Lundy Island - Inaccuracy of the Admiralty Sailing Directions: At the Swansea Guildhall on Saturday afternoon a Board of Trade inquiry into the circumstances attending the stranding of the steamships "Wimbledon" and "Bains Hawkings" on Lundy Island on the 27th ult. was concluded. It appeared that the steamships left Cardiff on the 26th June with cargoes of coal, and when they arrived off the Bull Light a dense fog came on. The steamships proceeded straight on their course, taking the channel between Lundy and the Devonshire coast, and, since the soundings here are very equable, their commanders did not think it necessary to take a cast of the lead, especially as the sailing directions issued by the Admiralty informed them that a detonating rocket is fired off from Lundy every ten minutes during a fog and that it can be heard for 15 miles. They did not hear the rocket, and therefore thought they were far from the island. Evidence was taken of Trinity House officials stationed on the island, and these swore that directly the fog was seen on the west side of the island detonating rockets were regularly fired. It is not possible for a fog to prevail on one side of the island and not the other, and for it to be seen on shore and not on the sea, and vice versa. The signalling station is on the west side, whereas the accident occurred on the east - the side generally used by navigators - and since there are no authorised means of obtaining information from this side, it is quite possible for an accident to occur on the east side without any of the Trinity House officials knowing it. All these witnesses expressed an opinion that so far as the east side is concerned the signalling is useless, and that if the sailing directions declared the rocket could be heard 15 miles on all sides, they were misleading. It is a curious coincidence that the two steamships ran aground on the same spot at almost the same time. The court found the master and first mate of the "Wimbledon" and the master of the "Bains Hawkings" in default, but considering the extraordinary circumstances connected with the case, decided not to deal with their certificates. It is the intention of the court to make a representation to the authorities with regard to the inadequate signalling arrangements on Lundy.

Fifty years ago

October, 1909. - The French schooner "Josephine", which arrived on Wed., October 13th, reported that during heavy weather off Lundy Island, Pierre Coic, aged 14, the ships boy, was washed overboard and was drowned.

The French ship "Boucan" of La Rochelle, from Bordeaux to Barry, was sunk after collision with the steamer "Salybia", from Cardiff to the Barbadoes, off Lundy on Tuesday morning, November 2nd. The "Salybia" was considerably damaged and put back to Cardiff with the crew of the "Boucan". The crash, which was of a terrific nature, occurred between two and three o'clock in the morning. The bows of the "Salybia" pierced the side of the "Boucan" to a depth of three or four yards, and for several minutes the two vessels remained locked. Four of the forehead compartments of the "Salybia" were filled with water, but the splendid work of officers and crew prevented the water entering the holds. When it was realised that the vessel was safe from sinking, the master directed his attention to the "Boucan": within 15 minutes of the collision the French steamer foundered.

Twentyfive years ago

July 3rd, 1934 - At St.Mary's Church Appledore: marriage of Count Dimitry Tolstoy-Miloslavsky to Miss Mary Wicksteed of Appledore.

July 10th, 1934 - Vicar of Appledore on Lundy - The Vicar of Appledore (Rev. H.C.A.S.Muller) recently joined a pleasure boat "The Westward Ho!" at Ilfracombe, and with over 250 passengers started for Lundy. By courtesy of the skipper, Capt. Hawkins, a native of Padstow, the Vicar lectured enroute to the passengers on the history of Lundy, and its chief features, the address being much appreciated. On arrival at Lundy the majority of the passengers climbed the 500 ft. ascent to the Church, which is famous for the alabaster figures at the base of the reredos and was built entirely, and presented, by the late Squire, the Rev.H.G.Heaven, who at one period was a master at Taunton College.(School?). At the Church a bright service was well attended. Miss Belle Hinks of Appledore was at the harmonium, and the hymns were "Eternal Father" and "O God our help in ages past". The Vicar gave a short and impressive address, and after the Service explained to over 200 passengers the main features of the building. Tea, including lobsters, was provided at the Manor House. The island was at its loveliest, and at the close of the stay the passengers were all safely embarked without difficulty by the local boatmen and staff at Lundy.

July 31st, 1934 - Mr.B.G.Lampard Vachell, M.A., (prospective National Conservative Candidate for North West Devon), Mrs.Lampard Vachell, and Mr.M.M.Ellington (chief Conservative agent for the Division) visited Lundy I. by steamer from Clovelly last week to meet voters.

Sept. 18th, 1934. - The Magnetic Rocks of Lundy - Mr.A.T.J.Dollar B.Sc., F.G.S., in the course of a paper on "The Petrology of certain Dike Rocks of High Magnetic Susceptibility" read before the Geology Section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science at the Aberdeen meeting on Wednesday, said Skye, Mull, Arran, and Lundy are traversed by numerous thin "dikes" or sheets of magnetic rock having the chemical composition of basalts and dolerites, but a varying content of iron-bearing minerals, especially of the high magnetic iron oxide "magnetite" or "lode stone". As in Skye, and other islands of the Inner Hebrides of Scotland, certain of these Lundy rocks can deflect the needle of a pocket compass from the magnetic north direction locally. This fact has made it possible to detect and map forms and extents of such rock bodies on Lundy, even when they were hidden below 10 feet of only slightly magnetic soil, by using two specially suspended compass needles, a new arrangement of which has been designed for this work by the author.....

Sept. 18th, 1934 - An interesting trip was made by a party of visitors on Tuesday to Lundy Island in the S.S."Devonia" which left under Capt.Ridd from Clovelly. They were accompanied by the Vicar of Appledore (Rev.H.C.A.S.Muller) Priest in Charge of the Island, who gave a greatly appreciated lecture on its history. On arrival at Lundy, the Vicar conducted a Service in the Church and described its features. Tea was provided by Mr.and Mrs.Gade, the former of whom is the resident manager of the Island, and the visitors purchased the "local" puffin stamps and coins. There was an amusing incident when the "Lerina", under Capt.F.Dark, arrived with a young bull from Bideford. The animal swam ashore, and appeared none the worse for its immersion. One of the women visitors had the misfortune to dislocate her ankle by slipping down some of the steps at the North Lighthouse, while rescue was effected, another young woman slipped while cliff climbing. Two young naval officers and Mr.Campbell of Clifton, utilized a bowline and rescued her from what might have become a dangerous position. There have been many holiday makers on the Island.

Omitted from a Previous Issue

Feb. 1909 - The workmen employed on Lundy in carrying out the Government contracts there, had an unpleasant experience in the middle of January, in which the rough weather made it impracticable to run the weekly provision boat to the Island. Consequently the men had to borrow or purchase the necessaries of life from their very limited neighbours in this isolated spot. When the boat put in a very welcome appearance on Wed.January 20th, the menu had been practically narrowed down to biscuits kindly supplied by the Lighthouse keepers.

March, 1909 - It is stated that Mr.Allday, who has had charge of Lloyd's Signal Station on Lundy for the past 12 years, has never visited the mainland during the whole of that time, and has never seen a motor car.

More Materia Lundeiae - by Michael Freer.

I have recently been fortunate enough to discover two sources of information about the early history of Lundy which, as they are not referred to in any published bibliography of the island, may be unknown to the majority of the readers of the Lundy Review.

'The Family of Marisco' (JOURNAL OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF IRELAND(1931 and 1932) vols.lxi, lxii) by Eric St.John Brooks naturally contains innumerable references to Lundy.

'The Murder of Henry Clement and the pirates of Lundy Island'(HISTORY (Mar.1941) vol.xxv) by F.M.Powicke deals with the flight of William de Marisco - the main suspect - to Lundy and his activities whilst there. It also contains a good deal of material about the early history of Lundy which confirms some of the research of Mr.St.John Brooks and others. Since writing this, I have found its existence was recorded by Mr.Blackwell in his note on the bibliography of Lundy in the TRANSACTIONS OF THE DEVONSHIRE ASSOCIATION, 1957.

Both these articles, I venture to suggest, are required reading for all Lundyites. Unfortunately though, neither is very easy to procure although luckily the latter has been re-printed as an appendix to the second volume of 'King Henry III and the Lord Edward' by F.M.Powicke; this can probably be obtained for you by your local public library. Mr.St.John Brooks' masterly work on the Mariscos, however, is unlikely to be found anywhere except in the British Museum, although it is possible that further back numbers may be available from the Society's headquarters in Dublin - 63, Merrion Square - I have obtained a set, and anyone living in, or passing through, London is welcome to come along and read them, but I am not prepared to let them out of the house!

Most of us, I am sure, are often annoyed and dissatisfied at the conflicting stories we read about the Mariscos and their tenure of Lundy. Romance has frequently taken the place of fact, and mistakes are perpetuated by writers who can't bother to check original sources. For instance: 'the main story of Lundy begins in 1135 when Stephen awarded the fief to the de Montmorencys, or Mariscos' is a sentence in one of the 'standard works' on Lundy. The first statement is pure conjecture and the assertion that the Montmorencys and the Mariscos were one is certainly not true. But I have no doubt that future 'historians' of Lundy will continue to repeat these and many other suggestions until such time as a capable historian with ability, time and money, can be persuaded to write a comprehensive and authoritative account of the island's past.

The great value of the two articles to which I refer is that both are by historians, both contain a great deal of material about Lundy never before in print, and both quote checked, original sources in full. Sir Maurice Powicke is, of course, one of our greatest authorities upon 13th.century England, and he comments in a footnote to his article about Henry Clement thus: 'the disputes of genealogists (about the Mariscos) have now been closed by the investigations of Mr.Eric St.John Brooks.'

The Family of Marisco

The author of the 'investigations' begins by pointing out that de Marisco is the latinized version of 'of the Marsh', and in twelfth century England this must have been a common name. Evidence is provided that a Geoffrey de Marisco, or one of his immediate ancestors, held the manor of Huntspill Marreis (Somerset) in 1135 for $\frac{1}{2}$ a knight's fee from Warin de Aula. This overlord possessed the Honour of Bampton (Devon) because of his marriage to Juliana, daughter and heiress of Robert of Bampton and grand-daughter of Walter of Douai, the Domesday tenant-in-chief (i.e., the person holding the land direct from the crown) of Bampton. This record is contained in a formal return (cartae) for the year 1166, official transcripts of which are reproduced in the Liber Niger and the Liber Rubens (the Black Book and the Red Book of the Exchequer).

Another record discovered by Mr.St.John Brooks is of a Geoffrey de Marisco holding some land (unspecified) for a fifth part of a knight's fee in 1166 from Henry de Newmarch. It is suggested (and here the author admits the supposition in this part of the article) that this land may very well have been Lundy. There is a proved connection between South Wales and the Barony of Newmarch and there are several facts to support the belief of an early association between Lundy and that part of the Celtic world. The island is not mentioned in Domesday Book, which is an indication that at that time it had not passed into English possession; in John's charter of 1199, Lundy is described as lying between

More Materia Lundeiae(continued).

Tenby (Pembrokeshire) and Barnstaple; the church on Lundy is originally believed to have been dedicated to St.Elen - a Welsh saint; and the Orkneyingers Saga makes it plain that in 1140 a Welsh chieftain had a footing the island.

Turning from this most interesting, original and convincingly presented evidence, the author then quotes several references to the Mariscos which occur in the Devon Pipe Rolls from 1175, and suggests that there is strong evidence that a Robert de Marisco, who married a sister of Archbishop Comyn of Dublin, was the son and heir of the Geoffrey who held Huntspill in 1166. The first certain points in the Marisco pedigree are references to Geoffrey de Marisco, the great Justiciar of Ireland in 1192, and to his elder brother, William de Marisco, in 1194.

Here I should mention that the current edition of Burke's Landed Gentry' contains a pedigree for the family of Marris, which traces the ancestry of those living today through the Mariscos of Lundy and back to an Osbert de Marcq, whose son, Adeolf, fought at the Battle of Hastings in 1066. Now genealogical information published by Burke cannot always be accepted as authoritative. The present editor, however, is far more concerned with fact, and far less keen on pleasing the Landed Gentry, than most of his predecessors. In his book 'They came with the Conqueror' he narrows down the list of present day families who can really claim lineal male descent from one of the Conqueror's companions to three - and one of these is the family of Marris.

To return to 'The Family of Marisco'. Mr.St.John Brooks quotes amply from records that prove the descent of Lundy, Huntspill and Cameley(Somerset) in the line William-Jordan-William-John-Herbert de Marisco. He refers to the naval prowess of the first of these and mentions that he was as often against the King of England as for him. Do not, however, confuse this man with the infamous William de Marisco - supposed murderer of Henry Clement - who operated as a pirate and rebel from Lundy in the reign of Henry III, and whose exploits have been embellished and romanticised by so many writers.

It is certain that the island was granted to the Knights Templar some time during the reign of Henry II. In 1194 Lundy was granted to William de Marisco and in 1195 and in 1196, according to the Pipe Rolls for those years, he was still in possession, but on his accession in 1199, John confirmed a number of the Templar's charters, among them that of Henry II's grant of Lundy. However, the Pipe Roll of 1203 shows that William was still in possession of the island at that time. From 1205-1216 there are very few references to him, but he presumably hung on to his island property, for in 1212 and 1213 grants of £10 were made to the Templars in lieu of the island, and in 1220 they got a monetary exchange for it. In the same year William de Marisco was temporarily dispossessed of Lundy by Henry III. However, he was back again in 1223 and there are further references to him in the Pipe Rolls up to 1230.

Jordan de Marisco, who succeeded his father, also owned considerable property in Ireland. He was, however, dead by 1234.

William de Marisco had an unsettling beginning to his ownership of Lundy. In May 1235, Henry Clement was murdered and the suspect, William de Marisco - son of Geoffrey, Justiciar of Ireland - fled to Lundy. In June, 1235, William, son of Jordan, was permitted 'safely to come out of our island of Lundy with all his men'. However, although less of a rebel than his kinsman, he had made a sufficient nuisance of himself for his lands to be declared forfeit to the crown. But, in the Close Rolls of 1243, it is noted that William, son of Jordan, has been restored to all his lands 'with the exception of Lundy, which the king wishes to retain in his own hands'.

William Bardolf, a Norfolk Baron, was the man responsible for clearing William, son of Geoffrey de Marisco, out of Lundy. Before he left, Bardolf made arrangements for the erection of a stone tower and appointed a constable of Lundy. Here I am quoting from Sir Maurice Powicke's article, and it is a sobering thought that the foundations of Marisco Castle may have been laid down by the person responsible for capturing its most famous supposed inhabitant; a man who used it as a rebel H.Q., we are told, and from whose walls prisoners were sent hurtling to their deaths!

William de Cantilupe, the seneschal of the royal household, came down from London to supervise the building of the tower, but in 1244 he was succeeded as constable by Richard Clifford. A change in the system of tenure was made in the following year, however, for in July, 1245, Henry III committed 'our island of Lundy to the keeping of Henry de Tracy' - lord of the Honour of Barnstaple.

In 1250 Robert Walerand (according to Grose's 'Antiquities') was in charge, whilst in 1274 Oliver de Dynham held it as a bailiwick of the king.

In the reign of Edward I, William de Marisco - the same man who lost Lundy in 1235 - petitioned the king for the return of his island, thus:

William de Marisc', son of Jord' de Marisc', stating that the king holds in his occupation the island of Lunday, because William de Marisc', son of Geoffrey de Marisc', who committed a felony, as it is said, entered the island in the absence of him William, son of Jordan, he himself knowing nothing about it and being at the time in Ireland; on account of which King Henry, father of the present king, took into his hands all the lands of him William, son of Jordan, and detained them until he had satisfied himself by inquisitions taken both in England and in Ireland, that William, son of Jordan, knew nothing of the entry into the island of William, son of Geoffrey, had neither counselled nor aided him, nor agreed to any felony or offence against the king. For these reasons King Henry had restored to him all his lands except Lundy which he kept in his own hands. He prays therefore that the island may be restored to him.

In 1281 William de Marisco was granted the 'king's island of Lunday, to be held by him and his heirs by the service of a tenth part of a knight's fee. He was dead by 1284, and was succeeded by his thirty year old son and heir, John de Marisco. Unfortunately John did not enjoy his inheritance - a considerable one; for there was property in Ireland as well as Devon and Somerset - for very long: he died in April, 1285. Being a tenant-in-chief, his lands, during the heir's minority, returned to the crown. On February 3, 1290, Rotheric, a yeoman of Prince Edward, was granted custody of Lundy.

Herbert de Marisco, son of John, came of age in 1297. He did not, however, automatically begin to enjoy his inheritance. In those days possession was even more than nine points of the law, and, indeed, Herbert was never able to recover Lundy. He petitioned for it unsuccessfully in 1321 or 1322, saying that Sir John de Wylington - whose ancestor Ralph de Wylington had been granted custody of the island in 1264 - 'had wrongfully disseised him of the island of Lunday Co. Devon, of which he and his ancestors had been seised time out of mind'.

Following the death of Herbert in 1327, the King granted custody of the island 'late of Hugh le Dispencer the younger, to Otho de Bodrigan'.

Mr. Eric St. John Brooks' article is over sixty pages long and was spread between three issues of the J.R.S.A.I. I have attempted to precis above the information he provided that directly concerns Lundy. The latter half of 'The Family of Marisco', however, contains hardly any references to the island but deals with the later history of the family in Ireland and provides a great deal of interesting information about various collateral branches.

Herbert was succeeded by his son, Stephen de Marisco - by now the surname was changing to de Marreys - and, according to Mr. St. John Brooks, the Lundy line of Mariscos ended with his death, without surviving issue, in about 1373. Burke's 'Landed Gentry', to which I have already referred, mentions a son, Stephen, who fought at Crecy (1346) in the retinue of Sir Hugh le Dispencer. He is recorded as being present at the Siege of Calais in 1347, but died unmarried in 1349. Stephen, son of Herbert - the man who seems to have been cheated out of his rocky island domain - had a younger brother, William de Marreys, and it is from him that the present day families of Marris trace their descent.

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INKERMAN ROGERS - 1866-1959.

Albert Inkerman Rogers, who died on 22nd August, 1959, deserves mention in the annals of Lundy if only from the publication of his booklet "Lundy Island" in 1938. It is a useful little work, consisting mainly of extracts from the Calendars of State Papers and various Rolls in the British Museum from 1217 to 1667, chronologically arranged. Mr. Rogers was a well-known figure in North Devon and a remarkable character, entering with tremendous zest into a number of activities, writing on a great variety of subjects, but principally known as

herologist and geologist. In the latter capacity he attained considerable eminence, and his collection of specimens from the submerged forest at Westward Ho! has greatly enriched the geological museum at the North Devon Athenaeum and the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, whilst his writings are extensively read and quoted by geologists. His booklet "A Short History of Bideford" and the work on Sailing Ships and Warships built in the Port of Bideford, 1568-1938, compiled when he was 80 years of age, are both of value in the district.

Inkerman Rogers included Lundy in his geological researches, and in a conversation I had with him very shortly before he died at the age of 92, he discoursed on the wonder which filled him at the "great molten mass thrusting up through the Upper Devonian", which was his conception of the formation of Lundy based on geological knowledge, and of the immense pleasure he had derived from his visits to the island, and, indeed, from all his wanderings in the cause of geology.

(Alfred E. Blackwell).

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Water on Lundy by Stanley Smith.

"Water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink" so might the "Ancient Mariner" have cried had he been wrecked on the Isle of Lundy this past summer; for Lundy, in common with the mainland, has had its driest season in living memory. Rarely a summer passes without the Island having to impose some restrictions on the use of water, for Lundy has a lower rainfall than the adjoining mainland. Many times the Islanders, praying for rain, have observed heavy rain pouring onto the sea near the Hartland coast, whilst all that Lundy received was a belt of mist or light drizzle.

There is much evidence that Islanders of the past appreciated the need of water conservation, and did much to offset dry spells by the erection of dams, wells and reservoirs in various parts of the Island. Undoubtedly additional devices were also used for catching and retaining rainwater flowing off roofs.

On an all-the-year-round basis, Lundy has water enough. During normal seasons, apart from summer, water flows in varying dribbles or floods down many combs to the sea. The map in Charters "Lundy Island" shows a position near the "Sugar Loaf" marked "Watering Place", indicating, apparently, a spring or stream from which it was customary for ships in the past to refill their casks with fresh water. In a cave below the North Lighthouse is "The Virgin's Spring", a strong flow of sweet water bubbling through its floor, which can only be tasted at the lowest tides, being at other times far below the surface of the sea. "Golden Well" is situated about a hundred yards south-east of the Church, and probably owes its name to the colour of its sediment. "St. Helen's Well" is near the centre of the field immediately east of the rocket house (St. Helen's Field). "St. John's Well" is close to the road, but some feet below its level, about 200 yards above the bungalow. "Parsons Well", a short distance south of the burial ground, is dry and covered with a slab of stone to prevent accidents to sheep and cattle.

"The Punch Bowl Stream" rises in a swampy marsh known as "Pondsbury", at the west side of which may be seen a dam of some size. Another rivulet runs down the cliff below Quarter Wall Cottages. In addition, several wells have been sunk in the immediate vicinity and just north of the Old Lighthouse; a fair amount of water runs down the west cliff at a point nearly opposite Gannets Combe, and at another not far south of the Old Lighthouse; and a strong spring exists low down in Gannets Combe itself. A suggestion that all these springs have their source on Dartmoor and pass under the sea before appearing on Lundy, is not deemed worthy of consideration.

Near the foundations of the ancient cottages north of Quarter Wall exist some wells, which have long since been disused, except in times of drought.

Tibbets Lookout relies on the rainwater picked up by the roof, as do the Coastguards Cottages, Stoneycroft, and the small bungalows facing east, although the schoolroom supply is supplemented by a feed from the "Tent Field".

During the winter of 1936, whilst preparing a site on Castle Hill for the memorial to Robert Burton, the author of "The Anatomy of Melancholy", I excavated some very old unglazed bell-mouthed pipes that bore the finger moulds of the potter responsible for their manufacture, running from the high ground of the "Tent Field" towards the Castle, where it possibly supplied the garrison some time in its past. I understand that most of these old pipes have since been lifted and used to drain the "Brick Field".

The Rocket Pole pond possibly owes its origin to the erection of St. Helena's Church, when its site may have been excavated to supply the rough stone for building. Undoubtedly it is fed, through faults in the earth structure, from the higher ground of the Lighthouse or Tent field; a very valuable source of water to the animals of Lundy, its pollution by the stock and the hundreds of gulls that frequent it, render it of little use for human consumption. That an attempt has been made to use it for the household is evident by the remains of a rusty iron pipe running in the direction of the Hotel buildings from the east wall of the pond. A pipe-line to the main Island buildings, a quarter-mile distant, would be a costly job, as it would also entail protection of the pond from the air and land to ensure reasonable cleanliness of supply, and would, of course, mean denying its use to the animals, and so provide another problem.

Millcombe House water is sweet, pure at its source in the Tent field to the west of the Church, but in the course of its journey under the road and down the combe it is broken and exposed in several places to contamination. Its course over the Hotel sewage line, possibly severed in parts by the movement of horses and bullocks, and the entry into the line at the inspection points of weed or fouling matter should be a warning to regard the tap water with caution. If the old two inch earthenware pipes were replaced with alkathene of the same gauge, a very valuable additional asset would exist, for Millcombe water, apart from being of good quality, continues after many other sources have dried up.

The Hotel is supplied from marsh land and reed-beds in the lighthouse field, by means of three inch field drainage pipes laid at angles to the main line; it is picked up and conveyed to a filter bed and from thence to an underground reservoir, the capacity of which is about 10,000 gallons, a trifling amount to meet the summer demands of the Island. Three years ago the feed pipes for 100 yards or so along the main route, and 60 yards each of two branch lines were lifted and cleaned, and, where necessary, renewed before relaying; the flow thereby improved. However, judging by the amount of peaty deposit extracted from the pipes, there is no doubt that similar work on the upper reaches of the line would increase the pick-up even more. Whilst on the subject of the reservoir, it may assist those who one day will have the task of improving the Islands supply and storage to study the conclusions I arrived at during the course of my work thereon. I found it proved that the acid content of Lundy's water re-acted seriously on the cement used in water storage work. Three years after plastering the inner walls of the filter bed I noticed the peaty nature of the water had almost entirely destroyed the hard face of the work, and the sand could be scratched from its surface with a hard brush. During repairs to the reservoir walls at the same time, I discovered I could easily dig out the main body of the work with my fingers, the cement having perished; indeed, it was most difficult deciding where to call a halt without the task becoming a major operation. Acid-resisting cement is obtainable, and it is to be hoped that this will be used on all future cement work planned to come into contact with Lundy's water, together with the replacement of earthenware pipes.

In St. John's Valley, mid-way between the top wall and the bungalow, can be seen the remains of a dam which once stood there. From St. John's Well, Golden Well, and the reservoir overflow for nine months of the year and a strong flow of water runs away to the sea. I have long fostered the dream of seeing a substantial earth and concrete dam constructed on this spot capable of a reserve of excellent water to the extent of 500,000 gallons, which I consider the minimum for Lundy's needs. The lighthouses, North, South, and the Old, obtain their water from underground tanks which are fed by rainfall off the roofs. Even after a dry spell as we have suffered this summer, they have come through with some to spare. Useful reserves could be obtained by following their example, for instance by harnessing the rain picked up by the Hotel and Church roofs.

Under analytical test, the water on the island was declared unfit for brewing, but beer, and good beer at that, HAS been brewed from it, and I, myself, have made some excellent Mead using the amber liquid of Lundy.

News and Views by Stanley Smith

THE GANNET TALKS

The "Lundy Gannet", being now equipped with two-way radio, can contact Lundy or the mainland from out at sea. Co-operation between ship and shore has always been difficult to maintain, but with the aid of this essential equipment understanding will be easier all round, not to mention its value in emergencies.

A MAINLAND "MARISCO".

I have discovered that Lundy has no longer sole claim to the unusual Tavern name "Marisco"; for lately Charringtons have opened another "Marisco Inn" at Aveley, Essex. "Marisco", say the brewers, is an old English word for marsh, and a spokesman explained that as low-lying Aveley was once mainly marshland, the brewery thought the name appropriate. Lundy's "Marisco" comes, of course, from the family of that name, vide Mr. Freer's article in this issue.

LUNDY "OUTPOST"

On Bideford Regatta Day, September 12th, a new flag representing Lundy on the mainland was first hoisted on the flag-pole of the Blacksmiths Arms. Designed by John Dyke and made by my wife, the flag is a colourful presentation of the "Review" heading, and, when flown, attracted a lot of attention locally.

ILLNESS.

I regret to announce that Robert Bendall, late farm bailiff on the Island, has contracted T.B. of the lung and is in hospital for treatment. "Bob" is likely to remain there for a few months and would, no doubt, like to hear from old Lundy friends. His address is: HAWLEY HOSPITAL, BARNSTAPLE. Tel. Barnstaple 3124.

THE PATHFINDER.

A most pleasant and adventurous new walk has been offered the Island dweller and visitor alike by the voluntary labour of David Wicks, who, valiantly struggling through summer heat, bracken, and the rhododendron plantation on the East Side, has succeeded in connecting his late effort, the quarry beach path, to another running from the beach road at a point below Millcombe gardens, thus enabling one to travel direct to the Quarries without the effort and time needed on the main route.

WRECK.

In September, while attempting to embark visitors from the Islands landing stage during a strong easterly wind, the Campbell's launch "BLUE MERLIN" with Don Hack at the helm, was overtaken by a large sea. The engine was put out of action, which left the craft at the mercy of following seas, in which she foundered with passengers and luggage; fortunately without loss of life. The boat was completely wrecked. This incident stresses the ever-present risks that attend the maintenance of Lundy's communicating line; reminding one, too, that landing on Lundy is still very much as it has been through the centuries.....

SURVEY.

The "Lundy Gannet" was hauled up on the "paint slip" of Harris's yard, Appledore, on October 28th. for Board of Trade survey. The inspection, which takes place every four years or so, and is a costly job, will possibly mean lack of sea communication with the Island for three weeks. This, unfortunately, delayed Mr. and Mrs. Gade on the mainland, as they returned from holiday a day or two after the "Gannet's" withdrawal from service.

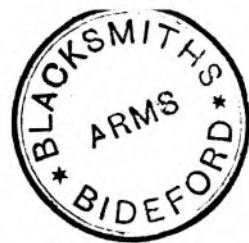
THE AWAKENING OF INTEREST.

Our contributor, Arthur J. Dennis, a keen, hard worker in Lundy's interest, has a fine collection of coloured slides of the Island, which are often shown to various groups as an accompaniment to his lectures. He has now purchased a very fine cine-camera, with which he intends making a film, "The Story of Lundy", on somewhat similar lines to the late Colonel Harrison's effort which proved so popular.

SHADES OF BENSON.

The French Crabbing vessel "Marie Claire" has again figured in the news; for in August she was chased out to sea from Lundy's west coast by the Fisheries Protection Vessel. The "Lundy Gannet", which happened to be in the vicinity at the time, servicing Lundy, was boarded by Customs Officers on her return to Bideford. The "Marie Claire" had been recently fined at Swansea for poaching off Lundy.

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LUNDY REVIEW - EXTRA

December, 1959.

LUNDY IN DEVON?

Devon County Council is suggesting to the Boundaries Commission that Lundy be officially included in Devon.

"There is some doubt" they say, "whether the Island is included in the county for local government purposes. At one time, its then owner maintained that it was not part of Great Britain. It had, however, now been judicially decided that it was part of Great Britain.

"There were, apart from the lighthouse keepers, one or two farmers and the proprietor of a public house resident on the Island.

"At the moment, the inhabitants paid no rates, which was equitable, as they were provided with no services by any local authority, and there appeared to be no need of any, except possibly at some future time the need for the education of children would arise.

"At the moment, it was understood they were taught by the wife of one of the farmers on the Island.

"The most material point is criminal jurisdiction", continues the statement, "it is always possible that a serious crime may be committed on the Island, in which event the jurisdiction of the Devon police and the Courts might be called into question. It would therefore perhaps be desirable to tidy up this point and include Lundy in Devon."

APPEAL

The freedom of Lundy as those of us know it who have become entranced with this jewel of the sea, is in great peril. If the Boundaries Commission agrees to Devon's request, bureaucracy begins on Lundy. The calm peace of hundreds of years' accumulation, that distinctive freedom from mainland ties and restrictions, will end. Lundy will be watched, chained and controlled, and a way of life unique in the stress and strain of everyday existence will be swallowed up in the files of a Council office.

Lundy has offered us, given us, much. We have all enjoyed her privileges, her beautiful coastline and moors, her nature, her moods, and most of all the sweet reasonable air of freedom that lies so easily on one's spirit.

Lundy is now in dire need of assistance, and protection, against this unnecessary and unkindly act of Devon in its attempt to invade the sanctity of its peace.

I have personally written a letter of protest and appeal to both the Devon County Council and the Boundaries Commission. On January 4th, 1960, the Lundy Association will meet to be officially formed. It is then proposed to consider a line of action to be taken. If you are in sympathy with the movement, your support in voicing a strong protest will be appreciated.

S T A N L E Y S M I T H.