

SKETCHES OF YEALAND

By

Mrs. FORD



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FOREWORD.

The following sketches of Yealand were published in the Lancaster Guardian in 1911. I have altered nothing in them, but at the end I have added an appendix. Various things have been told to me, and I have sometimes jotted them down, having permission so to do. I have not at all arranged them, but I think they will entertain people as they are. There will follow blank pages for readers, on which to write additional information as time goes on.

I think it is important that young people should be encouraged to interest themselves in the lovely village they live in, and to do what they can to discourage ugliness and towny vulgarity in rural surroundings.

The arrival of motor transit has done much to destroy beauty in the country; that demon invention, motor-cycleism, does even more than ordinary motorism to hurt the peace of country lanes; the machines rush along, driven and ridden by people who feel no responsibility. Even Sunday is no rest day—rather the reverse—and there is not the pleasure of walking as there used to be, seeing perhaps the old inhabitants at their doors, and the men, women and children loitering leisurely along; there is the constantly being obliged to look out for the stranger motorist danger!

There is the proposal of some "authorities" to pull down picturesque walls and cottages, so that the wild motorist can go at his own speed and will!

I have not attempted to write an account of Yealand in late years; the deaths, births, and marriages that have taken place, the havoc and grief amongst many of the residents during the great War; and I have avoided the things which may be felt bitterly, or the things that have happened in people's lives that need not have happened, if they had realised the dignity and responsibility of human beings.

I should like to have recounted tales of heroism and of suffering bravely borne.

I dedicate this little booklet to those who have passed away who loved Yealand, and to those who have not passed away yet, and who also love Yealand.

To return to the country. Let us be radical for abuses, but let us be conservative for its charms.

HELEN CORDELIA FORD,

July, 1931.

Yealand Manor.

SKETCHES OF YEALAND

ARTICLE No. 1.

PLACES OF WORSHIP.

It always seems to me that a small place is as interesting as a large one; it has not so much in it to write about; fewer people, fewer events, but what there is, is as interesting up to its limits.

There are tragedies and comedies in a village; there are human beings with their lives, their occupations, their amusements, their experiences. To themselves they are interesting; their ancestors are so, and their posterity is so.

Not too much is thought of the interests of large towns, but too little is thought of the interests of small villages. To create that interest where it does not exist, to encourage it where it does, has been my hope in gathering and writing down the information that several inhabitants have given me and what I have supposed and gathered myself.

I can get at few old letters and records, and, I fear, I shall have very little to tell beyond 60 years back as to the social and daily life of the people. There are, of course, historical and geological records of the County generally, in which Yealand is included, but of the daily life of the people of Yealand alone hardly anything can be learned.

One wonders what they did in those far off times: dates on a few of the houses (to which I shall refer later on) are of the seventeenth century. What was the life of the inhabitants? There was no general education such as we understand it now. There was the old endowed School at Warton, but it is not probable that children from Yealand would attend it excepting a few of those specially clever or promising. Children worked in those days at a very early age, and they would not be spared from home.

Fairs were held, it is supposed, at Crag Fair on Cringlebarrow, and possibly Yealanders would go to Borwick where there is a green, and no doubt fairs were held on it. Sports

would be carried on there, and there was an Archery Ground on the allotment ground at Yealand Hall. There seems no account at all of sports being held on Summer House Hill.

The sports would most probably be knur and spell, wrestling, and probably cock-fighting, bull baiting, and other degrading exhibitions now happily defunct, at any rate, in England.

Many entertaining things have been told me of days nearer our own time, and authentic accounts have been given to me verbally and in writing of the institutions and customs and ways of Yealand during the last 60 or 70 years.

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH.

Yealand, we all know, was part of Warton parish; it seems to me a pity to have cut it off. In old time the people would feel that grand old Warton Church was theirs; it would be a centre to work and live round; doubtless in the very olden time it was so, and though many would not go to church very often, perhaps because of the distance, still they would feel it their own, and that it and they were part of history together.

However, this is but a matter of opinion, and very likely Yealand being a parish of its own has its advantages. At first it was termed a district chapelry; in 1870 it was constituted a parish and entirely separated from Warton.

Both parishes were in the diocese of Chester; now they are in that of Manchester. In the year 1838 the Church was consecrated, and here is an account of the ceremony copied from the *Lancaster Guardian* of the 23rd June, 1838:

“This beautiful little structure was consecrated by the Lord Bishop of Chester (the Bishop was John Bird Sumner, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury) on the afternoon of Monday, the 18th instant. The Church was crowded to suffocation by a highly respectable audience. After his lordship had performed the Act of Consecration the Rev. J. D. Freeman read the evening service, when a most impressive and judicious discourse was delivered by the Right Reverend Prelate from the 122nd Psalm and the 1st verse. At the proper intervals in the service the choir belonging to the

Church, now under the instruction of Mr. Thornton, of Kirkby Lonsdale, performed several pieces which gave great satisfaction. A collection was then made towards defraying the expenses of the erection, and the sum of £41 5s. 4d. collected. Although a very liberal subscription had previously been made, yet as neither cost nor pains have been spared the expenses incurred have considerably exceeded the funds. Amongst the subscribers to this praiseworthy object we venture to mention the names of Mr. John Procter, of Beechfield, Yealand, of Mr. Walling, Yealand, and Mr. John Bond, of Lancaster. It would be highly ungrateful also to omit that of the late Rev. J. Hyndman, of reverend memory, at whose instance we have reason to believe the erection was first projected. As a mark of respect to departed worth a tablet is about to be erected in above Church to the memory of the above reverend gentleman by a subscription from those who had the happiness of being his constant hearers.—The first Easter vestry was on the 2nd April, 1839.”

The Rev. John Hyndman was appointed first minister, but he died before the church was finished; the next one was the Rev. J. D. Freeman. In 1855 the Rev. Howard Gough was incumbent. Then came the Rev. W. M. Shaw, and he was followed by the present Vicar, the Rev. Dr. Joseph Mitchell. The north aisle was erected in 1861. At the beginning of November, 1865, a box for church expenses was placed at the entrance of the Church, on the right hand side.

At first baptisms, marriages, and funerals were solemnised at Warton Church; afterwards Yealand was assigned a district, and became entirely a separate parish. In 1882 three several additions were made to the church. Mr. and Mrs. Openshaw gave the choir stalls and brass lectern, and they had a sale of work in their house and garden to provide funds for the purchase of an organ. The choir's position had hitherto been where the organ now is.

In 1894, the present east window was put in, and the nave renovated and a new communion table provided. New rails were given by Mrs. Openshaw.

In 1895, Mr. Bolden and others placed a stained-glass window in the church in memory of Edwin Brownlow, surgeon, who died on Christmas Day, 1894; subject, the Good Physician and apostles healing the sick.

The church is dedicated to St. John, but whether to St. John the Baptist or St. John the Evangelist no one can tell me. Some say it was to neither, and one whom I questioned said that the name chosen might have been in connection with the Christian names of those who had chiefly to do with the building of it, i.e., John Procter, John Jenkinson, John Bond, John Hyndman, and John Walling. There was some difficulty in finding land. At last some measuring 93 by 76 feet was bought from John Hodgson and his wife Jenny for £20. The trustees were Lord Raleigh, William Dodsworth, Margaret Anne Beckles and Susannah Beckles Henry and their heirs, called Hyndman's Trustees because money was given by a fund provided by Miss Catherine Elizabeth Hyndman to aid or build churches of the so-called Evangelical type; the presentation to this living was arranged to be always in the hands of Hyndman's trustees. The trustees are allowed to add to their numbers on the occasions of deaths, provided that the number does not exceed 7. The number never to be allowed to fall below 3. No one can be a trustee unless a communicant and having partaken of the Holy Sacrament within the three months previous to his appointment as trustee.

The money given and left by Miss Hyndman was not enough to build and endow the church. A grant was made by Queen Anne's Bounty, also from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, Mr. John Procter and others; so with the pew rents and collections in the church required sums are made up.

Near the pulpit is a tablet with these words, "This church, near the Parish Church of the ecclesiastical parish of St. John, Yealand Conyers, was enlarged by the addition of the north aisle in 1861 and by the still further addition of an arch to the nave and north aisle with new chancel and other improvement in 1882."

Tablets in memoriam are placed on the walls of the church, one on white marble on dark grey slab with coat of arms on the top of the north side of the chancel.

"To the memory of the Rev. John Deane Freeman, M.A., youngest son of the late Edward Deane Freeman, Esq., of Castle in the County of Cork, and Kerrenure in the County of Dublin, in the Kingdom of Ireland, sixteen years

incumbent of Yealand Conyers, who departed this life on the 6th day June, 1854, aged 60 years, deeply lamented by those who knew his character and worth. This tablet is erected by his afflicted widow, whose only comfort is that he was a true believer in and faithful servant of the Lord Jesus Christ. He lies interred in the adjoining burial ground."

"I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in Me though he were dead yet shall he live and whoso liveth and believeth in Me shall never die."—St. John v, 24-26.

On the South side of the church words as follows are on white marble on a dark grey slab:—"In loving remembrance of Lucy Rothwell, who died November 11th, 1869, aged 55 years," with verse from VIII Romans, 38-39.

Also on white marble on grey stone are these words: "To the dearly loved memory of Thomas Wright, only son of Thomas Wright, Esquire," and there are other tablets in memoriam.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

I have received the following information respecting the Roman Catholic Church in Yealand. The Mission of St. Mary, Yealand, founded by George Townley in 1785. The first incumbent was Rev. Michael Wharton, who took the oath of allegiance at the Sessions at Lancaster, on Tuesday, the 16th July, 1793. The present Church, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, was erected by Richard Thomas Gillow, Esq., of Leighton Hall, partly from funds left by his father for the purpose and from contributions by himself and other members of his family. The east window was presented by Major Stapleton, and the font by Mr. Richard Jenkinson, of Bolton-le-Sands. The Church was solemnly consecrated on August 4th, 1852, by the Right Rev. John Briggs, D.D., Bishop of Beverley, and was solemnly opened for divine service on the following day by the same Bishop, acting as deputy for Dr. Brown, Bishop of this Diocese, the sermon on the occasion being preached by the Rev. Thomas Cookson, of Preston. Rev. Father Wharton 1785—1809; Rev. Father Ruttermaine 1818; Rev. Father Barrett 1854; Rev. Father Henderson 1858; Rev. Father Parker 1887; Rev. Father Birchall 1890.

In conversation I have gathered that at first there was a chapel, now a room in the priest's house next to the Church; also that a chapel was at Leighton Hall, in which permission was given to have Mass.

THE WESLEYANS.

The Wesleyans conducted services in various houses before and after the Church was built, in a thatched cottage in the Castle (now the Institute) and elsewhere.

THE FRIENDS' MEETING HOUSE.

The oldest place of worship in Yealand is undoubtedly the Friends' Meeting House. The date over the porch is 1692.

George Fox first visited Yealand, and held a great public meeting in 1652. Early meetings of Friends were held at different private houses up to and after 1684, at John Backhouse's, Yealand Redmayne, and at Richard Huborsted's and R. Lancaster's, both at Yealand.

The meeting house was burned in 1737; fire caused supposedly by stove in room now used as women's meeting room, then used as a schoolroom. Probably the roof, at that time thatched, and the woodwork of the windows were destroyed; the wall, porch, and old date remaining.

At Moss Side, Hilderstone, was the first burial ground for Friends of Yealand; it was then discontinued except as a private burial ground; then after that, in 1711, the present one was arranged, where the meeting house stands.

In 1784 there was the purchase of dwelling-house, out-house, garden and orchard, hempland, etc., from a certain man of the name of Pearson, for use of Yealand meeting; the said dwelling is now converted to a school-house. An old inhabitant said he had heard that there were two meeting houses before the present one.

A quaint entry in an old book about Yealand meeting, dated 1676, runs as follows: "It is ordered that if any Friend here report evil behaviour that they go and speak to him, and if necessary bring before the meeting in Gospel order." In

1680 Robert Hubbersley went to Wm. Cumming, of Moss Side, to bring in testimony against tithes.

An interesting relic of the past are the horse steps just outside the Meeting House graveyard, showing that people would come riding in old times, women probably on pillions seated behind the men.

There is an account in the diary of George Fox of a visit to Yealand: "I went to Yealand where there was a great meeting. In the evening there came a priest to the house with a pistol in his hand, under pretence to light a pipe of tobacco. The maid of the house, seeing the pistol, told her master, who, clapping his hands on the doorposts, told him he should not come there. While he stood there, keeping the doorway, he looked up and spied over the wall a company of men coming, some armed with staves, and one with a musket. But the Lord God prevented their bloody design, so that, seeing themselves discovered, they went their way and did no harm."

There is an extract from a short life of Richard Hubberthorne, the Quaker, son of Hubberthorne, the "customary freeholder" who paid annual rent to the lord of the manor, Sir George Middleton, of Leighton Hall. Richard would "preach to his neighbours at Yealand. Had we been living in those days we should assuredly have come across a group of earnest village folk listening to the young farmer, as in the pride of life he told of a powerful God, and of a Christ who died upon the Cross nearly 1700 years before—in the same breath declaiming against public sports and Sunday games, and announcing the day of the Lord very nigh to them that hate it."

An extract from an old newspaper of 1861 gives us this information: "There was posted up in the townships of Warton and Yealand, 'To be sold by auction (under distress warrants) on Tuesday, the 6th day of July, 1861, at 2 p.m., at the Coach and Horses public-house, in Yealand, the following articles (enumerated). These goods were seized under three distress warrants from members of the Society of Friends for Church rates.' " It is certainly true that many of the residents in and near Yealand were Quakers.

ARTICLE No. 2.

EDUCATION.

As to education, the first record of any regular education given to the children in Yealand was in 1709, when E. Garnett, a Friend, was offered £8 a year to serve as schoolmaster to Friends' children. In 1720 Nathan Robinson was appointed; after him there was Michael Jenkinson, "and for the encouragement of the said school it was agreed that no Friend be allowed to set up or continue any school to teach reading in any part of the meeting, Michael Jenkinson to continue the school and to have £9 per year, certain. All poor children of Friends free and all others to pay quarterly as hath been used in years now past." The schoolmaster had other sources of income, it need hardly be said! After Michael Jenkinson came John Jenkinson, then James Nodale, William Ord; then there was a space of time and there was no schoolmaster; then came Thomas Stafford, — Dickenson, E. Strickcomb, Orlando Pierce, George Spear, George French, and now Samuel K. Baillie. For the support of the School legacies have been left by Miss Lawson, and Miss Elizabeth Ford and other members of her family, which amounts, with contributions from the meeting, have enabled the School to be carried on without any Government grant. For 45 years Miss Agnes Wearing, now over 80 years old, taught sewing in the School. A quaint recommendation from the Yealand meeting in 1714 says "it is the desire of the meeting that Friends of Yeland be easy one with another till a satisfactory master can be found for them."

The School was of good report, and an old resident of Lancaster tells me that his uncles went to it from Lancaster!

The inscription on the wall of the National School reads as follows:—"The Yealand District School. In union with the National Society, founded A.D. 1841. T. Jackson and G. Hodgson, builders."

Bequests of Lucy Rothwell and others went to the support of the School, payment of teachers, coal and books, supplemented by Government grant and children's fees.

When the Bill for free education was passed the children's fees were not of course obligatory and they lapsed entirely. The first master was a Mr. Mackenzie, then came Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw, then Mr. Windle, Mr. Dumas, and now there is Miss Fletcher. Besides these two schools there have been in times past other mans of teaching the children. There was a school in Yealand Redmayne kept by a Mrs. Casson, and one by Mrs. Jinny Fryers. Mrs. Fryers taught from a Bible and a spelling book. She taught also sewing, knitting, and patching; no arithmetic. There was a Mr. James Helme, of independent means, who would teach gratis any young people who cared to go to him.

There used to be a school in the cottage near the Church. It had a step ladder to go up to the bedrooms. The step ladder got on fire one Ascension Day; sparks from the peat fire came on to the thatch and the roof soon burned away, but no one was injured.

When paper and pencils, and pens and ink, were less cheap than they are now, economy was practised by children using their forefinger, or a piece of stick, to form letters in fine sand spread out over trays.

Mr. Rhodes had a Bible class for girls and boys. Miss Ford had a Sunday class for children, and in connection with the Church a Sunday School was formed, and some of the teachers' names are remembered—Mr. Pillard, the Misses Rothwell, Smithies, and Jenkinson. Anecdotes of some of the masters' doings speak of an old time. What child in these modern days would stand this?

“He used to punish the children with a strap two or three inches wide with brass nail head; another way he used to punish the children was putting them under his desk. I have known children kept doubled under the desk one and two hours, and if they were restless while the master was sitting at the desk, he would give them a kick with his foot.”

“— was a strange character; he used to have fits of absent-mindedness. We used to turn the school upside down; when he roused up he gave us the strap all round.”

The present Band of Hope had its first meeting in February, 1898, the outcome of a temperance meeting in November, 1897. There was the first committee meeting on the 14th December, 1897. The Vicar had been appointed president, and Mr. Thomas Jackson, jun., hon. secretary.

There had been another, started about the year 1876 by Mr. Rhodes and Mr. French, and carried on, as far as I can make out, by Mr. Roger Preston and Mr. French.

There was an amount of criticism of the children's apparel and behaviour by visitors to, or patrons of, the School which would be distinctly objected to in these days. One lady insisted that no ornaments in the way of brooches, etc., should be worn in school, and one girl who appeared in a crinoline, when crinolines had begun to be fashionable, was told to take it off and never come in it again!

THE CANAL.

I wrote for information about the Canal to the District Estate Office, Preston, and I received a courteous letter in reply and the following information.

"The section of the Canal between Lancaster and Kendal was formally opened on the 18th June, 1819, with great ceremony, in which the people of Yealand were deeply interested and heartily welcomed the first boat, containing the Canal Committee, en route for Kendal, where a public dinner was provided in the Town Hall and a ball subsequently held. It was not, however, until 1st May, 1820, that the packet boat for passengers began to run between Kendal and Preston, the boat leaving Kendal at 6 a.m., a fourteen hours' journey. Tea, coffee, and refreshments were provided on board—surely a necessity!

One may judge from an earlier advertisement of the Canal Company that the passage was comfortable and pleasant, for they announce: 'For safety and comfort, no other mode of conveyance could be so elible as the Packet Boats; for there the timid may be at ease, and the most delicate mind without fear.'

As an instance of the old method of travelling by the Canal, there is told a story of an old Yealand lady who was

anxious to go to Lancaster and to arrive as early as possible. She boarded the boat for that purpose, and observing no movement for a long time, she enquired of one of the crew when they were to start for Lancaster? 'Why, missis,' was the reply, 'ye are theer now!' The acme of comfort has yet to be reached by the present means of locomotion. Even packet boats in the days of long ago were subject to improvements to meet the public requirements, and it is interesting to learn that on the 2nd July, 1833, an express boat named 'Water Witch,' began to run between Kendal and Preston, the whole journey of 57 miles being completed in seven hours. Time brings many changes, and one of the most remarkable is that the Canal Co. took over the Preston and Lancaster railway in 1842, and so enabled the passengers from Yealand district to have the choice of travelling South, either by boat to Preston or to Lancaster, and thence by rail. The people of Yealand frequently and regularly used the Canal packet boats until they were discontinued about 1846. There was never a very large goods traffic on the Canal in connection with Yealand, although boats did run with coals and general merchandise at stated times up to 1895. People then preferred to cart their produce or merchandise to Burton, Kendal, or Lancaster markets."

The Photograph enclosed was of one of the Packet Boats which is still in existence and is used occasionally for the inspection of the canal by the L. and N.W. Railway, who are now the absolute owners of the canal.

From another letter received I copy the following :—

"When the L. and N.W. Railway was first started, the Lancaster and Carlisle Canal Co., who had hitherto carried the traffic, tried to compete with them, and to do so they put four horses to every one of their boats, and kept them at full gallop the whole way, changing them at every mile. The cost was enormous, but it was kept up, and as with the engine power of those days, the sharp cutting was a very serious matter, the canal did the distance quicker than the train, and the railway ultimately gave way, and the rates and traffic were equalised. I was told that the Yealanders used often to go and see the boats being rushed through the canal; it created far greater excitement than the competition to Scotland between the L. and N.W. Rail-

way and the Great Northern Railway which was started in 1881, and was then thought wonderful, and Yealand used to look out to see the train tearing up the valley at what was, at that time, thought a marvellous pace of 50 miles an hour. Miss Agnes Wearing told me she remembered seeing the first train passing along the Yealand line; passengers were standing in open trucks."

The first sleepers of the railway were not made of wood, but of stone, taken from Farleton Knott.

There is still some traffic on the canal, as all know.

ARTICLE No. 3.

OCCUPATIONS.

It would be interesting to know details about the occupations and pastimes of the Yealand people in by-gone times. I have been able to collect some information, but dates are uncertain.

I gather from letters and conversation that the people were very poor and very hard worked; the work itself was made harder by bad roads and difficulties of conveyance to and from it.

Many of the women worked for the Holme Mill, and work was carried there on foot.

There was a great deal of handloom weaving; bed-ticks, blue material for aprons, and linen sheets were extensively made. There was spinning, too. Great bundles of flax came from Russia in wagons; children received a penny a bundle for untying them and laying them down ready for future work. They were put into receptacles with three divisions and three combs. First the strands of flax were put into a comb called the rougher, then into one called the clearer, and then one called the smoother; all these processes were called heckling.

There was a weaving shed in Yealand Conyers itself, where some stables and a coach-house now are.

An office and a warehouse existed also. And there was a store room for the work from the mill, in the building, afterwards pulled down, near the Friends' School.

Several women used to plait straw for bonnets and hats of different widths: "some were four plaits, some six, some eight. The material and work were good, and the hats far more durable than hats are now."

There is a building a little beyond Cinderbarrow farm and cottage which used to be a malt kiln. Barley was taken there to brew, and it constituted a small industry.

Someone kept a mangle in a house in Yealand Redmayne, and people paid twopence a basket for clothes, etc., to be mangled. There was a cooper's workshop at one end of the "Coach and Horses."

Agriculture there was, of course, as there is now. I should like to quote the following from a book called "A Scottish farmer's ride through England a hundred years ago," written in 1702, which takes us back more than two hundred years ago:—"Leaving Kendal (after dinner) for Burton, twelve miles, the road is plain and easy. The soil in general is dry with freestone bottom, well cultivated for turnips, but no great quantity shown. The fences and shape of the enclosures are disgusting. The hedges are a medley of hawthorn, slowthorn, hazel and ivy. The enclosures are very small, and without any regular form. The ridges are in general very broad, and most of the land in tillage is in a very miserable state, fallowing little practised. Burton is a very small town. Some pieces of very excellent ground near the town. Went that evening to the village of Ellond [meaning Yealand], where I stayed all night with a Mr. John Milne from this country, who has been farming for Dr. Campbell, who has a small estate here. He has shown a very good example, but they have not followed it much. They in general draw their horses single, one before the other, even in the harrows and break. They are wedded to their own customs and will not be easily persuaded out of them. The sea comes in with a creek within two miles of Ellond. We left Ellond for Lancaster." Written by Andrew Blackie, who rode on his horse with £31 in his pocket, to see his son in the North of England.

To show how difficult it was to sell produce in the neighbourhood, I quote the following: "I knew of a woman who walked all the way to Lancaster with eggs and butter for sale, and walked back again. Once the snow and slush were so thick, she caught a dangerous cold, and ceased doing so." No wonder!

Hiring of farm servants has been customary at Whitsuntide and Martinmas as far back as anyone can remember or has heard of. Formerly, "At Whitsuntide any farm servant, man or woman, who wanted to be hired used to have two or three straws gathered in their hands or fastened in their hats, or bonnets or hoods, which the farm women usually wore." Children were employed largely, there being no compulsory schooling, and cows used to be led along the roads and lanes by them for feeding, and they used to frighten away the birds from the corn in the fields. As an instance of the extreme youth of a child put to work, I cite the following from an old deed: "James Winterbotham, aged seven, taken as apprentice for eleven years." Apprenticed to what, I do not know.

No ploughing with oxen is remembered by anyone, but one of my informants told me he recollected seeing ploughing with a horse and an ass. The reaping of crops was done with sickles, then shearing hooks and scythes, and now come the reaping machines. Flails were used for threshing before the steam thresher came in; at first the threshing machine was drawn by horses; now it is driven by steam power. At one time a resident bought a "new scaling machine for throwing the hay up in the air; the Yealand people used to call it the Deivel; it created great excitement in the village, and nobody had a good word for it."

Work must have been very hard and life simple. For a long time there were no ovens in the cottages, and no wheaten bread; flour was very expensive, and the staple food of the people was oaten clap bread or riddle bread. If wheaten bread were required it was either baked at the public oven or in pans which had lids. "Peat fire was put on the lid to brown the crust. Some people had hearth fires and hobs, and a crook was fixed in the chimney for the pan's suspension over the fire. Clap bread was baked on the girdle or bakestone."

There is a doubt as to where was the first oven; it was in one of two houses at Yealand Redmayne; there is a suggestion of it in one house, and in the other house there is a bulgy bit of wall which is said to be where the oven was. For some time one or other of them was a public one, and people made a small payment for the use of it.

There were no matches in the old days. "We raked the fire at night, and if it chanced to go out we had to go to the neighbour's and beg a bit of fire."

No coals came into Yealand Redmayne; peat was burned. Further back still than when my informants can just remember, difficulties of keeping up fires and warmth must have been great. The hill was almost entirely bare of trees, as all those now growing have been planted, or grown from seeds of those planted; consequently in very old times there could have been next to no fallen twigs or chips to pick up.

There were no pumps and water was got from wells by means of cords tied to buckets, and let down and up by hand. It was rarely that a windlass was used.

Carnforth not existing as a shopping place, but only as a small country village, the well-to-do would shop at Lancaster by the farmers, who would take orders and bring back goods, or they would go there themselves in the canal boats or in public coaches, or in their own carriages; carriers started as time went on.

The following extract from the *Lancaster Guardian* of the 27th May, 1837, gives some notion of the hard work of a former carrier. "At Yealand, on the 22nd inst., very suddenly, in the 66th year of her age, Fanny, wife of Mr. James Nicholson. This surprising, well-known and highly respected character has travelled between Yealand and Lancaster twice a week, with comparatively few exceptions, during a space of about fifty years . . . She has travelled over 83,000 miles, or a little more than three and a quarter times the circumference of the globe, in making these journeys."

ARTICLE No. 4.

AMUSEMENTS AND SPORT.

What used people to amuse themselves with? The busiest person has a little time for recreation. Reading was rare in the times of the youth of the present oldest inhabitants. Hardly any newspapers came into the village; certainly no halfpenny daily paper! Very few people possessed books, and there was no Institute or good lending library, as there is now. I am told that some of the "well-to-do" people used to sew tracts together into thick brown paper covers, and they were lent to those who wanted them."

Most of the news was spread abroad by farmers and carriers who visited Lancaster and other places. Market days were of great importance, not only because of the trade, but because news of all sorts would be brought back when the day was over.

The games played were knur anl spell, and there were sports such as jumping, running, and wrestling; the last-named was considered dangerous, and there were often accidents, caused by strain and wrenching of the body; singing and dancing sometimes took place in the public-house; card playing was another amusement, which at one time was harmful, on account of the prevalence of gambling.

Anyone who could play dance music was in great request, and had his refreshments free in return for his music when there was a dance. The instruments played were the fiddle, tin whistle and flute. One horrid sport was cock-fighting. Most of the sports took place in a field called the Flatt, and one near it.

The game of cricket I trace to a later date, about 1881. Up to then, if any Yealander wished to play cricket in the neighbourhood he would play with the Burton and Holme Club in the park at Dalton Hall. Then a club at Yealand was formed, with Mr. Gillow as president, Mr. James Matthews captain, and Mr. French hon. secretary. The practice ground was on Summer House Hill, and the matches came off in a field near the National School belonging to the Old Hall Farm. In 1905 Mr. Ford was elected

president. The matches now take place on Summer House Hill.

Hare hounds used to meet at Yealand, and the school-children were given a holiday, and much excitement was caused. I have been quaintly told that even grown-up people would "leave their work, whatever they were doing; and horses and cattle in the fields and mosses were left to take their chance until the hunt was over!"

A custom of old time not yet entirely dead was "the jolly boys, and pace-egging." There was the delight to young people of "dressing up," and ribbons and fancy paper were cut and tied in fancy devices, and there were rehearsals in barns and outhouses, and much merriment. There was no pocket money for children in old days. They made their own marbles out of a certain sort of clay in the neighbourhood, and baked them in the sun or at the peat fires, and bought toys were unknown, except very occasionally.

STORIES AND LEGENDS.

I have tried to collect stories and legends of the place. In every place there is a ghost story of some sort: here are one or two mild specimens.

Many years ago there was a mysterious noise in the field behind the Friends' School House, a rustling, rattling sound, and at night only the bravest dare pass, and many refused to go along the road alone, but at last a stalwart villager lighted his lantern, and when the noise was at its worst strode to the place whence the disturbance proceeded. A few breathlessly and tremblingly awaited the result above. His light shed on the place showed some sheep stumbling amongst various pots and pans and broken pits of crockery which had been left there with other rubbish!

Another story was that of an old man who said that a resident who had died used to walk as a ghost on Peter-lane, and that he was laid to rest by some exorcism.

The "will-of-the-wisp" is spoken of as having been seen on the Mosses, and one of the houses in Yealand was said to be "haunted."

There is a true story of a little boy being lost in Deepdale; it seems curious that anyone could be lost about here, but so the story runs. I copy from a letter dated 1845 :—

“ Hannah Hoyland, of Manchester, was staying at William Waithman's, along with her two daughters and a son eight years of age.

“ One evening, Eleanor Waithman, Mrs. Hoyland, and this son walked to Deepdale. They allowed the child (who was of a timid, sensitive turn) to go down alone to the pond, they sitting on the top. When they thought it time to return they shouted to him, and he answered three times, the last time the voice sounding much more distant. They returned home without him, and sent Joe Waithman and the gardener after him. By ten o'clock six people were out, and during the night there were twelve or more. At midnight they dragged the pond. He was not, however, found, and up to four o'clock in the morning the search was continued, horns were blown and noises of all kinds made, all to no effect. William Waithman himself was many hours out, and said it was like looking for a needle in hay.

“ At a quarter-past five, the child came walking up the hill of the village; a woman saw him, and asked him if he were the lost child. He replied, ‘ Yes,’ and could she tell him where Mr. Waithman lived? She of course took him home. The first thing he said to his mother was, ‘ I prayed to God to preserve me and send someone to find me, and then I laid down amongst the sheep and lambs and went to sleep.’

“ He was then so overcome with weeping that they did not question him any further, but put him to bed. He afterwards told them he walked about till it was quite dark; he could not tell where he had been.

“ I fancy he had soon got out of the wood into the fields below Cringlebarrow. He must have been very sound asleep not to have heard the shouts, and some of the men must have been very near him. He was no worse and seemed very little exhausted. The night was light and the air quite balmy. Hannah Hoyland was more composed than anyone else: she never feared the pond, being convinced by his voice that he was beyond it, and she never gave up hope.”

Another case of a person losing himself was a man coming from Leighton one winter's night; he found himself in the wood above Morecambe Lodge and was completely puzzled. Shouts brought the coachman and a lantern.

A very curious incident happened in quite recent years—the Christmas Eve of 1902. A girl about 12 years old was walking with her aunt down the road which passes the Post Office.

She suddenly disappeared, sinking into a hole in the ground. A man passing, lighted a match; a ladder was brought, and she was extricated. The hole proved to be a disused well 25 feet deep. The child was hardly hurt; fortunately there was a foot deep of water in it that broke her fall, and was, of course, not deep enough to drown her. And that reminds me that I have been told that the water springs in Yealand were very numerous, but have been gradually blocked up. There are only a few left, which are very small. It used to be a common saying that Yealand was riddled with springs.

In a small village where the people rarely travelled, and where everything a person did was noticed and perhaps spoken about, people's eccentricities became even more marked than they really were. In towns many things would pass unnoticed, on account of the number and variety of interests.

Several things about people in times gone by have been remembered. "Old Bob" was a quaint character; he had a cart and two donkeys and a monkey. He had the donkeys yoked tandem fashion and the monkey often held the reins. He had a nickname for all the village. I wish we knew some of them. I have no doubt some were amusing. "Old Bob" lived with his sister Peggy at the "Castle." It was also lived in by another family called Strickland. The place was in a neglected condition.

"James Helme with his sister Dolly lived in a cottage near the 'Castle.' He was always called 'Old James.' He acted as village doctor, and was delighted when people came with their cuts and bruises. He used Burgundy pitch plaster and a bottle called 'cure-all.' The children gathered herbs for him. He owned many curious books. He left this life in 1859."

There was one person who papered her room with newspapers pasted on upside down, so that time should not be wasted reading them.

That must, of course, have been after the time when newspapers were so scarce!

ARTICLE No. 5.

BUILDINGS.

I have mentioned the two Churches and the Friends' Meeting-house and the Schools in former articles.

Many years ago the inn or public-house of the place was down on the high road, and was called the "Coach and Horses"; near it "were horse or mounting steps at corner at the Dykes; by degrees the stones were taken, and at present time there is not one remaining." The house is now called "Holmere Hall."

From evidence in Mr. Ford's possession, there was in or about 1792 an inn in Yealand Conyers called "The Ship," which was probably the house now called "The Croft," as there is a tradition in the village that this house was formerly an inn.

The inn and public-house now is the "New Inn," lower down the road.

There was a shop in Yealand Redmayne at the top of the road leading to the high road, opposite Greenfold Farm. "The woman who owned it was called Kind Alice; she called us all 'Joy' when we went to buy toffee and spend our pence. It did not matter how often we went; it was always 'how's father, how's mother, how's all at home?'" There was also a shop in Yealand Conyers which still remains.

Some of the houses in Yealand date from the 17th century. Over the porch of "Storrs Farm" are the

initials and date	...	O.
		L. M.
		1666,
and over that of "Old		G.
Hall" are	...	C. M.
		1667.

The date on a cupboard in Dykes Farm is 1713, said to be the date of the farm itself; the initials are T.R.E.

There are suppositions that many of the cottages are even older than the farms, but no dates can be found on them. They would look very different in olden times from what they do now, as their roofs were thatched; thick stone slates came later for roofing, and now most modern roofing in Yealand is made of thin slates from Wales and elsewhere. As an instance of the danger of fire, I quote the following. "One Ascension Day the cottage near the Parish Church got on fire through sparks from peat fire lighting the thatched roof, which was soon burned off. This cottage had a step-ladder leading to bedroom." Much of Hilderstone is undoubtedly very old, and I have heard that there used to be windows in some parts of it made of horn instead of glass.

The date over a side door of Morecambe Lodge is 1756, but it is on a slab of stone brought from a Lancaster residence, and is not part of the house itself. Amongst other houses and farms are Leighton Hall, Manor Farm, Hazel Grove, the Dykes, Thrang End, Browfoot, Brackenthwaite, Cinderbarrow, the Larches, Beechfield, and Hill Top, where there is a stone staircase without a rail.

In Yealand Storrs remains can be traced of an older village, and of larger houses there is trace of one in the Park at Yealand Conyers inhabited by Rawlinsons. It was pulled down when Morecambe Lodge was built in 1818, long before, of course, the seaside pleasure resort, Morecambe, existed. On the ground above West Villa there used to be some cottages, and I was acquainted with an old man, son of the people who had lived in one of them.

I believe the residents of Coldwell Farm, beyond Brackenthwaite, consider themselves belonging to Beetham.

The date of Summer House on the Hill I cannot find; some people surmise that it was built to be a place of rest or recreation for the Rawlinsons, whose house was in the Park; it is certainly much older than Morecambe Lodge. I am told that many years ago it was furnished for the use of the Yealand people as a reading and writing room, until some strangers got in and broke the furniture and tore out the firegrate, so then it was closed, and afterwards used for

storing hay and straw, and the under part for sheltering cattle. After that permission was given to the Cricket Club for the use of its members on match days; now they have a railway carriage in its stead. Once it ran the risk of being burned down, as some children set alight to leaves under the flooring. Some suppose that it was built for the sake of the wonderfully extensive view all round; that is now blocked by trees. One of my informants told me that she had heard it was built on the ruins of an old tower, of which there used to be several in the county near the coast, for watching out to sea in case of invaders. It is certainly true that invasion by Napoleon I. was at one time feared, and all horses and vehicles were named and listed so that at the dreaded moment the weak and ailing could be carried off to a safe place inland.

I have been informed that there used to be a smithy near the New Inn, and an older one near the "Coach and Horses," or as the house is now called Holmere House. Then there were two at Yealand Redmayne and Yealand Storrs, which remain.

The post office is one of the oldest Yealand Conyers cottages. Official work was begun there many years ago; further back still, the work was in the parlour of the Dykes Farm. I gather that letters were brought there from the high road, where a mail-coach delivered them. There was a grant of a letter-box to Yealand Redmayne in 1897, and telegraph business was started about 1888.

One cannot help thinking of the olden times when letters would cost a shilling for transmission, and even at that charge would have to be of light weight. Paper was also expensive, and economy in its use was practised by letters being crossed and re-crossed, making many of them consequently difficult to read.

The Institute was in its old days called the "Castle." In 1893 it was somewhat altered interiorly and done up, and at present Mr. Ford allows it to be used for village club and library purposes until a more suitable building is provided.

The police station was built in 1900. There had been a village policeman before then, but he was lodged in one of the cottages. Before there was this regular policeman two or three residents were willing to be sworn in as constables to act "whenever called on, and to quell any disturbance."

NAMES.

I have looked through many of the Warton Parish Church magazines; in them were copies of old marriage and baptismal registers, and I have copied some of those entries specially relating to Yealand.

The different ways of spelling Yealand are the following:—Yealland, Yelland, Yealande, Yeland, Yealen, Yealon, Yeoland (in a former article it was noted as Elland); Conyers is spelt as Conier, Connies, Coniers, Conyears, Conyardes, Conyas; Storrs as Stores, Stors, and Storz; Redmayne as Redmain and Redman.

People's names familiar to us now in Yealand village occur as far back as 1592. Bacchus (modern form Backhouse), 1603 Hodgeshon (modern form Hodgson), 1605 Hodgkinson, 1612 Lawrence, 1613 Jackson, and so on. Names are constantly repeated, as is understandable, the same families remaining generation after generation in the village and neighbourhood. The only clues in these registers as to the occupation of the people are the terms "husbandman," "day-labourer," "blacksmith," and "yeoman."

ARTICLE No. 6.

WEATHER.

In people's lives, climate and weather have an important place. It has been said that the uncertainty of an Englishman's moods and temper may arise somewhat from the uncertainty of the English climate! Here in Yealand, if that theory were true, a man's temper ought indeed to be uncertain! Excepting this extraordinary year of 1911, I can say almost without exaggeration that for many years no one has been able to tell from day to day what the weather will be.

A good proof for that assertion is that there is actually no weather-wise prophet, no one who even pretends to be able to say what weather the morrow may bring forth.

The hills will say "It is going to be fine," the sea will say "Rain is coming." Another day the sea will prophesy splendid weather, and turning round, we see gloomy clouds

progressing from the hills. It may be gloriously fine one spring day, and the next morning will perhaps show us blackened fruit blossoms, frozen potatoes, and we hear birds twittering mournfully, and wondering how they can possibly go on with their nest-building now that snow has come!

I have gathered roses in December and had picnics in November, when in the very year of such doings we have all shivered in June and July and been thankful for fires! The weather is a topic of conversation, not because there is nothing else to talk about, but because it really is interesting; so variable, so full of surprises.

There have been some big storms of rain and wind, floods which have obliged children to make long rounds to school; water has poured over the roads and made lakes of the mosses. Considering that there are no rivers and streams to be swollen by rain, the floods really are rather remarkable. When the wind has been with the incoming tide, the sea has added to the flood.

On the Christmas Eve of '52 I am told that a great storm raged; the sea literally rushed over Leighton Mosses, salting all the land for a long time; much damage was done to farms, and the wind tore up big trees.

One night, the 28th of December, 1879, thirteen spans of the Tay Bridge were swept away, the wind was terrific over most parts of the north, and the Yealanders were so impressed by the noise of it that, to quote from a letter on the subject, "many thought that it portended the final dissolution of all things, and all were alarmed. Sound and mighty trees were laid and the express train going north had to stand still for some minutes, the wind proving its master." On that occasion a cow was blown over on Summer House Hill.

The Whitsuntide of 1891 brought a storm of wind and hail and sleet, trees were shrivelled and blackened by the blizzard and never wholly recovered during all the year. In another year there was a big snowstorm, on the 3rd October, 1892, breaking huge branches off trees which were heavy with leaves.

On one occasion many trees were blown down in Deepdale and elsewhere within Yealand boundaries.

On the night of March 16th, 1907, there was a great gale with torrents of rain; the railway between level crossing on Leighton Moss and Slackwood was broken through and the mosses flooded over nearly to Browfoot. It was new moon on the 14th and the tide was high.

Inhabitants of towns seldom realise how much weather has to do with a countryman's comfort, even safety. An old resident of Yealand had to cross the sands in all weathers with a carrier's cart, and he used to recount how "early trust in Providence was awakened in those journeys which he often dreaded to perform." In his young days coaches crossed the sands heavily loaded with goods and passengers, and one of the legends I have been told in Yealand, which I omitted to mention in a former article, is that if a black dog was seen to run in a circle on the sands it meant that an accident would soon happen there.

Snow rarely stays long on the ground at Yealand, but in one of the few seasons that it did so, hares were seen wandering about in search of food, and there were rare birds never seen at other times.

A picturesque sight in Yealand must have been that of the High Sheriff in the winter of 1881, coming up the hill in a sleigh with four or six horses, which were gaily caparisoned, and with bells at their necks, all the party dressed in scarlet and furs. He had before that gone through Yealand attended by landowners and statesmen of the district mounted or driving, but his winter progress was the more memorable amongst the people.

That particular winter was especially remarkable. There were curious snowdrifts, some blown as high as 15 feet, and so thin that light could be clearly seen through them; it was wonderful that they could stand.

Water was particularly scarce, and there was hardly any communication with any other outside the village.

Notwithstanding these stories several people think that, on the whole, the weather must have been better in years far back than during the last ten years or so; one said to me, "It seems as difficult to get crops in now although we have self-reaping and binding machines, as it was when all had to be done by hand and therefore taking much longer time." I need hardly say that that was said to me before the unusual summer of this year!

BIRDS AND FLOWERS.

From the children of the schools I have received a long list of names of wild flowers, but there are none amongst them unfamiliar to other places, unless these may be so, i.e., "poor man's weather-glass" for pimpernel, "candlesticks" for oxslips, and "lady's smock" or "lady's mantle" for cuckoo flower, "wind-flower" for anemone, and "devil's bit" for scabious. One old resident told me that "We always called the berries of the hawthorn tree "cat ha's" and the young shoots of the tree "cheese and bread"; we used to pluck the shoots and eat them; the berries of the rose trees were "sharps"; elder trees we called "bortery," and the wine of the berries "bortery" juice; it was a lot thought of, in years back; "a wineglassful in a basin of bread and milk as a posset for the cure of colds."

Wild flowers and ferns used to be far more plentiful than they are now. Ruthless depredations of trippers and salesmen, and the anxious desire of councils to make high roads as smooth as billiard Tables and the lanes only a little less so, the cutting close down of hedges, and the clearing of everything except stinging nettles and thistles and burdocks from the way sides, have considerably lessened the quantity. The *Osmunda* fern has completely disappeared. Collectors, too, have something to answer for, and one of the things I should *not* encourage school children to do, is to collect *rare* plants.

One wonders sometimes when one hears of curious fungus and blight on plants and trees, whether destruction of the birds which might have destroyed such blights has something to do with their increase. The destruction of owls and other birds of prey has certainly to do with the increase of rats and mice!

It would be well to find out *for certain* what harm and what good a bird or animal does, then weigh one against the other, and then slay it, or not slay it, accordingly.

In country schools children ought not to be only taught things from books, but they should be taught to observe for themselves, and an excellent holiday task would be for the elder ones to write an account of what they have observed in the country around them, during the weeks of their holidays!

ARTICLE No. 7.

FRAGMENTS.

Let me gather up a few more things to say before finally closing these sketches.

It has been a surprise to some that I have not dwelt on the lovely flora of the district, the lily of the valley, the daffodils, the orchids, etc., but one rather dreads to advertise to the public such dainties. The villagers know and love them—the more they are advertised to the outside world, the sooner will they disappear. The village does not want to be selfish, but it does want, as long as possible, to prevent rifling by strange hands.

I know where adder's tongue, moonwort, and various kinds of orchids grow, but I must be dumb as to their locality. I should like to remark on the unusual growth this year of the fungus tribe. It is not too late for those interested in such things to go out and gather specimens for examination. I do not think they can be preserved, but where there are drawing lessons given in schools, they would be a good subject for outline drawing or colour. I have seen 20 different kinds within not many more than that number of yards. Some were red, others a greeny-blue, and many of all shades from black through brown, to cream colour. I have no doubt that more than 100 sorts of fungi could be found within Yealand boundaries. It is also a remarkable year for the ripening of fruit, and for the first time in my recollection certain walnut trees have entirely ripened their nuts, and a Spanish chestnut has done the same.

Before leaving this kind of subject I wish to mention the name of Mr. Jenkinson, who was a well-known botanist in his day and a great-grandfather of the present resident. Also that a wisteria, growing on a wall at Morecambe Lodge, was one of the first imported into England, and was put under glass, it being considered a plant not supposed to bear frost. It is now out in the open and thrives well. I should like to know when the outdoor fuschia was introduced into Yealand. It is successfully grown in several gardens, and with care might be trained and trimmed for hedges as it is in the Isle of Man.

This little fragment, quoted from Lucas History in the *Warton Parish Magazine*, is interesting as showing us that the goat was once wild about here "at Leland [Yealand] in the Rokes thereabout [Warton Crag]; I saw Herds of Gotes." It has been found out lately that there may have been human dwellers in those "Rokes," but "that is another story," as Rudyard Kipling says! The following further extracts from the same source as to festivities in connection with Warton Church will be interesting to Yealand, as no doubt some Yealand people took part in them; it is dated about 1720.

"The Church of Warton was consecrated or dedicated to the honour and pious memory of King Oswald, and the Feast of Dedication being removed from the 5th August, is now annually observed on the Sunday nearest to the 1st of August, and the vain custom of dancing, excessive drinking, etc., in that day being for many years laid aside, the inhabitants and strangers duly spend the day in attending the service of the Church, and preparing good cheer within the rules of sobriety in private houses. They spend the next day in several kinds of diversions, the chiefest of which is Rush Bearing, which is performed in this manner: they cut hard rushes from the marsh which they make up into long bundles, and then dress them in fine linen, ribbons, silks, flowers, etc. Afterwards, the young women take the burdens upon their heads and begin the procession (precedence being always given to the churchwardens' bundle), which is attended with a great multitude of people with music, drums, ringing of bells, and all other demonstrations of joy they are able to express. When they arrive at the Church to go in at the west end (the only public use ever I saw that door put to), setting down their bundles in the Church they strip them of their ornaments, leaving crowns or garlands placed at the chancel. Then they return to the town, and cheerfully partake of a plentiful collation provided for that purpose, and spend the rest of the day and evening in dancing about a maypole adorned with greens and flowers, or else in some other convenient place."

Yet another quotation: "On the right hand of the nave a large pew belonging to Sir George Middleton, of Leighton Hall, on which are 8 escutcheons very well cut in bas relievo.

Over the pew door is a large escutcheon of 8, underneath
 M M

is 1614 T. K. on the inside 6 A to the west part of the pew is fixed a small marble monument bearing this inscription: Here lies the Body of Sir Geo. Middleton, of Leighton, Knight and Bart., who died 27 Febr., 1673, aged 74 years."

Another extract gives us the information that the lay subsidy rolls of Charles II., dated Nov. 13th, 1661, was subscribed to by the following Yealanders: Sir George Middleton, Wm. Hodgson, Thos. Ostcliffe, Geo. Robinson, Watson, Lindley, Rover, Hutton, Hulberthorne, Hadwen, Laurence, Moore, Bowker, Watson, etc.

Speaking of dates, I have found the date on Browfoot Farm, Yealand Storrs, 1627.

It would be well for villages to keep records of their moving history, by means of their parish councils and Church vestries. A debt of gratitude should be felt by the residents of Warton to their Vicar, the Rev. Kestell Floyer, who introduced so much of ecclesiastical and other local interest into the *Parish Magazine*. We are all progressing; there are new movements, new societies, new institutions, and I think young people in schools should be taught their local history, made to realise what should be their gratitude for all these means of education and improvement, which their forefathers possessed not; of such may I mention the Bands of Hope, Choral Societies, Cricket Clubs, County Council Classes, Institutes.

It remains almost entirely with them as to whether these will be of real benefit to the villages, or of little or none.

Villages are getting full of life and movement in these days. Old and young should work together to make such movement good and real, and take from it the mere restlessness. There should be no separation in such work, only a difference of modes of working, according to age or opportunity, or temperament.

And have we not a lovely country to inspire and encourage lovely thoughts and lovely lives? There is a feast of beauty for all to share in: no question of public or private, rich or poor, old or young. Here we have the blessed hills, the starlight nights, the wide stretches of mosses and sand,

behind which we can at times see the most exquisite sunsets !
And that makes one think of and want to make others think
of those lines by the mystical poet, William Blake :--

“ The door of death is made of gold
That mortal eyes can not behold ;
But when the mortal eyes are closed,
And cold and pale the limbs reposed
The soul awakes, and wondering sees,
In her mild hand, the golden keys.”

NOTE.—I am reminded that I have not mentioned what I know about comets that have been seen from Yealand, nor the charities, gypsies, the wild duck formerly in Holme Mere, the gigantic ants' nest, the Coronations, the Jubilees, and yet other things ! Is not that a proof of what I implied at the beginning of these sketches, *i.e.*, that a small village is full of interests ! I wish to add that I hope that an abler mind and an abler pen than mine will deal in the near future with the definitely antiquarian (geological and otherwise) interests of the Yealand district.

H.C.F.

APPENDIX.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Preston, of Yealand, celebrated their golden wedding on April 24th, 1839.

There is a milestone near the Old Hall Farm House and the New Inn, being the 9th milestone from Lancaster. When the road was widened Mr. Ford saved it from being broken up and it is there now. Look at it.

There is a little ruined house on the Yealand Mosses; it was said to have been lived in by a recluse called Bellman.

Mrs. Whitaker (who has now passed on) told me that people used to make their own candles.

Mrs. Whitaker said that her mother and her mother's sister (Mrs. Roger Preston) used the Canal to go to Lancaster by when they went to Boarding School, at Ackworth; she thinks they went on by coach from Lancaster.

Hawkers used to attend fairs in light conveyances drawn by dogs. "I have seen four-in-hands and sometimes men riding in them, which was very cruel treatment, the dogs' tongues protruding from their mouths." — Mrs. Western (now passed on).

Miss Jenkinson (now Mrs. Graham Smith) played the harmonium for some years in the Church.

On Easter Monday, April, 1906, a lady churchwarden, Mrs. Roper, was nominated by the Vicar, D. Mitchell, "and she held office very efficiently for two years."

"Old Billy" had the Malt Kiln before the Procters.

The cupboard in Storrs Farm, which Townson lived in, is older than the Farm.

John Preston (who has passed on) told me that there used to be a thatched cottage in Mrs. Roper's coach yard which Agnes Wearing lived in. Mr. Openshaw took off the thatch and put on a slate roof.

From a letter from Miss Abbot to me are these words: "One of the marked inhabitants of Yealand Redmayne was the clever carpenter called Lanty Jackson, a stalwart Lancashire man, who Mr. Charles Ford has told me had a heritage far back to the times of King John. His knowledge of all the district and land and timber was great."

A man was found drowned in Holme Mere; he walked in one night, as there was then no fence.

The following is from a letter by Miss Abbot, who for many years resided with Miss Ford, Mr. Ford's aunt: "Roger Preston, who, before he was twelve years old, used to take the carrier's cart across the treacherous Bay and who early taught the efficacy of Prayer, knelt on the wet sand and when he thought the incoming tide would win the race, asked that the goods might be saved for those who needed them, forgetting himself, though timid and fearful. On his death bed he would not forget the thirsty cows and sheep which could not understand why he should neglect them: everyone, I believe, in the village, respected his uprightness and rectitude."

Here is a list of lectures given under the auspices of the Yealand Institute, Mr. Baillie, the active and capable hon. secretary: Old Yealand District, by Mr. Ford; Norway, by Mr. Ford Smith; Spain, by Miss Challice; Round the World, by Miss Tuzo; The Stars, by Mrs. Roberts; Bible History, by Rev. K. Floyer; Gibraltar, by Major Hutton; The Garden, by Mrs. Gott, etc., etc.

The following list is of lectures under the auspices of the Yealand Women's Club: Pottery, by the Messrs. Atkinson; Wyresdale, Rowe; Scottish Highlands, H. Wright; Stones that Speak Cuckney; Queen Elizabeth, Rev. J. Ford; Bleak House, Rev. J. Ford; Yorkshire Women, W. Riley; Music, Halliwell, etc., etc.

There is no Choral Society in Yealand now. In former years there were adult and children's societies. In 1909, at Kendal, Yealand adult choir took the 1st prize for small villages competition, which was the Keswick bowl, presented by Canon Rawnsley; also a tied prize for voice production. At Morecambe it took 2nd prize for small villages; another year our choir took a 1st prize for small villages for which

a Shield was won, and a first for sight reading, and a second in a lady's piece. In the children's or junior choral society prizes were won several times at Kendal; the above information from Miss Mary Seed, who was trainer of the children.

Mr. de Courcy Smale was trainer and conductor for the Adult Choir or Choral Society. Mr. Whitaker, of Yealand, was trainer of Yealand Choral Society. Miss Seed gives me this information.

A true story of Yealand.

There was a woman who could not make up her mind whether she would marry the man or not: he was getting tired and others too were getting tired of the undecision. One day a festive young member of the household hung up the man's coat, stuffed with straw, and hat against a door way! The woman came in and fainted into the arms of the real man who was waiting, and was so relieved from the shock that she married him very soon afterwards!

A man, carrier maybe, said when his horse suddenly died "Why! he's never done that afore!"

The following from Mr. Brown, who lived in Yealand Conyers during the last days of his life, but had spent his boyhood, I believe, in Yealand Storrs or Redmayne: "There were about 30 lime kilns in both Yealands and most of the lime was put on the land; the coke for burning had to be carted many miles. There were many charcoal pits in the woods and the man who came from a distance to cut this wood built wickerwork huts to sleep in."

Mr. Ford contributes the following: "The iron smelting furnace at Leighton Beck was built in 1713, by the Backbarrow Company, on land part of the Manor of the three Yealands, bought from Robert Gilson, of Lancaster, who had recently purchased the Manor from the descendants of Sir George Middleton, Knight and Baronet, of Leighton Hall. The ore was brought across from Furness in barges and landed at Silverdale, whence it was carted to the furnace.

The woods on the Leighton estates were bought from Albert Hodshon, the then owner, by the Backbarrow Co., for £2,300, in 1713. The furnace continued in use till 1806, when accidentally it was blown up, according to the testimony of an old inhabitant, John Thompson, whose grandfather worked there : it was never rebuilt."

The following information by Mr. Ford will, I know, interest several people in Yealand :

" There is on the top of Summer House Hill a round barrow, which has recently been scheduled as an ancient monument and cannot, therefore, be touched without the authority of the Office of Works. It is a circular mound of earth on the eastern edge of the hill, surrounded by two rings of stones placed probably for the purpose of holding up the soil when the barrow was constructed. My grandfather opened it above 100 years ago and took out a baked clay urn containing calcined bones, apparently human. The urn and bones were taken to the house and the servants or one of them was so frightened of the bones that he or she or they threw them away and they were lost."

I have reports of proceedings of the Yealand Conyers Parish Council; here are extracts from those of 1901-2-3 :

" The severe drought in the summer caused the question of a water supply from Thirlmere to engage the attention of the council. An estimate was obtained from the Rural District Council but it was found the expense would be too great."

" Considering it would be an advantage to the village to have a railway station at Yealand, the Council petitioned the L. and N.W. Railway Co., to establish one, but it was refused. By applying to the Post-Master General with the assistance of the Member for the Constituency, Mr. Richard Cavendish, the Council has been successful in obtaining a second late despatch of letters from the Yealand Post Office."

Re-Footpaths.

A meeting was held on September 18th, 1903, and an amicable arrangement made, Mr. Ford agreeing to make

a path leading from the stile above Post Office across the park to the gate leading to Summer House Hill, on condition that "Any claim to a public path above the Post Office across his park and along his back lane and between Stable and his cottages to Little Deep Dale, be abandoned, and also that it be recognised that the public footpath from the top of Peter Lane to Little Deep Dale shall pass through the wood and *not* along the back lane and past the stable and cottages." The question of having certain old maps of the village, at present in custody of the Vicar of Warton, transferred to Yealand Conyers, was considered, and steps taken to have the transfer carried out. It is proposed to deposit them for greater safety in Mr. Ford's strong room, he kindly offering to allow of it. Permission to inspect these maps at reasonable times to be had by applying to the Chairman of either of the Parish Councils.

N.B.—The maps were removed to the strong room in the Friends' School. Mr. Ford was chairman for some years, then important engagement in Leeds prevented him from continuing to serve.

There were only *printed* reports for a few years.

Miss Walker is now tenant of the Old House, in Yealand Redmayne; before she came there were two other tenants; before they came it was the "Institute," for men and youths. Mr. Ford had converted the Old Castle for that purpose. A William Tomlinson had had hand looms there in times when it was in a primitive state. Miss Walker has given it its present name.

Extract from a Warton Parish Magazine: "The Managers of the United School has appointed Miss Janet Rawlinson as assistant teacher in the mixed department."

Amongst those we ought to be grateful to in Yealand is Miss Margaret Dickens, who founded the Yealand Women's Club; with both time and energy and money it was started by her and is now in a thriving condition. Unfortunately she could not stay on in the house in Yealand. She went to Silverdale, where she passed away. A Dramatic Society was started soon after she left, called the "Yealand

Players " and many plays and sketches have been acted.

After the Rev. D. Mitchell retired, Rev. John Gamble became Vicar of Yealand; after him was Rev. Henry Sykes.

Mr. Ford's house was originally named Morecambe Lodge. Later it has been considered reasonable to call it Yealand Manor, and so it is.

The present Schoolmistress is Miss Reid; before her was Miss Wareing, and before her was Miss Fletcher, who, fortunately, for those who know her, remains a resident in the village.

Mrs. Graham Smith's house is at present vacant.

The County Council has provided classes in Yealand for wood carving, cooking, dressmaking, basket-making, dairy work, etc., in different years.

The late Mr. Farrer, of Hall Garth, Kellet, and afterwards of Whitbarrow, wrote to me that two centuries ago almost all the people in Yealand neighbourhood belonged to the Society of Friends.

John Preston told me that "there used to be a great many wild ducks on Holme Mere Tarn. William Nicholson used to leave his work to shoot them and then sell them to people who came to the Coach Horses Inn, to stop for refreshments."

I hope all those who knew him, old or young, will bear Mr. Baillie in mind; he was the Schoolmaster of the Friends' School. When bad health caused him to give up the post, he went to Ireland where he passed away. He was not only the schoolmaster but the friend, the adviser of all those who appreciated his kindness, devotion and tact.

I must stop now. Remember the blank pages and write down what you can gather about Yealand and write further information; there will, no doubt, be many changes as time goes on.

Unfinished.



