

The word "PREFACE" is written in a large, stylized, blackletter font. The letters are integrated into a detailed black and white illustration of a rural landscape. A plow is visible on the left, and the ground is covered with grass and small flowers. The overall style is that of a woodcut or a detailed pen-and-ink drawing.

ON the completion of another volume of *Old Yorkshire*, I again record my warmest thanks to my co-workers, both literary and artistic, for their gratuitous and most valuable services. May I be permitted to do this now, in general terms, as I have at the end of the volume intimated the source whence all material, either literary or illustrative, has been obtained.

I have made it my aim to secure fresh contributors to each new volume, and also to vary the contents so as to suit many tastes, and thus produce a work which should appeal to the general reader as well as to the more learned antiquary and archæologist. It has afforded me some gratification to find, that in a lengthy notice of the last volume of *Old Yorkshire*, which appeared in the *Saturday Review*, this feature of the work was referred to in the following graceful terms :—“The publication of books which whilst not too technical for the general reader, yet convey varied information as to the men and manners of the past, which remember the services of departed worthies, and gather up the legendary lore of ancient homesteads and picturesque scenery, cannot but have a beneficial effect in deepening and strengthening the spirit of local patriotism that has helped England through many troubles and difficulties in the past. Take care of the parish and the shire will take care of itself; take care of the county and the country will take care of itself. Viewed in this light, the work of the ‘popular’ antiquary becomes one of importance and dignity.”

While I again acknowledge most gratefully my indebtedness to the columns of the *Leeds Mercury Weekly Supplement* for many interesting articles, I must specially thank several new writers for original contributions on subjects, which, I trust, will be found to be of considerable historical interest.

I desire, in conclusion, to draw attention to the able article which opens the book to the reader, by Mrs. G. Linnæus Banks, of London, a lady who has won for herself an enviable reputation in the fields of fiction and poetry. It affords me great pleasure to find one so gifted as the authoress of "Wooers and Winners," "The Manchester Man," "Ripples and Breakers," etc., willing to put her mark of approbation upon *Old Yorkshire* by writing an introductory article, and for this I thank her most sincerely, especially as it has been penned at some inconvenience and under many disadvantages.

MORLEY, *November, 1889.*

WILLIAM SMITH.





INTRODUCTION.

THIS is an upstart, self-sufficient go-ahead generation. Science, Utility and Mammon have formed a triple alliance for the subjugation and sovereignty of the world ; science, ever boastful of its own achievements, ever pointing to the "Forward" inscribed on its banner, and resting on its colleagues only for its own glorification, tramples on the past to which it owes existence, and threatens its memorials with annihilation. "What have we to do with the past," says Science, "the present is ours, and the future," and so goes onward, changing the face of the globe, using up recklessly earth's natural resources, and hurrying on the final collapse. It has surmounted the inaccessible, has drilled its way with a diamond-point through mountain barriers, sent its fiery-eyed steam-horse, puffing and snorting on its iron rails, through the dark bowels of the earth, scaling precipices, overleaping terrific chasms, and flying through the air on monster bridges, that span alike, deep and troublous waters and the surging populace of crowded cities. It makes light of time and distance, with telegraph and telephone ; flashes secret messages to our warriors with electric "moons ;" crowds the ocean with fleets of floating iron ; maps out the starry universe ; anticipates the earthquake and the tempest, and rears a second tower of Babel, in contemptuous indifference to the prophetic fate of the first.

And as Science achieves wonder upon wonder, Utility smiles complacently, and straightway makes the wonder commonplace, whilst Mammon shovels in the gold and pats his inventive leader on the back with blatant congratulations of the great and glorious "We three, who rule the world."

So these allied powers go forward, removing ancient landmarks, overturning and obliterating historic monuments as useless blocks in the way of their newer erections and trophies, as if

desirous to blot out the past, with its reminders that History and Science alike had their beginnings, and that the beginning is greater than the end, inasmuch as it is the forerunner and container of the end.

Beginnings! Has not civilization itself had more than one beginning? More than one untimely end? The science so boastful in this our day, has had its antetypes, ages before its germ was planted. Great cities had gone to destruction before Nineveh. The sea had overwhelmed, the disrupted earth entombed them; fleets had sailed over, forests grown above, their long-forgotten sites. Seas have retreated and left arid desert sands, or outstanding mountain crags alone to tell the story; forests have decayed and melted into oozy swamps; cities have risen in tiers above their unknown predecessors, or lost count of time in the depths of luxurious tropic woods and wildernesses.

From time to time, some adventurous traveller startles himself and the world with a strange discovery; explorers set forth to examine and unearth, and learned savants puzzle their wise heads to decipher cryptogramic inscriptions, and to study what the stones have risen up to testify. For it is only in what remains they can ascertain or conjecture what *had been* before oblivion came. Only in fragmentary records, whether hieroglyphic or alphabetic, whether cut in stone or metal, baked in bricks or cylinders, knotted in the mystic quipus, painted on walls or sarcophagi, written on scrolls of papyrus or parchment, can they hope to acquire any tangible historic knowledge of those early types of peoples and races swept away.

So, all honour to those ancient historiographers who unconsciously wrought for posterities too remote for imagination, and did their state more service than they knew. And, fortunately, for the enquirer or historiographer of *our* future, the sweeping destructiveness of the three progressive allies—Science, Utility, Mammon—has raised up a band of antiquarian and conservative workers, eager to preserve existing relics, and memories of the past and passing, from threatened oblivion.

Not alone those, who, in lands remote, are digging up from the solid earth the debris of cities long entombed, but in this England of ours—whilst even Stonehenge is not sacred from spoliation—the pen is keeping pace with the spade. Almost every

county has either its antiquarian magazine, or its issue of *Notes and Queries*, where memory and research do their best to keep local history, incidents, and customs, from dying out, like an exhausted lamp, and leaving only darkness behind.

It would neither be wise nor possible for Yorkshire to lag behind in this good work. Not merely on account of the space it occupies upon the map of England, though its extensive area has necessitated its sub-division into three judicial Ridings, but from its geological and geographical importance; its prominence in stormy history, even before the ruthless Norman Conqueror laid it waste with fire and sword, and left *Domesday Book* to tell the shameful story more significantly even, than the castles and towers of the barons to whom he parcelled out the land and the thinned population upon it. Aye, and because every one of those strongholds became a centre round which turbulence fought, or industry flourished; because of the part it took in throning or dethroning kings when the pulse of the Nation's heart beat in York stronger than in London, and still again in the sanguinary strife between the White Rose and the Red. And to say nothing of its archiepiscopal record; on account of its rocky coast, the stirring and tragic stories of its harbours and inlets, where the fleets of slaughtering invaders have been succeeded by the more peaceful fleets of fishers and merchants.

Yorkshire has thus ever held a prominent place in general as well as local history, though the ancient historian was chiefly a chronicler of kings and battles. We ask more in this our day. We demand the history of the people; seek to know how they lived and fared, how they were housed and habited, what arts they cultivated, what use they made of nature's products, what were their manufactures, what was their commerce, what their local government, their social statê, and who were the men of note in their midst, warriors or civilians, humble or exalted.

It was in response to such demand *Old Yorkshire* owes its existence. Living in a period of transition, observing with regret less that the old order was changing, than that the new order was sweeping all before it as with a Lethean deluge, the Editor resolved to devote his leisure to the preservation and conservation of old Yorkshire memorials as far as pen, pencil, and press would permit, and gathered around him a staff of earnest coadjutors, not willing

to leave blanks in history. Thus *Old Yorkshire* found its spirited editor in Mr. Wm. Smith, and has come from the press in its attractive cover year by year (with one brief interregnum), a casket in which he has stored valuables that might otherwise have been utterly lost. There can be no Yorkshireman, worthy of the name, who will not find something in these volumes to warm his heart with old memories and associations; who will not rejoice to see places, objects and people, pictured here with graver and pen, who, else might have perished unrecorded.

Old Yorkshire is certainly a medley in regard to its contents, but it is at the same time a fund for the assiduous historian of the future to draw upon when more pretentious sources fail, and it is precisely from the varied character of its papers, so amply indexed, that it fulfils its mission. It makes no pretence to figure as a consecutive history of the county; that would involve the labour of a life time, but it does provide pleasant and profitable reading for living men and women, interested in something other than money-getting and money-wasting, and if *no* learned pundit or society arises with courage to add a new and voluminous history of Yorkshire to the national shelves, it will serve as a not unworthy substitute as far as it goes. Then comes the question, how far is it to go? The present volume will be found no whit behind its predecessors, and still the enterprising Editor says the mine is unexhausted. But capital and encouragement are required to work the most productive mine. Let us hope the self-seeking spirit of the age has not so far infected the Yorkshiremen dispersed about the world as to destroy their clannish interest in their native county, or to weaken their support of its printed representative, *Old Yorkshire*.

For myself, although a Lancastrian, I am proud to claim connection with the sister county, both by residence and family ties, and to feel in that affinity, and in memories of Giggleswick where I own a little grave, my justification for thus presuming to introduce the new volume of *Old Yorkshire*, which, it is to be hoped, will not be the last Mr. Smith is encouraged to offer to the world and his countrymen.

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