

THE HISTORY OF MORLEY,

IN THE WEST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE.

INCLUDING A PARTICULAR ACCOUNT OF ITS OLD CHAPEL.



BY

NORRISON SCATCHERD.

“And also all that generation were gathered unto their fathers : and there arose another generation after them that knew not the Lord, nor yet the works which he had done for Israel.”

JOSHUA—JUDGES

The Republican party in England dates its origin from the early campaigns of the Civil War, and did not become wholly extinct till the Revolution in 1688, but as a party, having an important influence in public affairs, their extinction may be referred to the time of the Restoration : their indications of life, afterwards, were feeble and fitful, like the final flashes and struggles of an expiring flame

GODWIN

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P R E F A C E .

THE History of the Old Chapel, at Morley, stands so intimately connected with the times of the Commonwealth of England—the Earl of Sussex, its Patron in 1650, was so distinguished a character, and some of the persons to whom he conveyed the Chapel property, in trust, were so famous in our neighbourhood, that it would be unpardonable in me to present the public with a superficial and uncircumstantial narrative. I must, however, do so if not allowed the introduction of such matter as will be found in the first forty-six pages of my Work; without which, indeed, in my own estimation, it would be of little value. Were this part omitted, what could a person know about our Chapel Lease? how it was obtained? what was the connexion between the Lessor and Lessees? what were their principles and views? and what occasioned the events which are subsequently disclosed.

Aspiring to the honour of having my Book read by various classes, and not regarded as a mere Topographical Work, to be taken up like a dictionary, I have endeavoured to make it connected and entertaining. My topographical materials, it must be owned, are defective; but were they ever so ample it would little suit my own taste, or the reader's perhaps, to have the volume filled with matter of so dry and unedifying a nature.

I have just said that my materials are defective—but if the reader should deem that kind of matter appropriate with which compilers form their ponderous volumes, they are then abundant and easily obtained; and, should I ever be reduced to ask charity or solicit subscriptions, a new edition of my Book may appear upon the modern plan; that is to say, by way of bait, there shall be an ensnaring title page and capital engravings—fine paper and type—margins so commodious, that in some pages scarce ten lines

shall appear, and in none twenty—very correct pedigrees, (of course) about as entertaining as those of “Flying Childers,” and “Eclipse,” or the celebrated bull, “Comet”—long extracts from registers, of births, baptisms, and burials—copies of inscriptions on gravestones and communion plate—accounts of paupers and village affairs—of subscribers to charities, and every-day concerns; with a *copious Index* to the whole.

To tell my mind of topographical books in the general, (candidly speaking) nine out of ten of them remind me of the razors sold to the countryman, by the London sharper, as humourously described by Peter Pindar:—

“Friend, quoth the razor man, I'm not a knave—
“As for the razors that you've bought,
“Upon my soul I never thought
“That they *would* shave.
“Not think they'd shave, quoth Hodge, with
wond'ring eyes
“And voice, not much unlike an Indian yell;
“What were they *made* for then, you rogue, he
cries?
“‘*Made*' quoth the fellow with a smile, ‘to *sell*.’”

Considered in any view I have no reason to be ashamed of this production of my leisure hours. It is “*made*” neither for the purpose of selling, or of shaving—of pilfering from the pocket of any one, or of appropriating to myself his literary plumes. Should its edge appear too keen in certain parts, it is truth alone and matter of fact which makes it so.

By people who are unacquainted with local circumstances, and the sources from which part of my information is derived, it may, at first sight, be thought singular that I should make mention of Cromwell and the Commonwealth times so particularly, as will hereafter be seen; but their wonder will cease upon a perusal of this Book throughout. The share which our old townsmen had in the battles of the Civil War—the distinction which, in common with their neighbours, they gained therefrom—their bravery, their patriotism,

but above all, their devotion to Cromwell, connects him most closely with this History, and (in my opinion at least) redounds to their immortal honour. No apology need, therefore, be expected from me for an introduction which is not only deemed necessary but ornamental to my Book.

My object, in short, in writing this Book, was to furnish information which will be interesting and necessary to most of my readers, and to compress it within the shortest compass. In pursuance of my plan, I have in the first forty-six pages, introduced that matter which I deem important for the bearing which it has upon the whole Work. To those who know little or nothing about our National History, I fear it will be rather discouraging; but to such persons I do not address myself. My Book is for "bookish" people, or such as are likely to become so; but especially, for my family and neighbours who may wish to know something of the principles of their forefathers.

But while I am desirous to afford the reader every information in my power, I am quite unconcerned about his opinions. I lay before him facts and authorities, curiosities in literature, illustrations, reasonings, and proofs; but not the twentieth part of what I could tell him upon some subjects. As to opinions, the reader is perfectly welcome to his own, especially if honestly acquired, and founded on knowledge; and all I ask of him is a corresponding sentiment.

As to the style of this Work it may be sufficient to observe, that it appears to me to be that which is most judicious. We are naturally more attentive to that which is *addressed to us*, than to that which reaches us as mere *unpointed observation*; and hence the *impersonal* form of address must be always less forcible, if not less clear than is the *personal*.

I conclude these remarks by an extract from a Work* of uncommon beauty, as the last sentence is peculiarly appropriate to myself, in my family residence. "Let no man," says the author, "despise the oracles of books. A book is a dead man—a sort of mummy, embowelled, and embalmed, but that once had flesh, and motion, and a boundless variety of determinations, and of actions. I am glad I can, even upon these terms, converse with the dead, with the wise and the good of revolving centuries. Without books I should know little of the volume of nature—I should pass the scanty years of my existence a mere novice. The life of a single man is too short to enable him to penetrate beyond the surface of things. The furniture of my shelf constitutes an elaborate and invaluable commentary, *but the objects beyond my windows, and the circles and communities of my contemporaries, are the text to which that commentary relates.*"

"Fleetwood," by Godwin.