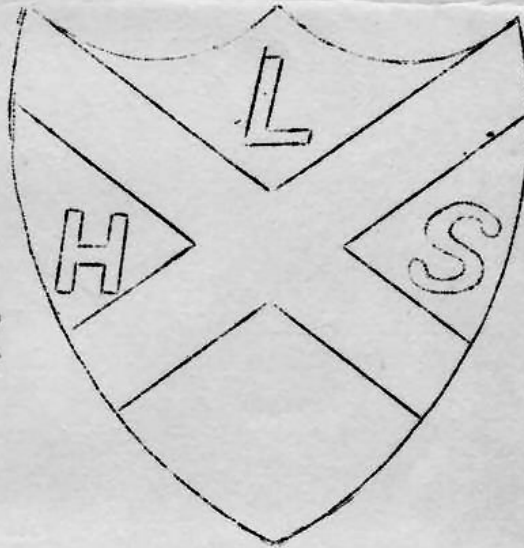


LEYLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY

BULLETIN



No. 3.

OCTOBER, 1971.

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## NEWS AND COMMENT

### Social Committee

With our new 1971-72 season now in full swing, our Social Committee has already organised several outings for members and their friends. In August a visit was made to Croston, where a tour of the village, and church was organised in conjunction with members of Chorley Historical Society. September saw a visit to historic Chester, where members were taken on a conducted tour of places of historic interest.

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### Annual Dinner and Dance

This event takes place at the Pines Hotel, Clayton-le-Woods on 29th November. Please hurry for your tickets - £1.35 each from our Social Secretaries Mrs. Barnes - 'Phone Leyland 21033 or Mrs. Deacon - 'Phone Leyland 21369.

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### Formation of Study Groups

It has been proposed that the Society should form study groups composed of members who wish to take closer interest in certain historical subjects. If you are interested please contact Mr. Bolton our committee member for further details.

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### Librarian and Archivist

Committee Member Mr. F.J. Knight has recently been appointed Librarian and Archivist for the society, which intends to form a library of books, maps etc., for use of members. Any members wishing to borrow books etc should apply to the Librarian - 7, Sandy Lane, Leyland. Donations of any books of historical interest will be gratefully acknowledged.

### Letters to the Editor

The Society would welcome members comments on any topics of interest relating to the society itself, or the Bulletin and would in particular welcome articles for publication in future issues.

Information is required in connection with The Old Leyland Workhouse and Workhouse Farm, which were formerly sited in Golden Hill Lane, Leyland. Letters please to :- The Bulletin Editor, 7, Sandy Lane, Leyland.

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NEWS AND COMMENT - Continued

Library Books available to Members

<u>Title</u>	<u>Author</u>
Portrait of Lancashire.	- Jessica Lofthouse.
Fylde Folk/Moss or Sand. William Yates	- Kathleen Eyre.
Map of Lancashire 1786	- J.B. Hartley.
A Star Chamber Case Assheton V Blundell 1624 - 1631	- Frank Tyrer MA., BSc.
The Old Worsted Mill at Dolphinholme.	- Mr. P.P. Hall.
The Minute Book of Leyland <u>Naturalists Society</u> established 1909.	
The Minute Book of Leyland and District <u>Floral and Horticultural Society</u> founded 1909.	

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SECRETARY'S REPORT.

As your new Secretary I would like to paytribute to our last secretary Michel Delaney for all the work he has put in for this Society since its inception.

With the delegation of responsibility to the programme and social committees plus a new bulletin secretary and a librarian the job of general secretary is made easier for me.

Our members are getting to know each other better, and occasions like our visit to Chester (a great success) in conjunction with the Chorley Archeological and Historical Society brings together people of similar interests. We thank the Social Committee for organising this event.

Having an interest in the past does not in any way prevent an individual from having a lively awareness in what is happening now and what could and should be future development towards a cleaner and happier world.

Future historians will take as much interest in how we live now and what we are making and building and the quality of it.

I was recently in Kings College Chapel, Cambridge.

The beauty of the fan vaulting, the sculpture and the wood carvings are breath taking, and I doubt if it may ever be surpassed.

If you have any criticisms of our Society's activities or suggestions for improvements, please tell us - it could help.

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PLACE NAMES - F. Cumpstey.

Names and their origin can be a fascinating subject, especially if you consider place names and street names.

Even in Leyland a study of the Street Directory can conjure up some fanciful thoughts.

For instance I wonder how Paradise and Purgatory came to be so close together, and was there any social status or stigma depending on which of these lanes one lived in ?

Were there really so many gates out of Leyland - Northgate, Towngate, Westgate, Newgate Lane, or is the expression used in the sense of a 'gateway' or 'a way out'. The name 'Longmeanygate' suggests a 'long meandering way out of Leyland' unless, of course, there is a much more prosaic origin - perhaps it was once the abode of a tall, miserly fellow !

Some names such as Boundary Street, Cross Street, Narrow Lane, Broad Street, and Bent Lane are self descriptive, but what about Golden Hill - how did that get its name ?

The various greens 'High Green, Low Green, Turpin Green and Wood Green' call to mind visions of maypoles and dancing on May-Day. Thinking about visions, we have such places as Oak View, Prospect View, Pleasant View - not to mention East View and South View. Are the views still as pleasing as the names suggest? - considering all the housing development which has gone on, I doubt it very much.

In the same way thoughts of the countryside are brought up by Broadfield, Fairfield Road, Mayfield Road, Meadow Street and Meadowcroft, Vicarsfield Road, Wellfield and West Paddock, but alas, so many of these are swallowed up by housing estates.

Woodlands are well represented too with Forest Way, Eastwood and Westwood Roads and Woodlands Drive with a wide variety of trees including Beech, Cedarwood, Oak, Maplewood, Pinewood, Willow and Yew. I wonder how long it is since any fruit was picked in Orchard Street.

Quite a few names are apparently from mansions of the past - Worden Lane and Close, Heald House Road, Peacock Hall Road, Lodge Lane, etc. etc., But what about Chain House Lane, is this connected with an old toll house ? and does Cocker Bar come into the same category.

Local Streams are obviously responsible for the origin of such names as Bowbrook Road, Bow Lane and Street, Bryning Road, and Shawbrook Road., and no doubt there was once a spring in Spring Gardens, but what about the Kew Gardens ? - did they ever rival the more famous ones in London ?

Naturally Crafts and Industries have had a significance with Baker Street, Bleachers Drive, Forge Street, Malt Kiln Lane, Mill Lane and Street, Millers Lane, Naptha Lane and Tanners Row, not forgetting the regrettably uninspired "Gas Terrace".

But to me some of the more intriguing names are the ones which don't fall into any particular category.

For instance a belvedere is defined in the dictionary as a "pavilion on a house top". Did such a structure ever grace a house in Belvedere Road. Another one is Tuer Street - is this derived from the French verb meaning 'to kill' - and if so does it refer to some long-forgotten massacre? - or to a slaughterhouse?

How about Dunkirk Lane? does this mean 'a brown church' or is there some remote connection with the French port?

Emmie Street is another puzzling one - is it a corruption of 'enemy'? and if so how did it originate.

Looking back on what I have written, I seem to have raised more questions than I have answered, but perhaps some more enlightened members may care to fill in the gaps - without destroying too many illusions, I hope!

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#### THE CUERDALE HOARD - Francis Knight.

A few hundred years ago, rumour had it that if you stood on Walton Bridge and looked across to Ribchester, you were viewing the richest treasure in England.

Until 1840 when the Cuerdale Hoard was discovered, people thought that this legend merely referred to the rich pasture land of the Ribble Valley. This valuable hoard of coins is believed to have been the property of the Viking Chieftain Anlaf, who buried it on the banks of the River Ribble when he was retreating after a battle. There it lay undisturbed for about 900 years, until in 1840 the Ribble burst its banks, and some workmen were sent by the Preston Water Authorities to repair the damage. They were digging a few feet away from the bank, and about four feet down, when they stumbled upon an ancient lead chest. Inside this there was a wooden chest which contained valuable pieces of jewellery, such as rings and armlets.

A large assortment of coins were amongst the treasure, the bulk being Danish, though some were oriental, and some from the Continent. In addition to these foreign coins there were several Anglo-Saxon origin and a quantity of gold ingots. The Vikings must have employed an Anglo-Saxon goldsmith to melt down the coins, and jewellery to make the ingots, as travelling Viking armies did not usually include a goldsmith in their ranks.

## THE GUERDALE HOARD - Continued

The workmen immediately thinking that the treasure would be most valuable, started to fill their pockets. However the Bailiff, Frederick Asherton saw them and attempted to retrieve all the stolen property, but despite his prompt action, not all the treasure was recovered. On 22nd August, 1840 an inquisition took place at Preston and the Cuerdale Hoard was declared to belong to and be the property of the Crown.

Queen Victoria who was then the reigning monarch gave a large amount to the British Museum, some to the Bibliotheque De Roi in Paris, some to the Danish Museum in Copenhagen, and some to the various people held office when the treasure was found. Only a few pieces remain at Prestoh in the Harris Museum.

The Cuerdale Hoard is one of the most valuable treasurers ever found in England and today a stone now marks the former hiding place.

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## THE HISTORY OF WALLPAPER - F. Cumpstey.

The story of wallpaper and its development into the popular and universally used decorating medium it is today, is as fascinating as it is instructive.

The first paperhangings or wallpapers were looked upon as cheap substitutes for the costly tapestries, silks and velvet hangings, embroideries, painted cloths, decorated leathers, panelling and mural painting of medieval times which they often imitated. But with the passing of time wallpapers have taken their rightful place as a means of decoration for which no equally satisfactory alternative is easy to find.

Contrary to widespread belief, the origin of paperhangings in this country is not directly connected with ancient Oriental inspiration or practice, but rather with the ingenuity of a few European craftsmen of the Middle Ages whose work had little to do with the wider aspects of decorative art.

These craftsmen were, of course the printers of books and more especially the wood engravers, whose task it was to prepare the blocks used for the purposes of illustration which, in reality, was a mechanical method of perpetuating the work of the handwrought book illuminators of an earlier period.

It is easy to see that by a simple variation of design, an altogether new opening was offered for their skill and that in the course of time part of their work would very naturally include the occasional production of decorated sheets suitable for box and even cupboard lining papers. From this it was not a big advance to extend the art to the making of paperhangings, or decorated sheets, whose design was suitable for use on walls.



Some fragments of a later date derived from this practice are fortunately still in existence - they are for the most part printed in black outline on ungrounded paper - and confirmation that they were inspired by the embroidered hangings is to be found in the cross hatching or shading which represents the needlework and the contrasting colours of the originals. The idea of a "repeating" design whereby a pattern might be enlarged indefinitely on all four sides is sometimes found in these old sheets, the principle of the "repeat" having been used by Continental tapestry weavers as early as the 14th century, and it is this feature which sometimes enables us today to distinguish papers made expressly for walls from those intended for more general purposes, including the lining of boxes, chests and cupboards.

Owing to the scarcity of good quality paper, the printer was obliged to use whatever material there was to hand and if he printed his designs on the backs of sheets which had already been used for proclamations or works considered to have offended against political or religious opinions, who could blame him? One example found in the Master's Lodgings at Christ College Cambridge was printed on the back of a proclamation issued during the reign of Henry VIII. This is one of the earliest decorated papers to be found in situ.

The paper illustrated is of a heraldic design known to have been printed about 1550 and was found at Besford Court, Worcester.

The printing of paperhangings on any considerable scale depended upon a plentiful supply of commercially suitable paper.

Until this became available in the early part of the 17th century development was tentative and many different methods were employed in their production. By the end of the century wallpaper may be said to have been passing out of its infancy and gradually becoming an article of common use.

In the year 1712 a tax of 1d. per square yard was imposed on paper to be painted, printed and stained and thus the industry received its first statutory recognition.

This period roughly coincides with the appearance of the Chinese painted papers (imported by the East India Companies) which were so much in demand between 1740 and 1790. Their exotic colourings add an unusual note of brilliance to the varied cabinet makers and upholsterers and made a special appeal to the fashionable and wealthy 18th century clientele.

From the historian's point of view wallpaper is notoriously the least enduring of all forms of decorative art, for at its best it is but a temporary decoration and the very process of stripping an old paper from the wall is usually the final act of its complete destruction. This being the case, it is fortunate that the intrinsic beauty and value placed upon the Chinese papers saved them from the ruthless treatment accorded the commoner, though non-the-less interesting, types of wallpapers of the period, with the result that many of them may still be seen, not only in museums, but also in some of the famous English country seats.

Hand-printed wallpapers have always enjoyed a deserved popularity up to the present day, but the processes involved are such as to make their cost considerably higher than goods made by machine.

The first successful wallpaper printing machine was in production about 1840. It was an adaptation of the calico printing machine and was dependent upon a supply of paper in "endless" lengths for its printing "runs".

Machine-printed wallpapers were displayed with the hand-made goods at the Great Exhibition of 1851 and were given a good reception by the discriminating multitude already dazzled by the unexpected triumphs of this colossal "Crystal Palace".

Here, in the "cheap machine-printed wallpapers" was something bright and new within reach of everybody's means. Thanks to the machine, to the invention of the new paper-making process and also to the removal of the wallpaper tax ten years or so earlier, everybody could make use of these wallpapers for the beautification of their homes.

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THE LEYLAND PRE-REFORMATION CHALICE AND PATEN - B. Morris.

From the year 1905 to 1910 the Priest in Charge at Leyland St. Marys Roman Catholic Chapel was the Rev. Fr. E.H. Wilson, and as he had heard a number of conflicting stories about the pre-reformation chalice, he decided to make every effort to find the truth of the matter -

One story that had been told was that the chalice had been found in a priests hiding hole at the "Old Hall" (in what was then Sandy Lane) during alterations which were being made at the time.

The old hall had been occupied for some time by Robert Charnock who was the Roman Catholic Vicar General of Lancashire, and he died there in the year 1670. The story was that when the chalice was found it was handed over to the Vicar of St. Andrews Parish Church who in turn gave it to the priest of the newly founded Roman Catholic Mission about 1850, Fr. Wilson mentioned this story to the Rev. Leyland Baldwin, who was then the Vicar of St. Andrews, but he said that he had never heard of it and thought he most certainly would have done had it been true, Fr. Wilson also thought the story to be highly improbably.

Another story was that it had been given to Leyland St. Marys by the priest at Weld Bank, Chorley, when the Leyland Mission was opened in 1845.

One day Fr. Wilson mentioned this to Fr. Teebay who was at Weld Bank at that time and he said that it was quite true and that he could let him have a copy of the deed of transfer which he did and the following is a copy of that deed -

From the archives of St. Gregory's Catholic Chapel, Weld Bank, Chorley.

The Church of St. Gregory, Weld Bank, Chorley being possessed of a Silver Chalice which stands six inches high is three and three quarter inches across the top of the cup, and bears on the cup the inscription - "Restore me to Layland in Lankashire" together with a silver paten, five inches in diameter, which has a face engraved on the centre within a small and larger circle. Henry Greenhalgh, Priest of St. Gregory's Church, hereby agrees with the approbation of the Bishop to transfer this chalice and paten to the recently established mission at Leyland, on the following conditions :- so that the above mentioned chalice and paten shall belong inalienably to the Chapel of Leyland, but if there ever ceased to be a Chapel (Catholic) in the village of Leyland they shall be restored to the Church of St. Gregory, Weld Bank, so that no change shall be made in the present size or shape of the said chalice and paten -

Henry Brewer Prov. EB.

Thomas Shephard Incumbent.

St. Andrews Catholic Chapel, Leyland 18th February, 1846.

Perhaps you will have noticed that I referred to the Roman Catholic Chapel of Leyland as St. Andrews, which it was then first opened but was later changed to St. Mary's.

Fr. George Holden who was then at South Hill, Nr. Chorley, told Fr. Wilson that Monsignor Fisher Vicar General, was said to have been instrumental in securing the restoration of the chalice to Leyland.

To be continued ... ..

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#### HOW WE KEPT THE LORD'S DAY - P.N. Sumner.

Sunday was a day of special significance to us at the old schoolhouse. Since we lived under the aegis of a benign ecclesiasticism we felt that it behoved us to be sedulous in our attendance at church.

Picture me then in my best clothes and adorned by a spotless white collar. At ten o'clock in the forenoon, as the bells awoke to life, I followed the path across the churchyard and entered the church by the west door. Sometimes, if age and infirmity would permit, the Vicar's warden, white-haired and stately, would be standing by the font, awaiting the appearance of leading parishioners. Me and my grandfather he ignored. Having erstwhile been in service as a butler in a gentleman's house, he was a champion of the existing order, a fawner on the nobility, obsequious in the presence of rank and wealth.

Watching the members of the congregation appear and take their seats whiled away the time of waiting till the service began. It interested me to note their mannerisms and peculiar traits.

For example, an old gentleman in front of me would invariably, on rising from his knees, pull out a big silk handkerchief and blow his nose violently like a trumpet. He would then regale himself with a pinch of snuff.

Mrs. Roffe, the wealthy widow, in rustling black satin and bejewelled like an empress, would presently appear and genuflect before entering her pew. Then that handsome man, Mr. T., after seating himself, would take the ends of his waxed moustache between his fingers and thumbs and twirl it fiercely for a moment. I thought what a fine looking hussar he would make, resplendent in uniform and seated on a charger, belted and spurred and with a silver-hilted sword by his side!

At last the bells would cease and the minister's bell begin to toll. Sweetly on my ear would fall the first tentative notes of the voluntary which Mr. Lockett extemporised on the organ only a few feet in front of where I sat. Then, when the bell had stopped, it pleased me to see the choir-boys appear in surplices white as snow, followed by the dignified, surpliced men, with the Vicar and Curate in their wake and also the sexton who, in the role of parish clerk, issued last from the vestry in a flowing black gown and proceeded down the north aisle to his seat at the back of the church.

I recall how I would lift my eyes from my prayer-book to watch the preacher ascend the pulpit steps. If it was the Vicar, by his elevated position his Jovian aspect was enhanced and I thought how terrible it would be if he should notice me and denounce me for my sins before the whole congregation. His black skull cap and bushy grey beard heightened the formidableness of his appearance.

As a preacher, however, he was uninspired. It was the silvery tongue of his curate that drew the large congregations. He read his own sermons, hence they lacked warmth and spontaneity. Nevertheless they were good honest homespun, the kind my grandfather liked to hear.

I, however, listened absently. Sometimes, if the discourse was unduly long, my thoughts would revert to kite-flying, fishing, butterfly-hunting, or to some absorbing romance I had not yet finished reading. By the time it came to an end I was beginning to feel hungry and fell to wondering what there'd be for dinner.

It was after this meal had been cleared away that observance of the Sabbath at home would begin. My grandmother would cover the table with her best cloth; spectacles were sought and found, and the old couple would sit, open their Bibles and religiously read therein. During this devout session I would covertly peruse a tale or, from my vantage point by the window, look musingly out across the churchyard.

Sometimes, however, the Sabbath quietude was broken by the repeated swinging of the gate in front of the house.

Now, to my grandparents, there was nothing more annoying than the wanton swinging of this gate. It was without a latch, and its stout wooden frame was eminently suitable for swinging on. There were few children that, having once seen it swing, but were seized by an impulse to fling themselves upon it and swing to their hearts content. This they usually did, unaware at first of the eyes that were watching them through the window. Unaware for how brief a while!

"Knock!" commanded my grandfather.

My grandmother arose from her chair and rapped loudly with her knuckles on the pane.

The effect was immediate. The swinging ceased and the culprit, a strapping youth who ought to have known better, looked sheepish as my grandmother gazed at him reprovngly.

Crestfallen, he descended the brow to join the Young Men's Class which I could hear assembling in the schoolroom.

Presently the church clock struck two, whereupon the harmonium began to play. There followed the sound of men singing, it filled the whole building and surged voluminously into the room wherein we sat.

We are soldiers of Christ who is mighty to save,  
And His banner, the Cross, is unfurl'd;  
We are pledged to be faithful and steadfast and brave,  
Against Satan, the flesh and the world.

How clearly that lost cadence comes back to me across the years! I also recall the reedy and mellow tones of the harmonium and I think that surely never since has an instrument sounded sweeter anywhere else on earth or in the courts of Heaven itself. I have also a treasured memory of my grandfather dozing in his chair, of my grandmother wide awake in hers, with her Bible resting in her lap and her head slightly inclined as she listened to the hearty singing of some two score masculine voices.

In her company I go to Evensong. There is a large congregation. Mr. Marshall is to preach and people have come to hear him from miles around.

The Vicar intones; the service begins. Sometimes, during the singing of the psalms, my eyes stray from my prayer-book and if it happens that a schoolfellow turns his head and our glances meet, nods, winks and surreptitious grins are exchanged. If by chance my grandmother notices, she checks me with a nudge and a reproachful look. Whereupon I desist and behave.

I am attentive while the lesson is being read. From where I sit I can see the beautiful profile of Mrs. T. and beyond her, in a reserved pew, the wrinkled visage of the Vicar's wife staring at her husband with a grim and hostile stare. Then, as we kneel, I see Mrs. Roffe press her fingers devoutly before her face.

My gaze is fascinated by the stones in her rings which scintillate flashes of emerald and crimson fire.

As we close the second hymn the curate ascends the pulpit. He is tall and slender, grey-haired, with a thin, ascetic face, a quiline nose and animated eye. I think he is the cleverest man in the parish. He sits up late of nights watching the stars. But he never lets his interest in the stellar universe interfere with his clerical duties. He is a wakeful shepherd of souls, a zealous worker in the vineyard on the Lord's behalf.

This evening he takes his text from the Gospel according to St. Luke, eighteenth chapter, thirty-seventh verse: "And they told him, that Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

The congregation is now tensely expectant. All eyes are fixed on Mr. Marshall. Mine note with interest every movement he makes, every shade of expression that passes across his face. For Mr. Marshall, besides being good to hear, is also a preacher to watch. He speaks in a voice that sounds like the tongues of angels and at appropriate moments he makes gestures that are as eloquent as the phrases that fall from his lips. He holds every eye, he captivates every ear.

We listen rapt as he discourses, stirring our imaginations and playing on our heart-strings in his own inimitable way. Then he perorates movingly.

"The main buttress of a Christian life is faith. Many of us have health, position, power and riches, but have we the simple faith of that blind beggar by the wayside? Who among us, hearing the multitude pass by, would have enough courage to proclaim his faith in Jesus of Nazareth, who made the blind to see? Not many, I think, to our shame be it said. Then let us hearken to the voice of the Spirit, let us come nigh unto Jericho and cry unto the Son of David to have mercy on us. If we have sinned grievously, let us cry to Him the more. For make no mistake, if only we beseech Him in the voice of faith, He will listen and vouchsafe us something in return. Not even the most abandoned sinner shall appeal to Him in vain.

"Let us therefore go forth from this house of God, with his peace in our hearts and the glow of sunset on our faces; let us follow the multitude in the streets, our minds set, not on worldliness, but on Him, resolved to be diligent in the doing of those things that shall bring His kingdom nearer and bear witness to our faith when they tell us that Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Since that Sunday of long ago many vicissitudes have befallen me, but never have I let sink the flame kindled within me by the clerical exemplar of my boyhood days. He imparted something that lives in me still; and surely no ministry has been in vain that has inspired one eager soul at least to seek treasure in the keep mines of knowledge and lift his eyes in wonder to the starry hosts of heaven.

MORE ABOUT SAMUAL GROOKE - N. Martland.

In the "Evening Post" of 20th September, there was an account of a fascinating discovery in St. Leonard's Church, Walton-le-Dale. During the removal of the altar from the east end of the chancel, to bring it nearer to the congregation, an old gravestone was revealed. It marks the burial place of "Samuel Crooke Esq., murdered whilst going to the Assizes by William Buckley. To the great griefe of his family and friends, 9th August, 1722. He was an affectionate husband, a usefull magistrate, and a faithfull subject to the best of kings. He married Anna daughter of Sir Charles Hoghton Bar, and left issue a Son, born two months after his death."

This memorial stone had been hidden for nearly 250 years, and the inscription is particularly interesting to Leyland people because of its possible connection with the local benefactor Samuel Crooke.

In my article on "Samuel Crook" in the last bulletin I referred to the story of this tragedy. The magistrate, Samuel Crooke - buried in Walton Church, was High Sheriff of Lancashire in 1717, and was killed in a duel fought about the right of way in a narrow lane near Preston in August 1722 by a Captain Buckley of Buckley in the Parish of Rochdale. Captain Buckley was tried and found guilty of manslaughter. I discovered these details in the paper on 'The Early Crooks of Crook' read by Frederic Crook in 1926 at a meeting of "The Lancashire and Cheshire Historical Society". He quotes the V.C.H. and Baines "History of Lancashire".

The epitaph records further that Samuel Crooke was "a faithfull subject to the best of kings". At that date 1722, the king was George I, so Samuel was no Jacobite, but like his brother-in-law Sir Henry Hoghton, he must have been a staunch Hanoverian.

Most of this information was already familiar to me from working on the background of the founder of Moss Side School.

I was however, surprised to learn that the murdered man had married Anna de Hoghton. I had found the record of the marriage in the old Parish Register of Walton-le-Dale for the year 1721.

"Samuel Crook of Crook Esq and M<sup>me</sup>. Ann Hoghton of Hoghton by licence, 9th October." This licence was granted by the Bishop of Chester in whose diocese South Lancashire was at that time.

I thought that the husband was "Samuel Crooke of New Crooke", well-known for his numerous charities to succeeding generations at Leyland, and buried in St. Andrews churchyard on 10th February, 1776 aged 82 years.

It seems very probable that the writer of the booklet, Frederic Crook, had made the same deduction. Describing the memorial tablet to the Leyland benefactor on the wall of the chancel in the Parish Church, he added an interesting footnote :- "Samuel Crook married 9th October, 1721 - Anne, 3rd daughter of

Sir Charles Hoghton, baronet," - In Walton-le-Dale parish register and Burke's peerage.

It also seems probable that the curate Rev. W.S. White, who transcribed much of the old Parish register of Leyland, held the same opinion. Beneath the record of the baptism in January 1688 of Hannah, daughter of Sir Charles Hoghton of Hoghton Tower, he wrote a footnote, "This Hannah apparently married Samuel Crook gentleman, of Crook in Whittle."

I calculated that she would have been about six years older than the Leyland Samuel Crook, so the marriage appeared a reasonable conclusion.

The newly discovered gravestone disproves this theory, showing that Anna was married to a man who must have been considerably older. The Samuel Crook who was killed in the duel was named as his eldest son by a certain William Crook of Coppull and Croston who bought back the estate in Clayton and Whittle from the Clayton family about 1666.

He made a will in 1684, leaving his large estate including his "ancient lands" to his eldest son Samuel Crook of Crook, being the eldest of eight children. This Samuel, high Sheriff in 1717, made a will in 1710, leaving "reall estate, lands, tenements in the said county" to "Samuel Crooke, my nephew, for his natural life." The will was not proved until 1722. This was the year of the tragic death recorded on the newly discovered gravestone in Walton-le-Dale church.

The names of the estates held by the two gentlemen named Samuel Crook are so much alike that one is led to assume that the men belonged to the same family of Crooke. It may be possible to discover whether the younger Samuel was indeed the nephew and heir of the older one.

Certainly, in the dispute about the family pew of Samuel Crooke in Leyland Church, there is reference to the sale of the Crooke estate by the Clayton family, "duly purchased by the grandfather of the present Mr. Crook from the grandfather of Mrs. Clayton of Liverpool," (The pew was on the purchase deed). The purchaser was William Crooke, father of the older Samuel.

One other new fact to emerge is the birth of a son to Anna, as recorded on the stone, "two months after his death." As the marriage was in October, 1721, and the duel in August 1722, it seems that Samuel Crook and Anna Hoghton were married for only ten months before he was killed. He was buried close by members of the Hoghton family whose graves were in the chancel of St. Leonard's Church.

It will perhaps be possible to find out who was the wife of the Leyland Samuel Crooke. She is referred to by Sir William Farington in the pew dispute. There may be further information in the registers of Walton-le-Dale or Croston Church, for the gravestone at Leyland records that he was also a benefactor to the



parish of Croston."

However, documents relating to the Crooke family, are difficult to find, even at the County Record Office. The records are incomplete, and the various wills and legal disputes are confused. Samuel Crooke, who endowed charities for the aged poor and children of Leyland, founded Moss Side School in 1770, and gave altar vessels to Leyland Church, died in 1776, but his will was not finally proved till 1815.

We know now that he was probably the nephew and heir of the murdered magistrate, but not the husband of M<sup>me</sup>. Anna Hoghton.

He was married however, and his wife seems to have influenced his social behavior, for Sir William Farington said in 1765 that "Mr. Crook did not for some years attend Church, but since he was married has sometimes come to the Church."

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VICE PRESIDENTS 1970/1971.

Mr. & Mrs. Baker.  
Mr. J.N. Banister.  
Mr. J. Bidwell.  
Mr. & Mrs. J. Bolan.  
Mr. G.L. Bolton.  
Mr. T. Brown.  
Counc. & Mrs. Church.  
Mr. T. Cook.  
Mr. F.L. Downes.  
Mr. A. Elder.  
Fr. B.E. Fitzsimmons.  
Dr. W.M. Fotheringham.  
Mr. P.E. Grundy.  
Mrs. E. Hilton.  
Mr. W. Hinchcliffe.  
Mr. & Mrs. H.E. Iddon.  
Mr. & Mrs. H.R. Iddon.  
Mrs. M. Lea.  
Mr. & Mrs. A.H. Lee.  
Dr. & Mrs. M<sup>c</sup>Dowell.  
Mr. J. Marland.  
Mr. F. Marsden M.B.E.  
Mr. J.T. Marsden J.P.  
Dr. & Mrs. Meagher.  
Mr. W. Rigby.  
Mr. J. Robinson.  
Mr. P.W. Schurle. ???  
Dr. Strachan.

VICE PRESIDENTS - Continued ...

Mr. H.B. Threlfall.  
Mr. Wadge.  
Mr. R. Wildman.  
Mr. & Mrs. W. Wilkins.  
Col. Waite W. Worden.

TOTAL 1970/1971 MEMBERSHIP

Members	124
Juniors and Students.	13
Vice Presidents	42

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