

No. 23 May 1979

The journal of
THE LEYLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY



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NOTES AND COMMENTARY

Members will probably have noticed that attendances during this season have been better in spite of the severe weather.

The shield given by our society in memory of our late president and founder Mr. James Nowell Banister, to the best competitor in the senior schools arts and crafts competition which took place and was a feature of the December exhibition at the Church Road Museum, was presented to the mayor Councillor, Stanley Allison, by our President Mr. B. Morris, who thereafter presented the trophy to the winner. It is hoped that this will be an annual event, each winner holding the shield for a year.

An extra feature of this issue of the Chronicle are the notes from Leyland Library on research into local history by Miss Kazer. We expect Miss Kazer to tell us something about the ffaringtons of Worden and Madam Tussaud the famous exhibitor of equally famous figures (in wax) when she speaks to the society later in the season.

The programme committee have prepared a list of potential speakers for season 1979-80 and one certainty will be Miss Kathleen Ayres at our opening meeting.

You may know that parish church records are to be transferred to their respective county record offices from January 1st this year. Presumably the purpose is to avoid possible loss by vandalism.

We are honoured to play host to the Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire's Annual lecture and hope many of you will be able to attend.

The speakers at these annual meetings are always persons of eminence in their field.

We hope to show the people from outside Leyland, by means of a walk about, something of our own local history which, as you know, has associations with the Tudor period.

Details are as follows:

THE HISTORIC SOCIETY OF LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE

PRESENTS

A PUBLIC LECTURE FOR MEMBERS OF AFFILIATED SOCIETIES

ENTITLED

THE TUDORS AND THE NORTH OF ENGLAND : PROBLEMS AND
POLICIES

BY

DR CHRISTOPHER HAIGH MA PhD FRHistS

Saturday 16th JUNE 1979

- 2.00 p.m. Assemble at Leyland Civic Hall
- 2.30 p.m. Welcome by platform party
The Mayor of South Ribble
The President of the Historic Society of
Lancashire and Cheshire
The President of the Leyland Historical
Society
- 2.45 p.m. The Lecture, followed by questions and
Discussion
- 4.15 p.m. Vote of Thanks
- 4.30 p.m. Tea
Our hosts, the Leyland Society, will be
providing tea at 50p per person. Please
book on the form to be found on the rear
of this leaflet but payment will be taken
on the day of the lecture.

EXTRAS

The Leyland Society will be mounting an
exhibition on local history in the Civic
Hall and also hope to arrange a brief tour
of places of interest within reach of the
Town Centre for visitors. The local Museum
will open for an hour or so after tea for
visitors. Details at the meeting.

THE SPEAKER

DR CHRISTOPHER HAIGH MA PhD FRHistS

IS A LECTURER IN HISTORY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF MANCHESTER

Dr Haigh is the author of "The last days of the Lancashire monasteries and the Pilgrimage of Grace" published in 1969 and more recently of "Reformation and Resistance in Tudor Lancashire" (1975).

In his lecture Dr Haigh will examine the problems faced by the Tudor monarchs involving the government, the North with its powerful magnates, the dangers of the Scottish border, the Palatinate status of parts of the region, and the distances from London. Special reference will be made to Lancashire and Cheshire.

THE HISTORIC SOCIETY OF LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE (Founded 1848)

For 130 years the Historic Society has sought to help all those interested in the history of Lancashire and Cheshire through lecture meetings, its invaluable library, and the annual publication of its TRANSACTIONS.

Membership details from P J Andrews BA (Hon Secretary)
15 Woodley Fold, Penketh, Warrington WA5 2JB

THE LEYLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The Society exists to promote an interest in history generally and of the Leyland Area in particular.

Write to Mrs D Mather (Hon Secretary)
3 Crown Street, Farrington, Leyland.

TO : Philip Andrews BA
Hon Secretary
Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire
15 Woodley Fold, Penketh, Warrington Cheshire WA5 2JB

FROM : _____ (Hon Sec)

_____ (Local Society)

_____ (Address)

_____ (Phone No)

Please book ____ places for this Society at the Leyland Meeting on 16/6/79. Please book ____ teas at 50p each (payable on the day)

WHITTLE STONE

Three miles north of Chorley is Whittle-le-Woods, once a thriving canal community of coal-yards and a handful of cotton mills. Today, the yards and mills no longer remain and alongside the 'Duke of York' public house, a drained section of the canal, the southern section of the Lancaster, bears the only evidence of some past industrial activity.

There is an air of retired peacefulness about the place, that is, apart from the occasional dull bang breaking the stillness, a few hundred yards to the east, where two quarries lie. For generations these quarries and nearly a dozen more nearby employed some three to four hundred men and boys, and supplied some of the finest stone ever to be worked in Lancashire.

The stone was looked upon as having a good working texture, which although rather too coarse for delicate tracery work, was easily dressed and relatively free of the deadly sulphur which, at one time, curtailed the life of many a delphman and mason. Its colour could be described as a dirty yellow with the occasional dark brown band in it, but when exposed to the weather it soon toned down. The bottom rock in a quarry or delph is nearly always the most solid, finest in grain and purest in colour. The bottom rock from the big delph was almost white and apparently the name Whittle was derived from the place of the 'White Hill'.

All soft stones, it is said, weather best within a few miles of their native quarry, but Whittle stone has been found to weather well far beyond this distance. Compared to Longridge stone, much used in Preston, it came second where first-class colour and hardness was concerned, but a mason could dress from fifty to one hundred per cent more in a day than that quarried at Longridge. But whilst of a soft nature, Whittle stone was capable of bearing a good crushing strain, and under many a Lancashire mill engine the stone was to be found. Some of the large engines may have weighed as much as a thousand tons, and few of the blocks would be under three tons in weight.

During the last century, a large number of mill engines found themselves destined for India, and out with the engines, from Liverpool docks, went Whittle stone engine beds, all dressed and drilled. It is said that by transporting the stone over such a distance, much trouble and time were saved, especially when our engineers had to deal with uncertain Indian tradesmen.

The Whittle Hill industry also supplied some of the finest mill stones in the country. The boss of the big delph tried to keep a lump of his very best rock lying on one side, ready to be cut into any size of mill stone that might be required at short notice. Many mill stones were sent along the canal to Wigan, Liverpool, Blackburn and Burnley. Some went to Halifax, Bradford and Leeds whilst others to Kendal and Old Coniston.

Whittle stone made little waste. Any pieces too small for rubble were put under an old millstone of which there were one of two in every delph. The upright stone was pulled round and round at the end of a long pole by a horse, which in a day would grind a few tons of nice sand, a product in great demand by Lancashire housewives for sanding flagged floors.

The delphman had a feeling for his stone. Rock-getters would drive a long line of wedges in a large piece of rock after which two men, one at either end, would begin to tap each wedge, lightly all along the row, a procedure that was repeated with heavier blows until the stone broke. If the stone continued to be reluctant, the cry went up, "Let her sup, let her sup". Using quart kits, boys would then pour a little drop of water into each wedge hole. After a few seconds, the stone would split with an uncanny soft cracking sound, said to be like a heavy human sigh and aptly known as "the stone's dying breath".

Today, the two quarries at Whittle-le-Woods still give up their stone, which is blasted and crushed into ballast, a technique far removed from the days when man and rock had a closer relationship.

Colin Dickinson.

THE LAST LAUGH

When I was growing up in a cotton town in East Lancashire, tacklers, not Irishmen, were the butt of most of our jokes. Then came the war, and we had Hitler jokes, and after the war, political jokes. We have gone through a period of elephant jokes, and "paki" jokes, not it is Irishmen, so it seems that jokes like everything else have their season.

These thoughts were prompted by some tales that were being told to me recently, by two senior citizens, on the unlikely subject of undertakers.

Andrew Tomlinson, the Leyland undertaker, was obviously quite a character and not adverse to telling tales against himself. One such story concerns a professional visit he made to a cottage on Towngate, now alas gone. The upper floor consisted of two rooms, the first one being in fact more of an enlarged landing, through which one gained access to the second, or back bedroom.

The body was on the first bed in the front bedroom, and Andrew took the necessary measurements, and left. He returned later in the week with the finished coffin.

In the meantime, the family, finding it inconvenient and rather upsetting to have to pass their dear departed quite frequently, moved him into the back and started to use the front bedroom. Thus when Andrew and his assistant arrived at the top of the stairs carrying the coffin, the occupant of the first bed, rudely awakened, sat up and demanded to know what all the noise was about. In later years when recounting this tale, Andrew would say that he never knew who reached the foot of the stairs first, himself, his assistant, or the coffin.

There was also the occasion when visiting another Leyland cottage, lit only by lamps, he took a candle upstairs with him, and leaning over the corpse to place the candle in a safe place, he inadvertantly leaned on the stomach dislodging some air. The candle was immediately blown out, and once again, Andrew beat a hasty retreat.

My favourite story in this vein however, concerns not an undertaker, but a gravedigger on Lindale.

We learned about this character last year, whilst visiting Lindale churchyard to pay our respects to John Wilkinson the ironmaster.

During a lecture on John Wilkinson, we had been told he had been buried in an iron coffin outside the consecrated ground, but he had managed to gain access when the graveyard was extended. When digging in this new extension the gravedigger had dug down to the iron coffin, and quite excited, had gone to tell the vicar. He, like his predecessor, was of the opinion that John Wilkinson was an undesirable character, who did not deserve christian burial, and he rather sharply told his gravedigger to cover up the coffin and forget its whereabouts.

When a few years later the television people told John Wilkinson's story, the vicar realised that here was a tourist attraction, to bring visitors to Lindale Church, and he sent for his gravedigger, asking him to point out where the iron coffin lay. He had reckoned without the stubbornness of the country born, "You told me to forget where it was" was the reply, "So I did". This he continued to say until his dying day, and I wondered when I heard this tale if he and John Wilkinson have shared the joke, for they were both characters.

Dorothy Mather

HOLIDAY HISTORY - NO. 2

Salisbury

The name Salisbury immediately brings to mind the Cathedral with its fantastic spire. There must be literally millions of people who have either read about it, or seen photographs but who have never actually seen it for themselves, so famous is this piece of architecture. However, there are some interesting points regarding the Cathedral about which many people do not know but which contribute in no small degree to the history of it.

The construction began in 1220 A.D. which places it in the early English period of Architecture; and consecration took place in 1258, which was a remarkably short space of time for such a project to be completed. It must be noted, however, that the tower and spire were not a part of the original edifice. These additions were made about eighty years later following the daring suggestion to 'crown' the Cathedral with a tower which would make it a landmark throughout Europe. I referred to the spire in the opening sentence as 'fantastic' and this is indeed just what it is when one takes into account that the combined weight of the tower and spire is 6,500 tons. Yes, six thousand and five hundred tons of solid Purbeck marble, skilfully built onto an edifice for which no original allowance had been made!

Evidence of the sheer weight pressing down can be seen by looking up the supporting pillars in the nave, which reveal a definite slight 'bowing' effect. Doubtless, any less solid stonework would have collapsed long ago under the strain. The other remarkable aspect of this addition to the original structure is the way in which the design is such that it complements the rest of the building. The impression is gained that the whole must have been constructed as a complete design, and it is impossible to visualise the Cathedral without the tower and spire. Add to this the fact that the spire rises 140⁴ feet, making it the tallest in this country, and there indeed can be seen at their best, the efforts of man to offer to Almighty God all the skills and perseverance he can muster.

Inside the Cathedral, one is almost overcome by the beauty and sheer majesty of the arches which extend the full length (449 ft.) from the West Front to the Lady Chapel behind the High Alter at the East end.

To complete the effect there is a stained glass window at each end; the one at the East end being largely Thirteenth Century at the sides and Sixteenth to Seventeenth Century in the centre, whilst at the West end the figure panels are French and date from the Fifteenth Century and the heraldic shields which originally were in the Chapter House, date from the Thirteenth Century. Here it is well worth mentioning that to view this window when the sun is in a westerly position, is to experience a colour and beauty which is to say the least breathtaking.

Another marvellous achievement in the internal structure are the inverted choir arches which were added after the building of the tower. This was done in order to prevent the outward pressure of the tower from destroying the Choir. They look as though an upside-down arch has been built onto the normal upward-facing arch creating an effect of spaciousness.

Before moving out of the main body of the Cathedral, it is worth going to look at the clock mechanism. This clock is claimed to be the oldest working clock in this country if not in the world dating from about 1386.

Moving from the South Transept we enter the Cloisters which can boast being the largest of any English Cathedral. They are 181 feet long and enclose an area of 140 square feet. These will lead us to the Chapter House which is well worth a visit. It is wonderfully preserved dating from the mid-Thirteenth Century.

It is 58 feet in diameter and 52 feet high, and the centre is dominated by a single pillar which meets the ceiling in a circular fan-like vault. Around the perimeter of the Chapter House which is octagonal, are small inset arch-ways indicating the seating arrangement for the Cathedral officers. Here the business side of the church would be discussed and decisions made.

There are many more items of historic and general interest to see in this lovely Cathedral, as well as those mentioned in this article. It is almost uncanny to think of the people of ages past who have also walked about this place, and who perhaps in their turn have wondered at the skill of the craftsmen.

Roy Woodward

THE DARWEN - PART 2

An Ancient Inn

The Unicorn Inn, now used as a refreshment house is a place of great historic interest. The meetings of the Mock Corporation were held in a room at the Unicorn Inn. A quotation from Abram in his "History of Blackburn" gives a survey:- "About the year 1701 a party of neighbouring gentry formed themselves into an association by which the title of "Mayor and Corporation of the Ancient Borough of Walton" was assumed. This Mimic Body Corporation continued to exist in more or less organised form until about the year 1796. The original object of the founders was, it may be supposed, to indulge in a practical satire on the Corporation of Preston, by a paraded travesty of the civic dignitaries and procedure, and the Whigs being then the ascendent party in Preston. The first members of the Mock Corporation of Walton were chiefly high church Tories and Jacobites. The Corporation consisted of a select body of "Freemen" from whom the Mayor, and other officers were chosen annually. The chief officers were the Mayor, Recorder, Town Clerk, the Bailiffs, and the Miner officers including some ludicrous designations as "Town Sergeant, Poet Laureate, Sword Bearer, Mace Bearer, Physician, Jester, House Groper, Custard Eater, and Slut Kisser". The meetings of the Corporation were held in a large room at the Unicorn Inn, Walton-le-Dale.

In 1739 the regalia consisting of two staves covered with two hoops, one other staff covered full half way, one hunting staff with a silver head, one sword of state, one mace, two bailiff's wands, two halberds, four staves, three of them surrounded with silver bands, each band bearing the name of the Mayor and officers for the year; one staff with a silver cap, and two black wands capped with silver, are all that remain of the regalia. These are now (1887) in the possession of Mr. Townley Parker of Cuerden Hall.

A manuscript book of records commencing in 1705, now in the custody of Sir Charles Houghton, Lord of the Manor of Walton-le-Dale, William Farington of Shaw Hall was the first Mayor in 1701. The inscribed names on the silver bands and in the book of records include representatives of numerous eminent families.

In the Harris Museum, Preston, may be seen the first minute book of the Mock Corporation, from 1705-1751. They were purchased in London in March 1947, and through the generosity of Mr. J.E. Ingham of Bamber Bridge, and Mr. Ewart Bradshaw of Preston, these valuable relics have been returned to the town.

Calling at the Unicorn Inn, I noted other features of interest. There is an inscribed chair to the memory of Tom Hughes, the founder of the Autumn Tint Cycling Club, 1924. There is also a framed notice of a Bill of Sale which reads "Under the execution of the County Court. To be sold by Auction, by Mr. W. Rainford at the Mitre Inn, Fishergate, Preston, on Tuesday next, Augst 3rd 1858, at three o'clock in the afternoon. Lot 1. All that Pew, in St. George's Church Preston, and now in the occupation of Mr. Thackeray, as tenant from year to year. Lot 2. All these two Pews, No's 3 and 4, Trinish Church Preston".

The printers, H. Thompson, 16 Fishergate, Preston.

The Growth of the Cotton Industry

The river Darwen, at Hoghton Bottoms is a fine place to trace the growth and development of the cotton industry. It also provides a pleasant walk along the banks of the river.

The bus can be taken from Walton-le-Dale to the Boar's Head, at Hoghton. From here, walk down Chapel Lane. At the railway bridge, where the chimneys of Courtaulds can be seen and also a good general view of Preston is obtained.

Over the bridge there is a Wesleyan Chapel, erected in 1794. From here take the steep ascent into Hoghton Bottoms, when Darwen Tower and Blackburn come into view. In the valley there are some old cottages where handloom weaving was done. In conversation with an old inhabitant of the place, I was told that the handloom weaver had to carry his finished cloth over the moors to Blackburn Cotton Exchange.

Later they used water power from the river Darwen to operate the looms. There is a mill which up to recent times was powered by a water wheel. The mill had looms on two stories. It worked for quite a number of years. It had to be an unusually dry season to put the water wheel out of action. The mill race and the wheel could at the time of my visit still be seen. A shuttle making mill, and probably others have been run by the waters from the river Darwen.

With the coming of steam power, and the growth of the cotton industry, many of the cottage workers went to work in the mills. A chat with the old inhabitant revealed the following story. He related the story of an elderly woman from the district who had to walk five miles to and from her work. She had two children, one was going to school, and the other a babe in arms.

She had to take these two along with her. The older child went to school, and the babe was taken to the mill. The young babe was brought up in a weft tin, this was a tin which held the bobbins for the weaver.

In those days there were no nurseries to which nursing mothers could take the children. Young children went into the factories at an early age. The conditions were such as to arouse the indignation of the social workers of the time. The man who related this story stated that he could vouch for its truth. He had talked to the lady who had been brought up in the early part of her life in the mill.

A study of the working conditions of the period are sufficient to confirm this terrible story. It shows the shocking conditions under which young children had to work in many industries.

The old water mill was later converted to steam, and from steam to electricity. In this lonely hamlet you can trace the growth and development of the cotton industry in Lancashire. It stands about half way between Preston and Blackburn, two of the great cotton towns. Here all the modern devices have been applied to the industry.

A walk along the viaduct makes a pleasant and interesting walk to Feniscowles. The historical, literary, and industrial associations with the sixteen miles of the river makes a sufficient reward for meandering along its banks.

N. Banister

WOMENS FASHION IN THE LATTER HALF OF THE 19TH CENTURY

The dominating influence on fashion round about 1850 was Empress Eugenie, wife of Napoleon. She had Spanish taste with a liking for violent colour and many of the English women followed her lead. Serge, tarlatan, brocade and soft merino were the fabrics in vogue. The poor female suffered the torture of wearing the still whalebone corsets fashionable at the time. These were laced excessively tightly in order to obtain the small waist measurement so necessary to a girl of refinement. Small wonder that females frequently suffered from attacks of the "vapours".

Accessories like everything else were fussy and over decorated. Fans, reticules, parasols, heavy watches and cameo brooches were the favourite items of adornment and were scattered liberally about a woman's dress when she went for outings etc.

By 1860 the crinoline had reached such astonishing proportions that women looked like isosceles triangles. The "pork pie" hat was popular and worn with a dark dress, the severity of which was sometimes relieved by the wearing of bright coloured underskirts which were occasionally visible. The outer skirt was often looped up to prevent soiling of the hem. This idea may have been the origin of the bustle which made its appearance in 1870. There was a greater austerity in dress which may have been due to the war in France at that time. There was most probably a restriction in the imports of silks and the more costly types of fabric. Hats still remained tiny and were perched forward on the forehead, to balance this the hair was dressed high at the back.

By 1890 "leg of mutton" sleeves had made their appearance on dresses. The jacket bodice was popular, this had a high neck supported by small strips of whalebone and tended to give the wearer a starchy, frigid appearance.

Surprisingly enough, in spite of this dignity a keen interest in sport was shown and outfits were made in serge for cycling, bathing, tennis and hockey. By 1893 the "hour glass" silhouette had arrived, with all the accoutrements of a wasp waist, a narrow skirt and a small bustle. The costume or tailor made was established during this period, these were made of wool, serge or tweed mostly and trimmed with velvet, fur and braid. Shoulder capes were popular and were often worn over these suits.

Another striking innovation was that of the blouse. This owed its origin to Garibaldi who must have worn some form of this garment during his campaigns with the result that it was brought to the public notice. The necks of these blouses were as high as those of the dresses and were often encircled by four or five rows of pearls, a fashion copied from Queen Alexandra, who was the leader of fashion at that period. The Queen was also responsible for the mode of wearing small toque hats often trimmed with Bird of Paradise plumes arranged in a vertical aigrette on the crown of the hat. Veils also frequently adorned the hats and were either very short or covered the whole face.

The accessories considered modish were gloves and fabric handbags, it was also stylish to sport a pair of lorgnettes. Elastic sided boots with high heels and pointed toes made from either patent leather or kid leather were the chief form of footwear of this period.

So it can be seen that during the nineteenth century, fashion, as ever, was fickle, subject to changes according to the historical happenings of the period and to the whims and moods of "my lady".

G. Woodward

Books Consulted:

The Art of English Costume - C. Willett Cunnington
English Costume of the 19th Century - Iris Brooke &
James Laver

Dress - James Laver
English Costume - Doreen Yarwood

Galleries Visited:

Art Gallery - Manchester
Platt Hall - Manchester



DAY DRESS 1876-78

Silk and satin. Separate bodice
& tie back skirt. Small pocket for watch.



1868-70

Felt - velvet ribbon
trimming



1886-7

Cotton braid
Velvet, lace & flower
trimming



1890-1900

Sailor shape, straw plait
Ribbon trimming



Bonnet
1892-3

Silk, feather
& bead trim.

WINDOWS

We are not so much concerned here with the massively ornate openings in Castles or Cathedrals however beautiful, but rather with the more domestic variety in houses and homes to which all of us can better relate. The first kind can be described better by the term "Fenestration" which implies a grander more overall and more sophisticated arrangement, the word being derived from the French and Latin and imported since the Norman Invasion.

Here, however, we shall discuss the homely window, an English word derived from the old Norse "Vindauga" meaning literally Wind-eye. So called because the original unglazed opening was small and as inaccessible as possible for the sake of security but admitted plenty of draughts and overlooked the entrance so the occupier could see who was calling on him.

Early domestic windows, that is up until Tudor times and probably much later the further North one goes, were non-existent. At least they were very few and very small certainly in the more northern areas. This was essential in order to keep out wind and cold as well as for security. In warmer climes the weather was less of a problem and the windows or openings turned inwards to a courtyard to provide protection from unwanted visitors.

In England, however, because of the lack of, and later the expense of glass, most domestic dwellings were lit only by the open door or the fire which goes some way to explaining the importance of the threshold and the hearth in folklore and history. As chimneys only became fairly general in later Elizabethan times, the smoke had to find its own way out through a hole in the ridge - in Lancashire this was the "Lubber" - it is obvious that house interiors were gloomy not to say uncomfortable. No wonder that domestic tasks like food preparation were often done outside - weather permitting.

Slowly, as strong government made a more stable country and discouraged brigandage in all its earlier forms, windows found more favour, the only limiting factor being an effective means of keeping out the weather.

As glass was either rare or far too expensive except for the wealthy of Mediaeval and Tudor times the alternatives were shutters which cut off the light as well as the weather. Oiled linen was fairly common but was obviously opaque and could hardly have been permanent, other glazing materials were thin marble, oyster shells and even horn.

These last two although fairly readily available could only be obtained in small pieces and a method of jointing them together slowly evolved. Early glass which also could only be made in small pieces led to the familiar diamond or rectangular shaped "quarries" joined together by lead "comes". Until Elizabethan or even Jacobean times these were valuable and not considered as part of the dwelling and were removed by the owner on moving house just like his furniture. Most probably this practice died out because of the obvious difficulties of adjusting the glazing to fit non-standard openings.

Virtually all the dwellings now surviving from these times are the more substantial houses of the better off Yeoman freeholders, husbandmen or landowners, so virtually nothing is left to show us how the cottager existed. His house was generally too flimsily built to last more than a few generations but a very few have survived but not intact and unaltered.

In timber framed houses which were the rule hereabouts until the end of the 16th Century (it is impossible to be precise here as there is of course always an overlap) the insertion of a window opening was no problem. It simply involved the omission of a convenient panel of "wattle and daub" infill from the wall framing and the insertion of an appropriate number of vertical glazing bars as security and fixings for the glazing. These bars were usually of oak and 1" square but fixed diagonally. The last intact example of these known to exist in this area was at Commissary Farm demolished by the Development Corporation in 1973. Close examination of the exposed timber framing of Old Hall in Balcarres Road reveals the mortices of these bars where an old window has been blocked up. The wealthier the owner the better built his house and the more elaborate his windows and other fittings. Visitors to Rufford Old Hall, Smithells Hall at Bolton and York and Canterbury, if they care to look carefully, can see many different and interesting examples.

As bricks supplanted timber for the walls during the 17th Century, windows remained the same basic pattern but now with mullions, jambs, heads and cills in stone with iron bars set like the earlier timber ones. Lemon House Farm off Kellett Lane (that was) was an excellent example but the bars were removed during the recent alterations. Here oddly enough the windows to the upper were formed in brick cut and rendered in imitation of the more expensive masonry of which there are, or were, many more local examples still to be seen. The upper windows to the rear elevation of this house of C 1630 still had most of its original leaded lights which were destroyed by vandals after its vacation following compulsory purchase in 1975. During the civil war and interregnum building seems to have virtually ceased but the restoration brought more new houses with increasingly longer windows mainly by lowering the cills.

Then at the end of the 17th Century came the sliding sash window, a major innovation that is still with us. It is without doubt the most attractive and versatile means of lighting and ventilating a building yet invented. It probably did not appear in the North West until the first half of the 18th Century and at first the vertically sliding sashes were fixed with wooden pegs to the solid frame. This was originally set almost flush with the outer face of the wall like the recently demolished old house next to the Natwest Bank in Towngate. Later it was moved back and set in a rebate in the wall in order, according to one theory, to improve fire resistance. It seems more likely however that as a cased or boxed frame evolved to accommodate the familiar sash weights and cords as counterbalances, a more positive and weatherproof fixing became necessary. Because of this construction they are often termed double hung sashes. A casement incidentally is a side hung opening light hung on hinges and is equated with square headed windows. Sash windows remained characteristic of the British Isles and were exported to all English speaking countries. Look out for the many variations with or without glazing bars, called astragals in Scotland which should never, ever be removed, semi circular or segmental heads, curved windows with curved glass sometimes in 'Bow' windows, fashionable in the late 18th Century. In the early 19th Century these were sometimes called 'Trafalgar' windows when cantilevered from an upper floor with pillared supports unlike an Oriel. Do not confuse 'Bow' with 'Bay' which is an angular projection the origin of the term being disputed.

The cottagers version of the sash window was the locally termed (derisory ?) 'Yorkshire Light'. A few examples still exist of these small sashes sliding horizontally behind a fixed one, but like many other traditional and attractive features they are now fast disappearing in the name of so-called improvements.

This article has really only touched on one aspect of the house and much more can be learned by observation. Even modern window design which owes more to mass production and constantly changing fashion than tradition, can prove interesting if only as an aid to dating a possible purchase.

Peter F. Barrow

FURTHER EXCERPTS FROM THE MEMOIRS OF
THE LATE REV. CANON JACQUES
LEYLAND 1861 - 69

On the great feasts and on the first Sunday of the month Holy Communion was celebrated. Funerals and baptisms were numerous, for many who belonged to families who were connected with the old parish before it was divided wished their children to be christened and themselves buried where their forbears had been baptised and interred.

I had not been many months in Lancashire when sad trouble came over the country. Owing to the American civil war the supply of cotton failed and sore loss and lack of materials made it impossible to keep the mills running. The nation nobely responded to Lancashire's needs and a sum of £4,000 helped to support many families in our parish who were thrown out of employment. Soup kitchens were started and food and clothing distributed amongst the needy. Sewing classes were started for the women and girls and an amount of work allotted to the men. I certainly think that during those sad times close contact with the people gave me more experience than I could have obtained in many ordinary years, and, indeed, I feel sure that the Lancashire people were not in the end losers by that calamity.

When the first wagon load of cotton came to Leyland station the weavers and operatives surrounded the longed-for cargo and before they ran it to the millyard, sang "Praise God from whom all blessings flow". It was a great relief when the dark cloud lifted and prosperity returned.

In the days when I was connected with Leyland Parish and Church area, scattered houses made parochial visiting very difficult. I will remember the only person who regularly made an obeisance in church was an inmate of one of the Osbaldeston cottages. One of the old dames said she occupied the middle cottage and could not get on with her neighbours; "she thought of herself as like her Master, who was crucified between two thieves".

It was our duty to try and bring peace and sometimes, if not always, we succeeded.

There were then six bells in the tower and well were they handled. The sexton rang the tenor and the beadle or dobbie as he was generally called, rang a lighter bell. I can see this old man now, with long silver hair, and his gown and wand following the preacher to the top story of the three decker, letting down the seat and fastening the pulpit door. The Vicar once asked the sexton why he did not occupy his special seat in the chancel. He replied that he had been very regular in his attendance but he was leaving it now to the younger folk. He startled me one winter's day by appearing at a funeral in a wonderful wig which had once been the property of a vicar in the 18th century, who had given it to the sexton of his day. That wig was certainly more of a curiosity than a work of art.

Taking an interest in the University boat race, I requested a friend who was going to Preston to let me know who had won. I inquired in the afternoon from the maid whether there was any message. "Yes" she said, "Mr. T. has called but I've clean forgotten which it was but I think it were Rochdale!"

One old inhabitant whose christian name was Cuthbert had been converted to "Cuddy", he had a grumbling wife who often scolded him. He said to her "Do say something sweet for once" and her reply was "Treacle", and afterwards he was invariably called "Treacle Cuddy".

For the young men we started a cricket club, or, I ought more correctly to say, revived it, for in earlier days there was an excellent eleven, in which the Vicar and his brothers and other good men and true played, and it had been well nigh invincible. The B's had been busy Baldwins, Bashalls, Brethertons, etc. We played many interesting matches and when the late Mr. T. Shuttleworth bought and occupied Golden Hill, there was a welcome addition to the team. Soon after my departure the arrival of Mr. J. Stanning and the interest he took in getting a good side together made the Leyland club famous in the North, and the nursery for many County players. It was my great happiness to spend many pleasant hours and to play in many a good match with my neighbours against other elevens. Sometimes during the season we would play eleven clergy against the laity and though I must say we were overmatched as a rule, still we could make an interesting game and do credit to the cloth.

To my great happiness and the delight of the parishioners and neighbours, in 1863 I brought back to Leyland as my wife, the younger sister of my Vicar and found in her a helpmate indeed. Her return to the parish in which she was born and where her father, brother and relations had been vicars, was very welcome.

Mr. Townley-Parker, the Squire of Cuerden, spoke to me of the advisability of building near Leyland station, a church to meet the needs of those inhabitants who resided in the neighbouring district and towards the creation gave a subscription of £1,000. Mr. Bashall of Farington Lodge gave £500. So began a building which was consecrated in the year 1885 and has in the new parish 3,500 inhabitants. Soon afterwards the Vicar of Deane requested me to take charge of Westhoughton, near Bolton, and to the Vicarage my wife, three boys and a baby girl went at the beginning of 1869.

"POULTON-IE-FYLDE"

Talk with Slides by D. Foster MA PLD

December Meeting

In 1837 the Historian the Rev. W. Thomber described Poulton as the "Metropolis of the Fylde" - this status was not maintained. It became an ecclesiastical centre of seven townships totalling 19,000 acres - sparsely populated. Poulton developed marketing functions for flax, timber and in 1847 a cattle market supplied by the Irish operating through the new port of Fleetwood.

Industrialisation caused many market towns to be left behind by natural disadvantages and fate, Poulton was one. The rate of population growth slowed down and Poulton lost its hand loom weavers. Both Blackpool and Fleetwood lured the young and adventurous, as well as the needy and hopeful folk of the Fylde who were looking for work.

There were several energetic and enterprising merchants who were attracted to Kirkham for introduction of the new mechanisation of their industries - the Langleys, the Hornbys and also the Birleys who developed and prospered.

Social leadership and political authority in Poulton was undertaken by professional men and gentlemen farmers. Two were chosen by the select vestry to be overseers, sworn in by a magistrate. They were responsible for Local Government and maintained Law and Order, care of the Roads, Public Health as well as distributing Poor Relief.

Poulton is noted in Domesday Book when little else is mentioned of the Fylde. It had a Church in 1090 A.D. A perpendicular one was built about 1603 A.D. - was destroyed in 1751 and a Faculty was granted in 1753 to rebuild. The present Church of St. Chad, it dates from the 18th Century. There are several ancient relics in the vicinity that are of much interest.

With redevelopment in the market square, one side has been preserved in keeping with its earlier styles. There is a market cross, a whipping post and stocks - reminding us of previous methods of dealing with vandals and scamps!

R.S. KELLER

NOTES FROM LEYLAND LIBRARY

Here, at the library, local history is one of our most popular subjects. We've only had the local history centre for two years, but already users range from schoolchildren through college or university students, to Americans studying family history.

Personally, I would like to thank everyone who has helped in any way, especially the late J.N. (Noel) Banister, who knew so much, and was so willing to help in any way he could.

In the library we are trying to build up a comprehensive picture of life as it was in this area, and the people who played such a part in not only the life of this region, but the county and indeed the country. First and foremost in popularity come the ffarington family.

Luckily the family's papers were saved, and it's fascinating to learn that Henry ffarington was knighted at the coronation of Anne Boleyn, and it was through his founding the chantry to St. Nicholas in the Parish Church, that Leyland gained a grammar school, and now a museum.

Later, William ffarington was High Sheriff of Lancashire. To read of all he supplied, well!

This is only a small part, but he supplied linen, pewter, glass, and in the kitchen - "2 beefes; 8 veales; 21 muttens; 10 lambes; 2 kidds; 13 piggs; 4 great turkeys; 24 yonge turkeys; 28 capons". Many items were sent from Worden to Lancaster - baked meats; 30 lb sugars; 12 lb peppar; and many items for the kitchen.

This was only a small part of William's life. To read more, the book you need is volume 13 of the Chetham Society publications.

The name of Charnock appears many times in the ffarington family's papers. Very little is written about them, but fitting everything together it seems as though they were an important Catholic family and their home, Charnock Hall, or Old Hall, can be seen today.

We started with only a very small collection, but we are gradually building up a picture of life as it was. We have still a very long way to go, but it is rather nice when an archaeologist finds material which will help him in his work.

Although our collection is small but growing, we are hoping to add another dimension to it . Proof of an early settlement in the area.

If there are any signs of early man near here, then members of the society will be brought in at once.

Once again, many thanks to anybody who has helped in any way at all. Members' information is invaluable.

Here at the library, not long ago, we had a request for full details of the Gunpowder Plot. Nothing was available on the shelves, but in the local history section was a transcript of a letter written by Mr. Sumner, Mr. Farington's servant, who was in London when the plot was discovered. Nothing simpler than to photocopy this. Result - one satisfied lady.

Dorothy Kazer.

TURNPIKE ROADS FROM LIVERPOOL TO YORK

In January and February we were taken on a journey from Liverpool to York via the "Old Turnpike Roads". Mr. Sheen our speaker, not only knew his subject, but had photographed the journey, and many of his slides showed buildings which have now been destroyed, so it was an ancient and modern history story.

Up to 1555 the roads in this country were merely tracks, muddy in winter, dusty in summer, in many cases following drover tracks, or old christian pilgrim ways.

Parliament was petitioned and eventually about 1663 permission was given to set up turnpike trusts. Liverpool did not set up toll gates so you could journey from Liverpool to Walton free. The toll was 1d for a horse and 3d for a wagon, but funerals, the Royal Mail or the army travelled free. The penalty for damaging a tollgate was hanging.

After seeing a very old postbox still adorned with a crown we proceeded down the A59 to Walton Church, past Unsworth Chapel to Maghull where teams of horses would be changed.

After stopping on our way to glimpse the many churches en route, we came eventually to Ormskirk, where we took time out to visit the canal, we also saw the church with the tower for the bells and spire for the church. We hadn't time to stop for Ormskirk ginger bread but hurried on to Burscough, where many of us learned for the first time about Burscough Abbey.

A quick look at Waterloo Church and then on to Rufford to visit Rufford Old Hall, much of which is timbered, and much built in hand finished brick. At Tarlton we visited the Ram's Head and looked round the fishing cottages and boatyard. We also saw the dock gates that led the canal into the River Douglas.

We next passed Carr House where Jeremiah Horrocks viewed the transit of Venus, now of course a dolls museum, and then on to the Rose and Crown, an old coaching inn which was the home of the last hangman in Britain. The first part of our journey came to an end at the outskirts of Hutton.

Our journey began again in Preston, and P.P. we were told does not stand for Proud Preston, but Preserve Piece, this being taken from the coat of arms of St. Wilfred, which also bore the pascal lamb. The route now went via Walton-le-Dale, where the flemish weavers settled and the Lancashire clog was adapted from the flemish sabot. We had all heard the story of the battle between Royalists and Cromwell, but we had not considered Walton as a Roman Ford and camp, and new to most of us was the claim that the 1st lightning conductor was raised at Walton, and one of it's sons was Joseph Livesey who started the tetotal association.

We passed St. Leonard's Church (he was the patron saint of travellers and prisoners and on to $\frac{1}{2}$ d Bridge, the turnpike from Blackburn.

We now visited Salmesbury Hall where restoration began by public subscription in 1925, and on to Mellor Brook and Osbaldeston.

Our next call was at Ribchester. Our history lesson here taught us that because Cromwell destroyed so many organs, the minstrel galleries were introduced to replace them.

On through Copster Green, Billington and Whally where we viewed the 13th century church with 15th century additions, and some of the abbey ruins.

Chatburn and Clitheroe, with Pendle on our right. Clitheroe which has the remains of the smallest Norman keep. Sawley, Gisburn, Broughton to Skipton, famous for its calico, which owes much of its prosperity to Lady Anne Clifford.

Harrogate was an 18th and 19th century spa, through Knareborough, and over Marston Moor.

Like Liverpool, York did not have tolls on the roads into or out of the city.

After a quick tour of the city walls, and some of the Roman remains, we ended our journey with a glorious feast of sight and sound, Yorks glass windows and back.

A wonderful end to a wonderful tour, and so much of it on our own doorstep.

Dorothy Mather

FILM NIGHT WITH JOHN RICKARDS

Monday 5th March 1979

Before a good attendance, some ninety or so members and friends, Mr. Rickards brought us up to date with his photographic exploits and expeditions. Telling how he had re-edited and re-taken some of "Old Pendle" and felt we would find interest in the re-make, especially if we enjoyed the original version. He told of his visits to St. Ives and helped us appreciate the history of the artistic community in St. Ives. Notwithstanding, nor belittling in any way the undoubted beauty found in the area surrounding St. Ives, our mentor thought to show a little of our local beauty and grandeur to the artistic fraternity in their own meeting hall. The programme presented to us being the same as shown to their members in St. Ives.

"Reflections on Lakeland" recalled a first visit when Mr. Rickards went camping as a boy with his parents and family to Skelwith Fold Farm twenty five years ago and his early introduction to the Lake District left him with a very different conception of "the lakes" than a quick dash by coach to Bowness and a row on the Lake or perhaps a trip on a Steamer. By superb photography and an artistic expertise transcending the ordinary, we were privileged to savour the Lake District through the eyes of an artist, culminating in a series of studies on film of the "Langdales" in their many changing moods and seasons - artistry which whets the appetite and leaves one breathless for more.

Following this was "Portrait of St. Ives", a film composition with a purpose - taking art to the artists - with a little bit of publicity for 'home ground' for good measure. Again we were treated to a work of art which stimulated the interest. There was something for everybody in this cameo of St. Ives, sun, sea and sand, surfing and sunbathing, seascapes, landscapes, buildings and historical reference and of course artists at work (or play depending on which opinion one holds). Some of the camera techniques employed in the making of this film must be classed as of the highest professional standard. As with all Mr. Rickards work it was easy to see that nothing short of perfection will do.

After the interval "Old Pendle", another masterpiece, which we were told was of twenty five minutes duration, absorbed us and held us spellbound (I knew the witches came into it somewhere), time sped by all too quickly. I could have watched it through again. The haunting strains of Old Pendle sung in a typically East Lancashire fashion were magically transformed into pictures before our eyes with views of Burnley, Clitheroe, Colne, Downham, Barley and the confluence of the two rivers which made a lovely word picture come to life in a wonderful way. Our imaginations were fed some entrancing early morning mist shots and shades of evening around dusk, one could have been forgiven a gasp of fright if the half expected spectre on a broomstick had zoomed across the screen and disappeared into the swirling mists. One can appreciate the environment must have contributed to the acceptance in those ar off days of the plausibility of witches and the like. The film also brought out the strange fact that only two miles from industrial Lancashire one is in the tranquil countryside. The beauty of the Ribble Valley, the once flourishing religious centres, native crafts and culture were all brought to remembrance in this excellent film. We look forward to Mr. Rickards next visit, hoping that his new film on Lancashire will be ready in time and knowing that it will be another par excellence.

Mr. Holmes