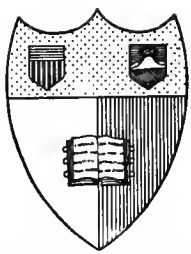
OLD BRADFORD ILLUSTRATED



OLD BRADFORD ILLUSTRATED

WRITTEN BY

HARRY FIELDHOUSE

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

E wish to tender our thanks to all those who have assisted us, either in the collection and verification of facts, or in the obtaining of authentic subjects for the illustrations used in this book. Our especial thanks are due to Mr. Councillor John Buckle, Messrs. Geo. Hetherington, Wm. Ward, Edward Bairstow, Mrs. C. J. Elgey, Mrs. Servant, and Dr. C. F. Forshaw for the loan of old engravings and paintings; to Mr. J. A. Clapham, Secretary, Mr. Thomas Scorah, Librarian, and several members of the Bradford Antiquarian Society for their generous assistance in the compilation; and to Mr. A. G. Adkin for his artistic services in the etching of some of the illustrations.

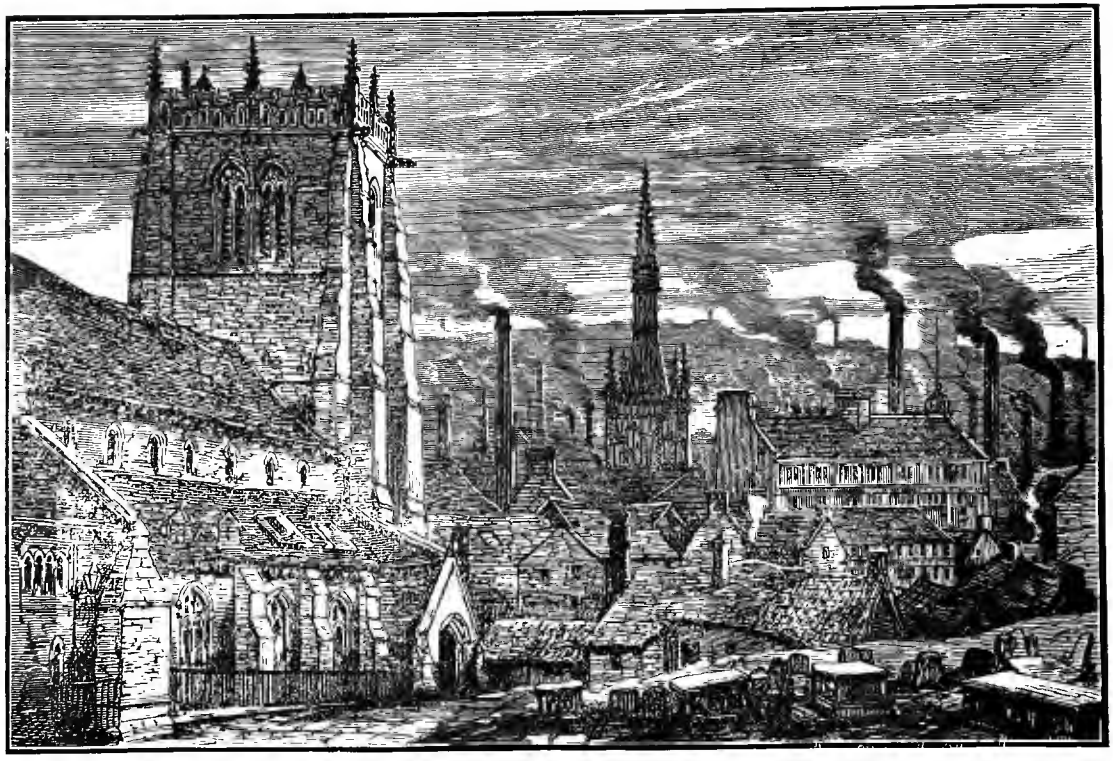
PERCY LUND & CO.

This Book is Dedicated to

SMITH FEATHER, ESQ.,

MAYOR OF BRADFORD,

AS AN OLD AND HONOURED TOWNSMAN.



Bradford Parish Church.

OLD BRADFORD ILLUSTRATED.

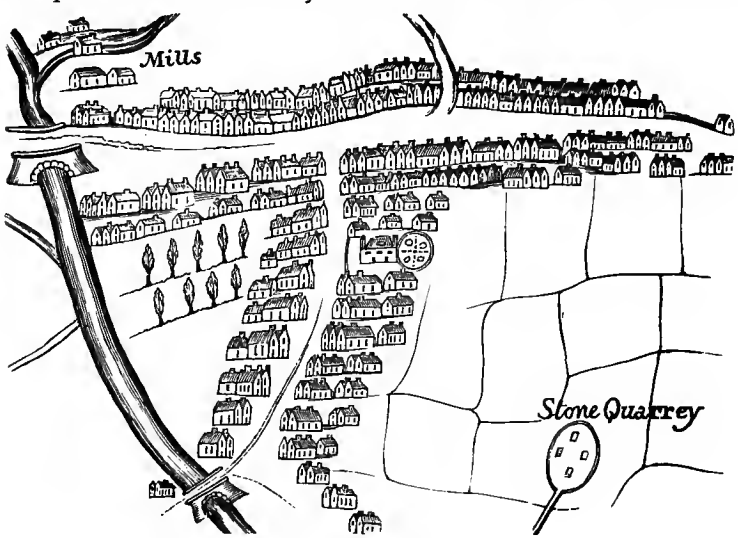
THE destruction of primitive Bradford has been accomplished so thoroughly, and within a period so comparatively brief, that special interest has been aroused in the associations of the town in its humbler days. The old folk whose reminiscences carry them back over a stretch of fifty years can, doubtless, perceive a greater contrast between Bradford past and present than even the researchful antiquary. The three poor, starved streets of which Bradford not so very many years ago wholly consisted were busy hives in their way, but none, probably, of those workers who at that time were toiling to succeed imagined they were casting around them those productive germs out of which the city of to-day has grown.

We have, fortunately, been able to purchase the very wood-cut plan of Bradford that was used by Mr. John James, the historian. It represents the town about the year 1700. There is no doubt as to its accuracy. In the British Museum there is a view of the town taken by Mr. Warburton, the Somerset Herald, about this date, and our plan bears almost an exact resemblance. Kirkgate, Ivegate, Westgate, and Silsbridge Lane are the streets or thoroughfares shown. What a pleasant flight of fancy it is to turn back to those times when the lumbering stage coach crawled slowly up Kirkgate, and the passengers held on for their lives, trembling and quaking in anticipation of the descent of Ivegate. As the coach rounded the summit of Kirkgate the driver, or guard, would cry out, "Now for the 'strait,'" as the top of Ivegate was designated for many years. Even Silsbridge Lane—dirty, neglected, unsanitary Silsbridge Lane—was a highway once upon a time. The rookeries of to-day were neat cottages then. It is not difficult, after these years of decay and demolition, to find traces of former pride in the structures that skirt this now thoroughly unwholesome lane which, from its position, must one day have been a peculiarly pleasant residential spot.

To dwell upon the facts and incidents of the past, to discuss the doings of the coaching days, to mentally map out the old market-hall, the tumble-down shops that once occupied the site upon which the Exchange at present stands, the butter-cross, and a hundred other things which cling pleasantly to the memories of the old people, is at all times a source of gratification. The generation of inhabitants by whom these scenes and incidents are remembered is fast passing away, and the opportunity of adding to the history of the rise of our town from personal

testimony will, in a few more years, be no longer available. The efforts, however, that have been made in this direction, and are still being made, are by no means meagre, and the public interest which is displayed in the work lends stimulus and encouragement to do more.

The phenomenal progress that has been achieved by Bradford and Bradfordians bespeaks energy and enterprise, and is of a character which few other towns can claim. A century ago Bradford was absolutely of no importance, commercially or otherwise, and its sparse inhabitants, if more numerous, were as simple-minded, as unpretentious, and as unprogressive as the aboriginal squatters who first conceived the notion of taking up their quarters at the *Broad-ford*. Their descendants a number of



Plan of Bradford, 1700.

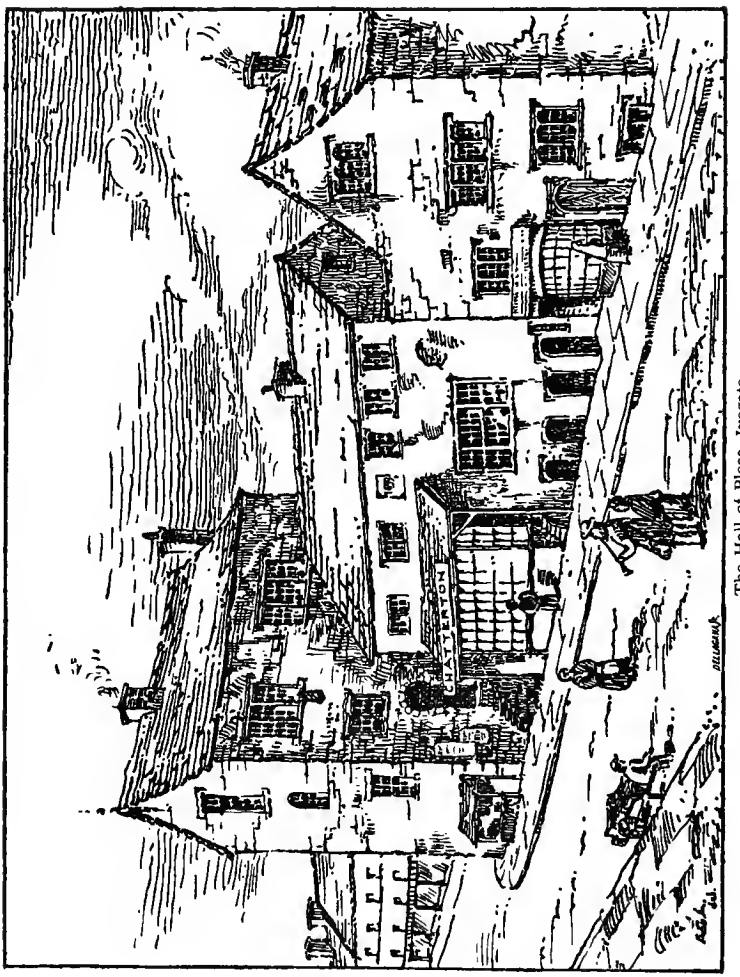
years later were still possessed of this same spirit of indolence. Although accredited keen buyers (Leland, the historian, describes "Brade-forde" as a "praty quick toune,") they stoutly resisted every movement which tended to direct their footsteps from the beaten track.

A number of historians and antiquarians who have made Bradford their theme have persuaded themselves that the Brigantes were the first tribe of settlers in the Bradford dale. The supposition, however, is not based upon information of a solid nature. The Brigantes were a wandering people, with a love of what is beautiful in Nature, and the valley in which Bradford is pitched was so singularly pretty and picturesque that it is not improbable they established their ancient habitations in its midst. Whether the Brigantes were, or were not, the first settlers is of little

consequence. The chain of evidence which we possess as to the past history of our town dates back to a period when Bradford was a very isolated and poor place, and scarcely worth living in.

Bradford, during the Saxon epoch, was included in the parish of Dewsbury, which covered an extensive area. Little, beyond this fact, is known of the town during that period. According to the Domesday Survey, Bradford had risen to the dignity of the "chief vill of the manor," and in sole dependence upon it had six berewicks, or hamlets, the whole consisting of one thousand, five hundred acres of land, which employed eight ploughs. According to Mr. James, these berewicks were Manningham, Stanbury, Great Horton, Little Horton, Haworth, and Oxenhope. The manor was worth four pounds, or sixty pounds of our present money.

After the Norman conquest the parish degenerated into a mere waste. Agriculture ceased, and the land very soon became one wild tract. When the De Lacies, however, came into power they effected a change in the destiny of the town, and the parish was gradually brought back into a state of cultivation. The process was slow and occupied time, but it was in the right direction. The De Lacies were a provident family, and constantly striving to improve the value of their possessions. The tract of land owned by them reached from Pontefract to Clitheroe, a stretch of fifty miles. It was supposed by Dr. Whitaker that the castle, which there is reason to believe used to exist in Bermondsey upon the site of the Bermondsey Hotel (both past and gone), in School Street, was utilized by the De Lacies as a house of call when journeying from Pontefract to Clitheroe. After the death of Henry De Laci the lord of the manor, Edmund De Laci, secured from the King the right to hold a market "every week, on Thursday, in his manor of Brafford, in the county of York, unless that market should be to the injury of neighbouring markets." From the Inquisition of Edward I., issued in 1277, the fact is gleaned that "Bradeford" enjoyed "many liberties," amongst them being the privilege of hanging criminals, "an assize of bread and beer, a market, and a free court from ancient times; a sheriff's turn made by his steward, and the debts of the lord the King levied by his own bailiffs." The bread and beer assize was an institution for the purpose of testing the quality and quantity of the bread and beer offered for consumption. Persons found guilty of having introduced any bogus element were punished there and then. The gallows are supposed to have been erected in a field known as Gallows Close, in the neighbourhood of Bowling Foundry. The evidence, however, upon which this supposition is based is slender. Many antiquarians are of opinion that the gallows would be nearer the centre of the town. The "free court" above mentioned was afterwards designated the Manor Court, which, in 1867, was swept away by the County Courts Act. Sums not in excess of forty shillings might be sued for through the "free court," and minor



The Hall of Pleas, Ivegate.

matters of dispute were also dealt with. The Abbot of Kirkstall, during the sovereignty of Henry VIII., attended at the Hall of Pleas, a room above Old Chatterton's Shop, in Westgate (we shall deal with the worthy Chatterton himself later on), and tried such cases as were in the "list."

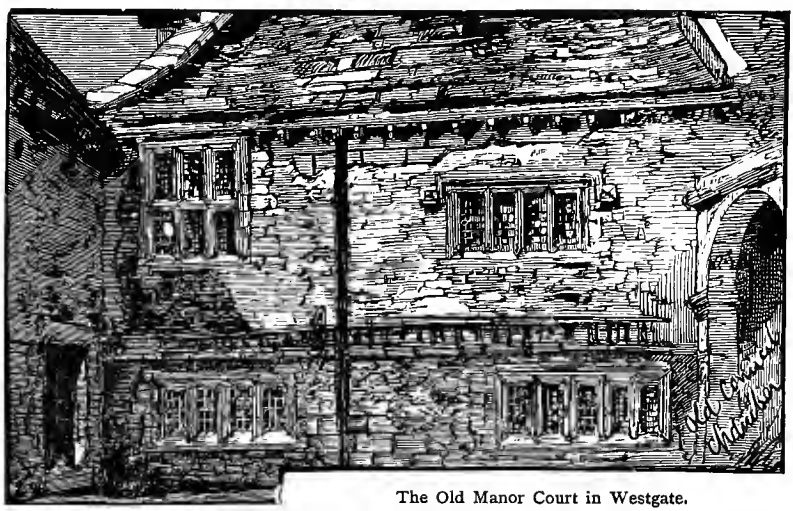
The bottom part of the building did duty as the toll-booth, or prison. John Nelson, the preacher, was confined here, and the story he told of his short imprisonment is not pleasant reading. When Nelson was seized he had been preaching at Adwalton, "in the house of John Booth." The West Riding Commissioners had instructions to impress as soldiers all persons who appeared to be leading a disorderly or precarious existence, and John Nelson's preaching was adjudged both disorderly and precarious. A person

Nelson's Prison.

named James Eastwood, an innkeeper in Ivegate, offered himself as prisoner and bail to the extent of £10 for the release of Nelson for the night. Sergeant Gibson, the constable by whom the preacher was taken into custody, was a vindictive man of the worst type. He professed religious principles not in accord with those of his prisoner, and he frequently avowed that he would "press" Nelson if his arms rotted from his shoulders. Strange to say, paralysis followed inflammation, and the constable lost the use of his arms for ever. We have been fortunate in securing for our illustration of the interior of Nelson's prison-cell, an old print which we are assured is an excellent and accurate representation of the subject, both in point of detail and lighting. It was a foul, cold, damp, unwholesome den, infested with vermin, and offering no manner of comfort. Neither the constitution of John Nelson, nor that of any other human being, could long have withstood its undermining effects.

In the seventeenth century the court was held in a building a few yards higher than the end of John Street, and upon the other side of Westgate. Over the doorway are inscribed the letters "H.M.I.M.," which are the initials of the Marsden family, who at that period owned the manor. The magisterial proceedings of Bradford, in fact, have been subjected to a perpetual change of location. The poor justices have been compelled to sit here, there, and anywhere. During one period a room behind the New Inn was converted into a court, and used as such for some time.

About the end of the thirteenth century Bradford had come to be regarded as an important centre. The dwellers in neighbouring villages and small towns attended here upon market and fair days to do the little business they found it needful to transact.

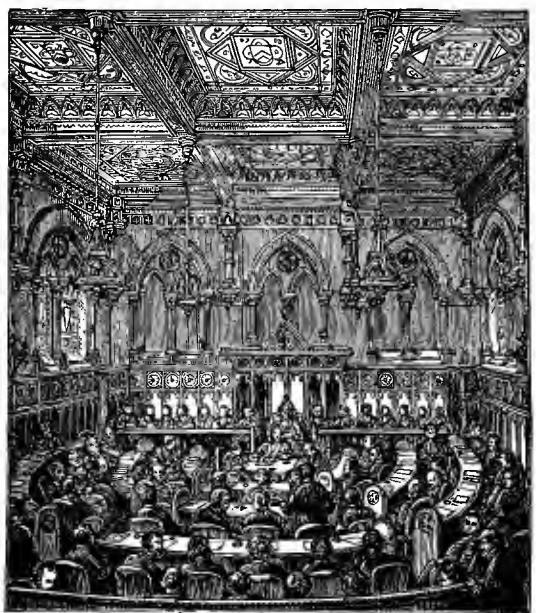


The Old Manor Court in Westgate.

During the time the De Lacies were lords of the manor the Bradford church was built. About this time a peculiar custom came into vogue. It was suggested that to hold a market on Sundays after mass would be a source of great convenience to worshippers who journeyed from a distance. As the idea met with a general expression of approval, a market was forthwith established, and it was decided, after a little discussion, that it should be held in the church-yard. Although it would probably have been difficult to define the extent of the religious fervour that existed, to be able to make one's purchases for the week and to attend church at the cost of one journey, must, nevertheless, have been a great boon to the older parishioners.

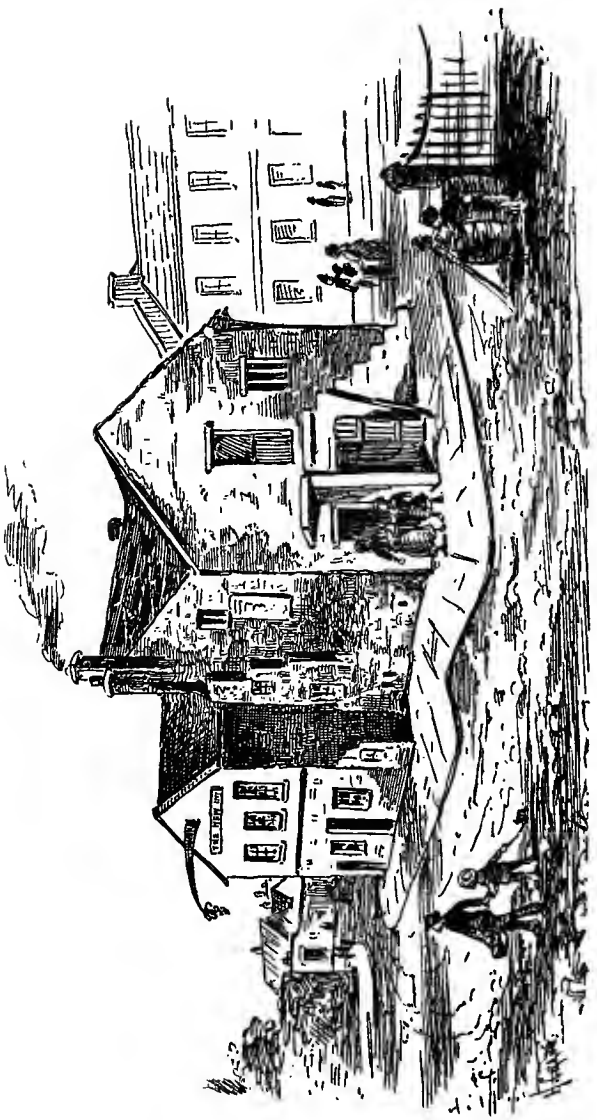
In a registration of the lands and territorial possessions of the Earl of Lincoln, taken at Pontefract, March 3, 1311, mention is made of a "Soke Corn Mill" in Bradford, but its exact site is not

defined. There is, however, a remark to the effect that "Henry, Earl of Lincoln, approved (meaning he had annexed or stolen) three acres from the wastes of Little Horton, in a place called Tyrrels, or Turles, for the attachment of his mill-dam, and for ease and liberty about his mill of Bradford." Hugh de Horton, Lord of Horton, was greatly incensed by the cool audacity of the Earl of Lincoln, against whom he instituted an action-at-law for the recovery of damages to the extent of three shillings per year in respect of the encroachment. The Earl was ordered to pay the amount claimed. If the Earl of Lincoln had his mill-dam in Tyrrel Street it is not unlikely that the mill itself occupied the site of the mills indicated in our plan. Let our reader cast his eye over the bridge which stood near to the Midland Station, along Kirkgate, down Ivegate, over the Sun Bridge (which two hundred years ago was named "Ivebridge"), and into the Turles. It was the most natural situation for such a mill. And mills at the time we write were built to last more than a day. There was the beck, which then had none of its waters absorbed along its course, to feed the Earl's dam, there was much waste ground in the immediate vicinity, and other advantages worth considering in those days. There were other soke mills in different parts of the district.



Council Chamber: Town Hall.

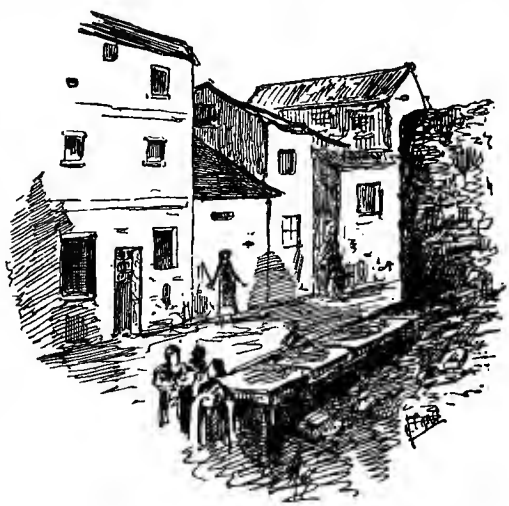
The beck was not always bridged over even at Sunbridge and the foot of Kirkgate. In the dim and distant past the stream was crossed at these points by stepping-stones, from which the name of Broadstones originated. Many years ago the Town's Prison stood on the south side of the Sun Bridge. The Turles, or Tyrrels, was the ancient recreation ground for Bradfordians. Here they had the cockpit and the bowling green. There was once an archery ground and a row of rude butts, and in the summer



The Ancient Court of Justice.

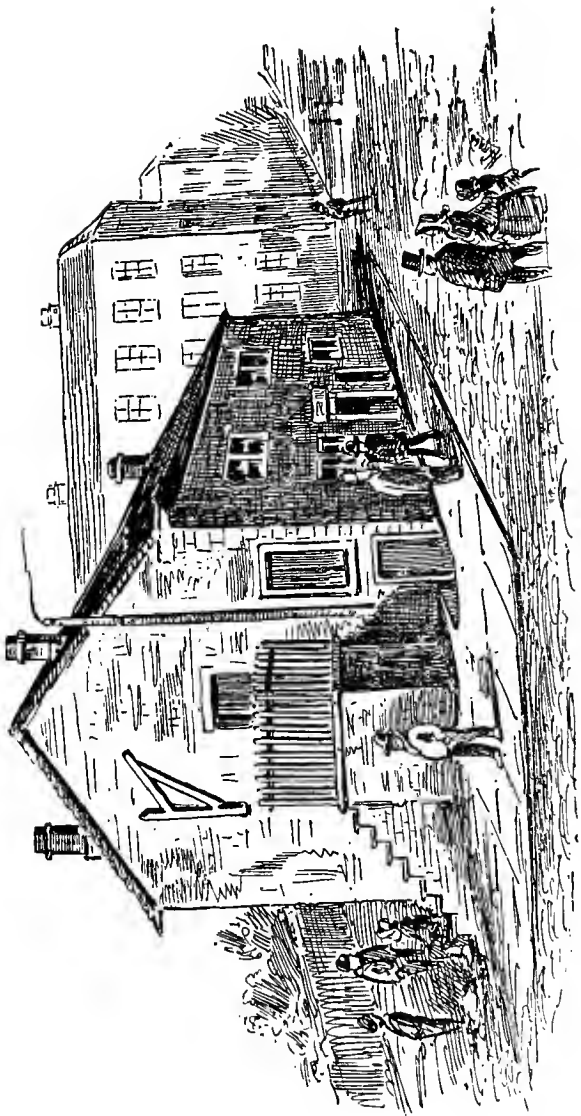
evenings the twang of the bow strings often resounded. The old Cockpit building was much resorted to. Although the sport, in the light of present-day notions, was vulgar and cruel, our ancestors devoted great study to the pastime, and as nearly as possible brought it to the level of a fine art. The Cockpit, during another period, when it had ceased to be used for its original purpose, was improvised as a vagrant office, provision not having been made for the vagrant section at the workhouse in Barkerend. The Methodists had their first meeting-room in the Cockpit building, which in later years was utilized for a variety of purposes.

To resume the thread of history, we come to a period in the annals of Bradford when the troubles of civil wars beset the town. If any solid seeds of progress were sown in preceding years they were hopelessly destroyed by the troubles in which the whole of Yorkshire was involved for a dark and lengthened period. The arts of peace practised by our townsfolk prior to the period with which we are about to deal, if few and meagre, were progressive and useful to some extent. There was improvement instead of degeneration, and the people were beginning to see the necessity of acquiring some condition of prosperity.



Goit Side.

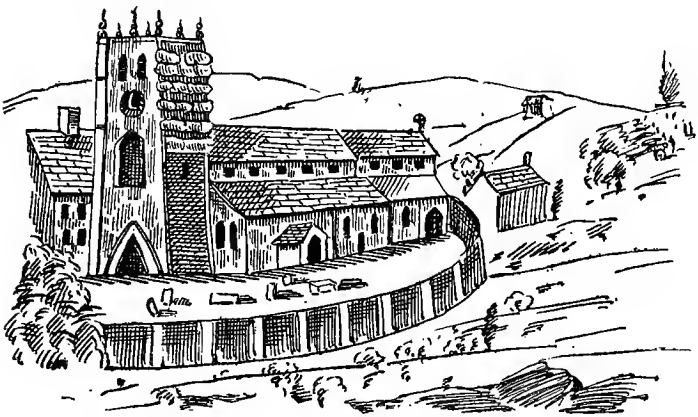
The civil war between the houses of York and Lancaster was disastrous to Bradford. The struggle extended over a period of forty years, and many landowners and other important townsmen upon whom Bradford depended for its progress, were compelled by their superior lords to take a part in the prolonged feud. They were mostly on the side of the Lancastrians. Robert Bolling, of Bolling Hall, who was dragged into the conflict by Lord Clifford, of Skipton Castle, for some time was deprived of his estate, and reduced to a condition of absolute poverty. The effect of these intestine broils was to impoverish and devastate the parish. Trade was impossible, and the town fell into a state of decay. But in the year 1642 the great civil war commenced, and it very soon assumed more serious proportions than anything which had previously occurred in the history of Bradford. It marked the



The Old Cockpit Building.

beginning of a struggle in which there was nothing to gain. The people were simply compelled to defend themselves, and in doing so their trade necessarily became neglected. Their energies were shifted by sheer force from the interests of commerce to the cause of rude slaughter. Their warfare was simply a system of hacking down with a scythe, if they possessed a scythe, or a club, if they possessed a club, and nothing more.

At the beginning of hostilities the Royal forces, who were encamped at "Hundercliff," were beaten off and dispersed. The pluck of the Bradfordians, and the sad havoc they made with their clubs, scythes, hayforks, flails, halberts, sickles laid in long poles, and other weapons of like character, completely astonished the invading troopers. The Royalist forces were in three bodies. No



Bradford Parish Church,
Showing the Woolsacks mentioned by Lister, the Historian of the Bradford Siege.
(Copy of an Old Print).

action was taken by them upon the day of arrival, but the following morning they marched towards the town, "exhibiting to our view," said an eye witness, "their engines of war, which were truly very awful and tremendous to behold." The attacking army numbered from seven to eight hundred men; the defenders of the town did not muster more than three hundred. The Royalists opened fire from their ordnance in the most determined manner. The besieged Bradfordians drew themselves together and resolutely stuck to the passes leading into the town. The fury of the cannonade caused them to lose a number of men, but their courage held together. Luckily for our townsmen, however, just as the fight was coming to a crisis the elements darkened, the wind rose to a high pitch, and snow began to fall in dense, blinding showers. The enemy

"Pity Poor Bradford! Pity Poor Bradford!"
(Copy of an Old Print.)

were considerably troubled, and to add to their discomfort one of their "great guns burst asunder." This misfortune so thoroughly scared them that the entire force, amid confusion, fled to Leeds. The Bradfordians, for obvious reasons, did not pursue them.

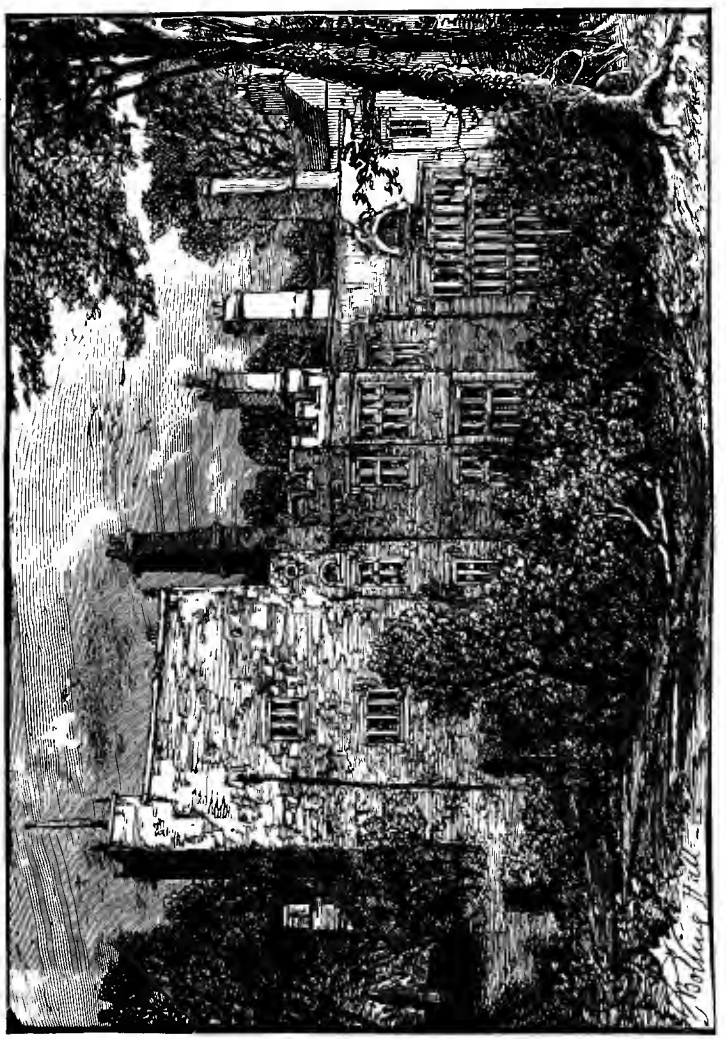
There was not a feeling of security amongst the townspeople. They were fully persuaded that a further attack would be made, and in anticipation of such a renewal of hostilities every preparation possible was made. Reinforcements from Halifax, Bingley, and neighbouring villages were obtained; Halifax also contributing a real captain to instruct the untrained Bradford men how to guard and fortify the town. The resolve was to conquer or die. The captain called his men together. They were eighty in number, and their arms were muskets and long guns. The greater part of them were placed in the church and upon the steeple, against which were hung large sheets of wool in order to prevent the enemy from doing damage with the ball from their cannon. Spies were dispatched to different points and the development of events was eagerly awaited. On the 18th of December, 1642, the Sabbath day, the Royalists, consisting of "five troops of horse, six troops of dragoons, and two hundred foot," sallied forth in the direction of Bradford, with the object of surprising the inhabitants while at divine service. The scouts, however, quickly conveyed intelligence of the approach of the enemy, the worshippers took flight and sought for places of safety, while the men were ordered to their posts. On came the Royalist forces, their warlike music ringing through the air, and their streamers floating on high. They halted in Barkerend, about three hundred yards from the church. A battery of artillery was directed against the steeple, and ball after ball dispatched in quick succession. The long guns in the steeple had already proved very annoying to the enemy, and at last one of their canoneers was shot down. So delighted with this elaborate piece of slaughter were the sturdy Bradfordians that they rushed out of the town, and fell upon the Royalists in a most determined manner. The Royalist ranks were too astonished by this movement to know exactly what to do, but thinking to rid themselves of the inconvenience they had felt from the gun men in the steeple, they took possession of some houses near the church, and brought their cannon to closer quarters. Sir John Goodricke's troop of horse surrounded the town. An unmolesting woman was

"Cap of Liberty."

robbed, and two unarmed townsfolk were slain by these bestial men. Their marauding, however, was stopped by the action of a party of Bingley clubmen. Kirkgate suffered mostly from the cannonade. The Bradfordians grew weary of being shot at and shooting, and to end matters they issued from the town while the enemy were re-loading their cannon, seized the houses, slew those who resisted, made prisoners of the submissive, and pursued the fugitives to an adjoining field, where a furious struggle took place. There was such an entire lack of order that both sides became intermingled, and the enemy were obliged to cease firing their cannon lest they should slaughter their own men. This confusion was a fortunate thing for the Bradfordians, who hammered down the Royalists with the butt end of their guns. The scythes, clubs and hayforks were wielded with relentless vigour, and the troops fell like blades of grass. "One among the rest in a scarlet coat (said to be Colonel Goring himself)," wrote an eye witness, "our clubmen got hold of and were spoiling him," but they were forced to relinquish their man. Quarter was neither given nor taken. At one period of the fight a robust young officer, the Earl of Newport's son, was endeavouring to make his way down the field under the shadow of a hedge, with the object of stealing a march upon those in the church. His undue anxiety to achieve the purpose he had in view permitted him to get ahead of his men. He was seized by the Bradfordians, and, as the story goes, although the young officer begged for quarter he was told he would get "Bradford quarter," and the speaker, one Ralph Atkinson, immediately slew him. The Royalists having lost their leader turned and retreated, and the other portion who were working their cannon with comparatively no result, quickly joined them. Thus the entire Royalist force were in retreat, hurrying as fast as their legs could carry them, and pursued by about fifty of our clubmen, who pounded into their foes in a way which "did most of all astonish the enemy, who said afterwards, no fifty men in the world, except they were mad or drunk, would have pursued one thousand." The pursuit was continued for a mile and a half. The siege had lasted over eight hours. The Bradfordians lost three men killed, and two mortally wounded. Of the enemy, Sir John Harper, the Earl of Newport's son and Captain Binns were killed, besides a number of common soldiers. At least one hundred were more or less seriously wounded, amongst them being Colonel Goring, whose horse was killed under him with a scythe. The Bradfordians took many prisoners, and they also secured about ten horses, one hundred and eighty pounds of powder, and upwards of forty muskets. This seizure provided them with a better stock of arms and more ammunition than they possessed at the beginning of hostilities. The day after the battle a trumpeter arrived with a demand for the body of the Earl's son. The corpse was readily handed over to the little party, who, after a brief reverential ceremony, departed with their burden to Leeds.

Being again left to themselves, the Bradfordians began to think that their troubles were at an end. It was a vain thought. Lord Fairfax and Sir Thomas, his son, with a mixed body of soldiery, arrived in the town, strengthened their rank and file as far as possible, and set forth in the direction of Wakefield with the intention of giving battle to the Earl of Newcastle. The two armies met upon Adwalton Moor. It was a furious struggle, and Lord Fairfax was defeated. His army dispersed in all directions. Lord Fairfax himself bolted towards Bradford, while Sir Thomas betook himself to Halifax, but returned to Bradford the following day. Father and son had each a few followers who stuck to them in their flight. The Earl of Newcastle, full of triumph, again marched on Bradford. He had a large army, and the whole encamped in and around Bolling Hall. His cannon was dragged ahead and fixed in position for bombarding the church and steeple. The poor Bradfordians were in a sorry plight. The story had reached them that the Earl was determined to revenge himself by slaughtering every man, woman, or child in the place. The steeple was again protected with wool sheets, but the enemy fired with such fury that the cords which held the sheets in position were severed, and the whole fell to the ground. The approach of night put a stop to hostilities, and the next day being Sunday a drum was beat for parley. The enemy took advantage of the rest to shift their cannon to Goodman's End (top of Bridge Street), a point from which they were able to reach the heart of the town. Every means of exit was closed, and the people were now entirely in the hands of the invaders. The parley was discontinued towards nightfall, but the enemy took no action. A few persons who were huddled together on a bench at the foot of Goodman's End were blown into fragments by a cannon ball. As the midnight hour was reached Sir Thomas Fairfax called a council of war. With so small a force at their command it was deemed suicidal to risk the chances of the battle on the morrow, and as nobody was disposed to deliver himself to the Earl as prisoner, it was resolved that at the break of day every man should attempt to force his way through the enemy's lines. The plan was carried into execution and with a few losses only. Sir Thomas and his followers escaped, many betaking themselves to Hull. Some few were taken prisoners.

The condition of Bradford may be vaguely imagined. It was, of course, entirely defenceless. The streets were strewed with the horrors of war. Vicar Lane, known for a long time as "Dead Lane," was stained with human blood, and here and there lay the corpses of the slain. The remaining inhabitants, moreover, were threatened with death, and the greatest fear and anxiety prevailed everywhere. Upon the night prior to the day fixed for the execution of this plan, the Earl of Newcastle, while reposing upon his bed at Bolling Hall, was supposed to have been visited by an apparition which appealed to him in the well-known words,



Bolling Hall.

"*Pity Poor Bradford! Pity Poor Bradford!*" The identity of this ghost has never been satisfactorily established. Whether the vision was coined by the distressed populace out of sheer thankfulness for their deliverance from the fury of the Earl of Newcastle, or whether some enterprising maiden undertook to importune the Earl and devised the spectral scene as the happiest mode of doing it, are points difficult to decide. Of this we are certain: the Earl countermanded his order for the general destruction of the town and its inhabitants, although the latter were forbidden to leave for some time. Those who did escape went by way of Silsbridge Lane and "Leggrams"—once an old packhorse road.

Bradford was humbled to the dust. They were not beaten in fair fight; they were simply outnumbered and without weapons of defence. If they had possessed one single piece of cannon it would have been fired from the church steeple. The Royalists, under such circumstances, would not have blazed away with such energy and circumspection.

The Earl of Newcastle was not devoid of manliness. When Lady Fairfax was captured by his men, near where the Cock and Bottle publichouse stands in High Street, Barkerend, he kindly ordered out his own carriage, and with an escort, sent her ladyship to her husband. The men whom the Earl commanded were not a choice array. They had neither principles nor scruples. Their sense of humour was of the order which takes delight in torturing the innocent. In their wild frenzy they hewed down whatever crossed their path, whether man or beast. If an article was not worth the stealing it was ruthlessly destroyed, and its owner thrashed if he were found. After taking possession of the cattle they found in the town, a public sale was announced to take place in a field adjoining Bolling Hall. Hoping to make the best of their position the unfortunate Bradfordians repaired thither, and made purchases. The following night, however, the rascally soldiers sallied into town and again stole the cattle. A second public sale was announced, and in despair the inhabitants again bought back their stock. As might have been expected, they received a third visitation from the soldiery, by whom the cattle was driven away as before.

Bradford was not long about improving its condition, once the war was at end and the King's troops had made their departure. In a short time the scattered townspeople returned to their old quarters, and the trade of the district began to awaken.

The civil wars, however, left the town in a sorry plight. The people were practically bankrupt, and the task of reviving the trade was really one of forming fresh connections. To make matters still worse a loathsome plague seized the populace, and they were stricken down in large numbers. So infectious was this fearful disease that the poor victims were carried away to Clifte Wood, which was equipped as a temporary hospital, and all communication with the town was shut off. A line of demarkation

Old Houses and Parish Church.

was drawn, and this neither party crossed. Food, clothing, and other necessaries were carried by the townspeople to an appointed place each day, and at an hour arranged, those attending upon the sufferers fetched the articles away. The Cliffe Wood was, also, used as a cemetery for the interment of those who died from the disease. Many human bones, and several tombstones have been unearthed in the wood within recent years.

Its wealth gone, its staple industry destroyed, the district depopulated, many of its foremost men slain in the wars or otherwise removed from the circle of local enterprise, the outlook for the town did not promise immediate prosperity. It was, indeed, fully one hundred years before Bradford entirely recovered itself. The woollen industry was so thoroughly enfeebled by many years of neglect that it gradually became extinct. During this period of decay the neighbouring towns increased their populations, and strengthened their trade relations, until Bradford had to reckon with towns which once were scarcely regarded as competitors. At this period, too, the Bradfordians were unfortunately troubled with an excitable temperament, which often involved them in schemes and plots that were absolutely without purpose. This weak point held the town somewhat in subjection, and militated against its best interests. The inborn enterprise of the inhabitants instead of being wholly devoted to the furtherance of the trade of the town, was partially expended in another direction which yielded a good deal of empty glory. Towards the end of the seventeenth century when the worsted industry, which up to that time had flourished in Norwich City, began to shift into Yorkshire Bradford secured for itself little, if any, immediate benefit. It was fully forty or fifty years hence before the town derived any appreciable advantage from the change.

Poole Alley, Westgate.

But in the course of time our ancestors ceased to cultivate belligerent tendencies, and the town became the home of peace and prosperity. Upon all sides were green fields and pleasant pastures. The old Manor Hall, occupied by Mr. William Rawson, stood in Kirkgate, and was the most important building of its day. It was erected in 1703, upon the site of an ancient mansion named "Bradford Hall." The staircase, the only feature deserving of notice, was painted at the beginning of last century by Parmentin, a famous French artist; the Paper Hall in Barkerend, here and there an ancient family seat, in the distance one or two isolated homesteads, and prettier than all the rest was the old beck;

pellucid and sparkling, twining and twisting its way along the foot of Ivegate and Kirkgate, at both of which points it was crossed by a bridge. So pure and fresh were its rippling waters that the genial lounger might while away his time by catching trout, which then were almost as numerous as the dirty soap bubbles that were destined to beset its surface a few years later Kirkgate, Westgate and Ivegate, the three streets comprising the town, were pleasant, awkward thoroughfares. With one or two exceptions, every cottage had a patch of garden before the door, and the lanes that branched off in various directions were lined with hedgerows. Our ancestors once upon a time feared only Fayre Beccas and other uneasy apparitions of ill-treated persons. The common, or modern burglar, as we now know him, was an institution almost undreamt of. Night wanderers were content to grope their way along in the dark, and those who had property to protect, protected it themselves. But in the course of time a number of oil lamps were suspended in different parts of the town, and when the moon was not shining these were lighted. The constabulary force came into sway, and a very dignified body it was. The members were six in number, and their deputy-chief was Mr. John Andrews, otherwise "John Andra," who was ably assisted by his stout buckthorn stick. The buckthorn was well known by the boys of the period! In his way, "John Andra" had a host of duties, and in his own peculiar fashion he performed them well.

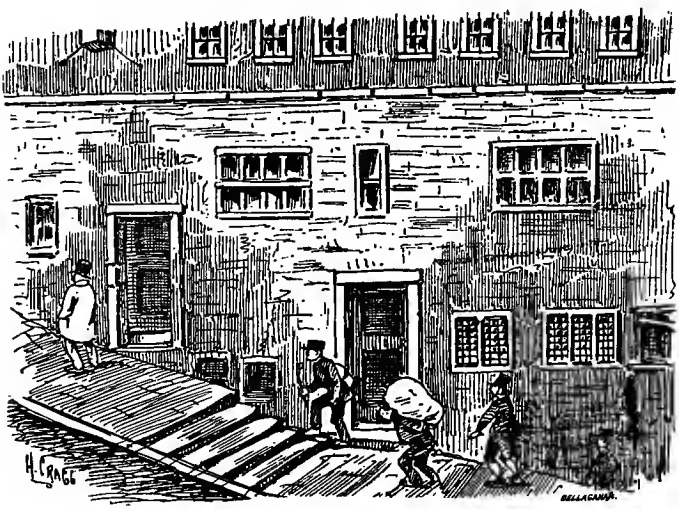
"John Andra."

Through the night the property of slumbering townspeople was protected by the "watchers" who prowled to and fro, lantern in hand, and proclaimed the time as each hour passed by. The watchers were entirely supported by subscription, and they "watched" the property of subscribers only. A number of tradesmen refused to join the "watching" movement, and in order to debar this refractory section from the possible benefits of the scheme, the watchers were most positively instructed not to concern themselves with the action of any person or persons who might be found ransacking the premises of a non-subscriber.

It must be confessed that the municipal enterprise of our ancestors was sadly checked by a too keen regard for their

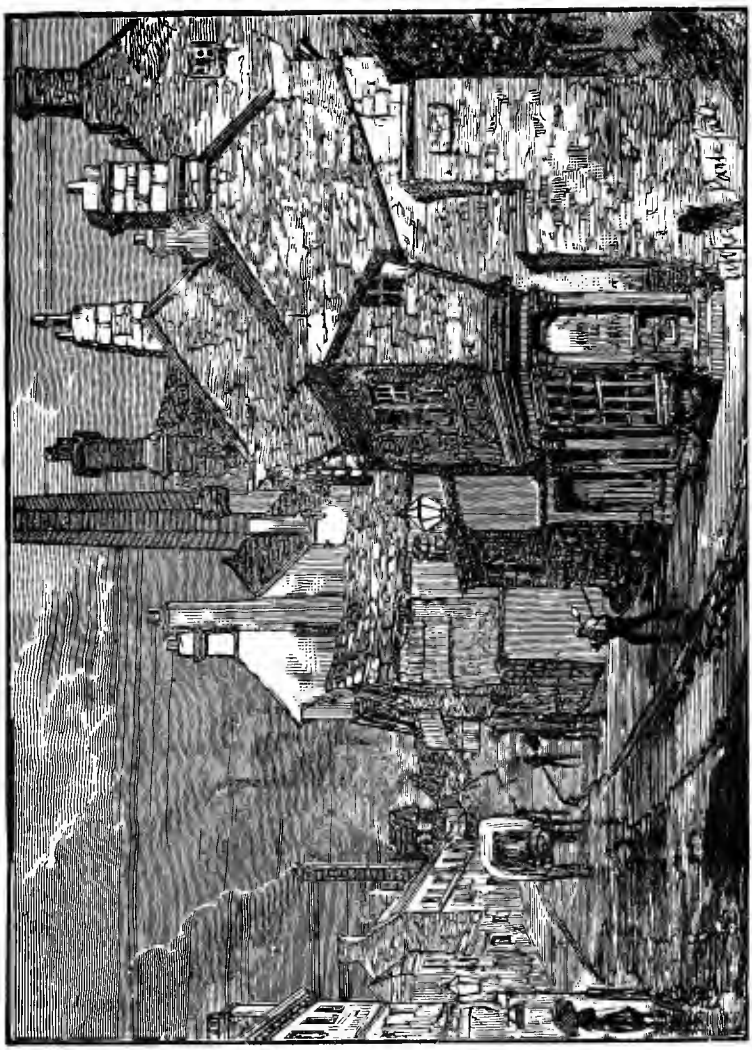
ha'pence. It is well to bear in mind that Bradfordians in those good old days spent their own money, and did not appoint a corporate body to do the work for them upon a grand scale. Many of their performances were not the outcome of their best skill. The requirements of the present, rather than of the dim and distant future, were considered most vital, and provision for coming generations was the subject of great forethought. Yet in these advanced days, with perfect lighting, perfect watching, perfect drainage, perfect architecture, and the whole governed by perfect money-spenders, it is pleasant and not altogether unprofitable, to look back upon the ways and habits of a past generation.

The old Parish Church is a rough, rugged, uncompromising



The Old Post Office, Millergate.

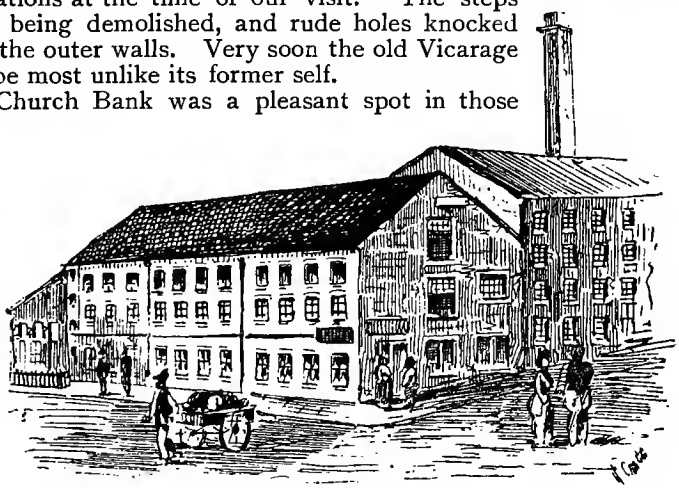
edifice. Its masonry, its style, its position, all indicate the intentions of the builder. Well has it borne the battle and the breeze, and to-day it frowns upon the encroachments of an expanding town, in the midst of which it will very soon be the only monument to remind us of a bygone past. There is no other illustration in our pages half so worthy to occupy the place of honour. The historic glories of our town, the tales of poverty and want, the legends of wealth and plenty, are all wound round its weather-beaten shell. In times of peace the inhabitants of old flocked within its walls to hearken unto the preaching of the Gospel, and in times of war they flocked within its walls for shelter and protection. Everybody—stranger, friend, or foe—for hundreds of years announced his coming and told his mission at the old Parish Church. In the coaching days the familiar tower



High Street, Barkerend.

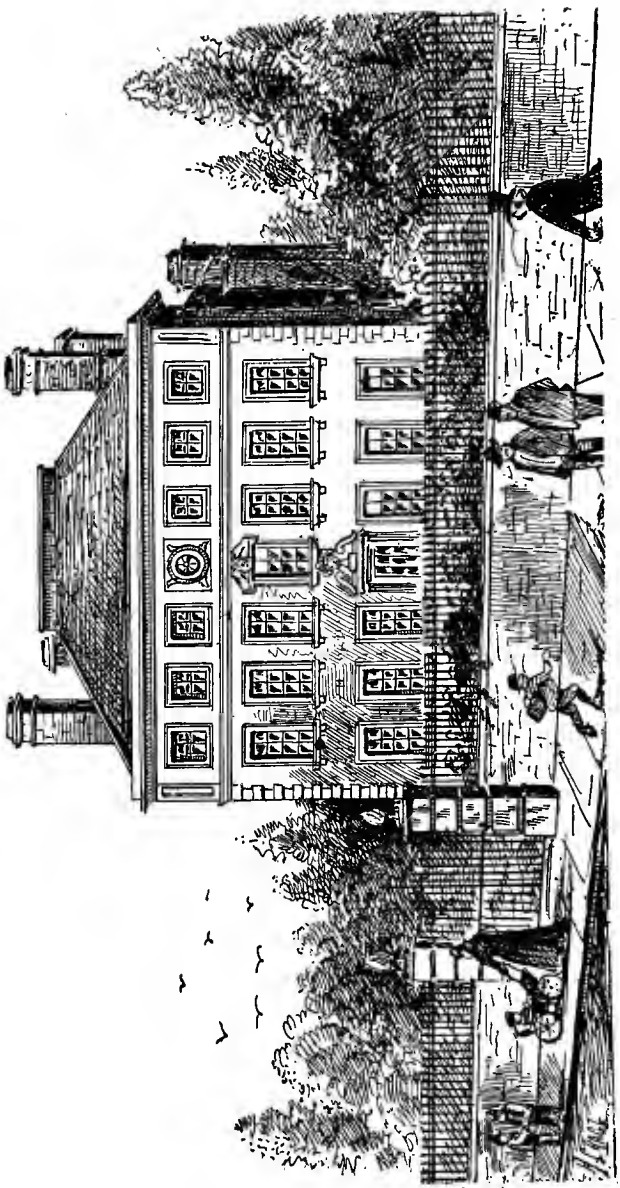
was a pleasant landmark for the weary traveller. The old Vicarage, too, which stood near by, and is at present occupied as a plumber's shop, was always fortunate in having a kindly preacher for its tenant. There are men and women living to-day who remember climbing up those modest stone steps by which the Vicarage was approached, to receive at the hands of the Vicar, in his little study, the words of wisdom and warning which he thought it necessary to instil in the young mind. Our illustration of the Vicarage gives the rear view of the building, facing into Church Bank, and mostly known to the public. The front portion, however, is by far the more picturesque. Here still remain the quaint old windows, which once looked into green fields. The back entrance to the building, shown in our picture, was undergoing alterations at the time of our visit. The steps were being demolished, and rude holes knocked into the outer walls. Very soon the old Vicarage will be most unlike its former self.

Church Bank was a pleasant spot in those



The First Bradford Mill.

days. There were green fields and sweet meadows around, and the little houses dotted here and there had each a piece of garden before the door. The coaches might be seen cautiously making their way into town, and the jolting waggoner's tinkling bell could be heard sounding its note of warning. Our illustration, taken from Upper Park Gate, High Street, gives a good idea of the quaint aspect of this primitive corner. The first local Workhouse was established in Barkerend in 1783. At one period Church Bank, Barkerend, Peckover and the immediate vicinity formed an important district. Peckover Hall, with its fine grounds, and the old Paper Hall in High Street were mansions of no mean standing in their time. The Paper Hall, which the curious may still inspect, is an ancient house, and has been a structure of much importance. The origin of its name has never been satisfactorily settled. There is abundant evidence



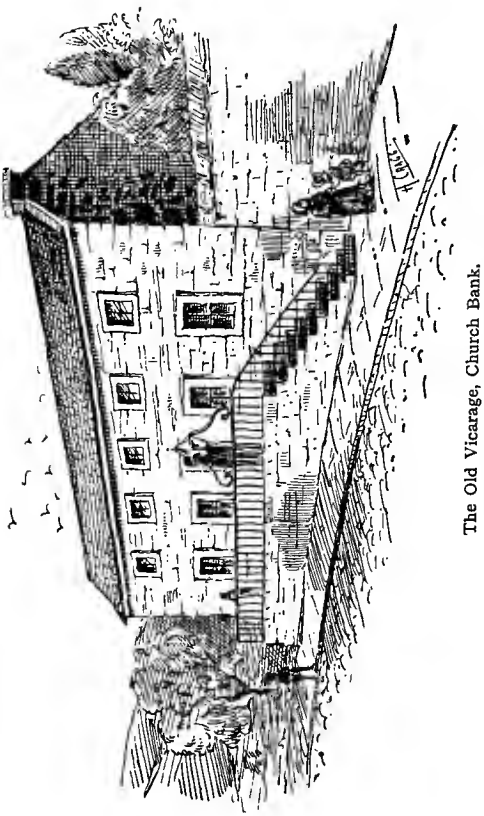
The Manor Hall, Kirkgate.

about the old place to assure us of its past glories. It was erected by William Rookes, of Royds Hall, near Halifax. Every panel, floor-board and beam is made of solid oak. A couple of years ago a local antiquarian, while in search of fresh facts, was gravely informed by the blacksmith who resided in the rear of the Hall, that a skeleton, sword in hand, had been discovered by himself, in a subterranean passage beneath the floor of his cellar. The guileless antiquarian subsequently embodied the statement in an article he contributed to a quarterly magazine. We have seen the "subterranean passage," we have been inside it, in fact. It was then what it is now, a hole, two yards square. The skeleton of the wooden-legged admiral was what is generally termed an "invention," but the sword which the blacksmith has often flourished before the eyes of delighted antiquarians was the rusty blade of an old scythe. We hope our investigations will ease the minds of many in coming generations.

About the year 1794, Mr. James Garnett erected "a mules and throstle" in the Paper Hall. At that period the old mansion was no longer a thing of undefiled beauty. The flower beds and the well-trimmed walks of former years had lost their splendour. A portion of the house was occupied by Mr. Garnett as a residence, and another part was converted into a workshop. His spinning machines, or mules, were driven by hand power, and employed about twelve hands. Mr. Garnett was a sterling man, and ever ready to assist the deserving. At one time one of the rooms in the Paper Hall was used by a religious body too poor to rent premises elsewhere. Shortly after Mr. Garnett's speculation, Mr. Robert Ramsbottom, who lived in a house in Kirkgate, emulated his example, and started several spinning machines. These he worked on the premises, the motive power being supplied by a gin horse. It was by Mr. Ramsbottom that the first combing machine was brought into Bradford. It did not, however, succeed to the expectations of its introducer, and when it was being carted from his yard Mr. Ramsbottom took off his hat, and bade the machine a final farewell. The old order was changing. The day of hand-labour was doomed. One failure merely prognosticated one success. There was a small minority at work in the interests of progress, to whose efforts failure was a stimulant.

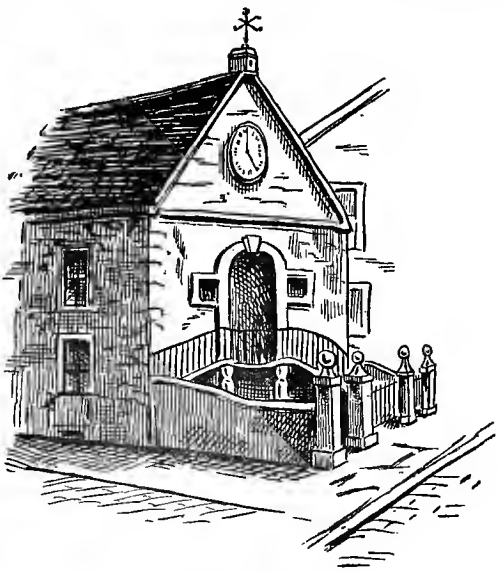
When the age of mechanical invention began to dawn, the displacement of hand-labour was regarded as the beginning of the end, when the frail chances of success which the working classes might have had would be wrenched from them. They could not be brought to see that the lights and shadows of the olden times were out of joint with the coming era, and in consequence any person who was known to be "inventing" was stamped as a traitor amongst men.

It was with the greatest difficulty, and with considerable danger to person and property, that steam power came to be introduced. The Bradfordians were not only angry, they were

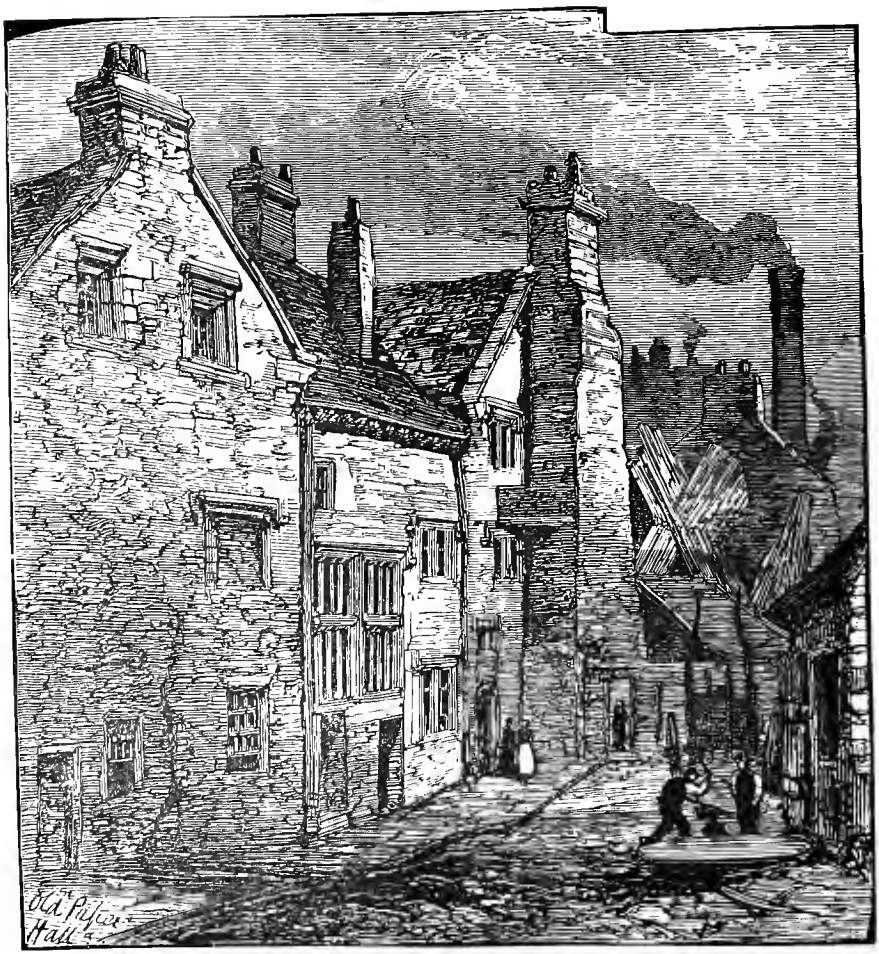


The Old Vicarage, Church Bank.

positively violent. They easily persuaded themselves that their worst acts were justified by circumstances. In the year 1789 the Bowling Iron Company was established, and, as is well known, it was only a matter of a short time to win a world-wide fame for Bowling iron. The company not long afterwards saw the necessity of working their iron by the aid of steam engines. A Bradford manufacturer named Mr. Buckley, acting upon the same idea, proceeded to make arrangements for establishing steam power in a worsted factory. He found a suitable piece of land in Manchester Road, and at once bought it. He had his plans prepared for the erection of a factory, and was upon the point of commencing building operations, when lo! a petition, signed by nearly every resident of light and leading, gravely giving notice that if Mr. Buckley did "presume to erect or build any steam engine for the manufacture of cotton or wool," and provided the same should prove itself to be "a nuisance," he would entail upon himself every conceivable punishment and penalty that could be meted out according to the law of the land. Mr. Buckley was not a courageous man. He possessed the spirit of enterprise in a mild form; he loved plain sailing. The petition caused him great trouble. He knew within himself that his proposal had greatness in it. But he could not withstand the petition, and very reluctantly abandoned his project, and left the town for Todmorden. It was in this way that Bradfordians, with a stupidity and dulness of comprehension entirely inconceivable, stood in the way of their own success for many years. Although the great bulk of the inhabitants were opposed to steam engines, power looms, and everything else that promised to revolutionize the system under which they lived and earned their livelihood, there was yet a small section of the commercial population who were determined to force into being the improvements and inventions of the day. It was to these men that credit was due for the rapid growth of Bradford. No town has developed

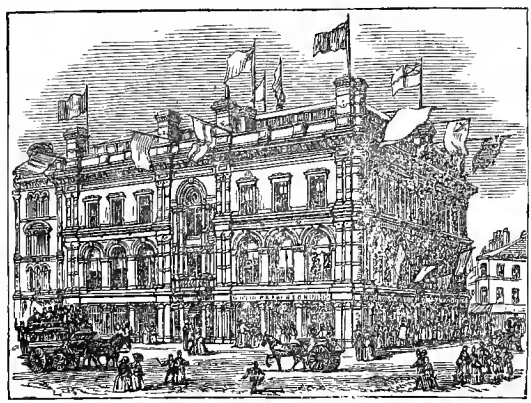


The Old Piece Hall.



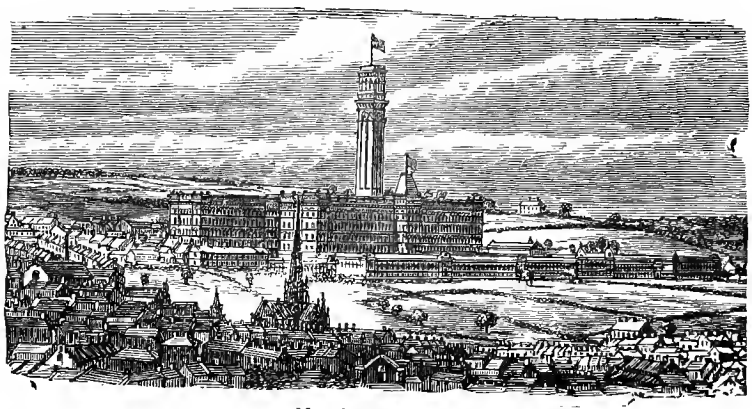
The Old Paper Hall, Barkerend.

under circumstances more adverse, and no people were more opposed to having greatness thrust upon them. Some people are born great, some acquire greatness, others have greatness thrust upon them. Bradfordians were assuredly not born great, for their origin was of the meanest, poorest description; they cannot be said, as a whole, to have acquired greatness; but in spite of an obstinate, revolutionary spirit they have had greatness thrust upon them. Mr. James Garnett, who is mentioned in another part as having started two spinning machines in the Paper Hall, drove in the wedge slightly, and not more than five years after Mr. Buckley, faint-hearted and vanquished, had left the town, Messrs. Ramsbottom, Swaine and Murgatroyd went boldly to work upon the erection of a factory. The site selected was in the Holme, in Thornton Road. The good Bradfordians were still deadly opposed to such a step. They murmured, schemed and plotted; but their vapourings had no result. Two years after its foundation stone was laid the mill was completed. That was in the year 1800. The promoters were modest in their aims. They started with an engine, whose full capacity did not exceed 15-horse. It was sufficient, however, for immediate wants. The way, moreover, was paved, and falterers very soon sprang to the front, amongst them being many of those who opposed Mr. Buckley. A year later a mill was built by Mr. Richard Fawcett, two years later the third mill was built by Messrs. Benjamin and Matthew Thompson, and the fourth mill followed within the space of twelve months, being erected by Mr. John Rand. Even at this date steam power was only applied to spinning frames, and twenty years elapsed ere the power-loom played a part in the worsted industry of the town. This is one of the things in the history of Bradford of which there is no intelligent explanation. When the power-loom did at last get an opportunity to shine, it was under the least promising of circumstances. The commercial community was suffering from the failure of Messrs. Wentworth, Challoner and Co., the bankers, by which many manufacturers were practically ruined. The lowering of wages that followed as a natural



Mechanics' Institute.

consequence of this financial disaster, was not calculated to prime the hand-loom weaver for the advent of so powerful and ominous an adversary as the power-loom. The attempt, however, was made by a plucky local manufacturer, by name, Mr. James Warbrick. A loom was secretly constructed, and Mr. Warbrick caused it to be set up in a mill at Shipley. Most of the material was conveyed thither in the dead of the night, and so successful were these preliminary operations that the loom was actually at work before its existence came to the knowledge of outsiders. But when the fact did get abroad it quickly reached the ears of every weaver for miles around. A crowd gathered in the vicinity of the factory, and Mr. Warbrick, his obnoxious loom, and the premises which concealed it, were threatened with destruction if the article that had provoked the righteous indignation of a hand-working popu-



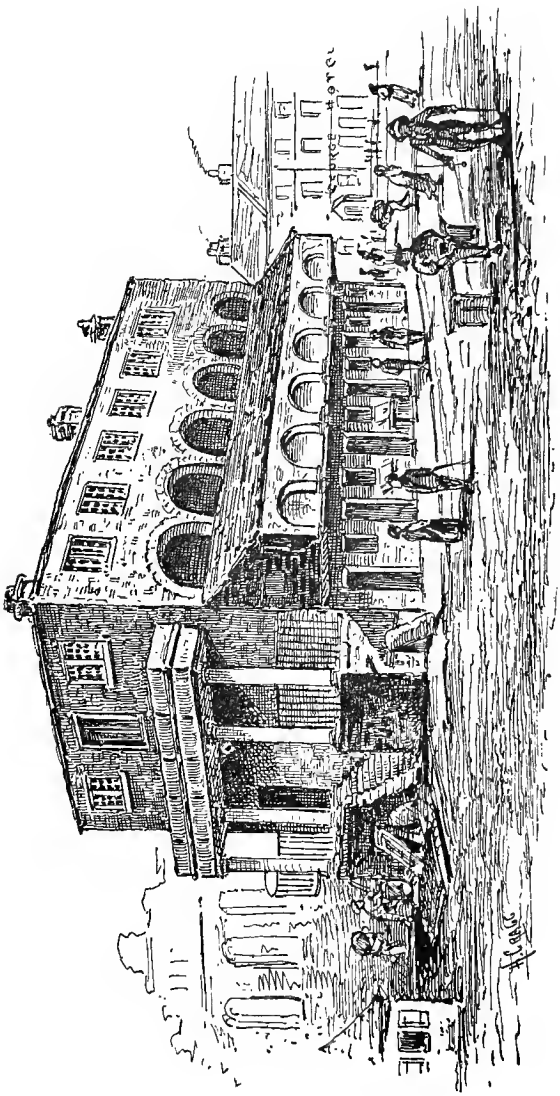
Manningham Mills.

lace was not removed. "Plucky" Mr. Warbrick collapsed. A body of constabulary was summoned, the loom was comfortably packed in a cart, and hurried away. The weavers, however, by this time were in a high state of excitement. The success they had achieved raised their courage to a dangerous pitch. As a parting shot, an attack was made upon the cart and the escort. In a few minutes the power-loom was reduced to a wreck, and having taken possession of the roller and warp the triumphant weavers carried them into Baildon as trophies of victory. This brief account will enable weavers of to-day to judge of the character of their worthy predecessors in the craft.

Notwithstanding such discouraging incidents, the manufacturers of Bradford persevered. It was not long after the riot at Shipley that a number of power-looms were erected in a mill at North Wing, by Messrs. Horsfall. On May Day, 1826, a meeting, consisting for the most part of refractory weavers, with a sprinkling of the "unemployed," was convened at Fairweather Green. It

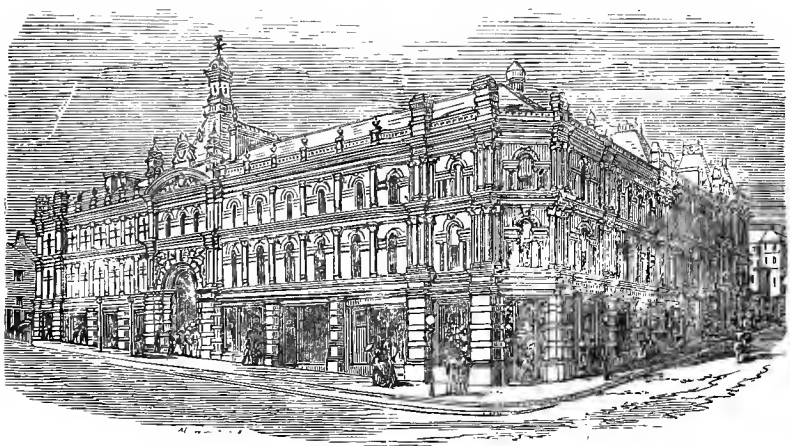
was decided, with the unanimity that always prevailed amongst the weaving fraternity when power-looms were in question, that Messrs. Horsfall's mill should be razed to the ground. Accordingly, the procession set forth with the intention of carrying this resolution into effect; but arrived upon the scene of action, the collective pluck of the mob diminished, and after breaking a few windows they betook themselves in the direction of Bradford Moor. All told, the rioters would number about 250. At Bradford Moor, however, they were joined by another body of malcontents, probably 200 strong. The combined forces, being harassed with doubts as to what they were exactly intending to do, and not to do, decided to return to Horsfall's mill. More windows were broken and other damage done, and finally the Riot Act was read. The rioters by this time were wearied of their poor undertaking, and after a few spasmodic efforts at rude pleasantries they quietly went their many ways. It was on the Monday that these attacks were made, and on the Wednesday of the same week there was another meeting held at Fairweather Green. The leaders of the agitation indulged in high-flown language, and the rebellious spirit was again in sway. Messrs. Horsfall's mill for the third time was the object of attack. The owners of the property had just put in 250 new panes of glass. In a remarkably short space of time the whole of these, and many more, were demolished, and the woodwork in addition. The entrances to the mill were protected with planks and iron bars, which had the effect of keeping the mobbers upon the outside. By-and-bye, a party of special constables, under the command of Colonel Plumbe Tempest, came upon the scene with a great clatter. The Riot Act was read, and preparations made for a grand charge. One of the rioters foolishly fired a pistol through the windows of the factory. Messrs. Horsfall had taken the precaution to put themselves into a position to resist any attempt to injure the machinery. They had planted about thirty persons inside the works, and armed them with rifles. When the shot from the pistol was fired thirty shots instantly followed from the besieged workpeople, with the result that a Queensbury youth, named Jonas Barstow, and a boy named Edward Fearnley were killed, and a great many more or less seriously wounded. The rioters, immediately they perceived what had occurred, were quelled, and very quickly disappeared.

Regrettable as the circumstance was, it nevertheless had the effect of securing the enterprise of the town from further molestation. With this check to their movements removed, the manufacturers tried one experiment after another, and improvements followed in quick succession. A new light shone, the age of money-making had dawned, and everybody yearned to share of the spoil. It was not the spirit of common greed, because it directed the mind to the art of invention. Faculties which had lain comatose and useless were brought into play, and one competitor vied with another for fame and fortune. Driven ahead by



The Old Market Hall.

such invincible power, Bradford readily shook off the adverse conditions under which for many years it had remained resolutely spell-bound. Hand labour gave place to the general adoption of machinery, and the trade increased vastly. The working population, however, were wholly unable to appreciate the manifold advantages of these progressive movements. They were, unfortunately, suddenly lifted, as it were, from their primitive state into times and conditions many years in advance of them. Even in the year 1851 it was found that only a very small proportion of the operatives were able to repeat the alphabet, and many of those who were so far educated as to be able to distinguish the difference between the letter B and the proverbial bull's foot, were quite incapable of reading the simplest sentence. And it must be borne in mind that at this period Bradford contained dense masses of



New Market Hall.

men, women, and children; and dwelling, as they were, in the midst of the direst ignorance, it is no wonder they could not be brought to see the necessity for their co-operation in the development of new undertakings. The supernatural perseverance put forward by the manufacturers, and the skilful and thorough manner in which the most trifling invention or improvement was tested overcame many obstacles. The trade increased in a marvellous degree. It exceeded even the expectations of the manufacturers themselves, who wisely concluded that if so much came out of so little there was indeed a brilliant future for greater efforts. The reward for their labours at first came fitfully but encouragingly. Little by little Bradford pushed ahead until it stood in the fore ranks of commerce. During the period when woollen cloths were extensively purchased, a market was regularly held in the Leys. Warehousing was constructed for the storage of the goods, and

other efforts made to nurture the industry. Towards the end of the eighteenth century the position of the town was prominent and influential. The stuff trade quickly expanded to such an extent that it was found necessary to establish a market. The manufacturers and merchants used to meet at the White Lion Inn, Kirkgate, where a room was specially reserved for the purpose. A number of closets, or square cupboards, fitted with locks, were erected in the market-room. These the manufacturers rented, and stored in them the goods which remained unsold. Of course, this arrangement in a short time became inadequate. In the year 1773, the sum of £1555 was expended upon the building of the Piece Hall. This structure was 144 feet long and 36 feet broad. The stuff dealers were greatly pleased with their new home, and the number of those attending the market increased rapidly. It soon became apparent that the space would have to be still further enlarged, and a second hall was erected. The whole of the building contained two hundred and fifty-eight stands. In those days spinning was done almost wholly by hand. The spinning wheel found employment for the young and old. When the days were long and the weather warm the wheels were carried into the gardens, and one spinner would gossip with another. It was not unusual for quite a number of them to assemble in some common meeting ground to chatter while they spun. With the expansion of the trade of the town, the old modes adopted for the conveyance of goods became incapable of satisfactorily coping with the traffic. The pack-horse, with its rider decked out in wig and cocked hat, fell into decay, and the narrow paths traversed by this animal of burden were transformed into turnpike roads.

The Bradfordians, however, were exercised in their minds as to the advisability of this step, and, as they subsequently became persuaded that the turnpike was not an unqualified blessing, they opposed its introduction in their usual way. The turnpike man led an unhappy life. He was refused payment of his toll, and some time elapsed ere he was able to enforce his demands. The earliest turnpike aroused great indignation. A furious mob tore down the gate at Calverley Moor, and burnt its promoter in effigy. Other gates in and around the town were also destroyed. But the turnpike came and played its part; and it has gone. The trade of Bradford was fostered by the same perpetual motion. When the canal was opened in 1776 the commerce of the town was greatly assisted thereby, and "the navigation" became an important institution. It was never, though, an improvement to the landscape, nor did it better the sanitary condition of the districts through which it passed. The element which did duty for water was a filthy solution, heavily charged with solid substances, and of the colour of ink. An old resident asserts that the "Quality" of Bradford used to keep pleasure boats on the canal: if they did it is not difficult to account for the meagre support which the movement received. The tumbril, or ducking-

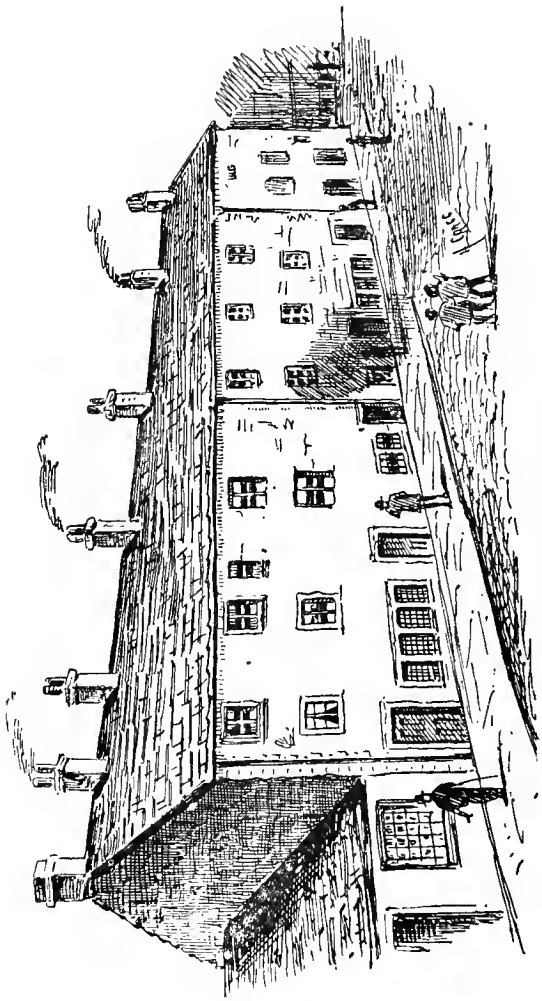
stool, a neat invention for punishing scolding wives, was removed from the beck (near to the Church) to the canal bank, upon the completion of "the navigation." The ducking-stool was carefully supervised by the Court Leet of Bradford, who caused it to be kept in thorough repair. While the ducking-stool stood upon the canal bank many unfortunate women, troubled with too flippant tongues, were ducked, in the presence of amused crowds. The ducking-stool was first established about two hundred years ago.

As Bradford grew in importance, it became more and more exposed to trade depressions. The people found provisions becoming dearer, and life less pleasant than in the good old days. It is when the food supply is adversely affected that the populace

The Old Gateway, Chapel Lane.

are roused. In the year 1783 mobs gathered in Bradford and the adjacent places to endeavour to enforce an abatement in the price of flour. At a later period, so severe was the distress, that the people of Bradford and Leeds agreed to purchase only one-third the quantity of flour previously consumed, until it became possible to make a reduction in the price. At the beginning of the nineteenth century the wheel of fortune brought a return of prosperity to Bradford. The trade again took giant strides, and the race for wealth was continued with more avidity than ever. The Piece Hall was more crowded each succeeding market day, and frequently as many as nine thousand pieces were known to be offered for sale.

The woolcombers about this period were a power in the land.



First Workhouse, Barkerend.

Within a few miles of Bradford they probably numbered from seven to eight thousand strong. Combing was about the best thing of its day. A comber who worked steadily six days out of the seven (which few of them did) was able to earn upwards of thirty shillings per week. The combing fraternity, however, was not a teetotal band. They preferred to work one day and play two days. No provision was made for bad times. And unfortunately many instances could be found where the combers deprived their families of the comforts of life in order to satiate their own cravings for liquor.

The weavers, whose looms might be heard clicking in all parts of the town, seldom exceeded the average of twelve shillings per week. As might be imagined, they were not satisfied with their

Silsbridge Lane.

lot. And although in comparison their position was one of opulence, the combers also were demanding more remuneration. The upshot of the dissatisfaction was the formation of a Trades' Union. The management was conferred upon a man named John Tester, a woolcomber at Rand's mill. The union, on behalf of the combers and weavers, made a demand for better wages. About thirty employers, with Mr. Matthew Thompson as chairman, assembled at the Sun Inn, June 6th, 1825, to consider the situation and to receive a deputation from the workpeople, for whom John Tester was chief spokesman. No arrangement was arrived at; the masters on the one hand offered no sufficiently conciliatory terms, and the workpeople on the other hand were not prepared to make any substantial abatement of their demands. The following day brought matters to a crisis. The hands turned out, and a general strike ensued. The struggle was maintained for nearly six months. The workpeople themselves were great sufferers,

many being reduced almost to the point of starvation. By dint of severe economy, and aided by subscriptions collected by the union, they were enabled to adhere to the position they had taken up. But the subscriptions became smaller and gradually diminished to nothing, and to add to their troubles, John Tester, it was said, decamped with part of the workpeople's funds. The strikers were simply starved into submission, and work was resumed upon the masters' conditions. The period of inactivity was very detrimental to the Bradford trade, and the effects of the strike were felt for some length of time. Instead of becoming prosperous, or, at any rate, taking the direction of prosperity, matters continued to go backwards even after the termination of the dispute. In the course of a few months at least three thousand people were out of work, and subscriptions were collected for the relief of the unemployed.

The combing brotherhood were men of great confidence and spirit. To their patron-saint, Bishop Blaize, they never wearied of doing honour. Great festivals were held in the years 1769, 1811, 1818, and 1825. There was a procession, a huge feast, and an exhibition of oratory. The last festival, however, which was really their funeral knell, surpassed all previous efforts in the way of grandeur. The occasion was made a general holiday. The town was decorated. Country people from all quarters flocked into Bradford to witness the pageant. Mr. Matthew Thompson directed the proceedings of the day. The procession passed through the leading streets and thoroughfares, speeches were delivered at various points along the route, and altogether the wool-combing industry was made to appear healthy and vigorous. How far this was from the real state of things few were able to judge; but the combers slowly and surely lost ground, and ultimately ceased altogether to wield the power which once filled them with so much pride.

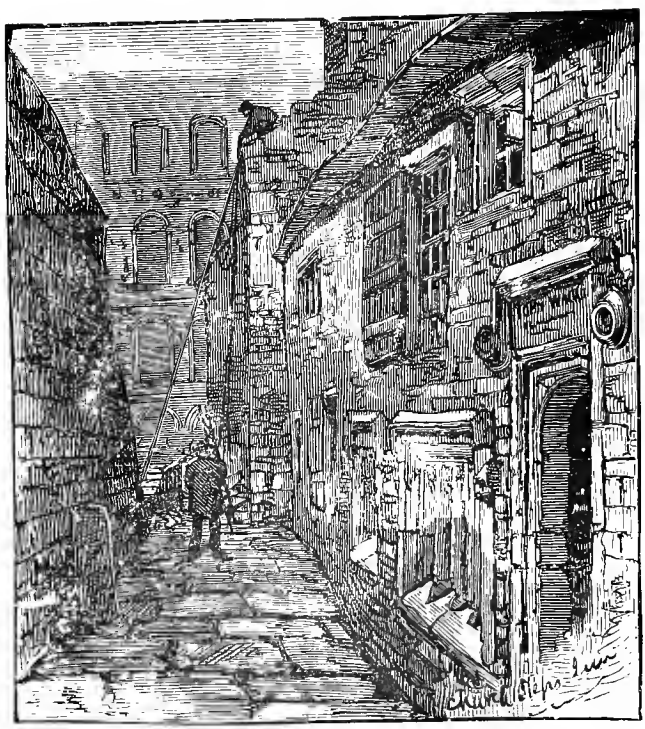
Fifty-five years after the erection of the Piece Hall the building at the foot of Piccadilly, used until recently as the Post Office, was built for the purposes of an Exchange. It was a spacious, handsome structure, and for some length of time was regarded as the principal piece of architecture in the town. Without exception every manufacturer and merchant of any standing hied his way to the Exchange. The building was especially useful to country members, who were not only able to transact their business in half the time previously occupied in walking from one hotel to another, but they were also put into possession of the news of the day. The commercial community of that period was of a different mixture to that of the present time. There was more equality. The rich man did not predominate, and a sense of fellowship permeated every transaction. The race for wealth was probably keener then than it is now, but every competitor had started from one common level, and individual superiority had not yet asserted itself. The social conditions then prevailing in commercial life lent a charm to the conduct of business, which enhanced

rather than hindered the development of the local industries.

About the time the Exchange in Kirkgate was erected, the old market hall, which occupied the site of the present Exchange in Market Street, was becoming unable to answer the demands made upon it. It was a queer-looking, ill-conceived structure. Mr. Rawson, Lord of the Manor, was responsible for its erection. He was unable to find a model to his liking in England, and accordingly went abroad to pursue his search. He discovered a building in Italy which he thought would make an original and useful market hall. Returning to Bradford, he caused an imitation of the Italian structure to be built. Mr. Rawson's ideas upon the matter were by no means generally

The Exchange.

agreed with. The market hall had such an ungainly aspect, and was so thoroughly inconvenient and ill-suited for the purpose it had to serve, that people regarded the place more as an eccentricity than a useful public institution. It was an improvement, however, upon the old state of things, when the market was held at the foot of Westgate. The folk in those days were content with small



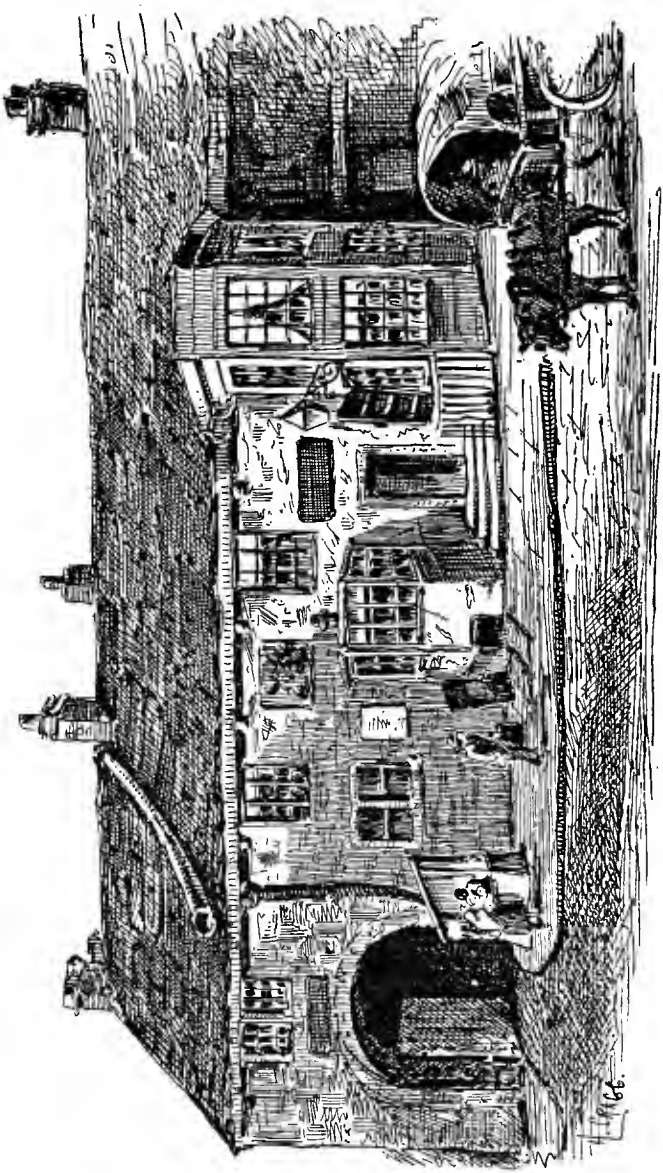
Church Steps Inn.

blessings. Their carts, stalls, hampers, and stock-in-trade stood in one long row before the "Bull's Head," and the buyers, with their huge marketing baskets, calculated to hold at least one week's provisions, walked up one side and down the other. Here stood the ancient butter-cross, and the pillory, in which offenders against the peace were confined, while the people pelted them with eggs and potatoes, stones being forbidden. It was from the Sun Bridge to the top of Westgate that male and female criminals were flogged at a cart tail—a barbarous mode of punishment which, it is pleasant to reflect, never became popular, and did not extend over a lengthened period.

The market hall question was the subject of much disagreement. Attempts were made by two or three speculators to establish a market hall, but such undertakings were deemed to be infringements of the rights of the lord of the manor, and had, therefore, to be abandoned. In 1823, a speculator more determined than the rest, erected a hall in Hall Ings, at the Well Street end. Mr. Rawson, the existing lord, instituted an action against the proprietor, the Rev. Godfrey Wright. Mr. Rawson came out of the struggle victorious, Mr. Wright being mulcted in one shilling damages and forty shillings costs. The evidence of the witnesses elicited a number of amusing facts. At one period it appears that the tolls of the Westgate market-place were rented to a Mrs. Bonnell. A weekly charge of twopence was made to those who provided stalls of their own, and one shilling to those for whom Mrs. Bonnell furnished stalls. Potatoes were charged at the rate of one penny per sack, and a dishful was taken from each sack of corn offered for sale.

Old Chatterton.

We hope we shall have many of those amongst our readers in whom our references to the old market hall will revive recollections of contemporary characters. Is there one single person amongst the old folk who does not recall with pleasure the features of Old Chatterton? His shop, an illustration of which is given elsewhere, was visited by all wise parents who valued peace and goodwill in their offspring. He wore a genial, passive countenance, and at Christmas time, when the window of his shop shone resplendent amid the glories of his monster cake, Old Chatterton



Bull's Head, Westgate.

was wont to toddle to his front door, and, with his long pipe finding support upon his capacious stomach, he whiled away a leisure hour. Old Chatterton had a kindly spirit. "Blind Jimmy," the beggar musician, who was often to be met in Ivegate, feebly fingering his instrument, received many a copper from Old Chatterton, as did others often far less deserving. Blind Jimmy for a number of years accompanied the "waits" at Christmas time. Without his presence the company was incomplete. His faithful dog knew the accustomed route, and never departed from the course of the old "round." Poor "Jimmy" upon one occasion was assaulted by a number of cowardly men, who, not content with robbing him, destroyed his instrument, thus depriving the unfortunate musician of his only means of earning a livelihood. "Jimmy" repaired to the "Bull's Head," in Westgate, full of sorrow, and there, to his great delight, funds were subscribed for the purchase of a new instrument. Just above Chatterton's shop there was a building which, on the Kirkgate side, projected into the street. An odd character resided there. Attempts were many a time made to enforce the removal of this troublesome projection, but with positively no result. Upon the occasion of the Prince of Wales' marriage, when the town was given over to gaiety, this singular and appropriate notice was hung outside the obnoxious structure: "*The castle's too strong; the Corporation can't storm it.*" The sentence was so terse and to the point that it amounted to a very good thing for the obstinate property owner, who was not naturally a humorist.

"Blind Jimmy."

Amongst the notable characters of Old Bradford, Judy Barrett ranked with the foremost. Her famous humbugs have consoled

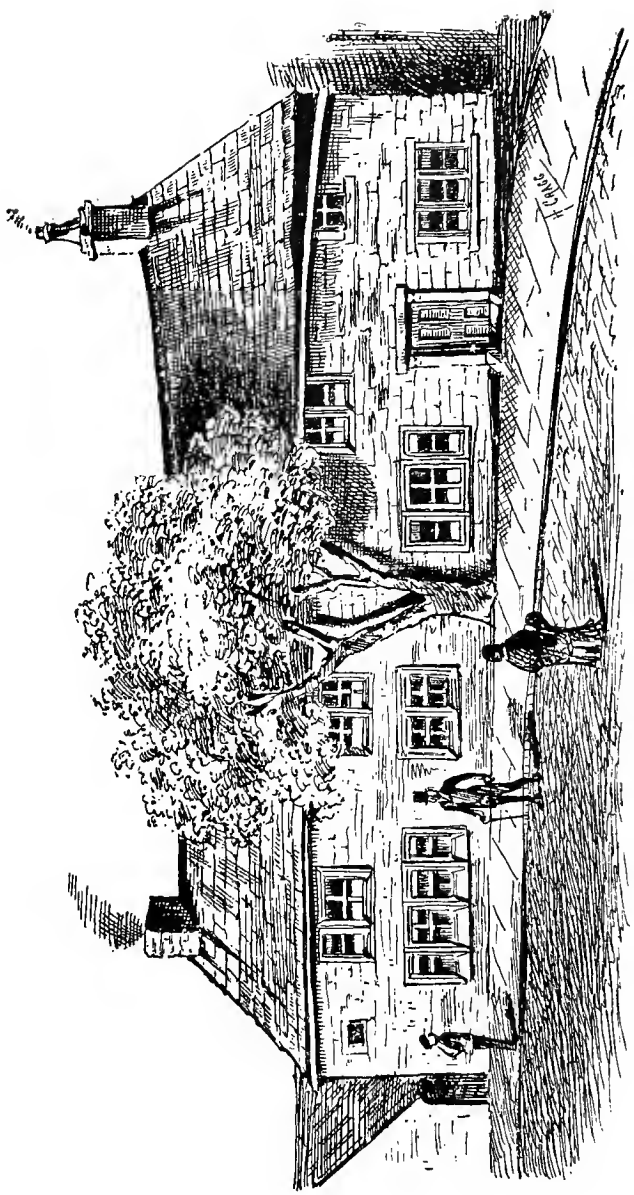
a generation of juveniles. Many who have grown to manhood can testify that "Judy Barrett's Humbugs" were a never-failing cure, in their youthful days. Their infallibility was known throughout the district. On another page we give a picture of Judy's historic premises. They stood for many years in Westgate, and, although not quite a success from the architectural point of view, were quaint and homely. The youngsters gathered from far and near to gaze upon Judy's wonderful spice walking-sticks, which had a delicate intermingling of two colours, after the fashion of a barber's pole, and used to hang across the window suspended from two strings. Poor Old Judy knew everybody in Bradford. In her early days she has often been known to carry a sackful of coals upon her back from Low Moor to Bradford. Judy had a donkey and cart, which generally were as heavily laden as herself. To and from Low Moor she always wore a man's hat and coat.

"Tommy Ramsden."

The shopkeepers in those days developed mannerisms which were peculiarly their own. Judy Barrett and her humbugs will go down to posterity together, and Tommy Ramsden will always be remembered as long as peripatetic booksellers appeal to the public. Tommy was a man of strict, individual ideas. His hat was the only storage-room, to which he ventured to commit his valuables. A more wonderful hat than Tommy Ramsden's never covered the crown of man's head. Whatever he wanted, whether handkerchief or muffler, catalogue, or special rarity, he gravely turned to his hat for it. Tommy was one of those novelties in the good old days whose peculiarities and eccentric conduct left a permanent impression upon the public. A person had less difficulty then in making himself felt. The country folk and the townspeople all flocked to one common centre. A visit to town was accepted in the light of a treat, and after having been to "t' tahn" there was plenty to talk about for the ensuing week. Some of the characters of our old town were made of solid,

adamant material, and remained just the same after the old order had changed. If they had lived to this day they would have been the same. Jonas Tasker was one of these men. Jonas, I need hardly say, was the sexton at the Parish Church. By reason of his office he was known to everybody. In his way he was an excellent man. He performed his duties irreproachably, and the property consigned to his care—cheerless as he must have been in the possession of it—was well protected. During the time that body-snatching was found to be profitable, Jonas was always on the alert. His familiar figure will be fresh in the memories of many people still living. Let us picture Jonas Tasker and his friend, Jim Ray, the bellman, decked out in clean smocks of snow-drift white, heading the procession of Sunday School children as they marched "two-and-two" from the old school-room, on the site of the present Exchange, back to Church. The procession was made an imposing spectacle by virtue of the great dignity of the two good men who took the lead. An old scholar has humorously described to us the excessive gravity affected by Jonas upon these occasions, and how he chastised with his long stick any refractory scholar who had dared to "make faces" at him. Jonas, alike unto all great men, had his little weaknesses. He spent many hours of his leisure time at the old Church Steps Inn. There was a chair which was named "Jonas Tasker's chair." In this the worthy form of the oracle always found repose. The words of wisdom which, like the never-ceasing monotony of a gurgling brook, fell from the lips of Jonas, were uttered in that funereal and deliberate manner acquired by the usages of a not very cheerful profession. His words were weighty. Not a head in the company ever failed to bow assent. The warm, healthy glow upon his cheeks was enhanced with affected pride when he spoke (which was very often) about his shares in the "navigation," meaning the canal. It was found, however, after his death that at no time had he ever held shares in the canal company. Jonas was not an educated man, he could not write even his own name.

Prophet Wroe was another well-known oddity. His birth-place, of which we give a picture, is an excellent specimen of the old style of building favoured by our forefathers. John Wroe, otherwise "Prophet Wroe," was a Bowlingite. He conceived the notion in early life of securing a livelihood by means other than honest hard work. The Bradfordians, in the days of our fathers and grandfathers, were credulous people. A certain section were always ready to sing the praises of any person who set up business as a "faithful" one. Prophet Wroe held his services in the old Cockpit building. On Sunday afternoons he was assisted in his performances by twelve women, whom he described as the twelve virgins. They were clothed in white garments, and wore long veils of the same material. The Prophet himself led the twelve virgins, who regularly walked in single file from Dudley Hill to Bradford. After Joanna Southcott's death, Wroe managed to



Prophet Wroe's Birthplace, Bowling.

ingratiate himself as the Chief Prophet. It was a sad blow to the Southcottians when their beloved Joanna died, because she had always told them she would prove her omnipotence by living for ever. There are still a few Southcottians in existence; in fact, there is in the possession of an old Bradfordian a sealed packet which the amiable lady left behind her, with an injunction that it should not be opened before a certain date. Joanna Southcott and Prophet Wroe were not the only amusing sensationalists. There were other minor lights, each with a faithful following. But their footprints upon the sands of time were faint impressions, and have long since been practically effaced.

There were other oddities in the social life of Bradford who won solid admirers for their action in regard to questions affecting the working classes. No other body was more ready with grateful support, and a person who championed their cause might calculate upon undivided assistance. When times were bad and money was scarce, questions occurred to them of which they entirely lost sight in periods of prosperity. Perhaps, too, conclusions which were not based upon mature consideration often led them to pursue a line of action detrimental to their own welfare.

In 1837 a riot took place in Bradford in consequence of the new Poor Law Act becoming law. The greatest opposition was made to the introduction of this measure. The Guardians were threatened with personal violence, and twice prevented from holding meetings at the old Court House. Military assistance had at last to be applied for. On Nov. 20th, a mob of at least six thousand persons assembled with a view to preventing the Guardians from deliberating. The entrance to the Court House was barricaded, and the soldiers stood in a line in front. At an unexpected moment one fellow, more courageous than his followers, made a dash at the barricade and in an instant almost it was torn to the ground. The mob cheered lustily as they scrambled upstairs to the room in which the Guardians were assembled. Mr. Paley, perceiving the imminent danger, at once read the Riot Act. But the mob were not to be moved by mere palaver, and the soldiery therefore forcibly cleared the court-yard. The operation, however, was attended with difficulty, and a number of the soldiers were seriously injured by the showers of stones which fell upon them. Throughout the day the mob and the military were more or less in conflict. When the Guardians were leaving the Court House they were set upon, and compelled to seek concealment and protection in a warehouse in Brook Street. The Hussars rescued them from their position of peril. Towards evening the soldiers began to lose patience, and at last made an onslaught upon the crowd. A young man was shot through the arm, and a number of others received serious sword cuts.

At length the new Poor Law Act got into sway, and the misguided populace ceased their turbulent opposition. The Chartist feud of 1840-42 was another of those agitations which

proved detrimental to the people and the trade. From its inception the elements of reason were carefully excluded. Large numbers of fire-arms were purchased, and pikes were made in great quantities. Military tactics were practised without the least attempt at concealment. The Chartist army had an ambitious scheme in view, namely, the thorough and final removal of the existing civil authorities. It was not until January 27th, 1840, that any action was taken by the rebel army. At two o'clock on the morning of that day a party of Chartists, armed to the teeth, marched gravely into the market place, seized two of the night watchmen, and made them prisoners. Other regiments of the Chartist army were in readiness upon the outskirts of the town, but the police were so quickly upon the scene that the signal of call could not be given. Two years later the pangs of poverty were still keenly felt, and an organised band of factory hands resolved to stop the mills by removing the plugs of the steam engines. They had become persuaded that the introduction of machinery was the cause of their impoverishment Factories in the town and neighbourhood were stopped by the plug drawers. The under current of discontent continued for six years. In 1848, the Chartists again came to the fore, with a display of energy and determination which eclipsed their former efforts.

"Judy Barrett."

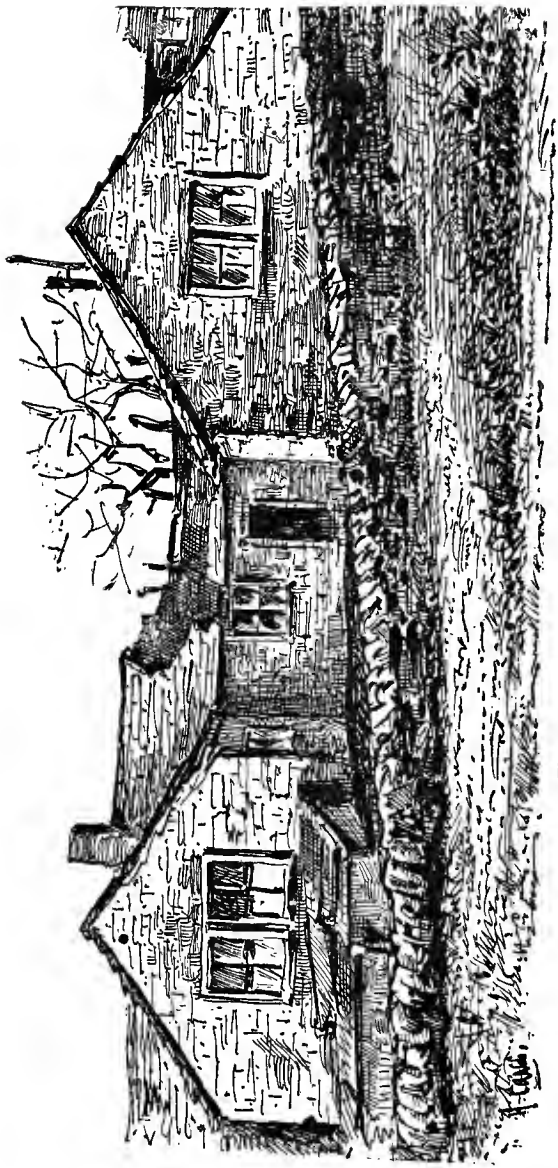
Great meetings were held in "Peckover Walks" and elsewhere, and the military evolutions of 1840 were renewed with increased vigour. Processions, under the leadership of "Wat Tyler," paraded the town. Upon these occasions the Cap of Liberty, hoisted upon the end of a long pole, was carried at the head of the procession. This relic of the Chartist days, still in an excellent state of preservation, is in the possession of the publishers. For many years it has lain hidden in an old "clo' shop" in Leeds. An attempt was made by the authorities to squash the Chartist movement, when it began to assume proportions which threatened the welfare of the town. Their first step was to attempt the capture of "Wat Tyler," the leader. When the police approached his house, in Adelaide Street, they encountered a large crowd, who assailed them with stones. The thoroughfare was impassable, and it was not until the dragoons clattered up that the streets were cleared. For some

months the town continued in a disturbed state, and the demise of the Chartist movement was rather a matter of gradual decay than immediate suppression.

In the early days the industrial population of Bradford did not live life amid the joys of peace and plenty. Their unceasing opposition to the introduction of new ideas was due to an immovable impression that their lot, which was hard enough, would become the harder thereby. The very young, and the very old, toiled from morn till night. They had no pleasures, no comforts. A child was thrust into the factory by the time it could toddle. There are men and women living to-day, who, being unable to walk, partly from want of sleep and rest, and partly from extreme youth, were taken by the hand by their elder brothers and sisters,

Judy Barrett's Shop, Westgate.

and dragged to the factory. Let us recall the eloquence of Richard Oastler, the friend of the factory children. "The very streets," he said, "which receive the droppings of an Anti-Slavery Society are every morning wet by the tears of innocent victims at the accursed shrine of avarice, who are compelled, not by the cruel whip of the negro slave-driver, but by the dread of the equally appalling thong or strap of the overlooker, to hasten, half-dressed, but not half-fed, to those magazines of British infantile slavery—the worsted mills in the town and neighbourhood of Bradford. Thousands of little children—both male and female, but principally female—are daily compelled to labour from six o'clock in the morning till seven in the evening, with only—Britons, blush while you read it—with



Three Bluebell's Inn, Old Road, Great Horton.

only thirty minutes allowed for eating and recreation." Mr. Oastler was ably aided by the Rev. G. S. Bull, a kindly gentleman whose large heart beat through his whole life with compassion for his fellow creatures. When we look back upon these things, while we have still in our midst those who suffered the miseries inflicted by employers of labour in the race for wealth, it is perhaps ill of us to think harshly of the exploits of the workpeople in the early days. The remedial measures which followed as a sequence to the action of Mr. Oastler are too well known by the folk of to-day to need recital here.

There are included in our list of pictures a number of subjects which do not bear directly upon the town proper. Most of these are old rural buildings which have stood for generations. There is always a halo of romance about such venerable piles. They do not look in keeping with the clean stone erections that are continually growing up around them. A valued historian of Horton, who, out of pure love of his township, has probably done more than any other man towards putting its history into a permanent form, directed our attention to an ancient building in the last stages of decay, midway up the Old Road at Bank Bottom. We immediately secured a photograph, lest we should not again have the opportunity. One hundred years ago this old building was well known to travellers between Bradford and Halifax, as the "Three Bluebells." It is probably at least three hundred years old. The stage coaches invariably pulled up at the Bluebells, and the yard at the top side of the inn, set apart for their accommodation, still exists. The Old Road was the only road in those days. It was several feet below the causeway, and until a few years ago there were living old men who could tell of horses being flogged to death while vainly attempting to reach the top. In winter the road was frequently snowed up and rendered impassable. The ancient hostelry was a full-licensed house. The present garden in front did not then exist. There were the usual steps to assist horsemen to mount their steeds, and at the low side of the house there was stabling and other out-buildings. The Three Bluebells fell into disuse in 1807, when the new road was opened. The grand-daughter of the last tenant, who lives within a few yards of the old house, has in her possession the trays, glasses, and water jugs which were in use for many years at The Bluebells.

The homestead not far from the foot of the old road, known as "Bank Bottom Farm," can be traced back to the year 1600. It is a good sample of the old style favoured by our forefathers, and has well withstood the ravages of time. There is yet a second old farmhouse, whose antiquity is so striking, that we have been tempted to make it the subject of an illustration. It is named "Crag Hill Farm." The structure is remarkable in several respects. Its foundation consists of solid rock, which extends beyond the house. The walls are forty-six inches thick. The window squares are fitted into a lead casing, and upon one

of the panes the following inscription has been scratched :— "E. Booth, born May 28, 1811 ; died June 20, 1811." A former tenant used one of the outbuildings for the purposes of a museum. He was a peculiar individual, and, with great pretensions to truth, often repeated a curdling story of his discovery of a subterranean passage beneath the farm, in which he also found a chair bearing Cromwell's initials ! His discovery, however, never became an historical wonder.

Prior to the year 1825, there was a pleasant custom in vogue. The Horton Old Band used to meet the troops, passing through Bradford, just above the Hare and Hounds public-house, and "play them" to the "Cock and Bottle," the borough boundary. Horton at the present time, busy as it has become, does not enjoy the stirring events of old. Let us look back to the time when the freeholders of Great Horton were addressed by Lord Milton from the windows of the King's Arms. In the coaching days the mail drivers and post boys, decked out in scarlet liveries, made the old place ring with merry blasts from their horns. Two mail coaches passed through the village daily. In addition to these there were the stage coaches High-flier, Neptune, and Defiance on their way to Manchester and Liverpool, and Cockerham's stage waggons which journeyed daily to Halifax, Rochdale, Manchester, and other Lancashire towns When the cotton industry prospered in the village the Horton cotton manufacturers used to set forth for the Manchester market in the cotton coach "Trafalgar," from the King's Arms —an old posting house about which much might be written. The Bell Chapel, although neat and primitive to a degree, is the growth of the present century, having been erected in 1808. In its day it has played a prominent part in the affairs of Horton. Once yearly there was held in the vestry of the Bell Chapel a meeting at which the constables, highway surveyors, overseers, and churchwardens were elected. The expenses for the coming year were estimated, and a rate laid accordingly. The local politician, who thought his eagle-eye had detected gross extravagance, appeared at the annual meeting, and made his speech. On Sundays it was the wont of the churchwardens, after the service had begun, to visit all the

Jonas Tasker.

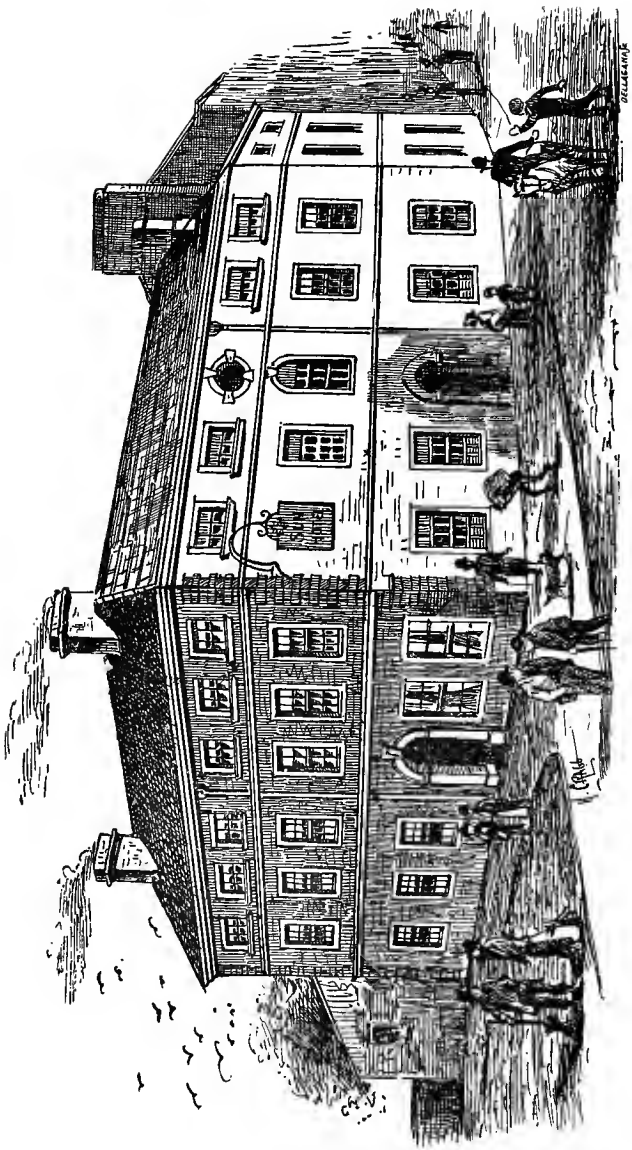
public-houses in the district in order to rescue any person who might be found in pursuit of evil ways. Now, during one period the churchwardens fell victims to the very evil, from whose clutches they were endeavouring to rescue others. The promptitude displayed by these men in leaving the chapel at the same hour, week after week, to infuse into the tainted mind of the drinker purer and nobler motives, earned the heartfelt thanks of a grateful congregation. It was only to a chosen few that the real state of things ever transpired.

We cannot omit mention of the tradition which has been associated with Hunt Yard from time immemorial. In the long ago when the heart of Bradford itself was one huge rookery, when the dale was surrounded by great masses of timber, there was found to be at large in Cliff Wood (near Peel Park) a ravenous wild boar. A reward was offered to any person who should slaughter the beast, the proof of such slaughter to be in the production of the boar's tongue. The beast was duly killed, and the reward to the successful huntsman was the grant of a piece of land in Great Horton, named Hunt Yard. It was stipulated that the huntsman, and his heirs for ever, should be present on Saint Martin's Day, annually, at the Bradford market place, and "by the name of Rushworth hold a dog of the hunting kind," and after blowing three blasts on a horn should cry aloud, "Come, heir of Rushworth, come hold my dog whilst I blow three blasts of my horn to pay my Martinmas rent withal." John of Gaunt, lord of the Honor of Pontefract, made additions to the duties of the horn-blower. Blasts were blown as he passed through Bradford, and his visits made majestic and imposing.

Until the year 1800 an old hostelry named "Robin Hood and Little John" existed in Hunt Yard, and connected with it was a traveller's rest known as the "Brick Castle." The beds, which were made of oak, were built into the walls. Hunt Yard has many historic associations. The ghost of "Fair Becca" made its first appearance at a "hen drinking" held at the "Robin Hood and Little John," in which the murderer of Rebecca was participating.

There are other subjects in Great Horton which we hope to deal with upon another occasion. We have attempted to make our selection, to some extent, in the order of antiquity. But there is so much in Great Horton worthy of being dealt with pictorially that we should have had little difficulty in exhausting one-third of our space in dealing with historical Horton alone.

The Old Octagon Chapel which once stood near to Westbrook House, Horton Road, will be remembered by very few of the present generation of Hortonians. It was in use from the year 1776 to 1810. When John Wesley visited Bradford he spoke of the Octagon Chapel as being "the largest octagon we have in England." The chapel covered an area of about fifty-four feet. It was built by the Wesleyan body.



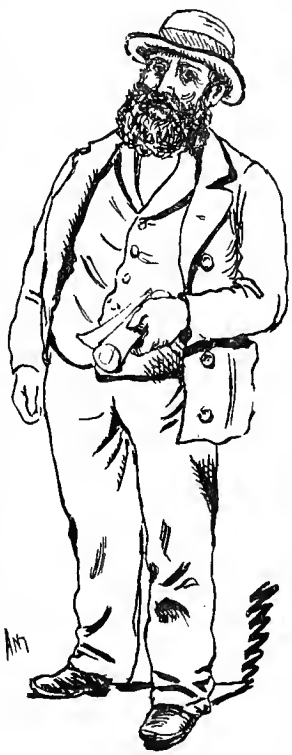
The Sun Inn, foot of Ivegate.

The two Hortons, as Great and Little Horton are spoken of in history, have always been conspicuous in the rise and progress of Bradford. Little Horton has been the favoured home of the lesser lights of gentility, and the old houses dotted here and there, now more or less in a state of decay, all betoken in some way the vein of pride which characterised the occupiers in bygone generations. The ancient house, which until a few weeks ago stood at the corner of Holme Top Lane, was believed to date farther back than any other existing structure in the district. From deeds bearing date 1757 it is referred to as The Holme Top. It has been tenanted from time to time by persons of standing, and in its halcyon days was regarded as a desirable better-class residence. The Skinhouse, in Manchester Road, which has also been pulled down during the present year, was another old building that bridged over the gap between the present day and the seventeenth century. The name "Skinhouse" originated with a former tenant, who was a fellmonger. In 1827 the premises were occupied by James Cordingley, who kept a number of savage dogs, which were permitted to run loose after nightfall. In October of that year Mr. Cordingley returned to his home intoxicated. The dogs not recognising him, and he being unable to speak in his natural voice, he was set upon and worried to death within a yard of his own door. In another portion of the premises there lived a man named John Blamires, who was discovered in the front garden, with his head leaning against the mouth of the well, and quite dead. We inspected the ancient structure shortly before its demolition. From without it bore a picturesque aspect. Its interior had never been a thing of beauty, but its wall were of considerable thickness.

The Sharps, of Horton Hall, of course, stand first and foremost amongst the old residents. Abraham Sharp, the famous mathematician, who resided at Horton Hall throughout the period during which he made his name as a calculator, was a hard-headed man. Week after week, month after month, he might be found struggling with some difficult and complex matter, by whose solution the world would not derive one particle of practical benefit. His will was absolutely indomitable. As a mathematician he was undoubtedly the foremost man of his day. No greater worker ever lived. In his ways and habits he was almost a recluse. He was constantly in correspondence with the philosophers of his time; but beyond that his intercourse with the outer world did not extend very far. The few friends who visited him knew to rub with a stone a certain portion of the outer wall of the house. If he felt disposed to see them they were admitted, but if he did *not* feel disposed to see them (and such was often his frame of mind) they were simply allowed to depart unanswered. There was a sliding window fitted into the wall of his study. It often happened that food left at this window for him by his servant, who feared to make the least sound when approaching the room,

remained untouched for several days, so absorbed in his calculations was the famous mathematician.

Abraham Sharp was an eccentric man. To the outer world his habits appeared to verge upon the irrational; yet, he was so profound a thinker that he had become feared and admired. No man could dispense his charity in a fashion so grotesque. Abraham Sharp, upon those occasions when he had quite decided to attend the chapel in Chapel Lane, invariably provided himself with a liberal supply of copper coins. Placing his hands behind him he permitted impecunious strangers to help themselves to the pence which he held between his fingers. He never halted for one moment, nor uttered a single syllable. None smiled outright. It was the habit of the man, to whose thinking it appeared to be the most expeditious and least disturbing mode of administering relief to importunate beggars. Despite the constant worry to which he was subjected during the greater part of his life, Abraham Sharp lived to be ninety-one years of age. He was a thin, somewhat weakly-looking man of medium stature.



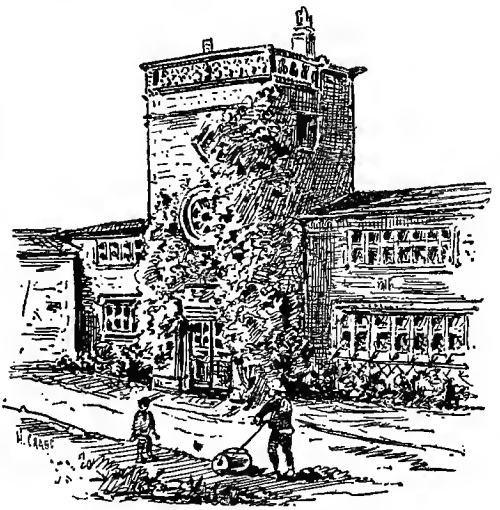
"Wat Tyler."

John Sharp, afterwards Archbishop of York, was one of a collateral branch of the Sharp family. He was born in a house in Ivegate, near to the Unicorn Hotel. His first step to fame and fortune was won at an early age. The forcible manner in which he read the Scriptures at the College Chapel, attracted the notice of Sir Henry More, by whose recommendation he became tutor to the sons of the Solicitor-General, Sir Heneage Finch. His natural aptitude for the work in which he was engaged became a conspicuous feature, and he was promoted step by step until he finally secured the bishopric of York. It is related of Archbishop Sharp that during one period of his life he was a candidate for the incumbency of Wibsey Chapel; but did not secure the appointment—a fact for which he afterwards had reason to be devoutly thankful. The story goes that whenever he made a visitation in this portion of his diocese, the incumbent of Wibsey was specially requested, at dinner, to take a seat on the right hand of the Archbishop, who humorously observed that he should for ever feel grateful to the incumbent of Wibsey for having

once stood in his way, and thus preserved him from a position of isolation, in the fulfilment of which he would probably have been lost to the world.

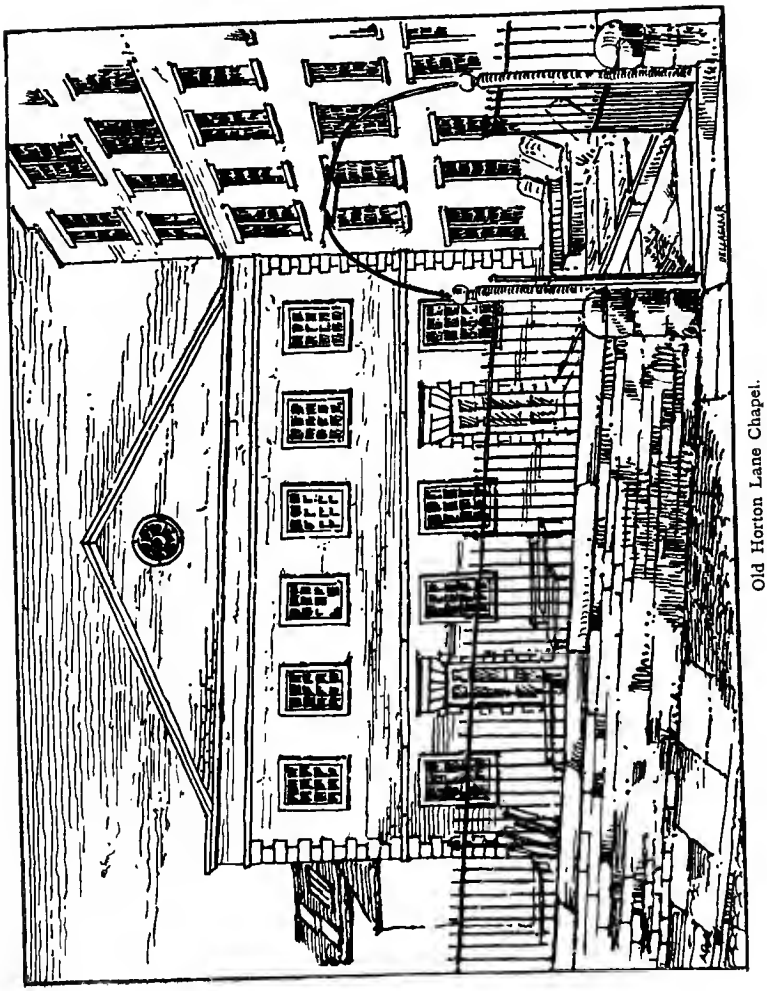
Horton Old Hall, the residence of Mr. Powell, was built two centuries ago for the younger members of the Sharp family. Horton Hall, the adjacent mansion, with the so-called observatory tower, was occupied by the elders of the family. It is generally supposed that the tower was built by Abraham Sharp for use as an observatory. Although it was doubtless used for such, there is reason to believe that it was not originally erected for that purpose.

The Sharp family comprised two distinct branches, and their political sympathies were diametrically opposite. The more ancient branch keenly adhered to the views of the Parliamentarians, while the younger folk strongly supported the Royalist cause. The two sections, in fact, had little in common, and no attempt was made by either side to conceal the mutual dislike of principles. Their disagreements were cordially and consistently upheld.



Observatory Tower, Horton Hall.

Amongst the old houses still to be found on Horton Green are several which date back at least two hundred years. By others our thoughts are carried to a period when the Green existed in the midst of its pristine associations; when the girls and boys disported themselves in the old-fashioned way; when the cobbler, the blacksmith, and the grocer formed the triumviral government of the place; when, in fact, the hamlet was a hamlet and nothing more. The neatness of the cottages, the liberal strip of garden in front, the general arrangement and the natural situation, are excellent reasons for picturing in our mind's eye the ideal rusticity of Horton Green in former years. Our knowledge of the folk is sufficient for us to say that they would exactly befit so perfect a specimen of the old English home. What person more worthy of character, yet so eccentric, could better have filled the unsophisticated mind with perpetual wonder and amazement than Abraham Sharp? The house wherein the close-fisted man of the village dwelt is still standing. It is next to



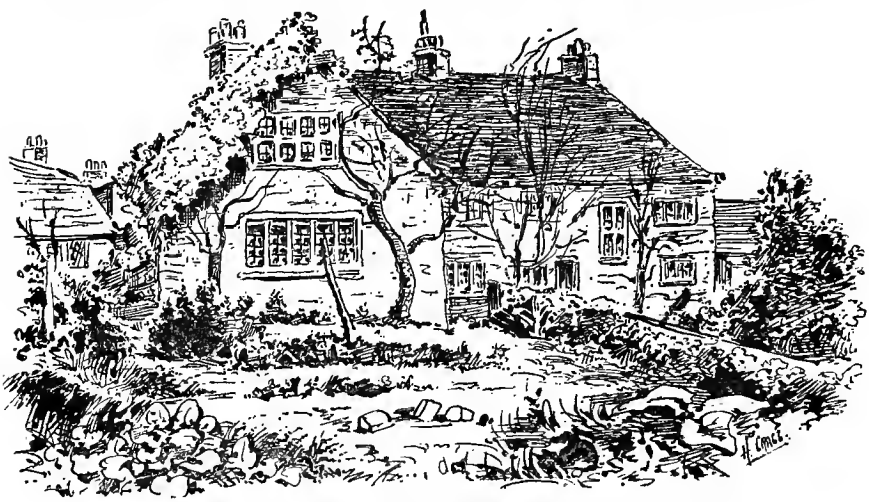
Old Horton Lane Chapel.

Horton Old Hall. His name was John Booth, but he was always referred to as "Skinny Booth." Old residents used to tell of "Skinny Booth" taking his table into the garden on Sunday mornings. He would build up his golden coins into high piles, and the next moment raze them to the ground again in order to ascertain what number of square inches they would cover! He was an avaricious, miserly man. He did not absolutely deprive himself of support, but he grumbled at his own appetite for asserting itself. "Skinny Booth" lived alone. The house wherein he existed is a large, roomy building. It was examined after the death of the miser, and found to be in a loathsome condition. Some of the rooms had to be broken open, and here was found accumulated the filth of years. There are misers who are filthy because they fear that their filth, if removed, would in some degree enrich the outer world; but "Skinny Booth" was willing to support cleanliness in the event of any person volunteering to remove the filth from his house free of charge. As nobody was so disposed he fastened up most of the rooms, and wallowed amid the dirt which gathered in the portion he occupied.

Even to-day the residents of Horton Green have by no means lost the character of the old inhabitants. The same neatness and precision is noticeable in the exterior decorations of the little dwellings, and the old folk do not seem to be shorn of any of the homeliness that prevailed amongst a former generation of tenants. If we may again stray towards Great Horton, what a network of twisting, twining, inconvenient old lanes we find! In bygone days these lanes were not made by any particular person: they simply grew out of the work of many. Every pedestrian contributed his mite, and the result was a crazy medley of connecting links. But our pride in the old lanes is pardonable. Very soon few of them will remain. Many of the footpaths have already disappeared, and more are doomed. Ere long we shall be deprived of our public walks through the green fields. The hard, stony roads of modern times are taking the place of the quiet byways. Hedgerows within the neighbourhood of Bradford are becoming rarities. Hollingwood Lane—that pleasant, rambling bit of ancient Horton—though high up on the hills, has been victimised by the road surveyor, and is shortly to be widened; and Cliff Lane will, also, soon present an altered appearance. The same elaborate transformation is proceeding in other parts of the borough, where, however, the old condition of things has not, perhaps, remained so generally intact.

But what is the extent of the transformation in the town itself? Where is there one little street, one alley, one "court," that still survives—or, is like unto its former self? The old order changeth, yielding place to new. The town and its people have both acquired new characters. The present in no manner resembles the past. There is nothing left—no single landmark—to guide the wanderer from o'er the seas to his old haunts. The inns which our fathers

and grandfathers visited in their leisure have all gone. The Bowling Green, Talbot, Woolpacks, Roebuck, Swan, Malt Shovel, Three Horseshoes, have vanished—not one of them remains. A generation ago what would Bradfordians have said if the town as it is to-day could have been pictured to them? Look at the Town Hall, and let us contrast it with the beginning of the present century. In the space in front of our palatial municipal buildings stood the house of the Rev. W. Atkinson, the afternoon lecturer at the Parish Church. The good minister rejoiced under the kindly appellation of "Parson" Atkinson. His garden yielded a plentiful supply of fruit. He had pear trees and apple trees, and a good floral display. It was to Parson Atkinson's garden that the juveniles of old repaired to provide themselves with a gratuitous



Skinhouse, Manchester Road.

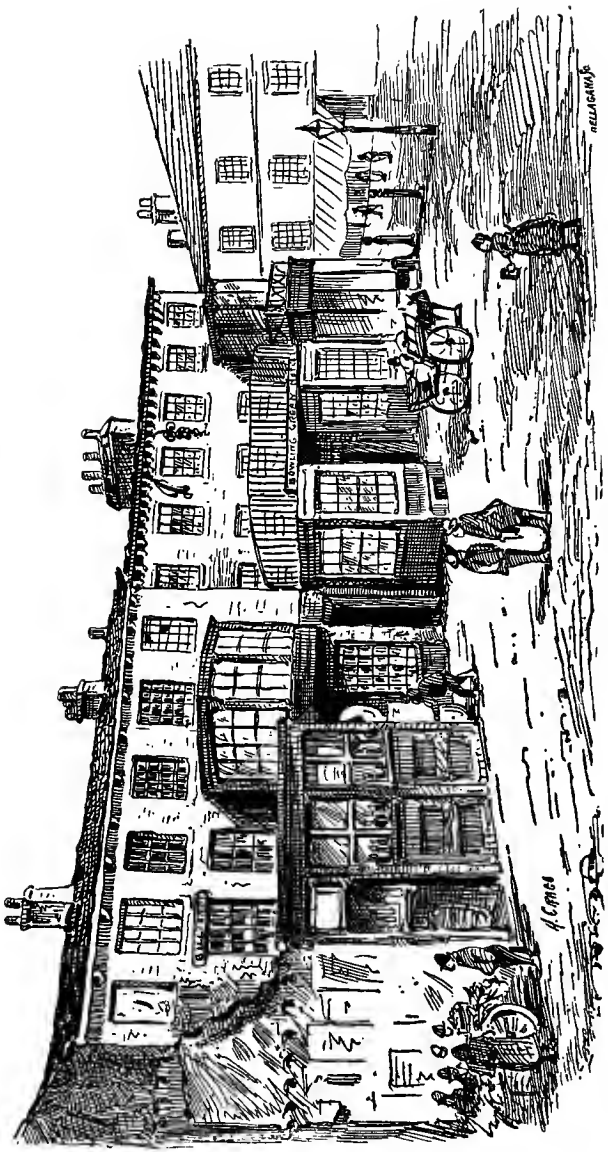
supply of apples and pears. When we look at the massive buildings, at the steam cars, at the wooden and granite pavements, it seems almost incredible that fruit trees and pleasant gardens once flourished upon the Town Hall square.

Cliffe's foundry, which subsequently absorbed the space utilized by Parson Atkinson, was not a pleasant feature of the Bradford dale. Its snorting furnaces sent forth volumes of smoke and soot, which begrimed every object for a considerable distance. The atmosphere, day and night, was charged with an unwholesome element that seemed to constantly linger in the neighbourhood. Everywhere the pathways were hidden beneath a covering of black sand. Toad Lane, which led from the end of Market Street into Chapel Lane, was a particularly dirty, ill-looking thoroughfare, but it is well remembered by all old Bradfordians. In its day it was by no means the isolated object which, perhaps,

the coarseness of its name would suggest. In the vicinity of the foundry was a quiet, unpretentious public-house, known as the "Knights of Malta." It was visited chiefly by the foundrymen and kindred workpeople. Not far away stood the "Three Horseshoes," as busy a little inn as there was in Bradford. At the height of its prosperity, one Mrs. Ennice Clayton was the landlady. She was a good-natured body, but firm and resolute to a degree. She appealed to a special class of customers. The farmers and country folk who came to Bradford generally betook themselves to the "Three Horseshoes." Mrs. Clayton was strongly opposed to any person, displaying the feeblest signs of intoxication, entering her house. Individuals who made the attempt were invariably ejected by the estimable lady. Mrs. Clayton, in moments of righteous indignation, was in the habit of saying that her own drink gave her "eniff trouble withaat other folks'!" The remark was not devoid of wisdom.

Old House, Holme Top, Little Horton.

The Bowling Green Hotel was the most conspicuous, and will probably be the best remembered of all the scenes of old Bradford. Its bold and imposing frontage, and the quaintness of its structure, rendered the ancient hostelry especially interesting. Many were the feasts and social gatherings held within the walls of the "Bowling Green." Few Bradfordians can look back upon the old building without recalling some mirthful incident of their younger days. If it were possible to compile even a small proportion of the scenes that took place in the two front-rooms of the hotel in the palmy coaching days, what an interesting volume might be produced! What a tale those projecting windows could unfold; and what a mine of eloquence was poured from time to time across those railings protecting the front of the balcony above! One is carried back to the political struggles of former years when the "Blues" flocked within the Talbot Dog, and the "Yellows" swarmed round the Sun and the Bowling Green. In

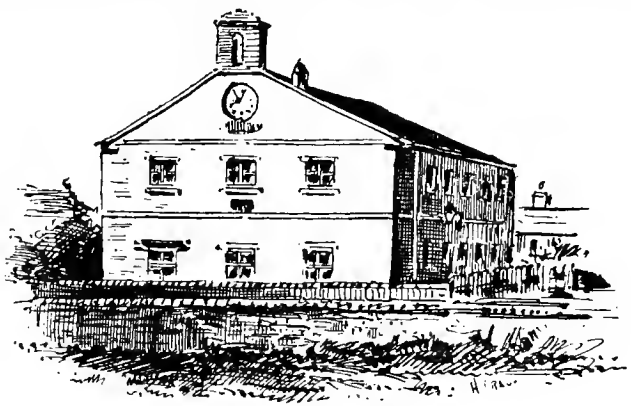


The Bowling Green Hotel.

the year 1832, when the Reform Bill, introduced into Parliament by Lord John Russell, became the law of the land, Bradford was brimming over with political enthusiasm. The Reform party were a power in the town. On December 13th, the day appointed for the nomination of the two candidates, which Bradford had become entitled to send to Parliament under the Reform Act, Bradford gave itself up to festivity. In the early morn the bells in the tower of the old Parish Church rang out merrily, the streets were festooned here and there, and business ceased. The Old Piece Hall, in Kirkgate, was used as the nomination office. The Whig party had two candidates, Mr. Ellis Cunliffe Lister and Mr. John Hardy; and Mr. George Banks, of Leeds, was introduced by the Tories. After the show of hands had been called by the Returning Officer, Mr. Lister and Mr. Hardy were declared successful. The Tories, however, were determined to have a poll, and the contest started next day. It occupied two days, and Mr. Banks was defeated. The country people flocked into town and the fight proceeded amidst the greatest excitement. The Blues howled and the Yellows yelled. A platform was fixed in front of the Sun Inn, and when the enthusiasm showed signs of diminishing a few prominent Yellows mounted the platform and addressed the crowd. The proceedings were varied by the occasional introduction of a song. Mr. Jacob Dawson, the landlord of the old Jacob's Well Inn, was a versatile man, and fond of singing about "The Talbot Dog and the Blue-lights." The Yellows, and, for that matter, the Blues, were greatly delighted whenever he made his appearance upon the platform. When humorous songs and political discussion failed to keep the mob in good spirits, the Blues set to work to abuse the Yellows, and the Yellows set to work to abuse the Blues. The polished abuse which politicians of to-day mete out to their opponents is polite letter-writing, when compared with the personal slander of the olden days. Our worthy ancestors spared no effort to discover the weaknesses of the candidate upon the "other side," and a weakness once discovered did not lose effect by repetition. Elections in the past had certain elements of interest which modern elections do not possess. The working classes were thoroughly engrossed in the struggles, and a parliamentary contest was made the subject for a general holiday.

The most memorable election was probably that of 1837. The Tories and the Liberals had each two candidates. The Liberals were not pleased with the action of Mr. Hardy during his parliamentary career. Instead of unflinchingly supporting the cause he had pledged himself to promote, he pursued a middle course which was alike unsatisfactory to the Liberals and Tories. Mr. William Busfeild, of Upwood, Bingley, was therefore invited to become a candidate in the Liberal interest, and he consented to do so. The doings of that election will always be afforded a place in the annals of Bradford. Mr. Lister and Mr. Busfeild, upon the first day of the contest, entered the town in grand style. Their

supporters met in the grounds of Manningham Hall, and a procession was formed. Four brass bands took the lead, and the excited multitude of politicians singing, cheering, shouting, waving their hats and dipping the banners they carried, which, of course, were emblematic of the great causes of Liberalism, marched into Bradford to confront the "enemy." It was a glorious fight of the good old kind. Everybody was in the throes of anxiety and expectation. The Tories were wide awake. They had exerted themselves to the uttermost to eclipse the spectacular effect of the Liberals; in the matter of brawling both parties were about equal. Mr. John Hardy, who had entirely changed his political creed, and Mr. W. Busfeild, junior, nephew of Mr. W. Busfeild, of Upwood, were the Conservative candidates. Large crowds gathered before the "White Lion," in Kirkgate, screaming and gesticulating in the hope of inducing the Blue candidates to show themselves. Every face which appeared at the windows, whether the face of a



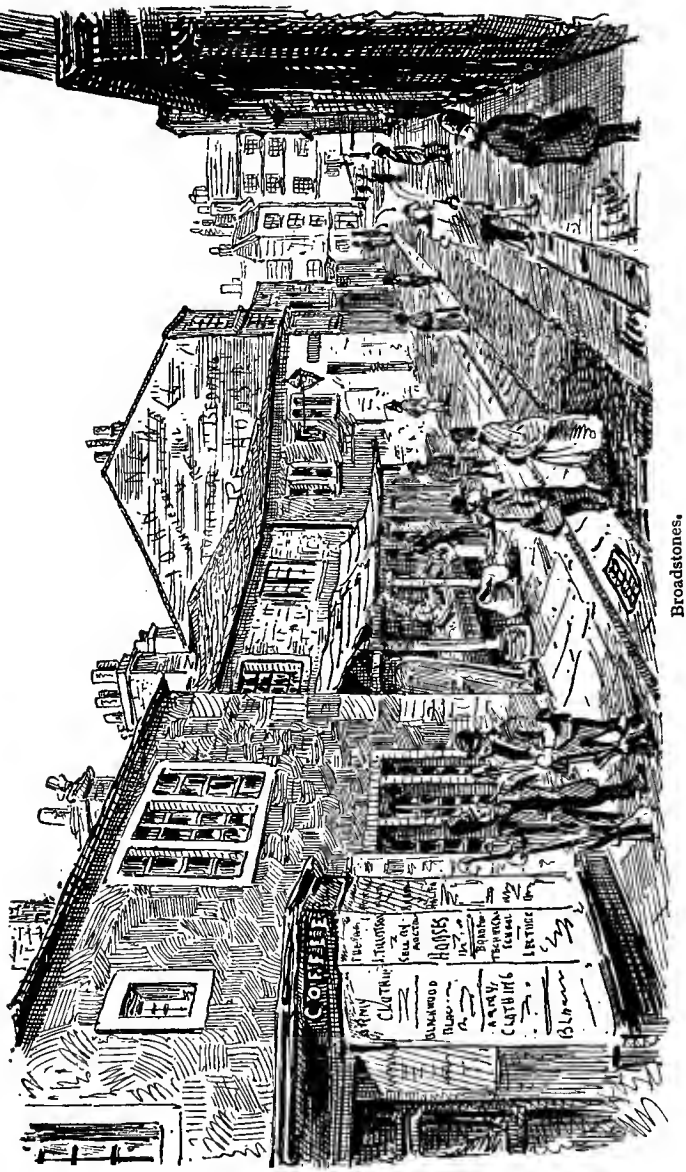
Bell Chapel, Great Horton.

candidate or a potman, was the signal for a general disturbance, and, as at least one face appeared per minute, the condition of the crowd was somewhat lively. As a precautionary measure (!) both the Blues and the Yellows had each hired about four hundred strong men for the purpose of parading the town and district to quell any unseemly quarrel, in which the supporters of the two great causes might have found it necessary to engage in order to assert their principles the more forcibly. The presence of the strong men had, of course, the effect of rousing the very spirit which they were supposed to be repressing. The Blue section was headed by a Silsbridge Lane pugilist, a brass founder by trade, who was known as "Brassy." Although the heavy physique of "Brassy" had a rather cooling effect upon the average person, there was a weaver in Great Horton, named Lucas, who declared that if "Brassy" and his men crossed the boundary of the township of Great Horton, he would squander the gang.

Lucas was quickly supported by a goodly number of "Horton lads," and when "Brassy" and his army attempted to approach the village, Lucas and his followers pounced upon them unexpectedly in Southfield Lane, and scattered the entire band. The noble "Brassy" retreated with the rest of his Tory warriors, pursued by the victorious Hortonians, who were not content until they destroyed every Blue ensign which had fluttered above the heads of the stalwart Tory peace-makers. The result of the election was the return to Parliament of the Liberal candidates.

In the good old days, so-called, the return of a candidate, however, did not afford much reliable information as to the political tendencies of a town. Ale was so cheap and public-houses so numerous, that electors frequently changed their political convictions as often as twelve times in one day. When such circumspect individuals did finally register, their votes were generally recorded in favour of the candidate whose agents had succeeded in effecting the greatest consumption of liquor. Often, too, voters were found to be "missing" for several days before and after the date fixed for an election. This ingenious method of defeating the "other side" was technically termed "kidnapping." Obstreperous electors, upon whom the effects of intoxication had not the desired result, were sometimes lured into the back-room of a beer-house, and the door locked upon them. This trick was once performed upon the occasion of an election at Bradford, in which Mr. Forster sat upon the Liberal committee. Immediately it became known that a number of voters were held in captivity in a beer-house in Westgate, Mr. Forster fled from the committee-room and made his historical ascent of Ivegate. It was reported, upon the authority of eye-witnesses, that the right honourable gentleman strode from the bottom to the top of Ivegate in three mighty strides! Finding the door of the public-house locked Mr. Forster jumped through the window of the room, and in a moment was addressing the demoralised electors upon the ignominy of their position. His eloquence speedily convinced the men, and returning with Mr. Forster they recorded their votes.

Unfortunately, few committee men held the principles which were so dear unto Mr. Forster. Purity of principle was not, it must be said, a trait in the character of a politician that evoked universal admiration. A political manager, who was the best able to induce electors to become intoxicated, was the most appreciated by his party. During the progress of an election in the old days, Bradford entirely lost the provident spirit characteristic of the place. Almost everybody was more or less given over to gaiety, and gaiety, too, of a nature at which people would look askance in these days. Bribery was the order of the hour; it applied alike to the rich and the poor. The social distinction between the two classes was no barrier to the prostitution of common honesty. Voters anticipated the occurrence of an election as the coming of an event in which they held a vested monetary interest. There



Broadstones.

are Bradfordians living to-day who smilingly relate how they incurred large debts upon the strength of a rumoured election, in the knowledge that the candidates or their agents would liquidate any reasonable liabilities. Yet, the advent of the Ballot Act was a serious innovation to many a sturdy politician, and tender memories of the ways of the old days still fondly linger in the breasts of many old townsfolk.

The year 1837 was memorable for more than its famous election: it was the year of that historical event the "Bradford deluge."

In speaking of Bradford, Leland, in the pages of his *Itinerary*, refers to a "confluence in this toune of three brokes." "One," he states, "riseth above Bouline Haul, another riseth a two mile of, the third riseth foor miles of." Bradford, being thus situated, has often severely suffered from floods. The beck, while in its normal condition, floating lazily along and loitering in every nook and corner along its route, did not seem capable of developing the fury of a swollen torrent. In December, 1763, in July, 1768, and in February, 1822, the low-lying parts of the town were completely inundated. Much loss was sustained by the property owners and tradesmen, and the filth with which the town was strewed after the floods had subsided, rendered the streets foul and uncleanly. It was, however, the flood of 1837, whose effects were most disastrous. The extent of the volume of water which swept through the valley was well nigh incredible. Nothing seemed to escape its fury. When the flood was at its height the waters reached within a few yards of Skinner Lane. The swollen stream rolled through the streets without hindrance. All kinds of merchandise, household goods, live stock, and a large variety of miscellaneous articles floated along the surface of the waters. A waggon, laden with timber, was borne along by the torrent for some distance, and other objects of an equally formidable character were to be seen bumping, jolting, and colliding, grounding for a moment upon some shallow spot, and bounding away the next instant as the current became more swollen. Many poor people were utterly ruined and impoverished. The waters penetrated within their humble homes, and destroyed everything. A man named Thomas Keeton, chief ostler at the Sun Inn, was drowned while attempting to rescue one of the numerous casks which had been washed out of the Old Brewery yard. A Wibsey woman was swept away while attempting to cross Thornton Road, and a child was drowned in a cellar dwelling before the mother was able to effect its rescue.

From time immemorial Bradford has been troubled by the sudden appearance of floods. In the remote period when the cottager's dwelling had merely a hole through the roof to do the duty of the modern chimney, there is evidence of devastation having been caused by these floods. In 1598, the fortieth year of Queen Elizabeth's reign, mention is made in an order of sessions of "four bridges of stone within the town of Bradford, so ruinous and in so great decay, by reason of certain floods which have

happened of late years past, that without speedy amendment and reparation, they will utterly fall down and be carried away by the water to the great hindrance and loss of the whole country."

From entries in the Court Rolls it would appear that the entire population of Bradford once secured their water supply from the beck. The utmost trouble was taken to keep the waters free from pollution. One entry states that the Bradford miller was fined for having cast his ashes into the beck, and rendered impure the water supply of the inhabitants. After looking at the present condition of the beck, it is hard to imagine the maidens in bygone days tripping down to the banks of the stream to fill their water-jugs, and meet their sweethearts, in the summer evenings. But the Court Leet, whose excellent Rolls have thrown so much light upon the domestic life of Bradfordians in years past, placed upon record facts which prove to us that our picture is not imaginary only. The primitive village life still prevailing in a few isolated

King's Arms, Great Horton.

spots in the ancient corners of Britain, once prevailed in our town of Bradford. From the Court Rolls we learn that a stone bench stood in front of every house, and further, that some of these benches were of such dimensions as to obstruct the footpath. Orders were issued by the Leet jury that all such benches should be reduced in size, so as not to incommode foot passengers and others. When the evenings were long and the weather warm and genial, the parents sat out in the open air, and talked over the gossip of the day with their neighbours. Swine that were rung and bowed were permitted to run loose in the streets and lanes; but the person whose swine at large were found not to be rung and bowed was quickly taken before the Court Leet, to answer for his negligence.

The Court Leet was a particularly useful domestic institution. It performed functions so varied in character that every section of the people was affected in a larger or lesser degree by its operations. The Leet met twice yearly. All persons who were

charged with committing offences against the statutes were arraigned before the Leet jury, and punished in accordance with the scale prices set forth for the guidance of the jury. For an ordinary assault the fine was three shillings and fourpence. If blood was drawn the fee was ten shillings. In almost all cases where females were concerned, it was the latter fee that they had to pay. The Leet jury were most particular to administer exemplary punishment to housewives who had shown that they did not possess the instincts of the good neighbour. A woman with an energetic tongue, which was permitted to exercise itself either unduly, or at inopportune periods, was deemed to be pestilential

Bank Bottom Farm, Great Horton.

and dangerous. In such cases the Court Leet was severe. Eavesdroppers were almost regarded in the same light as sheep stealers. In fact, those unlucky Bradfordians who had the misfortune to stray from the paths of rectitude, to the extent of one inch, had reason to regret their action. Persons permitting card-playing in their houses after nightfall were mulcted in fines varying from ten to twenty shillings. To obstruct the constable, or disturb the dignity of his office, was a penal offence.

The constable of old was a high and mighty personage: the modern policeman, filled as he is with the pride of omnipotence, will not bear comparison. "John Andra," who is dealt with in another part, was a typical constable. His strong individuality made him conspicuous. The guardians of the peace in the olden

times were men after his fashion. They were practically rulers of the area over which they presided. Where is there a Bowlingite who does not recall good old Constable Halliwell? Without exception the constable was the best-known man in his parish.

Mr. James extracted the following curious entry, which appears on the Rolls:—"Ordered, that no person do entertain a stranger, without the consent of the constable and four freeholders under their hands, upon pain of 39s. 11d. every month." And another entry runs:—"Ordered, that Ann Clough do remove her daughter and a child she has, who have come from near Woodchurch, in ten days, upon pain of 12d. per day if they continue longer." The Court Leet attached the greatest suspicion to the actions and movements of the townspeople. The hiring of young men as servants was forbidden. If the services of a man-servant were desired, a datal man—a day labourer—had to be employed. Young women, healthful and strong, were prohibited from "cotting" or living together, lest their presence under one roof should affect the purity of public morals; and no person was permitted to receive a single young woman as cotter or tabler without the written consent of the churchwardens of the parish. The penalty for transgressing in this respect was 39s. 11d.

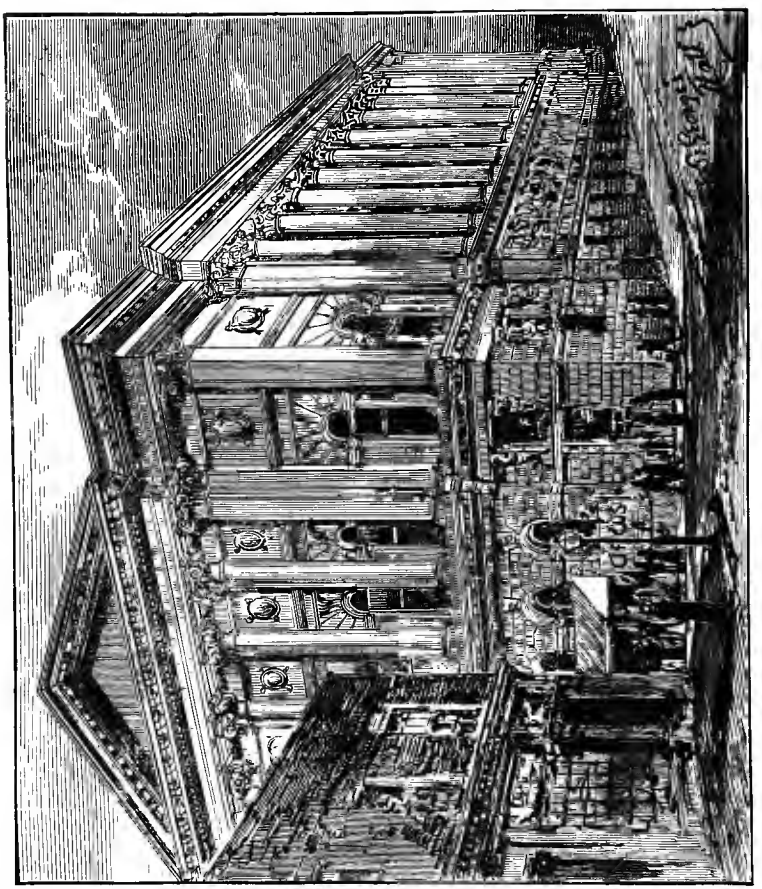
The Court Leets were conducted so thoroughly that the most trivial misdemeanour came within the province of their operations. No modern institution can claim to perform the functions of a domestic tribunal in so satisfactory a manner. It is to be regretted that, with the decay of the Court Leet, there was not devised a mode of administering justice at once so expeditious and cheap as the old form. The quarter sessions, to which much of the work of the Leets was transferred, did not possess powers for the same summary adjustment of matters, and the elaboration of the systems adopted by the Leet jury rendered the process more costly, and, therefore, less useful as a domestic tribunal.

The more we look back upon the old days, the more do we become interested in the old-fashioned methods of the primitive Bradfordians. Their ways and means for overcoming the difficulties of the preliminary stages of the manufacturing industry appear to us, in the light of present-day inventions, perhaps more burthensome and aimless than was really the case. With the great structural and geographical changes of the town, the Bradfordians, as a race, have also undergone changes wholly as radical. During the past thirty years the character of the people has entirely altered. If we extend the period to fifty years the change becomes more than proportionately greater. The manufacturers of the good old days were usually their own woolstaplers and spinners. They made an annual pilgrimage into Lincolnshire, at the clip season, and at one buying supplied their wants for the next twelve months. The sorting was done by the manufacturers upon their own premises, and afterwards their wives and daughters generally spun the wool. What we now term bad trade was regarded as a

"dulness of the markets" by our hopeful ancestors. They seldom lost confidence. They were not disconcerted by the lack of business, even though the dulness extended over several successive market days. Our ancestors were capable and intelligent enough to put the proper interpretation upon a temporary shrinage of commerce, which cannot truthfully be said of us moderns. The homeliness and comfort, in the midst of which the operations of the antiquated manufacturer were conducted, stand in strange contrast with the factory life of to-day. Father and mother, sons and daughters, all earned their livelihoods, as it were, upon the hearth. Although in those days the steam whistle did not shriek in the early morn, the hardy toilers were up betimes and at work. The co-operative principle inspired them with a feeling of industry

Crag Hill Farm, Great Horton, otherwise "Monkey Hall."

unknown to the mass of factory hands of the present time. They were, moreover, surrounded by home comforts that never, even in modified form, reach the modern phases of manufacturing life. The master manufacturer was, withal, a contented being. In the summer time he rose early and continued at his work until close upon noon, when he would take up his pipe and stroll round to see a neighbour. While business was brisk he was a man of infinite ease. He had no troubles. He talked politics and, in a mild way, became a man of society. The women sought relaxation in gossip. In Back Lane, which ran to the north of Westgate, they used to congregate in large numbers to gossip while they worked at their spinning wheels. Row after row of spinning wheels might have been seen on a summer afternoon. The tumult which arose from so many tongues wagging violently at the same moment nearly equalled the din of a factory. The spinners were not in a



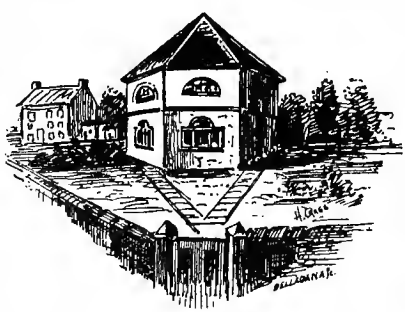
St. George's Hall.

position of opulence. Their average earnings did not exceed sixpence per day. Three shillings per week was not a great deal for a young woman to earn, and did not leave for her parents much margin of profit. In the villages round about Bradford the spinners were very numerous. Wilsden, Allerton, Baildon, and other such places contained large numbers. Wilsden, which has not yet lost the aspect it wore in the old days, was a busy little settlement. On a sunny day the streets, roads, lanes, the highways and byways, were beset with clusters of female spinners. There is a very old woman yet living in Bradford, with whom the author has spent a pleasant hour in talking over the old times. In her early days she worked at the spinning-wheel, and in her old age she works at it still. A kindly manufacturer provides her with as much material as she asks for. The vivid picture, which the venerable lady depicts of the good old days, makes one almost yearn for a glimpse of Bradford of the past.

But numerous as the spinners were, their output did not equal the demand. The weavers were compelled to go farther afield for supplies. When the mill-spun yarn was first introduced the weavers of Bradford declined to use it. They complained that it was rough, hairy, and uneven, and more difficult to weave. For a few years the new competitor had a struggle for existence; but the improvements which from time to time were made finally sealed the doom of the hand-spun material. Displeased as the weavers were with the attempts made to enforce the use of "mill-spun," they contented themselves with stubborn resistance. It was probably the only radical change which they did not rebut with riot and violence. In those days a riot was regarded as a gentle piece of pleasantry.

Although the Bradfordians were keen bargainers, and circumspect to a degree, they invariably clung with astonishing fidelity to their old-fashioned notions. It was well nigh impossible to dissuade the average Bradfordian from any view of which he had once become convinced. The superstitions of the primitive village were prevalent to a large extent amongst the old Bradfordians. They believed in fortune-telling, witchcraft, planet-ruling, ghosts, and the direst nonsense with which a people were ever humbugged. There is no neighbourhood, hamlet or village, in proximity to Bradford that did not possess a varied assortment of evil spirits, of supernatural oracles in the persons of withered old women, and others supposed to be endowed with the inborn faculty of prying into futurity. It is difficult to understand how such credulity could obtain with a class of people so thoroughly practical and sharp-witted. Many fortunes were made by the "far-seers" of Bradford. At the beginning of the present century a man named John Hepworth, of considerable notoriety as a fortune-teller, was flourishing in Bradford. He was said to perform the most marvellous miracles, to have foretold, with perfect truth, marriages and deaths, to have evicted evil spirits from bewitched premises,

and in other ways to have proved beyond all doubt and suspicion that he held intercourse with the omnipotent regions. Hepworth was once consulted by an unfortunate old hand-loom weaver, of the name of Robert Sutcliffe. The old man was weak and infirm, and had become persuaded that his neighbours were conspiring against him. He asked Hepworth to lay the evil spirit. The fortune-teller proceeded to fill an iron bottle with a mixture, which he described as human blood and hair, and afterwards securely fastened up the mouth. The bottle was then placed in the fire, and in less than thirty minutes it burst with great fury. The aged weaver was killed instantly. It is not positively known whether the rogue, Hepworth, was punished or not; but it is certain that the foul crime had not the effect of injuring his notoriety. About the same period there was a widely known "witch" at Lingbob, Wilsden. She was named Hannah Green. This woman was visited by all classes of society for miles around. A number of wealthy Bradfordians consulted her at regular periods, and by others her services were permanently requisitioned in order to rid their houses of any stray vision of evil intent, which might chance to locate itself upon their premises. The Lingbob witch, after being in business forty years, died in the year 1810. She left over £1000. There were a number of fortune-tellers in Bradford at the early part of the present century, who were all actively engaged in the exercise of their art. The credulity of the inhabitants was so intense that it did not require an adept to succeed. In every industrial part of the town there was at least one amateur fortune-teller, or witch, to minister to the wants of the populace of the district. Many of them earned more by their humbug than their ordinary callings.



Octagon Chapel, Great Horton Road.

Of boggards, ghosts and apparitions, there was no end. A large proportion of the inhabitants were so thoroughly superstitious as to be afraid of venturing out of doors after nightfall. Frequently, occurrences so common-place that the slightest investigation would have revealed the real state of things, were identified with ghosts and spectres. As an instance, the old hall, which once stood in Hall Ings was said to be haunted. When the discovery was made the moon was approaching the full, and its rays only served to brighten the effect. Crowds of scared inhabitants gathered at the foot of Goodman's End (bottom of Bridge Street), to watch the ghostly form indulge in its customary nocturnal gesticulations. Subsequently the old hall was let to a conjurer

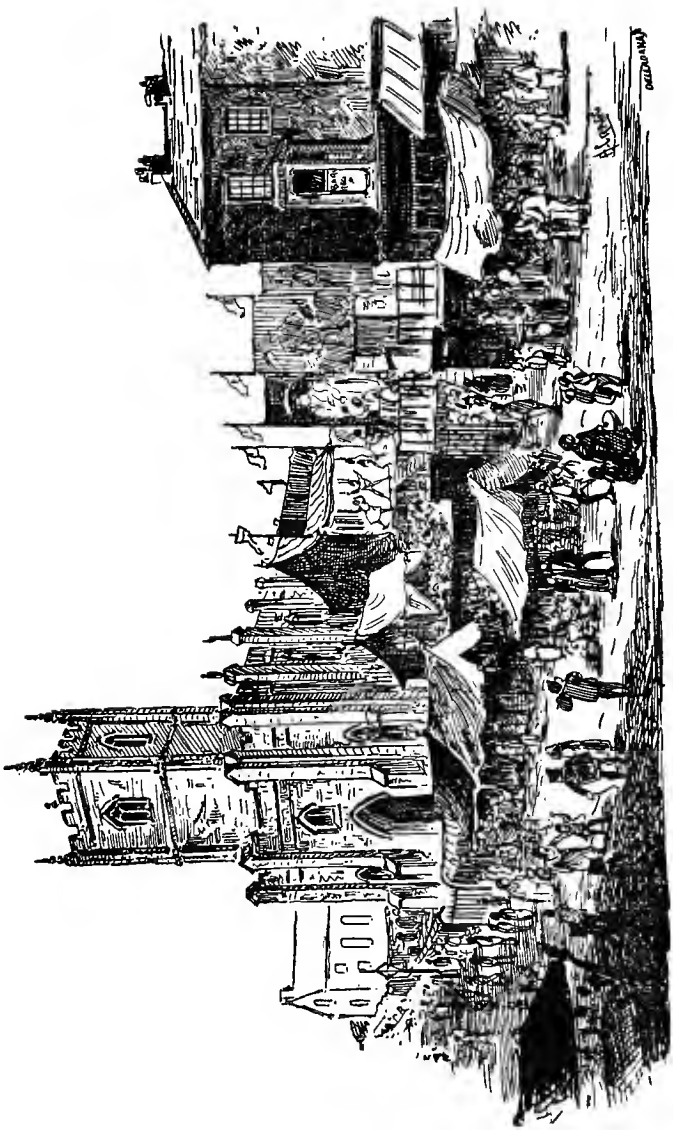
(at that period it had fallen to base uses), and it was then found that the ghost was nothing more fearful than a piece of wall paper, which, having become loosened by the damp atmosphere, had peeled off, and a broken window through which the wind found access completed the illusion. The old hall ghost was first discovered by the proprietor of a modest refreshment stall, which used to stand at the corner of the site occupied by St. George's Hall. We do not know his name, but he will be well remembered by many of the old people who were employed in their youth by Messrs. Wood & Walker. The hands engaged by that well-known firm were his chief supporters. The old man had a wooden leg. He was quite a character in his way. He was both poet and politician, and in the latter capacity had mastered the art of discussing both sides of a question with equal sincerity. To the front of his stall was affixed a card, upon which were printed two verses of his own composition. They ran as follows :—

If you want pop, one moment stop,
And at my door come rattle ;
Your money pay, without delay,
And you shall have a bottle.

The band is cut, and out will fly
The cork with such a rattle.
I'm sure you'll say, and well you may,
You ne'er had such a bottle.

True, the lines do not reveal much of the real poetic fire, but they served to stimulate the sale of the proprietor's "pop."

Perhaps the best known boggard of its day was the Horton "guytrash," whose favourite form, when appearing before the public, was that of a black dog, with huge, burning eyes. Its peregrinations were usually in the vicinity of Legrams Lane, Little Horton Lane, and Manchester Road. An old resident of Horton Green, by name Edmund Riley, used to relate a most circumstantial account of this horrid "guytrash," which was the dread of every fair creature in Horton township. Mr. Riley's friend, to whom the incident occurred, upon the occasion in question was returning home about midnight, and, when passing the gates leading to Horton Hall, he was startled by a sudden dragging at his trousers from behind. Looking round he beheld, to his horror, the "great black dog." He did not run home ; he crawled. The guytrash had taken the use out of every limb. The "great black dog" was decked out in all the portentous glory of its chains, which it only assumed when its mission was of an especially grave character. The following morning the gentleman was informed that at the exact time he had seen the guytrash, Mr. Sharp, of Horton Hall, had died. The story spread through the township in a very short time, and the Hortonians were filled with fear and trembling. The denizens of the Green, if absolutely compelled to go out of doors after dark, went in companies of three and four. Those who remained indoors turned on their powers of



Fair in Christ Church Yard, Top of Darley Street.

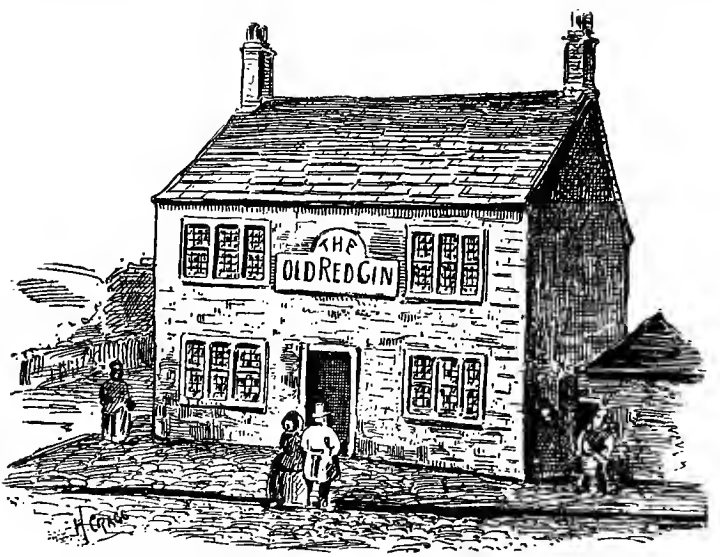
illumination to the full, and many an extra lamp was lighted in order to remove an ominous shadow from the wall. Whether the systematic absence of the Hortonians from the lanes after nightfall discouraged the guytrash, or whether its services were required elsewhere, never transpired; but after its interview with Mr. Riley's friend its attendance upon the Hortonians was abruptly relinquished.

Fifty years ago an illustrious boggard haunted the neighbourhood of Low Well, Manchester Road. Some length of time elapsed before its identity was established. Low Well, however, was really the happy hunting ground of Fair Becca, who had no competitor in her domains prior to the Low Well boggard setting up business. The form assumed by the new comer was that of an old man, heavily manacled. His face was deeply furrowed, and his two tiny eyes, which blazed like balls of fire, twinkled deep down in their sockets. His form was withered, he had a frowning, ominous visage, and his features were so contracted that he struck terror in his beholders. His sleeping-place was said to be in the bed of a

Old Forster Square.

stream which still runs beneath Manchester Road, a few yards above Dewhirst Mill. The boggard was fond of pouncing upon small boys, against whom it was thought he was greatly incensed. Frequently, he shook his chains so vigorously in the still watches of the night that the denizens of Little Bowling Lane trembled in their shoes, as the echo reached them. The visitation of this fearful spectre was everywhere dreaded. The nature of the old man's trouble was never ascertained to the satisfaction of the neighbourhood. The existence of the Low Well boggard was once so openly demonstrated that any doubt which might have existed was banished. The "old man" had lain quiet for many weeks, and the people had begun to imagine that he had finally disappeared. A party of juveniles, ranging in age from ten to fourteen, planned a visit to the supposed hiding-place of the boggard. Saturday afternoon was selected for the excursion. Candles, oil lamps, and matches were provided in abundance, and the party set forth upon their perilous adventure, under the

guidance of a certain valiant youth. The tunnel is short, but towards the middle there is a slight bend which renders that part of the passage perfectly dark. It crosses beneath Manchester Road, and comes out in the low ground on the other side, flowing towards the brick kiln. The expedition entered at the Dewhirst Mill end. The water was shallow, and by tilting from side to side they managed to keep their shoes tolerably dry. All went well until the dark portion of the tunnel was reached. Their progress became slower and more cautious at that point, and the regular thud of their footfalls was all that could be heard. In another moment the leader of the expedition would have passed the bend, but the supposed boggard, infuriated by such a rude



Old Red Gin, Bowling Old Lane.

intrusion upon his privacy, leaped to his feet and rattled his chains until the water splashed in all directions, and the underground passage vibrated with his terrible menaces. The "expedition" were in one huge mass, each member in his turn, and sometimes before his turn, getting a sound drenching. It was sometime before the confusion sufficiently subsided to enable the adventurers to retreat in the direction whence they started. Meantime, the person who had undertaken to play the part of boggard, had escaped unobserved at the other end. Although the Low Well boggard did not give another such practical demonstration of his presence, his existence was never afterwards questioned, and many people charitably concluded that he had fallen into a trance.

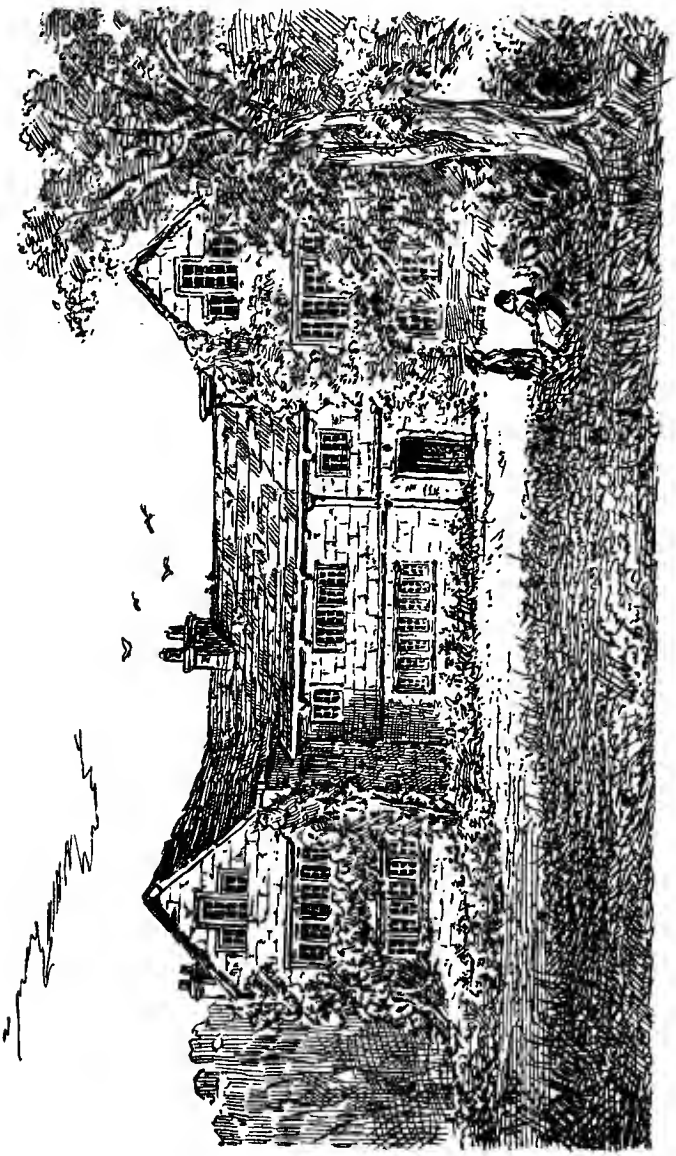
The Horton "boggard" and the Horton "guytrash" were

separate and distinct personages. The former appellation was applied to the ghost of "Fair Becca," the latter to the "great black dog." Fair Becca, while in her prime, was widely known. In her days of nature she had been so foully treated that a good deal of popular sympathy was bestowed upon her spirit form.

"Rebecca," as the higher grade of Hortonians always spoke of the young woman, hoping, doubtless, that their marked respect for her memory would save them from the visitations of her apparition, lived in one of those old tumble-down cottages, which, until a few years ago, stood before the entrance gates of Cliffe Mill. Rebecca was a sweet, confiding girl. She was so lovely and gentle that the whole neighbourhood spoke of her as "Fair Becca." The abbreviation of her name was emblematic of sincerity. "Fair Becca," as we will designate her henceforth, was the beloved of a callous youth who resided at Hanson Farm.

Peckover Hall.

One morning, ere the sun had scarce risen, Fair Becca was awakened by a rapping at her cottage door, and looking out she beheld her sweetheart, mounted upon a trusty steed. "Bedeck thyself in thy best, Rebecca," cried the smiling swain, "for we are going to the kirk to be married." Right willingly did Fair Becca obey, and in a very short space of time she had mounted the horse behind her sweetheart. The animal's head was turned towards Wilsden. Although the villainous lover assumed a gay demeanour, which, according to common usages, it is proper for all lovers to assume when they set forth upon the eventful journey preceding the performance of the marriage ceremony, Fair Becca, while suspecting no wrong, was not happy. In close proximity to Old Allen there was an isolated lane, near to which were a number of worked-out pits. It was at that point of their journey that the young man intimated to his fair companion that she must prepare



Boldshay Hall.

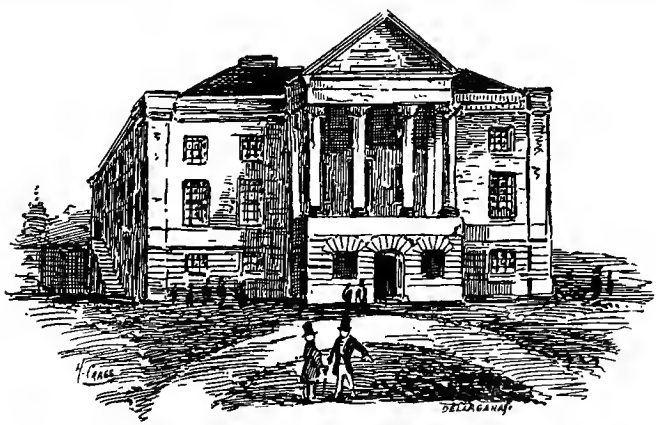
to die. Poor Becca begged to be spared, and when her foul-hearted lover galloped around the edge of the pit, in his attempts to throw her in, she clung to him tenaciously. At last her grip loosened, and, falling from the horse, she fell over the mouth of the pit and disappeared. The motive of the crime was believed to be unfounded jealousy. Fair Becca was possessed of an angelic spirit which dictated kindliness unto all, and the purity of her soul was mistaken by her blind lover for baseness of purpose. The wicked youth did not live happily after the perpetration of his crime. He led a dissolute life, and while participating, as previously mentioned, in a "hen drinking" at the "Robin Hood and Little John," the ghost of his sweetheart first appeared. "Fair Becca" was true to her dying words. "I'll come agean," the girl said, as she fell from the horse, "as long as t' holly tree grows green." The remorse-stricken lover, so the legend says, confessed his guilt while on his deathbed, and a subsequent search revealed the mangled form of his victim at the bottom of the pit at Old Allen. The wanderings of Fair Becca extended over a considerable area. She has been seen (!) at Low Well, in Cliffe Lane, on Lidget Green, at Bank Bottom, at Crag Hill Farm, and other places upon the same evening; and there are school children to-day who hurry home in the dark days from the neighbourhood of Scholemoor, lest the unoffending ghost should cross their paths. Fair Becca, however, must either have terminated her career as an apparition, or migrated to another sphere. She has not been seen for some length of time.

The minor boggards and guytrashes, with which the rural districts round about Bradford have fairly bristled, were not of a sufficiently permanent character to make a place for themselves in history. We are, therefore, without authentic details. The Wibsey boggard, who was the biggest of the small coterie of boggards that haunted the Slack, has been described by old residents as an exceedingly tall person, with enormous feet. His footfalls, which have been compared to the thud of a steam hammer, were said to resound throughout the whole neighbourhood. The Wibsey boggard was never a power in the land, and the Wibseyites were not long troubled by his presence.

The Bolling Hall ghost has been a popular favourite for many years. The interesting lady is so well-known that we need say nothing concerning her beyond the passing reference previously made elsewhere. The illustration of the subject is copied from a rare old print. From the artistic point of view the old print was never, perhaps, quite a success, but at any rate it faithfully depicts the incident according to the legend. The ghost room at the old hall is still intact, and its effect upon the nerves of the maid-servant was just as fresh during the occupation of the last tenant, as it was a century ago. We have done our utmost to discover fresh facts concerning Bolling Hall and its traditions, but we regret we have not been successful. We were informed, in the course of compila-

tion, that a number of years ago there lived in Bowling an old man who had in his possession certain manuscript, in which mention was made of a subterranean passage from Bolling Hall to the Parish Church. We carefully investigated the matter, having in mind the blacksmith's story of the Paper Hall boggard and its subterranean home, as related by a local antiquarian. Unfortunately, the old man is not now living, and the custodian of the precious papers is unable to unearth the documents consigned to his keeping by his dead friend.

The isolated and sparsely populated districts in the neighbourhood of Bradford could not have been better adapted to the requirements of ghosts, boggards and spectres. An old resident once informed Mr. James that within his recollection Bradford, after nightfall, was an expanse of utter desolation. From the "Townend," where the roads from Little Horton and Great Horton meet Manchester Road, there was not one single dwelling-

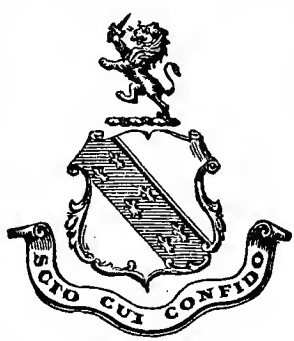


The Court House, Hall Ings.

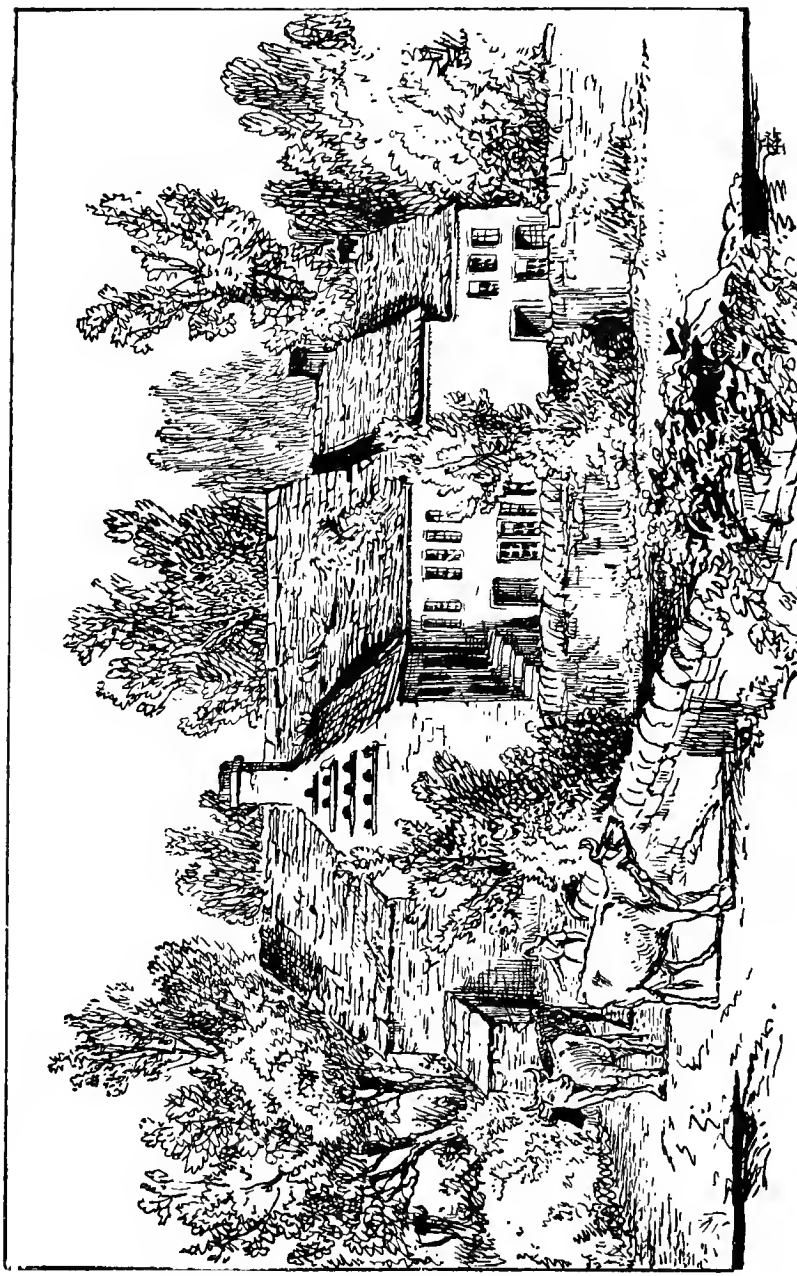
place until the Red Gin public-house in Little Bowling Lane (Bowling Old Lane) was reached. Everywhere were fields and pastures, and land more or less cultivated. There was not even a homestead. From the Red Gin, Bolling Hall might have been seen hidden behind a clump of trees, and the old house in Oaks Fold stood to the right. This venerable structure is of considerable antiquity, and although it has played no prominent part in the history of the town, it has been the residence from time to time of several families of some importance. It is probably the oldest house in West Bowling. The cottages which skirt along Birch Lane, immediately below Gaythorne Road, bear indications of some antiquity; but where the inhabited portion of Birch Lane may be said to terminate there is a cluster of ancient houses whose every outline belongs to the good old days of building. At the present time Birch Lane from this point is a curious mixture of old

and new. Lamp-posts have been erected in regular order, but in most other respects its old condition remains unchanged. West Bowling is the growth of the last few years, and its expansion is due to the same causes which have given birth to other important townships of Bradford.

The old resident, who was interviewed by Mr. James, expressed wonderment and surprise at the changes which had taken place since his youth. If he had lived till to-day, what would have been his wonderment and surprise? Old Bradfordians, whose memories cover a span of fifty years, shake their heads with profound astonishment when we draw comparisons between past and present, and their experiences do not go back beyond the coaching days. In the olden times Bradfordians laboured under the disadvantage of possessing no education, and wanting none. Although the Bradford Grammar School is an institution of great antiquity, its influence only reached the classes, not the masses. Mention is made of the existence of a Grammar School at Bradford as early as the year 1553. In the reign of Charles II. the school is spoken of as the "Free Grammar School of King Charles the Second at Bradford." The institution at that date was in a most primitive state, and its pupils few indeed. The staff comprised the master and an assistant. The governors, for whose appointment the Charter of Incorporation of King Charles II. contained a special injunction, were thirteen in number, and selected from amongst "the most discreet, honest, and religious persons in the neighbourhood." The Vicar of Bradford always played an important part in the direction of the school's affairs, which were virtually under his special guidance. The school-room was utilised by him as an office for the conduct of parish business, such as the collection of tithes. The old Grammar School used to stand in close proximity to the Parish Church, and it is thought that the original building occupied the same site. Connected with the old school was the usual playground, which reached into Well Street, and a few yards away was the school well, about two feet below the level of the ground. It was from this fact that Well Street took its name. There is no reliable list of "schoolmaisters" extending further back than 1658. In the will of an ancient Bradford vicar, Thomas Okden, under date January 13th, 1563, there is a bequest which states:—"To Robert Hall, schoolmaister of the school at Bradforde, for such paynes as he hath taken for me XXs of money." In 1698, the Rev. Thomas Clapham, M.A., of the ancient Claphams of Bemesley Hall, in Wharfedale, was appointed head-master, and in 1710 he became Vicar of Bradford.

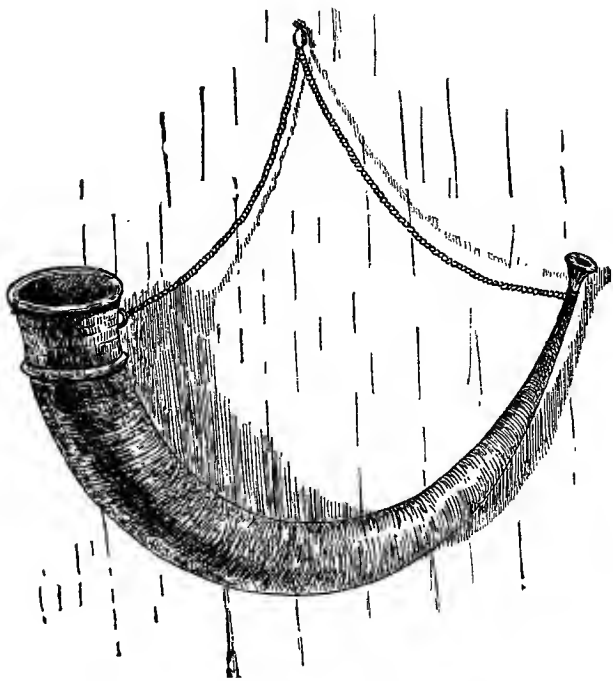


Clapham Coat of Arms.



A Typical British Homestead. Waterside Farm: Home of Ben Preston.

He was an excellent man, and extremely popular amongst his pupils. Under date Easter, 1700, an entry was made in the treasurer's minute-book that four guineas were to be paid to "Mr. Clapham, present schoolmaster, for his extraordinary charges at his breaking up this present Easter, the schoolboys then acting a comedy." Unfortunately, there is no information as to the title of the comedy selected. Mr. Clapham was too classical a man to select for representation any subject not thoroughly high-class. The comedy would probably be Shakespearian. A popular play of the period, however, was *George a' Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield*,



Bradford Horn.

one of the characters in which makes the remark—"I think we are in Bradford, where all the merry shoemakers dwell." The shoemakers of Bradford were adepts at quarter-staff, and, according to tradition, any person who failed to approach the town with his staff over his shoulder was immediately set upon and belaboured by the jolly cobblers. Our young readers will know the story of how Robin Hood, having been challenged to a bout in such a manner, went to work and thoroughly trounced every member of the merry shoemakers' league. The shoemakers of Bradford, although by no means vanquished, have evidently

degenerated considerably. Notwithstanding its popularity, Mr. Clapham would not be likely to permit his choice to take the direction of *George a' Greene*. Our illustration of the Clapham Arms and Crest is taken from the tombstone of Mr. Clapham.

The opening of the old Mechanics' Institute, at the corner of Leeds Road and Well Street, now used as a branch coffee-tavern, was the first practical step towards the education of all classes. Once the benefits of knowledge began to make themselves felt, the appreciation of the movement became wide-spread. The institute strode onward in the paths of progress, and, thirty years later, the foundation stone of the present building in Market Street was laid by the late Lord Houghton.

After all, the credulity and superstition of our ancestors was due to the state of ignorance that characterised the age in which they lived. The mind was educated to the standard of its surroundings, and nothing more. In the credulity and superstition of our forefathers, at least there was present the element of honest conviction. Their acts were according to their lights. True, we moderns have progressed with velocity; but if distinctions be drawn it will be found that, even a generation ago, a good deal of headway was compressed into a space of time comparatively short.

In most respects we are better to-day than our ancestors were in their era. We do not take our dogs to church, and maiden ladies no longer put up their parasols to protect them from the sun while at public worship. But our great advancement has not, perhaps, had the effect of wholly ennobling the better instincts of mankind. We do not always utilise our progressive state to the best advantage, and individual superiority is frequently misapplied. There is something less of the spirit of benevolence about all things. The severity with which the race for wealth has been contested has demoralised, if not altogether deleted, the fraternal element that once prevailed in the conduct of business. And to-day we find ourselves, as a whole, with the acquisition of wealth as the primary object of existence; living alone for the attainment of our own ends; and in the acquirement of wealth, showing little regard for those weaker vessels which struggle alongside of us with less success. Such is not a desirable consummation.

Much as the old town was loved in the past, none can regret that it has gone. Bradford and Bradfordians have kept pace in the march of progress, and a liberal measure of prosperity has been awarded for the exercise of honest industry.

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