North Dalton: A biography of a High Wolds village

Jennie Byass

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Introduction

We arrived to live at the Manor House, North Dalton in the County of East Yorkshire on 6 October 1971. Our farm consists of 500 acres of good Wolds land, which my husband's grandparents bought from the Londesborough Estate in 1921. It is a chalky outcrop that rises above 600 feet and features dry valleys that were gouged through glacial movement. The thin soil barely covers the chalk, there is no water and there are cruel, sharp flints that wear out tractor tyres.

We were not the first to live here. People have lived here since the Stone Age and they have left tantalizing evidence of their lives through the artefacts they have dropped or buried in the soil. What was their story? I badly wanted to find out.

In 1971 we employed four men, two of whom lived in cottages on the farm. As the men retired, they were replaced with larger and faster mechanical equipment, leaving the cottages empty. We decided to turn their homes into holiday cottages and the Georgian row, including the 'slum' where the bachelor lads had slept, became four holiday cottages in 1990. They are always full in the summer and at Christmas and New Year, but in November and the months of early spring they are difficult to fill. My sister suggested we advertise in *Metal Detecting Weekly* offering a rental package including access to the fields. We did so, and metal detectorists began to visit. We have met men from many different walks of life, all dedicated to their hobby. We have been impressed by their knowledge and expertise and have been amazed by their finds. Practically every century over the past 2000 years is represented by a coin or artefact they have found here. Fishermen never catch a fish with their rods on the bank. Similarly, the detectorists spend hours on the land, looking like scarecrows in the middle of fields as you drive past. Like fishermen, they work in all weathers moving slowly over the stubble. They like best land that has been ploughed for potatoes, as the depth of the furrow is greater.

Neolithic traces

Growing potatoes requires a deeper plough. Land prepared for potatoes has exposed dark black patches in the soil. These are apparently iron age round houses, the soil blackened by the charcoal of a thousand fires. There are five clear such round houses up the Warter Road that were first identified by two charming men from the Isle of Man. They work with metal detectors but their experience over years has led them to watch with their eyes as well as their ears as they listen for the sound from their machines. They picked a Neolithic axe head from the soil. Apparently manufactured in Langdale in the West and traded as early as 2500BC, it is the rear half which fitted into the wooden shaft of the tool. It would have been strapped in by sinews and the action of chopping would have rammed the stone yet harder into the wooden handle. Our Iron Age man would have got through a lot of such axes as he felled the trees for firewood and building materials.

After some of our finds were registered with the Coroner, we contacted the York archaeological society. They came and did a geo-physical survey (as Tony Robinson does on *Time Watch*) and identified clear ancient ditches. Square ditch barrows are funerary monuments of the Middle Iron Age. The majority are found between the River Humber and the southern slopes of the North Yorkshire Moors. The burial sites found at Wetwang and Garton-on-the-Wolds are said to belong to the Arras culture. Garton and Wetwang are very close to North Dalton but it is not clear whether these people were connected.[1]

The Celts in North Dalton

One autumn evening the doorbell rang and Dave was smiling at the door. Dave is a ship's boilermaker from Sunderland. His work takes him all over the world but his day job is usually in the bowels of some hot and dark vessel, his hobby the exact opposite. He was staying in one of our cottages and in his hand he held the find of his life. Three gold coins. He knew exactly what they were: Celtic Staters. Treasure. They are pure gold and as shiny as the day they were buried. Slightly larger in size than our present 5p piece, they feature a surprisingly modern stylised horse on one side.

Example: Britain TRINOVANTES AV Stater Gold c.60 - 20 BC

We know people have lived North of the Humber for a long time because of the Ferriby boat. This boat, discovered on the banks of the Humber dates from 1000 BC. The amazingly massive oak trees which made the boat were grown in Yorkshire meaning that people living here were keen to explore the continent as well as those coming over here. It could carry three tonnes of cargo, so it seems they were trading

[1] In 1817 a group of East Yorkshire gentry opened barrows in a large Iron Age cemetery on the Yorkshire Wolds at Arras, near Market Weighton, including a remarkable burial accompanied by a chariot with two horses, which became known as the King's Barrow. This was the third season of excavation undertaken there, producing spectacular finds including a further chariot burial and the so-called Queen's barrow, which contained a gold ring, many glass beads and other items. These and later discoveries would lead to the naming of the Arras Culture, and the suggestion of connections with the near European continent. Since then further remarkable finds have been made in the East Yorkshire region, including 23 chariot burials, most recently at Pocklington in 2017 and 2018, where both graves contained horses, and were featured on BBC 4's Digging for Britain series. **The Arras Culture of Eastern Yorkshire – Celebrating the Iron Age** (2019) Peter Halkon (Ed.) Oxbow Books. .

with mainland Europe and probably the south of the country 1000 BC. The Humber in those days was fordable. Apparently, that is no longer possible because an embankment has been built where the Ouse joins the estuary, thus forcing the tide to constantly dig a channel which makes it impossible to cross on foot but helps with navigation.

Dave has returned year after year - always finding a few more coins. To date he has found 58. All the coins have been transferred to various museums. The Coroner in his report declares that they are a scattered hoard of gold coins of the tribe of the Corieltauvi, who lived in Lincolnshire from the late Iron Age until the defeat of Boudicca in AD 61.

The Corieltauvi apparently came from a part of Belgium that is now in Northern France. Could they have been fleeing the Roman legions? They quickly defeated the Bronze Age peoples with the iron weapons that replaced those of the Bronze Age. And they brought coins of gold and bronze. The Humber estuary would have been the obvious entry to Britain for traders coming from the continent. Grain, cattle, gold, silver and iron, hides, as well as slaves and dogs. Dogs that were bred for the chase were traded, giving the impression that the Celts feasted on game, including wild boar and deer. While we now have very few trees on the Wolds, 2000 years ago trees were plentiful, which meant that the depth of soil was greater when the trees were cleared for the first of the primitive ploughs to work the land.

We cannot really know why the scattered hoard was buried, but hoards of gold coins like these are not uncommon in East Anglia, where they were buried at the time of the Boudican revolt to hide them from the Romans. Boudicca, it was thought, was finally defeated in AD61 in the Midlands. All the coin books speak of hoards in Lincolnshire and some as far north as North Ferriby, but we are twenty-five miles north of Ferriby, which is situated on the north shore of the Humber estuary. The Corieltauvi are not mentioned in the Iceni’s revolt against the Romans and indeed their territory is said to be Lincolnshire and South Humberland rather than North Humberland. Of course, after the final repression of the indigenous population, the coinage would have been that of Rome. Perhaps warriors and mercenaries buried their coins intending to retrieve them after the Romans left. The Roman occupation of East Yorkshire started in AD70, so perhaps our coins were buried at this time?

The site where the coins were found has no distinguishing features. The tiny hedges allow uninterrupted views of the rolling fields. Few trees grow to any height. Larch, beech and sycamore do well, but there are no oaks on the Wolds. There is little water: a village pond, but no running water at all. The village people say there are springs beneath the pond. Historically the country people made dew ponds. A saucer shaped dip was lined with a clay and straw mix which hardens to form a seal. The water naturally collects to fill these dips and they never seems to dry up. North Dalton was connected late to mains water and sadly since then, with ball cocked tanks in the fields, the dew ponds are all filled in. There are some remaining on Wold farms, but ours have all gone.

So, who were these people? Presumably they lived in the usual conical Celtic houses. Northern Celts were mainly herdsmen with domesticated flocks of sheep and herds of cattle. Detectorists have found a Celtic snaffle bit on our land. It must have belonged to a small horse, but nevertheless it is proof that horses were domesticated.

Example: Bronze Celtic snaffle bit

We have found pottery too from the period. It therefore seems our Celts were a settled pastoral people. In law, the Celt belonged to a family and a tribe and had no legal personality outside the tribe. Land was held in common by the family and the wealth of the family was counted in cattle. Slavery was practised and cattle raiding and warfare were national sports. The latter were formalised and did not result in great carnage.

Our Celts apparently believed in an afterlife as the burial site at Wetwang is that of a male warrior buried with a sword, shield, seven spears and wheels. The wheels could be from a chariot or from a cart - perhaps pulled by one of the little horses. The graves of women contain jewellery and joints of pork or mutton. Clearly this indicates belief in the need for sustenance for the journey ahead and similar grave goods are found in earlier tombs uncovered in China and Egypt. It always amazes me to think that civilizations which developed thousands of miles apart, created very similar rituals at a similar time. People of different cultures and races clearly needed very similar reassurance that they were travelling to another life and would need familiar articles of comfort to aid their journey.

Were our Celts Druids? Caesar said of the Druids:

> *'They are chiefly anxious to have men believe the following: that souls did not suffer death, but pass from one body to another; and they regard this as the strongest incentive to valour, since the fear of death is discarded'.*[2]

[2] The Celtic Ethnography of Posidonius (1960) J. J. Tierney, Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy: Archaeology, Culture, History, Literature Vol. 60 (1959/1960),

There is no trace of an ancient religious site of the Celts in the village, but some people maintain that early churches were built on the religious sites of earlier sacred places. North Dalton's Church, dedicated to All Saints, is on a distinct mound and there are the usual church yard yews. The yew tree was sacred to the Celts and its hallucinatory powers were well known. The leaves and seeds within the berry are toxic and on a hot summers day you can sit beneath a yew and sense the hallucination. The tree has medicinal powers and some modern chemotherapy drugs were originally developed from yew trees[3]. The wood is used for bows, because of its ability to bend. Thus, the ancients worshiped the yew for its weapons: the wood to kill assailants and the bark to kill disease.

So, what of the everyday life of our ancients Celts? Let us imagine them living in a conical house made from daub and wattle with a hole in the roof for the smoke to escape from the central fire. We can see where these have been by the patches of blackened earth caused by many decades of fires within the home. The extended family lived within a wooden stockade, tending their stock and living on meat and milk. This early diet would be rich in protein (much like the Atkins Diet). They tended flocks of sheep and cattle and hunted wild boar and deer. There are excellent flints in the soil that would have cut meat with ease and scraped the hides, before they were laid out to dry. Clothes would be made from the hides to deter the cold winds.

What of health? Accidents, tooth decay and arthritis would have been the main diseases to shorten life. Breast cancer would be rare, for girls hardly had periods. They would not have matured before the age of 16 or 17, as their diet would not have been as complete and varied as ours today. Once the girls had matured, they would form a relationship and then they would be pregnant for the greater part of their adult life, bearing a child each year. Complications of childbirth would have been a common cause of death.

What of music and dance? They never heard Mozart of course, but religious rituals whether Druid or Mithran may well have involved movement to drums. Individual tribes would have their own deities with rivers, streams or trees being sacred, but all would understand the importance of the 'High One'. For Celts everyday life and superstitious ritual were inseparable. Today, the All Saints harvest festival service is one where people bringing flowers and vegetables with which to deck the church. I love the smell of apples which greet you as you enter and late butterflies and lady birds, trapped within the foliage, gingerly creep along the pews. Surely our Celts would bring the finest of their produce in thanks. I like to think of the tribe/clan within their circle of sacred yews where our present church stands praising their gods, returning their bounty through sacrifice of animals, hoping that they have grown beyond the Iron Age sacrifice of human beings to placate the gods.

[3]Docetaxel and paclitaxel are both chemotherapy drugs that were originally developed from bark and needles of yew trees but are now produced synthetically.

The story of Aye: Part 1

Aye was born in the summer to a prosperous Celtic couple who lived in North Dalton. Aged five she had large brown eyes and a mop of dark curls, which framed her broad face. Slim, but strong, she was the first of her mother's children and so soon was tending the stock and helping with the chores as her mother cared for her younger brothers and sisters. Aye's father, Andoco, a member of the Corieltauvi, was prosperous and well respected. His main source of wealth was his hounds which he bred for the chase and trained to run down deer, hares and rabbits and the wild boar of the forest. Aye loved the puppies. She loved their soft, fat, floppy paws and their silken ears. Her father would train them to run beside his horse and working as a pack they would hunt and corner animals, which he would then dispatch and bring home for the family. It was these dogs that he would take to North Ferriby to sell. It was these dogs that he would exchange for the golden staters. Sometimes he brought a new knife with a strong iron blade, but more often he sold the dogs for money. The knife was useful, but Aye was good with a flint. They were not difficult to find as they were just below the surface and her father would skilfully taper the end to the sharpness of a razor. Aye could skin a sheep. She would scrape the fleece and remove the sinews from its legs for strong thongs.

The long happy days of summer were replaced by the long dark winter evenings, huddled around the fire telling stories of the chase. It was one such winter evening in AD60, when Aye was six that she first became aware of the Romans. Her father returning from North Ferriby told of the Romans in the South who were being repulsed by Boudicca the Queen of the Iceni. He described this brave queen with her mass of red hair and her ceremonial gold torc about her long neck. He had heard that she had sacked Colchester. The Romans had built a lavish temple to the Emperor Claudius and the cult of his followers extracted large sums of money from the local Iceni. All too much for the proud queen. Andoco had heard from the boatman taking his hounds to Europe, that seventy thousand had been killed. Many Romans had been sacrificed to the Celtic god of war.

It was many months before Aye, again around the fire with her family, heard of the defeat of the Queen of the Iceni. Her father, again selling hounds and fleece in North Ferriby returned with a chilling tale. General Suetonius had left London and moved his legions to Watling Street, which Andoco heard amounted to ten thousand men. Foolishly forsaking her successful guerrilla style warfare, the over confident queen decided to meet the legions in pitched battle. Suetonius placed his army in formation before a dense wood which protected his rear. Andoco drew with a stick on the floor of the house. Infantry in the centre and cavalry protecting their flanks. The confident Britons with so many successes to recall, brought camp followers to witness the battle, assuming yet another rout. These wagon trains were behind the Britons lines and prevented their retreat. The Romans threw their javelins. The children wanted their father to explain what a javelin was. This time the stick was given a sharp point and thrown across the room. One of the dogs, hit in the side, yelped and ran to the door to escape such wrath. The javelins were followed with hand to hand fighting, when their short stabbing swords did terrible damage to the Britons who were not

protected by shields or body armour of any sort. Eighty thousand Britons were slaughtered when only four hundred Romans died. No one knew what had happened to the brave queen and her daughters.

Life was never the same after that night. Andoco became tense and aggressive. The Iceni and Trinovantes had been away from home for so long on their campaigns against the Romans that they had not sewn their seeds or tended their flocks. Starving Celtic tribesmen were wandering North looking for food and shelter. Andoco brought all his children to him one day and showed them his money. Beautiful golden coins with the magnificent horses razed upon their face. The children felt their weight and piled them in neat stacks. Their mother brought one of the pottery jars and the coins were carefully placed within. Andoco took the whole family and walking half a mile in measured steps, found a distinctive place, which he wished all the children to memorise. He started to dig a huge hole with sticks and his hands. The golden staters were buried and the children instructed to remember the site, for if anything happened to Andoco, they were to return and recover their wealth. They walked home in silence.

Roman occupation

The Romans were in Britain from 43 BC to AD 410. The conquest of East Yorkshire happened in the AD 70's. If you look at the map of East Yorkshire, you will see the Roman Road from North Ferriby to York passes through South Cave and Sancton. A spur from this road goes to Malton, which passes between North Dalton and Bainton. Our neighbour has Roman remains on his farm. He thinks the building was a fort of some sort, where troops could be rested and restocked between the coast and Malton. Alternatively, it could have been a staging post. These were built on significant routes to refresh travellers. These typically had six guest rooms, a dining area, kitchen and a small bath house. As travel improved goods and services were brought from all over the Empire: the first common market.

We have Roman nettles growing on our land. There is a strain that was brought from Italy by the Romans (U. pilulifera) with leaves bigger and the colour a darker green than the common nettle (Urtica dioica). Nettles were used as food and also apparently to whip the legs of the soldiers to increase the blood flow. Good circulation would warm the legs and help with marching.

The Romans were certainly here, as they have dropped coins and artefacts in the soil. Coins which were in all probability minted in London. We have a piece of bronze from a Roman sword. Several pieces of broach, buckles and some studs from Roman sandals with the leather still attached. These finds all seem to corroborate our neighbours' story that soldiers were billeted on the neighbouring land.

The sophistication of Roman civilisation is well documented, but the life of Romans in North Dalton is open to conjecture. North Dalton is an unforgiving place with south-westerly winds that distort the tree shapes and stunt their growth. The Romans

may have brought baths and banquets, law and order, schools and oratory to many parts of Britain, but not here. This would have been a hard male society not a domesticated scene, but men far from home at an outpost of the Roman Empire keeping the locals quiescent.

We have found several coins of the Roman occupation, but these are of little value.

Example: Denarius depicting Sabina, wife of Hadrian

Perhaps the nicest coin depicts the head of the Emperor Constantine. Constantius, his father, was Caesar from 293 – 305. At this time Britain was divided into four provinces, the Northern Province being run from York. Constantius died in York and his son Constantine 1 the Great was proclaimed Emperor in York in 337 by the legions. We have a small coin with Constantine's head on as well. There is a statue of Constantine in white marble outside York Minster on the spot where he was proclaimed Emperor. However, this far flung post of Empire was never really safe from invasion for soon the Saxons started to raid the East shore. Constantine, troubled by problems in Gaul, took troops to Boulogne and these troops never again returned to Britain.

Statue of Constantine outside York Minster

Detectorists have found several bronze artefacts that look like thick hairpins which they say were used to pluck harps. I like to think there was music here, and that in pre-Christian times the Romans may have introduced their god Mithras whose rituals were accompanied by music and song. The cult of Mithra comes from Persia. It demanded seven tests of endurance for initiates to gain acceptance: the aim being to develop in its adherents the virtues of strength and endurance. The tests were terrifying, so it is hardly surprising the cult appealed mostly to soldiers.

In general, worship under the Romans became more gentle, for Roman law punished the sacrifice of humans which was reported to have occurred in Celtic times. As the military world of Rome ended, it gave way to the great spiritual conquest of the Roman church which was to break up the old idols and destroy the ancient sacred places. The old deities were turned into goblins and imps, fairies and gnomes, their exploits becoming fireside tales, rhymes and fairy stories. They became the gargoyles of our churches: their macabre features ridiculed in stone.

Roman soldiers came from all over the Empire. Youths between the age of 18 – 20, following the Greek pattern, joined a youth brigade and trained in camps and forts as borders guards. In effect performing a period of National Service. The young men swore an oath to the Emperor. Once they reached the age of 20 they became citizens of Rome and took a further oath that began: “I shall not disgrace these sacred arms”. These oaths were taken very seriously as Roman citizens valued a man’s word and felt it raised them above other cultures that their word could be relied upon. However, the laws they swore to obey had to be ‘reasonable’; and here lies the beginning of all English law in which ‘reasonableness’ continues to play a big part. Lay Magistrates today in England and Wales are not qualified lawyers, the only qualification demanded is that they are ‘reasonable people’.

The story of Aye: Part 2

Andoco need not have feared the Roman invasion. Our Celtic family prospered under the Romans, as did the whole nation. Communications improved and the standard of living with improvements to cleanliness and building techniques. Andoco’s hounds were in demand and he traded with York and Malton, collecting his rewards in Denaries. The Staters, while not forgotten, were left for they were no longer coin of the realm and as such were safer where they were. Still loving her hounds, Aye became an adept horsewoman, riding with hounds in training. She would ride all over the Wolds encouraging the pack to hunt as one. It was on one such exposition on a warm summer evening some way from home that she saw a group of Roman soldiers. They were chatting and laughing, throwing huge pieces of chalk as far as they could. Mimicking the shot that their contemporaries would be practising for the Roman games. Perhaps one of them would be chosen to compete in the games in Eboracum.

Aye watched their prowess from a distance and then on of the hounds scented a hare and they were off in full cry. The hare running towards the soldiers, was startled by their cries and ran back into the jaws of the hungry hounds. Aye practised at calling the animals off their prey, jumped from her little mare and rescued the hare before it was too badly damaged. The soldiers let out a cheer. They were impressed by the girl's skill. One of them, no more than a boy, held Aye's gaze for seconds. She looked into big brown eyes very like her own. He smiled. She threw the hare over the pony's mane, leapt easily on to the mares back behind the hare and turned for home.

Aye found herself travelling toward the fort more frequently. Then one day she saw a lone figure sitting on one of the great pieces of chalk the men had been tossing so effortlessly when they first met. He stood up and walked towards her. She rode over. He spoke. She did not understand the words, but words seemed unnecessary. Aye was in love with a Roman god.

Andocia, as Aye's mother was known was aware of the change in her first born. She mentioned to the girl's father that Aye was in need of a man to control her, for she had too big a smile and too bright an eye.

The Roman was known as Cassius, he was one of the trainee carpenters brought from Rome to build the forts and castles that were springing up in the North. He gave her things she did not know existed. Olive oil to rub in her hair to make it as shiny as a crow's wing. He gave her a phial made from blue glass, which contained red wine. Then one day they visited the Roman Temple in Millington some 5 miles from North Dalton. Cassius walked beside Aye, who rode her little pony. It was in the little Temple that the young couple swore to stay together and be there for one another.

Words were spoken which Aye did not understand, but she knew the essence of the oath and was only too eager to keep her promise.

On the way back the sun having already sunk below the escarpment, Cassius laid his woollen cloak upon the grass. They made love beside the chalk stream, that winds its way beneath the steep sides of the Millington Dale.

She never saw her Cassius again, for the little fort was completed and he was off to work in Eboracum which was fast becoming the central city of the North, rivalling any such city in the Empire.

Andocia recognised a change in her daughter, as the sparkle had left her eyes. She became concerned, maybe a little frightened. Andoco, reminded again by his women, found a suitable mate for his daughter and the clan visited their sacred place within the circle of yew trees on a mound in the dale. The recited incantations to Cocidius, the horned god of fertility and hunting, before returning to the settlement and feasting upon venison and wild boar, all eaten with the Roman wine they had managed to barter from the Romans.

It was less than nine months when Aye gave birth to her daughter. The birth was not difficult for Aye was only sixteen and the bone of her pelvic floor still contained supple cartilage to allow room for the heads passage. Aye looked into her brown eyes and knew at once who the father was. The family wished to call their new granddaughter Boudicca, after the great Queen of the Iceni who had tried so valiantly to repel the Roman invasion. Aye looking into her daughters' brown eyes knew her father would have disapproved. She always called her Bee.

The Saxons arrive

Rome gradually began to lose control of the North as it was continually harried by invaders from overseas. (Various invasions from Nordic countries were spread between 300 AD to 1020 AD, when Canute completed the invasion of Britain.) In 367 the Picts, Saxons and the Scots joined forces and overran much of the country. Instead of defending their territory Constantine drained Britain of its troops to protect Boulogne. Constantine was killed and the new Emperor Honorius sent this message in 419: *"The cantons should take steps to defend themselves"*.

How do the dwellers of North Dalton fare after the Romans have left their fort and the Saxon's have arrived? Finds from the period show greater wealth. We have a fine Saxon pin head of blue stone, intricately carved. We have two bronze pins used to hold a cloak. There are buckles and strap ends which obviously were to secure leather or fabric through sewing.

Example: Middle Anglo-Saxon copper-alloy strap end dating c. AD 750-900.

As the tenure of the Romans began to fade the Celts gained in confidence to assert their authority once more and a small uprising occurred in East Yorkshire. We have beautiful Roman coins from this period. Ironically, they were buried within feet of the

Celtic Staters. We have a silver coin with the head of Vespasian 69 – 79 AD who commanded Legio ii during the Claudian invasion of AD 43. We have two fine coins bearing Trajan's head 98 – 117 AD. He established the Northern frontier along the line of the Tyne to the Solway in 100 AD.

Example: Silver Denarius Left: VESPASIAN. 69-79 AD. Right: TRAJAN 98-117 AD

There are equally two fine coins bearing Hadrian's head 117 – 138 AD. He of course initiated the construction of the wall named after him, which kept the Scots from invasion. He visited Britain in 122 AD. The reverse of one of these coins is as clear as if it had been minted yesterday, showing Egypt reclining and holding a rattle, with an Ibis at her feet.

Example: Silver Denarius HADRIAN 117 – 138 AD [4]

Similarly, there are two coins from the reign of Antonius Pius 138 – 161 AD. One is damaged, but the second is clear and has the Roman eagle on a globe on the reverse side. Pius was deified in 161 AD. It was the deification of Roman Emperors, that led to the persecution of the Christians who would only worship their one true God.

[4] Hadrian visited Egypt during his great tour of the East AD 129-131. He was accompanied by a large entourage including his wife Sabina, her friend the poetess Julia Balbilla, and his young constant companion Antinous, who perished in a rather mysterious drowning in the Nile. The experience seems to have killed Hadrian's wanderlust, for he returned to Italy and spent his remaining years holed up at his beautiful villa in Tivoli, which included many poignant remembrances of Egypt. On this "travel series" denarius, Egypt is represented by the goddess Isis, who rests her elbow on a basket symbolizing Egypt's importance as a granary for the Empire, and holds a type of rattle called a sistrum used in religious ceremonies.

How would times have changed since the burial of those gold coins? The Roman soldiers would have spoken Latin and in the countryside that language would have left with them. The locals would have to learn the language of their new masters. While the language of the Celts as well as most European languages can be traced back to Sanskrit, Frisian, the language of the Saxons soon took over from the Gallic, which was pushed westward and has left little mark on English[5]. Melvin Bragg in his book, *Adventures in English* feels it could be due to the fact that the invaders called the Celts "Wealas", which later became Welsh, but Wealas fifteen hundred years ago meant slave or foreigner. Thus, we were soon all speaking English and our place names reflect this. 'Ton' at the end of a word means enclosure or village and 'dal' comes from dale. North Dalton is descriptive of the village in the dale. Our first spindle whorl[6] dates from this period giving the impression that life has become more domesticated in North Dalton, with time to gather sheep's wool and spin the same into yarn.

Example: Anglo Saxon Spindle Whorl

The Saxon is a valley settler. The Saxon farmer wanted a meadow for hay near a stream, the lower slopes under the plough and the hills for pasture. There is no stream in North Dalton but I still feel that it is at this time that the village grew in the place we know it today: an enclosure in the dale, using the water from the springs in the centre of the present village. (There are four good wells in the village lined with brick. Three of these, including our own are capped, but the fourth has been exposed and lit by some people who have renovated an old property. Too deep to see the water, its presence is known through the tell-tale plop of a stone cast into the hole.)

Raids and invasions: Bee's story

In Bee's life was a continuum of her mother's, in so many ways, but it was insecure and at times terrifying. The dogs were still the focus of their day as they continued to breed and train dogs for the chase. These same dogs were also their security, for they frightened the invaders that tried to take their land and their produce. As their forebears has looked hungrily for signs of spring, for the sap to rise and speak of the

[5] English originated from Anglo-Frisian dialects brought to Britain in the 5th through the 7th centuries by Germanic invaders and settlers from what are now northwest Germany, Denmark, and the Netherlands. These people are now referred to by historians as Anglo-Saxons.

[6] The spindle whorl was placed at the end of a stick, which tapered to keep the whorl from sliding off, and helped to keep the spindle spinning and twisting the wool into yarn.

new growth for which they yearned, they feared for the return of the barbarians from the East. Safe on the hill protected by their dogs they suffered less than the rest of the tribe in the dale. The dog breeding business boomed as people wanted guard dogs to warn them of the approach of strangers, as well as dogs for the chase.

Each February as the light was beginning to return and the earth to waken from its winter slumber, the family would make an expedition to Goodmanham some seven miles South West of North Dalton. Walking there was easier than the return journey as the sun, low in the sky, made patterns of the rolling shapes, while coming home with the wind in their faces their way seemed long, cold and weary. Bee was protected from the cold by a warm cloak. The buckles which held the woollen cloth together had long since disappeared, but the material was still strong and warm. Her friends said the cloak was Roman and wondered how she had come by it. She did not know. It had always been hers. In the past they had made the journey on horseback, but with so few horses left after the raids, they had to go on foot.

Harvests had been poor for the past few years despite the barbarians, for the weather had been wet and cold in summer. There were rumours from the East that the land was falling into the sea. Still greater reason to make the journey to the temple in Goodmanham. Finally there, they moved slowly to the shrine to ask for a good year ahead. The cool clear water gushed from the hill side under pressure from the chalk beneath. The land was sodden all around so that their feet became wet and cold in the muddy grass. The water seemed to sprout from the roots of a hawthorn bush and then ran down the hill to join the stream at the bottom. Grass nourished by the water, was already growing, lush and emerald green, so they felt the promise of good from the White Lady. They moved from the ring of hawthorn bushes to the temple on the mound. Here a crude wooden structure surrounded by yew trees served as a sacred place for the rituals performed by the priestesses. They had brought a sheep and several pigeons to sacrifice to the fertility deities. Once these had been despatched, their blood was wiped upon the trunks of the yew and the blood mixed with the sacred water from the well was placed upon the forehead of each.

That very same year, however, just as the day was lengthening and the new life was replacing some of the starvation of winter, the tribe heard rumour of the dreaded boats having been spotted out at sea. It was May when they came to the village. Bee was walking the dogs to the pasture to check on the young lambs. She saw horses galloping over the Wold and then she saw thick smoke billowing into the strong wind, from her home. She knew at once what had happened. Cowering within a thicket of holly and hawthorn, she drew the dogs to her, holding their leather leashes tightly and waited, terrified. The men, some walking and some on horseback, came for the sheep which she had only just corralled, into the enclosure, thus making it easy for them to gather. Deftly and working with the sort of dog she had never seen before; they moved the sheep from the enclosure. One of her dogs barked. The shepherd dog ran towards her poor hiding place and growled, showing yellow fangs that left Bee short of breath. Two men came shouting at the dog and saw her cowering,

desperately hanging onto the leashes as the dogs strained to be free to fight with the intruder. One man raised his knife and was about to attack, when one of her dogs broke free and wrestled him to the ground. Blood was streaking his hairy chest as he jumped to his feet. The noise of barking dogs, bleating sheep and the tirade from the men eliminated her screams of panic. Thankfully his knife was on the grass and the dog was preparing to attack again. The other men shouted, obviously instructing their colleague to return to the fold. A woman guarded by such dogs was a threat to the success of the whole mission. They marshalled the sheep over the Wold and out of sight.

Bee lay on the grass to gather her strength for the walk back to the burning house. Her worst fears were fulfilled. Her man was dead and with him her two little ones. Dreadful as this was to bear, there was no sign of her first born. A boy of 12, who had been caring tor the little ones with his father, while she took the dogs to the sheep. She searched frantically hoping that he had been too terrified to stand his ground and had run away to hide. The dogs were looking too, everywhere, but he was not to be found. He had been taken by barbarians. The thought was too dreadful. What would they do to him?

Now alone and homeless, Bee took her few possessions that she managed to salvage from the ashes. There were bronze cooking vessels and knives and the chickens, which had squawked into the bushes. Tribe members welcomed her into their home but it was not the same.

The body of her man and the tiny bodies of the young ones were taken to the grave mound in the village, which was some hundred yards from the sacred holy place within the yew trees. The bodies were laid together and rituals performed on the altar, a structure of stone. Bee had wanted the cylinders of decorated chalk to be buried with the children to ensure their life with the gods, the divine mother, but these were expensive and she had nothing. Having no pig left to sacrifice for the burial feast, Bee was forced to kill some of her chickens to share with the living and with the dead, that the little ones would have food in the afterlife.

As the years went by, Bee was attracted by the Saxons living in the dale. They seldom left the area in winter any more and had started to plough the soil and sew wheat and barley. They built wooden houses of greater strength than the Celtic round house, felling the trees with their sharp axes. The single plough, pulled by oxen cultivated a long thin strip, upon which the seed was broadcast. One sewn with wheat, the next with grass for the animals. This was cut for hay in June to feed the sheep and oxen in winter and the third strip was left fallow. Here chickens scrapped and the pigs were allowed to root about fertilizing the soil for the following year.

The people from the West were Anglo-Saxons, Jutes, Danes and Vikings and they were rural clansmen who wanted to work the soil and pasture their flocks and herds. They were not interested in the sophisticated towns vacated by the Romans and the latter fell into disrepair. The Chester amphitheatre was used as a rubbish dump.

Vikings were plaguing the shores of the country from 789 for 250 years. We have found nothing from this period, but they left behind their language. People in the village still refer to their children as ‘bairns’ and they ‘flit’ when they move house. I remember an elderly villager in the village shop, when we still had one. It was a cold day and he said he was ‘starved’. I didn’t know whether to offer money to buy food, but was nervous that he might take offence. After he had left the shop, I mentioned my plight to the shop keeper. She laughed for ‘starved’ meant that he was cold, not ‘ hungry. Another such amusing misunderstanding occurred when a villager was telling me of their daughter’s Christening ‘. She said she had caught a ‘spell’ and the blood was running down her legs. How dreadfully embarrassing I thought, imagining that she had an unexpected period. Telling my husband later, he laughed and said a ‘spell’ meant a splinter. What a good thing I never said anything to her.

The Danish invasion began towards the end of the 9th century. They came each year up the Humber estuary and each year they stayed longer and longer in the green and pleasant land. Finally, they felt confident to bring their wives and children with them and settle. The land that eight oxen could plough in a day became the holding. We have a pasture which has never been ploughed in modern times and the ridge and furrow of the first settlers is still visible. Particularly when snow has started to melt its striated patterns are easily seen.

King Alfred sought peace with the Danes agreeing that they should inhabit the North East which was subject to Danelaw. It was not until 926 that Athelstan marched into Yorkshire and not until 954 that the descendants of Alfred claimed that the Danes were subjugated. The shires were delineated and a Sheriff or Reeve of the shire was responsible to the Crown. Law and order was maintained in the Sheriff Courts. There was now one coinage and one system of weights and measures.

We have a Saxon pin, which resembles a tadpole. The pin is bent into a hook shape, which apparently hooked into cloth to secure clothing. We also have pieces which have fallen from horse harness. This was gilded with gold, which has mainly rubbed away, but the decoration proves that craftsmen were working beyond just functional artefacts for this is artistic and would have adorned the animal.

It is important to mention Christianity at this point in this village biography. Jesus was born in about 4 BC and was crucified in AD 30. From the third day after the crucifixion his followers became convinced that he was alive, as the women had visited the tomb and found only the grave clothes inside. At the harvest festival of Pentecost, some five weeks after the crucifixion, the disciples felt that they were visited by the spirit of God, sent to them by the exalted Jesus. They then started to preach that Jesus was the Messiah raised from the dead and through whom eternal salvation was offered to all. Paul began to travel extensively through Asia Minor and Greece, preaching the word of Christ.

The following grew at the same time as the Roman empire was experiencing unrest. There was political anarchy, the Barbarians were pressing from the North and Christians became scapegoats and were horribly persecuted. Romans had always been tolerant of alternative religions as long as the Emperor was worshipped as a god, but this the Christians were unwilling to do and they were often martyred for their faith. This continued until Constantine (285-337) converted to Christianity. Not wishing to upset the deities of Rome, Constantine moved the seat of the Empire to Constantinople and the great city of Byzantium was founded.

Monasticism started through Antony in 285. Early Christian men had already sought lives of extreme austerity. Living in the desert on very little food and denying themselves sleep and warmth. Antony attracted men in numbers and they lived in cells in clusters around his own. They prayed, they read the gospels, they copied and illustrated the writings of the time and holding all possessions in common they lived frugal, celibate lives. These monastic communities spread throughout Europe.

In 597 Augustine was sent from Rome by Pope Gregory to bring the newly converted heathen within the auspices of Rome. St Augustine arrived in Kent, where King Ethelbert ruled. He was married to Bertha, a descendent of Clovis who was ruling in Paris. Bertha had already become a Christian and with the help of her chaplain, had attempted to spread the gospel at court. Augustine gave her efforts the impetus she needed and conversion to Christianity began its relentless pervasion. King Ethelbert was converted and Augustine established a church at Canterbury. Pope Gregory, heartened by Augustine's success, dispatched Paulinus to England in 601 to assist. Augustine sent him North to escort Aethelberg the Christian princess who was betrothed to the King of the Northumbrians, Edwin. Edwin's kingdom stretched from North of the Humber to the Firth of Forth. Paulinus held a conference at the royal palace at Londesborough, which is six miles from North Dalton. It is said that when Edwin was considering converting to Christianity in 627, he took council with his men, and one of them said to him:

> *'O king, it seems to me that this present life of man on earth, in comparison to that time which is unknown to us, is as if you were sitting at table in the winter with your ealdormen and thegns, and a fire was kindled and the hall warmed, while it rained and snowed and stormed outside. A sparrow came in, and swiftly flew through the hall; it came in at one door, and went out at the other. Now during the time when he is inside, he is not touched by the winter's storms; but that is the twinkling of an eye and the briefest of moments, and at once he comes again from winter into winter. In such a way the life of man appears for a brief moment; what comes before, and what will follow after, we do not know. Therefore if this doctrine [Christianity] offers anything more certain or more fitting, it is right that we follow it.'*[7]

[7] This is from the Old English translation of Bede's *Historia ecclesiastica*, made in the ninth century We don't know the name of this counsellor of Edwin, if indeed he ever existed and this is not merely Bede adapting a common homiletic idea which seemed appropriate for the situation. But whether it was Bede or the

Having been offered the hope of life after death the King, the thegns and even the pagan high priest, Coifi were won over. Edwin, his two children, his noble men and many others were baptised in York on Easter Day, 12th April AD 627. Edwin assigned York to Paulinus as his see. Christianity had arrived in East Yorkshire.

The conversion of a king

The Roman missionary Paulinus could have visited North Dalton in AD 625 – the year he was ordained Bishop of York. He would have told wonderful stories of the carpenter's son, who had been sent by God to heal the sick and even raise people from the dead. Paulinus could have been on his way to Londesborough to meet the King of Northumbria.

Some time later a travelling bard on his way to the Celtic shrine in Goodmanham, told a thrilling tale of how the King had accepted Christ and his pagan high-priest Coifi had ridden straight away to the shrine, threw a spear into it and began its demolition. . He found the priestesses at the well of Freya, for being a Friday, the day named after the goddess of water and purity, they were making a ritual offering of the crystal clear water from the spring, to their goddess. He told the priestesses that the King had converted to Christianity and that to save their lives, they should dismantle the shrine and leave. They did, but they could not stop the water bursting from beneath the hawthorn bush and rushing its way down the bank to the beck at the bottom. Coifi scooped a gourd of the precious water and drank deeply from spring. He took some of the water away with him. Later they heard that the King had been baptised in York with Holy water.

I have feared to write for some time, afraid to express my views. Our history is now dominated by Christianity and it seems to me the beginning of man's greatest folly. Why do we need a god? In contradiction we aim to live as long as possible and yet believe that after death we go to a better place. It is this promise that seems to have grasped the imagination and created the most converts. Certainly, Edwin was impressed with the thought of an afterlife. Surely it is enough to wonder in this world? To wonder its beauty and diversity: its rhythms of day and night, birth and death. The great evolutionary cycle that continues to revolve. We are part of the great energy force of the sun, the wind and rain and our small spark of that energy will return to the force regenerating life in the chain. Surely it is enough to wonder at each new dawn and strive to work with the wonders that nature gives and to harness that energy for the good of all. It is sheer arrogance to believe we have dominion over the animals. We are only one of them and our sophisticated brains should appreciate our position within the chain.

anonymous ealdorman, he gave voice to an idea which is thoroughly typical of Anglo-Saxon poetry, both Christian and secular

However, it is from this point forward that man, cleaving to the idea of a God, has become passionately involved in the narrative of the scriptures, setting one catechism against another and defending that personal conviction to death if necessary. A hopeless cycle of aggression that works through endless doctrinal conflict with endless suffering.

Doctrinal conflict started as early as 664 AD with the Synod of Whitby meeting to determine the date of Easter. Whether to follow the Celtic tradition or that of Rome? One agreeing with the practice of St John the other that of St Peter. Bede Chronicles the debate, explaining that St Peter had the edge. Oswy was determined not to offend St Peter as he controlled admission to the Kingdom of Heaven, so the strong links with the Church of Rome were established.

The first significant Christian settlement in the area is the monastery built by St John of Beverley in the opening years of the eighth century. It was to the Minster in Beverley that John retired in 718. This building was destroyed by a Danish raid in 866. There was an Augustinian priory on the site of the present Warter Church. Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury promoted strict observance of religion within the monasteries. With the spread of Christianity, the monasteries of the area began to dominate. The Gilbertines at Watton Abbey and the Augustinians in Warter and Bridlington and the Benedictines in Nunburnholme. Our church of All Saints is Norman, with the possibility of there having been a Saxon church on the site before the stone church was built.

And so, Celtic shrines were subsumed into Christian churches. The horned ram god of the Celts became the squatting antlered ram-serpent-bearing symbol of the anti-Christ as the Church sought to eradicate pagan forces.

Here we must remember the authority of Charlemagne, Charles the Great, Carolus Magnus, who was anointed Holy Roman Emperor by the Pope in Rome in 800 AD. This powerful monarch ruled vast tracts of Europe, gaining wealth and power through the sword. He was however a devout Christian and passionate about biblical writings. He patronised the monasteries and encouraged the scribes and monks to copy the gospels. Through Charlemagne, the monasteries began to school the children of the nobility. Young boys were sent to the monks to be educated and this was a great source of income to the Monks. The monks in turn had to support the Emperor financially. They created complex liturgical forms praying for the King’s victory, which became common to the Order and in practice held the Empire together.

The Saxons with their inferior weapons were subjugated and forced to convert to Christianity. On the continent 4,500 Saxon nobles were massacred for failing to comply with the conversion.

The Norman takeover

We have to mention the Norman conquest of 1066. The 'harrying of the North' meant that all Saxon lands were confiscated and given to Normans, who came with William the Conqueror. William commissioned the Domesday Book as a record of the possessions of the land he had acquired. The Domesday survey of 1085 – 86 records a church, probably built of wood, with a priest at Dalton (Daltona).

There are the entries in the Domesday book for the settlement of [North] Dalton, in the hundred of Warter and the county of Yorkshire. It had a recorded population of 31 households in 1086, putting it in the largest 40% of settlements recorded in Domesday, and is listed under 3 owners in Domesday Book. The land was almost totally shared by Robert of Tosny and Count Robert of Mortain but interestingly a small piece was left in the Saxon hands of a gentleman named Otbert.
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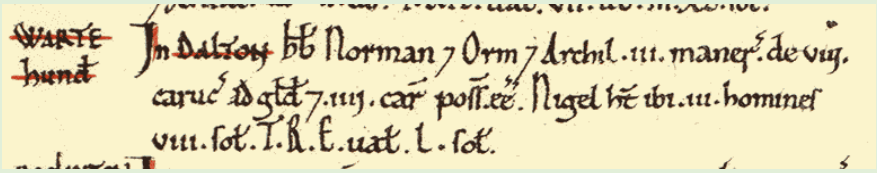
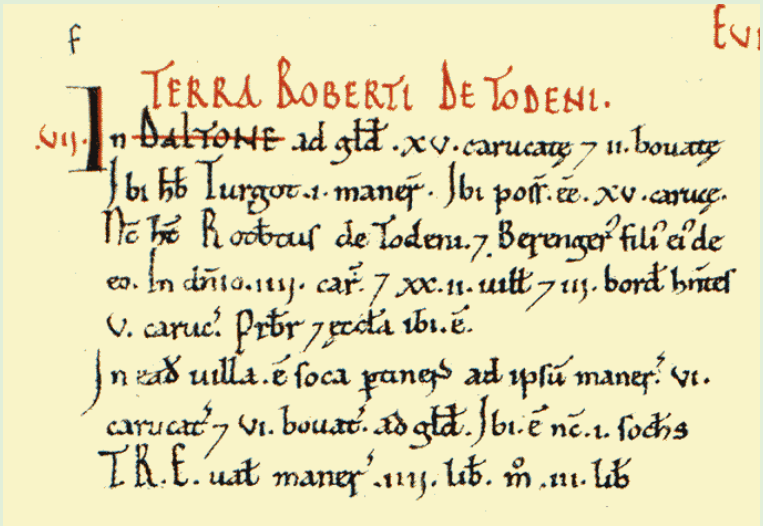
North Dalton entries in the Domesday Book



Land of Count Robert of Mortain

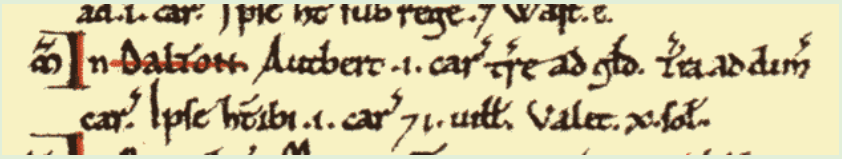
Tenant-in-chief in 1086: Count Robert of Mortain.
Lord in 1086: Nigel (Fossard).
Lords in 1066: Arnketil; Northmann; Orm.
Annual value to lord: 8 shillings in 1086; 2 pounds 10 shillings in 1066.
Households: 3 men.
Ploughland: 4 ploughlands.



Land of Robert of Tosny

Tenant-in-chief in 1086: Robert of Tosny.
Lord in 1086: Berengar of Tosny.
Lord in 1066: Thorgot (Lag).

Annual value to lord: 3 pounds in 1086; 4 pounds in 1066.
Households: 22 villagers. 1 freeman. 3 smallholders. 1 priest.
Ploughland: 15 ploughlands. 4 lord's plough teams. 5 men's plough teams.
Other resources: 1 church.



Land of Otbert

Tenant-in-chief in 1086: Otbert.
Lord in 1086: Otbert.
Lord in 1066: Otbert

Annual value to lord: 10 shillings in 1086.
Households: 1 villager.
Ploughland: 0.5 ploughlands. 1 lord's plough teams.

We see from the entries in comparison with entries for similar villages of the time that our village is wealthy. Likewise, Bainton is a wealthy village. It is clear from the map that these villages are strategically placed for pilgrims to walk between Beverley, Watton, Warter, Nunburnholme and York.

Before the conquest, land in the North was owned and ruled by Morcar. As the younger brother of Edwin, Earl of Mercia, Morcar became Earl of Northumbria in 1065, having defeated Tosti, younger brother of Harold Godwineson, the future Harold of England. The defeated Tosti joined forces with Harald Hardrada, King of Norway and together they planned an invasion of the north of England. Together Tosti and Harald Hardrada defeated the Earl of Mercia, assisted by his brother Morcar, at Fulford near York on 20 September 1066. Hearing of this defeat, Harold Godwineson force marched his soldiers from York to defeat Hardrada and Tosti at the infamous battle of Stamford Bridge. Celebrations were brief, for they then heard of the arrival of the Normans in the south and had to return at speed to be defeated on 14 October at Hastings. Mortcar may well have retained his manors in the North had not the Northerners resisted the conquest so violently.

Mortain was the half brother of William the Conqueror and given this land in the North at the time of the conquest. In 1088 the Earl of Mortain conspired against William Rufus and was exiled. His lands were confiscated and his North Dalton lands passed to Nigel Fossard as tenant in chief. Fossard had come from Normandy with the conquerors. The Fossard line ends with Joan, who married a Kentish Knight called Robert de Torneham. They had a daughter Isabella who married Peter de Maulay, Their younger son is thought to be the beginning of the Hotham dynasty.

After William the Conqueror, the crown passed to William Rufus 1087 – 1100. He was a strong king, but strength came from harsh treatment of the peasants and punishment was cruel. It is therefore unsurprising that he was mysteriously killed by a stray arrow, while hunting in the New Forest. At his death William's younger brother, Henry claimed the throne in 1100. He married Matilda, daughter of Malcolm, King of Scotland. She could trace her ancestry back to Alfred the Great and they had a son, William (oh why do they all have to have the same name!) and a daughter Matilda. William was drowned, returning from a trip to Normandy on the White Ship, when he was only 17 years old. Matilda married Henry V of Germany and through that marriage was known as the Empress Maud. Her father, Henry I, having no longer a male heir, made all the barons swear that his daughter would be queen at his death. She never came to the throne.

In 1167, Matilda (The Empress Maud or Lady of the English), bequeathed in her will a dwelling house, with outbuildings and 15 bovates of land at North Dalton to Watton Priory and the funds to pay a chaplain to pray for her soul in North Dalton church. (Could this be the first mention of our house? Wonderful to think there was a dwelling here in 1167.) Also in her will was the gift of pasturage for 360 sheep and three acres of land - so that a vesper bell might be rung every evening and a lamp might burn in the church in her memory in perpetuity. The Priory did not withdraw the chantry services until 1383.

The Gilbertine monastery at Watton had been founded in about 1150. There had been a nunnery previously, built about 686 AD and possibly destroyed by the Danes. Gilbert's father had arrived with the Normans and after the conquest was given estates at Sempringham in Lincolnshire. His son Gilbert was born in 1083, with a crooked spine so that he was unable to follow his father as a Knight in armour. Becoming learned and very religious he spent his wealth creating monasteries which unusually included both men and women.

The monastery at Watton housed 140 men and 70 women. However, in 1166 a scandal broke. A nun became pregnant by a lay brother. Henrietta Leyser writes an account of the story in her book *Medieval Women.*[8] The details come from a letter written by Cistercian abbot, Ailred of Rievaulx:

[8] H. Leyser (1995) Medieval Women: A Social History of Women in England 450-1500. Phoenix Press

> *'God took pity on the nun to the extent of annulling her pregnancy but not before the nuns had ambushed their "fallen sister" forcing her to castrate her lover and "had thrust the parts into her mouth.'*

At the time castration was the accepted penalty for rape,

Our next great find is a papal bulla from 1135. It is like a seal, slightly larger than a 50p piece and made of lead. Papal bullae were used as seals on official papal documents as a means of authentication. Following their initial use they were often intentionally broken and then re-used as amulets or charms. The detectorists who found this not far from the Minster Way which runs through the farm, where thrilled with their find and were awarded "find of the month", by Metal Detecting Monthly. It could have been the property of a pilgrim, nun, monk or priest on his (or her) way to Beverley or York who had obtained it previously on a pilgrimage to Rome.

Example: Papa bulla of Pope Eugene III 1135 AD

The Nuns' Story: Mary and Celeste

We find two girls living in North Dalton in 1150. They were great friends, living as next door neighbours in two cottages made of timber. The trees from the area at this time were becoming sparse, through constant felling for wood. Wood was used for construction as well as heat, so that these cottages were half timbered. The frame made of wood but the intervening gaps filled with mud strengthened by horse hair. The mud floor was kept swept by a besom and the pot still boiled over the fire. This was made at the side of the house with a stone chimney to funnel the smoke away from the room. At the back of the house the families kept a pig in a wicker sty, which they fed with waste and then slaughtered in the autumn for food in the winter. Joints of the pork were suspended by an iron hook in the stone chimney, so that the meat was smoked slowly over the fire and preserved as bacon for the winter months.

Celeste and her friend Mary, enjoyed feeding their pigs and chickens and helping spin the wood from the sheep. Mary always more careless than her friend, dropped the whorl one day as they sat outside twisting the carded wool into twine. They looked everywhere for it, but were forced to return home without the precious whorl to face the anger of Mary's mother.

They went to church on Sundays. A stone church had been constructed on the site of the old Saxon church. It had a beautiful stone arch carved with the popular dog tooth pattern. The pattern was repeated over the doorways as charming little faces ended the semi-circular shape of the arch. Mary always laughed at the little men. They were apparently distortions of ancient gods that the Priest said were worshipped on this site long ago. Sometimes bards would come and tell stories from the bible. Celeste loved the stories, remembering in particular a sunny day, when the bard had gathered an audience and told of the desert, where nothing grew as sand covered everywhere. He told of the desperation of the Israelites, enslaved in Egypt trying to escape through the desert, with the Egyptian army hard on their heels. They could imagine the sea opening to let the people through and closing afterwards, so that the water submerged the pursuing army.

The church of All Saints was now the centre of the village, set on the hill by the manor. One day when the girls were 12, the monk who came to the church to pray for the Lady of the English, told of the beautiful abbey being built at Watton. This was special as it catered for girls as well as boys. He told of the service the girls, too, could give to Christ being brides of Christ and working for the Kingdom of God. Mary's father liked the idea that he could ensure good harvests and a place in Heaven at the end of his days, without sacrificing a precious son to the cause. His sons were so much more useful in the field, ploughing, threshing and felling timber, than Mary who had a head full of stories. He had also seen how a neighbour, Harold, was hard pressed to get his wheat harvested before the chill of autumn, for he had been stupid enough to send two sons to the Augustinian Priory in Bridlington and had to do most of the work himself. Harold had boasted that his son had taken a pilgrimage to Rome, where the Pope lived. He was supposed to bring back a medal to prove that he had been, but Harold said he had never seen it. Mary's father thought the boy had probably never been to Rome at all. Off with some trollop in Beverley more like.

Celeste, listening to the monk telling of the Abbey, chatted to Mary about how she would like to go and work for Christ. "The monk said I would be very welcome in the Abbey because I can spin and I know how to tend bee hives", she said as they fed their pig one morning. The monk had also filled the head of Mary with similar tales, but he had told her that she could sing and learn to play the harp. Mary thought that meant she could dance maybe. Mary loved to dance around the Maypole in spring. The girls were keen. Mary mentioned it to her mother. Mary's mother looked wistful. She could not pretend she found Mary easy. She was a happy, pretty child, always laughing and joking, but it was hard to get her to help, for her head was always full of stories and

she would sit for hours looking into the fire oblivious to the calls of her siblings or her mother's instructions.

The decision was made and Harold took the two friends to Watton in his ox cart. Only eight miles it might have the other side of the world for the contact the friends would have with their family and the village.

The Abbey was like a village itself. A self-sufficient little world with farms and gardens, orchards and barns. The girls were given long course woollen dresses and a white square of cloth to cover their heads. They slept together in the nun's dormitory, but chatting at night was frowned upon by the older nuns, who had a sharp tongue for the novitiates. The day was divided into four watches: sunset, midnight, cockcrow and dawn. At midnight a bell woke the Gilbertines and they filed into the Abbey for Matins and Lauds. After this service they returned to bed until woken again by the bell for Prime and morning mass, after which they assembled in the Chapter house to hear the duties of the day and the penances that any would perform who had broken the rule.

Celeste immediately felt at home, filled with the Holy Spirit, she enjoyed every aspect of the religious day. She quickly learned to read the scriptures for herself and understood the Latin of the text much quicker than the Sisters thought possible. Mary enjoyed the singing in the choir, but there was no dancing.

The girls were always with the bees. Mary would help her friend when possible, but she hated the wretched things and was frequently stung. Mary was miserable and home sick and longed to go home. She discussed with Celeste how she could run away. "Where would you go? If you went back to North Dalton, that would be the first place they would come looking" warned Celeste.

One day they were tending the hives in the orchard, when a group of monks came to prune the apple trees. Four strong young men, whose bodies were clearly visible beneath the habits they had tied up for ease of movement. The girls were not supposed to talk to the monks, but Mary was tired of scraping the honey from the wooden boards.

The orchard took a month to prune and each day the bee keepers were there tending their hives. Mary had struck up a friendship with one of the brothers, called Thomas. He came from Lincolnshire and told stories of travels that intrigued Mary. Their friendship soon turned to something deeper so that after the pruning, the couple had to find ways of seeing each other. Mary asked Celeste if she would cover for her after Matins, letting her slip from the abbey to the tiny brick-built building at the side of the kitchen garden where the garden tools were kept. Celeste felt sick for her friend, terrified that she would be discovered and exposed. She lay awake longing for the bell for Prime to ensure that her dear friend was safely back in the dormitory. As the nuns walked through the brick corridors from the dormitory to the Abbey church, Mary slipped in behind them. She looked sideways at Celeste and winked. Her cheeks were

flushed and her head covering askew, but she sang like an angel in Prime seeming happier than Celeste could remember since they had left North Dalton.

They went to tend the bees after Chapter and Mary could not wait to tell Celeste of the kisses that had set her body on fire. It was not an isolated meeting. Celeste was always covering for her friend, locking and unlocking the heavy oak doors of the girls' wing of the building, to enable Mary to slip away to the garden. Her happiness did not last, however, for within months as the bees were waking from the winter hibernation to gather the first nectar of spring from the neatly pruned apple trees, Celeste noticed that her friend looked thin and gaunt. She was often sick and Celeste feared she had an ague.

As the weather warmed and the bees began to buzz, working in the hives became more of a pleasure, but Mary did not look happy so that Celeste asked,
"What is the matter, you don't seem well?"
"Oh Celeste", cried the fragile girl, "I'm not"
"Perhaps you need some willow bark to cool the melancholy. Why not go and see sister"?
"Oh. I dare not," whispered Mary. She looked terrified as she looked all about her for whispering ears.
"Celeste, I am with child".
The silence that fell between them was tangible. Celeste quick to think, whispered, "Thomas".
"Mary's lips did nothing, but her wimple moved in assent.
"Then I will help you run away. You must get back to North Dalton. Your parents will harbour you safely" said Celeste, However, she was not convinced, for Christianity has changed the morality of the village and parents wanted their daughter's virginal and pure. Indeed, Mary's mother had admitted to Celeste's mother that she sanctioned the journey to Watton to keep her wayward daughter from harm.
"I'm not going home. Thomas says we will go to Lincolnshire". So plans were laid for the couple to escape the following Sunday.

Of course, they were caught. Their shadows seen by the Prime bell ringer as he climbed the tower to check the bell rope. He sounded the alarm bell and the young couple were accosted and brought before their respective seniors. Sister Angela was incandescent with rage. The abbey buzzed with the stories of the lovers. Gilbert was informed, but said the punishment must be up to the Abbey itself. He said nothing like this had ever happened in the community before, giving Sister Angela the feeling that it was her lax regime that had led to this.

Mary was thrown into a vile, damp dungeon of a cellar, next to the labyrinth of passages that wound beneath the Abbey. There was a narrow grill to the soil surface, but that was the only light and bread and water was passed through the opening. Mary was not alone. She could feel the child move within and it kept her company to know of its life.

Celeste knew where her friend was imprisoned and took her bowls of sweet honey to put on her bread. She risked much to do so, but was sure where her loyalties lay. There was the law of man and the law of God. Jesus has said: render unto Caesar that which is Caesar's and unto God that which is God's. Celeste knew that Mary carried a child of God's just as her namesake had a thousand years before. Sister Angela was embittered by pain and almost enjoyed inflicting it upon others. She wanted Mary to be branded, but the other nuns thought this too harsh.

A special pain was reserved for Thomas. He was castrated before the entire community. His testicles torn from him as Celeste had remembered her father castrating the pigs in the village before he threw the "stones" to the pigs. Celeste ran to the bees and was sick.

Left in the dungeon for months with only Celeste to help her, Mary gave birth alone. A little girl who slipped from her mother's thin body with little pain to either. The child barely cried, but she was alive, taking in her first air in the musty damp dungeon. Celeste took the baby. She knew it was her duty to try and save it. She carried it to the monks, to the man she knew would be going to North Dalton to ring the bell for Queen Matilda. She made him promise to take the child to her mother's house and tell her family the whole story. She knew her mother would save the child if anyone could.

The medieval village

The Manor and its village were a self-contained little world. All around the village there would have been woods and wastelands with the path to the next village nothing more than a track, dusty in summer and knee deep in mud in the winter months. The Manor at North Dalton was mainly tenanted and it is difficult to find the names of these tenants in the thirteenth and fourteenth century. Our manor is typical of its type – built on a mound, which would in all probability have been protected by a wooden palisade to provide shelter for the whole village if necessary. Some metal detectorists say it would have had a moat, but I can find no reference to this.

The cottages would be in a line along the side of the track. These were one room hovels of daub and wattle, that was a kind of lattice of wood held together by a type of plaster which was nothing more than mud, dung and animal hair. They were insulated by thick thatched roofs, which kept the room warm in winter and cool in summer. Each cottage has a "toft" or garden where cabbages, beans and peas were grown. The family would own a pig, some chickens and maybe a cow.

The villagers were not held in high esteem, for their drudgery had been ordained by God. All wealth of the time came from the land. Bread and meat for food and wool and leather for clothes. But no credit was given to the long suffering peasant, who worked the land to produce the food. He, himself, was seldom properly fed:

'Some ploughed with the plough; their play was but seldom;
Some sowing, some earing with sweat of their brows,
The gain which the great ones in gluttony waste.'[9]

Peasants were most often serfs who worked without pay for a lord in his fields. and had the right to work a separate piece of land for their own basic needs
Serfs had more rights than slaves but could not move, marry, or leave the manor without the lord's permission. In most serfdoms, serfs were legally part of the land. If the land was sold, they were sold with it.

The land was divided into long strips of about an acre each. For two years they grew grains, such as barley, rye and oats and the third year they lay fallow to restore some of the fertility to the soil. Some of these strips were the lord's own demesne or in hand land, while some were glebe land.

The lord would have owned the village mill and his miller would have had the monopoly to grind all the flour brought to him. Generally, he was unpopular as it was thought he retained too much for himself, so that many villagers ground their own barley or rye between two flat stones. The position of the medieval mill in the village is unknown for the mill on the Middleton hill was not built until 1810.

In 1086 Berenger de Toeny held land of his father Robert in North Dalton. He gave his tithe to St Mary's York. There is no proof that he ever lived in the manor. He died in 1115 and the land passed to his nephew William de Aubigny 1. In 1166 Ralph de Aubigny gave his tithe from North Dalton to Watton. In 1248 Isabella, daughter of William de Aubigny married Robert de Roos so the land passed to de Roos. Again, it is hard to say whether these families lived in North Dalton or simply tenanted the land to others.

Although Isabella inherited the land, by marriage it passed to her husband and she had no say in its disposal. This of course, was the same for all females. Men held all the rights and women held none, not even in law. Might held power and the fairer sex held nothing. Marriages were arranged for reasons of wealth and power. A woman was expected to remain faithful to her husband, for should she stray from the marital bed the punishment could be a violent death. Men's promiscuity on the other hand, was overlooked. Illegitimate children were common and acknowledged. Although they could not inherit from their father, they were accepted and treated as equals with their legitimate half brothers and sisters. Divorce was surprisingly common as men disowned their wives, much as King Henry VIII repudiated

[9] Of all manner of men the rich and the poor,
Working and wandering as the world asketh.
Some put them to plow and played little enough,
At setting and sowing they sweated right hard
And won that which wasters by gluttony destroy.
Prologue to *The Vision Concerning Piers Plowman (B version) William Langland (c.1332-c.1400)*

Catherine of Aragon, when he fell in love with Ann Boleyn. Consanguinity was often the reason given for the annulment. Relationships such as cousins five times removed were discovered and so the marriage was dissolved, giving the lord freedom to marry again.

Apart from for the very wealthy there was little personal adornment, although we have a very pretty Anglo-Saxon pin head. A bronze circle with a delicate blue stone in the centre. Possibly lapis or blue enamel, it is the size of a shirt button, with a protuberance on the other side, like a drawing pin, but this has no hole. We have a pretty little gilt buckle of the period and also a much stronger and larger buckle of sophisticated workmanship. The holes for attachment to the leather are clear and it would be possible to sew it to a leather strap now and used it as a buckle. We also have a bronze pin which is bent to hold cloth as a pin might secure two pieces of fabric.

Example: Anglo-Saxon bronze dress pin

The only coin we have from the period is of interest. It is of silver, but painfully thin and cut completely in half as if with a sword, but they are definitely two halves of the same coin. Strangely the were not found at the same time and were discovered by different people. It has the face of the King on one side and the other is divided into quarters with three balls in each segment. Looking it up in Spinks' Coins of England and the United Kingdom (2003), it would appear to have been minted in the reign of Edward I 1272 – 1307. (A major re-coinage was embarked upon in 1279 which introduced new denominations. In addition to the penny, half pence and farthings were also minted and for the first time, a fourpenny piece called a Groat (from the French Gros).

Example: Edward I Groat, new coinage from 1279, London Mint

The Wars of the Roses

How do national and world events impinge upon our little village, tucked within the chalk Wolds, miles from London and the seat of Government?

The Wars of the Roses, so called as both Lancastrians and Yorkists share the flower as their emblem, moiled and boiled for many years with gruesome battles, honour killings and reprisals. King Henry VI married Margaret of Anjou in 1445 (and we must remember that his father, King Henry V, had subjugated much of France). William de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, was sent to secure the hand of Margaret for the King. The de la Pole family are from Hull and made their fortune through trade. (When I first arrived here there was a de la Pole hospital, presumably endowed by the family.) It is important here to clarify the difference between the two houses, which are not related to geographical areas. The Earl of Suffolk, although from the East Riding of Yorkshire, is a Lancastrian bearing arms for the King.

Suffolk was totally captivated by Margaret, who was not only beautiful, but charismatic and a leader of men. Hoping to win her hand for his leader, Suffolk negotiated in secret to give up the lands of Anjou and Maine, hitherto held by the English crown. The slow loss of French lands devastated the English more than anything and aroused the passions of those wanting a stronger king to prevent the loss of Empire. As the soldiers returned from France their services were procured by the lords of the land, so that private armies were beginning to be employed by the rich, as they feared the indiscipline of indignation.

The disaffected backed Richard, Duke of York as he shared the same great grandfather as King Henry VI. The Yorkist base was not in Yorkshire as the name might imply, but in the south. Henry VI, fearing for Suffolk, sent him into exile in France. Whilst crossing the channel in two small ships, the greatest warship England possessed, called Nicholas of the Tower, overtook the boats, demanding they should come along side. Suffolk was lowered into another boat and his head removed with six strokes from a rusty sword. The rule of law was breaking down. After battles at St Albans and Mortimer's Cross, Richard was killed at the battle of Wakefield on 30

December 1460. His son Edward took on the mantle and was declared King at Westminster of 4 March 1461.

Our Manor and lands formed part of the Hotham Estate and were farmed by Sir John Hotham, for the Dukes of Northumberland with their castle at Leconfield. This same Sir John is reputed to have built the tower of Driffield parish church. This magnanimity is believed to have absolved him from a vow to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. While the Hotham arms are carved into the stone work, so too are the arms of other notable families, Rolleston and Scrope, to name but two.

Whether he had an army of his own or formed part of that of the Percy's of Northumberland, I have not been able to discover, but together with his son, he rode to join the supporters of the King. It was March and cold. King Edward, so recently declared King, moved North to meet Queen Margaret and the might of the Lancastrians at York. Lord Fitzwalter was sent ahead to take the bridge over the river Aire at Ferrybridge (so well known to us now from its cooling towers on the A1). The bridge was broken, but unguarded and Fitzwalter spent the day repairing the structure. They were woken at dawn by the Lancastrians under the leadership of Lord Clifford. This was Lord Clifford junior for his father had been killed at the first battle of St Albans in 1445, when his body lay naked in the street for four hours. Fitzwalter was forced back across the river, but Edward sent reinforcement to cut off Clifford's retreat up stream near Castleford. This fresh force caught Clifford and killed most of his men. They moved north to Saxton in a snowstorm and the armies, some say there were a hundred thousand on the field, met at Towton close by the Cock Beck. Snow and wind swirled round but Edward ordered the attack and the Lancastrians with their faces to the wind found their arrows dropping short of the target. Edward made initial inroads, until Clifford ordered the attack and the dreadful hand to hand fighting started. It went on for six hours: men grappling at close range with swords and daggers. The Beck, in full spate, was soon further swollen with the bodies of hundreds of men, dragged down by the weight of their armour. It was these bodies, piled in the water, that allowed the river to be crossed, helping some men to escape. Clifford was making headway and would have won, if Norfolk had not arrived with his corps and tipped the balance, allowing victory for the Yorkists. It was Palm Sunday. Henry VI was in the Minster in York, praying no doubt for victory. Thousands were lost. No battle on English soil has ever recorded such death. Even the bloody battle of Culloden is inferior in this respect. Edward did not say how many of his own men were slain but wrote to his mother after the battle claiming that 28,000 Lancastrians had been counted dead upon the field.

Amongst that terrible number lay the body of Sir John Hotham and his son. How did they perish? Were they together? Did they fall into Cock Beck and drown beneath the weight of their armour? Or did they die at the hand of a Yorkist sword and lie for ages on the cold snowy ground until sapped of strength they fell unconscious and into the long sleep? We do not know.

The Church of All Saints

The Church of All Saints in North Dalton is Norman, but it was built on the site of a wooden Saxon church. It must have been built after 1069 and before 1166, when it is first mentioned. It is built on a conical mound in the centre of the village, with early graves circling the stone. This Christian practise of keeping the dead close to the centre of the community is in contrast to the Roman practise of placing the cemetery outside the city walls. The oldest graves are on the South side of the church, the North side beneath the shadow of the building was less favoured and left for the poor, suicides and the illegitimate. It has a nave chancel and low embattled tower. The Chancel is the most ancient part of the church, with the Norman South door surrounded by clustered cylindrical jambs. The North door is the same but plainer. The arch between the nave and chancel is also Norman and decorated with the characteristic dog tooth pattern. The early church would not have had seating, but in the thirteenth century, as the sermon became a more important part of the service, stone seats were introduced. In the fifteenth century benches appeared and in 1603 churches were ordered to have pulpits.

'Lych' is old English for a corpse and the lych gate was where the coffin rested until met by the priest to proceed to the church. Poor people came to church in the parish coffin, wheeled on the parish bier or carried shoulder high by relatives. They were buried only in a shroud, for it was only the better off who could afford to be buried in a coffin. In 1678 in an attempt to encourage the wool trade, an Act was passed to make it illegal to be buried in anything but wool.

The parish registers and Burke's peerage are fascinating sources of material in which it is possible to trace the names of people who have lived here since Domesday. In 1653 the Government passed an act taking the custody of the Parish Registers from the clergy and a year later, in typical Cromwellian style, this same act took away the right of performing marriage ceremonies from the ministers and entrusted it to the local magistrates. North Dalton was no exception:

> *William Wilkinson of North Dalton chosen by ye Parish of North Dalton to be the Parish Register there is by me approved and sworne November 27th 1653*
>
> *D. Hotham*

There is no further record of the magistrates after 23rd June 1657 but at the Restoration of Charles II in 1660, these ministerial magistrates together with the Parish Register were dismissed and the clergy once more took control.

Village life centred around the church and its festivals and the people of the village supported the monks and nuns in the religious orders. These increased in wealth as the years passed until in 1400 religious houses owned 1/3 of the country. At this time the income of the crown was £100,000 in comparison with £300,000, which the church collected annually.

Finds from this period are limited but special. We have a Tudor thimble, which is coarse and quite big, fitting my thumb. This could have been used by a man, perhaps to sew sacks of corn. We have a buckle in very good condition, probably to secure clothing or fasten a leather belt for it is too small for a shoe buckle. There is a coin in very poor condition. It is from the reign of Henry VIII, minted between 1544 and 1547. His full face is just distinguishable on one side, with the coat of arms on the reverse. Henry is well known for having debased the value of gold and silver within the coinage. This was done to raise money for continental wars. In 1544, the third issue of coins, the silver was so thin that it quickly wore away to reveal the alloy beneath: hence Henry's nickname of "old copper nose". While there is no visible copper in the coin, one needs a good imagination to recognise the round full face which is so familiar. There is also a Tudor spindle whorl, but these seem to belong to all centuries. Women would take their spinning into the fields, together with dinner for those working the land. They would spin while they waited for the empty pots.

The Pilgrimage of Grace

King Henry VIII's relationship with the church is well documented and he instructed Thomas Cromwell, the Lord Privy Seal to record the possessions of the monasteries and religious houses, much as the Domesday chronicles listed the ownership of land at the time of the Conquest. With the church managed from Rome, laws could be enacted in the Country without the approval of the King. In 1532 the clergy signed a document called the Submission of the Clergy reversing this situation and King Henry became Supreme legislator of the Church of England and diverted all the monies that the Bishops had sent to the Pope in Rome to the coffers of the Crown. The final act came in 1534 with the Act of Supremacy by which: "The King our Sovereign Lord …. Shall be taken, accepted and reputed the only Supreme Head of The Church of England".

This act was a sea-change. Imagine the fear of the religious houses. There were at the time 563 such houses populated by 7000 monks, 2000 nuns and 35,000 lay brethren. While the houses were not in such good heart as they had been in the 12th century, nevertheless they were well established and had been so since the Benedictines arrived in 597, giving to the poor, relieving the sick and offering shelter to the traveller. They owned vast flocks of sheep and cattle and particularly in the North, they were the people's dominant security. As their wealth and power was slowly destroyed it must have been felt most acutely in this area, which was home to the great monasteries.

Robert Aske, from Aughton Manor near Howden, was the leader of the most serious of all Tudor period rebellions. The Pilgrimage of Grace began in Yorkshire in October 1536, before the rebellion spread to other parts of Northern England. It was a protest against Henry VIII's break with the Catholic Church, the dissolution of the monasteries, and the policies of the King's chief minister, Thomas Cromwell, as well as other specific political, social, and economic grievances. Though he had only one eye, Aske rode vast distances to gather supporters. They truly believed they had right

on their side and were prepared to die for the cause. They swore the following oath on the Bible:

Oath of the Honourable Men

Ye shall not enter into this our Pilgrimage of Grace for the Commonwealth, but only for the love that ye do bear unto Almighty God, his faith, and to Holy Church militant and the maintenance thereof, to the preservation of the King's person and his issue, to the purifying of the nobility, and to expulse all villein blood and evil councillors against the commonwealth from his Grace and his Privy Council of the same. And ye shall not enter into our said Pilgrimage for no particular profit to your self, nor to do any displeasure to any private person, but by counsel of the commonwealth, nor slay nor murder for no envy, but in your hearts put away all fear and dread, and take afore you the Cross of Christ, and in your hearts His faith, the Restitution of the Church, the suppression of these Heretics and their opinions, by all the holy contents of this book.[10]

Robert Aske leading the march to York, October 1536

After the death of Sir John Hotham in 1461, the North Dalton manor was sold.

Lady of the manor: The story of Anne

Anne came to live at North Dalton. The manor house, facing East, West, was made from small hand made bricks. The corner stone in the West wall led to the area for the cattle and servants, while the main hall for the family was slightly higher ensuring the straw on the floor was kept cleaner. The threshold was the step into the hall, so named from the thresh or straw on the floor. It was a major day in October when this was gathered up are replaced by fresh straw. The central chimney had a flue

[10] Though the Pilgrimage of Grace is a term used often to refer to all the northern uprisings, including the initial Lincolnshire one, the term technically only refers to the mass protest in Yorkshire under the leadership of Robert Aske. See Richard Hoyle, *The Pilgrimage of Grace and the Politics of the 1530s* (Oxford, 2001)

through the roof and wood was burned on metal fire dogs, with the spit above for roasting joints of meat. Venison, pork, mutton and beef. Upstairs was gained via a wooden ladder-type stair case, where Anne slept in a small box bed, hung around for warmth and privacy by heavy drapes.

There was a wall of similar brick from the centre of the village almost to the door and a long low single storied building for the foreman, his family and the hired lads who helped on the farm. There was a walled garden where the vegetables were grown and a dovecote. Strips of land fanned out from the farm, where Robert and the men grew corn and the wonderful sloping valley which falls away from the house to the West was reserved for forage for the sheep, pigs and chickens.

Anne's day was spent directing the household servants and spinning the wool which came from the sheep in early summer. Clothes were expensive and well looked after, being stored in a large wooden coffer. Anne possessed two robes, of which she was justly proud. The first which she wore daily was made of woven wool, dyed a deep purple. Beneath the robe she wore a linen gown, which, though course was kept clean as it was washed each week. Anne too took a bath once a week and when dry splashed her skin with alcohol based perfume. The outer garments were brushed well when they were taken off and then again before they were put on. She kept her long hair beneath a white linen cap.

Anne was sixteen when she came to North Dalton as bride to Robert. They had not been blessed with living children. Anne had conceived with ease, but her children either miscarried or died within days of birth. A devout catholic she prayed in church daily for a strong healthy son for Robert. She rode on her little pony regularly to Watton to visit the nuns to add the weight of their communal prayers to her cause. She felt so for the Queen Katherine, who she heard had been delivered of a daughter much to the disappointment of the King.

As usual, Anne had despatched the servant girls to the fields at dawn with the farm hands and she was at her spinning wheel in the hall, when someone burst through the door breathless from running, to tell her of the accident. Robert had fallen from his horse and had fallen on his head. They had lifted his inert body on to a cart and were carrying him home. A sunny September day that had started with such promise, ended in despair as the church bell tolled the passing of the Lord of the Manor.

Widowed and childless at the age of twenty four, Anne's prospects were not good, but the harvest was home and there was still the summers wool in the barn to be sold if times were hard, otherwise the wool would be kept to spin, which would add to its value. She continued to visit the nuns at Watton, for company really more than solace. It was the company of the nuns that led her to seriously consider joining their number. They, however, dissuaded her from such a move, for times were hard in monasteries up and down the land. The King short of money looked to the wealth of the various orders to bail him from insolvency. Anne was shocked to learn of the

extravagance of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, when the King had met Francis of France in the summer of 1520. Apparently, they had taken 5000 retainers with them to Val d'Or. 6000 craftsmen had already been in France for some time preparing the site with tents and pavilions, filled with plate and silver for the feasting which lasted for three weeks. While King Henry was spending money in France the Cromwell Commissioners were visiting Watton to discover all the possessions of the Gilbertines. The Prior of Watton, Robert Holgate, too was much disliked as he was a friend of the hated Thomas Cromwell and he was prepared to denude the coffers of Watton for the Kings' benefit.

It was whilst at prayer at Watton one day, when the Widow Anne noticed a swarthy farmer in the congregation. He was stout, but well dressed in the apparel of a yeoman farmer. After the service Anne was introduced to John Hallam, who farmed at Cawkeld, some seven miles from North Dalton. He had excellent land just off the Wolds, which was watered by the chalk stream on its way to the River Hull. The soil was richer than Anne's in North Dalton, without the sharp flints and chalky outcrops, which were so inhospitable. He had known Robert, so that they fell into easy conversation about the trials of farming, a subject Anne was learning about with amazing speed, as she cared for the land left by her husband. He offered advice and said he would ride over and help her plan the spring cropping rotation.

He did so within the week and they rode together over the land, which he thought was in surprising good heart. He called regularly throughout the year and Anne looked forward to his visits. Anne heard that John was a cruel and fierce man, but he was amusing and a gentleman in her company. She was worried that her neighbours would start to talk, for there was some disparity in their rank and standing in the community. John was a devout churchman and talked much of what he felt were the criminal acts taking place. Although as he pointed out, the King did not break the law, for if he did not like the legal system he would simply change it to suit his needs.

Eighteen months after Robert's death, John Hallam proposed marriage to Anne. Anne thought long and hard about whether to accept the proposal. She was lonely and he was a caring upright farmer, who would look after her, but she was nervous of his reputation for high handedness. She married and moved to Cawkeld. Anne managed the smaller household with efficiency and brought love and understanding to the bachelor household. She came to care greatly for her husband, who was full of stories of the area, keeping her amused at meal times.

Three months into their marriage, Anne knew she was pregnant. She was so frightened not only of the pain of the birth, but the pain of losing yet another baby. One of the last things she did before her wedding, was visit the grieving new father of a tiny girl in the village. The mother of the baby had lived only a week after the birth. Everything had been done to try and combat her fever. Live pigeons were applied to her feet and copious amounts of blood was taken from a vein in her arm to prevent a haemorrhage. She was given strengthening cordials, but finally a fiery rash spread over her body and she fell into a swoon. The acute streptococcal infection

causing puerperal fever carried her to her maker in the early hours. Who would look after the poor child was Anne's last concern for a wet nurse would have to be found fast. It was dear John who had found just the girl in Bainton. A woman who had given birth to her sixth child the previous week and had plenty of milk for a second baby.

John was as excited as she had ever seen him and while he knew of her previous troubles, he saw no difficulties on the horizon. At least not with the birth of his son. John had troubles with Robert Holgate, the Prior, and his landlord. John wished to pay his tithe in wheat has he had done in the past but Holgate wished to be paid in cash, threatening eviction if his wishes were not granted. Bearing this grudge, he was right for a further fight when the Prior refused to acknowledge the feast of St Wilfrid. This feast day had always been kept holy in the North since Celtic times as it was Wilfrid who had led the Celts at the Synod of Whitby in 664. He had failed to win the day, but his efforts were appreciated and his holy day venerated. Holgate, following the instructions of the King recognised that the feast of St Wilfrid had been written from the calendar by consent of the clergy in Convocation.

This occurred only one week after the sermon in Louth, which provoked the Lincolnshire men to rise. St James's church in Louth had much costly plate, jewels and paintings together with beautiful vestments and these were to be confiscated by Cromwell's commissioners. After the Sunday sermon one of the choir, a yeoman farmer, one Thomas Foster cried "Master. Step up and let us follow the crosses: God knows whether we shall ever follow them again".

Hearing of the action in Lincolnshire and the support being planned by Robert Aske from Howden, Hallam was emboldened to tackle the Prior and insist upon the veneration of St Wilfrid. He threatened to burn the church to the ground if Holdgate did not comply.

Anne was distraught, feeling the child within, she was nervous for her husband, but proud of him too. The feast day was observed and John demanded an ox be roasted for all the men. John emerged after that time as the leader of the commoners in the Pilgrimage of Grace in the Beverley Driffield area. Anne was nervous when riders clattered into the yard to speak to John. They wanted him to join their cause and take the oath. He did not need asking twice. Soon he was leading men from the Wolds and Anne hardly saw him at all, but she had experience of running a farm and kept the operation going as well as she might with the few men remaining.

John was involved in the siege of Scarborough Castle, which was kept by Sir Ralph Evers for the King. Painfully short of food, Charles Brandon brought a small coastal boat from Grimsby, full of vitals to relieve the castle from the sea. John Hallam in a daring raid boarded the boat and took all the vitals for themselves. Recounting this story to Anne later, she was frightened for him and begged him not to get involved further. The excitement however, was too much for John and the cause he felt was in the right to protect the church from the thieving King. During this adventure he had

met Sir Francis Bygod, under whose influence John remained, so that his wife's fears were little heeded. Two hot headed men together.

Anne was constantly being asked to house men and feed them at short notice. After Christmas, when her confinement was imminent, she knew that John and his friend Bygod were plotting something. In fact, they were plotting to take Hull. Friends from Beverley, Kitchen, a glover and Wilson, a draper, were to take small groups of men in through the city walls. Anne dressed her husband in a padded resined linen jacket to give him some protection, but despite her best efforts, she felt it would not turn a sharp sword.

John rode to Hull and passed himself off as a market trader. Once within the walls he realised there were insufficient troops to take the town and therefore he decided to leave and try again at another time. He rode with a Canon from Watton and left the city as easily as he had entered, but the doors shut behind the men and John realised that not all his followers were with him. He went back and was recognised, arrested after a fight, and imprisoned in the city.

Anne did not know of John's arrest, for it was kept from her. Her pains began in the evening and a servant girl was sent for the midwife. She was racked with pain for several hours, unaware of the racking her husband was enduring in Hull jail. Then with a violent push and terrible scream, she heard above her own voice the cry of a lusty, angry boy.

It was a full week before Anne was strong enough to be told of the imprisonment and execution of her husband John Hallam. She was never told that King Henry had expressly commanded the rack for John. The only prisoner to be singled out for such torture. With the spring she took her infant son home to North Dalton, the church having reclaimed the farm at Cawkeld.

The English Civil War

Arguably the greatest resident of the Manor was Marmaduke Langdale. Obviously the greater the man the more information there is available and here I quote at length from *Marmaduke, Lord Langdale* by Frederick Harold Sunderland (1926) which is in Beverley Library.

The family of Langdale, sometime of Etton, Houghton, Sancton, Easthrop, Lanthrop, North Dalton and Holme-on-Spalding-Moor, all in the East Riding of the County of York, possess deeds and evidences proving their genealogy back to Patrick Langdale, contemporary with Edward III.

Marmaduke Langdale was son of Peter Langdale of Pighill, Beverley and his wife Anne, daughter of Michael Warton of Beverley and sister of Sir Michael Warton. His father was younger brother of Richard Langdale the heir to the Langdale ancient

estates. Born in 1598 and aged only 19 when his father was laid to rest in Sancton on 3 June 1617.

Back in England in 1626, (after war service on behalf of Frederick, King of Bohemia for the defence of the Palatinate), in which year he developed a passionate love affair with Lennox, the daughter of Sir John Rodes of Barlborough, Derby. His sweetheart came to St Michael-le-Belfry parish, York and at the parish church there they were married by special licence on 12 September 1626. Marmaduke Langdale recorded the event sometime later in a diary and gave the date of the event "about Tuesday 9 September". By his marriage Langdale could claim to be brother-in-law of Sir John Hotham of Scarborough. In the register of the church Marmaduke Langdale is described as of Cherry Burton and his wife as of St Michael-le-Belfry parish, York.

After the marriage, he and his bride went to reside at North Dalton, in the neighbourhood of the homes of his mother and his kith and kin at Houghton. His second cousin, Philip Langdale, had succeeded on the death of his elder brother, Richard, to the ancient family estates at Houghton and Sancton.

Monday 14 January 1627 his wife gave birth to a male child and the child baptised on 28 January 1627, being Monday and received his father's name Marmaduke. Shortly after this event Marmaduke Langdale made his appearance before the King (Charles I) at Whitehall, when he obeyed the King's summons and there he was knighted on 5 February 1627 at the age of 28.

Friday 17 April 1629 a second child was born to him, a daughter and was baptised 6 May and Christened Lennox after her mother. In the following year another daughter was born on St Bartholomew's Day at about 12 o'clock midnight and was baptised 10 September 1630. A fourth child, a son was born 21 March 1632, he was named Peter. He died 16 April 1633 and was buried at Sancton the following day.

In 1633 Sir Marmaduke Langdale took advantage of an opportunity to acquire by purchase from a kinsman, Sir William Constable, knight and Baronet of Flamborough and Holme-on-Spalding Moor, the manor and estate of Holme and it is possible that shortly after this event he went with his wife and family to reside at Holme (old Hall) and there probably his two youngest children, Anne and Anthony, were born and there his wife died shortly after child-birth on 22 July 1639.

Sir Marmaduke Langdale recorded in a journal, certain particulars in regard to the birth of his children, of which the following extracts are taken from a copy made presumably from the original journal by the late Henry Stourton of Holme Hall:

> *'In the name of God. Amen; I was married upon Tuesday about 9 September 1626. My wife was delivered of a man child upon Monday the 14 January 1627. The day is called in come Almanacks 'felix' in some 'felix ….' in some felicior betwixt the hours of 7 and 9 of the clock in the morning or earlier. Half and hour past 8 of the clock. The full Moon was the 10th day after 9 of the*

clock at night. The sign that day was Virgo 20, the aspect of the Moon and it was a great frost and snow that day and had been a week before. This year Easter day fell upon the 25 March being Our Lady's Day before and this year the loan of 5 subsidies came first into. (subsidies – ship money) This year the English besieged the Ise of Rhe in France and were defeated. This year the King of Denmark was almost quite overthrown. He was baptised in 28 January being Monday. That day was a great wind that overthrew many houses in England.

My second child, a daughter was born upon Friday the 17 of April 1629 about 2 of the clock in the morning. The new Moon was the 13th day before at 9 and 6 minutes in the morning. The child it was born 10 days before the time. It was baptised the 6th of May following and named Lennos. It was a fair day when it was born and a fair day when it was baptised.

My third child, a daughter was born on the night of August being St Bartholomew's day 1630 and 12 of the clock on the night. New Moon was the 27th day a little past 7 at night. She was baptised the 10th day of September following. It was born on a fair night and baptised on a fair day.

My 4th child (a son) was born the 21st day of March 1632, about 2 of the clock in the morning. It was a fair night and a great frost. He was named Peter. He died the sixteenth of April and is buried at Sancton the day after.

My 5th child, a son, was born the 1st of March, St David's day it was Saturday 1633 full Moon of the 4th day after about 7 or 8 of the clock at night. He was baptised the 11th March named after Philip (Sir Philip Gosfather and Mr Hogan and Mrs Hogan Godmother.)

My 6th child a daughter was born the 29th of June 1636. It was St Peter's Day about 6 of the clock in the morning. New Moon the 22nd before 10 minutes past 6 in the afternoon. The sign Libra baptised and called Anne. Her Aunt Precilla, Sir Lenox and Sir Philip Staplton.

My 7th child a son was born the 22nd of July 1639 upon a Monday about 10 and 11 of the clock. The new Moon was the 20 day about high noon the same month. The sign Virgo. One hour after the birth my wife to my unspeakable grief died. The child was baptised on the same day. His brother Duke and Philip were godfather's his Aunt Precilla godmother. Named Anthony. The weather very fair.'

In 1639 a warrant was issued from Westminster, dated 12 November in which Sir Marmaduke Langdale was appointed High Sheriff of Yorkshire on the recommendation of the Lord Deputy. As High Sheriff he was commanded by the King to furnish a ship of 960 tons at a cost to the County of £12000. High displeasure was expressed in the Council's letter of 11th May: 'that this peril of incurring the

utmost such forfeitures and punishments by the laws of this realm may be inflicted upon you for so high a contempt and misdemeanour'. As High Sheriff Marmaduke had refused to exhort the King's ship money, however, in 1642 he espoused the King's cause and throughout the Civil War was a notable Royalist. His most brilliant exploit was to raise the siege of Pontefract in 1645.

On the 12 January Sir Marmaduke wrote to his friend Prince Rupert, who was son of the Elector Palatine of Bavaria:

> *"Now at Brigham and intend to march on to Shrewsbury. We routed Rosseter's force at Melton Mowbray and drove Kelford forces to Doncaster and then on to Pontefract. It was a sharp and long conflict and God gave us victory. We killed two hundred odd, took five hundred prisoners and five hundred were drowned. We captured 20 colours, 34 barrels of gunpowder and some cannon. A great store of ammunition and arms."*

In May 1646 he had to flee to France but returned to fight during the second civil war.

On the 17th August 1648 his forces were routed at the battle of Preston, but they fought like heroes. Sir Marmaduke instructed the remnants of his army to fend for themselves as he did himself. On 23rd August while resting at an ale house called The Lodge in the Oulds, he was betrayed through an overheard conversation and captured by Joseph Widmerpole. He was incarcerated in Nottingham Castle, that enormous edifice, that stands to this day on a rock in the centre of the City. Lady Savile, who had lost her husband during the conflict, bribed the guards of Nottingham Castle to assist Marmaduke's escape. He left through the front door, dressed as a Parliamentarian and then hid in a haystack until the furore had died down. From there he went to his cousins at Houghton. The Parliamentarians were determined to catch this General and there was a price on his head. Houghton was surrounded and Marmaduke, fearing he had brought trouble to his family, decided to give himself up. At this point a trusty servant, Philip Dent, came forward with an idea. (Let us not forget it was never easy to say which side people were supporting. So many variables change with a civil war for everyone wants to be on the winning side.) Philip Dent told his hero that it was customary for the milk maids to ride the cows back to the pasture after milking. Dressed in a print gown and wearing a large sun bonnet, Marmaduke made his escape, riding the cow through the troops that surrounded Houghton Hall. He walked to Cliff and hid in a stone rabbit pit, which were common devices dug to trap rabbits, and laid there until the troops were called away. From Cliff he walked to the Humber and swam to Lincolnshire. From there he found help and disguised as a clergyman he travelled to London. Here he stayed at the home of a cleric, Mr Berwick, a staunch loyalist, who helped him escape to the Low Countries. In May of 1646 Sir Marmaduke Langdale arrived in France where he joins with the other Royalist refugees.

In 1649 with the death of Charles I he was banished as an enemy and a traitor and all his estates were confiscated. Sir Marmaduke then entered the Venetian service and distinguished himself in the defence of Candia against the Turks.

The manor and estate of North Dalton, where Langdale had lived for some years after his marriage and before he purchased Holme, were under sequestration, but on 28 September 1652 this estate was purchased by Robert Prickett who subsequently married a daughter of Langdale's (Mary) and an order was issued by the committee at York dated 28 September 1652 discharging the sequestration of the manor in the following terms:

> 'Robert Prickett having bought North Dalton Manor, formerly belonging to Sir Marmaduke Langdale, form the Treason Trustees the sequestration is to be discharged.'

From the parish register

Marriages 1654

Upon the three and twenty day of April in the yeare of our lord God One thousande six hundred fifty four being the Lord's day at the close of the morning exercise it was published openly in the church of a marriage intended betwixt Mr Robert Prickett of Allerthorpe in the parish of Pocklington son of Mrs Barbara Prickett of the same town and parish on the one party and Miss Mary Langdale of North Dalton single woman of the other party and no person alleged to anything to the contrary.

These banns were repeated twice more before the wedding on the 8 May.
Mary Langdale was married to Robert Prickett by Durand Hotham the presiding Justice of the Peace, for the clergy during the Commonwealth period were not permitted to marry people.

In 1658 Cromwell died and Sir Marmaduke was created Baron Langdale of Holme-on-Spalding Moor for 'his great fortitude, fidelity, prudence and industry in his behaviour to his Majesty's father, of ever blessed memory and how that from the beginning of the late unhappy divisions he had zealously and actively asserted his Majesty's interests'

In 1660 Charles II was restored to the throne. Langdale's estate at Holme was restored to him, but he had retired to a monastery in Germany to live with more frugality and in 1661 he wrote to the King: 'he hoped the King would excuse his attendance at the coronation as he was too poor to bear the journey and can nether borrow money, nor sell land to obtain it, the people being afraid of change and therefore cautious.'

He did return to Holme-on-Spalding Moor but he was frail and dispirited. He lived with his son Marmaduke, building a small house in the Park for himself. Charles created him Lord Lieutenant of the West Riding of Yorkshire, perhaps in gratitude for his great service to his father. Marmaduke lost £160,000 in his Majesty's service. However, he rarely left the house and wanted no one but Marmaduke with him. The children visited and were in complete awe of their father as they learnt of his exploits during the conflict. So in awe were they that they could not tell him that he was close to death, he had cheated death so many times before. He died at Holme on 5 August 1662 aged 62, the children having failed to alert the priest, he died without receiving the viaticum, which is the eucharist given to the dying. His body was borne to Sancton, where he is buried in the church of All Saint's on the right of the altar.

Reading Sir Marmaduke's journal, one is struck by the matter of fact recording. Excepting the mention of his 'unspeakable grief' at the death of his wife, the record is of the weather, the cycle of the moon and the respective star signs of the children. There is no information regarding the death of Peter in 1633. No cause of death or mention of emotional feeling. Was he a hardened soldier when he made this record or was the record for a different purpose? It makes one wonder if Langdale was superstitious and interested in astrology.

The Reformation started during the reign of Henry VIII, was all but completed by the reign of his daughter Elizabeth I, (1558 – 1603) who was on the throne at the time Marmaduke was born in 1598. John Whitgift was appointed by Elizabeth to put the church in order and oust the puritan faction. Prophesying was still popular and Elizabeth thought it subversive and ordered it illegal, but this was never quite eliminated, especially in Yorkshire. Magic was still a problem, for people were fascinated and full of fear of magic. The religious authorities were trying to supress any such dabbling, but it would appear that Marmaduke was interested in star signs and the exact time his children were born in respect of the moon's cycle, leading me to believe he had faith in rituals other than those of the church. He was however a devout Roman Catholic and it was this faith that leads one to suppose resulted in his loyalty to the King and his Divine Right to rule.

Astrology was a potent force during this period. John Dee was the astrologer royal for Elizabeth I and she consulted him on a suitable date for her coronation. Astronomy being the science of how the stars and planets move is an exact science, while astrology dictates their influence upon man and is inexact. The sub luna world is in flux, in permanent change, but the astrologer brings charts showing patterns to the change and provides the comfort of some prediction. While this is now fun for most, reading their horoscope each day, for Marmaduke Langdale the patterns would be sought in earnest. Astrology was taught in Universities giving credence to its reality. The church became worried about this and discredited the work of astrologers, for if the future was predictable it removed people's free will. However, Langdale would not have given up the need to have his children's astrological maps predicted had he not been influenced by the astrological signs, for they were thought to control one's destiny and therefore predict illness. Influenza comes from the word

influence and when Inigo Jones, the great architect of the period, designed the anatomy theatre in the Royal College of Surgeons, he decorated the theatre with signs of the zodiac.

Just how long Marmaduke and his family lived in the Manor House, it is hard to determine. Pevsner states that Sir Marmaduke Langdale built Southwold Farm House. This is a secluded farmhouse up the Warter Road, which has been renamed as Warter Farmhouse. A fine building with a beautiful staircase, which David Neave thinks came from Londesborough. Certainly, the Cliffords, the Earls of Cumberland, owned Londesborough from 1469 – 1643. Perhaps a house was demolished and the fine Jacobean staircase removed. It is worth remembering that the alms houses in Londesborough, which are so special, were built between 1677 – 79. When we were renovating the Manor House in 1971, we were offered a black and white stone floor, which was being removed from Warter Farmhouse for it was at this time that the Marquis of Normandy was renovating Southwold Farm to create a shooting lodge

What of finds dating from this period? So far there are surprisingly few coins or brooches, but from the field we call Hall Bottoms there is civil war shot and these are constantly being dug up, to such an extent that if interested children come and stay in the holiday cottages, I often give them one of these round lead bullets. We have also found a strip of lead in the field, from which soldiers made their ammunition on site. They possessed a small crucible in which the lead could be melted and this was then poured into a mould. One of these bullets has distinct teeth marks, giving the impression that the poor soldier was given a bullet to bare down upon while his arm or leg was being amputated: ‘Bite the bullet’. All of this shot leads me to feel there must have been a skirmish during the civil war in the said field. The topography of the field shows a man-made ridge running down the valley East to West and it is romantic to imagine soldiers hiding behind this ridge making their shot and firing across the valley. Could this imagined skirmish be connected to General Sir Marmaduke Langdale, the King’s General?

In 1627 Marmaduke, Lord Langdale was described as:

A ‘verie rich and able man, esteemed, a wise man of most scholar-like accomplishments and of good husbandry’
Marmaduke Lord Langdale, by Frederick Harold Sunderland

By contrast, Colonel Edward Massey and Major John Bridges gave a report of the mayhem created by the 1,500 strong Northern Horse led by the Royalist Sir Marmaduke Langdale.

> *‘This march of theirs was accompanied with many unheard-of cruelties. They robbed all the country people of their goods and took away their cattle. They ravished their daughters in their sight. One woman they ravished who was in a week of her time …. etc. On the other hand it is substantiated that two*

Royalist soldiers charged by their own side in Coventry with ravishing women, were stripped and given a public lashing'. [11]

It may have been wildly exaggerated. However, Marmaduke wrote to Sir Charles Lucas, after he had secured Colchester for the King. 'Revenge in acts of cruelty shall ever be as far estranged from our thoughts'. It would appear that the King's General was aware of atrocities, but they were not inflicted under his direction.

Queen Anne came to the throne in 1702. She was the sister of Mary and at William's death her reign began. It was during this reign that the Duke of Marlborough, fighting the French, won the battles of Blenheim and Malplaquet, victories that brought the crown wealth and good fortune. North Dalton benefited from this wealth in the form of Queen Anne's bounty.

In the 12th year of the reign of Charles II King of England, Scotland, France and Ireland who God grant long to reign. Memorandum that upon Saturday night betwixt the hours of ten and three of the clock being the eight day of December in the year of our Lord 1660 the most violent wind happened which brought much prejudice unto the people of North Dalton and other places in the country. O Deus Mierere Nobis.

A terrier containing an Account of all the Glebe Lands and Tythes, stipendiary payments and other Ecclesiastical dues and profits belonging to the Curacy of North Dalton in the East Riding of the County of York and the Diocese of York.

A Close called the North Close, in North Dalton afore said, purchased of Marmaduke Simpson, by the late Curate Mr Thomas Remington, with the Bounty Money of Queen Anne, it lyeth next the Field on the East, the common Pasture on the West and on the North and South adjoining to the closes of the Late Ramsden Barnard Esq containing about six acres and worth about £5 per year, the wood upon of small value as yet.

In the year 1760, this Curacy was drawn by Lot for augmentation with the Bounty of Queen Anne, for which no purchase has yet been made.

The parish of All Saint's still owns this field, which is let to a farmer in the village. The rent brings in £200 annually.

The evolving Protestant faith affected North Dalton as everywhere. The monasteries were no longer a force in the land, so the village Priest was given much greater respect and regarded as a leader of the community. He lived in the Rectory next to the church, known at one time as The Cloisters.

[11] The Scourge of Civil war and the Blessings of Peace, 1645 Quoted in Antonia Fraser (1984) *The Weaker Vessel: Women's Lot in Seventeenth Century England*

The sacredness of marriage was emphasised as the clergy, too, were married, becoming an example to the community. Folk festivals were further suppressed and the ale houses were closed on Sundays and all feast days. The carnival festivals of misrule so enjoyed in medieval times were replaced by the fasting of Lent. Carnival had occurred when the farmer could no longer feed his stock until the fresh grass of spring was available. Obviously breeding stock were retained, but all others were slaughtered meaning that the population would have to live on salted meat over winter. The carnival, so called from the Latin 'carne' meaning meat or flesh and 'levare' to put away, was a splendid festival when the last fresh meat was enjoyed, with merriment and feasting.

Maids of the Manor

Mary, having been born in 1630, lost her mother when she was only nine years old. The family were living at Holme Hall at the time, so that Mary although born at North Dalton remembers little of the place. Having lost his wife, Marmaduke found family life difficult, cloying, lonely. He was a man of action and too much inactivity left him morose. As High Sheriff of the county he travelled through the countryside, witnessing the poverty amongst those who worked the land. Asked to collect ship money for the King's wars in France, he refused, believing that the extra taxation was too much for the poor to endure.

The King Charles I had other problems with Parliament as the puritans were gathering to depose him. It seems strange, therefore that Marmaduke who had refused to collect the King's tax, should decide to support the King against the forces of Cromwell, particularly as his nephew, Captain Hotham so publicly took the opposite view. Marmaduke quickly became involved in the Civil War. The King moved to York in 1642, but Sir John Hotham, as Governor of Hull, refused to allow King Charles I into the city of Hull. Sir Marmaduke Langdale was sent to Hull to mediate with his kinsman on behalf of the King, but to no avail. The conflict came to east Yorkshire so that Marmaduke was fearful for his family at Holme Hall. What could he do? It might be some time before the Roundheads caught up with his property in North Dalton and so he planned to move the children and servants to The Manor.

Mary loved it there, sharing a room with her two sisters, while the four boys shared another. They were cared for by several servants, who had come with them from Holme, but Elizabeth, the housekeeper soon employed local girls. The vicar came each morning to teach the boys Latin and mathematics, while Elizabeth schooled the girls in herbals and medicines. The walled garden grew many vegetables and plants and the vicar stimulated interest in botany through his copy of Christopher Plantin's herbal, which was illustrated with clear woodcuts and aided the girls in the recognition of plants and their medicinal uses. They were encouraged to draw the plants, as well as prepare them for the kitchen. As the war encroached, food became difficult and the plants increasingly vital.

The girls were taught to sew and embroider with linen thread grown on the farm. They spun the course sheep's wool and made simple rustic clothes far removed from their previous dresses trimmed with Belgium lace. Not only was it financially essential, it was also prudent, as the minimalist clothes of the Puritans were far from flamboyant, thus one blended in so much the better. It was impossible to know where friends or villagers' loyalties lay.

While root vegetables were plentiful and cabbage and onions, leeks and kale grown with ease, meat was in short supply. Marmaduke would continually send soldiers to collect stock for slaughter to feed the army. The children's diet was augmented with pigeon from the dovecote and rabbits from the warrens which were snared with help from the boys. Sometimes they were given a hare run down by a lurcher, but this was a rare treat. They had a house cow which had been brought with them from Holme. This was vital for poor Anthony's wet nurse had long gone and the little boy had never known the love of his mother, who had suffered so at his birth.

Messengers came continually from the children's father, but these messengers were always a concern, for they wanted food, or silver to take to Sir Marmaduke to help him keep his Northern Horse. One such messenger instructed Marmaduke junior to join his father as he was now of an age to help the cause. Marmaduke was thrilled and excited by the news, having practiced with his sword every day. Peter begged to be allowed to go with his brother, but five years his junior, he was still too young.

Mary was filled with gloom as she said goodbye to the brother she idolised. Would she ever see him again? The men brought him a horse, he mounted and was on his way in minutes. Instructions had been given by his father to spend no time at the Manor for fear of jeopardising the family. He joined his father's regiment, called the Northern Horse, which was about 1,500 strong.

She would see him again, for in March of 1645, he rushed into the house with four compatriots, jubilant at his father's success in raising the siege of Pontefract castle. Laying siege was very much the warfare of the Civil War, houses and castles were surrounded and the commander would send in an official summons to allow the women and children to leave should they wish. If they refused, they too like the men were starved.

Mary and Lennox were in the walled kitchen garden when they heard shouting and clattering of horse. They were always listening and fearful for who would arrive, hoping it would be their brother or someone with news of their father, but fearful too, that they would come for yet more possessions to steal to feed the army. Having relieved the siege of Pontefract, the Roundheads were desperate to find Sir Marmaduke. Mary and Lennox dropped their tools and ran for cover in the blacksmiths shop, hiding behind a huge cart horse, stabled beside the forge awaiting his shoes. They felt the heat from the furnace, but anything was bearable, fearing, as they did, the horrors of the Roundheads.

They need not have hidden, for it was yet more messengers from their father. He had been captured and was a prisoner of Cromwell incarcerated in Nottingham Castle. This was a formidable fortress and they feared the worst, suspecting that he would be tried as a traitor and executed. Mary wanted to hear more and begged the men to come to the house for refreshment. It was so difficult to trust anyone in these frightening times, but the loyalist distinguished themselves through their hair and dress. The men before Mary had long curly hair and small beards around the chin, whilst they had shaved the cheeks. They wore short leather boots and leather breeches to below the knee. They agreed to stable their horses, for they needed water and a rest, having been ridden at speed through the night. Marmaduke had been captured after the battle of Preston. The girls were surprised to think that their father was fighting so far from home.

Once inside the hall, they stood before the small fire in the huge grate, for it was late summer and a warm day. They introduced themselves and Mary remembered the name of one Robert Prickett of Allerthorpe. He told them of the fight for Pontefract, how they had slaughtered so many Roundheads and others had drowned in the river. Their bodies were piled so high in the water, as to create a ford across the river. But after that it had gone wrong and they were routed at the battle of Preston. The General had disbanded his Northern Horse and told every man to fend for himself. Robert had come from Allerthorpe that morning, for they had carried his father home. He had been wounded in the leg as they endeavoured to break the siege, but would not give in and continued with the Horse to Preston. He was worried the leg was turning black and hoped that his mother would save the limb, but he was doubtful. Mary was captivated by his distress and manly bearing, she offered mead and bread and cheese. The men were jumpy, for they knew that they could have left a trail for the Roundheads to follow. Robert spoke of his admiration for the General, their father and how he would never forgive himself if their visit prompted the betrayal of North Dalton. Marmaduke, their brother, was fine and had managed to escape. Roberts was unsure of his movements but thought he would head for Holme, as his father had always lectured him of the folly of returning to North Dalton and exposing the rest of his brothers and sisters to betrayal.

'Where are you going from here', Mary wanted to know.

'Back to Allerthorpe to be with my Mother as she tends my Father, for he is far from well,' Robert replied. His voice lost its strength. 'There is so little we can to do to help any further. The Parliamentarians have the upper hand and there is no longer hope of victory. I shall work the farm and lie as low as possible'.

'We shall remain here. Please convey our thoughts to our brethren, should you meet and give them the confidence that we are all well'.

The two looked at each other as the soldiers took their leave. Robert kissed Mary's hand, thanking her for her hospitality and hoping they faired well. Mary ran into the yard to watch the soldiers mount and leave. Lennox begged her to come inside.

Life became more difficult after their father was captured. Money was so tight, that most of the girls were dismissed. Elizabeth remained fulfilling the role of Mother and mistress of the house, organising frugal meals and teaching Lennox, Mary and Anne how to prepare them. Then one day soldiers again arrived at the door. Mary immediately recognised Robert and asked him in. His tale was almost unbelievable. They gathered in the kitchen to hear the story asking him to repeat bits which were almost too impossible to be true. Sir Marmaduke having reached Houghton escaped the Parliamentarian troops on the back of a cow, dressed as a milk maid. It was so unbelievable the children were forced to laugh at their Father's daring. He had left for London and if successful would cross the channel and hide in France with all the other refugees that were fleeing in the face of defeat.

Before he left, he had begged his cousin to send men to protect his family in North Dalton. Once the soldiers realised that Marmaduke was no longer at Houghton, they might assume he had gone to his other properties. Messengers were sent to Robert Prickett at Allerthorpe, who had been such a staunch ally during the battles, to gather a small force to ride to North Dalton. Elizabeth was unsure for she recognised more hungry mouths to feed, but she recognised their vulnerability. She wondered, however, if the troops would advertise the family's presence, for it was impossible to trust anyone any longer. People were fearing the worst and changing sides to save their skins. Accommodation was found in the row of cottages opposite the pond and initially Elizabeth was proved wrong, for the men worked hard to earn their keep. Helping in the garden and with the stock. They built a small ridge in the field to the North of the house, thinking this would be a disguise should men come from the South. Robert travelled home as often as he could to assist his Mother, now a widow and living alone, but he found himself wanting to return to North Dalton not just to protect the family, but to be in the garden with Mary. She had lost weight since they last met and seemed to carry the worries of the world upon her little shoulders, but her skin was clear and her features beautiful and she would look up and smile when she begged again and again to hear the story of the milkmaid General.

Elizabeth was right. Soldiers clattered into the village at dawn, banging on the door and demanding entry. They hunted through the rooms looking for Marmaduke. There were more in the yard moving amongst the penned sheep and the house cow. They banged at the smithy and moved through the garden shed. Robert and his men were quickly alerted and moved round the front of the house to hide behind their specially constructed ridge. Having found no one at the farm, the Roundheads moved to the church, imagining the General was hidden within. From the church they ran along the garden wall. Robert with musket primed, took aim and fired. One was wounded and dropped to the ground. These were not battle hardened soldiers, like Robert and his men who had all ridden with Marmaduke as part of his Northern Horse. Cromwell's men were taken unawares and were forced to scale the wall and hide in

the kitchen garden. Musket round after musket round were fired as Robert held the ridge while instructing his men to crawl across the front of the house and surprise the parliamentarians from the rear. The children were hiding upstairs, with Peter boldly looking from the window to see what was happening. He was frustrated that he could see nothing, only hear the skirmish. It lasted all day, before the puritans had run out of ammunition and slowly slunk away, through the village and on to Scarborough, having failed to find The Kings General.

Local skirmishes were common after the battle of Naseby, as Cromwell's men hunted down the hiding loyalists. News filtered through from London slowly, but everyone knew it was not going well for the Royalists. Mary would always remember the vicar telling them that the King had been beheaded. They were all so shocked that such a thing could happen in England. Services were held in the church to pray for his soul, but Mary worried how this would affect her father. They were soon to learn.

It was summer when the dour Commonwealth Commissioner arrived with several others to bang upon the door. The Estate was now the property of Parliament. Perhaps this was the greatest shock of all. They did not know whether their father was alive or not and now they had no home. This in fact was not the case, for they were allowed to remain, but they were farming the estate for the Commonwealth and would only be able to retain one fifth of the revenue. How could they live upon that?

Cromwell took over in 1653. Peace at last, but life was dour in the village. Many widows and fatherless children tilled the soil without the support of their men folk. The Protestant faith was dour too, with its Lenten fast and joyless sermons promising hell fire and damnation to all the simple sinners. Without the garden, Mary did not know how they would have survived. Then one day without warning a lone rider came to the door. Elizabeth answered the bell and showed the man into the Hall. It was Robert and he was asking after Mary.

'Why, sir, she is in the kitchen garden. Will you go and find her yourself, for I'm sure she will be pleased to see you,' said the good woman, who had remained so loyal to the Langdales.

Robert walked up the familiar slope to the garden gate and found Mary feeding the chickens from kitchen scraps. She jumped as Robert spoke. 'Mary, I bring you wonderful news. Your father is safe in France with the other refugees. His is living frugally, but is in contact with Prince Charles and they are confident that one day they will all be back.'

Joy flooded her very soul, as she saw the handsome soldier now dressed so differently, but still the same strong man, with the clear brown eyes.
'Mary, I have come to ask if I may bring my Mother to visit. She has heard so much about you and your kindness to us when we were billeted here. May I bring her on Sunday?'

'Oh surely, please do, come for lunch. We have very little to offer, but,' as she looked at the fattening cockerel, who would soon be no longer needed as his father was gathering his hens for spring, 'we could kill a fowl. Yes, do come, please,' and so it was arranged.

Elizabeth realised the significance of such a meal and left nothing to chance. The cock was dispatched and hung. Sage and onions were still plentiful for the dumplings. Early March was a time of Lenten fasting so there was little but root vegetable for the pot, but the fowl was broiled slowly with thyme and rosemary and large suet dumplings floating on the surface.

Barbara Prickett was a handsome woman, who had ridden her own horse from Allerthorpe, some ten miles across country. She stood tall as she alighted from the cob and was introduced to Mary and her brothers and sisters. They sat at the refectory table in the Hall, before the blazing fire and talked of the war. She spoke so movingly of her husband's death from infection after he had received a musket ball in the calf. He managed so bravely after the leg was removed, but still the fever burned and they could not alleviate the pain. She missed him terribly, but he would not have wanted to live as an invalid. After the excellent meal, Barbara asked if Mary would show her the garden which she knew was Mary's joy.

'My husband should be coming to visit your dear father' began Mrs Prickett, 'but times have changed and your father is still out of the country I believe.' They walked amongst the last leeks of winter and looked at the rhubarb jars, which were covering the first shoots of spring. 'My son Robert is a good boy and he has set his heart upon your hand, my dear. May he ask you to be his bride?'

Mary's heart was beating inside her thin body. It was beating so hard Mary thought it could be heard. 'Yes, please,' came in a strangled whisper. The women stopped and faced each other, both with wonderful smiles. She took Mary into her arms and kissed her on both cheeks.
'I know you will be happy together. Robert can talk of nothing but you. Nothing' and they walked back to the house hand in hand. Mary realising the joy of a mother for the first time.

The Barnard family

It was a sunny September day in the early eighties. I was in the house alone when there was a ring at the door. It was a man from the church who was repairing the organ. Anthony was both Church Warden and Treasurer at the time and the parish heard from the annual organ service that the instrument was subsiding. Money would have to be spent so the church council agreed to fund the repair.

We know why your organ is sinking', he said, 'there is a vault beneath. Would you like to come and see? We will need a torch if you have one'.

I jumped at the chance and followed him to the church with a hastily found torch. There was a small hole about the size of four missing bricks. I knelt down and shone the torch into the hole and remained quite still. Below, at a depth of about six feet in a beautifully constructed square brick lined vault, lay two, possibly three, coffins. They were made of a dark wood in the classic shape of all coffins, with the shoulder end being the wider and tapering to the feet at the other end. They were riveted at all the edges with small brass headed nails about the size of drawing pins. These were used for decorative purposes as there were more than were necessary to hold the thing together. The brass had gone a distinct green in the damp of the vault. One of the coffins had nearly disintegrated completely, one was almost whole and the third had fallen open, revealing the skeleton within. It was a moving moment.

The one best preserved had the date 1748 and the initials RB clearly written in the same green studs that marked the edges of the coffin. This is the coffin of Ramsden Barnard, for we have subsequently discovered that he requested in his will to be buried in the vault in North Dalton next to the body of his late brother, Edward, who was interred on 22 May 1730. Their hatchment depicting the bear, hangs, like the sword of Damocles, above the dog-toothed arch. (I say, like the sword of Damocles as one never knows how secure it is. They come from York every five years for the Quinquennial Visit, to check that the fabric of the church is in good order, but they never bring any ladders so how they know how well it is attached I have no idea.)

What of the other coffin? The one that had burst open revealing the skeletons within? In the arms of this skeleton there were the bones of a newborn child. I looked and looked and was quite convinced of what I had seen. I ran for my camera and held the poor cheap thing into the hole. I moved it about as best I could and the flash lit well. I took four photographs and finished the film as quickly as I could to have it developed. How ancient that now reads as with today's digital camera you can see immediately what you have taken. I was disappointed when I went to Boots to collect the photos. For a start I was foolish enough to have the strap of the camera hanging in front of the lens! And the skeletons are not visible. However, I stand by what I saw and am still convinced of the infant in the arms. Who were they? I have yet to discover.

As we shall learn, our Ramsden, who was given his mother's maiden name, was the grandson of the notable Sir Edward Barnard who was buried in St Mary's Church in Beverley on 14 January 1686. His son, also Edward, was of North Dalton and he had six children. Edward died and was interred, the register states *sepult*, on the 22 May 1703. Further children who were baptised in All Saints are:

Anne baptised 28 December 1682
Margaret baptised 21 January 1683
Frances baptised 1 November 1687

Ramsden baptised 30 June 1690

The infant Frances lived for only 4 days, as the register of deaths states that she was buried in North Dalton on 4 November of the same year. She cannot be the infant in the vault buried in the arms of her mother as was often the case as there is no mention of a further death and of course another baby, Ramsden, was born three years later[12].

Ramsden Barnard who was baptised in 1690, married Anne the daughter of John Worsop. They had one daughter Anne, who died and was buried in North Dalton on 5 May 1775. She died 28 years after her father and it does not seem unlikely that she would have been placed in the family vault. She was a spinster. She had nowhere else to go. Try as I might I can find no confirmation of her birth or baptism in North Dalton so these may have taken place elsewhere. But with no date of birth it is impossible to know how old she was at the time of her death. It is pure conjecture, but could the spinster Anne have died in childbirth and had her baby buried with her?

Sir Edward Barnard was born in 1632 and was knighted by Charles II after he was restored to the throne in 1660. It is therefore safe to assume that the Barnard family supported the King during the Civil War, to be thus rewarded at the Restoration.

Sir Edward Barnard, of North Dalton, knight born 1632, eldest son of Henry, was the most noted man of his family and was knighted by Charles II. He was Recorder of Hull from 1669 – 1684, when he was discharged by James II. He was also Recorder of Beverley from 1663 to his death. Sir Edward is described by Gent as having been the 'hoor of Kingston, the delight of Beverley and an ornament to the law'. He must have been a man of great energy as besides attending to his public duties and the management of his large estate, he found time to fill several volumes with reports of law cases (among others, the trial of Sir Harry Vane) in beautifully clear handwriting. These volumes are in the library of Cave Castle. Sir Edward died in 1686 aged 54 and is buried at St Mary's church in Beverley. He was succeeded by his son Edward as Recorder of Beverley and in 1687 'at the request of the town', Mr Edward Barnard also became the Recorder for Hull.

Ramsden Barnard of North Dalton, grandson and representative of Sir Edward Barnard passed on the death of his only daughter and Heiress Anne Barnard, 3 May 1775 to his friend William Bethell second son of Hugh Bethel of Rise, he having been the sixth mentioned in the entail created by his will.

Hall, John George (1892*) A history of South Cave and of other parishes in the East Riding of the county of York*

[12] It was not uncommon in 17th C. Europe for small children to be placed in coffins with adults – including unrelated adults.

The villagers were very excited about the discovery of the vault, but they were not allowed to view. Graves are funny things. It is possible for archaeologists to scrape and dig at the bones of ancient Roman tombs and ponder over the remains in Egypt, but anything more recent is a desecration of the dead and cannot be looked at in a ghoulish manner. York came out to look down the hole. Antony keeps the church key, so that they had to come to the house initially. They set up very flashy cameras with strong lighting and they said they would make a report and that we could have a copy. They may have made just such a report, but they never contacted us again. Perhaps the strap was hanging over the lens!

All of this took place before the enclosure Act of 1778, so how did the manor look in the times of the Barnard family?

The manor was greatly gentrified after the 1778 Enclosure Act when the house, cottages and granaries were built, to resemble the house and grounds we know today. The difference is still so clearly visible from the size of bricks used in its construction. Buildings with small bricks, which would have been familiar to the Barnard's, include the centre of the Manor, together with a westerly wing, which I feel must have been demolished at the time of new building. This is purely conjecture, but we can see over the main staircase a doorway which has been bricked up and also the roof gives evidence of such a wing. The original roof though much dilapidated is beneath the present slate roof, so that when in the roof space it is possible to see the line of the early roof, which goes out towards the West.

Together with the manor, which I feel faced East, there is a pigeon cote, with its tiled nest boxes still inside, and a line of cottages which look onto the street. These cottages were single storied in those days as the second story has been added using larger bricks. There is a fine gateway with beautiful stone balls on the piers, now sadly in need of restoration. There is a building which we call the blacksmith's shop, which is made of small brick. It may have been the farriers or the gardeners, for it backs onto the kitchen garden, which was walled in earlier times, for it has small bricks at the bottom and larger ones to increase the height of the walls. There is a similar wall that runs from the street to the house, East to West. This too has been added to with larger bricks to increase its height.

It is hard to explain the exact layout of the Manor House, for we do not know exactly of what the demolished wing consisted. Certainly, the kitchen would have been where it was in 1971, when we arrived. There was also an intriguing little room, called the grooms room, where my husband, Antony, allegedly worked with his lathe, as a child. This was accessed by a door from the outside, which opened onto a staircase to the first floor. Here there was a room, with a north facing window and coal fireplace. Whether the groom ever slept there it is impossible to say. The room is in the house but there is no access to the house on either floor. When we arrived in 1971 the staircase was removed and a new one built in its place which gives access from our hall to the first floor landing, the wall upstairs having been removed

the grooms room forms a landing so that the light from the North facing window floods into the corridors to the bedrooms. The removed wall was load bearing and therefore had to be replaced by an RSJ, but this is not a thick outside wall.

Love blooms in the garden

George III was on the throne in 1749 when Ramsden Barnard died. He was laid to rest in the brick vault in the village church on 25 March 1749. These were difficult times, with America refusing to be taxed and wanting independence. Anne, his daughter, was left alone at the Manor at her father's death in 1749. Her father had been interested in agriculture and wanted his land Enclosed. This would require an Act of Parliament, but he was interested in sheep and cattle and longed to hedge them into paddocks and fields so that they could be husbanded more easily. He was greatly interested in all that was taking place at Londesborough, the seat of Lord and Lady Burlington. Had Londesborough Hall not been demolished in 1818, it would have been East Yorkshires greatest country house. The house was enlarged by the Burlington's and much money spent on garden design. This was created by Robert Hooke, who was influenced by Christopher Wren. Ramsden loved to ride over to Londesborough and walk through the village, admiring the gate piers, the stable block and beautiful alms houses, all built in a pale rose brick. He thought that Hooke had been influenced by his own fine stone gate piers, with their brick work supporting stone bases that are topped by pretty stone balls. The gardens were further remodelled in between 1720 – 30, when a more natural look was achieved through winding walks between beautiful trees. From the age of thirteen Marmaduke, always known as Duke, worked for the Burlingtons in the large kitchen garden that fed the enormous household. Water was channelled from the lake through the kitchen garden and into a beck that flowed beside the road. This could be tapped at any time for irrigation and Duke's first job in the garden was to ensure that the tanks that watered the long green house that leant against the rose walls, were kept full. In these green houses, peaches, vines, pineapples, cucumbers and delicate flowers were prepared for the Hall. Duke was billeted with Mr Frankish, the Head gardener, who took a shine to Duke and taught him much about the propagation of fruits and flowers. The apples and pears were grown from seed, cherished in the glass houses and then planted in neat rows in the orchards.

Duke would cut the vegetables, dig the potatoes and gather the fruit as it ripened, load the little donkey cart and lead the produce, with great pride, to the kitchen door. This was his favourite job every morning to gather the day's fresh produce to present to cook. She would often give him a mug of milk and a slice of bread and cheese and dripping, which tasted so good. As he matured, he moved from the kitchen garden to work on the estate. Not that this was the delicate work of the kitchen garden. It was the work of fit young men, who could wield the pick axe, saw down trees and split logs for the great fires that heated the myriad of hearths within the vast house. They would change the landscape to drawing presented by fine men in elegant clothes. Sometimes the ladies would walk through the maturing lines of apple trees, when

they were in blossom in early May. Sometimes he was called to the house to help transport great picnic hampers to the side of the lake, where the house guests, sometimes thirty or forty guests in all, sat beneath their parasols on a warm July day.

Sometimes those same great picnics were taken further afield, into the harvest areas, where the fine ladies would watch the rhythmic scythes cutting the wheat. They would delight in the carts piled high with corn and take pleasure in the rabbits and hares that escaped from the crop. Duke liked to watch the village girls stoking or gleaning, but he was too shy to speak, however he hoped, perhaps at the supper that followed the harvest festival he would pluck up the courage to ask one of them for a dance.

After harvest the house would be shut down, sometimes to be opened again at Christmas, but all too often it was closed until the following summer. Dust sheets would entomb the furniture in the great rooms and staff laid off for the winter. This was not the case in the garden however, where work continued throughout the year. Big hampers of produce were prepared for the carter to travel to London, that the family might enjoy the home produce all through the year. Potatoes, carrots, turnips, parsnips, marrows, onions and leeks were all dug from their sandy mounds to travel to Burlington House or Chiswick Villa. The rich rotations of the seasons moved with little change, until one day Ramsden was riding through the Park at Londesborough and came upon the estate workers planting a copse of firs. One of the trees, a spruce, Ramsden noticed was being hung with weight. He stopped and immediately recognising Duke from the village, he asked what they were doing.

'If you weight the branches at an early stage, the branches will be pulled to the ground before they rise again to greet the sky. This means the spruce will have an unusual shape. It will grow with many different trunks coming from the central bowl' replied Duke, as he replaced his doffed cap.

Ramsden thanked him and rode on, but he could not forget the young man and the beautiful landscape that was being created. He rode back the same way and stopped once more to speak.
'Can I have a word with you Duke' he enquired, as he drew within ear shot.
'Why, yes Sir' came the reply and Duke followed the horse to a discrete distance. Ramsden leant forward in the saddle and spoke to Duke, confident that his colleagues were out of earshot. 'Have you ever thought of returning to live in North Dalton, to be near your mother' he said, 'Should you wish to do so, I could offer you work as head gardener at the Manor. The garden is not on this scale of course, but you would have two boys to assist and you could make the garden your own. Will you think about it?'

It did not take Duke long to think about it. It would be great to be back in the village with family and childhood friends. His next day off, found him walking with quickened step back to the village and straight to the Manor. Ramsden was at home and welcomed his decision, showing him the accommodation, which was a warm room

within the house, accessed by a steep wooden stair from the outside of the house. There was a wash stand, a chest and trundle bed and an open fire. Duke thought it fine, as he anticipated spending much of the time with his mother and siblings, even if there was no room in mother's cottage to sleep. He started at Michaelmas, on one of those clear September days when the apples and pears needed picking together with sloes and damsons.

Anne Barnard loved the garden. She loved the walled vegetable garden, which was always so sheltered and she loved to talk to the blacksmith's wife in her pretty little cottage that overlooked the garden. She would visit the smithy and watch the farrier at work, banging the metal into shape over the anvil. She loved the sounds of great horses munching hay and one of the gardener's boys working the bellows to keep the fire so hot that the metal was white at the end as it was pulled from the furnace. She loved the steaming sizzle as the metal was dipped in water to cool and the smell of the burnt hoof as the hot shoe was put in place.

Since Duke had started work as Head gardener, standards had improved. He had planted little box hedges that divided the soil into different plots. One was given over to potatoes, while the others contained neat rows of carrots and celery, peas and beans. Beneath the wall Duke had planted soft fruit. While against the walls apple trees had been planted and were being trained to fan across the walls. These apples and pears had come from Mr Frankish at Londesborough, who was delighted that his young protégé had fallen on his feet with his own garden. He had come personally to weight the two spruce trees that Dalton too could have the aristocratic trees like the Burlingtons. He advised The Barnards to plant a small park in the sloping field beyond the kitchen garden and suggested sycamores, beech and chestnut. Duke planted the trees and the farrier made protectors that prevented the cattle and horses from damaging the bark.

Everything changed after Ramsden's death. Anne was alone at the Manor. Duke together with the blacksmith and the other men opened the vault in the church and the coffin was lowered to lie beside that of Anne's Uncle Edward. The bricks were cleverly replaced. Anne would always think of her father beneath the flags as she sat in the front pew opposite where he lay. Since his death a Hatchment had been commissioned of the family crest and this had been placed above the Norman arch in the chancel. She had insisted that the railings around the church be paid from her father's estate and Duke and the farrier built a fine fence to keep the cattle and sheep from the churchyard. The days passed much as before, but there was no one with whom to share the trails of the day. Her cousin from Cave came over and tried to persuade her to come and live with them in the recently gentrified Cave Castle. She said she would come and stay over the Christmas period, but she was not prepared, as yet, to give up her home. She begged her father's executors to try for Enclosure of the land, but, while they were in principle in agreement, they were slow with the paper work.

She spent more and more time in the garden, or in the church. She visited the sick in

the village, spending time with Duke's mother, who was a hard working widow, with seven mouths to feed. She recognised the help Duke was giving with the children and she thanked the mistress for the spare produce that he brought home at Annes' insistence.

As spring moved into summer, Anne spent most mornings with Duke and the gardener's boy. She could see the way the special spruce trees were overriding the weights and stretching for the sun so that the branches of the trees looped upwards in interesting shapes. She helped transplant the tiny seedlings into the garden, smelling the newly turned soil with pleasure. Duke was fanatical about compost. Everything was saved from both kitchen and stables to enrich the soil, which was thin, flinty and alkaline. Anne could begin to see the improvement in the quality of the earth. Anne relied upon her head gardener more and more. His presence comforted her. She could hear him moving in the house at night, which was reassuring.

It was harvest time, when everyone was so busy, that their relationship developed. Gradually the dynamics changed. She was asking him for guidance, initially over garden matters and then more of farming matters, such as when to reap and then how to sell the grain. He responded with a caring devotion, that could have been interpreted as respect, but was beginning to be much deeper than that. She could feel his strong muscles and smell the apple on his breath and then one evening as the last wagon was returning at dusk and Anne followed on the little mare, he came to lift her down. She fell against him, their eyes met and she knew in a frightening flash, that she had fallen in love with her gardener.

One hears of maids being dismissed as they have been pursued by the master or son of the house, but ladies are supposed to know better. She fought the emotion with a passion, but nevertheless kept finding excuses to be with Duke. As September moved into Autumn, they were stealing kisses in the stable and beginning to talk of their feelings, although Duke found it difficult to romance his mistress, knowing only that he wished to turn her into a mistress of a very different kind.

Anne rode to that pasture to help the shepherd and other men turn the rams into the flock. Her father had always done so, as someone on horse back was often of use to shepherd the sheep along the lane. She watched the tups in the rampant excitement at being among the ewes, as they rushed from one to another, nudging, pushing, butting and then mounting. She found the whole process very disturbing as her own body tingled with their pleasure.

Again in the evening, as Duke helped her from the little mare, his body pressed against her and she felt her stomach burn with an unknown pleasure.

'I could come to you, tonight and make you my Duchess' he whispered in her ear. Anne knew she must say no, but found herself saying only, 'How?'

She went to bed at the normal time, but sat before her mirror, combing her waist length hair, her hands trembling too much to braid the night time plait. She heard the floor boards creak and heard the muffled tap on the door. How did he know where she slept? She went to the door, hardly daring to breath, in case the house maid should hear. He was at the door, dressed only in a shift. She was shocked, by the size of the man in doors. He pushed her with strength into the room and picked her up, placing her on the bed without saying a word. She was terrified by the power of the man and overwhelmed by the sensations in her body Her breasts were on fire. She let him caress her, undress her, his hands moving deftly over her body, finding her secret places, until he penetrated her and rode her into the night.

Their passion spent they lay looking at the ceiling. Anne brushed her long damp hair from her face and feeling her nakedness pulled the linen sheet over her body.

'I must leave you, Duchess, but I shall return tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow.'

It was several weeks before Anne knew that he had made a hole in the lathe and plaster wall, that separated the grooms room from the house and he had pushed a little settle against the hole, that no one would see the way he entered the house.

Their love was the most exciting thing that Anne could ever imagine. She gave him her father's ring that had been left to him by his brother. She pushed the gold band onto his finger and told him to wear it always. Surely someone will notice, he thought, his mother or sisters, but Anne was beyond caring for she wished she could tell of her love. This however, she knew was impossible.

She visited her cousins at South Cave for Christmas, enjoying the fashionable refurbishments that had been so lavishly purchased. She enjoyed the company of the latest fashions. They totally redesigned her hair, for they gave her a pad to raise her hair and tiny ringlets created from false hair. Her head was now twice its normal size with ribbons and flowers to adorn the back. They gave her a fan for Christmas, which had come from India seeming frightfully exotic, but she could not wait to return to North Dalton. Once home Duke laughed at her, saying now she looked like a Duchess. She dismantled the hair with difficulty and placed the false ringlets and flowers in a little box.

Spring was on its way, with trees bursting into leaf, daffodils dancing in the garden and the lambs waiting to be born. Anne realised they were not the only ones waiting to give birth. She was petrified. Everyone would think her a common strumpet. What could she do? Dare she tell Duke. She did and he said he already knew. He suggested the help of his mother as she would know who to get rid of the baby. Anne would not hear of it. She made a plan to go and visit her cousins at South Cave. They would help, she was sure. Then she would return to North Dalton and pass the child off as her ward. Duke took her with the little mare pulling the dog cart. They said but little and Anne could not stop crying. They family welcomed her warmly and she settled in to await her confinement.

Henry Boldero Barnard showed her the estate and explained the process of Enclosure. She was anxious to get home to apply for the Enclosure her own land, for it had been her father's wish to Enclose the land. Her Aunt, also called Ann, engaged the services of her own midwife. The pregnancy was not complicated, but when the midwife called, she told Anne that the baby was the wrong way round and that she did not possess the skill to turn the infant. It may turn by itself, but she needed to see a doctor. Anne was reluctant to call the doctor fearing awkward questions and so she relied upon the doubtful skill of the midwife and the hope that the child would turn itself.

The agony of labour started, but the child was breach. The midwife prepared a herbal bath, the recipe for which had come from a book written by Jane Sharp. It required the mother-to-be to lie in water infused with hollyhocks, betony, mugwort, marjoram, mint, camomile, linseed and parsley all boiled together. But nothing was known of infection until Joseph Lister in 1867. No one thought it important to wash their hands or change their clothes. Anne's midwife had been in the hen house collecting eggs before the call came to visit Mrs Barnard.

Anne's contractions were coming regularly and with increasing pain. Her cries could be heard in the kitchen. Henry called for his horse and road on to the estate, unable to bear the cries. The midwife saw the little feet and began to pull the child from the womb. Aunt Ann was trying to comfort the sweating Anne. The midwife pushed her hands into the neck of the womb and finally brought the child, a girl into the world, but Anne was terribly torn and bleeding. The infant distressed from the time in the birth canal, was barely alive, but it was breathing.

Both mother and child died on the same day, just three days later. Duke was summoned to bring a cart, that the bodies could be carried to North Dalton and Anne could be laid to rest in the vault with her father and uncle and the tiny infant in her arms. He was distraught, hardly seeing where he was going on the journey home along the old Roman road. At least he realised the cruel significance of the ring she had given him with prepare to follow inscribed within. It should have been a sort of omen, but it is so easy to be wise after the event. Anne was interred on 5 May 1775. There is no mention of the child, for Anne is described in the parish register as the spinster daughter of Ramsden Barnard.

The enclosure of the land

George III came to the throne in 1760 and died in 1820, the reign almost exactly coinciding with the Enclosure Acts which were to transform farming in the countryside. Dates are significant here, for Ann Barnard died in 1775 and as she

died without issue, the land was sold. In 1753 William Cavendish, Marquis of Hartington, the 4th Duke of Devonshire, inherited Londesborough Hall. Living at Chatsworth, he took little interest in the Yorkshire estate. The house at Londesborough became neglected and was demolished in 1818.

Anne Barnard was buried in North Dalton on 5 May 1775, twenty eight years after the death of her father Ramsden. She never married. It is safe therefore to assume that the executors of her father's will sought to sell the property. Upon purchase the Devonshire Estate immediately sought through Act of Parliament to Enclose their land. The Commissioners, William Hall, Miles Dawson and Robert Dunn were instructed and the lengthy process put in motion. They were successful and in 1779 the Act was passed. Through this process the village pastures belonged to the Sykes, the Simpson, the Hudsons, the Kirbys and the Oxtabys and of course the Devonshires. Land enclosed by the latter follows exactly the four hundred acres purchased by Thomas Byass in 1921. The hundred acres on the left as you leave North Dalton on the Middleton road, which we bought in 1970 was enclosed by the Sykes.

Immediately after the enclosure a frenzy of building started. A foreman's cottage was built by the side of the road opposite the Star Inn and beside the cottage a 'slum' (the name given to the dormitories for boys that were hired to work the land). Stables were constructed and two foldyards for stock. A large granary for the corn, with two coach houses beneath were built and the blacksmiths cottage was enlarged along with the kitchen garden wall which was increased in height. The drive to the house came from the corner, forming a crossroad with the road to Middleton and the Driffield-Pocklington road.

The Estate then turned their attention to the house. They wanted it gentrified to attract a yeoman farmer and his family as tenants. The West end of the house was demolished and a cellar dug. This must have taken ages for they were through to solid chalk, and with only pick and shovel it was back breaking work. The men built themselves temporary shelters in the front of the house while the work was in progress, and we found there a neat little leather purse with three Georgian coins within, undoubtedly payment for the construction work undertaken. Sadly, the leather of the purse disintegrated almost immediately it was brought to the surface. I don't know how I should have preserved it. The Mary Rose was sprayed with water 24/7, but I don't think it would have been appropriate for the little leather purse. These coins are dated 1740, 1735, 1737. They all have the head of George II, with Britannia on the reverse of two, while the coin minted in 1737 has a harp upon the reverse.

Example: 1737 George II, Type I farthing

Once the cellar was bricked out, a large dining room with butler's pantry was built. An impressive Georgian staircase was created to reach the upper floor and two bedrooms built above the dining room. At the fine curve of the staircase, an arched window opened to the North showing the red brick of the granary. Also, a little staircase led to the maids' room above the butler's pantry. Access to the cellar was from the outside only and the grooms' room was retained above the kitchen. The old part of the house was left much as it was, but a chimney breast was added outside the South wall and a fine white marble fireplace enhanced the new drawing room. This room was divided by huge wooden doors which slide into the wall, making either two rooms or one large room for entertaining. The kitchen faced North with a big kitchen range in the fireplace. The well for water was just North of the kitchen wall so that water was easily drawn by the maids. A closet was built outside with an earth lavatory and a wash house with the latest boiler for boiling the linens.

The house was not lavish and no excess finery could be afforded, but it passed as a gentlemen's residence. It was difficult to remove the old roof from the original house so the builders simply built the new roof of Welsh slate, over the old roof. The Estate knew this was not ideal, but it was cheaper and it would keep them warm in winter. All the seven bedrooms had open fires including the maids' room and the butler's pantry, and there was a particularly fine fireplace of grey marble in the dining room.

North Dalton was enclosed by Act of Parliament in 1779. That same year Isaac Staveley and his wife Ann, moved from Kirkburn to the Manor. The Staveleys were a large farming family with many different homesteads in the vicinity and someone has built an excellent website of the Staveley Genealogy[13], which is fascinating to follow and here I quote from this source.

Isaac Staveley was born in Kirkburn in 1761 to parents Isaac Staveley and Ann Peircy. He married Ann Pordon on March 29, 1779 in North Dalton and they had the following children:

John	Isaac	Ann	Robert	Isaac	Ann	Elizabeth
1780-1797	1782-1788	1785-1785	1786-1797	1789	1793	1798

[13] https://www.staveley-genealogy.com/

They came to the house after their marriage and immediately the children started to arrive. As will be seen from the above family tree, they came in quick succession and much pain and heartache lies behind these stark dates from the village records. None of their first four children reached adulthood. Their eldest, John died aged 17, Isaac was 6 and Robert 10. Ann was only nine months when she was buried. The bare dates do not tell us the causes of death or anything of the suffering from such losses. John and Robert died in the same year, but about a month apart: Robert was buried on the 17 October, while John was buried on the 28 November. One thinks of tuberculosis as being the most likely cause, or perhaps the deaths were unrelated – one an accident while the other was measles or some other prevalent childhood ailment. Whatever, the devastation within the family of losing two fine boys, having already lost two other children, is too terrible to contemplate.

Finds from the period are mainly coins and shoe buckles. The finest coin is a penny dated 1797, known, along with the two penny piece, as a 'Cartwheel' coin because of its size. It is thick and heavy and in mint condition. Britannia on one side and the profile of George III on the other. Britannia holds an olive branch.

Example: George III 'Cartwheel' penny

The 18thC Poor House

Before the welfare state we know and love, individuals were settled in a village and were the responsibility of the parish. Before their dissolution under Henry VIII, the monasteries took responsibility for the poor, offering food and shelter. Afterwards vagrants became a problem, but people were beginning to understand that society as a whole had a responsibility for the poor. Church wardens and overseers both before and after the Poor Law Act of 1697 could supply a villager, seeking employment elsewhere, a certificate under which they accepted responsibility for his relief or removal if he should fall into destitution in another parish. In 1795, the cost of returning a pauper rested not on the parish demanding the removal, but on the parish of settlement.

It was in 1781, during the reign of King George III, that the poor house was built in North Dalton, presumably at the expense of the Parish, although as it was after Enclosure, the landowners such as the Duke of Devonshire may have been the major contributors. The building is still in the village and its shape shows a small house on the end of a terrace. The house being the residence of the overseer, while the destitute would sleep in the larger dormitory part of the terrace. The latter now forms one dwelling and the former another. The overseers were appointed annually by the Parish Committee and they were bidden to ensure the sick, needy, poor and aged were assisted either in money or in kind. Distribution of this money which was collected through rates, took place in the church vestry and records were kept in the Parish Vestry book. In 1782 Gilbert's Act made it possible for a group of Parishes to unite and build a workhouse if the majority of the ratepayers thought it necessary. No one should be admitted save children, the aged and the infirm. Overseers must find suitable work for all able bodied. With the 'Roundsmen' system of the period, tickets were given to able-bodied paupers to approach farmers for work. If they were successful in finding work, the parish paid some or all of the wages for the day.

The upkeep of the poor house was paid for by the parish through rates, administered by Guardians, but run by the resident Governor and his wife, who lived on the premises and were paid every month. The Guardians met every quarter to inspect the books, ensure that the establishment was abiding by the rules and regulations and hear any complaints. Punishment for misdemeanours was organised by the Guardians and involved either confinement or alteration of diet.

The Governor and his wife were responsible for cooking and cleanliness. They would visit everyday and sit at meals with the inmates. They would organise funerals and ensure residents attended Church on Sundays. Grace would be said before dinner and prayers were held in the morning before work and again before bed. Upon entry all were bathed and searched. There were no alcoholic spirits allowed on the premises. Children were taught to read and write.

There was no work on:

New Years Day
Epiphany
13th January
Good Friday
Easter Monday and Tuesday
Ascension
Christmas Day.

Breakfast in summer was at 8.00 am and supper at 7.00 pm. In winter breakfast was at 9.00am and supper at 6.00pm. Dinner at 12.00 noon.

North Dalton Poor House Menu			
	Breakfast	**Dinner**	**Supper**
Sunday	Milk or beer pottage	Boiled beef with roots	Milk pottage
Monday	Beef broth	Beef and potato pie	Bread and milk
Tuesday	Milk pottage	Cakes and milk	Bread and milk or pottage
Wednesday	Broth	Puddings and dumplings	Milk pottage
Thursday	Milk or beer pottage	Boiled beef and potatoes	milk
Friday	Broth	Puddings and dumplings	Milk pottage
Saturday	Milk pottage	Beef and potato pie	Bread and milk

All the above information can be found in the Beverley Treasure House, which has the original Rules and Regulations together with the menu for the week.

I have found scant records for North Dalton workhouse, but three children were sent from the Bishop's Waltham workhouse to Fareham workhouse, two for eight weeks and the third for twelve weeks. Mr Harrison, the headmaster of the Bishop's Waltham workhouse, wrote as follows when the children were returned to his care:

They were standing against the wall in the passage, he desired them to walk into a room; they attempted but could not. It was a cold day moreover and they were without proper clothing. After about quarter of an hour, food was offered to them which Warren immediately vomited up again. It appears that during their stay in Farnham workhouse, in order to cure their dirty habits, these miserable infants had been additionally starved, flogged and placed in the stocks sometimes from 9 till 12 and from 2 till 5. This monstrous case was rather too bad, even for the Poor-Law Commissioners, if they had no compassion, at least they had some fear of public indignation and accordingly reproofs were dealt forth to all the persons concerned in tormenting these poor little creatures.

However ghastly all that reads, Adam Smith writes:

> The poorest occupiers of land can commonly maintain a few poultry, or a sow and a few pigs, at very little. The little offal's of their own table, their whey, skimmed milk and butter milk, supply those animals with a part of their food and they find the rest in the neighbouring fields.
> Smith, Adam (1723-1790) *An inquiry into the nature and causes of the wealth of nations.*

Alice: a servant's story

Alice at nine, was slim, energetic and totally unaware of the large brown eyes that would give her a Celtic beauty so reminiscent of Aye all those years ago. Her hair was long and tumbled down her back in a riot of dark curls. Alice lived with her grandmother in a tiny cottage on the road to Huggate. The cottage, a terrace 'of one up one down', had only an earth floor and an earth closet at the back. It was brick built with a tile roof. It had a range which needed back leading, but no running water, for that was drawn from the well, called the green man, some hundred yards into the village. Alice's grandmother worked for the fell mongers situated on the outskirts of the village on the road to Huggate. The stench from this establishment would permeate the air and Alice's grandmother would return smelling the same. Fallen stock was collected by carriers and brought to the fell mongers to be rendered in vast copper vats. The by product from this service was tallow for candles and glue and gelatine from the hooves of the dead animals.

One day in the May of 1807, Alice woke to find her Grandmother still in the bed beside her. This was unusual, for she usually rose early to sweep the floor, stoke the fire and get the kettle boiling on the range for a pot of tea, long before Alice awoke. Her breathing was rapid and very shallow.
'Grandma, wake up' said the little girl as she pushed her Grandmother brusquely, frightened of the noise that she was making.
There was a groan, a movement and a frail voice said. 'Child, I'm poorly. You will have to go to the Thompson's and tell them I can't come to work today. Her hoarse voice came through in thin gasps. Alice, too frightened to reply, pushed the course sheets with her toes and slid from the bed. The day was humid, clammy, the force in the greenery was driving growth at a pace and all the leaves were on the trees. The low sun sparkled the fronds as Alice slipped bare foot to the lavatory in the garden. Weeds were shooting though the soil by the back door, hungrily striving for life. Running back, she pulled on a big sweater that her Grandmother had knitted from a fleece she had been given by her employer. The fleece would not sell on the open market as the old ewe had died in childbirth and been dragged to the kett man. The wool was immediately worthless for as death arrives the wool cannot be removed in the usual way. But if you are poor you can spin it with care and it will knit up, albeit it has no spring, no resilience.

Alice opened the door and stepped into the dark earth of the Huggate Road. Smoke was already rising from the chimney and the pungent smell of the vats met her nostrils as she ran to the door of the building, blackened by years of coal and wood seeping through the leaves of the chimney.

She knocked. There was not a welcoming call, but she opened the door and stepped inside. Through the steam, Alice could make out the bent form of Mrs Thompson as she worked at a carcass.

She jumped. 'What are you doing creeping up on me like that. Nearly had me out of me skin and in a vat with the rest' she laughed at the image, but Alice did not understand. 'Where's your grandmother? Should have been here an hour ago. Got a lot to do today'.

Mrs Thompson knew Alice well as she would go when needed to drip tallow on the ropes to make the candles, which were the Thompson's main source of income. Alice loved the job, watching the thick tallow adhere to itself so the candles grew fatter and fatter. When cool she would cut them from the rail and pack them into thin cardboard boxes, for the carrier to collect and take to the shops in the village and the villages around.

Alice was unsure of Mrs Thompson's response, so she spoke in a whisper. 'Gran's not well. She is making a noise and can't talk very well. She can't get out of bed'.

'What's the matter with her, then?' said Kitty, as she thought of the day ahead without her main skiv.

She came into Alice's sight from the gloom of the room. 'I don't know' she tasted the salt of a tear as it ran down her cheek and into the corner of her mouth. She wiped it away with her hand. 'She came home from work with a tummy ache and said she would go to bed, now this morning she can hardly breath and she is hot and sweating.'

'Well, you go home and give her some water. Have you got any in the house? I'll call in when I've got this boiling better' and she turned back into the steam.

Alice turned into the bright sunlight of the May morning and walked the few yards home. She opened the door, but a chill caught her face as she stepped inside. The house was quiet and cold. She ran upstairs calling her Gran, 'Mrs Thompson's coming soon and she said you must drink some water.'

There was no reply. There was no sound. Alice walked to the bed. Her Grandmother was lying taught and grey, but somehow she was not there. Like a cat Alice had once loved, which had died. She was not there. Alice knew it was over. She backed out of the room and walked slowly down the stairs out into the sun and walked slowly back to the kett house.

'What you want now?' said Mrs Thompson as Alice entered for the second time.

It took her a moment to find her voice. 'She's not there. She's gone.'

'What do you mean "she's gone". She's probably gone to the Green Man for water for the kettle.' She came to Alice and saw the pain in her face. 'You don't mean she's gone?'
Alice nodded and tears ran down her cheeks in a silent stream.

Mrs Thompson took her hand and lead her back to the little terraced house. Alice stayed downstairs, there was not really room for more than one. 'Oh, my dear, she's had pneumonia and it's come on real quick. Oh my dear, what are we going to do? We must get Vicar.' He lived at Carr Lodge at this time. They walked up to the house and rang the bell. The maid answered and went to tell the Vicar. They knew him well for they both went to church each week.

'Why how can I help Mrs Thompson?'

'It's old Mrs Bielby – she's dead, Vicar, in her bed. Gone real quick from pneumonia, I think, I've seen it before, it often come in May as the damp is rising. I'll go and get layer out, but what do we do with the child?'

'Come in Alice, cook will have some bread and milk, you come into the kitchen, while I attend upon your Grandmother.'

It was a long and terrible day, for after spending the morning in the kitchen at Carr Lodge, Alice was taken through to the Vicar's study. Her stomach churned as she listened to what he had to say.

'You're Grandmother is dead and there is no one who can take you in. I have asked, but no one has room. I have been to the workhouse and they have a bed for you. Mrs Thompson has gathered your things and I will take you to meet the Governor and his wife. Mrs Thompson asked me to give you this. It is not possible for you to return to the cottage, with your Grandmother still there. They have washed her and prepared her and I will organise the funeral. She was a dear lady, who worked hard all her life, caring for you whom she loved. Jesus will look after you now.'

Alice just sobbed. It all seemed so final. She knew about loss, for her mother had died when she was three and she carried the loss in her soul. She was not comforted with the thought of Jesus to look after her. What could he do? She looked into the little piece of cloth that the Vicar had placed in her hand. This was her Grandmothers. She always wore it on her little finger. It was hand made from a piece of copper wire, which had been cleverly twisted to form a circle and the shape of a rose was twisted on the top. Alice slid it on her finger.

They walked to the workhouse and knocked. The Governor's wife answered the door. There were two steps into the house so she looked formidably down at the child, her long dark hair scraped from her face and fastened behind in a tight bun. Her long black surge dress was almost covered by a white pinafore. Alice had seen her in church with all the inmates from the workhouse, but she had not been introduced. 'Good evening child. Come in. We must let the Vicar get back. My name is Mrs Cox. Let's get you washed and given supper and a bed.'

Alice was taken with her bundle to a washroom at the back, where a tin bath was soon full of water. This did not surprise her as she had bathed in such a bath before the fire at home, but what did upset her was Mrs Cox's shears that resembled those of the shepherd, and without a word she cut all Alice's hair within an inch of her scalp, collecting every dark curl and placing them in a bag.

'Now into the bath and wash yourself really well, while I scrub your back and behind your ears' and true to her word, she did exactly that, leaving Alice's skin tingling and red. She was given a shift and pinafore and a mobcap to hide the stubble of hair left on her head and taken to the kitchen where a long trestle table was laid with a single bowl. A ladle of pottage was poured into the bowl and a slice of course bread placed beside it.

Alice had eaten nothing all day and found the smell of the soup appealing. She recognised bits of pearl barley in a milky soup, which tasted similar to a thin porridge. Alice ate it all and soon fell asleep exhausted upon the palliasse that Mrs Cox showed her. There were a long line of such and some were full, but others were empty.

Despite the loneliness and feeling of loss, Alice flourished in the workhouse. She was an able child and quickly learnt to read and write under the instruction of Mrs Cox and another resident, who enjoyed teaching the younger ones. She still visited Mrs Thompson and helped with the candles, for which she gave her a penny. At Christmas time, Alice wrapped the candles with tinsel making them special for the dinner table. These were popular and people bought them for presents to give at the festive season.

When she was thirteen, Mr and Mrs Cox called her into their cottage to explain that the Staveley family, who lived at the Manor were enquiring after a domestic servant and they had recommended her for the post. Alice was excited. She knew Elizabeth Staveley from Sunday school as they were the same age. Mrs Cox gave her a bag to gather her things together and they left the workhouse to walk to the other end of the village and up the steep drive to the house. The yard was wet and muddy and the door hard to find. Passing the kitchen window, they looked in and were beckoned round the corner to the kitchen entrance. Soon Mrs Staveley entered the kitchen with her daughter Elizabeth. Alice was struck by the girls beautiful clothes. She was wearing a fine white muslin dress and the fabric was delicately spotted in pale pink. She wore a frilled muslin tucker at her neck, which emphasized her ringlets, which were tied with pink ribbons. Alice noted she had delicate little pink leather pumps on her feet, which were just visible beneath the frill of the gown and a wide pink ribbon around her waist. Alice could not believe anything so magical as she looked down at her sensible thick soled shoes of which she was so proud, for it was only since living in the workhouse that she possessed shoes at all.

The two women were familiar, for Mr Staveley was one of the Guardians of the workhouse and visited regularly. After pleasantries had been exchanged, Mrs Staveley said. 'You have brought a girl you think suitable for the post Mrs Cox?'

'I have indeed, Madam, Alice has done so well since she has lived with us. She is God fearing and enjoys church. She can read and write and now helps the little ones with their studies. She is familiar with preparing vegetables and has been taught to clean brass and silver and black lead the stove. She can, of course, clean and polish any grate. Alice likes to go to the kett house up the Huggate road to visit Mrs Thompson, when she is free, for her Grandmother worked with the Thompsons before she died of pneumonia. Alice likes to help make the candles and indeed, sometimes brings a candle home with her. Every little helps in the workhouse. I'm sure you will find her a good girl.'

'She looks healthy enough, Mrs Cox, we will take her. Thank you for bringing her today. Now Alice. This is Letitia who runs the kitchen. She will show you to your room and tell you of your duties.' And with that Mrs Staveley and the beautiful Elizabeth swirled from the kitchen.

If Alice felt lost and alone once more, she did not show it. She was pleased with her little room, reached from a door on the main staircase by a short flight of steps. Though small, the room had a window overlooking the garden and a fireplace all of its own with a tiny grate. It was her room, the first that she had ever had of her own. Kneeling on the bed, Alice could look out of the window to the beech trees which stood cathedral like in the garden, shielding the house from the cruel west wind. She emptied her bag and placed her few belongings in the deal chest of drawers, placing the pinafore and starched afternoon aprons, she had been given, in a drawer all of their own. Her most prized possession were the flowers pressed within the leaves of her Sunday school bible. The bible had been presented to her at her first communion and she had immediately filled the pages with wild flowers. Buttercups, primroses, daisies, snow drops and a fat bluebell, which threatened to distort the spine of the book and that made her feel rather guilty. She did not stop, however, but pressed violets, cornflower, campion and all the wild flowers and grasses that appeared in the hedges and pastures around the house. When free she would visit the Thompsons. She was much nearer now that when living in the workhouse. The smell hit her every time, arousing memories of childhood and her Grandmother. To her it was not the foul smell of which others complained, but the warm scent of love she remembered from her childhood.

As the nights drew in for winter and Christmas approached, the candle trade was brisk and Mrs Thompson was pleased with her assistance. One day she took some of her beautifully pressed wild flowers, with the summer colours still so fresh you could almost smell their perfume and the veins of the violets clear to see and the yellow of the buttercups as full of summer as ever. She took a tiny tub of clear gelatine and with a delicate piece of grass as a paint brush, she stuck the beautiful flowers to the base of the candle. The gelatine made the flowers shine and sparkle

as if the dew was still upon them. A piece of grass, a bracken frond, a pale lemon primrose pasted with gelatine to recreate the hedgerow of summer. Having decorated three or four candles in a similar manner she left them on the candle stand to dry.

Several days later the carrier called to take the candles to Driffield market, He came into the Kett house and saw the decorated candles on the side.

'What are these, Mrs Thompson? These would go well at the Christmas market,' said George the young carrier. 'I could sell these for you'.

Mrs Thompson had never really noticed the elegant candles, for artistic creativity was not upper most in her imagination. She killed the sick stock and heaved the carcasses into the vats to render. She scraped the lard from the vats and boiled and boiled for the gelatine. Heavy work for her aging arms that were thick and arthritic. Candles were for light in her view not decoration. She parcelled the candles in brown paper and sent them by carrier to market.

Always happy, Alice enjoyed her days at the manor. Up with the lark, she soon progressed from blacking grates to starching, ironing and goffering the frills. The goffer iron was a special tool that crimped and pleated the cottons for collars, cuffs and ruffs. Most of all she enjoyed the work in the dairy. There were two house cows that were milked night and morning and the warm milk was brought into the cool of the dairy, where it was cooled as quickly as possible before being made into butter, cream or cheese. Cow's milk at this time was not the brilliant source of protein that it is today, for there were risks of bacterial infection and tuberculosis. This is before the discovery by the Frenchman Louis Pasteur, that bacteria in the milk could be killed if the milk was heated.

One day Mrs Staveley called her into the morning room. No longer nervous of the family, she went without a second thought assuming there were guests to be entertained and special butter pats were required. No, for Mrs Staveley had George the carrier with her.

'George has come looking for you Alice. He tells me that you decorate candles with pressed wild flowers and he would like you to do some more that he can sell them at Driffield market. How long have you been doing this?' asked Mrs Staveley. 'Mrs Staveley' stuttered Alice, suddenly panicking that the flowers were not hers to pick and that she should have been working. 'I only pick flowers from the hedgerow and I press them in my bible. It takes about three weeks. Then I lay them between paper and keep them in the dark in my chest of drawers so that they do not lose their colour.'

'Is this one of your candles?' George brought a package from behind him and opened the paper familiar to Alice as that used for wrapping Mrs Thompson's

candles. He revealed one of the candles she had decorated with daisies in a chain around the base.

Alice looked at her feet, her confidence waning and nodded.

'They are beautiful' said George, but he was no longer looking at the candle, but at Alice who stood tall and slim before him, her natural dark curls caught in a ribbon at her neck and the brown of her Celtic eyes like a fawn's trapped in discovery.

After this George and Alice could often be seen together in the long summer evenings gathering wild flowers. The Staveley's had given her permission to press her flowers in the dairy and one of the men had made her a press for the purpose. Having made a little money with the sale of the candles, Alice was able to buy blotting paper to better absorb the sap from the flowers. The bible was again free for its primary purpose. Alice remembered the words of the vicar the day that her Grandmother had died. 'Jesus will look after you now'. She had doubted his ability to look after her, but she smiled to herself as the empty bible returned to its slim shape, perhaps he had looked after her after all.

Once in the evening, when she was gathering flowers, she noticed she no longer had her Grandmother's ring on her finger. She had worn it always. The little twisted copper wire with worth only of sentiment. Tears sprang to her eyes as she retraced her steps, looking in the long grass for the tiny ring. George saw her walking in the wrong direction and was soon at her side.

'What's up?' he asked holding her hand.

'I've lost Gran's ring' she gasped.

They looked as hard as they could, but could not find the ring. The sun was slipping behind the tall trees at the top of Hall Bottoms and it was no longer possible to see between the grasses. George held her to him and said.

'I will buy you a gold ring. Will you be my bride Alice? I love you so,' said George.

Alice did not need to think of her answer for long. 'I will', she beamed.

All the Staveley's were thrilled when George called with Alice to ask permission to marry. Of course they would miss her dreadfully, but they were thrilled with the couples happiness which was almost tangible.

The whole village was in church for the wedding and everywhere there were wild flowers hanging in garlands. The shepherds' crooks were covered in flowers and were held above their heads as they left the South door of the church to walk to the manor. Children threw petals at their feet and the barn was lit with candles decorated with primroses and the tiny leaves of columbine weed. The Staveleys gave them a

wedding breakfast in the fold yard, cleaned for summer as the stock were in the pastures. The gold of Alice's ring glinted in the light of the candles, which stood in dishes of water on the tables for fear of fire, but the reflection so made gave the evening a magical feeling.

The reign of George III was troubled by war. The loss of the American colonies was felt by all, but closer to home were the wars with Napoleon. The countries of Europe combined against France, but under their General, arguably the greatest ever known, France was everywhere victorious. Britain alone remained unconquered and finally Napoleon was beaten at sea by Lord Nelson at Trafalgar and on land by the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo. The long wars had left Britain in debt so a tax was levied against everyone to pay off the debt.

Like everywhere else, North Dalton was affected and on the 8th May,1808 voluntary collections were made in church for the British prisoners of war in France and sent to the committee in London.

The contributions say much about those living in the village at this time, and this is further reinforced by the style of tombstones in the church yard, for it is from this period onwards that the physical presence of the inhabitants is almost tangible. A walk through the churchyard will encounter most of the names of those who contributed. Some beautiful tombs at the East of the church, which are almost sliding down the steep bank to the road beneath, seem to be secured only by the considerable wilderness of ivy that is home for the ducks from the village pond as they race to our stock yard for spilt grains.

Donations for the relief of British prisoners of war in France.
All Saints, North Dalton, 8th May, 1808

Mr W'm Buttle	£1.	1.	0
Mr W' Binnington		10.	6.
Mr I Walker		7.	0.
Mr Hopper		7.	0.
Mr I Stavely		7.	0.
Mr T Hudson		7.	0.
Mr R Simpson		7.	0.
Mr R Edmund		5.	0.
Mr F Leek		5.	0.
Mr I Beilby		4.	0.
Mr R Welsh		2.	6.
Mr Jefferson		2.	6.

Messrs Ivesons, Jackson, Fell, Ogram, Lyon, H.Lyon Ogram, Stephenson, R Scott, Broterick Betteril, What, Staveley, Stirk Hotham, T Scott, Wiles & Eastwood 1/- each.		18.	0.
Loftus & Boteril 6d each		1.	0.
Total	£5	4.	6.

This collection was repeated on 24 February 1811 when most of the same names contributed. On that occasion six pounds, four shillings and sixpence was collected.

The Staveley generations

The Staveley family had been attracted to the Manor as tenants of the Dukes of Devonshire and they lived here until 1921, a period of 142 years. They did not have just the one landlord though for George Hudson of railway fame, bought the estate from the Devonshires in 1845. In 1850 the land changed hands again. Lord Conyngham bought the Londesborough Estate from George Hudson and was created Lord Londesborough. At this point there is confusion between the Londesborough Estate and that now known as the Warter Estate. In 1860 the Warter Estate belonged to Charles Wilson the shipping magnate and in 1878 he spent considerable money on buildings in the village of North Dalton. I feel that it was at this time that the Victorian wing was added to the house. This is a poorly built addition extending East from the old kitchen. There are two rooms downstairs and the same upstairs. The walls are thin and the joists of the floors so poor you can hear every word spoken beneath. My parents-in-law used downstairs as a scullery and latterly a garage, while upstairs became the spare room. With two long outside walls of only a single brick the room is always cold. Charles Wilson became Lord Nunburnholme. He died in 1907 at Warter and it was his widow, Lady Nunburnholme, who sold the Manor Farm to Thomas Byass in 1921 with vacant possession.

The Staveley genealogy includes the census records from 1881 to 1901 and other interesting snippets including the following:

> On 17 November 1832 a John Staveley of North Dalton, blacksmith was convicted of using dogs and a gun to kill game on the lands belonging to a James Dowker of North Dalton, yeoman. John Staveley's sentence was a fine of £5.13.6d or to serve 2 months in the House of Correction.

It does not say which he chose to do.

John Alfred Staveley was born in 1851, the son of Simpson and Ann Staveley of Kirkburn. He married Kate Sheardown on 10 June 1879 in Kingston-upon-Hull. It is at this point that we have our first connection between the past and the present, for my Mother-in-law, whose maiden name was Gwen Fergusson, lived in Beverley and her mother, Muriel Fergusson was friendly with the Sheardowns. When Gwen

arrived in North Dalton she was warmly received by an elderly Mrs Sheardown, who lived at the time in Eastlands at Tibthorpe.

The Sheardowns were obviously a good connection for the Staveleys, for John Alfred prospered. In the census of 1881, he is faming 857 acres, employing 13 men and 7 boys. If Lord Nunburnholme was spending money on the village in 1778 could this have been to receive his new tenants, the John Alfred Staveleys?

This is Victorian England in all its strength and prosperity. The British Empire is at its height bringing wealth to many. The churchyard is full of memorial stones of this period. Large monuments and sepulchres, crosses and statuary. The Binnington family of Westwood House have very fine memorials, but try as I will to search beneath the ivy, I cannot find a Staveley monument. There is a fine brass plaque commemorating Frederick Staveley on the wall in Kirkburn church, but I can find nothing in North Dalton. However, beneath the bell tower at the West end of the church is a large wooden plaque commemorating those who subscribed to the new pews in 1840. J. Staveley gave £3.00 as did most of the village worthies, while Binnington gave £55.00.

We see these tenant farmers are making a good living on the land, despite having to pay rent. So different from today when tenant farmers wait anxiously for the EU subsidy to keep going.

There was an earthquake in 1885. Yes, an earthquake. The following account was published in the 25 June 1885 issue of *Nature* regarding 'Recent Earthquakes' in Yorkshire on 18 June 1885[14]*:*

> CAPT. STAVELEY, at whose house the recent earthquake of June 18 was felt in a marked degree, gives me the following information respecting it. His house at North Dalton (seven miles south-west of Driffield) stands on a slight elevation surrounded with undulating hills common to the Cretaceous formation of the Wolds. The shock occurred. between 10.30 and 10,45 a.m. (the exact time was not noted), and lasted about three seconds, travelling from west-south-west to east-northeast. Mrs. Staveley, who was in her bedroom at the time, felt a slight shock, then a rumbling sound as of thunder, and after that another stronger shock. The servants downstairs felt a distinct rocking, and the bricklayer's boy, on a ladder level with the roof, saw the whole roof heave up and down three times. In the dairy some dishes firmly placed on a high shelf were thrown down and broken, and at the inn on the other side of the road the walls trembled perceptibly, and the bottles and glasses were shaken and knocked against each other. The inhabitants of this and neighbouring villages felt the vibrations more or less distinctly, but the shock seems to have been greatest at, and in the direction of, Capt.

[14] The original paper can be viewed on-line: LEAN, W., LOVELL, J. *Recent Earthquakes* . *Nature* **32,** 175–176 (1885). https://www.nature.com/articles/032175a0.pdf

Staveley's house. The colliery explosion near Manchester happened about an hour earlier; is it possible for there to be any connection between the two? J. LOVELL Driffield

The following extracts are from the Hull Express of June 20:- Information which reached us yesterday shows that the earthquake-shocks experienced on Thursday in York and Market Weighton were also felt in more or less degree in other parts of the great shire. Mr. W. Botterill, of Parliament Street, Hull, writes:- "On returning home (Newland Park) from business last evening, my wife informed me that during the morning she had for some seconds very sensibly felt a vibratory motion in the house, which she fully believed to be caused by a slight shock of earthquake, and added that she should confidently expect to find in this morning's papers notices in confirmation thereof. It was, therefore, no surprise to learn from your current issue, and other papers of to-day, that similar effects had been experienced at York, Market Weighton, and elsewhere, about the same hour of the day." A North Cave correspondent says that at about eleven o'clock in the morning nearly every house was subjected to a slight shaking. A Driffield correspondent says that at the village of Hutton several residents felt a severe shaking of their houses, and at the same time the inner doors were suddenly moved, crockery upset, and other signs of disturbance were observed. People were so terrified that they cannot very accurately describe the shock, but state they felt a "reeling " sensation. Another correspondent writing from Driffield says:- "Yesterday morning a somewhat severe shock of earthquake was felt at North Dalton, a village about eight miles from Driffield. The shock appears to have been the most distinctly felt at the residence of Capt. Staveley, which stands in an isolated and elevated position, and the house vibrated from basement to roof for several seconds. A bricklayer's apprentice who was repairing the roof had a narrow escape of being thrown down, and the greatest alarm was felt by the villagers, who 'ran out of their houses in fear for their lives.'

1881 Census Those living at Manor House North Dalton.

Name	Position in household	Marital status	Sex	Age	Place of birth	Occupation
John Alfred Staveley	Head	M	M	29	Tibthorpe	farmer
Kate Staveley	wife	M	F	24	Hamphole Doncaster	farmer’s wife
Zoe A Staveley	daughter		F	11m	North Dalton	
Alice Hall	servant	U	F	26	Beverley	cook
Lucy Broughton	servant	U	F	17	London	housemaid

Letitia Newlove	servant	U	F	18	Kilham	nurse maid
William Lovel	servant	U	M	24	Beverley	groom

1891 Census. Those living at Manor House North Dalton

Name	Position in household	Marital status	Sex	Age	Place of birth	Occupation
John A Staveley	Head	M	M	39	Tibthorpe	Farmer
Kate Staveley	wife	M	F	34	Hamphall Doncaster	
Zoe A Staveley	daughter	U	F	10	North Dalton	scholar
Guy S Staveley	son	U	M	5	North Dalton	scholar
Hugh S Staveley	son	U	M	2	North Dalton	
Letitia Ransom	servant	U	F	28	Kilham	housemaid
Elizabeth Potter	servant	U	F	24	Kirkburn	cook
Hannah Bullock	servant	U	F	18	Wetwang	nursemaid

We see the house is well staffed by young servants. Lucy came from London, no doubt by train, which is notable and also Letitia seems to have changed her surname, but not her marital status. It must be the same person, for she is doing the same work, is ten years older and was born in Kilham, but with a different surname. The U denotes that she is unmarried and were she a widow who had returned to service the column would mention widow. We note that the groom has left the groom's room. He may have married and lived in the village, but the quaint room above the kitchen is empty.

Ten years later in 1901 the family have moved to Eastlands in Tibthorpe. I imagine they had the house built for them as it is of the period. John Alfred is now a Justice of the Peace, probably on the Bainton Beacon Bench as the Driffield Bench was then called. I became a Magistrate on the same Bench in 1984.

The 1901 census has Guy Staveley aged 15 at boarding school at Giggleswick in Lancashire and his younger brother Hugh was boarding in Bridlington at Bessingby Grammar School.

John Alfred Staveley died in London at the age of 60 on 8 June 1912. His obituary in the Times of 12 June 1912 reads as follows:

Colonel J.A. Staveley

The funeral of Colonel John Alfred Staveley, of Tibthorpe Yorkshire, who died suddenly in London on Tuesday at the age of 60, took place yesterday at Kirkburn, Driffield.

Colonel Staveley, had many years' service in the Volunteers and the Territorial Force and as Deputy Lieutenant, Magistrate and County Alderman. He rendered valuable service in the East Riding of Yorkshire.

John Alfred died just before his two sons, so he was spared the grief of their deaths.

Guy Sheardown Staveley married in 1910 in Fulham and died in 1922 at the age of 22 years in Norfolk. His brother, Hugh Sheardown, was killed in France on 3 May 1917 during World War 1 at the age of 30. He was a temporary Lieutenant and as such probably followed his father in the TA. There is an inscription to Lieut. Hugh S. Staveley on the Driffield War Memorial.

After John Alfred and his family moved to Eastlands, the Manor is farmed by Harold his younger brother.

1901 Census. Those living at the Manor House North Dalton

Name	Position in household	Marital status	Sex	Age	Place of birth	Occupation
Harold H Staveley	Head	M	M	46	Tibthorpe	Farmer
Mirion B Staveley	wife	M	F	40	Kirkburn	
Ursula B W Staveley	daughter	U	F	8	Southburn	
Rose M Gardiner	governess	U	F	25	Bretherton Lancs	Governess
Elizabeth A Fenwick	servant	U	F	22	Keithly	Cook
Louise Scott	servant	U	F	15	North Dalton	Housemaid
Sarah A Robson	servant	U	F	15	North Dalton	Under housemaid
Henry Geldhard	servant	U	M	14	Bishopthorpe York	Groom boy

Harold, like his brother before him, has a substantial household of eight people living in the Manor. We see the groom's room is again slept in and Ursula has a governess. Both Harold's sons are away at school at Leadhall House in Harrogate. Frederick Simpson Staveley aged 14 and Claude Harold Staveley. Middleton-on-the-Wolds station was built in 1890, so the boys would have been able to travel to school by train.

I think it is at this time that the bathroom was first attached to the house. A bizarre bathroom arrangement was constructed on the house prior to 1921. I say bizarre as the two story building had been built against an existing wall obscuring the beautiful arched Georgian window which would have thrown light onto the Georgian staircase. This window was not bricked up, but now looked into a small atrium with a tiny roof light giving minimal light to the stair well. The 'one up one down' building was cheaply thrown together with no foundations and bricks ostensibly made from sea sand. Consequently, the bricks bled white salt continuously and as this falls from the bricks it bring shards of brick with it. There was a large cloakroom downstairs with loo and hand basin. This was accessed from outside only. There was a large bathroom with separate loo upstairs. But no mains water. This was clearly built with no water as the construction had a gable roof. The estate recognised the water problem and ingeniously constructed a tank from reinforced concrete on the roof. Having removed the roof, the tank rested upon large wooden beams and weighed tons. This was ingenious as the house is marginally lower than the granary buildings opposite, hence rainwater could be gravity fed from these roofs into this concrete tank. Ugly but functional, as rainwater then ran through the taps into the upstairs bathroom and the cloakroom beneath.

There were two wells in the village. One at the East End was pumped manually or by a horse, mule or donkey walking in endless circles to draw up the water. This circle is now the Jubilee Garden and is planted with various flowering cherries. The second well at the West End was smaller and only worked manually. This was called the *Green Man* for some reason. In a history of the Knight's Templars:*The Templar Revelation* (1997) Lynn Pickett and Clive Prince talk of the Green Man as a pagan god of vegetation venerated throughout rural regions of Europe. Remembering the Celtic period is it too much to suggest the ancient well was worshipped as the god of vegetation? After all water is essential for vegetive growth. I believe it anyway.

The stock were watered through the beautiful dew ponds, which were made so cleverly with straw and clay to seal their base. There are all too few left now, but one in Millington is high on the chalk escarpment and never fails to retain water in the greatest drought. Mains water was eventually brought to the village in 1935. We had the ugly concrete tank removed in 2006! It took two men with kango hammers three weeks to break the reinforced concrete.

With ten people living in the house when the boys were home from boarding school, the bathroom would have been gratefully received - even if it did mean that the stairs were dark, and the view no longer available, as one came downstairs in the morning.

Changes in rural life

Once the land was enclosed it was used for the production of sheep. Obviously for the meat, but principally for the wool which was a valuable commodity throughout the 18th and 19th Century. (With today's man-made fibres, wool is a luxury and the present fleece makes approximately £5.00. The price has not changed in thirty or forty years. £5.00 in today's money would not cover the cost of shearing.) The hedged fields would be worked principally for the sheep. Barley, oats and roots would be grown for winter fodder and the grain crops would be under sown with grass to graze the sheep in the autumn after the crop is harvested. This would be to the detriment of the grain crop, which would be smothered by the grass in wet weather and deprived of nutrients through the voracity of the grass in dry seasons. These grass lays would be kept for two years before they were ploughed out and the cycle repeated. Clover was grown, with the grass, as a nitrogen fixing crop, for nitrogen as a by product of the oil industry was not introduced until the 1950's. However, the soil was improved with pot ash, which was waste from iron and steel works and guano (sea bird droppings) imported from Chile and Peru. The price of wool did not really collapse until the collapse of the Soviet Union which coincided with the end of woollen great coats for the Soviet army.

The farm hands day changed little from enclosure to the coming of the tractor. Up at 5.30 am and straight out to feed and water the horses. Home for breakfast and then to tack up and move to the field. The first cut in the field to be ploughed would be a straight line and then the horse would work round the initial cut in a lozenge shape, widening and widening the oval as the day progressed. With a break for lunch and 'lowance' morning and afternoon, this would continue until 4.30, when the men would return via the village pond to walk the horses with their dirty feathers through the water so that they could both drink and clean their feet. Untacked and stabled, the horses had to wait for the men to have their tea before they were groomed, fed and strawed up for the night. This took until approximately 7.00 pm. A long day. It was Teddy Duffill, a charming old gentleman, I asked for his early memories of farming days, what they did after the horses were refreshed. Did they go to the pub? No. In summer they would kick a ball in the village street by the school, but they were not late to bed, for the day had to be repeated and repeated six days a week.

Teddy was born in the village in 1913, making him 94 as I write[15]. A widower, he still lives alone, working in the garden, baking and caring for himself. His mother helped women in childbirth. Whether she was a trained midwife I know not, but she went all

[15] Teddy Duffill is no longer with us, but in later life he wrote a book of reminiscences which is also available on the village website: www.northdalton.org

over the district offering her skills, for Teddy remembers going to Willoughby Wold to help a lady with her confinement and it was here that Teddy saw his first tractor. He would travel with his father too, who preached in the Primitive Methodist Chapel in the village and was often invited to preach elsewhere.

There were three places of worship in the village in Teddy's youth. The Anglican church, the Wesleyan Chapel, now a house, and the Primitive Methodist Chapel, which has since been pulled down. He recalls that the farmers worshipped in church, the shopkeepers at the chapel and labourers at the Primitive Chapel. What of the Catholics I asked? There were not many, but one family he remembered. At school the first half hour of the day was spent in worship and religious instruction and the Catholic children were not allowed to come to school until this period was over.

Teddy attended the village school from being 5 years old until he was 14, when he left to work. His first job was in the village as chicken boy to the Oxtaby's. He not only dealt in chickens but also rabbits, which he would snare and sell for meat. Ted would go to Thixendale and help snare the rabbits. At 15 he went to work in Middleton-on-the-Wolds as a milk boy. He had a pony and cart with a 10 gallon churn loaded on the back. He would visit each house and fill the proffered jug with the requested quantity: a gill or pint and then give a little extra. He met boys in the village who told him he should work on the farms amongst the horses, rather than work alone all day. He was tempted and went to work at Bainton Heights, a farm owned by Antony's family. When telling me this he had a faraway look in his eyes, as if this had been a mistake. Such a talented man, perhaps if he had stayed with the milk round he would have grown with the industry, who knows. After he left Heights, he went to work near Fridaythorpe where he met his wife, Betty who was the Foreman's daughter. They never had any children, but they had two evacuees in the war. Betty was a delight, always smiling and full of fun. She worked in the house here for many years. They returned to North Dalton and Teddy went to work for Caley's at Tythe Farm. He would pass the school on his way home for lunch and he felt that the life went out of the village when the school was closed.

Teddy was only three when the first World War broke out so his memories are few. But he thought that WW1 did not affect the village as did WW2. He recalled coming to the farm and standing on the wall by the old dovecote while soldiers were drilling in the stackyard. Were they recruiting? Did they take Hugh with them? Probably not, as he was 25 in 1914 and was killed in 1917 and hence would most certainly have been a reserve in the TA.

WW2 however affected the village more memorably, with evacuees and the houses requisitioned for officers. The headquarters of the Free French were at South Dalton and officers were billeted at Carr Lodge and Westwood House here in the village. Teddy remembered their batmen who were from Algeria and wore fez hats[16] on their

[16] A short cylindrical peakless hat, usually red, and sometimes with a tassel attached to the top. The name "fez" refers to the Moroccan city of Fez, where the dye to colour the hat was extracted from crimson berries.

heads. They lived in the barns. From another source in the village I heard that they were tied up at night to prevent them from escaping.

Troops arrived after Dunkirk and were trained in and about here for the return to Normandy. Small areas of concrete still exist, where the tanks turned round. They trained all over the fields and it is said that this explains so many breaks in the hedges, which are only now being repaired.

Teddy recalls a bomber going down in our field up the Middleton Road. It was loaded and on its way to bomb Germany. The plane crashed and immediately exploded with all crew killed instantly. Ted was first to the scene as he had seen it from his back garden. They knew there was nothing they could do but went to the site anyway and he was so shocked to see all the fur lined boots scattered in the field. He could not explain why they were like that. The military police arrived very soon after and they were hustled away. We have found countless buttons from various periods, going back to Roman times, but some of the modern ones are embossed with military insignia and may have resisted the inferno.

Ted and Betty did not keep in touch with their evacuees but recalled the parents of one coming to visit from Hull. He asked Teddy what he did and when he heard said working on the land must be a very hard life. Ted then asked him what he did and was surprised to learn he was in the merchant navy in a minesweeper. ‘Funny that he thought I was the one who had a hard life’ said Ted.

Jack Barr, Teddy’s grandfather, lived in a cottage he built himself next to the school and he kept a diary, which Teddy still had. He recalled his grandfather with great affection. Ted would often call on him after school – but especially on a day when his grandfather was killing a pig for the smell of frying pork would be irresistible.