

Malton In and About 1840

Reminiscences interesting to the old inhabitants ... transcribed (Part I) from the Yorkshire Gazette, 28 December 1907, (Part II) from the Yorkshire Gazette, 4 January 1908. (These two articles were probably written in late 1907) and More Concerning

Malton in & About 1840 from the Yorkshire Gazette, 18 January 1908. With follow-up letters from readers published in subsequent issues of the Yorkshire Gazette

Part I

Some months ago it was my good fortune to meet an old friend who lived in Malton between 1830 and 1840. Of course, as is the case with all old Maltonians, he was full of the ancient glories of our town. I am not quite sure that he appreciated the installation of the electric light, or that he liked the delightful road surface we cyclists enjoy, or refrained from picking holes (not, of course, literally) in the asphalt paths which are our pride. But let me come to what he told me of old times, old buildings, and old people, in which there was evident an ardent love for our pretty red-roofed town.

The Old Post-office and Inns

The Newbiggin of those days did not reach nearly so far towards Broughton as it does now, but it rejoiced in a number of thatched cottages, which made the street even more picturesque than it is today – and that is saying a great deal. In Wheelgate, the first post office was on Mr. George Barnby's premises. Later it was removed thence up the yard under the charge of our Malton poet, the late George Dinsdale. I believe I am right in saying that the original accommodation for postal correspondence was exceedingly meagre, and absolutely primitive in character. Of Post Office Corner I will say little, for the simple reason that some months ago the editor gave a line block of this meeting of the ways, with explanatory letterpress.

My old friend was full of the excellence as coaching inns of the "Wentworth Arms," the "Sun" the "New Globe," and the "Rose and Crown." Nearly all the

houses in Wheelgate, as in other streets, were much lower then than now. The late Mr. Todd's shed was a conspicuous object on the other side of the street to the post office, and most adults in the town will still remember the time when this primitive accommodation for coach-building was replaced by the present one. Dr. Teasdale has his private house where Mr. Dent's fish shop is now, or partly on this site and partly on that of the shop formerly occupied by Mr. Moon. Quite nearby, there was a candle maker (William Elliott), who did a successful business. Mr. Appleby's present shop was occupied by Medd's ropery. The Appleby bakehouse, where such good muffins used to be made, was a comparatively small place with diamond-paned windows, down two steps. One of my old friend's pleasantest reminiscences of Wheelgate was attached to a leather shop between the Crown Inn and Dr. Teasdale's house. The window shutters opened one up and one down, the latter making a convenient seat for cronies to do their gossiping on. Very often one of the Russells, Mr. Witty, his partner, and old Mr. Rutter might have been seen, sitting precariously on the flap talking over business and politics.

The Children's Cupboard.

Yorkersgate has undergone remarkable changes since those days. The Talbot Hotel has added a storey to its height. Where Messrs. Colby's surgery is there was then the White Horse Inn, which had a very good posting connection. The present building occupied by Beckett's Bank was low and comparatively insignificant. The then partners of

the bank were Messrs. Bower of Welham, Hutton of Beverley, and Hall of Terrington. Almost immediately opposite the bank, in the house directly below the Assembly Rooms, lived Mr. Robert Spaunton, a large curer of bacon and hams. Great quantities of the latter were packed in hogs-heads and sent by water to London. The Corn Exchange on the other side of the road was an old thatched house and shop, occupied by a cabinet maker. Mr. Clarke's grocery shop was in possession of the late Henry Pickering's grandfather as a bacon-curing establishment. The top half (i.e. the part of the building nearest to the Talbot Hotel) was a small sitting room where children delighted to visit Robert and Mary Pickering for the sake of the contents of a little wall cupboard, whose acid drops were in great request. The old people themselves were, I believe guilty of chewing gum Arabic, then looked upon as almost an infallible remedy for ailments of an irritant nature. The "Messenger" office was old-fashioned in aspect, with tiled roof and bow windows. In fact, the general look of the shops in the town was very different from now. Nearly all of the grocery and drapery shops had square windows, with small diamond panes.

Before the Railway

One of the greatest differences in the aspect of this street was where the present Railway-st. goes down to the North-Eastern station. There was no thoroughfare then at all, only a yard where paving stones etc., were stored. Mr. Joseph Rider, corn merchant, had a right of way through this yard to his house – the little dwelling in the garden on the left side of Railway-st. This warehouse, where he shipped corn for Wakefield and other towns, stood where is now the unused (Hurtley) flour mill. Mention may perhaps be made of the numerous merchants' yards adjoining the river, then the great highway for traffic, beginning with the Navigation Quay, below York House. The next yard was that of Mr. Owston, the opening to which adjoined Mr. Wardell's shop.

The Water-lane, where horses were taken to water, followed, and the wharf adjoining belonged to Mr. Henry Soulby. Then came Messrs. Cleathing and Bell's, then Ryder's, already mentioned. Turning into Castlegate, Mr. Shackleton's warehouse and coal yard are now used by Messrs. Yates, who also

occupy the boat-building yard with its foundry and dry dock. Further down Castlegate there was Messrs. Walker and Dunlop's wharf, the breweries of Messrs. Witty and Russell and Messrs. Tomlinson and Kingston; then Priestman's tannery, finishing with Mr. Wrangham's brewery and Messrs. Metcalfe's flour mills; beyond the bridge the warehouses now used by Mr. Oldfield, ending with Carr's bone mill, Longfields' fellmongery works, and King's flour mill.

I believe it was a very common thing for thirty or more keels to be seen lading or discharging at the various staithes.

When the railway was opened a wooden bridge (still remembered by many of us) was built over the Derwent, followed by a narrow iron bridge, the precursor of the present structure.

Pumps and Gardens

In the former article already referred to something was said about Castlegate. To this I may add that the base of the Market cross was some four feet in diameter and two feet thick.

A large pump was about opposite the shop door of Mr. A.H. Taylor's present premises, conveniently situated for the fish market where continually one might hear the cry "To be sold at the fish cross, fine Flamborough crabs." Before the waterworks were established there were a number of "town pumps" for supplying the inhabitants. One of these was in "Pump Alley," Newbiggin (near the Blue Bell), another close to the Town Hall, a third opposite to the Old Globe, a fourth in Yorkersgate, where Messrs. Russell and Wrangham's office is, a fifth in Old Maltongate opposite the White Swan, and the sixth in Castlegate, as already stated.

When the house formerly occupied by Mr. Thos. Taylor was built (by Messrs. Walker and Dunlop, for the occupation of John Dunlop, the firm's junior partner), a great stir was made in the town – almost as much as when a new sky-scraper is put up in New York. I need only mention the frontage of little cottages and shops where now the Walker brewery buildings stand, and the delightful toffee and muffins sold by the old woman who lived next door to Mr. Robson's. Underneath the window of Mr.

Thomas Taylor's grocery shop a barrel of tar used to be kept – for what reason I cannot tell. The Quaker grocers' shops were regularly closed on the Thursday morning in order that their masters might "go to meeting." Messrs. Russell's present office was an old-fashioned dwelling-house. David Priestman lived in the house formerly belonging to the tanyard (now a cycle warehouse), and his daughters, Ann and Esther Priestman, resided just above the house formerly occupied by Dr. Young. Opposite, on the hill side, were the only remains of the main portion of Malton's last castle.

There was a remarkable difference in the aspect of the area between the south side of Castlegate and the river. In those days there were no less than six gardens behind Mr. A.H. Taylor's shop. Several of these were absorbed by different religious denominations: the Catholics and the Baptists among them. Messrs. Hurtle's mill had two gardens associated with it. The prison was where Mr. A.H. Taylor's warehouse is, and was called "The Black Hole." Practically it was a single cell, with hardly any light. There was a vigorous tannery in Low-st., and the late Mr. John Hopkins carried on a profitable currier's business in the works behind his comfortable house in Greengate. Mr. Hopkins moved from there to the Brows, and then to Old Malton, where he died.

In the Market Place

One of the most interesting changes which has occurred in the Market Place is the coming in of Messrs. Boak, now Mr. Edwards, in place of Mr. Harden, jeweller. The last mentioned gentleman was an able 'cello player, and used regularly to be seen with others in St. Michael's Church on a Sunday morning. The band was, however, somewhat thirsty, for I am told that directly the sermon began to be delivered the whole of the instrumentalists adjourned to the Royal Oak, and did not return until the sermon was over, which suggests that the vicar of those days was very regular in his length! The instrumentalists of St. Leonard's Church did the same thing, but patronised the White Swan. Our town Hall has altered considerably in recent years. Personally I shall never cease to regret the old stone balcony, where in my early days I first heard the announcement of the result of a General Election. Underneath the Town Hall most of us

know of the existence of considerable vaults, but few Maltonians remember that there was a time when the market people gathered there on a Saturday morning.

Every Michaelmas Fair there was a long stall at the bottom of the Market Place, where everything in the way of fancy articles could be purchased. This reminds me that the best Malton tradesmen of those days did not disdain representation in the Market Place. For instance, there would be stalls with cheese, boots, and even jewellery (Mr. Staniland regularly stood there). Two shopkeepers whose names have now vanished from Malton were James and William Dunlop, and one of the most popular inhabitants was Betty Sharpe, whose pork pies were in steady request.

In the Cattle Market

In the Cattle Market, William Elliott did a large business in candle making, along with Robert Pickering and Robert Stabler, in premises adjacent to the old slaughter-house. Near these buildings, in the premises now used by Mr. Piercy, cabinet maker, there was an extensive manufactory of tobacco pipes, carried on by Mr. Lucas.

A Team of Oxen

The number of carriers coming into Malton on a Saturday is considerably less than it was then, and the business done in the retail shops on market days is only a tithe of what it was seventy years ago. I myself vividly remember the sheaves of orders brought into a Malton grocery shop by many carriers, and the autocratic way in which these useful gentlemen would insist upon everything being ready by a certain time. It was woe betide the unlucky assistant or apprentice boy who failed to have the parcels prepared to the minute – or to deliver them in one of the inn yards by the requested time. The ostlers were men to reckon with, too: I often wonder how they get along on modern Saturdays with so little to do.

The most picturesque incident connected with the market of those days was the coming in of a great wagon from the Castle at Castle Howard, drawn by four yoke of oxen and presided over by men wearing white smocks with red collars. Then I believe that Mr. Sootheran was in the habit of

driving a bull to Pickering and back again every week. Some malicious gossip has it that Mr. S's feet were so very big that women used to go and beg his old shoes to cradle their bairns in.

The great bulk of corn coming into Malton for shipping, etc., was conveyed in big wold wagons, drawn by four horses, the driver sitting on one of the horses, arrayed in a "smock frock." On busy days numbers of these wagons crowded the streets.

My old friend expressed the feeling of melancholy with which he has seen so many of the old flourishing trades and industries of the town either given up or transferred to other centres – for instance, the two flour mills opened by Hurtleys and Kings; Longfield's fellmongery works; the bone mill; the tannery and currying business, candle making; ham and bacon curing; the biscuit factory; two iron foundries (Mr. A. Gibson's foundry was near the present Court-house); a timber merchant; one wood turner; a ropery; a stone cutter; a coachbuilder; and a slipper maker, all are gone – and last, but not least, the river traffic has long been stopped. Surely every one of the trades named could, with a fair amount of enterprise and energy, have been made profitable and highly beneficial to the town (I think I am right in saying that a considerable amount of ham and bacon curing is still being done).

What the Town Looked Like

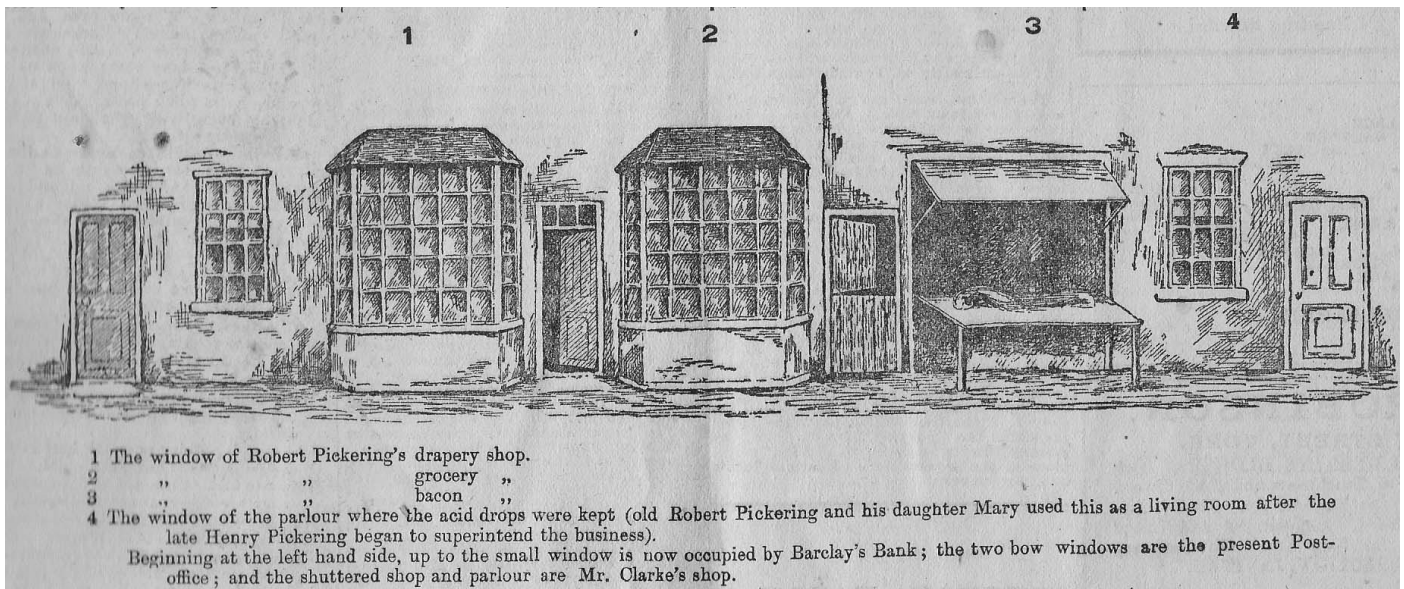
Malton of to-day is one of the cleanest and pleasantest little towns in the kingdom. But at the time I am referring to, there were open gutters down the streets, a considerable number of which converged in Castlegate and went down to the river under Mr. A.H. Taylor's grocery shop. Some drainage preferred an open route down Yates's yard. Things went on merrily until there was an

overflow, when the condition of the town was terrible. I believe that the great water scheme was finished in the early sixties of last century; certainly, it was before the fire which burnt down the late Mr. Henry Taylor's warehouses in Finkle-st., and this event took place about 1866.

One of the most picturesque incidents in connection with the town lapsed when the Borough Bailiff ceased to open the Michaelmas Fair in person. In time past, he would go to the Fair accompanied by Town Crier and Javelin Man, after reading a proclamation on the Town Hall steps. Then the Court Leet and Court Baron would try all cases which arose in the fair.

The Glory of the Malton Fairs is much dimmed; indeed, some of them are almost gone. At Easter there was "Crukalty" Fair in the orchard field, with football, and its nut and spice stalls. I fear there was a little gambling at the nut stalls, from which came the reiterated cry of "One in who makes two." At Whitsuntide there was a great pleasure fair, where "fairings" were purchased and presented to the object of the buyer's choice.

An important one was that held at Michaelmas, of which a faint indication remains now. Then there were the Martinmas Hirings, at which "Wombwells" usually appeared with their fine band, and humorous side shows of "Fat Ladies," "Skeleton Men," "Dwarfs," etc., with one or two boxing booths. On the high side of the Market Place, from the "Black Bull" to the "King's Head" young men and maidens stood in crowded rows waiting to be hired as servants from Martinmas to Martinmas by farmers, who calmly walked about making their selection. E.E.T.



Part II

In the fourth decade of the last century blind old "Bobby" Leng, with his splendidly played 'cello and grand voice, singing hymns such as "Christians, awake," and "Sound the loud timbrel," perambulated the streets in the still hours, proclaiming in sonorous and melodius voice the hour and weather, such as "Two o'clock and a fine frosty morning." This mention of time induces me to say that possibly some of the oldest inhabitants may remember that on the wall of the bridge on the right side as you go to Norton, a brass sundial was fixed (between Mr. Strangeway's house and the river). By some act of vandalism this has been removed.

The business hours of those days were very different from now. Retailers would stand behind their counters (or more likely at their shop doors talking with neighbours) from 6 a.m. to 9 p.m. Indeed I believe that the late Mr. Robert Hatfield, whose shop was at the bottom of Finkle-st., might be found at business from five a.m. to ten or eleven p.m. When any of these old worthies were remonstrated with, they would reply, "Why, it's all right, What's ado? If I want a walk, t'wife keeps shop, if t'wife wants one, I keep it." It was not only long hours that were remarkable, but the absence of holidays. Many people still have very vividly in their minds the antagonism aroused by (the then) Sir John Lubbock's Bank Holiday reforms.

There were some six public bakeries, in different parts of Malton, seventy years ago. People took

their dinners to be baked there on Sundays. Many poor folk might be seen taking tins containing meat an potatoes, or suet puddings, and returning with the contents ready for consumption. Sunday baking was very generally resorted to. The charge was exceedingly small – only about a penny for each lot of cooking done. There was no confectioner's as we know this trade to-day, and I need hardly say that our forefathers never even dreamed of cafes! What they liked best were hot rolls and currant buns.

I wish it were possible to reproduce as illustrations some of the picturesque garments worn by Malton men and women in those days. It is rather curious that the only thing I can specially say relates to men, who are known to be entirely indifferent as to what they wear (but as I write this, I remember that on the coming of George Fox into Malton in 1653, it was the men of Malton who left off their ribbons and furbelows as a result of his preaching). In the early part of last century the men wore gaiters and breeches, and were a very picturesque company. School Holidays in 1840-50.

In the middle of the last century it was usual for the elementary schools to give their children a month's holiday in order that the boys and girls might go in gangs on to the Wolds to pull the wild mustard which locally was called "brassic" or "runch." They slept in sheds under the charge of gangers. There is much in the arrangement which one would regret to see revived in these days; on the other hand, the

expedition certainly resulted in increased health to the children, and presumably put a little money into their or their parents' pockets. The present plan (in the Sheriff Hutton district) of breaking up school in potato time in order that the boys, and occasionally girls, may go to work in the potato fields, is not dissimilar from the one I am speaking of. It is interesting in these days to remember that there were most enlightened farmers of the period concerned (the late Richardson Rowntree, of Settrington, was one), who strongly advocated small holdings at a time when the land was being put together.

I see that I have not yet referred to the lighting of the town. This was done by a Mr. Malcolm, with gas. He tried to sell his business to the Malton Local Board, and failing, made a company, which eventually became the prosperous Malton Gas Company. This gas took the place of oil lamps about 1832. The first to have gas in his private house was the grandfather of Mr. Fred Johnson, whose ironmongery business descended to him from our late esteemed townsman, Mr. John Hudson. In referring to this, I am of course, touching the age of the tinder-box.

A whole article ought to be devoted to the doings at General Elections. At these times the public-houses benefited largely. For a long period (and within memory of living townsmen) dinner tickets used to be sent to all voters, the aristocrats receiving tickets worth a guinea each, and the plebeians those worth half that sum.

A Bunch of Stories

It is a little difficult to write about old personalities as one would like to do, for the stray memories which have come under one's notice might by some be thought to reflect upon those who have passed away. If in these notes I appear to err in this direction, I trust that my readers will excuse this and credit me with a genuine reverence for the bygone makers of our little town. Malton has always been a centre of the brewing trade, and consequently there are many incidents connected with this industry which could be related of Malton people. The best of these affect living persons, and cannot be repeated. I have sometimes heard it said that it

was the former Quaker Meeting House (in Spital-st.) that a Quaker Minister once got up and said:-

"It is well that the Friends of this Meeting should know:

There's a Spirit above and a spirit below:

The Spirit above is a Spirit Divine.

The spirit below is a spirit of wine."

I am, however, convinced that this story has no bottom to it, for there never were any vaults in connection with any Quaker Meeting House in Malton, and although it must be confessed that early Friends took their beer along with other folk, there is no instance in which they stored it in their Meeting Houses. Speaking of Quakers, reminds me that at Knapton their used to dwell a most original member of this Society, called old Kitty Dale. It is said that on the occasion of his wife's funeral at Malton, when he was about 80 years of age, the old man, dressed in "plain clothes," stood out and lifted up his voice, and uttered these words:-

*"Noo an' then a pleasant day,
Lang in comin', an soon away."*

Whether this be true or not, I cannot assert, but I believe there is no doubt at all that Ann Priestman (one of the most sainted dwellers in Malton), having on one occasion expressed a strong opinion about a certain matter, old Kitty Dale cried out, "Women's opinions are all very well, but man is the head." Some young Malton Quakers of those days went to school at Scarborough, and received weekly parcels of food by coach. One of these lads was, I regret to say, so exceedingly selfish as to refuse to give away any of his "prog," which therefore stayed in his box until some of it was absolutely mouldy.

Traders and Parsons

When I referred to the Dunlops, I ought to have said that William was a very strong-willed tradesman indeed. If he had straightened up his shop at 6 p.m. and anyone came in, he would say: "If you see anything you like, I will take it down, but if you don't, you must come again in the morning." I believe this gentleman made a modest fortune at shopkeeping, which suggests that some of our present tradesmen may err in being too polite! James Dunlop was one of our chief drapers (in the shop now occupied by Mr. T.C. Wilson), and was noted for his speeches on civil and religious liberty.

Another character in trade was Tom Gage (who had the shop where Mr. Dennis now sells confectionery). He dealt in hot rolls, which he carried about the town in a basket "as big as himself." My informant in speaking of Tom Gage's wares, said "Oh! Those rolls were nice." There were no book hawkers in Malton, except an old man vulgarly known as "Red-nosed Tommy." He would carry copies of Burns, Byron, and the Bible, a few lead pencils and other things. He came into the town two or three times a year. In another profession, that of clergyman, Parson Day, of Norton, would sometimes after preaching his sermon, hurry out of the church in order to go hunting, which reminds me of the story of a Dale clergyman, devoted to the great English sport, who, mounting his pulpit one day, saw the bottom of his congregation melting away through the open door in pursuit of a fox. The parson thereupon gave out (in place of the hymn) "Hi! Stop there. Let's start fair." And without more ado, he hurried down into the church and out after his struggling parishioners and the fox. There was a Parson Pound, of Norton, who said that if he had his way he would burn every Quaker in the Kingdom. In later days, Norton Vicars were more kindly to the members of that Society, and have often been found working hand in hand with them in all goodwill.

Mr Alfred Simpson (long resident at York House) was very prominent in public matters and town government. Joseph and Isaac Priestman, with their sisters Ann and Esther already referred to, also Robert Pickering, were revered for their philanthropic and charitable efforts. Mr. William Allen, well known as "Squire Allen," many years steward for Earl Fitzwilliam, was greatly esteemed for his kindly and genial nature. The Rev. Wm. Carter, for long Vicar of Malton, was widely admired and respected for his fine preaching, his splendid voice and singing, and his broad Christian views. About 60 years ago, Mr. Rattenbury, the celebrated Wesleyan minister, was stationed here. Crowds flocked to hear his eloquent appeals. His grandson, now in London, bids fair to rival him in his oratory and general powers. About the same time, Morley Punshon, the wonderful preacher and orator, visited Malton occasionally.

There was a free school in Old Maltongate, but the children paid a penny a week. Probably this was the

precursor of the school which used to be attended by the Workhouse children. I need hardly add that there were many more private schools, on which a whole article could be written.

Perhaps on some occasion I might put together my own reminiscences of two or three of these, and ask my friends to contribute their recollections. Seventy years ago, almost the only newspaper coming into Malton was "The Times," which probably circulated two copies, but then that circulation was a special one, as the sheets went from hand to hand, and were no doubt read to far better purpose than are now the half-penny papers which come into Malton by the hundred.

A Horse in Mount House

It will interest many young Maltonians to know that in 1862 there were not more than six houses on The Mount. Nos. 7 and 9 were then in the occupation of the late Mr. Thomas Hopkins, and of Mrs. Carr and her daughters (one of the last mentioned of whom later on became Mrs. Edward Rose). The late Mr. William Taylor, who was in partnership with his nephew Andrew, as drapers in the Market-place, occupied No. 11, and Mr. Robert Stabler No. 13. I believe that the houses now in the occupation of Mr. Parke and Dr. Colby were standing at that time.

An earlier, and eccentric, occupant of No. 9, The Mount, was a parson Smith who was rendering temporary assistance at Huttons Ambo. The garden was his pony's pasture, and the story is still told of how this clever pony was allowed inside the house, and would occasionally make its way upstairs! The site of the house built by the late Mr. Jefferson, purchased by Mr. J.L. Johnson, and now inhabited by Mrs. Carter, was practically a big rubbish heap, in which anyone made a practice of depositing spare tins, etc.

The present Mount-rd. was a rough track, and the rest of the gardens and house sites were parts of fields on the west and east sides. Perhaps the most interesting fact of all about these early days is that every drop of drinking water had to be carried by hand from the trough in the cattle market. No supply was obtainable in the houses until the formation of the Water Company.

The Brows was in those days a charming walk, with beautiful trees and gardens, extending as far as the quarry on York-rd. On a Sunday afternoon it was a favourite resort of local lovers. It is a sad reflection, that through the indifference of Malton people, the whole of this delightful approach to the town was enclosed by the Lord of the Manor. The late George Dinsdale wrote some lines, among which are the following, relating to the Brows:

“I loved its broad walk and the trees on each side.
‘Twas a fairy-like spot when bedecked in its pride; I
appeal to the travell’d – did you ever see
Such a hill, such a lawn, and such scenery?”

MORE CONCERNING MALTON IN & ABOUT 1840

Further References by E.E.T.; and some remarks by “Old Nortonian” from the
Yorkshire Gazette, 18 January 1908

I desire to thank “Old Hand,” and other Maltonians who have been kind enough to communicate with me personally for their references to the articles on “Malton in and about 1840.” In two or three respects, I am afraid that I may have misinterpreted my old friend’s recollections, and in at any rate one other respect I have been amonguous. For instance, I think it is quite clear that Malton’s earliest post office was situated in Chancery lane. In that day there was only one delivery and one despatch. The writer of some valuable notes in a local almanac of 1888 says that the Whitby mails came by post horse or cart driven by “Packet Matt.” The letter-bags from adjacent places came in at 3 a.m., and it will be interesting to repeat the mileages and costs of that day’s postage:-

Bridlington	28 miles, 6d
Driffield	20 miles, 5d
Pickering	9 miles, 1d
Scarborough	22 miles, 6d
Whitby	30 miles, 6d
York	18 miles, 5d

Even in later times (when the late Mr. G. Barnby was the postmaster in Wheelgate) people who wanted to buy stamps had to go to a little window and stand in the street to be served. I am fairly certain that the late George Dinsdale told me that he kept the post office for a time when this was in or near Mr. Goldie’s present premises.

I am conscious that in putting down these recollections of an old Maltonian, I have only touched a score of interesting questions. I shall be glad to hear from anybody on any of these or other points felt to be of interest. It is a duty we owe to our forefathers to keep in mind the events and personalities of the past.

E.E.T.

Bullbaiting

Another Maltonian thinks that bulls used to be baited in the Market-place between St. Michael’s Church and the high side. The infuriated animals would be fastened to a ring, and baited by dogs, the “elite” of the town standing by or looking out of their windows at the so-called sport.

I was recently in the small market town of Brampton (Cumberland), where both bull-ring and stocks are carefully preserved. The idea used to be rife that the beef of a baited bull was better in quality than that of an unbaited one, and it was the rule in Keswick and other Cumberland towns to burn candles during the day on the stall on which the meat was exposed for sale, in order that customers might be aware of its superior quality. In some other places there was a penalty of 6s 8d for killing and selling an unbaited bull. They told me at Brampton that if a stranger turned the bull-ring over, it was a challenge to the whole town to fight! I wonder whether any such custom pertained to the Malton bull-ring?

When I was speaking of Fairs, I ought to have mentioned that which used to be held at Kirkham, because multitudes of Maltonians patronised it. The bird fair began as early as 2 a.m., but was over before night. Malton men and women went by boat, with a band of music. The day was spent by lads and lasses in dancing, walking through the

beautiful woods and fields, visiting the ruins of the Abbey, and so on. Round about were drinking tents, booths and sweet stalls, whilst Malton and Westow wrestlers would exhibit their skill.

Weaving

My old friend says that in mentioning departed trades he did not remember Buckstone's Foundry, an agricultural implement factory, situated on what is now the tennis ground, near East Mount. There was also Carr's Weighing Machine Factory, in Castlegate. I believe that in going back further still, linen manufacture was known in Malton, although I doubt whether any living person can still remember the old-fashioned hand looms used in the cottages. The writer I have already referred to says that he read the following paragraph in some old book:- "In Malton there is a large, convenient, and well conducted workhouse, furnished with necessary apparatus for employing the poor in different trades, particularly the manufacture of linen."

I did not specially mention coal when I was dealing with the wharves along the Derwent. I am told that just about the date when Queen Victoria came to the throne, coal was sold in Malton by the chaldron of 32 bushels, the waggoner being given a threepenny ticket with each chaldron in order to get a pint of beer in the town. Then again, the York-rd. quarry, in which some of us played as children, loaded its stone onto vessels at its own wharf at the bottom of what is now a private garden. Some of us, as children, used to play for hours with the rusty trucks and rails which still remained witnesses of this industry.

About the same date (1837), passengers went to Drifffield and Hull by what was called a fly-boat driven by Groves of the Angel Inn. There was regular communication by wagon and coach with York. In an old account placed in my hands, I find it stated that it was no uncommon thing to see rows of fish carts in the street, from Scarborough, for the West Riding.

The Pinfold

There was a pinfold where Rockingham House now stands, at the end of the Mount. An old inhabitant

tells me that Malton rejoiced in two "Black Holes" – the high Black Hole and the Low Black Hole, both of them in Finkle-st. about where Messrs. H. Taylor & Sons' warehouse opens on to the pavement. These Holes were narrow places, each furnished with a bench for the poor prisoner to lie on, iron bars to the windows, and strong wooden doors studded with big nails.

I did not remember when I was writing about the Mount, that before houses were built there, it was known as Gelding Hill, and was a favourite place for lads to play cricket on. Poultry shows were held there occasionally.

I am informed that Dr. Teasdale's house was identical with the property occupied by the late Mr. Joseph Moon, who indeed, purchased it from the previous owner. The leather shop (where the town gossips congregated) was probably on the site of Mr. Dent's present shop. When rebuilt this shop was taken by Mr. Christopher Metcalfe (the present Mr. Robert Metcalfe's grandfather). My informant adds that she remembers Mr. John Lee carrying on his trade as a joiner in Wheelgate, on the site of what later on became Mr. Todd's, the coachbuilder's place of business. The late Mr. Martin Dodsworth was at that time Mr. Lee's foreman, but when the latter gentleman died, his son Thomas took the helm. On Thomas's death, a brother came from Scarborough to take charge of the business on behalf of the two orphans, who lived with a Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson. In the meantime Mr. Dodsworth took a shop in the Market-place, and was joined by Mr. Piercy. I believe that this partnership was dissolved when Mr. Dodsworth transferred his business to Yorkersgate.

A London reader of the "Gazette" tells me that the lines beginning "Tis well that the Friends of this meeting should know," were first applied to a West End Chapel of Ease in the basement of which a wine merchant carried on his business; the original of the Rev. Chas. Honeyman's charge (see Thackeray's "The Newcomes.")

E.E.T.

Some Remarks on the Recent Articles By the “Old Nortonian”

The “old friend” your correspondent, E.E.T., has come across, has given us some interesting reminiscences, most of which I endorse, as I was “out and about” long before 1840. But surely your correspondent must be wrong in his doubt as to whether “old friend” appreciated, or not, the better roads and light we now have. Has he forgotten the “cobblestones” of former years? Then in postal matters he gives us first Mr. Barnby’s premises in Wheelgate, with the wretched office and facilities for the work. You had to do most of your business there either in the street or, if anything special, through a hole in the wall of the passage about 12 inches square. But wasn’t there a Post Office in “Pudding” (now Chancery) lane before the one in Wheelgate?

As to Coaching Inns, the “White Horse,” in Vickerman’s time stands well forward in my recollection. As to the “conspicuous object of Mr. Todd’s in Wheelgate,” it wasn’t conspicuous, and so to speak of it is a misnomer. I remember the candle-maker, Mr. Elliott, well as he and my father were great cronies. He carried on also a large business in bacon and ham-curing on his premises in Wheelgate. All the other Wheelgate information I can bear out. I often had ocular proof of the hogsheads of hams and bacon sent away by Mr. Spanton by water.

What’s got all this bacon-curing business? I don’t remember the old cabinet-maker’s shop and old thatched house in Yorkersgate, but do know that John Nelson, our leading “joiner and builder,” had his yard and shops there on the site of Miss Wright’s house and the Savings’ Bank. He lived on the premises. He, his brother Dick (who worked for him), and his own sons have all gone and no vestige of the family is left. They were all good workmen.

A Well-known Townsman

The Mr. Ryder he names was a well-known townsman. It was entirely through his efforts the Independents got their new chapel built in Saville-st. He mentions Priestman’s tannery: I always thought it was a pity it was lost to the town. Its closure through some old, steady men out of work, who had been a good many years of their lives

there, and they had to turn their hands to anything they could find. All I personally knew as good, steady workmen. The bacon and cheese “stalls” and sundry others named, I have a full recollection of, except Mr. Staniland’s jewellery, which I cannot at present call to mind.

The drivers from Castle Howard in their white smocks and red collars, were regular with their orders for Malton (why was that trade lost. I wonder?), and those rather pompous red-collar men would stand no dilatory errand boys about them: the boys had to be there in time with their parcels, or they would be left. The corn which came daily into the town in wagons, with their four horses, was quite a feature in my everyday life, as a large majority of the wagons passed where I could see them. The names of the Tophams, Megginsons, Rowlays, and the rest of the Wold farmers were as familiar to me as my “bread and butter.” This corn carrying was done away with when railways came.

The names of trades you gave us, lost to the town, you omitted a noted book-binder. Poor old Bobby Leng you mention! How I used to listen at Christmas time for his old fiddle and his musical voice, with his “past one o’clock and a fine morning.” He used to commence a week or two before Christmas Eve. The brass sun-dial should have been left. I used to have a peep at it now and again, to compare our clocks with it. I should think, probably, it might be found amongst Mr. Stubbs’s “curios.” Will some antiquarian please hunt it up for us and re-fix?

“E.E.T.” talks about tradesmen in former years standing at their shop doors: I call to mind one in particular – he had such a jolly-looking, rosy, round and pleasant face, you could not pass without noticing him. I am alluding to the late Mr. Wrangham, the druggist, who was cut off by an untimely death, to the regret of all who knew him. My recollection of the bakeries mentioned by “E.E.T.” is a pleasant one. We used them for our brown loaves and stewed bones; the bones were broken up, put in a big pancheon, tied over with strong brown paper, taken at night to the “bakehouse,” and left in the oven all night, and then we younger members of the family had a treat in picking the bones. Then came the basins of soup, for

either breakfast or dinner; and wasn't it fit to "set before a king."!

A Monstrosity

The most striking thing I remember in "dress" was the coal-scuttle bonnet, and that monstrosity called a crinoline. I thought I was well up in remembering events a long way back, but your correspondent, in talking about men's clothing in former days, says "he well remembers" George Fox "the Quaker coming to Malton in 1653!" That knocks me out of time, with my eighty odd years only. However, it's written by himself in his own article sent to you as editor, so it "should" be right.* In confectioners' businesses in the town, we have a striking proof of the old saying that "supply creates demand," as at the time we are discussing I can only remember one, in a very small way, in the town. The "oil lamps and gas" era I can verify. Then he mentions the "Tinder Box." Ah, that thing! If space allowed, I should like to describe it, and tell my personal experience of it, to the present generation. I fancy it would be a treat for them.

Then as to electioneering in those days: it would make an article by itself. I saw the last two wood hustings: one at Settrington, for the County; the other for Malton, in the Market-place, pulled down by "the Hooligans," and the one at Settrington "run away with" entirely. It was, who could carry away the most spoil. A lot of it I saw on the way to Malton. Old "Dicky" Gage I knew; he was a little man; I think he might have been got into his big basket. All the Dunlops I knew well. As to Parson Day, the "old friend" must be wrong here. I went to Mr. Day's church as a Sunday scholar, then teacher onwards for years. We had only one service in the week – on Sunday mornings, so that where does E.E.T.'s friend get his fox-hunting episode in? Then as to Parson Pound and the Quakers he mentions. I knew Mr. Pound personally and I shall want some better evidence than "it was said" before I believe he could, or would make such a remark about that well-known and respectable body – the Friends – familiarly known as the "Quakers."

All the merchants with riverside connections I knew. In the names of postmasters I did not find James Seller. He knew his way about, as "his head was put on the right way." He died in harness. Another was

our old friend, W. Sutherland, the Unitarian minister, who had a very short reign as postmaster. It was thought too sedentary, after the active life he had led. George Dinsdale was a well-known, harmless old fellow, long since gone to his rest. I quite agree with the remarks about "The Brows." It is a striking example of "what might have been." From the slopes was a splendid view down the river, the place open to everybody, and now enclosed with a big ugly wall, for the benefit of four or five families only. When on that road, I am always glad when I get past that "obstruction."

Some Ministers

In talking of ministers, "E.E.T." tells us John Rattenbury, among the Wesleyans, "drew very large congregations." I have always thought they were on the topmost rung of the ladder in Charles Garret's time; but, being only an outsider, I'm not supposed to know the inner workings of that large, influential body. In bygone years, I and only one of my family used to go occasionally to hear some of their clever lecturers, but we did not agree with the boisterous laughter some of them caused, by their witty remarks and anecdotes; we thought it would be more appropriate if the lectures were given in some other spot than the pulpit of a public place of worship. In looking round at present, without being egotistical, I think the Wesleyans and the Church of England are the two bodies at present showing most signs of real progress, and in the most healthy state.

Most of the other sects seem to be lacking in something or other, to infuse life into them. Query: Is the fault in the pulpits or the pews? I don't include in them the old veteran General Booth and his army. Theirs is more what may be called mission work, but they are doing good work and should have a helping hand. Now, however, we are getting on debatable ground – when we get among the "classes" and "creeds."

Your correspondent mentions "Crucalty" Fair – a real young folks' fair. I call to mind, when at school, how we listened for the "pancake" bell – as on the first tinkle we had to go, then helter-skelter home, for the immemorial dinner of pancakes and treacle – and then for "elysium," with its "One-in-who-

makes-two," and upwards. Alas for old "Crucalty" Fair – now only a skeleton of its former glory.

All other incidents named are familiar to me. Times are not propitious at present, but let us not take an over pessimistic view of things, trusting that the dark cloud at present hanging over the unemployed and others will rend before long, and reveal to us a bright promise of future prosperity, which the New

year we hope has stored up for us all, and that the said prosperity may extend to all our kith and kin, wherever their lot may be at present cast. With New year's greetings.

*A writer may surely "remember" a printed statement of an occurrence which happened long before his time! - Editor

The above articles prompted correspondence attempting to supplement and/or correct this information.

Yorkshire Gazette 25 January 1908
CORRESPONDENCE
THE HISTORY OF THE MALTON POST OFFICE
(To the Editor of the "Yorkshire Gazette")

Sir, - I, being a constant reader of the Malton paper, have seen that you are short of the particulars regarding the Malton Post Office.

I may say it is over 71 years since I first went to live at Malton. At that time, the late Mr. George Barnby, Wheelgate, Malton, was postmaster, and I think an old man of the name Foster was postman. Then one of the name of William Dinsdale succeeded him, and he was subsequently sent abroad. Then the late Mr. George Dinsdale, cousin of the above, succeeded him. After that the post office was removed from Wheelgate to part of George Dinsdale's temperance Hotel in Yorkersgate, now Mr. Goldie's shop. The late Mr. R.J. Smithson was postmaster whilst it was there.

On June 7, 1862, I commenced to be postman for Norton, succeeding the late Mr. Richard Walker. After some time the Malton office was removed to Butcher Corner, and after the late Mr. R.J. Smithson retired as postmaster, he was succeeded by the late Mr. Frederick George Smith, son of the late Mr. John

Smith, manager of the York City and County Bank, Malton. He died very suddenly on the 14th May, 1870, and after his death the late Mr. James Seller became postmaster.

I think you will have the later particulars better than I, as it is over 21 years since I left Norton and came to reside in Leeds.

When I commenced as postman for Norton in 1862, the late Mr. Robert Horsley was postmaster, and at his decease in 1876, his daughter, the late Miss Horsley was made postmistress, an office which she filled only for a short time, when she resigned in favour of her late brother, Mr. Wm. Horsley.

-Yours, etc., W.P. Shaw

P.S. – If there is any other matter with regard to years gone by that you think I can give you any information on I shall be pleased to do so – W.P.S.
43, Banstead-grove, Roundhay-rd., Leeds January 16, 1908

Yorkshire Gazette 1 February 1908
MALTON 50 YEARS AGO No I
(By One Who Knew It Well)

We have received the following from Mr. W.P. Shaw, whose interesting letter on Malton postal matters we inserted last week:

In looking over your history of Malton, I see you state that Mr. Christopher Metcalfe, who lived where Mr. Dent's fish shop now is, was the present Mr. Robert Metcalfe's grandfather. He was his

uncle. I think if you ask Mr. Metcalfe, he will corroborate this. His grandfather was Mr. James Metcalfe, and he had a shop where the Farmer's Manure Company's office now is, just opposite Mr. J. Appleby's shop. He had a brother, Joshua, who kept the shop on Greengate Hill, now occupied by Mr. R. Mitchell, and he was a bacon factor and tallow chandler. J. Muckell was his candle-maker – near to Mr. G. Bellarby's ropery, now Mr. Jones.
"Skin and Bone"

At that time John and Peter Longfield had a skinyard, where now the Gas Works stand. I also remember that Buxton's foundry was where you say – at the top of Old Malton Gate, and afterwards it was removed to the site of the present Gas Works. Mr. Jonathan Booth's bone mill was where the water-works engine-house now is. The bone mill was removed to the site of the late Mr. R. Yates's showyard near the Railway Station. Subsequently the mill was taken by the late Mr. James Wire, and then the Manure Company was formed and the mill removed.

Other Traders

I also knew Mr. John Sootheran, the draper, as my father was a tenant of his for over ten years when he first came to Malton. At that time the late Mr. John Hopkins lived in the house which is now occupied by Mr. Dickinson, and George Coulson kept a bakehouse, as also did "Old Dicky Gage" and James Davison – the latter next to the "Flack Halls" as they were called. I knew old George Hill, the joiner, and T. Merrick who had a large drapery establishment where is now "The Criterion." Mr. J. Dunlop was at the opposite corner, and Mr. William Dunlop at the bottom corner.

Mr. Wm. Sunley, a painter and paperhanger then lived on the site of Messrs. Read's shop; and the late Mr. Charles Marshall kept a boarding school where now Mr. Langborne lives. Edward Barnes's shop was where Mr. Dickinson's shop now is, and I was with him as errand boy. Old Robert Leng used to come and stay many hours making a fiddle, although blind. Mrs. Ursula Wilson then kept the "Royal Oak." Henry Arden, watchmaker, lived opposite, and Miss Rounding's shoe shop was where Altham's tea shop is now. John Rutter, the grocer lived where Mr. Taylor's plumbing establishment stands; and higher

up was William Masterman, barber (late George Cressey).

The doctors in the town were Bartliffe (afterwards Joshua Hartley), Zabulon Mennell, and William Colby. Mrs. Flower, grocer, lived where Mr. Dale now is, and next door was Mr. Staniland, watchmaker and silversmith. Mrs. Kimberley kept the "Talbot Hotel," and Mr. Slater's seedsman's shop was a little higher up the road; it is now demolished. Mr. Robert Pickering's (late H. Pickering) draper's shop had two bay windows. One J. Nesfield, Norton, got, and I believe it is where he lives yet. Thomas Buxton had a show- place for his implements where now Mr. Soulby's premises are.

The River

At the time of which I write there were "locks" against the gas house and a cut through which the boats had to pass to reach Yedingham. There were also locks at Old Malton, and Messrs. Hurtleys had there mill there on an island; and there was a bridge to open for boats to pass through, before the one built in Railway-st.,
Malton.

The Old Steward

At that time, William Allen, Esq., was steward of the Malton Estate, and lived at The Lodge. He had a stud farm at Thorpebassett, and bred blood stock. John Warhurst had a wood-turning shop close to the Slaughter House, and in the same yard there was what was called "stage-wagon" used for carrying goods and passengers to York and other places. At the other end of the Slaughter House, Mr. R. Stabler had a tallow chandler's business, and there was an iron foundry near where the new Police Station now stands. Mr. Lucas had a pipe factory there. T. Twinham had a weaving shed in Studley-lane, now St. Michael-st.

I also know Dr. Teasdale, W. Elliott, C. Monkman, J. Wright sen., J. Teale had a stoneyard (now Fletcher's yard). Thomas Wilson was chief constable, with C. Skelton, J. Medd and William Freer as his deputies. The old town-crier was Joseph Horsley. So I close for the present.

WP Shaw
Leeds, 24th January 1908

Yorkshire Gazette 8 February 1908
MALTON 50 YEARS AGO No II
(By One Who Knew It Well)

I may say that I think it was a bad day for a lot of Maltonians when the railway company monopolised the river traffic. I might give you a little as to what I know of the old times on the river. I have seen so far as from 20 or 30 keels at a time loading and unloading at the different wharves in Malton. The yard above the County Bridge was used for corn and coals, and the yard on the other side was once kept by a man named "Cappy" Smith, who dealt chiefly in flags and large blocks of stone and grindstones, pig troughs, etc. Then came James Metcalfe, James Russell, and then "Carpenters' yard. Here they took keels and boats to repair, and they also had a dry dock in which generally there were one or more keels "on the stocks." I only remember the name of one person who worked there; they called him "Robert Calvert."

Other Wharves

On the site of the present Cold Storage premises was "Fat" Walker's yard, and where the road to the station is was Joseph Ryder's yard. Longster's present yard and wharf was Cleathing and Bell's big coalyard and corn warehouses. Next was John Soulby's; he did a good trade as fellmonger and lime merchant. He had his lime pits at the top of Newbigin, and he lived at Cherry Farm. Then the Navigation yard, where the two largest sloops arrived with all sorts of merchandise for the supply of the shops in the town. That was where Dr. Shaw's house and garden now are – the house then being occupied as offices for the company. The late Mr. R. Wyse, of Auburn Hill, had some warehouses here, and traded in oil and cotton cake and other feeding stuffs.

Then there was a landing stage for the Brows Stone Quarries, and the stone was conveyed from the quarries in little wagons – the full ones coming down drew the empty ones up by a wire rope on wheels and pulleys.

Captains and Characters

Of those working on and in connection with the river I remember T. Wright, R. Lightowler, C. Wood, W. Bickerton, R. Brown, D. Brown, W. Brown, J.

Wright, J. Glover, and T. Fletcher. Several other men were employed as coal porters, etc. These were J. Kitching, D. Kitching, J. Blackburn, T. Rogers, J. Lyon, R. Waters, and the "three birds," Charles, William and James, otherwise the "Johnsons." There were others who did porters' work and helped to unload the farmers' corn wagons and load them to go back See more at www.maltonhistory.info with coal, or cake, or seed corn, and the men were generally fully employed. I also knew old Willie Ella, Bucky Barnby, and W. Hind, commonly called "Battle of the Nile." They were three very eccentric characters.

Publicans of Malton

I can give you a few names of the publicans at that time. At the Crown and Anchor, W. Jones; Buck Inn, F. Atkinson; Ship Inn, Wm. Shutter, Low-st.; Blacksmiths' (or Rockingham) Arms, Geo. Peterkin; Sun Inn, Thos. Swabby (who also had several fish carts running between Scarborough and York, and a brickyard at Pickering Marishes); Rose and Crown, Mr. Jepson; Cross Keys, Jas. Turner (generally called Tidy Turner); Blue Ball, Peter Smith (also a cattle dealer); George and Dragon (late the Bay Horse), Geo. Dawson; Hare and Hounds, Wm. Lapish; Black Bull, Mrs. Ety; Golden Lion, J. Warwick; Black Swan, J. Gray; King's Head, Geo. Nelson; Fleece, Samuel Bigmore; Green Man, James Spanton; Old Talbot, Samuel Ella; White Horse, R. Vickerman; Black Horse (now the George Inn), W. Hick; Angel Inn, W. Groves; Scarborough Arms, Marwood; White Swan, T. Smith; and Elephant and Castle, W. Ford, who also kept a public bakehouse.

General

I see you mention Old Bullous. Opposite to his place there also were John and Jimmy Andrews, who did a good trade in nails, staples, chains, crooks, and joints, etc., and they stood on the high side of the market with their stall.

I will try to give you something on the churches and chapels of Norton next week, but I do not wish to cut out the "Old Nortonian," as he may know more

than I do. I dare say I shall know him, as I once knew everyone in Norton. – Yours sincerely,

W.P. Shaw. Leeds, 1 Feb., 1908

Yorkshire Gazette, 15 February 1908
MALTON 50 YEARS AGO
(To the Editor of "The Yorkshire Gazette")

Sir, - I find from the "Gazette" of 1 Feb that Mr. Shaw corrected the mistake in regard to Mr. Christopher Metcalfe. The information I gave was the same as Mr. Shaw's. I now wish, however, to correct the mistakes made by Mr. Shaw in last week's "Gazette" "50 years ago". After his account of Cappy Smith he does not mention Allen Wilson's yard and brewery (afterwards biscuit mill), now Mr. Fish's yard. Next came Mr. Jas. Metcalfe's; then the tan yard; then a coal yard, opposite Church Hill, and next Mr. Russell's yards. Now here he makes mistake No. 1. He says next came Carpenter's yard, and that Fat Walker's yard was where the cold storage now stands. The yard we called Fat Walker's is the yard between Atkinson's and Walker Wilson's, and Carpenter's yard between Robson's and Johnson's (now Mr. Taylor's). Ryder's yard is where the cold storage stands; the dry and wet docks are at the bottom of Carpenter's yard. Cleathing and Bell's yard and Soulby's is right. Navigation yard was

the yard between Mrs. Nayolr's and the Conservative Club, not where Dr. Shaw lives. Mr. James Hall kept a saddler's shop, and lived in the house and shop occupied by Mrs. Naylor. After Mr. Hall died, Mr. John Snarry took it, and Mr. Wyse had tow rooms for offices. Mr. Henry Jackson, solicitor, lived where Mr. Shaw says Navigation yard and offices were. Mr. Shaw further says, in regard to characters "Battle of the Nile" was named Hind. His actual name was Wilson. The father and son were called "Old" and "Young Battle." The old man was cousin to my father, and lived in a yard where Rose's malt kilns now are. There were some people who lived in the same yard called Innes, not hind, whose daughter went to the National School when I did. Mrs. Marshall was mistress. In regard to public houses, the Scarborough Arms was kept by Harwood, not Marwood. Mr. Shaw also leaves out the Globe. M.A.C.