

# WHEN YORKSHIRE CAME TO NOVA SCOTIA

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IT is probable that Michael Francklin saved Nova Scotia from becoming the Fourteenth Colony when he went to Yorkshire and there extolled the advantages of cheap fertile land and low taxes in Nova Scotia. His talks resulted in the coming to Nova Scotia of eleven shiploads of the best type of Yorkshire farmer. They began coming in 1772. Two years later, on May 10, 1774, Governor Legge wrote Lord Dartmouth:

Within these few days two Brigantines have arrived in this Harbour from Hull, importing two hundred and eighty persons from Yorkshire. And I am well informed that three vessels more are to come from the same place; and that the whole of the numbers will amount to upwards six hundred persons. These people, My Lord, do not come here with an expectation of having lands granted to them, some come to purchase, others perhaps to become tenants, and some to labor.

Whatever Legge knew of their expectations, grants were given them. These were 500 acres in extent and were given in Cumberland areas along the streams emptying into Cumberland Basin.

In the records of the Yorkshire settlers who left Hull on 14 March, 1774, for Fort Cumberland, per the good ship *Albion*, we find the following entry:

Thomas Lumley, 45, Farmer. On account of his rent being raised by Mr. Knowsley, his Landlord.

Ruth Lumley	44	His Wife
Diana Lumley	14\	His Children
John Lumley	16/	

This meagre statement conveys little, does not explain in any way that here was a character entirely different from his fellows, a man of superior birth, unusual talents, yet of an eccentric temperament that kept him isolated in the Southampton valley, content with the respect of his few neighbours, the awe of the redskins, and the grandeur of the New World. Here was a man with a lineage that would compare favorably with the most aristocratic families of New England, would hold its own with the blue bloods of old Quebec. Even among the best-known English names a skilled genealogist would have

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difficulty tracing backward beyond four or five centuries; yet Thomas Lumley of Southampton could prove his family pedigree by records preserved (jealously) in the Bishopric of Durham. There, regarded as the greatest treasure in that part of England, are strange old manuscripts, in strange characters of a thousand years ago, telling of the beginning of the name.

After the conquest of William the First the Saxons of Britain were sadly ill-treated. Their lands were burned, and they were often placed in bondage by their new rulers. One who suffered much was Liulph, a Saxon who was a leader in his district, a man of strong character, clever beyond his time. So wise was he in his judgments that his company was sought by the Bishop of Durham, and this so incensed the Bishop's chaplain that he plotted Liulph's death. By devious means he engaged the services of one Gilbert, a sheriff, and this fellow committed the foul deed. It was as a spark to gunpowder. The people had come to know and love Liulph, and before their rage had ceased they had slain the sheriff, the chaplain who had hired him, and even the Bishop himself. This tragic event took place on 14 May, 1080. The name of Lumley was then derived from the North English word "Lum", meaning a wooded valley, where Liulph built a manor house. The site of it is still marked.

Liulph had married Algitha, daughter of Aldred, Earl of Northumberland, by his wife Elgitha. Elgitha was the daughter of Edgina, the youngest daughter of King Ethelred, the Second, who reigned from 978 A.D. to 1016 A.D. Ethelred's father was Edgar, who reigned from 959 to 975. His grandfather was Edmund, 940 to 946, a son of Edward the Elder, 901 to 925, and Edward was the eldest son of King Alfred the Great, who reigned from 871 to 901. The grandfather of Alfred the Great was the first king to subdue the rival kingdom and reign undisputed from the English Channel to the Highlands of the North.

Liulph's son, Uchtred, was the father of William Lumley whose son and grandson both bore the honored name of William. In 1385 Ralph Lumley was knighted and created the first Lord of Lumley. All down through the thrilling centuries of English history the Lumleys bore a part that ranked them as leaders of the realm. There are legends galore of their feats of arms, their fidelity to their sovereigns, and of haunted rooms in old Lumley castle. A romantic novel, *The Lily of Lumley*, is woven among fact and reveals much of the charming chivalry

that existed when "kighthood was in flower." When Cromwell was on his march of destruction he was so taken with the beauty of Lumley Castle that he spared it, contenting himself with throwing two cannon balls, into the courtyard, which are still retained as a memento of his clemency.

Lumley Castle, which is one mile from Chester-le-Street on the road from Durham to Newcastle, is reached by crossing a picturesque ferry, shadowed by ancient limes. The castle is ascribed to Sir Ralph Lumley, who was killed in battle against Henry IV. He obtained licenses to build from both Richard II and Bishop Skirlaw, and to embattle and crenellate the castle with a wall of stone and lime. The Bishop's license was granted in 1389; the king's was given three years later. In plan the castle is a quadrangle enclosing a square courtyard. The south and north fronts are each 65 yards in length, the east and west 58 yards. There is a tower, loftier than the rest of the buildings, at each corner. These might be described as keeps, are oblong in plan, and their greatest dimensions are from east to west. They stand out beyond the intervening fronts, and one most exterior angle of each tower is capped by a buttress. The interior of the castle has been altered at one time or another; otherwise the details of that early date remain intact. Most of the windows have been replaced by squares of the 16th century type, but several of the original lights, singly and in pairs, remain.

The position of the Castle is in every way charming. From the west and south fronts broad green pastures slope gently to the river, beyond which are the village and church of Chester-le-Street, while farther away are the higher hills of the western part of the country, dotted here and there with hamlets and farmholds. On the other side the views from the Castle are closed in by its own rich hanging woods. The east front overhangs a deep and romantic ravine, through which the Lumley Beck find its way to the Wear; while on the north side is an array of ancient outbuildings, scarcely altered from the time of erection, such as no other great house of Northern England possesses. The entrance, on the west front, is modern, but opposite it is a curious sun-dial, twenty-four faces or dials cut on a single stone.

The building is of fine yellow stone and it stands solemn and still in the sunlight, redolent of the atmosphere of bygone ages when the finest blood in the land mingled within its walls in royal entertainment. The castle is occupied. Fires still

burn on its ancient hearths, and the sound of voices echo and re-echo in its great halls. Descendants of Thomas Lumley, serving in the Second World War, enjoyed immensely their visit to the Castle and the legends of its builders still being told in the village of Chester.

The Lumleys are one of the very few old English families that have preserved, or had preserved for them, records that prove them descendants of Alfred the Great. Some idea of the wealth and consideration, the influence and the social esteem of the Lumleys, will be gathered from the fact that successive barons of this stock allied themselves in marriage with the proudest families of the North—the Nevilles, Scroops, Fitz-Alans, etc.—while one brought more noble blood into the line by marrying Elizabeth Plantagenet, daughter of Edward IV. The great entrance hall of the Castle is one of the most striking in England. It contains 17 pictures of tremendous size, representing successive members of the family, "the Arms," "Ancient Arms", "Crest", and "Motto", which is "Murus Aeneus Conscientia Sana".

Always it was the elder brother who bore the title and inherited the estate. The youngest brothers had to go and seek a livelihood elsewhere, and so we find that Thomas crossed the border into Yorkshire. Records prove that he must have had a slice of the Lumley money at the time, however, as he was independent to an unusual extent for a farmer emigrant. When the Home Government arranged to bring out ten thousand settlers in five years Lumley was one to take advantage of the offer, and so he arrived with the others at Fort Cumberland, receiving a grant of five hundred acres at what was then known as Southampton, but is now South Athol.

Though he and nineteen others had settled on their holdings at Southampton, the surveying of grants and the completion of necessary papers were not finished until 15 Feb., 1785, when the grant was dated. Other Yorkshiremen settled near him were Fenwick, Harrison, Lodge, Baker, Hoeg, Ripley, and Read. John Lumley married Nancy Harrison. Her brothers, Luke and William, settled at Maccan. Though the name "Southampton" appears in many of the old deeds, Maccan River and Maccan Mountain were applied to all the district reaching from the present Maccan to East Mapleton.

Thomas Lumley was a most remarkable man. He was well educated for the times, well-informed on many subjects, and yet reticent to a fault. He understood farming better than

the average emigrant and seemed to be far quicker in adapting himself to this new land. He built his home at what is now Southampton and prospered in spite of the difficulties the newcomers must have encountered. He was a shrewd trader, a good carpenter, and, when in the mood, a tireless worker. Legend has it that, in later life, he would leave his fields and wander in the woods for hours, examining plants and trees. His outstanding talent was wood-carving. In England he had mastered his tools, learning the art, which was then very popular, from some of the most skilled carvers in the north. At first there was much that demanded his tricks with wood. He had to build and equip his home. The cabin was a spacious, well planned affair, with a huge stone fireplace in one end. Lumley placed cupboards, shelves, and settees where they were needed, made stools, beds, and tables, flails for threshing, ox yokes, axe handles, whatever each phase of work required. He built the first bird house known along the Maccan road, a subject that aroused the curiosity of the Indians, who knew so well that birds could furnish homes for themselves. These Miemacs were sullen and thought little of killing a steer, should they be short of meat, or would deliberately walk into a garden and uproot such vegetables as they fancied. When they encountered Thomas Lumley they met their Waterloo. He was as bold as the proverbial British Lion as he drove them from his growing things. Though not much above the average build, it is said that Lumley was noted for his strength. He matched the Indians at their game of throwing the axe at notches in the tree and easily defeated their champions. His uncanny tricks and skill with any keen-edged knife completed their respect.

As he grew old, Lumley built a coach, complete in detail, entirely of wood, every piece and fitting being carved and smoothed like fine furniture. Many settlers came from distant parts on hard hikes over blazed trails merely to see this wonderful coach, which was mounted on four stumps and for which there was no use. At that time only the strongest ox carts could exist on the rough road that led from one grant to another, broad paths slashed through the forests, skirting the bigger stumps as well as boggy places. It is said that the famous coach stood in place for thirty years before it finally rotted.

An old description of his home states that there were three rooms below with hewed board partitions, worn smooth where backs were leaned against them. A loom stood in one corner, and a deep cradle was near the fireplace. The roof of the cabin

was steep. It shed snow much better than the average, and many pioneers adopted the style. A pole wash-house spanned the brook close by, and a grove of evergreens, in horseshoe style, provided a windbreak. Lumley was adept at making snowshoes and sleds as soon as he had seen others engaged in their manufacture; in fact there was little pertaining to wood-work at which he could not excel. With cunning box traps he captured many small furbearers, as much to test his wits against theirs as for the sum their pelts would bring. In his later days Lumley grew more eccentric in his ways. When the wind was blowing he would take his axe and go to the edge of some high ravine, and there fell a giant tree—simply to see it bound and crash into the depths below. He lived and died at his grant and was buried near Harrison's Hill. To his son John he left his property and the deed recorded is:

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS that I, Thomas Lumley, Farmer, in the district of Southampton on the river Maccan, in the County of Cumberland, and Province of Nova Scotia, viz.,

THAT I

the said Thomas Lumley doth grant and give unto my well beloved son, John Lumley, his heirs and assigns, the whole of this lot of land Number Eight, it being bounded on the north by Number Seven, and on the south by Number Nine, which said lot containeth Five Hundred Acres, more or less. AND that I, the said Thomas Lumley, will warrant and defend the aforesaid lot against the claims of any person or persons whatever. I shall and will forever warrant and defend, and by these presents have hereunto set my hand and seal this Twentieth day of November one thousand seven hundred and ninety-eight Witness present.

Mathew Fenwick  
James Brown

THOMAS LUMLEY (seal)

Registered the 20th December, 1799, on the oath of James Brown, Esq., at Amherst, N. S.

Charles Baker, J.P.

Mrs. John Lumley's brothers, Luke and William Harrison, did not find the country to their liking the first year, and wrote as much to cousins in England. Luke's letter was written three months after his arrival.

To William Harrison  
Rillington, Yorkshire  
England

Dear Cousin: Hoping these lines will find you in good health, as we are at present, bless God for it. We have all gotten safe to Nova Scotia, but do not like it at all, and a great many beside us are coming back to England again, and all that can get back. The mosquitoes are a terrible plague in this country. You may think that mosquitoes cannot hurt you but if you do you are mistaken, for they will swell your legs and hands so that some persons are both lame and blind for days. They grow worse every year and bite the English the worst. We have taken a farm of Mr. Barron, for one year or longer if we like. The rent is £20 a year. We have ten cows, four oxen, twenty sheep, one sow and one breeding mare. He will take the rent in butter or cheese or cattle. The money is not like our English money. An English guinea is £1 3s 4d. In Nova Scotia money a dollar is equal to five shillings and a pistereen is a shilling. In haying time the men have three shillings a day for mowing. The mosquitoes will bite until the men run from the fields. There is no trouble with else!

Documents show that Lumley at one time owned a greater part of Athol. From Robert Ripley he bought a grist mill with "a stream of water to turn said Mill". From Ebenezer Bishop he got Lot Six, from Jeremiah Bishop Lot Five, from Mathew Lodge 500 acres at Southampton, from Mathew Fenwick 500 acres at Maccan River.

John Lumley and Nancy Harrison were married 21 Sept., 1786, and to them were born thirteen children. Elizabeth, the oldest daughter, married Henry Mills and was the only one of the family to remain in Nova Scotia. At that time glowing tales were coming from Ontario, and John Lumley sold his holdings and went, with all his brood, save Elizabeth, to settle anew in the county of Elgin. There John Lumley was able to buy two grants beside his own and to live comfortably until his death 12 May, 1842. Elizabeth married Mills on 8 March, 1808, and was the mother of twelve children. Ruth Mills, the youngest of the flock, married Richard Bird, the son of a Kentish man who settled in East Mapleton and lived there until his death.

The late Rev. D. A. Steele, of Amherst, and the late C. W. Moore, of Toronto, had letters from Yorkshiremen and others in Cumberland that were written in a different vein. Nearly all the Yorkshiremen liked Nova Scotia. They were amazed at the fertility of the soil, the fine forests, the abundance of

firewood, the ready market at the fort for their produce. Soon they were prospering, and soon the Harrisons changed their minds. They remained to buy holdings and twenty years later wrote to Yorkshire, describing at length the property they then owned.

The Yorkshiresmen were settled at Sackville, Aulac, Amherst Point, Fort Lawrence, Truemanville, Nappan, Maccan, River Hebert, and other places. Some were at Windsor. They attended strictly to their own affairs and would not join in any of the protests to the Nova Scotia Government against the American Revolution. As the tension increased they became more stubborn. Franklin came and tried to enlist their aid in the defense of Fort Cumberland, but they would do no more than sell their cattle and hogs and farm produce to the garrison, as well as the winter's supply of firewood. Those in sympathy with Eddy, the rebel organizer, tried to stop the Yorkshiresmen from selling cattle and fuel, but had no success.

When Eddy's motley following of Maine adventurers arrived at Sackville, they raided friend and foe alike. There the Yorkshiresmen were too few in number to resist. It was a different story at Nappan and Maccan. Signal fires gathered men on horseback, armed for trouble, and the Maine men did not want too much trouble. In fact, they had seen so much determination on the part of the "Yorkies" that they had no heart whatever for actual warfare and were easily routed. A Yorkshire letter in the Judge Morse collection gives the Yorkshire point of view in terse language.

There has been trouble here with Maine men and some Indians pretending to be an army to take the fort. They raided the homes of about twelve families at Sackville, taking most of Mr. Dixon's supplies for the winter. They even came to Mr. Chapman's at Fort Lawrence and took his butter and geese. But at the Point and in Maccan we let them know we had no fowl or meat to be taken without payment and they soon slunk away. We wish no harm to any and will have none of the quarrel but what we have raised we will keep safe unless they who come have money to pay for their needs.

We have had some trouble with raccoons in our buckwheat fields and have lost seven sheep, killed by six bears, but have prospered nevertheless and are thankful we have come to this country.

Your brother  
Silas



Only one home of the Yorkshiresmen remains as it was built, though several farms are still owned by descendants of those who came in the eleven shiploads. The house built by Martin Chapman at Fort Lawrence, of brick burned on the marsh, is still occupied. It has six fireplaces. The old cheese press is gone from the cellar and the loom has been removed to the attic. The sun dial is gone from the garden, and there is no old oaken bucket at the sweep well, but all these changes have been made in the last decade; all could be restored and the home preserved as a museum of Yorkshire relics.

The Yorkshire road at Southampton can still be traced. It runs from a few hundred yards to half a mile from the present highway, and many of the most fertile fields the Yorkshiresmen cleared have returned to the forest.

The influence of the Yorkshiresmen in Cumberland has remained. The fine farms operated by their descendants are reminders of their thrift and energy. Their strong community spirit is still preserved, and is in evidence at county gatherings and the meetings of local organizations.

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