

**THOUGHTS AND  
RECOLLECTIONS OF KESWICK  
AND ITS INHABITANTS  
DURING SIXTY YEARS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649240043

Thoughts and recollections of Keswick and its inhabitants during sixty years by Samuel  
Ladyman

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

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**SAMUEL LADYMAN**

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BY

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*(For private circulation only.)*

KESWICK

1885



## INTRODUCTION.

**K**ESWICK, at the present time, January, 1885, has a native resident, 72 years of age, of whom the town may be justly proud, not only as an employer of labour some years ago, but as a philanthropist in promoting the welfare of his beloved place of birth by erecting fountains and placing good and comfortable seats in suitable and necessary situations, not for the use and enjoyment of the inhabitants only, but the thousands of visitors who flock to the capital of the Lake District during "the season."

Mr. Ladyman, the resident referred to, has, during his long life, been "Jack of *many* trades, and master of *all*," judging from the circumstance that out of the *lot* he earned for himself a competence by which he was enabled to retire some years ago, after which he devoted himself "to going about doing good by stealth," and it is to be hoped he did not "blush to find it fame." His townsmen have appreciated his efforts to make the district as attractive as possible to visitors, and there is no doubt but that he has set AN EXAMPLE TO OTHERS in the immediate neighbourhood, who have more ample means at command than ever he possessed, "to go and do likewise."

## THOUGHTS AND RECOLLECTIONS OF KESWICK.

I SAMUEL LADYMAN, of Keswick, now 72 years of age, have been godfather to twelve children, all living but one, and all over 21 years of age, except Turner Douglas's boy. The one that died was Mr. William Kennedy's daughter, a great favourite of Mrs. Ladyman's and myself. Six of the above were children of drapers in Keswick. I have been in six different businesses; was with Dr. Scambler—a cabinet maker—an ironmonger—a joiner—a spirit merchant—pencil maker, and butcher. The last order I had as a butcher was for six sheep's heads and plucks, which were served to and paid for by a gentleman in Keswick. Those were from the last sheep I slaughtered. I have lodged with Mrs. Storey (Storey's Hotel) thirteen years, from whom I have received the greatest attention.

On a very hard winter, four years ago, I had six collecting boxes at various places to provide for a soup kitchen. Two were on the Lake Road, where I think, on moonlight nights, there would not be less than 2,000 people on the ice. I had good boxes; also did pretty well in others. I got about £12, and on Old Folks' Saturday, which was my last day, I met



a friend who asked me how much I had got. I said about £12, and expected to make it £20. He would bet 10s. I did not. However, on that day I got over £8 good money, and a half-sovereign, one guinea, and half-guinea.

I called in the King's Arms in the evening. Mr. Scott and the late Mr. Thomas Temple were there; also Mr. Greenhow, baker. They asked me if I had won my wager. "Yes; got over £20, and a guinea-and-a-half to spare."

Mr. Greenhow asked to see the half, as he had not seen one before. He said that he would give me twelve shillings worth of bread for it for the soup kitchen. I said I must have it the same weight as Carlisle bread. He said he could not do that, as his had butter in it.

I called at the Bank on Monday, and Mr. Cros-thwaite informed me that the guinea-and-half were not gold.

I made out who put them in, and told them I would report them if they did not give me ten shillings for the soup kitchen, and I got it.

I learned from Mrs. Scott that they were taken from her drawer for the joke. Now I have sent the guinea for Mr. S. to put upon his watch chain, ready holed, and the half has been also given away.

When I ordered 144 rolls of bread with butter in, and the half-guinea Mr. Greenhow bought of

me for 12s., I did not pay him with the counterfeit half-guinea, but paid him in cash for the soup kitchen. I divided my collections in the boxes betwixt the two soup kitchens.

A gentleman I met told me he had just been across and put in a half-crown. On opening the box there was sixpenny worth of coppers. So I shun'd him, and he never shoon'd me again.

At another box on the rails, opposite Mr. Gibson's house, he saw a "lady" tampering with the box, and he was going towards her, when she cut away in a hurry, and left the instrument in the hole. To my surprise, it was the "pincers" taken from her skirt that lifted it from the mud.

Keswick 70 years ago only kept one painter. He supported himself in summer, and wintered in the Workhouse. His name was Billy Walker. Miss Younghusband was born in the same house in which she died, aged nearly 80 years. Miss Elleray was born in the same house in which she died, aged over 80 years. Joseph Wren, of Newlands, died in the same house in which he was born, over 80 years of age. These three were never from home more than two months in all their lifetime. Miss Ann Gordon was born in the same house she died in, aged 72. Mrs. Crosthwaite lived 72 years at the Museum. Mrs. Turner was 63 years at Derwent Hill. John Walker lived 45 years in one cottage.

I wish to inform you that old Squire Pocklington was a wealthy banker in Nottingham. He retired. He was requested to leave his name in the bank, which he did, and it afterwards failed, and he lost a great deal of his wealth.

In building Barrow House, my father, Thomas Ladyman, and James Lawson, sen., were workmen for him. He was frequently amongst them. One day he said, "Ladyman, you sweat very much, so does old Lawson, but out of the wrong place" (he generally had a drop at his nose). At another time his labourers could not find a job; so he said, "You must not leave, I will find you work. Bring your barrows, and wheel a large heap of stones to such a place." When done they told him. He said, "Wheel them back to where you brought them from." My father generally took his dinner with him; and on that day Mr. P. told him and Lawson to go into the Hall and have dinner, and he continued to do so as long as he worked there. At the end of a fortnight, my father went to get his basket, and discovered that the rats had gone with its contents.

The next summer Mr. Pocklington built the house on the island. My grandfather was architect and builder. In building they took the materials up a ladder; and, when nearly finished, it was found he had forgot the staircase, which had to be put in the best corner they could find.