

out of work for months. Alfred White lives on Fifth street between K and L, has a wife and four small children. Two of the children sick. Has had only six days work since October. Both men are sober and deserving.

CORNELIA PADDOCK.

Secretary Utah Association of Charities.

### HIS FATHER'S BIRTHPLACE.

PATRICROFT, England, Feb. 10, 1894.—Passing through Salford, Manchester, a few days ago, I observed placarded on a wall a large poster, the headlines of which read as follows: "Malton Steeplechase! Excursion to York and Malton." For months I have been desirous of visiting Burythorpe (near Malton), the birthplace of my father. February 1st was the day of the excursion. Early that morning I took the train at Patricroft for Manchester, and there procured a ticket for the trip, a distance of ninety miles. A good sized crowd, mostly sporting characters, gathered around on platform No. 6 at the large and spacious station, waiting for the train which would shortly arrive from the north.

Promptly at 8:50 a.m., the time advertised, all being seated, we wended our way onward. During the night snow had gently fallen, the ground being white with a thin coat, making the aspect appear to be an uninviting one, but it was not long ere the sun shone and the snow began to waste away. A considerable portion of the journey in Yorkshire, being in a hilly country, we passed through several tunnels underground, which part of the railroad must have been expensive in building. The latter half of the journey to Malton (which is situated in the eastern part of Yorkshire) is mostly level land and is sparsely settled; it is a farming district. The climate is considered to be very healthy; the atmosphere being much clearer than in other parts of England. It is free from smoke and there is but little fog.

At 11:20 we arrived at the old city of York, twenty miles from Malton, where many tourists visit to view its ancient, looking buildings and take a glimpse at the many interesting sights. A few moments later the train again started, we took a passing glance at the old York cathedral, and at 12:20 arrived at our destination.

I resided in Malton once when a boy, thirty-four years ago, but was only there for a few weeks, and have forgotten almost all I ever knew about it. Emerging from the car at the station, the first thing to do was to inquire for the road to Burythorpe. The direction being pointed out, I was informed the distance was four miles. There being neither train, street cars nor vehicles going in that direction, I took shanks's pony and was soon on my way traveling uphill and downhill on a rough, wet road, the snow having melted. It was much harder to travel than I had been used to in and around Manchester, where the streets and roads are well paved. After traveling one mile I inquired concerning my journey, and was told it was still four miles; further along I was pleased to learn it was but two miles and a half; but after proceeding a considerable distance more I received the discouraging news that it was then four miles away. Suffice it to say that after traveling at a fair

speed for over an hour and a half I at last reached my father's birthplace—Burythorpe.

The country is very thinly populated, it being a farming district, with here and there a small village. Who to enquire for was the first question on my mind. I had no address, knew no one, and felt myself placed in an awkward position. Burythorpe is a very small village, containing probably three dozen houses, a church, a chapel and a schoolhouse; and I must not forget to mention that, notwithstanding the small size of the village, it contains the usual commodity for "weary" travelers—a publichouse. It would be something strange in England to find even a little secluded village like Burythorpe without an alehouse. I have been informed, however, that there is a town named Saltaire, near Bradford, Yorkshire, which has no house where intoxicants are sold.

The village of Burythorpe has not made much progress since the birth of my father, seventy-six years ago. A few buildings have been torn down and rebuilt and a few new ones added. Taking a glance around a thought suggested itself to ask for the oldest settler. I enquired at the small postoffice close by, and was directed to go a short distance further and call upon Wm. Pickett, an old, grey-haired gentleman of eighty-five summers. Entering the house I found him busy preparing kindling wood. He received me kindly and invited me to be seated.

"I have come to see if you were acquainted with any of my relatives who at one time resided here."

"What is the name?"

"Aveson."

"What, Samuel Aveson?"

"That was my grandfather."

"Oh, yes, I was well acquainted with him. Why he was an excellent mower. In fact he could almost turn his hand to anything. He could build a stack of hay so nice you would think it was thatched. Oh, yes, I knew him well. Poor Sammy, he was killed in a well. I have almost forgotten about your father, though. Knew your grandmother, Ann Newlove, and your great grandmother, Catherine Aveson. You see I have lived here nearly all my lifetime."

After further conversation I inquired: "Would you mind going with me to the churchyard?"

"Yes, I'll go with you."

So taking his hat and walking stick we started out. It rained a little. The distance was short. The church, which was a newly-built structure, and a very substantial one, was located in an elevated position, and a good view of the country could be had.

"Where is the old church that was here when my father resided in the village?"

"Oh, that has been pulled down long since and this one erected in its place."

The old church, which for centuries had been the most prominent landmark in this part of the country, had been supplanted by a new one.

We strolled around the churchyard a few moments. There was a large number of newly-erected tombstones, but very few old ones could be seen. Taking a glance at the inscriptions I soon learned there were no names I was familiar with. One of the grave-stones contained as part of an inscrip-

tion, "The beloved wife of William Peckitt."

"This is the remains of your wife, is it not?"

"No, it is not her; it's the same name, but my wife lies yonder," pointing out her grave. "She has been dead over forty years."

The poor old man, with a sad countenance, bent down his head; he recalled to his memory reminiscences of by-gone days when he and his wife lived happily together with their family. Like many other graves there was no tombstone over his wife's remains to mark the sacred spot.

A short distance from the church is the vicar's residence. We found the vicar at home; he was of a tall, gentlemanly appearance, probably 60 years old. We received a cordial reception. Asked to look at the records for genealogical purposes, he soon produced them, and gave me what information I required, without charge.

After this interview we called upon Wm. Loverdale, another old resident, 82 years of age. He lodged in the public house, was of a pleasant appearance, rather deaf, had a strong constitution, nothing apparently ailing him. In fact he looked as though he would live at least twenty years more. Seating myself on his right and Mr. Peckitt on his left, we had a pleasant chat about my relatives. He related incidents of the past of an interesting nature, making particular mention of my father.

"And so your father is dead," said Mr. Loverdale.

"Oh, no," said I, "he is still alive, but is very feeble."

I was shown the house where my grandfather lived, and where I suppose my father and the remainder of my grandfather's family were born. I bade the old gentlemen goodbye and started on my return to Malton. It was a very lonesome, unpleasant journey, rain and snow falling, and the roads sloppy and rough. On my way I arranged for a meal, which, after such a tedious journey, was as well appreciated as any I have enjoyed in England. Despite the inclement state of the weather the Malton steeplechases took place and the prizes were awarded the winners.

We left Malton at 6 o'clock that evening, arriving at my headquarters near 11 o'clock, and, although feeling tired, I had the assurance that it was a day well spent and one long to be remembered.

Since coming to England I have been anxious to learn concerning my uncle and aunt, Thomas and Amey (Aveson) Borland, who, when last heard from, resided in Scotland, at 135 Sydney street, Glasgow. While at Middlesbrough visiting my brother, I wrote to the above address, but never received an answer.

During a visit to Scotland, Brother B. M. Blackburn made inquiries concerning them, and the following is an extract of a letter he sent me, dated Glasgow, Sept. 20, 1893:

"Arrived in Glasgow last night and went to hunt for your relatives. Today I found the place, but learned the folks were dead. Mr. Borland died about two years ago, and his wife died last year. They are buried in the Janeville cemetery. All their children are dead but one. I could not find where he lived."

R. A.